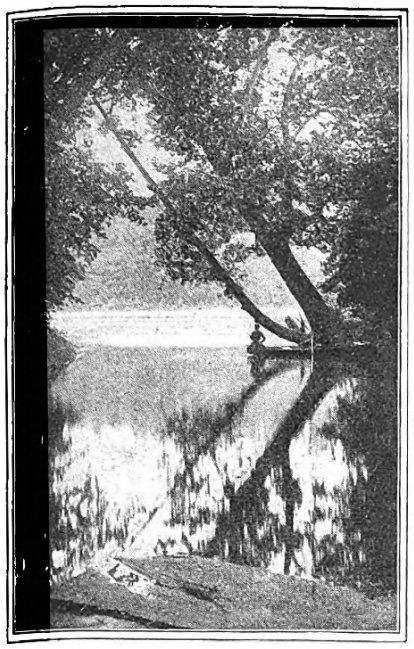

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

FOUNDED BY
ORISON SWETT MARDEN

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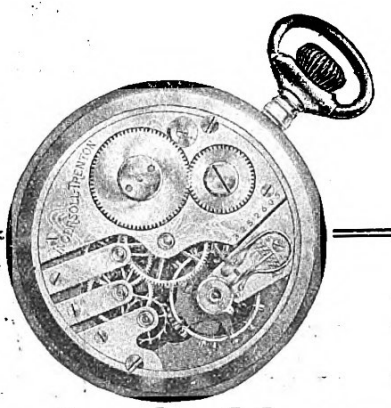
If you find a blue pencil cross in the space below, *your subscription expires with this (September) issue*; if a red pencil cross, it expires with the next (*October*) issue.

Subscriptions to begin with this issue should be received by September 15; to begin with October should be received by Oct. 15. Subscription price: $1 a year; in Canada, $1.50; foreign countries, $2 a year; all invariably in advance.



Examine this Movement

Observe that it is a *bridge* model, the very highest type of watch construction, found only in the costliest models of other makers and the feature of *paramount* importance in every watch.

It has 7 ruby and sapphire jewels protecting the points of principal wear, and will give 20 years of service. Guaranteed for 5 years.

It has a genuine compensating balance wheel, automatically adjusting itself to changes of temperature; mircometer regulator, permitting the utmost precision in adjustment; the breguet hair-spring—all features distinctive of only the finest watches.

With the lightest mainspring in any watch of its size, it runs with that full, regular "motion" exclusive to watches of the strictest accuracy and made possible only through fine workmanship, high frictionless finish and best materials.

Ingersoll-Trenton

Accuracy and Appearance

The Ingersoll-Trenton is a watch for the man who is exacting of his time-piece. It is a close timer. It has beauty of movement and case, and not only looks like but *is* a fine watch. The cases are thin and stylish proportionately and made in a variety of patterns.

One grade of movement only **$5** in solid nickel case **$7** in 10 year gold-filled case **$9** in 20 year gold-filled case

Ingersoll Value in a Fine Watch

Such a watch as the "I-T" could only be produced for the money by the manufacturing systems and facilities that made the Dollar Watch possible.

Though of totally different character and built in factories 150 miles apart these watches represent the same value in proportion to price.

Sold by Responsible Jewelers Only

You can examine the "I-T" in your own town at any jeweler's you know to be reputable. You can compare it with other watches and make your own decision before buying.

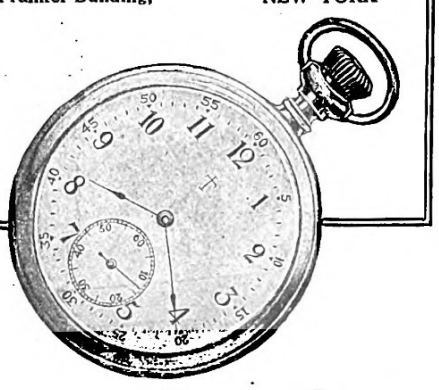
It is new now, and if not locally obtainable will be sent express paid by us on receipt of price.

See it before you buy a watch.

The informative "I-T" Booklet "How to Judge a Watch" free upon request.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,

30 Frankel Building, NEW YORK



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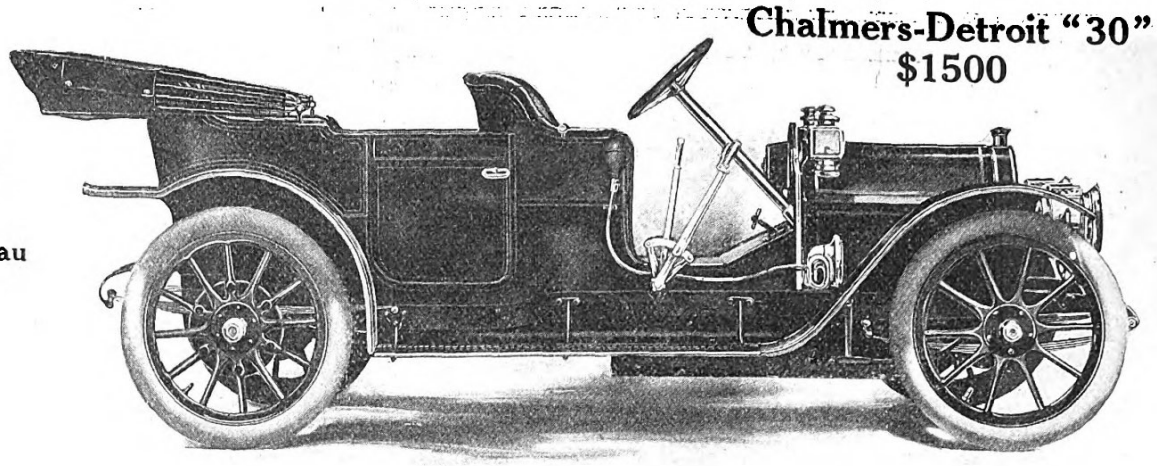
Chalmers-Detroit "30"
$1500

Touring Car
Roadster
Pony Tonneau
Landaulet
Coupe
Limousine



Here's Our Larger 1910 Model For Our $1500 Car

On May 12th, we sold the last Chalmers-Detroit "30" in the Model of 1909. That completed our output—2,500—of these remarkable cars.

There were 800 people left disappointed. There were orders amounting to $1,200,000 which we could not fill.

Now we announce these new models. Every Chalmers-Detroit dealer will have them on show in July.

1,000 Extra Cars

This season our output of "30's" will be 3,500 cars. And those 1,000 extra cars will be produced without adding a dollar to our overhead expense. That means a great saving per car.

They will also be made with last year's tools and machinery. So this great expense will not be repeated. The new cars are not altered in mechanical ways. This year, increasing the bore of our cylinders to four inches and making slight changes in the exhaust valves gives us considerable more power, but we still rate the motor at 30 h. p. Otherwise the chassis could not be improved.

Every cent of this saving will be given to you in the shape of a sightlier car. Our profit remains the same as last year—exactly nine per cent.

As a result of these savings, we offer this season—at last season's price—this amazing car.

Roomier, Handsomer Car

The 1910 Chalmers-Detroit "30" has a 115-inch wheel base. That's three inches longer than our "Forty" of last season.

It's wheels are 34 inches, while last season's were 32.

The hood is longer and higher—the tonneau more roomy; and the lines are like the costliest cars on the market.

Yet the price remains $1500. By increasing our output, and retaining our chassis, we save enough to make these improvements.

Extras at Low Cost

Here is an additional policy adopted for 1910; that is, to furnish the following extras at the lowest possible cost—much cheaper than you could possibly buy them unless you bought them from us.

We will fit our $1500 car with a Bosch magneto, a Prest-O-Lite gas tank and two Atwood-Castle new style gas lamps, all for $100 extra. The cost of these extras at regular prices would be $175.

We will furnish our "30" with a Lenox mohair top for $75 extra. This is the very best top we can buy. Don't be satisfied with the ordinary top when you can get a mohair top from us for $75. The regular price of this top is $125.

On our "Forty" the Bosch magneto, the gas lamps, and gas tank are all included in the price of $2,750. But we will supply with our "Forty" a $150 Newport mohair top for $125 extra, and we will supply two extra seats—for $75 extra.

The extras are all figured at a very small margin of profit over cost. We give to you all the enormous advantage we get through quantity buying.

The Records of 1909

One of the Chalmers-Detroit "30's" has covered 32,000 miles, and has just completed a path-finding trip from Denver to Mexico City. Never has any car, at any price, made an equal endurance record.

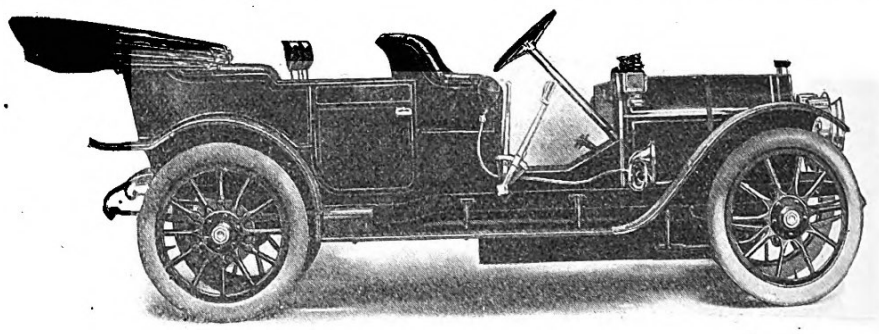
We have been paid for replacements on 1909 cars exactly $2.44 per car. No other car has a record like that.

On a long distance speed test this car has averaged 50.2 miles per hour. On an economy test, made during Carnival week in New York, this car ran 25.7 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

Never has a car, at any price, proved so satisfactory. Never did a car of similar size show such low cost for upkeep.

That's why we make no mechanical changes. No man dreams of a better car than our "30" of 1909.

Made as Touring Car, Roadster and Pony Tonneau.



The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—$2,750

Two Extra Seats $75

Here is our "Forty" for 1910—with a 122-inch wheel base. That is 10 inches longer than last season. The wheels are now 36 inches. And the car seats seven.

It is upholstered in hand-buffed leather, and fitted with Bosch magneto, gas tank and gas lamps free.

We will equip this car with a $175 Newport top for $125 extra. The two extra seats will be furnished for $75. That's because of our new policy—extras at nine per cent profit.

So this 7-passenger car, when fully equipped, costs less than our 5-passenger "Forty" of last season.

This is our "Forty's" fifth season. It is known far and wide as the best medium-priced car on the market. Scores of the best experts we have in America have selected it for their personal use.

This season's model has all the size, style and appearance of the costliest cars that are made. All that a higher price can buy is unneeded power and higher cost of upkeep.

New 1910 Catalog Free

—Demonstrating cars in these new models, will be in the hands of all Chalmers-Detroit dealers this month. Deliveries to users will begin August 1st.

Get our catalog now and make your decision, for orders will be filled in rotation.

The tide of automobile demand has turned to these medium-priced cars. The day of extravagance is past. A modest price and low cost of upkeep are sought by men who know.

The Chalmers-Detroits are the most popular cars on the market. The demand this season, as it did last, is bound to exceed the supply. For not another make on the market begins to give so much for the money.

By ordering now you will have five month's use before the car's year begins.

Please mail us this coupon now.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.
Detroit, Mich.

Mail your 1910 Catalog to

_____

_____

SUCCESS—Sept., 1909.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co. Detroit, Mich. U. S. A.

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

Vol. XII NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 1909 No. 184

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

OUR READERS AND OURSELVES

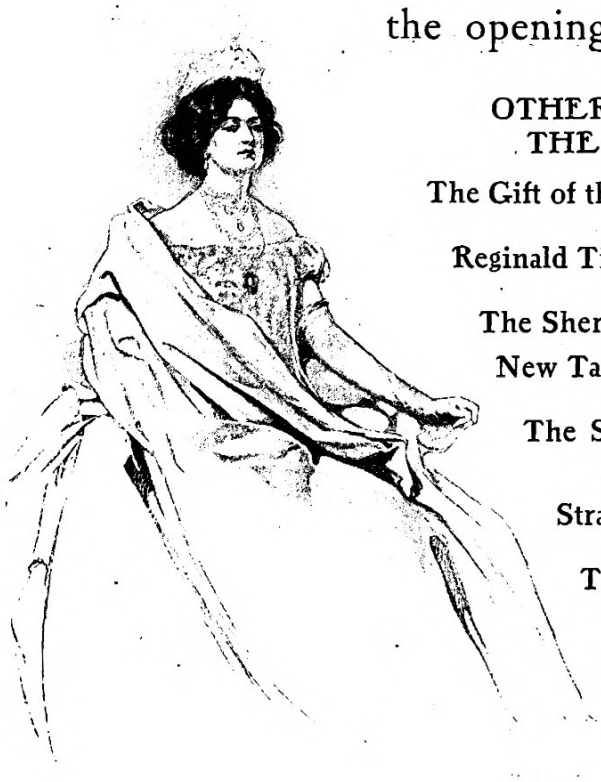
BEGINNING in October—the dramatic love-story of a Chicago man and the most beautiful Princess of Europe, entitled:

The Shears of Destiny

By Leroy Scott

THIS is a story of passion and of exalted purpose, which stands out like an exquisite painting against the grim background of present-day Russia, with its intrigues, its mutter of revolution, its bewildering conflict of elemental forces.

Mr. Scott is peculiarly well equipped to write such a novel. He himself knows Russia at first hand, and has for many years been a sympathetic student of the Revolutionary Cause. Furthermore, his wife, Miriam Finn Scott, is a Russian woman, and is well known as a writer and lecturer on this topic. Many of the dramatic episodes of the story were suggested by the actual experiences of members of Mrs. Scott's immediate family with the secret police and in the prisons of St. Petersburg. "Caught in the Current" is the suggestive title of the opening installment.



OTHER STRONG STORIES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER

The Gift of the Pitying Heart
by Philip Verill Mighels

Reginald Tibbitt's Bank Account
by Evelyn Van Buren

The Sheriff's Charge by F. Ten Eyck Bourke

New Tales of the Road
by Charles N. Crewdson

The Sky Man by Henry Kitchell Webster

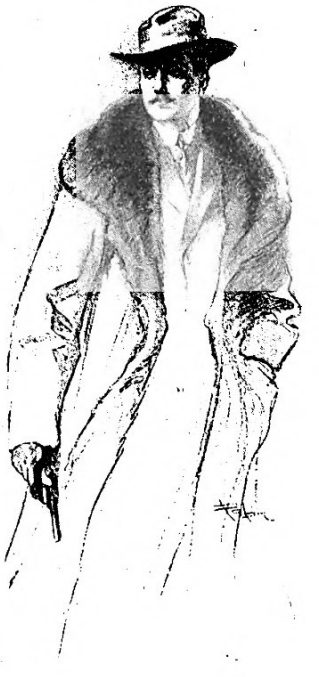
Also

Straight Talk to Stage-Struck Girls
by Paul Armstrong, the Playwright

The Meaning of Dreams
by H. Addington Bruce

Busting the First Trust
by John L. Mathews

and a wealth of other articles and departments.



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CUTTING THE CURLS

MARVELOUS MASTER SIDIS

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

FLEMING

The Remarkable Educational Experiment which Has Made Him a Mathematician, Scientist, Linguist, and Author at Eleven Years

DO WE know how to educate our children?

Is our vaunted educational system, in which we take such pride, and on which we lavish so much money, really educational?

Until lately it seemed to me that such questions as these could be answered only with an emphatic affirmative.

Now I am not so certain.

Nay, I feel much as would one to whom had been granted a glimpse into the vista of dim futurity—who descried afar off a knowledge, a progress, an advance undreamed of by the world folk of his own day.

It is as though a dweller in some straggling, cheerless hamlet of the Middle Ages were permitted to overleap the bounds of time, and contemplate the myriad marvels of the present epoch.

In their presence the medieval man could only stand in loud-denying incredulity, but with a growing sense of wonderment.

If you would learn the reason for my doubt and my perplexity, come with me on a little journey.

We have not far to go—only to the land of the ancient Puritans, and in their land to the goodly Massachusetts town of Brookline.

Goodly it is, in truth, with its park-like estates, its broad boulevards, its splendid homes, and its magnificent public buildings.

But it is none of these things I wish to show you. It is something far more impressive and interesting than any of these.

You and I, perchance, are going to gain a vision of possibilities that lie before the human race.

Come with me, then, to Brookline, and let us make our way to a quarter where the houses, rising tier after tier in narrow streets, cluster terrace-wise upon the slope of a steep-ascending hill.

A Boy Who Will Show Us Wonders

Turn with me into one of these hillside streets, and join that group of children playing in the road. Single out that boy yonder, that little lad of eleven, with the open countenance, the brown hair, the clear blue eyes, the ruddy glow of health on his cheeks.

There is nothing wonderful about him, you would say. He is just a plain, everyday, active American boy.

Yet it is this same little lad who is going to give us our peep into futurity.

Go into his home with him, and follow him up to his room. At first sight there is nothing to surprise or astonish you. On the bed lies, open, a colored picture book. Beside it is a volume of fairy tales, one of Andrew Lang's quaint compilations. "Alice in Wonderland" lies on a table, convenient to his hand. Note the mechanical toy on the floor, the checkerboard, the scattered dominoes. It is much like any child's room.

But look a little further. Turn and examine the contents of that bookcase against the wall. It is well filled, you observe—packed to overflowing with books of all sizes. Take one down and open it. As you see, it is a text-book on algebra. Here is one on trigonometry. This other has to do with geometry. Now we have a ponderous work on differential and integral calculus.

MASTER SIDIS

Higher Mathematics at Eleven Years

No, these books do not belong to some learned mathematician. They are not here merely because there is no other place in the house for them. They are part of this little lad's library. Young as he is, he reads them with as much interest and enjoyment as he derives from reading the Andrew Lang fairy-book or "Alice in Wonderland."

Does he understand them? Open that drawer and glance through the mass of note-books you find in it. The handwriting is but a childish scrawl. Yet here are equations, theorems, abstract problems in higher mathematics worked out with a thoroughness and a correctness that would be impossible to you or to me. Look at this exercise-book—this one with the brown cover. It contains a treatise on the properties of the fourth dimension, carried by the unaided intellect of this eleven year old boy to heights that would dazzle savants skilled in mathematical speculation.

His powers as a mathematician have been repeatedly tested by experts from Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Some have come scoffingly skeptical. All have gone from him in baffled amazement. When he was only nine years old, a brilliant young physicist, a valued instructor at the Institute of Technology, confronted the boy with a problem that had been given to him when he came up for his Ph.D. examination at a famous German university. The physicist had found great difficulty in solving it. The boy solved it with ease.

The Boy is Not a Mathematical Freak

Ah, you object, but what has this to do with the questions you have raised? How does it serve to cast doubt on the value of our educational system? How does this boy help us to peep into futurity, as you put it? I have heard of boys like him before. Arithmetical prodigies, they are called.

There is where you are mistaken, There is where I myself was, at first, mistaken. But in the four years that have passed since I made his acquaintance, I have been at some pains to look up the records of the arithmetical prodigies of whom history gives any account.

The result of my inquiry is to satisfy me that their cases are very different from his. The characteristic common to all of them is a singular ability to make mental calculations with astonishing swiftness. For instance, Vito Mangiamele, the son of an illiterate Sicilian shepherd, was able to extract the cube root of 3,796,416 in half a minute. Johann Dase could correctly multiply two rows of eight figures apiece in less than a minute, and is even credited with having multiplied two rows each containing as many as one hundred figures—all without putting pencil to paper.

Our little friend can do nothing like that. But, unlike your arithmetical prodigies, your lightning calculators, he comprehends and can apply mathematical principles with a precision and lucidity impossible to any of them, with the single exception of Carl Gauss, the genius to whom we owe the modern theory of numbers. And he differs still further from the ordinary arithmetical prodigy in that his range of intellectual activity is by no means confined to mathematics.

His Love of Science and History

Turn again to the bookcase against the wall. It contains, as you will find, works on astronomy, anatomy, physiology, geography, history, political science, the languages. All of these he studies with genuine enthusiasm. For the past few months he has been chiefly interested in the study of American history and government. Not long ago he showed me a paper giving his conception of the twenty greatest events

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in the history of the United States. It would have done credit to a university student. Indeed, it revealed a clearer insight into the philosophy of history than many a teacher of history ever attains.

He studies the present, the life of the world around him, as earnestly as he does the past. Every day he takes the morning newspaper to his room, pores over its contents, and reads with especial care the news of political happenings. During the national campaign of last year, it was his custom to discuss its progress, the principles involved, and the probable outcome, not only with his father and mother, but also with visitors —with any one who cared to talk to him. Often he wandered down to nearby stores for the express purpose of engaging the storekeepers in a political discussion. You may depend upon it, when this boy is old enough to vote he will know exactly why he casts his ballot for any particular candidate or measure—and it will be a pretty difficult matter for political orators to throw dust in his eyes.

A Universal Language and a Coney Island Show

Besides English, he understands Latin, Greek, and German. At the age of seven, before he had even heard of Esperanto, he invented a universal language of his own, to which he gave the name of Vendergood. About the same time he invented an amusement device, which he told me he intended to "sell some day to Coney Island." The name he selected for it was "Around the World in an Hour and a Half: or, A Stationary Trip," which shows, it would seem, that he has the advertising sense fairly well developed.

You are beginning, I see, to feel mystified.

I am not surprised. The longer I know the boy the more he puzzles me.

Take him from his books, invite him to romp, to play with you, and he is instantly an every-day child once more, bubbling over with animal spirits, dancing, skipping, turning handsprings.

What, then, is the secret of his stupendous precocity?

Is the boy a freak of nature—a "sport," as scientists would say?

Is he the product of an exceptional heredity?

Or of an exceptional environment?

Can it be that other boys of his age would approximate to his intellectual vigor, keenness, completeness, if they were brought up as he has been?

Will the time come when, as the result of a revolution in educational methods, a boy such as he would excite no astonishment?

If so, then most assuredly this little lad is lifting aside for us a corner of the curtain that veils the future of the race.

Let me tell you more about him.

The Boy Is an Experiment in Education

His name is William James Sidis. He is named after William James, the great American psychologist, and he is the son of Boris Sidis, another psychologist known on both sides of the Atlantic by reason of the remarkable discoveries he has made with regard to the workings of the human mind and the nature of personality.

Among these discoveries none is of greater importance in the present connection than that of the law of latent energy, according to which every one of us possesses a reserve force which usually is utilized only on extraordinary occasions, but which, under appropriate conditions, might be constantly drawn upon to increase our well-being, our efficiency, and our happiness.

It is Dr. Sidis's belief that in faulty educational methods lies the chief reason for our failure to use this hidden power habitually; that the methods now in vogue hinder rather than promote our full development; and that until radical reforms are adopted we must inevitably continue to live incomplete lives, groping and struggling through existence without the slightest appreciation of the secret resources at our command.

In particular he is convinced that the process of education does not begin soon enough. He believes much as did the old philosopher who, on being requested to take charge of the education of a child of three, replied, "It is too late." In Dr. Sidis's opinion the moment to begin education is the moment when the child first displays any recognition of his power to think.

When to Begin a Child's Training

"Then is the time," he once said to me, "when we should start to train him in the use of his faculties. He is bound to use them anyway, and we ought to see to it that he learns how to use them right. The longer we delay the harder it will be, for, with every succeeding year his brain becomes increasingly 'ossified' and less receptive to new impressions. Everybody knows how hard it is to learn a new language late in life. The same holds good of all our acquisitions. The earlier they are acquired the more truly they become part of us. Teach the child, even as an infant, to observe accurately, to analyze and synthesize, and to make sound deductions. In a word, teach him how to think correctly.

"At the same time, keep alive within him the quickening power of curiosity. Do not repress him. Answer his questions; give him the information he craves, seeing to it always that he understands your explanations. If his interests narrow, stimulate him to enter new fields of thought. You need not be afraid of overstraining his mind. On the contrary, you will be developing it as it should be developed—will be habituating the child to avail himself of the great fund of latent energy which most of us, to our detriment, so seldom use. Get him thinking correctly, imbue him with a wide range of interests, and you will soon find him manifesting undreamed-of capabilities."

With the birth of his son, Dr. Sidis found opportunity to put his theories to a practical test. As a psychologist he was well aware that the moment the child began to speak his great interest would be in the sounds he was uttering; and accordingly he resolved to begin his education by training him to identify and manipulate the elements of sound. Taking a box of alphabet blocks, he orally named each to the little boy —then less than eighteen months old—pointing out one as the "A block," another as the "B block," a third as the "C block," and so on. Day after day, with tireless patience, he showed him how the different blocks in combination represented different sounds.

Learning to Talk, Spell, and Read Simultaneously

When, for example, the boy in his infantile efforts to speak uttered the sound, "ba-ba-ba," the father held up before his eyes the "B block" and the "A block;" and followed this by showing how, upon reversing the blocks, an entirely new sound—"ab-ab-ab"—was represented. In this way, as a child not two years old, William James Sidis learned simultaneously how to talk, spell, and read—and, what was of far greater importance in his father's eyes, learned almost instinctively how to reason correctly.

Before he was two and a half, he would sit on the floor for hours at a time, playing with the alphabet blocks and arranging them into word-combinations. Every word spoken to him was instantly analyzed into its component sound elements, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to rummage through the blocks and bring together the letters representative of that particular word.

Studying Arithmetic With an Old Calendar

That this sort of training was actually developing in him remarkable powers of observation, interpretation, and deduction, was soon demonstrated most impressively. Wishing to familiarize him with the idea of time as well as with the meaning and use of numbers, Dr. Sidis, after teaching him to count, placed in his hands several old calendars, and explained to him their purpose. The boy took them and made playthings of them, just as he had made playthings of the alphabet blocks. All the time, however, his little mind was actively at work, ferreting out the ultimate significance of the numerical combinations of the printed pages, and one day he startled his parents by announcing his ability to tell on what day of the week any given date would fall. It was at first thought that by constantly playing with the calendars he had unconsciously memorized them; but, on testing him with advance dates, it was discovered that he had worked out, by the most profound analysis, a method of computation enabling him mentally to calculate any date demanded of him. He was then less than five years old.

Meantime he had learned not only how to write, but how to use the typewriter. His father has preserved a series of little books recording the progress of his handwriting from the age of three. He was typewriting at three and a half, and by four was really quite expert in the use of the machine. All the while he displayed an increasing thirst for knowledge. He was especially interested in scientific matters. At five years of age he took up the study of anatomy, his interest in this subject being aroused by discovering a human skeleton, a relic of his father's student days.

"It was almost gruesome," said Dr. Sidis, "to see the enthusiasm with which he studied the bones, identifying each by close comparison with the plates in a text-book on anatomy. Within a very short time, he knew so much about the structure of the human body that he could have passed an examination creditably."

His Mother Cultivated His Imaginative Side

His mother, who from the first cooperated loyally with her husband in this unique educational experiment, sought successfully to cultivate the boy's imaginative side. While his father was infusing into him the scientific spirit, she was making him acquainted with the delights of "Alice in Wonderland," "Mother Goose," and other tales and rhymes of childhood. He listened to them, he read them for himself, with all the intense eagerness of the ordinary child, and he remembered and interpreted them with rare facility and with a wealth of original detail. Before he was three he had memorized many of the simpler verses, and as he grew older he developed a pronounced talent for elocution.

Thus, by the time he had reached the age of six, when it was decided to send him to school, William James Sidis was mentally far in advance of other children of his years. Nor did his health appear to have been impaired in the slightest by the process of intellectual discipline to which he had been subjected. Physically he was as he is to-day—a robust, sturdy lad, abounding in energy, fond of games, ever ready for play. There was absolutely nothing in his appearance to indicate that he differed in any way from the average boy of six.

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Appreciating this, Mrs. Sidis, when she entered him at the nearest grammar school, thought she would say nothing about the preliminary home education the boy had received. She merely answered the usual questions about his age, place of residence, etc., and then left him at the disposal of the school authorities, who informed her that he would be placed in the first grade.

Seven School Grades in Six Months

That was at nine o'clock in the morning. At twelve o'clock, when she returned to take him home, she found him in the third grade! And she also found several astonished teachers, insistently inquisitive as to the methods by which the boy had attained his extraordinary mental development.

Within six months he passed through seven grades, an unending source of wonder and mystification to his successive teachers. Only in one branch of study could he be called deficient. Curiously enough, this was the branch in which he now excels—mathematics.

He would not, and apparently could not, master the rudiments of arithmetic. As has been told, Dr. Sidis had taught him in his infancy how to count, and he was still a mere infant when he began to perform his calendar feat. But the multiplication table seemed beyond him, and addition, subtraction, and division were to him nothing more than words.

His father, however, was not at all disturbed when Mrs. Sidis informed him how dull the teachers found the boy in this respect.

"It is not his fault, but theirs," said he. "They do not know how to interest him in arithmetic. Let him once get interested in it, and he will progress as rapidly as they want—perhaps too rapidly for them."

The manner in which he set about turning his son's mind in the desired direction is an object-lesson that every parent might well take to heart. There was nothing compulsory, nothing peremptory in his method. He did not scold the child, threaten him with punishment, or insist that he at once apply himself diligently to the study of mathematics. In fact, he carefully avoided, for a time, all mention of the subject.

How Dr. Sidis Taught His Son Arithmetic

His first move was to buy the boy, not an arithmetical text-book, but a box of dominoes, with which he taught him various games that involved adding together and subtracting the bright white dots on the wooden tablets. Gradually, as the little fellow all unconsciously began to absorb the principles of addition and subtraction, he led him to apply these principles to other objects than the domino dots, and, indirectly, to gain some insight into the mysteries of multiplication and division. He would give him, for example, ten or twelve lumps of sugar and bid him distribute them equally or in different proportions among the members of the family. Or, as they walked together in the street, he would commission him to make various small purchases necessitating a similar application of arithmetical principles. In this way he tactfully inspired his son not merely with a vivid appreciation of the practical importance of mathematics, but also with a desire to know more about it.

Passing then from the concrete to the abstract, he began to set him little problems in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, to be worked out on paper without the aid of domino dots, lumps of sugar, or other external objects. Again, however, he at first appealed to the child's instinct for play. "Here," he would say, "let us see who can do this first, you or I. Come now, add six and four and divide by two. I wonder what the answer is?" Every day for weeks either Doctor or Mrs. Sidis thus played with their boy by "indirect suggestion," as psychologists would call it, stimulating his interest in mathematics. Finally, so effectually was his curiosity aroused, a day came when, of his own accord, he began a systematic study of the subject that had formerly been so repugnant to him.

After this it was no longer a question of urging him on, but of holding him back. His acutely analytical mind enabled him to overcome, almost without effort, the obstacles so terrifying to the untrained intellect of the average child. He advanced by leaps and bounds from rudimentary to higher mathematics. His seventh year, which he spent at home, was a year of unremitting application to mathematical problems, so intricate and abstruse that neither his father nor his mother could render him any help in solving them.

At eight he entered the Brookline High School. Within six weeks he had completed its mathematical course, and was assisting the mathematical master in correcting examination papers of boys twice his age. But the study of mathematics by no means absorbed his whole attention. He became interested in and wrote a little text-book on astronomy. He wrote another little book on English grammar, and one on Latin grammar. He took up the study of German, and also of geography. His mind was incessantly occupied. He was always on the lookout for new worlds to conquer.

They Could n't Keep Him in High School

It soon became necessary, however, to take him from the high school. Apart from his singular intellectual development, he was still a child like other children. The discipline of the class-room irked him. His fellow pupils, boys of fourteen to sixteen, might hold themselves in restraint and maintain order and quiet. He could not. He wished to talk, to run around the room, to work off, in one way or another, his abundant energy. He was continually astonishing and annoying his instructors by some display of physical activity, until at last it was deemed best to drop him from the enrolment.

Since then he has pursued his studies at home, in the most literal sense educating himself, with the results outlined in the opening paragraphs. He could to-day pass with distinction a college entrance examination, but he is so young that no college would receive him.

How is he to be explained?

His father—what father would not?—will readily grant that the boy may possess exceptional natural ability. But he contends that his natural ability would have availed him comparatively little had it not been for the training he received in his infancy.

Can Any Child Be Similarly Developed?

"He was taught," says Dr. Sidis, "how to make proper use of his faculties—how to use them as nature had intended them to be used. He was educated so that it became a habit with him not merely to think correctly, but to think fully—to draw as he required on his stock of latent energy. Any child of normal intelligence could be similarly developed if he were only educated as William has been."

Moreover, it is Dr. Sidis's contention, based on actual experiment, that while it is desirable to begin this educational process at the earliest possible moment, people can be trained, at almost any age, to make systematic use of their hidden energies.

Some years ago there came to him, for medical advice, a middle-aged man, a tailor by trade, kindly and sincere, but unmistakably dull. While Dr. Sidis was treating him they became well acquainted, and in a confidential moment the tailor disclosed a strong ambition not only to better himself, but to be of some service to humanity. Here was an excellent opportunity to put his theories to further proof, and Dr. Sidis at once began by tactfully interesting his patient in sociological questions, and gradually inducing him to read text-books on sociology and economics.

Making Use of Reserve Force

Before long the tailor developed unexpected mental alertness. To his associates he seemed an entirely new man. He became forceful, energetic, possessed of the qualities of leadership. He threw himself heart and soul into the labor movement, and before his death, which occurred not long ago, he exercised considerable influence among the trades-unionists of his home city. All this, according to Dr. Sidis, was due to the fact that the man had been taught how to use the reserve forces of his being.

But he is quick to add that in order to get the best results the training must begin in early childhood.

"Parents must be made to realize what they owe to their children. They must be prepared to devote to their upbringing the same thought and care that they expend in the business of making a living. It is the first years that count for most.

Patience and Care Are Necessary

"Let them begin by educating the child, in early infancy, in the sublime art of thinking for himself. For this purpose I know of nothing better than the alphabet block method, which I have used in William's case. All that is needed to make it successful is the exercise of great patience on the parents' part. They can not expect the child to apprehend, in a moment, the relation between the letters and the sounds they represent.

"When I wished to interest my boy in geography, I bought a revolving globe for him, and then, without telling him that I was trying to teach him anything, got him interested in a game of 'finding places' on the globe. Either his mother or myself would join in the game with him, and sometimes all three of us would be hard at it, for half an hour or more, seeing which of us would be the first to 'find' New York, London, the Indian Ocean, or whatever place we might name.

"He learned type-writing through seeing me operate a typewriter. His curiosity was aroused; he wanted to be 'shown how,' and I showed him. Sometimes, however, as in the case of learning arithmetic, he did not want to be 'shown how.' Then I had to stimulate his interest by becoming interested in arithmetic myself, and by gradually inspiring in him the belief that arithmetic was 'good fun,' and ought to be studied.

"This, let me emphasize, is the one thing needful after the preliminary stage of thought-training has been passed—to appeal to the child's interest. Don't try to drive him to his books, his slate, his multiplication table. He will go to them willingly enough if you only make them attractive to him. To do this, let me repeat, you must be interested in them yourself, and by your interest, if you are sincere and tactful, you may always feel sure of arousing his. It means infinite patience and a great expenditure of time, but the result will more than repay your efforts."

Come, though; it is time for us to leave Brookline. You are still, I see, astonished, mystified, perplexed.

So am I.

But we have something to think about, have we not?

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HIS CONFIDANTE

BY WM. HAMILTON OSBORNE

Illustrations by ROBERT EDWARDS

OPPENHEIM, president of the Oppenheim Zinc Smelting Works at Oppenheim, New Jersey, danced up and down with rage. He waved frantically above his head the offending yellow missive that had aroused his feelings. He smote the air with blistering wrath.

"It 's highway robbery!" he cried. "I won't stand it. I 'll see the Tri-State Railroad in gehenna first. I 'll fight 'em to a finish. They 've gone too far. I 'll fight 'em till I drop in my tracks—with every dollar, with every drop of blood. I won't give in. I won't! I won't! Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute!"

His under jaw and his index finger shot out simultaneously in the direction of his secretary. "You get Cantor on the wire for me and get him quick."

The secretary got Cantor. Cantor was the owner of the Cantor brickyards, at Cantor, about a mile away. "Cantor," yelled Oppenheim through the telephone, "you get this right. The Tri-State road has gone the limit—the limit, understand. They 've jacked me up ten cents on ores—ores coming in; and twenty-five on metal going out—twenty-five, you understand. And I 'll be everlastingly dad gasted if I 'll stand for it. You hear?"

There was a chuckle at the other end of the line—a chuckle of sympathy, of fellow suffering. "So you got it, too, did you?" queried Cantor; "I thought maybe I was the only victim. Let me read you my yellow sheet." He read it over the telephone. "Say, how is that for bricks?"

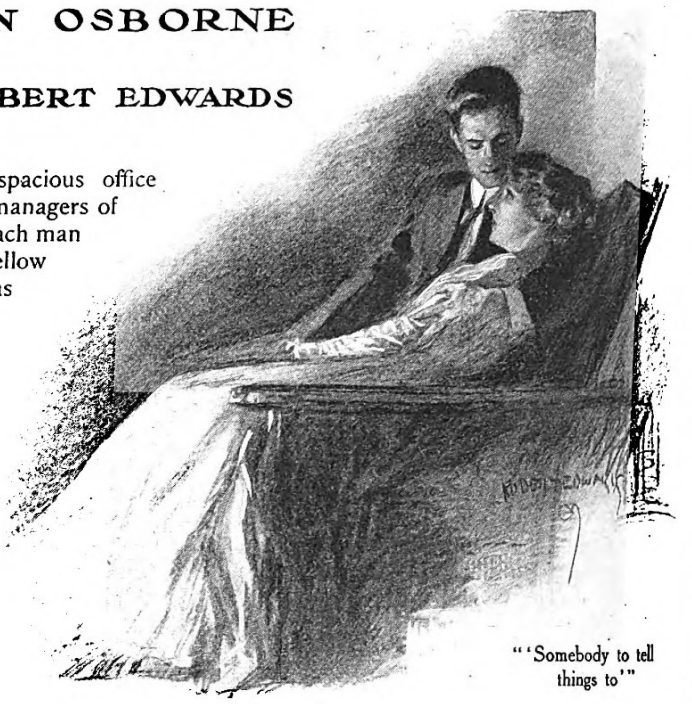
"It 's a confounded steal—a swindle," retorted Oppenheim.

"Sure," cooed Cantor at the other end; "sure it 's a steal, but—what are we going to do about it, eh?"

"You come over here," exclaimed Oppenheim in his wrath, "and I 'll soon show you; we 'll show the Tri-State robbers what we 're going to do about it. Come over here at once."

Cantor, of the brickyards, obeyed. When he arrived at Oppenheim's, some three-quarters of an hour later, he found Oppenheim's spacious office filled with the presidents and managers of the plants for miles around. Each man held in his hand a sinister yellow sheet of paper. As soon as Cantor came in, Oppenheim pounded on his desk with a paper-weight and once more opened the floodgates of his wrath.

"I 've got you fellows here," he said, "to get your backs up and to keep 'em up. The Tri-State has broken every law of decency, every law of the State, every law of the United States. Now it 's just about time we called 'em down. I move we *call* 'em down."



"'Somebody to tell things to'"

Cantor, of the brickyards, smiled and wormed his way over to the desk.

"Call 'em down?" he queried, "How are you going to call 'em down? What do you propose?"

Oppenheim brought his clinched hand down upon his desk with a resounding crash. "From this hour, gentlemen," he returned, "let us refuse to ship another ounce of freight over their line; we 'll cut 'em out for good."

Cantor lounged lazily over the corner of the desk. "And," he persisted, "over whose line are you going to ship your freight, eh? Tell me that."

Oppenheim slumped into a seat. The crowd cooled down. Cantor had driven home a fact. Oppenheim leaned his head on his hand and thought. The mutterings of the millionaires within the room beat restlessly upon his ears. At last he rose, with a shout of triumph. "I 've got it, gentlemen," he cried; "let 's build a railroad for ourselves and cut the Tri-State out!" The suggestion met with a storm of approval.

"It 's only a question of eleven miles of road—that 's all. We can connect with the old line at the port; we can have all the cars we want, any time we want; we can have decent rates and good accommodation. I say we build a road."

Cantor stood upright, his huge frame towering above the rest. He looked his confreres over. "Is Tremayne in the room?" he queried in a tone half confidential. There was no response. Cantor breathed a sigh of relief. "I was sure he was n't. I called up Tremayne's works. They told me he was out motoring with his girl." Cantor swung about and faced Oppenheim. "Oppenheim," he requested, "would you mind asking this gentlemen—your secretary—to leave the room just for a little while?" Oppenheim nodded; his man made his exit. "Now lock the doors," commanded Cantor. He was obeyed. The moneyed men nearest to the entrances made them secure. Cantor waved his hand. The crowd surged and swayed about the desk. "Gentlemen," said Cantor confidentially, "We don't want to run a railroad—even a short freight line. But," he continued in a half whisper, "we 've got some young blood down the line—Tremayne of the thread works. Now, here's the point. This is my idea:"

"'It is my turn now'"

For fifteen minutes Cantor of the brickyards talked steadily, confidentially—oh, always confidentially—to his hearers. And when he finished he was greeted with applause. "Cantor 's the boy," the crowd conceded—the fickle crowd that but a few moments before had hailed the belligerent Oppenheim as savior—"Cantor 's the nifty lad."

Cantor held up his hand. A hush fell upon the gathering. "Gentlemen," went on Cantor, this time in a full whisper, "I think it best that what has happened here to-day be not discussed anywhere outside. You understand? It 's vital. Mum is the word."

Almost at that very instant, three miles away, Tremayne, of the thread works, flung himself lightly from his throbbing Mastodon, vintage of 1909, that stood at the curb, and held his hand out to a girl—held his arms out to her. And she—Molly Wilkinson she was, of Wilkinson, New Jersey—flung herself ecstatically into Tremayne's arms—submitted joyously to his embrace, for it was dusk by this time, and there was no one to see. He held her in the air for an instant, crushing her round little figure against his, and then he set her very gently on her feet and kissed her with the sudden rapture of a lover newly accepted—the ecstasy that comes but once in a lifetime.

"Engaged!" she exclaimed, appalled with the delirious happiness of it all. "To think that we 're engaged!"

Tremayne laughed aloud with joy. "Oh, we

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must talk about it—talk, talk, talk." He followed her into the big, old-fashioned house, helped her, as of right, to divest herself of wraps, removed his own, and sank, with her, into a generous armchair before the blazing logs. They were silent for a long, long while.

"Do you know," he found himself saying, after an interval, "all my life I've wanted something that I've never had."

"Me?" she faltered, holding up her rosy lips.

"Yes," he went on, gazing steadily into the fire, "you—but before I ever knew you, this longing was upon me—something I've never had—somebody to tell things to—that's what I've wanted. I never could confide in my own mother, my own father, somehow. I wonder," he mused, "if that, possibly, is n't one of the great motives that impels men to matrimony—to have somebody to tell things to?"

"Maybe," faltered Molly, nestling close to him, "maybe love has a little bit to do with it."

He drew her closer. "Oh," he laughed, "we know all about love. I was only struggling to tell you—some of my wandering thoughts—fragments. Love—yes—but love is a complicated thing—"

A servant tapped on the door. Tremayne and the girl sprang to their several feet and stood guiltily at attention. "Beg your pardon, miss," said the attendant, "but there's three gentlemen come here to see Mr. Tremayne. Been chasin' him up all over town, they said."

Miss Wilkinson tapped her hair guiltily, jerked herself into order, and nodded. "Switch on the lights and show them in," she said. In another instant the three stalked in, all in motor gear, fur caps and coats—Cantor of the brickyards, Oppenheim, the smelter, and Hanley, of carbonized steel fame. They bowed to the girl, but stood stiffly to one side. "Sorry to intrude," smiled Cantor, showing his big teeth, "but we've just got to talk to you, Tremayne."

Tremayne waved them to seats. "Talk right ahead," he responded, "I have no secrets from the future Mrs.—er—Tremayne."

Molly Wilkinson extended the third finger of her left hand, with an adorable gesture, and flashed it into the faces of all three—and then retreated to the fire and hid her face while Cantor and the three shook Tremayne solemnly and heavily by the hand, and poured congratulations upon him like a thousand of brick.

"But—you can talk right here," persisted Tremayne, finally, to the three. Cantor nodded; they all took seats, but Cantor rose and closed the door. Cantor flashed his yellow paper; so did the others. Tremayne nodded vigorously, and drew forth his. "Though," he conceded, "owing to—this afternoon—I forgot all about it—and everything else but—" his glance wandered—"come over, Girlie," he commanded, "and take a hand in this."

Cantor leaned over toward Tremayne and talked swiftly, forcibly, convincingly for about ten minutes. Then he stopped.

"Now, that's our proposition," he concluded.

Tremayne gasped. "You want *me* to run a railroad?" he faltered.

"To build a road and run it," returned Cantor, "and freeze the Tri-State out."

"Why don't *you* build one?" asked Tremayne of Cantor.

Cantor's eyes glowed. "I would if I were your age," he returned; "and," he added insinuatingly, "if I had your nerve and ability and enthusiasm to put it through—"

"But—money?" faltered Tremayne. The three nodded. "You can get money to the limit over in New York," said Cantor. "We'll lend you our influence, we'll help with the franchise, but this is what we thought: Somebody is going to build that short-line road sooner or later. We won't do it because most of us are too far along now, and the profits on this road—there will be profits from the start—are going to be moderate at first. It's got to be a one-man road. One man must swing it. That man ought to be a man who knows the traffic along here—what it amounts to, what it will pay—the road ought to run along our line—not three miles away like the Tri-State road. Eventually there'll be a fortune in it—for the man who builds it. See if there is n't. I'm simply stating facts."

Tremayne's eyes narrowed. "And if I don't?" he asked.

Cantor shrugged his shoulders. "We'll have to keep on being robbed, that's all. The rest of us can stand it, I suppose, if you can."

Tremayne winced. Cantor noted the wince and his soul rejoiced. "By George," said Tremayne, "you're right. Only last month I made the biggest deal of my life with the New York jobbers; they've got me hand and foot, and I've cut my profits down almost to the last cent." He tapped his yellow sheet. "If they enforce these rates I won't make ten thousand dollars on the deal."

Cantor nodded. "That's only one instance," he returned. "What about the future, the years to come? How are you going to survive with the Tri-State gnawing at your vitals, eh?"

Tremayne laughed. His eyes lit up with enthusiasm.

Cantor tapped him good-naturedly on the shoulder. "Tremayne," he continued, "you'll do us an everlasting favor if you build this road, and you'll miss the biggest opportunity of your life if you don't. Just think it over, please."

Cantor's eyes flashed a signal to his confreres. "Caught!" was the thing they read. He turned again to Tremayne.

"This thing wants to be kept absolutely secret," he advised.

Six weeks later Tremayne stalked moodily into the living-room at Molly Wilkinson's. "Somebody's been playing tricks," he complained. "They were going to keep this thing hushed up until we had the right of way. I've been out all the afternoon, prospecting, and every farmer on the line has put three prices on his farm. Everybody in five towns is talking of my Shore Front road. I might just as well have published it in the daily papers. Secret—and Cantor promised me—" He stopped. Molly was faltering toward him, with anguish written on her face.

"Oh—Joe," she wailed, "it—it was n't Cantor. It was I."

"You?" exclaimed Tremayne.

She nodded, the tears starting from her eyes. "I—I forgot about it being a secret—I was so proud of—success—you're such a wonderful pusher, such a twentieth century business man. And I—I'm afraid I—boasted to some of the girls—Kate Graham, Annette Peters, and the rest—I never thought. I wanted them to know that you were a—a big railroad man." She smiled sadly. "I'm sure they think so—a mile higher than any of their fiancés. They got down on their knees and worshipped me, just because you're mine." She held out her arms. "Did it make such an awfully big difference, dear?" she asked.

Tremayne was white with the shock of it. He stood silent for an instant. Then he drew her to him, and his fresh voice broke forth in laughter. "It's all right, Girlie," he returned; "I—I'm glad you told them, after all. Only," he added, "please don't tell them any more about me in the future. You know I've got to tell things to you; and they're for your ears alone."

"Yes, yes," she answered eagerly, "and I'll never do it any more. Tell me I have n't done too much as yet."

He told her that—and many other things, that night. And when he sauntered home under the cold moon he groaned, but chuckled as he did so. "Such a delicious little tattler," he whispered to himself; "she's cost me only about twenty-five thousand extra for that right of way, but—well, she's my Molly, after all."

The Shore Front Line—Tremayne's road—went into active operation one week after the honeymoon. Tremayne, on his arrival home the evening of the day it started, told Molly all about it. "Oppenheim, Cantor, Hanley—all of them, everybody—loaded us to the gunwale. Car after car, train after train, of freight. They'd been holding up every ounce of freight they could, to wait for me, and the instant I started up they shoved her in. The road's done a thundering business on its first day. Besides that, every plant along the line is running full tilt; times are going to be good, and the Shore Front Line is going to be the busiest little road in the universe." He sat down at the table and placed her on his knee, and figured on a yellow pad. "Girlie," he exclaimed, "Cantor was right. This Shore Front Line is going to make me—think of it—a millionaire! It's bound to. No one can stop us, now."

No one tried to stop them. The Shore Front Line proceeded, humming, on its way—every car loaded to the roof, and no MTS.

But—it was Cantor who burst into Oppenheim's office one day, some time later, again exhibiting a yellow sheet of paper.

"I told you it would come, you old stick-in-the-mud," he said to Oppenheim. "The Tri-State is waking up."

Oppenheim winked a lazy eye. "Cutting freight rates to beat the band," he conceded, "and it's all O. K. I've got a big order here," he added, "that I came near refusing to fill—the profit was too small. But now, if the Tri-State will only come down a couple of cents more on metal, why, I'm the boy to fill it. See?"

"'It's Slingerland,' he whispered"

The Tri-State did come down a couple of cents more, and Oppenheim did fill the order, *via* the Tri-State freight. Tremayne heard of it, and rushed angrily in upon Oppenheim. "What are you doing?" he exclaimed. "Hang it. I built this road for you."

"Sure," returned Oppenheim, purring contentedly, "and I'm going to patronize you—when you can lower your rates to meet the cuts of the Tri-State. See?"

The next day Tremayne informed Oppenheim and Cantor—for that gentleman also had gone back to the Tri-State Freight—that he would cut his rates to meet those of the Tri-State. That same day Messrs. Oppenheim and Cantor, the astute, notified the Tri-State Freight over the phone of this cut on the part of the Shore Front Line.

"All right," said Tri-State, "we'll cut another cent."

This cut in turn was communicated to Tremayne, the hustling proprietor of the Shore Front Line, who, under pressure, said that he would cut another cent to meet the Tri-State.

[*Continued on page 580*]

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DOUBLE-CROSSING THE BAR

Why Hon. Isador Bruner, Boss of Mayfield, suddenly changed his mind and climbed upon the Prohibition wagon

BY HARRIS DICKSON

Illustrations by T. S. TOUSEY

THIS is neither a story nor an article—neither is it a temperance lecture. Perhaps it is a little of all these things. It is interesting, and it is true, and if you want to know why the South is going "dry," here is the answer.

MR. IZZY BRUNER gloried in the biggest trade of four counties. All around him were proofs of the fact that he had ripened into a personage. There was the new compress, hard at work. Every exhaust of steam meant sixty-five cents—much of which went in dividends to Izzy. A black column of smoke marked the oil mill—his enterprise and partly his money. Izzy's eyes alighted with pride upon the new high school, of pressed brick with stone trimmings. Without education himself, he had determined that his children should have every advantage; hence the school—and the Honorable Isador Bruner was chairman of the board of trustees.

Mortgaging Cotton to Buy Whisky

Two negroes entered the store and asked for Mr. Bruner. "I wants a note for two gallons of whisky," said the first.

Bruner nodded to his bookkeeper. "Mr. Hyman, give Hamp Chatfield an order on Jerry for two gallons."

"Gim'me an order for one gallon"—the other negro spoke less confidently.

"Can't do it, Henry; you are too far behind in your account. You've had too much whisky already. I rode over your crop last week. You've got at least five bales of cotton in the field and haven't picked a lock. You loaf so around the saloons all day Wednesday and Thursday. Here you are, back again Saturday."

Henry looked sheepish. But Izzy must consider. This negro lived in a settlement that was six miles nearer to Jonesboro than it was to Mayfield. For many years Bruner had been trying to coax their trade away from his rival in Jonesboro—Simon Kips. If one merchant did not supply the whisky the other would—and get their cotton.

"Henry, I'm going to be liberal. Get your wagon ready and I'll give you half a gallon when you start for home. But you must go straight to that field and begin picking cotton."

When the two negroes had gone, Bruner remarked to the bookkeeper: "You had better close down on Henry and get rid of him—he spends more than half his time fooling around town. Let Simon Kips have him after this year."

"'Gim'me an order for one gallon'"

Politicians on the Defensive

One night, shortly after this episode, the lights burned late in Bruner's private room back of the office. He had talked long and earnestly with Bud Lyman. When Bud Lyman and Izzy foregathered to decide upon the public sentiment of Winchester County, they needed no help. They were public sentiment. Bud was talking: "We are up against it, Izzy, and that's no joke. The people of this county are mad for keeps, and we can't jolly 'em into good humor. This trouble has been smoldering for ten years and that racket in Jerry's place set it afire. Three funerals in one day is pretty bad—but that stray bullet did the work. Was n't it hard luck that a little girl should be killed—just before election?" Bud shrugged his shoulders; Bruner frowned.

"Jerry Sims oughter had better sense than to let niggers and white men play craps in the same game. Why did n't you make him run his game on the quiet? I thought you'd attend to that in election year."

Bud Lyman was not chief of police, neither was he mayor nor alderman of Mayfield; he had no official connection with the city government. Yet, being the political boss, he was the man to "attend to that."

"Yes, Izzy," he admitted; "I've been to blame. The boys might have trotted along easy until after this election; kept their front doors closed on Sunday and put a soft pedal on the crap games. If they had just kept quiet for three months they would have been safe for four years. Looks like everybody makes a squeal while we are skirmishing for votes. They made it mighty awkward running wide open, making them croaky church folks kick at the police. Then this child had to go and get killed; now every paper in the State is pointing to Mayfield as a horrible example. But the question now is, what's to be done?"

Cities Are Virtuous Before Election

Bruner nodded his acquiescence, then suggested: "Why not pass out word for the boys to close their games—until after election; shut up the barrooms on Sunday, and—"

"Dun'no about that, Izzy. I can't quite figure out whether that won't look like a back-

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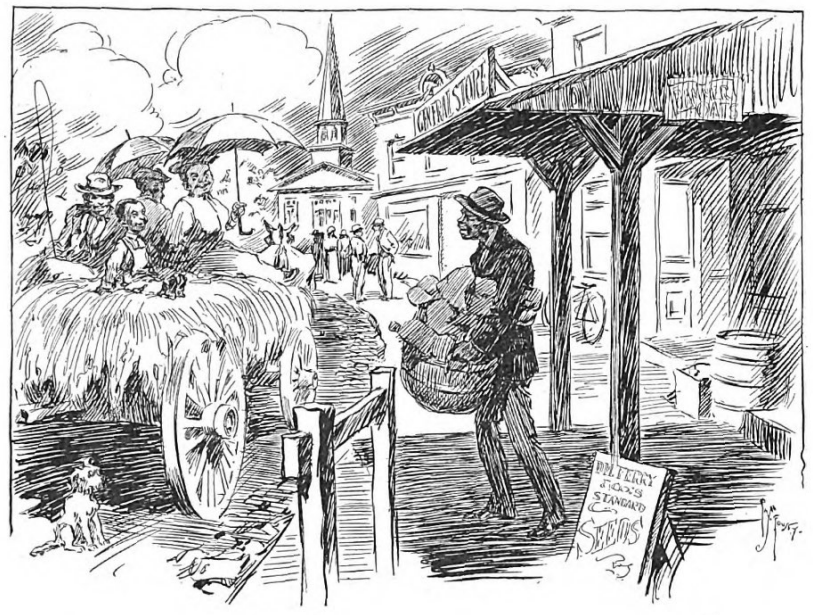
down—we can't afford to show the white feather. If we begin to wobble, our crowd will quit us in a bunch and go to somebody else."

"Nobody else for 'em to go to," remarked Izzy, sententiously.

"That's so. Then again, it might be good politics to make concessions. And maybe"—Bud Lyman flicked the ash deliberately from his cigar—"maybe it would be better politics to chuck the liquor interests and join the reform crowd. They won't last long, anyhow. Meanwhile we can handle them and they won't know it—they're dead easy. It's worse than stealing candy from blind babies to get in with a stampede of amateur politicians and lead 'em any way you want 'em to go. They run like the mischief for awhile and then get out of wind; the novelty wears off; they quit, and we get the grapes. A play like that makes me ashamed of myself, but it's all in the way the cards run—we've got to do it sometimes."



"'Spending their money for dry-goods and groceries instead of for whisky'"

The Wisdom of Traveling With the Cyclone

Izzy listened intently. "Now, Bud, say all that over again and say it slow. What do you mean, *exactly?*"

"Here's the situation, Izzy. We are not committed on this prohibition question. Everybody expects us to fight it, but *I* ain't said so yet. Things have changed mightily in this town; lots of men who have always been with us are going against us this time—if we take the other side. Between you and me it ain't recorded yet that we can win. So far as I am personally concerned, it's better politics to travel with a cyclone than against it. You get along faster and don't make as many enemies. Now suppose we tell Jerry Sims and his crowd that they've brought this on themselves and we can't help 'em out. That's the truth; they know it, and they can't kick. Then suppose we announce ourselves in favor of a better municipal government and willing to give prohibition a trial. It ain't going to last long, anyhow, and we'll hold the whip when the band-wagon turns around."

Bruner sprang to his feet. "We'll do nothing of the sort, Bud Lyman. Do you reckon I'm going to have this town turned over to a lot of long-haired preachers? That cold-water crowd should n't run a peanut stand of mine. We've got a lively little city, and I don't want to see it choked to death. Drive the saloons out of business and that gives me four vacant stores—$575 of rent gone every month. Close seventeen saloons and that means that many houses thrown on the market. That cuts down the rent of every building in this town. It would throw a hundred men out of jobs—all of 'em free spenders. They'd move away and leave empty residences—eight empty residences for me—one hundred and ninety dollars rent lost. Whisky men have got a lot of money on deposit; draw that out of the banks and see if it don't hurt. Rob the school fund of seventeen thousand dollars in whisky licenses and how are you going to pay your teachers? Up go the taxes and down goes the revenue. Look at our streets on Saturdays—thousands of negroes. Would they ride ten miles to a town where they could n't get a drink? No, sir; they'd go to Jonesboro, and every mother's son of 'em would trade with Simon Kips." Bruner beat the table with his fist. "I won't stand for it!"

"Well, Izzy, what are you going to do about it?"

"Fight! Fight 'em till hell freezes over."

Lyman stared at him in amazement. For the first time Izzy counseled a fight. He was always the man to smooth things over, the advocate of compromise and conciliation. Now he stood squarely on his feet, like a bulldog, with jaws clinched.

"Oh, well," said Lyman, "if that's the way you feel about it we'll have to fight. Make a business campaign, commercial principles, for revenue, schools, education. We've got a heap to talk about. But, mind you, Izzy, these people are not going to listen; they've got the bit in their teeth, fixing to run away. This campaign will make a pot of brimstone smell like sachet-powder. Now let's get down to business. How about Larry Lamb?"

"Nominate him—and elect him," said Izzy.

Bud Lyman smiled. "Izzy, did n't that mass-meeting open your eyes none whatever? Before this killing Larry Lamb was the strongest man we had. Now he could n't beat a drum. We dare not put him up. Of course, he must be provided for, or his crowd votes against us. Suppose we promise him something on the quiet and put up a new man. Bradford Monroe, for instance?"

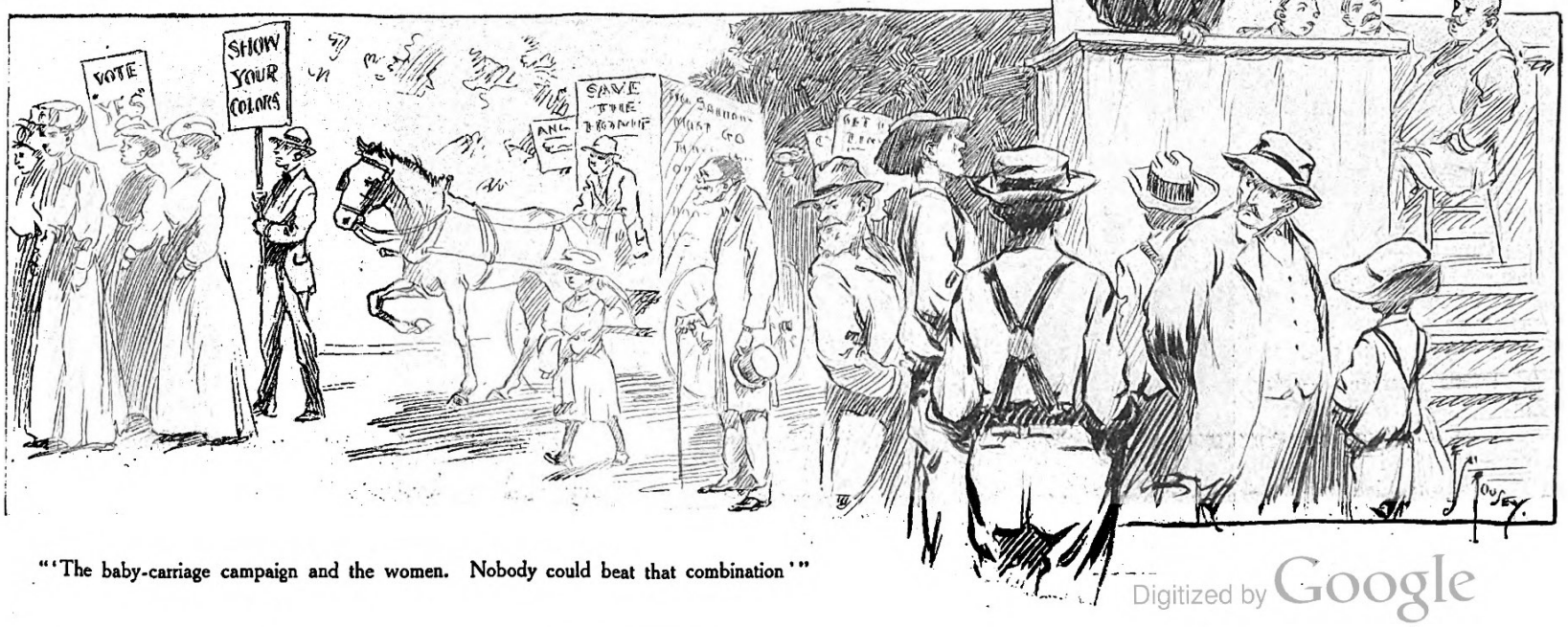
The Fear of a Sunday-school Town

"Don't like him," Izzy promptly objected. "Monroe stands high; he'd get the church vote, but he's too strait-laced for us."

"That's all true," Lyman assented, "but we've got to make sacrifices. The wind has changed in this town and we've got to change our sails to catch it. Our gang can step in when nobody is paying attention; but when something happens to stir 'em up, it's the tall timber for us."

The two kept their heads together for an hour. Bruner finally agreed: "All right, I don't like him, but you send Monroe to see me. If I can tie him up some way—in the interests of business—he shall be elected. Of course, if we've got to make a band-stand play we'll pull it off in good style, but I am not going to have a Sunday-school town."

That much agreed upon, Bud Lyman passed to their next business. "Now let's see how our fellows are going to line up on the liquor question." Bud took out a memorandum book which contained the name of



"'The baby-carriage campaign and the women. Nobody could beat that combination'"

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every voter in Winchester County. He always carried this for handy reference. Izzy bent over him as he ran down the list, name by name, and told how the men would vote. The number of influential men behind the reform movement startled Bruner.

"What!" he exclaimed; "John Ward, president of the Citizens' Bank? He's no prohibitionist? You must be crazy."

"Truth," said Lyman, laconically; "I don't believe he is taking an active part—not yet—but he's talking that way."

The Boss Has Weapons of His Own

Bruner made a note. "I'll attend to him. There are transactions between us that'll give him a lot of trouble. I'll start a new bank in this town and take every dollar of mine away from the Citizens'; I reckon that would n't help 'em much." Bruner ran on down the list. "Jack Rathbone, manager of the compress? No, sirree; he can't trot with that bunch of knockers. I won't have a man working for me that does. I'll fix *him*. Zeb Woodruff, biggest stockholder in the oil mill. Just wait until I put a bug in his ear. Here's Jetmore—talks like an angel; orator and all that. I hold a mortgage on his house. Maybe that won't shut *him* up!"

Name by name they canvassed the important men of the county, devising means to whip mutineers into line. Bruner got madder as his list grew longer. Dozens of their trustiest allies were chasing off after strange gods. Bruner began to swear. "We've fed 'em and kept 'em in jobs all these years."

"See here, Izzy, there's no use to raise a row about it. If you can't pull 'em over to our side, try to gag 'em so they'll keep quiet. There's a lot of 'em. You can't drive 'em—they're too sulky."

"Now, Bud, you start the liquor men; make 'em get busy and keep busy."

The Theory of the Disappearing Bartender

Bud Lyman shook his head. "That's where you're wrong. The National Whisky Association tipped me off; it won't do to put the barkeepers in front—it's like shaking a red rag at a bull. Keep 'em in the rear, staked out in the woods where nobody won't see 'em. Make 'em put up the coin, bleed 'em to a finish, but don't let anybody see 'em spend a cent. The National Association says to get a conservative business man as chairman of the executive committee—just a figurehead; he need n't know about the wires. He can holler about public schools, trade, and taxes. There's plenty o' sense in that. The national committee will furnish all the arguments—they keep a lot o' smart lawyers thinking 'em up."

Bruner listened attentively, and nodded approval. "What did you say about funds?"

"Barrels of it. We need n't raise a cent. Wholesale men, distillers, and brewers will put up the dough—strictly on the quiet."

Before the conference ended they had planned their campaign, picked their candidates, and tied strings to all their puppets. Bruner made a list of prominent men whom, by one means or another, he could drive, drag, or persuade.

Thus the gage of battle was flung down in Winchester County, and things straightway began to sizzle.

Early next morning, when Harry Stockton walked into the emporium with his sample case and glad hand, Bruner received him without enthusiasm.

"Hello, Izzy! How are you fixed in my line?"

"Nothing doing, Harry; can't buy a bill this trip."

The Future Looks Dark to Izzy

"You just think you can't; you'll buy a bigger bill than ever. Simon Kips gave me a peach of an order yesterday." This touched Bruner in a sore place. "Well," he said, "Kips is lucky; he don't live in a town full of crazy people. My trade has stopped buying and gone to howling about prohibition. No business until after the election—maybe not then, if it goes dry. Those fanatics are paralyzing business and killing the public schools. We'll lose all of our negro customers, and we can't get along without them."

Harry Stockton looked at him and laughed. "Just listen to that. Your liver's out of fix, old man. Take a pill. Now sit down and let your Uncle Fuller do some talking. I travel in four states and I have heard flocks of calamity-howlers just like you. But I sell more goods and better goods in the dry towns than I do in the wet ones. They have a bigger cash trade, and it's safer. My house won't employ a salesman that drinks—they can't trust him to make prices. They won't sell to a customer that drinks—they can't trust him to pay his bills. A sober man at both ends of the trade—that's business. Your town ain't going to the bow-wows because you don't have whisky. Did you ever hear of a public school shutting up because the barroom shut up? No, sir, and you never will. White men will raise the money to educate their children—the drinkers save it off the barkeeper. Brace up, old man; don't let your lip hang down—somebody 'll step on it."

Harry cheered him and jeered him; incidentally he sold a considerable bill of goods. But cautious Izzy bought sparingly of those knick-knacks which he sold chiefly to negroes.

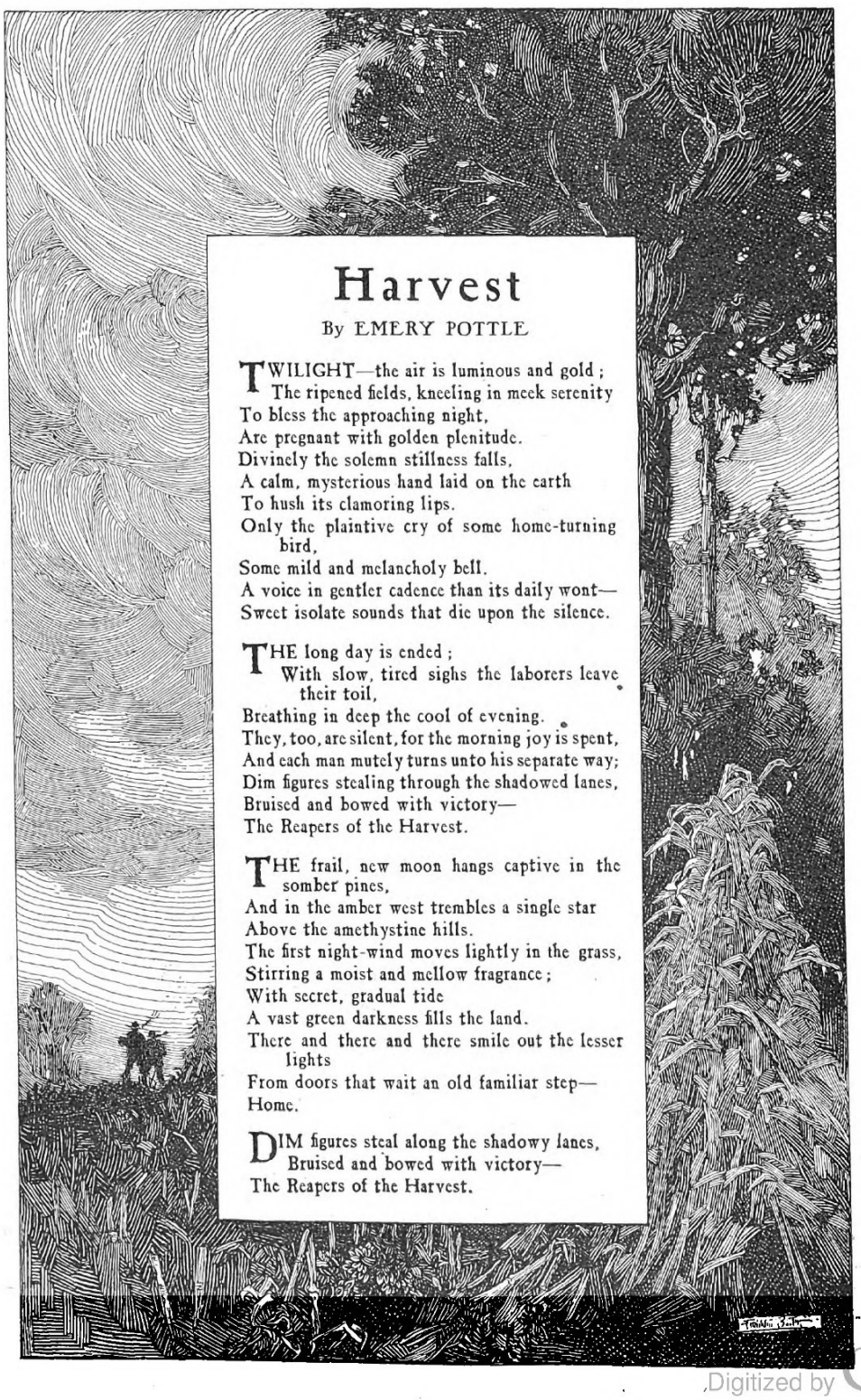
Bud Lyman, was not the seventh son of a seventh son, but he proved to be a true prophet. Previous to this one, Winchester County had known nothing but mush-and-milk campaigns. This was hot—the genuine tobasco—boiled down, doubled-distilled, and concentrated. The doings of the dives were probed to the bottom, and easy-going folks learned of infamies right under their noses of which they had never dreamed. First they snuffed out the most odious red lights. Then came the pink lights, and everything that was off-color; for the people made up their minds to do the job thoroughly. Fathers and sons spoke from different platforms, party lines vanished, newer and bitterer factions appeared. This was politics with a big "P."

The "Happiness and Prosperity" Issue

Isador Bruner was no orator, like old man Jetmore—who, by the way, paid off his mortgage and pawed up the earth for prohibition. But Izzy had more sense than a lead mule, and soon developed into the strongest campaign card of the anti-prohibitionists. People listened to his convincing business talks, and stopped to think. But as the fight waxed hotter enthusiasm got the better of his business judgment, and Izzy began to make wild statements. That is how it happened that General Marion called his bluff.

In one last cyclonic speech, before a huge crowd, Bruner repeated his previous assertions,

[*Continued on page 574-F*]



Harvest

By EMERY POTTLE

TWILIGHT—the air is luminous and gold;
The ripened fields, kneeling in meek serenity
To bless the approaching night,
Are pregnant with golden plenitude.
Divinely the solemn stillness falls,
A calm, mysterious hand laid on the earth
To hush its clamoring lips.
Only the plaintive cry of some home-turning bird,
Some mild and melancholy bell,
A voice in gentler cadence than its daily wont—
Sweet isolate sounds that die upon the silence.

THE long day is ended;
With slow, tired sighs the laborers leave their toil,
Breathing in deep the cool of evening.
They, too, are silent, for the morning joy is spent,
And each man mutely turns unto his separate way;
Dim figures stealing through the shadowed lanes,
Bruised and bowed with victory—
The Reapers of the Harvest.

THE frail, new moon hangs captive in the somber pines,
And in the amber west trembles a single star
Above the amethystine hills.
The first night-wind moves lightly in the grass,
Stirring a moist and mellow fragrance;
With secret, gradual tide
A vast green darkness fills the land.
There and there and there smile out the lesser lights
From doors that wait an old familiar step—
Home.

DIM figures steal along the shadowy lanes,
Bruised and bowed with victory—
The Reapers of the Harvest.

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NEW TALES OF THE ROAD

"'I really forgot all about my own business'"

SMOOTH WORK IN SELLING

BY CHARLES N. CREWDSON

Illustrations by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I SHALL never forget," said Newman, the hat man, "one man I called on out in California. When I went into his store he and two young boys were all busy. I went back to the hat department and, as he seemed to be short of help, began to straighten out the stock—the merchant had torn it up a good deal in waiting on a customer. While I was doing this the merchant came back where I was and, with a sneer, said to me, 'Selling hats?' I said to him, 'Yes, sir; that's my business.'

"'Can't do anything for you. Buy direct from the factory.'

When You Meet a Bluffer—Bluff Him

"'Well, I'll go you just one better, sir,' said I. 'I come from Rio Janeiro, South America. My company owns a beaver farm. I supposed when I came in that an establishment as large as yours manufactured its own hats. Do you not?'

"'No, we don't,' said the merchant.

"I continued: 'To be sure, if you do not wish to buy the raw fur we can supply you with the hat bodies, which you can finish yourself, or we can give you the finished article.'

"With this I pulled a very smooth sample hat out of my pocket and passed it over.

"'Well, we're after headquarters,' said he. My story was, of course, a wildly improbable one; in truth, as you know, boys, I represent a Western jobbing house.

"'Now, sir, I am going out at two-thirty this afternoon,' said I. 'No use fooling; if you wish to see what I have—let's be quick about it.'

"When you meet a bluffer meet him with a bluff.

"'Well, I am really very much interested in seeing what you have,' said the merchant, cooling down. He introduced himself to me, saying: 'Eves is my name, sir; but I'll tell you that both of my brothers are away. These young boys you see in here are my sons, who are here merely to stand off customers until I can wait on them. They are inexperienced, and while I would like very much to come down with you—and will do so if you insist on it—could n't you bring in just a little bunch of your samples? I will be frank with you and say that I can not buy any goods from you, myself, because that's my brother's department; he is on his way East right now for that purpose; but you have a New York office, I am sure.'

Making a Bluff Good

"'New York office,' thought I; and I answered him back, 'To be sure.' I had to make my bluff good.

"'Well, let me then just size up your stuff a little, and I can write my brother to call in and see your people.'

"I brought him in a little bunch of goods. I really did not want him to come into my sample room anyway. When he first picked up my samples he recognized the brands on them and said, 'Does not so-and-so sell this brand?'—mentioning my own firm.

"'To be sure,' said I. 'They are one of our largest customers, but you are also big enough to come in on the direct list.'

"'What are your prices?' said he.

"I took a hat worth regularly eighteen dollars a dozen and passed it to him, saying, 'Now, Mr. Eves, take this hat, sir, for which I ask you only eighteen dollars a dozen. Compare it with any twenty-four-dollar hat which you have in your store.'

Sometimes "Clubbing" Gets the Order

"He got one of his hats. I lent him my magnifying glasses so that he could make comparison of the fur. Then he took them over to the scales and weighed them. Mine was just a trifle heavier. He rubbed first one and then the other. Then I asked him, 'What is your frank opinion about these two pieces of goods, Mr. Eves?'

"'Well, I think they are just about the same quality of fur, to be frank about it; but yours weighs a trifle more—is a little stockier piece of goods—and, to tell you the truth, I would rather have it for the same money!'

"'Showed him how little he knew'"

"'Well,' said I, 'as my price is six dollars a dozen less, why not do business? Why do you want to wait for your brother?'

"'I am tempted,' said he; 'but it will be just as satisfactory to you, I am sure, if he goes right into your New York house and does the business?'

"I had whipped him and put him on the run, so you bet your life I did not drop the lash. A man always sells his goods before he writes his order, but often fails to write his order after he sells his goods.

But Don't Seem Too Anxious to Get the Order

"A man, however, must not seem too anxious to do business. So I said to him: 'Eves, that will be all very well and good. Your brother can go into our New York office if he likes, but business is business, and if you wish the exclusive sale of our goods for your town, you must buy them here, and buy them now. One party in each town is about all I care for, and if you want to take chances on my getting some one else here, all very well; but if I do that it will do your brother no good to call at our New York office. You can very easily wire him that you have bought, and let him take the day he intended to devote to hat buying and spend it at Coney Island.'

"He bought.

"My club got in its work. And I tell you, boys, a club is a good deal better thing to do business with than fly-paper. You can take a club and drive a man where you want him to go. He must light of his own free will on your fly-paper before you've got him. Make a man believe that you have values for him and you won't have to do him any favors to get his business."

"Molasses" Is Often a Better Weapon Than the "Club"

"Yes," spoke up Edwards, the shoe man, "but if you do strike a man who would rather light on fly-paper than be hit with a club, you must spread out your molasses. I once caught a customer by learning what his hobby was, and jumping on it with him. I had been calling on him for two years, but had never been able to do any business with him. One of the boys tipped me on that this old gentleman, Stokes—he was in business down in the Willamette Valley—was interested in trees. So this time, when I went to his town, I found him seated in front of his store in the shade.

"'Good morning, Mr. Stokes,' said I. 'I am very glad to find you taking it easy this morning, and you have a good, comfortable place for it, too. Those are beautiful trees in front of your store.' He immediately got tangled in my molasses.

"'Yes,' said he, 'I don't think there are enough of us who make use of the blessings nature gives us. There's

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nothing more beautiful or serviceable than a tree. Did you ever stop to think of that?'

Getting Orders by Chatting about the Merchant's Hobby

"'No, I really never did, Mr. Stokes,' I answered.

"'Well, just think it over a little and see what the tree does for civilization. Why, it holds the snow in the mountains so that it melts slowly in the springtime and feeds the streams a little at a time. Then what would our cattle do in the hot season if they could not come in the middle of the day and rest in the shade? See how much more beautiful towns are that have nice rows of shade-trees along the sidewalks and in the yards. And then look at all of the delicious fruits and nuts that trees yield! Why, sir, a tree is one of the greatest blessings we have.'

"'You're right, Mr. Stokes,' said I. 'But I really had never thought of it.'

"'Come on right up with me to my place—I want to show you some fine trees,' eagerly exclaimed the old man.

"'I'd be delighted,' said I. 'I have heard a good deal about your trees.'

"Well, the old man took me up to his home on the edge of the town. In his yard he had all kinds of little cedar trees, nicely trimmed in curious forms, and around his place were all varieties of shade-trees. In his orchard were apple trees, pear trees, peach trees, plum trees, cherry trees; some of them in beautiful bloom.

"I had struck the right lead, and his place was so charming that I really forgot all about my own business. To be sure, it would not have been wise for me to have sprung business on him then, anyway. A man should talk business very pointedly when he does get at it, and, if possible, he should bring the man to whom he wishes to sell goods to introduce the subject of business to him, if he meets him socially.

"This is just exactly what the old man did, for when we came back to the store, he said to me, 'Let me see—you are selling shoes, aren't you?'

"'Yes, sir. That's my line, Mr. Stokes,' said I.

Losing a Good Customer by Ridiculing the Man's Trees

"'Well, I'll look at your samples this afternoon,' said he, and that was every word he said about business until he came to my sample room and bought from me a big bill. As long as I was on that territory not another man sold him a shoe! Nor did he even look at my samples after that, but would just say to me, 'Johnnie, you look through the stock and send me what I need.'"

"Well, what became of the other man that he used to buy shoes from?" asked one of the boys.

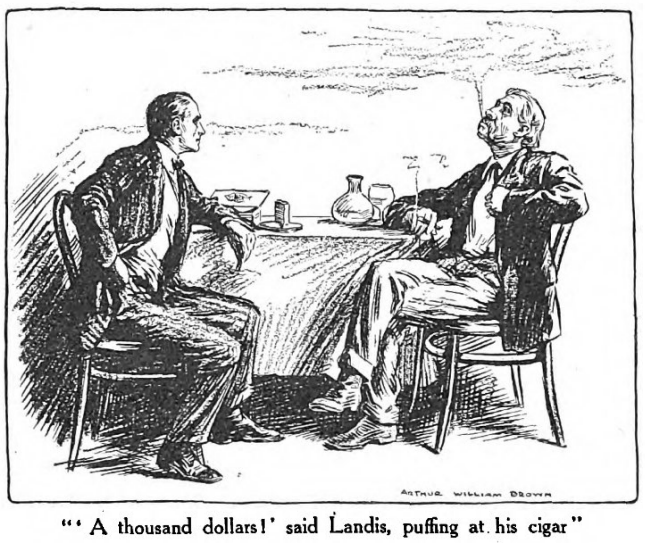
"I learned, in a round about way," continued Edwards, "that the old man did not really like the other fellow, because on day he said to one of the clerks that if the old man would pay less attention to his trees and more to his store, he would get along better. Stokes heard of this, and nothing could have offended him more."

A Man's Competitors Are Often His Best Friends

"You bet!" said Bob, the clothing man, who had joined them that day. He and Fletcher, who was also one of the party, were hard competitors on the road, but when the war of the season was over they were good friends. In fact, some of the very best friends boys on the road have are their own competitors. When a man is your competitor you can very soon find out the sort of stuff he is made of, and the man who is square with his competitors gets from them many a bill. It often happens that a man in a certain line, better than any one else, can tip another friend to business that he himself can not handle.

"You bet," continued Bob. "A salesman should never offend his customer. A merchant who thinks well of a traveling man, and buys goods of him, can not only give him his own business, but he can often turn another customer to him. This is especially true when the boys are off the road in market. Many a time one of my customers, in market time, has passed over to me a good bill.

"Just a few seasons ago, while I was in, I sold one of my customers from Idaho. When I had finished with him he said to me: 'Look



"'A thousand dollars!' said Landis, puffing at his cigar"

here, Bob, old man Summers, from up in the Salmon City country, is stopping at my hotel. We usually meet at six o'clock and go out to dinner together. Come down to the Great Northern about that time, and I'll make you acquainted with him. Maybe you can sell him some goods, as I think the house he buys from does not have a man that comes to see him.'

"Bob" Gets Two Orders by Keeping a Promise Made to His Wife

"I went down to the Great Northern a few minutes before six and found my customer. In just a little while the old gentleman came up and brought with him two of his brothers, who, I soon learned, were going to open a new store down in New Mexico. Seeing two good bills in

"I could see him tugging away at the card"

sight, I said to the old gentleman, "'Now, Mr. Summers, my friend here and I are going to have a little dinner, and if you and your brothers will join us, we'll be very glad to have you.'

"'Well, that's a go,' said the old gentleman, in breezy Western style. All five of us went out to dinner. Not one word was said about business until nearly eight o'clock. About that time the old gentleman mentioned something about the theater. I said, 'Now, gentlemen, I would like very much to join you this evening, but I have not been home very long and I promised my wife that I would go out with her this evening. I never break a promise I make to her. You all here have a good, congenial party, and I am sure you will have a good time without me. May I say good-night?' What I said was true—and, besides, it helps to have the man you want to do business with respect you.

"'Well, we hope to see more of you,' said the old gentleman. 'Where are you in the city?'

"I told him the firm I was with, merely saying that they were in the clothing business and that, while I made it a rule never to talk business with a gentleman I met in a social way, I would be very glad to see him. The two brothers were also listening to what I was saying.

It Pays to Be the Personal Friend of the Man with Whom You Do Business

"'Well,' said he, 'I might just as well do business with you as anybody else. I have been buying from another firm here in the city for twenty-five years, but I know you lots better than any one in that house. I am going to come over and see you if you will let me.'

"'To be sure, Mr. Summers, I shall be very glad to see you; and now that you have brought up the subject yourself I shall say to you that if I do any business with you, I shall charge you as much as I do anybody else.'

"Truth begets confidence. Confidence begets business.

"'By heavens!' said he, 'I am glad I have met one man who has told me the truth.'

"Not only did the old man come over in a couple of days and buy a good round bill from me, but he also brought his two brothers along and I sold them their opening stock."

A Smooth Job Which Regained a Lost Customer

"And that was a smooth job you did yourself down in Las Vegas, Watkins," spoke up Sullivan.

"Well, how's that?" asked Williams, the merchant of the party.

"Oh, it happened like this," answered Watkins. "I had a customer down there whom I had been selling for several seasons. He had been a good friend of mine when I used to clerk in one of my customer's stores. He was a bully good experienced man, but he hadn't money enough to go into business by himself. He took in a partner who was a rancher and who knew no more about the furnishing goods business than a chicken does about the bottom of the sea. Yet this partner of my old friend Hill thought that he had learned a good deal about the furnishing goods business.

"When I got round to Vegas I went in to see Hill, and I said to him, 'Well, Nick, when will you be ready for me?'

"'I'll tell you, Watkins,' said he, 'I'm in a sort of a box. I'll just be frank with you, and tell you what it is. While I was away on my vacation last month my partner simply placed an order in your line with another man. Of course, the order was placed subject to my approval, but you know how I'm situated. He has put a good deal of money into this firm, and while I don't want the other fellow's stuff at all and would rather have yours, I don't like to offend my partner, and I fear I would do so if I were to countermand that other bill—and the bad thing about it is that he himself is not here now and will not be for a week or so.'

How Louis Turned State's Evidence Against Himself

"'Well, I'm all opened up anyhow, Nick,' said I. 'And I have a few special snaps that you would wish anyway, so, after lunch, run up and we will look things over.' The thing,

[*Continued on page 588*]

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WHY IS THE LAUGH

BY EUGENE WOOD

Author of "Back Home," "Folks Back Home," etc.

AN ANATOMICAL STUDY of the HUMAN FUNNY BONE

Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

"Fretted by the cackle of the young things coming home from high school"

IT WILL be easy enough to tell how the laugh is made when once you know what the laugh is. That is n't so easy as it looks, and it does n't look very easy. Not to me, at any rate.

I can simulate a laugh that seems so genuine that those who hear me catch the infection, as it were, of a large implantation of the bacillus tickleosus.

And they go into such ecstacies of cachinatory mirth that they beg me, tearfully, for mercy's sake, to stop before they lose all their buttons, physical and mental.

I could tell you, if you insisted on it (which I hope and trust you won't), just what muscles of the ribs and abdomen conspire to joggle out the breath in spurts, and how the tongue, soft palate, and the throat-muscles set themselves for every kind of chuckle, giggle, snicker, snort, and cackle, for every "Tee-hee-hee!" and "Haw! Haw! Haw!" and what muscles of the face are pulled upon to wrinkle up the eyes, and draw the lips back so as to show the back teeth in their gold self-sealing cans.

Laughter Is Good for the Works

When you know just what to do, you can produce a laugh that sounds like the real thing.

It is n't.

You can whoop it up for all that 's out, and still be wondering if you 'd better cut and run to make the 4:44, or wait awhile and take it easy.

There 's physical benefit in such a laugh, I have n't the remotest doubt, just as there is physical benefit in doing stunts with dumb-bells. The muscles of the ribs and abdomen that conspire to joggle out the breath in spurts, massage the liver and other interior works, so that they feel more like attending to their business; the enlivened heart pumps the blood along in a stronger and fuller tide that flushes out the toxins of worn-out tissue; the shop-worn air in lung-tops and odd corners is replaced by a brand-new consignment, latest model, right from the factory where the fresh air is made: the surfaces of leaves wet with the pattering raindrops, or gemmed with diamonds of the still dew.

But the physical side is n't quite all of it. It 's a whole lot, there 's no denying. It 's the prime requisite, there 's no denying; the end as well as the beginning.

But just as there 's something lacking in the dumb-bell stunts, compared with the real game, so this simulated laugh lacks something. It does n't take hold; it does n't bite; it does n't get right down into the quick and almost hurt because it feels so good.

You 've got to feel good physically before you can laugh; you 've got to feel a whole lot better when you get done laughing, but there 's more than body in it; there 's mind, too. It 's silly, it is even terrible, unless the laugh has sense in it—the sense of humor, if you please.

Now, when you get into the domain of the intellect and try to talk it off, you dive right down into where it is over head and hands immediately. I give it up. I 'll admit I do not know one thing about what happens when the mind takes in what the eyes, and ears, and nose, and tongue, and the skin generally tell it—where sensation ends and ratiocination begins.

And, just to make myself feel comfortable and not to lose all my self-conceit at one fell swoop, I think nobody else does, either. They may declare they do, but they 'll have to prove it to me.

But I will say that I think the sense of humor is the latest to arrive upon the scene. You know that when we 're born we have n't any senses—can't see, can't hear, can't feel—we have n't anything in that line of goods at all, except the sense of well-being, or ill-being, if you can call that a sense. As we grow, we get these senses. About the time that we can put words together to make some sort of sentences, most of us show signs of a sense of tune.

"And there 's a fellow learning the cornet"

Later than that, much later, comes the sense of humor, for many children who can sing right prettily have n't the remotest comprehension of a joke, even when it is mapped and diagramed. This physical sense of well-being makes them bubble with merriment, but that is n't the sense of humor yet. Even when they get so that they talk bass or wear their skirts to their ankles, they laugh at things that you and I, sophisticated and informed, can't laugh at. (They say it is a sign you 're getting old, when you are fretted by the cackle of the young things coming home from high school.)

Humor Is Like Music, Only Different

The nearest thing to the sense of humor is the sense of tune, and yet that 's very different, too. It is hard to say whether those who have a hollow in their noggins, where there ought to be a musical bump as big as a goose-egg, are to be pitied or congratulated.

It depends on how you look at it.

If, as has been said, "Music is the most expensive of all noises," why, look at the money they save. If you believe, with Beaumarchais, that "When a thing is too silly to say, you can safely sing it," see how they preserve their minds. Also, of a hot summer's evening, when all the windows are open, and sixteen different pianos (some of them untuned since the Spanish-American War) are going, full tilt, on sixteen different pieces of music, in sixteen different keys and rhythms, and there 's a fellow learning the cornet, and the new phonograph records have just come, we, who have a sense of tune, suffer tortures indescribable, while to the tuneless man it merely sounds cheerful and gay.

Another thing: such are generally real nice people, bashful about putting in their oar where music is concerned, because they have been told so often that they can't sing any more than a crow can, although their voices must sound all right to them. Anyhow, they have come to believe it, and don't try to make nuisances of themselves.

But so much as hint to the dumbest of us that we have n't a sense of humor, and—come outside! come outside! The insult has been passed, and there 's a fight on in a minute. I know, because I 'm a little that way myself.

The Sadness of Other People's Jokes

When I make a perfectly good joke (pick it right off my own vines, as you might say), some will give an extra vicious bite on their wad of chewing-gum and spear me with a look that says "Fresh!" while others will put on a dry grin, knowing their manners, and ask, when they think I 'm out of hearing, "Say! what was that darn fool trying to get through him, anyhow?"

And when *they* make jokes, you feel kind o' sorry for them, they 're such obvious, dinky little jokes—jokes that you graduated out of when you left the 6-B grammar grade.

When the man that has no ear for tune sees that you don't much care to hear him sing, he does n't think it is because *you* have no sense of tune, but the man that can not make a joke thinks it 's because *you* are n't bright enough to see the nub, that you don't laugh.

That 's the way the English are about the Scotch. They say the only way you can get a joke into a Scotchman's head is through a hole expressly bored in the skull. Just to illustrate the sort of joke the Scot can not appreciate, here 's a sample I cut out of London *Punch* one time and showed to a real Britisher—the genuine article, don't you understand, the "ah, me d-yah filloo" sort of man. It just about killed him, it was so funny. It 's a He and She joke, with a picture, and they 're standing by a rustic fence, out in the country.

HE—"Does n't the water falling over the weir sound melancholy?"

SHE—"Yes, it is rather weir-y."

Good land of love! If I could laugh at that I should n't need to have a hole bored in my head, but to have it taken off entirely. What 's the use of lugging a thing around that you don't need?

I remember I rode half a day in the smoking compartment of a Pullman, with a Smiling

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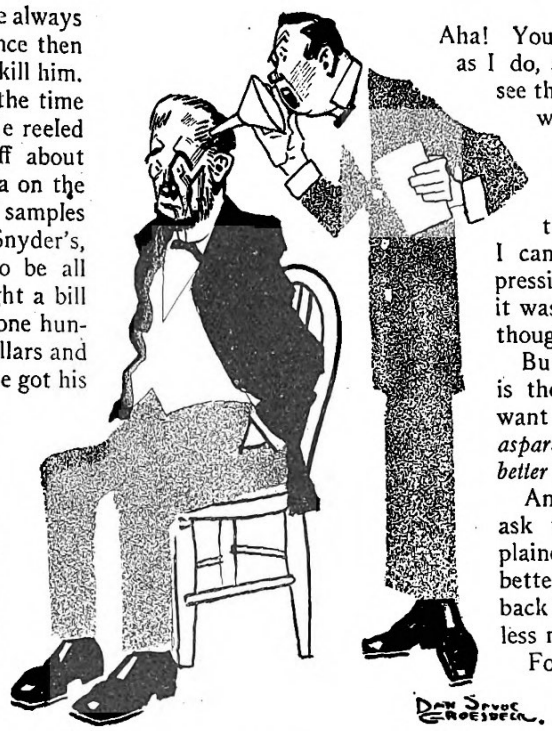
Johnny of a man, and I 've always thought well of myself since then that I did n't even *try* to kill him. Giggle, giggle, giggle all the time at nothing whatever. He reeled off a long string of stuff about how he got into Ravenna on the 8:46 A. M. and sent his samples right on up to old man Snyder's, and Snyder happened to be all out of his line, and bought a bill of goods amounting to one hundred and eighty-seven dollars and some cents. And then he got his dinner at the White Front Restaurant—roast ribs of beef and browned potatoes—and just had time to catch the 1:13 to the next town and went right up to Hickenlooper's; but Hickenlooper was out in the country somewhere, attending the funeral of one of his wife's relations (he married a Rawson; six girls there were, all red-haired); so he had to lay over, and stayed all night at the Eagle Hotel, and had breakfast, and went round to Hickenlooper's bright and early, and Hickenlooper said he was all full up just at present, but to be sure to come to see him the next time he made the town; and so on and so on and so on and so on without a let-up, and seemingly world without end.



"They [the English] say the only way you can get a joke into a Scotchman's head is through a hole bored in the skull"

And all the time he was on the broad grin, which broadened and broadened; and his waistband kept bouncing harder and harder, and he chuckled, and snickered, and snorted till, when he got to where Hickenlooper told him to be sure and come and see him the next time he made the town, he just could n't hold in any longer, but ha-ha-ed right out, and laughed till the tears ran down his face.

I felt like a fool. The man was sane. He was laughing at something; I could n't see what. It made me mad. People had hinted that I had no sense of humor, and I thought, "Ah, that 's only their little joke!" But when this man was so thoroughly delighted and amused at what was only tedious to me, I began to get scared about myself.

Try This on Your Sense of Humor

I have since learned that there is a real scientific test of whether or not one has a sense of humor. It does n't make me feel any easier in my mind, though. I don't react to it as I should. I ought to whoop and "holler" and fall over on the floor, and shriek, and carry on till the folks get seriously alarmed about me, and ask each other if they had n't better send for the doctor. And I don't do that way at all. Every time the test is applied I laugh moderately, and no more. Let 's see how it affects you.

One time there was a dinner-party, and a young lady that was invited sat beside a very brilliant conversationist. He was talking about the Influence of the Minor Italian Poets, or the Categorical Imperative (or whatever it is they talk about at swell dinner-parties; I 've heard it is all sorts of high-class topics), and the young woman was simply fascinated. Just as he got good and going they served spinach, and, without breaking the thread of his discourse, the gentleman scooped his hand into the dish of spinach and plastered the green, soft gaum on his hair and rubbed it vigorously. Then he paused. "Yes, that 's very true," sighed the young woman, thoughtfully; "but do you mind my interrupting you to ask why you just now rubbed the spinach into your hair?"

"Spinach!" gasped the man. "Was that spinach? Good Lord! I thought it was asparagus!"

Aha! You laugh at it the same as I do, and no more. I can see the man, just as you do, with the stuff dribbling down on his forehead, and the rest of the company goggling their eyes at him, and I can see his horrified expression when he finds out it was n't asparagus, as he thought.

But what I want to know is the same as what you want to know: *How would asparagus have been any better?*

And I know that when I ask to have a joke explained to me, I 'm little better than a fool, and settle back into a dumb and hopeless misery. For awhile.

For awhile only. Because the mortification at not being able to laugh when others can is a pricker to my wits, and stirs 'em up until I *can* see where the nub of the joke is.

(By the way, I have been thinking over that Smiling Johnny fellow I was so contemptuous of a minute or two ago. Maybe he was n't so foolish as he seemed to be, so mirthful over what was, to me, so dull and banal. He was homeward bound; I had a long and tedious journey before me and an irksome task at the end of it. His wife and kiddies—he showed me their pictures; he had them in his hand-bag so he could set them out on his dresser every night he spent in the lonesome little hotels—were tugging at the tow-rope, and every rattle of the car-wheels was joy to him, for he knew he was a rail's length nearer home, nearer to those he had been pining for a sight of for four long, weary months. I take it all back, what I said about him. I 'd giggle like a fool my own self at any mortal thing, were I in his case. And another thing: I had tried a breakfast of ham and eggs that morning, instead of the cereal that I should have gumption enough, by this time, to stick to.

George Bernard Shaw has said that, among adults, the tear is the only full expression of the noble and the beautiful, and that the laugh is always the symbol of downfall and confusion.

"All the time he was on the broad grin"

Laughter Stirred up in Tears

In a way that 's so, but there is n't such a great difference as you might think between tears and laughter.

I remember once I went to see an amateur performance of "A Celebrated Case." The audience at an amateur performance is always far more interesting to me than the actors, for it is sure to be made up of natural, unsophisticated, simple-hearted folks who have n't been spoiled by too much theater-going. It was a really good production of a very pathetic, heart-rending play, and I wanted to cry, myself, but could n't, because the audience made me so angry. Just as the tears would start, they 'd giggle, and the more emotional the scene, the worse they 'd giggle. I was provoked at them. But when the curtain came down and the lights came up, what was my surprise to find them all wiping their eyes! Just explain to me, please, why they should laugh when they were weeping, and why the partition between the signs of sorrow and of joy should be so thin and easily broken through.

In a way it 's so—that the laugh is indication of confusion and of downfall. I once heard an address on the theme of "Marriage." The orator was very flowery in his language, and he got along so well that he thought it was about time for him to draw the tremolo stop and set us all to bawling and sniffling. (It 's a fine sight to see the pocket-handkerchiefs blossom out in the garden of a large audience. It makes you think of pop-corn just as it starts to pop.) "The young man," said he, with just the right soulful quiver in his voice, "the young man, exulting in his strength, radiant with hope, looking forward to the golden, glowing days that are to come, each one wreathed with the laurels of its own triumph, and the young woman happy in her love of him, her hero and her king, may not fear to face the future, hand in hand, and all it has in store for them, but a-a-a-ah! my friends, how will it be with them when there are seven little mouths to be fed, and seven little backs to be clothed, and seven little feet to be shod?"

Pride Cometh Before a Fall; Laughter Afterward

He paused; and in that impressive moment there arose in the mind's eye the picture of a once happy and contented home, alas! now hopping with seven hungry young ones, each one with *only one foot.* There was a sound as of ripping calico from the large audience, and everybody snorted out laughing.

And you should have seen the downfall and confusion in the expression of the orator. If he could have found a knot hole to crawl through, then, he would have got into it. But he had to stick it out; and he did. From that time on, at least through that evening, he talked sense and did n't adventure any more hifalutin. We knew he could carry it off; hence our laugh.

I have heard speakers that were so mortified by some slight error that they just stood there staring, as if their senses had all left them. There was downfall and confusion, too. But no one laughed. We felt too sorry.

And I remember one icy morning that the tutor in mathematics, a most conceited, snippy sort of man, so sarcastic in his twittings of us greenhorns, slipped on the chapel steps just as he was making his grandest bow to some young ladies, and down he came, ker-bumpity-bump, down all the steps until he lay flat on his back. Such a whoop of joy as we let out! Whee! I can hear it yet. But, mark you, we did n't make a whimper, not a cheep, until we saw him get up and stalk away, the picture of downfall and confusion. If he had really been hurt, we should n't have laughed at all, for at heart he was n't such a bad fellow—just a little inclined to have too good an opinion of himself.

Don't you see how laughter is the salt that saves society? This young tutor thought such a lot of himself; that 's good, but too much is

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too much, and the laugh was needful to curb extravagance.

This orator on "Marriage" undertook to tell us how to do. He knew. He was the lad could butt the bull off the bridge any time he wanted to. He could stand up there and talk it right off without having to stop and think about what came next, the way we'd have to, and without his tongue drying up like an old shoe in his mouth, or his knees rattling together like the end-man's bones in a nigger minstrel show. He was a lot better stuff than we were. He felt it and we felt it, and that's not the way for free-born American citizens to feel; it was n't good for him or for us. And, zip! Just in one word of his, democracy was reestablished. He was n't such a much as he thought he was, and we were a whole lot more than we thought we were.

Never in the round world would *we* have been so careless as to say that seven hungry mouths had only a foot apiece beneath them.

"The audience at an amateur performance is always far more interesting than the actors"

What Is Funny in Africa

Livingstone tells us in his travels about how a lion once pounced on a group of his African bearers and carried off a man. The others took that to be the grandest practical joke they had ever heard of, and slapped their legs and squealed with merriment. Human life was n't very precious to them; there was plenty more where that came from. And I suppose the victim, as he was dragged into the jungle, was more distressed because the laugh was on him than he was that he was going to die. He had to die sometime, anyhow; he could n't help that. But it was his fault if the laugh was on him.

As civilization progresses, our jokes rise to a higher plane, but their purpose is the same forever—to keep us up to standard pitch. This is a hard enough world in any case, and if there were only mocking laughter for our failures, and no kindly sympathy when those failures are of the mortal sort, I should n't see many reasons for wanting to stay here very long. The laugh marks downfall and confusion, I will grant you, but only *minor* downfall and confusion. We shall pick ourselves up again and be the better for it all. Laughter is the remedy as well as the symptom, and cures the disease as vaccination prevents the smallpox.

Pull every joke apart that you can think of and see what it is made of, and every time you'll find that what makes you feel so happy is the proof it gives you that you are not the fool you feared you were, because somebody else is a bigger one than you ever dared be. Like the story of the Pittsburg millionaire: When some one asked him if he liked Botticelli, "No," said he, "I don't care for those white wines." Whereupon a friend jogged his elbow and whispered, "Say, Botticelli ain't a wine, it's a kind of cheese."

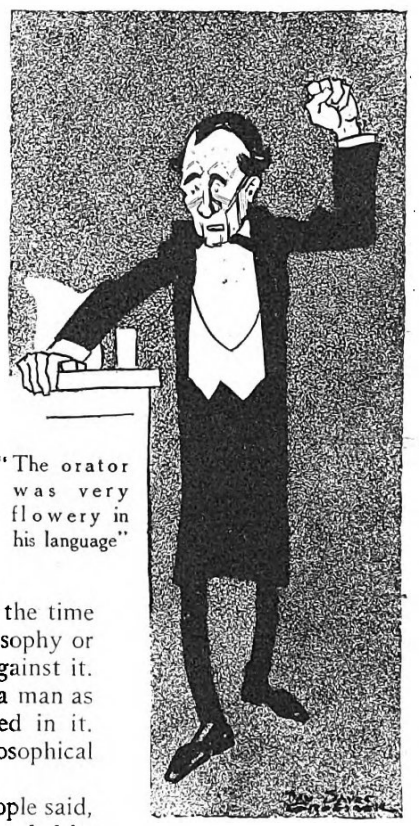
We feel better after that. Those fellows that could buy and sell us and never know it—they're not so much. Why, even *we* know that Botticelli was a poet. What? A painter, eh? Same thing.

Jokes Are Up to Date

To be able to see the point of jokes and laugh with the rest shows that we are up-and-coming, no laggards on the scene of life. All about us changes faster than serious instruction can advise us. Sour-faced wisdom has to be ancient, but the merry quip, which keeps us all in step with progress, has to be hot from the mint, the fresher the better. Last summer's egg was good last summer, but it takes the cutting lash of ridicule to keep men from wanting to break it into this morning's frying-pan. For example, in the early days, when it was every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost, each ran his own little business in his own home and worked his wife and children half to death, and still made hardly anything. If he wanted to get ahead at all, he had to pinch a penny till it squealed; he had to be tighter than the bark upon a tree. But when machinery came into use, and men began combining and cooperating, so much was made with comparatively so little effort, that to be so saving and economical became a real danger. It cost more than it came to. Political economy has hardly got that under its hide yet, but the popular joke did n't take long to make it plain to folks, in yarns like this:

"Deacon Hoskins, may I tie my horse to your hitching-post?"

"We-ell, I s'pose so, but, ye know, it wears it aout jist that much."



"The orator was very flowery in his language"

A Sure Cure for Humbugs

I don't know what useful purpose a belief in witches may have served in olden times, but I am inclined to think it must have had some good results, seeing how widespread it once was. But when the time came for it to go, don't think philosophy or science so much as turned a hand against it. All the wise men, and even so good a man as Dr. John Wesley, thoroughly believed in it. There never was a real sound, philosophical argument against witches.

It was laughed off the earth. People said, "Ah, that's all humbug," and that ended it.

Humbug is a comical word, all in itself, but it was n't always so. No, indeed. A booger or spook (bug), that came at night (hom) and scared you stiff—there's nothing comical about a hom-bug for a minute, now, I tell you. But be the spook ever so horrible, it can not stand against laughter. Humbug must have everything solemn and serious; the truth does n't mind being guyed. Humbug must have the tremolo stop, and the soulful quiver in the voice. And that is why, it seems to me, we have the saying, that from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. For when a fellow has n't got his facts straight, and tries to make up for that defect by cutting a splurge with large, fine language, he's almost certain to make some break, such as did the orator on "Marriage," that rouses the common sense in us and keeps us from being made fools of.

Look at the laugh in whatsoever light you will, whether you see it as the deliverer from the bondage to outgrown notions; a school master with the sharp switch of ridicule to teach us manners; an apostle of democracy, proclaiming that we are all of the same clay, made of it, and to return to it, but every lump of it holding some sparkle of the divine fire, and woe betide the man that tries to make us think he is of different stuff! Look at the laugh, I say, in any light you choose, and you will see that it is not so much the downfall and confusion of the laughed-at that makes us happy, that joggles our waistbands and sends the ha-ha spouting out, that pumps the blood along the sluggish veins, massaging the interior works, and replacing the shop-worn stock of air with a new consignment, as it is the sudden, sharp, intense realization of our personal well-being.

It must be sudden, sharp, intense; must pounce upon us when we're not looking for it, before we have time to think what a dull world this is, and what poor, crawling worms of the dust we are. Like a lightning flash it comes across us that we're a whole lot, after all.

And that's the way for us to feel. That's how we conquer and become as gods.

The Laugh Springs from Physical Well-being

But don't forget the primal sense of all, the sense of physical well-being. The mind's a lot, but what's it for if not to guarantee the body's larger life? The beginning and ending of the laugh is at the waistband, the seat of happiness and well-being. It has been well said that no one ever died a saint that had anything the matter with him beneath his belt; he would be too cantankerous to merit harp and crown.

Consumptives are cheerful and hopeful to the last breath, so long as their stomachs are n't out of kilter; but let a foolish, heavy breakfast sour and stew in a man's insides, and every mole hill seems a mountain high. Tell him the funniest story that ever was, and he won't laugh. He can't. How can he realize his intellectual well-being through the latest sense of all to come—the sense of humor—when the primal sense of all, that which lies under the waistband, denies his physical well-being?

New Gods for Old

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

THEIR God was a God of fire, aloof on a large, white throne
Where a chosen, angelical choir sang praises in monotone.
His pity was tyrant's pity; their tears were bond-slaves' tears;
And bolts from his luminous city sowed earth with griefs and fears.

Our God is great like the ocean, and we are the waters that run
With a sure, eternal motion, to be with a greater at one.
We may scavenge the dross of the nation; we may shudder past bloody sod;
But we thrill to the new revelation that we are parts of God.

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THE PASSION FOR ACHIEVEMENT

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"WHAT are the motives which keep men slaving after they have acquired a competence?" "Is ambition a selfish attribute?" These and similar questions have often been asked me.

The passion for conquest, for power, the love of achievement, is one of the most dominant and persistent characteristics of human nature. With most men the bread-and-butter and housing problem, the question of getting a living, a competence, is only one, and often one of the least, of the motives for an active career.

We have an instinctive feeling that we have been set in motion by a higher power; that there is an invisible spring within us—the "imperious must"—which impels us to go onward, to weave the pattern given us in the Mount of Transfiguration of our highest moment, to make our life-vision real. A divine impulse constantly urges us to reach upward to our highest ideal. There is something back of our supreme ambition deeper than a mere personal gratification. We instinctively feel that there is a vital connection between it and the great plan of creation, the progress, the final goal of the race.

We are dimly conscious that we owe something to the world, and that it is our duty to pay the debt. There is something within us which protests against our living idle, purposeless lives; which tells us that our debt to the race is a *personal* one; that it can not be paid by our ancestors, by proxy. It tells us that our message to humanity is not transferable; that we must deliver it ourselves. No matter how much money we may have, we don't feel quite right—really happy—unless we are doing our part of the world's work. We feel that it is mean, contemptible, to be drones in the great human hive; to eat, drink, wear, and use what others earn by hard labor. We have a sneaking feeling that we are criminals; that it is unworthy of us to shirk a manly or womanly part in life; it violates our sense of justice, of fairness.

EVERY normal person is born with a message for humanity, with a great sacred obligation to give his best to the world. Your talent was not given you merely to provide bread and butter and luxuries for yourself and family, but to make the world a little better place to live in, to pay your debt to humanity, to make the largest possible man or woman of yourself.

These promptings of humanity and the yearning of every normal man and woman for a fuller, completer life; the craving for expansion, for growth; the desire to objectify our life-visions, to give birth to the children of our brain, to exercise our inventiveness, our ingenuity, to express our artistic temperament, our talents, whatever they may be; the inherent, instinctive longing to become that which we were intended to be; to weave the life-pattern given us at birth—these are the impelling motives for a creative career.

One man expresses himself, or delivers his message to humanity, through his inventive ability to give his fellow men that which will emancipate them from drudgery; another delivers his message through his artistic ability; another through science; another through oratory, through business, or his pen, and so on through all the modes of human expression, each delivers himself according to his talent. In every case the highest motive is beyond the question of mere living-getting.

The great artist does not paint simply for a living, but because he *must* express that divine thing in him that is struggling for expression. He has an unconquerable desire to put upon canvas the picture that haunts his brain. We all long to bring out the ideal, whatever it may be, that lives within us. We want to see it; we want the world to see it. We long to create, to see the children of our brain, just as the artist longs to see the children of his brain, his mental visions, on canvas.

It is not so much what men get out of their struggles, as the inherent passion in every normal man for self-expression—to do the biggest thing possible to him—that urges them on. This is what keeps men going, always struggling to achieve.

Some savage tribes believe that the spirit of every conquered enemy enters into the conqueror and makes him so much stronger. It is certain that every business or professional conquest, or financial victory, every triumph over obstacles, makes the achiever so much a larger, so much a stronger man.

The exercising of the creative faculties, the stretching of the mind over greater and greater problems and the solving of them, constitue a powerful mental tonic and give a satisfaction and self-complacency which nothing else gives. Think of the tameness, the insipidity, the weakness, the mental flabbiness of the life of the inactive and purposeless man who has nothing special to do, no great life-motive, no "imperious must" pushing him on, in comparison with that of the man who feels all the forces within him heaving and tugging away to accomplish a mighty purpose!

The idle, aimless man does not know the meaning of personal power or the satisfaction which comes to the doer, the achiever.

Those who wonder why men who already have a competence continue to struggle, to play the game with as much zeal and ardor as ever, when they might retire from the field, little realize the tremendous fascination of the great life-game, especially for those who have artistic talent and those who have the ability to do things; men who have great executive powers, qualities of leadership.

With as much reason might we wonder why great singers, artists, actors, authors, do not retire from active life, give up their work when they are at the zenith of their power, when they are just in a position to do the greatest thing possible to them, as to wonder why great business and professional men do not retire in the most fruitful period of their lives merely because they have attained a competency.

The unborn creatures of the imagination of the artist, the author, the actor, the singer, struggling for expression, haunt them until they are objectified, made real. So the ambition and ideals of the business, the professional man, clamor for expression as long as he is able to continue in the game.

Those who have never won big battles in business do not realize what a deep hold this passion for conquest, this insatiable thirst for victory, gets upon the achiever; how it grips him, encourages him, nerves him for greater triumphs.

A great business man develops the lust of power, the passion for conquest, as did Napoleon or other great warriors. The desire to achieve, to dominate, grows stronger and more vigorous with every new victory.

The ambition for greater achievements is fed by every fresh triumph, and the passion for conquest, which years of winning and the habit of conquering have strengthened, becomes colossal, often abnormal, so that men who have grown accustomed to wielding enormous power shudder at the very thought of laying down the sceptre.

Think of E. H. Harriman, J. Pierpont Morgan, J. J. Hill, and other great business potentates of our country, whose power governs vast fields of activity—think of these men retiring, giving up active life, because they have acquired a competence! Why, some of our captains of industry, railroad men, bankers, and financiers, wield more real power today, exercise a greater influence upon civilization than many European rulers.

We hear a great deal of criticism of the greed of rich men, which keeps them pushing ahead after they have more money than they can ever use to advantage, but the fact is, many of these men find their reward in the exercise of their powers, not in amassing money, and greed plays a comparatively small part in their struggle for conquest.

Of course this is not true of all rich men. Many of them are playing the game, and keep on playing it, for the love of accumulating. Their selfishness and greed have been indulged so long that they amount to a passion, and the accumulators oftentimes become money-mad.

But the higher type of man plays the game, from start to finish, for the love of achievement; because it satisfies his sense of duty, of justice; plays it because it will make him a larger, completer man; because it satisfies his passion for expansion, for growth. He plays the game for the training it gives, for the opportunity of self-expression. He feels that he has a message to deliver to mankind, and that he must deliver it like a man.

The tyranny of habit is also a powerful factor in keeping men going. The daily routine, the business or professional system, becomes a part of our very nature. When we have been going to our office or business at just such a time every morning, doing about the same things every day for a quarter or half a century, any radical change—a sudden cessation of all these activities, a switching from the daily use of our strongest faculties to comparatively unused ones, is not a pleasant thing to contemplate, nor an easy thing to do.

Every normal man has a dread of the shrinking and shriveling which inevitably follow the change from an active to an inactive life. He dreads this because it is a sort of slow suicide, a gradual atrophy of a talent or power which had perhaps been the pride of his life.

There are a multitude of reasons why a man should not retire when he has a competence. A whole life's momentum, the grip of habit, which increases facility and desire at every repetition; the strong ties of business or professional friendships, and, above all, the passion for conquest, for achievement, the love of the game, tend to keep him in it.

It is the love of forging ahead, of pushing out into new fields, which has grown to giant proportions in the grand struggle for supremacy, the ambition to push on a little further, not greed or selfishness, that keeps the majority of men in harness.

The artist, the business, or professional man is much like the hunter, who will endure all sorts of hardships and privations in the pursuit of game, but loses all interest in it the moment he bags it.

[*Continued on page 579*]

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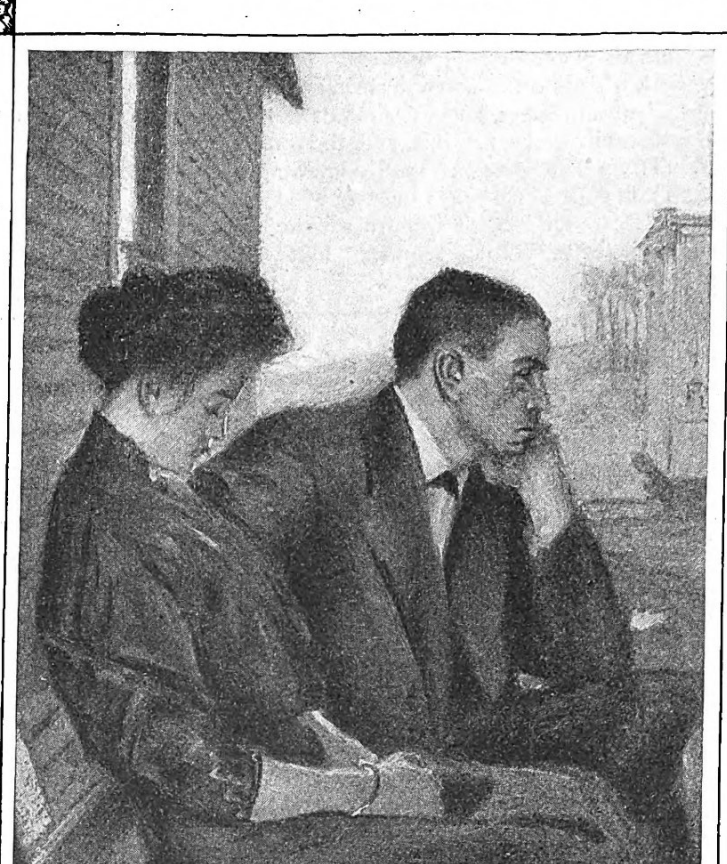
The BIG MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF ELLERY ANDREWS, WOODS BOSS

How He Told the Whole Truth to the Woman He Loved

A Story



"He could not look at her"

FOR seven months and two weeks the Woods Boss had not touched a drop. At six months he had begun notching for weeks instead of days, which was a bit vainglorious of him; but he still kept the stick above the wash-stand, where he had to see it the first thing every morning. Uncle Thomas Bovee, the Landlooker, was cordial now. Twice within the month he had come into Ellery Andrews's room of an evening, and taken a chair, and sat for half an hour in friendly silence. Yes, the Woods Boss was as one who thinketh he standeth. He took to spending a Sunday up at Shreveport now and then; and a little hello-girl who liked lumbermen, contrived to make it pleasant for him. Finally, early on a Monday morning, Mr. Bovee appeared at the door of his room.

"Oh," mumbled the Woods Boss, "good morning."

Mr. Bovee, tall, shy, wistful-eyed, merely looked; and the Woods Boss was obliged to wait. The Landlooker turned his slow gaze to the wall above the wash-stand, observed that the stick no longer hung there, and went out. The Woods Boss, low of spirit, got a new stick and began again notching for days. Hot days they were, and long. The little brook of life very nearly ran dry that summer at Michigan, Louisiana.

It should perhaps be explained that when they had built the new town and the mills, and had laid out the pond and the Y-switch and the logging railroad, they called the place Michigan—"Michigan, La.," if you please. For the name brought up memories of a three-hundred-mile reach of blue-green water and of wonderful, sparkling air. They knew that up North, in the real Michigan, men could feel the current of God's electric energy flowing through their bodies, could see the smoke of a world's commerce trailing off down the wind. Yes, they dwelt a bit on the name.

It need not be understood, however, that the lumber business, down here where Louisiana blurs meaninglessly off into Texas, was wanting in vigor. Two steam skidders, out at the track-end, were coughing and sputtering and rumbling for ten hours a day, hauling in the logs with their long steel cables and loading them on the cars. Twice and three times a day the trains came in from the woods, and the logs were rolled down the sloping skidway into the pond. All day long the band saws droned, and the planers buzzed and hummed. There was a great air of bustle about the mill, and there was good humor now and then among the men. But why were these men so quiet, nights, at the boarding house? And why did Mr. Hamilton, the head of the firm, sit alone of an evening in his very new, very empty house, and set the phonograph to squeaking out Northern melodies, and wonder if it was not about time to send up to Courteau for the family?

And why did Ellery Andrews, when he had tossed himself awake early on a certain Sunday morning, stare up at the ceiling of matched yellow pine, fumble under the pillow for his watch, swing his legs around, hesitate, and finally, keeping his eyes off the notched stick, scramble into his Sunday clothes, tiptoe furtively past Mr. Bovee's door, and catch the 5:42 for Shreveport? Why? Well, this little life of Ellery's was a problem which he must live out, or down, by himself. Possibly he was not making much of a job of it.

Now there was a girl, tall, but not precisely slim, with an unsettled look in her eyes. And the skin of her face and hands was so soft that it was difficult to understand how she came to be waiting on the lunch counter at the railway eating-house at Kirby Station. This was at breakfast, and the Woods Boss, already weary of the long, bumpy ride to Shreveport, sat and watched her with admiring eyes. He did not know that he was staring; he was merely lost in her bewildering charm. "She's Louisiana French," thought he.

The tall girl paused in her work and let her troubled eyes rest on his, and the color came flooding into his face. I do not wish to whitewash the Woods Boss. Nevertheless, untrained as he was in the graces of life, he was conscious of something in her face which was not in the faces of the girls he had known. And so, when their eyes met again, and her eyelids dropped before she looked away, and a hint of color appeared in her cheeks, he blushed again. She was indeed a disconcerting person. He felt his rough *savoir faire* slipping away from him, and his efforts to recover it were futile.

That is the way it started. I need hardly add that the following Sunday found him at Kirby Station, and the Sunday next after that. Indeed, this third visit was to mark an epoch in the life of the Woods Boss. Kirby Station proper hardly provided a cheerful background for a love story, but when one had walked out a little way into the encompassing forest, one found it very pleasant. The pines grew tall and straight and close. The ground was covered with brown needles, and the gulf breeze, if not what could be called bracing, had at least the smell of pine in it. And this being the case, it not unnaturally followed that Gabrielle (which was her name) and the Woods Boss had early found a spot in the forest, not too near the Dupuy road, which came tacitly to be recognized as their favorite haunt.

They sat on a mossy log, and Gabrielle softly hummed a little French air. She was dressed in black, with a red rose in her hair.

"So you won't tell me you're glad I came?" the Woods Boss was saying. The unsettled expression had left her eyes, giving way to a touch of mischief.

"Why should I?" she asked, and pulled a petal from the rose and placed it between her white teeth.

He did not know how to reply to this. After a moment she added: "As if I had been waiting all these years for you to come along."

Still the Woods Boss was dumb.

"I might—" she slowly pulled the petal apart and scattered the

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little red pieces at his feet—"but what if you should take it seriously?"

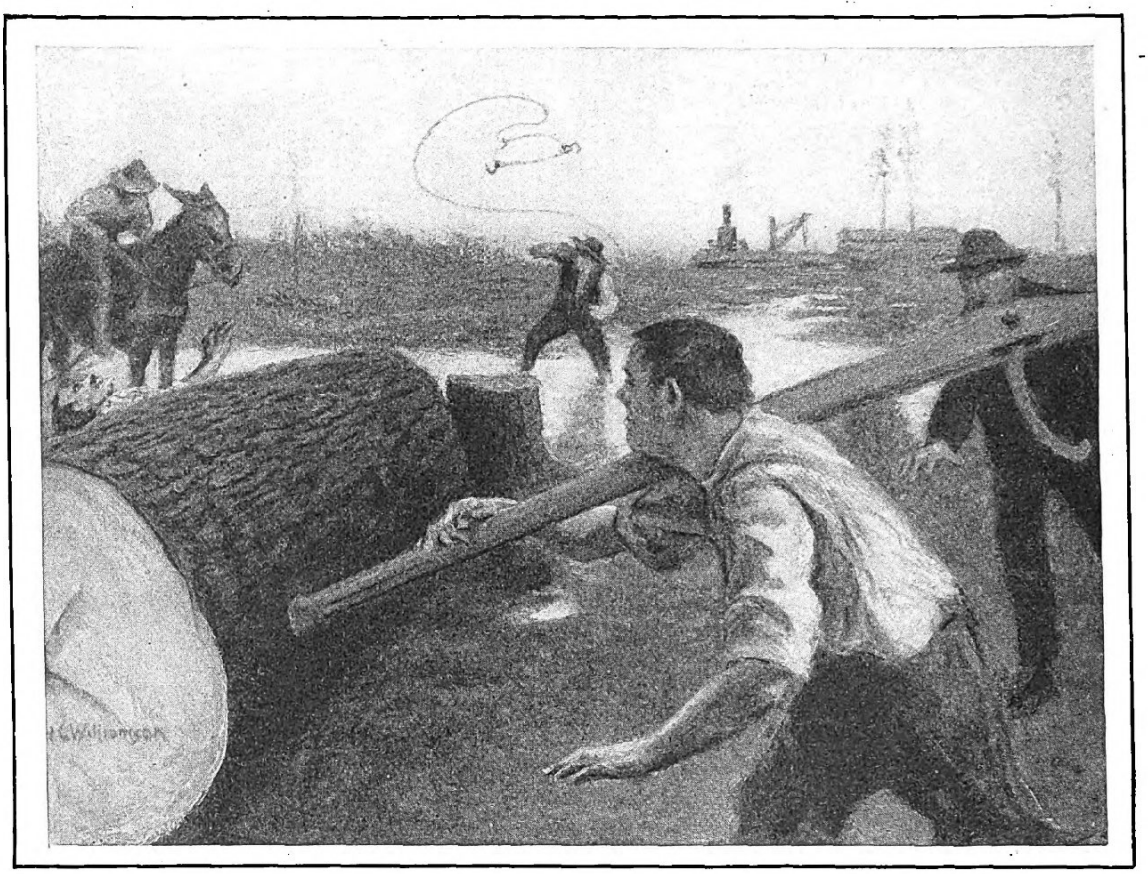
"That," he said, slowly, "would n't hurt anybody but me."

"Would it hurt?"

He nodded.

The little strings of fate were drawing them toward each other, and both grew silent and sober, and their minds ran a little way before them into the future where the possible and the impossible seemed to mingle together. The Woods Boss, as, hardly knowing what he did, he found his hands closing over hers, lost utterly what little hold he had on the situation. He found himself timidly rubbing his eyes with his other hand. Such pines as could see about him seemed to reach from hell to heaven. The gulf breeze blew hot and cold at once. He turned and saw that Gabrielle was pulling another petal to pieces with her teeth. And then, in a blur of feeling which was different from anything he had ever before experienced in his thirty-four tumultuous years, he found that he had taken her in his arms and that he was kissing her.

The pines murmured! The skies sang! The world was roses and gold! Ellery looked about him again. He was on the heights, and for the first time in his life he was frightened. To add to his bewilderment, a new notion was working its way up from his heart to his head and finding expression there. "No—yes—why not—?" it was running through his mind—"Yes, I 'll *marry* her!"



"The cable whirled and circled through the air"

It was the birth of self-respect in the Woods Boss. It was, as it seemed, a beautiful thing, and it would grow. That it was to give him trouble a little later was neither here nor there. Very humbly he asked her if she would marry him, and she told him, looking up at him with perfect trust, that she would.

At five-thirty on the following morning the Woods Boss was aroused by a knock at his door and the entrance of Uncle Thomas into the room.

"Good morning, Mr. Bovee!" he cried.

Uncle Thomas, who was dressed for the woods, with his primitive surveying outfit over his shoulders, looked at him for a moment in unmistakable disapprobation, then crossed over and took down the notched stick.

"Here!" cried the Woods Boss, springing out of bed, "don't you touch that! I was n't up at Shreveport last night."

Uncle Thomas turned in surprise.

"It ain't that at all," said Ellery, "—what you think." He pointed to a broad chip which hung on his mirror and on which he had carved in square letters the name, GABRIELLE. "She 's—we 're going to be married, Mr. Bovee!"

Uncle Thomas stood motionless, the stick in his hand; then, after a moment, he restored it to its place above the wash-stand, and left the room.

And so the notched stick remained in its post of honor, and Mr. Bovee slipped modestly out of town and plunged from the track-end into the "piney woods." Half a mile beyond the corral stood a giant pine. Mr. Bovee paused beneath it and looked up. Within a week or so the sawyers would be at it, and this was a notion which disturbed the old Landlooker. It was the biggest tree in all the two hundred and ten square miles, and Uncle Thomas knew that it had an aura. It had been his best companion—he did not like to see it go the way of all timber. He never passed it without speaking to it. On this occasion, as he looked up along the straight trunk, the spirit of the tree fitted oddly, almost ominously, into his thoughts of Ellery and of Ellery's radiant hopes. He laid his brown, bony hand on the bark and nodded to it. "You 'll hurt somebody before they get you in, Mister Longleaf," said he. And then his long legs carried him on into the forest. Uncle Thomas Bovee found it very much easier to converse with trees than to converse with people.

The Woods Boss sang loudly, that Monday morning, the while he saddled his gray pony. And then he cantered gayly out along the track, his black, soft leather boots laced to the knees, his spurs rubbed up until they glistened, his broad hat tilted to one side. When he reached the big steam skidder he reined up short. "Hello!" said he; "Here's Frenchy with a hang-over!"

It had been taken as a matter of course that he should discharge Didier, the next time he caught him in this condition. But the woods were full of singing birds to-day. After all, Didier was but the burnt-out husk of a man, and could n't help drinking. He dismounted, called the man, and led him off beyond the clearing and through the brush to a sluggish, shaggy creek. It was a black spot. Rumor had it that somebody had known a man whose brother had seen a fourteen-foot alligator just there. The Woods Boss chuckled while he made Frenchy strip to his underwear and socks. Then he raised him by the legs and soused him in the black water. "Now get your togs on," he commanded, when he had hauled the limp creature out. "Them wet clothes will stay with you an hour or so for a souvenir. Next time I catch you drunk, I 'll give you permission to walk out. You can thank your fairy godmother I didn't do it this time."

But, curious to relate, Frenchy was not so grateful as he should have been. The Woods Boss watched him, and while he was puzzling out a resemblance to somebody in those sulky eyes, he said to himself, "Reckon I don't understand these folks like I understand our Swedes and Canucks." He glanced again at the man. There was something in the face—good blood gone wrong, perhaps.

On the following Sunday he said to Gabrielle—they were out in their favorite place—"Do you know that you have n't told me your last name?"

"Have n't I?" she said; "and I never thought."

"Neither did I. But it 's just as well for me to know."

She laughed softly and pressed his arm against her. "Of course, she said, "if—if—"

"Say it."

How prettily she colored! "If—well, if we are going to be married."

"Yes. Well?"

"Gabrielle Didier."

Now why should not Gabrielle have a brother in his employ? True enough! Why should she not? But Didier had been ducked by a Yankee, and Didier was, besides, loose of tongue. Queer, disjointed facts began to come floating up to the surface of Ellery's memory, and once there, began to relate themselves uncomfortably together. How much, thought the Woods Boss, did Didier know about him? He raked his memory. He recalled as much as he could of that wild Sunday up at Shreveport, that Sunday which had brought him down to notching a new stick. A considerable part of what had taken place was hazy in his mind, but it seemed to him that he could remember standing on a table in Carignac's place and boasting of certain dubious exploits in which he had figured as principal participant. And it seemed, too, that he could remember picking out Didier's befuddled face in the crowd.

He wished he knew just how drunk Frenchy had been on that occasion, just how much he would be likely to remember. For he knew, or perhaps I should say he felt, with that curious intuition which gives one now and then a hint of one's fate, that Didier was going to talk to Gabrielle about him. What, *what* had he said that day? Had he told about little Mary Moran and the bet with Jim Palen? Or about the night he— But to save him he could not straighten it out. One or another of his stray chickens was coming home to roost, he was somehow sure of that; and after all, he tried to think, it did not much matter which chicken it was to be. Heaven could testify that there were enough of them. And it would be all up with Gabrielle, all up, if she knew the sort he had been.

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But the Woods Boss was to find difficulty in shaking it off in that out-of-hand manner. Already, every night, his chickens were coming home in flocks after he had blown out the lamp and pulled up the covers—regular chicken parades, ghost chickens to haunt him to his grave. As the week advanced, and Sunday drew near, he went off his feed and lost weight. His eyes no longer twinkled when he shouted at the loading crew. He no longer rode, singing, through the woods, shouting out at the top of his voice that he was a gay young lumberman, and that when he had drunk his fill, he could always drink a little more still. On Thursday night the thing reached a climax. For four hours he lay in the dark, trying to sleep. The sheep would not go over the wall. Counting numbers became automatic and left his mind free to whirl. His flesh took to twitching, which frightened him. And over and over again those barnyard reminders of stale exploits filed through his head. Some seemed not so bad—the hello-girl at Shreveport, and other such—where there was something to be said on each side, and where he had but gone the way of human kind; but oh, the bet with Jim Palen! That was the thing that struck out at him as it passed and repassed, that was the beak-thing that pierced to his quivering marrow. When he got up and lighted the lamp and looked at his alarm clock, it was five minutes after two. He walked up and down the room. And every time his eyes rested on the chip which bore the name of Gabrielle, he winced. Finally he took it down and put it away in the bureau drawer, behind his collars. That was a bad night for the Woods Boss.

He ate his lunch, on the following day, in company with Joe Murphy, the engineer of the big skidder. Murphy was struck by his pallor and his silence, but being a tactful man he kept quiet about it. It seemed, however, necessary to say something or other.

"Have you had an eye on Frenchy this week, Ellery?" he asked.

"I—yes; why?"

"He 's been talking ugly. I hear the boys telling about it last night."

"Talking about me, eh?"

"So they say."

When Sunday came, and the Woods Boss went up to Kirby Station and entered the eating-house, he knew at the first glance that he had not borrowed his troubles. Frenchy had told, there was no doubt about it. He found it difficult to eat. Gabrielle, though she said nothing, saw him push his plate aside, and went out herself and had some eggs boiled for him. But he pushed the eggs aside, too. He sat there until the trainmen and the travelers had all rushed out to the platform, and the bell had rung, and the train had pulled out. She was clearing away the dishes, as usual, but in order to make it a little less difficult, she had begun at the farthest end of the counter. He waited, leaning forward on his elbows. Finally, she reached him, and he looked up, and their eyes met.

"Well," he said, "well, do you want to see me?"

She paused in her work. Evidently she found it difficult to get out what she had to say. Indeed, she gave it up, saying merely "That depends."

Again they were silent, until the Woods Boss, with a low, "I 'll wait outside," left the room and stood on the platform until, after what seemed to him a very long time, she appeared in the doorway. She was very grave and very beautiful.

"Shall we walk?" he asked, looking directly at her.

"No," she replied, hesitatingly. "I think we had better not."

It was proving difficult for either of them to take hold of this situation, even though each recognized that it must be taken hold of. It was the Woods Boss who finally went at it with characteristic directness. "Will you tell me," he asked, "what you have heard?"

She was gazing off at the unpainted, tumble-down row of buildings which lined the bluff immediately behind the station and the eating-house.

"Will you tell me, Gabrielle?" he asked again.

"My brother said—that you are married."

"Oh, *that* story!" breathed the Woods Boss in immense relief.

She gave a quick nod.

"But, Gabrielle, that is n't true. I know about it—that I was married and that she left me because I—drank. It is n't true at all, the married part of it. I was never married."

Gabrielle, with color mounting to her face, looked hesitatingly around, and then turned away again. But for an instant their eyes had met, and the heart of the Woods Boss was leaping. She was his—he knew it! She would never be able to conceal the truth from him, never after that glance. There was no doubt in his mind that Frenchy would have told the worst he knew: he must have been very drunk that Sunday at Shreveport. Something very like triumph was stirring within the Woods Boss. A voice at his ear, the voice of his old wild self, was whispering, "She does n't know, my boy! Sit on the lid, and you 've got her—sit on the lid, Ellery!"

But that strange new leaven, which for only a few weeks had been working through his untrammeled nature, would not be silent now. For a long time the Woods Boss stood looking at the shadowy hair of the only woman he had ever loved, and as he looked the triumph died slowly out of his eyes. It was a quiet scene, and the Woods Boss was, of the two, and to the outer world, the less disturbed. And yet he was engaged in the fight of his life, a fight beside which a certain desperate twenty-round mill with Larsen, the Swede, in the dining-room of Kidder's old camp, assumed the proportions of a children's squabble. Once a flash came into his eyes and he took a step forward, and then, as suddenly as it had come, the flash went out of his eyes; the lines about his mouth seemed to deepen a little, as if his character were being written there by a hand which was not the hand of man. Finally he said, in a husky voice, "Let 's sit down here on the bench, Gabrielle. I guess we won't be disturbed. You see, I 've got something to tell you. You—you did n't hear the right things."

She turned, still avoiding his eyes, and after a little hesitation followed him to the bench. And there they sat, their backs to the eating-house, looking out over the track toward a siding where the up freight was making ready to pull out.

"No," he said, in a voice which he could not recall having heard before—he was affected by a curious dryness in the throat which made it necessary for him to swallow frequently—"No, your brother did n't tell you the right things."

He began with the hello-girl at Shreveport. He would not have supposed that he could tell the story off-hand to a lady, but he now found that he could. All that concerned him, in this impersonal mood, was that she should have the facts. That accomplished—he could not look at her, his eyes were fixed on the way-car over yonder—he passed on to other stories; and he wound up with the whole miserable truth about Mary Moran. Never before was the erratic career of a Woods Boss laid so bare. Never before had Gabrielle Didier heard such a confession of wrong-doing from a man's lips. It was the chicken parade all over again, talked out in plain English, and in the broad glare of semi-tropical daylight. At length he was able to say, "And I guess that 's all—leastways, that 's about the worst they could tell about me."

He heard her stir—she had scarcely breathed during the long recital—and in a glow of self-abasement he got to his feet. "And I suppose I 'd better go now," he said. With this he hesitated. Not that there was anything that she could say to him; but he hesitated. Then he heard her draw in her breath, and he looked down at her; and when he saw her white face, with something like distress, something which was certainly pain, written on it, and saw that she turned away from his gaze, the lines about his mouth deepened again. "I 'll say good-by, Gabrielle," said he; and he walked around the eating-house, climbed the bluff, and slowly entered the livery stable and asked for a horse and buggy to take him home to Michigan—Michigan, La.

And for a time Gabrielle sat there on the bench before the dingy little eating-house. She was looking at the freight train, and now for the first time she observed that a car had jumped the switch and that a number of men were engaged in trying to get it back on the rails. She heard a step on the platform and looked up with a little start, but it was only Mr. Harper, the station agent. She rose to her feet and walked slowly up the path and out along the Dupuy road.

He had gone. She knew now the sort he was. And knowing, aware that to Ellery "it was all up with Gabrielle," she paused and looked back. Across the clearing she could see the row of stores, and she could hear the soft sound of a horse's feet in the sandy clay of the road. A moment more and she could see the open buggy with Ellery driving and the boy at his side. She wondered if he would turn—but he drove straight on and disappeared among the pines. For a little time she stood there, a tall, splendidly mature young woman, looking at the black little village out of which the light had gone. While he was telling her the sort he was, she had been bewildered; but now, through the

[*Continued on page 586*]

To a Katydid

By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

SOMEWHERE in the clover,
When the twilight falls,
There 's a gipsy rover
Who forever calls
In an aggravating,
Nervous kind of cry,
Just reiterating:
Summer goes. Good-bye!

NONSENSE! Who believes you?
In the clover hid,
What is it deceives you,
Gipsy Katydid?
Bees are making honey,
Birds are making song;
You are being funny,
Or my guess is wrong.

STILL you call, and still you
Warn me it is so;
Tell me, Gipsy, will you,
How you chance to know?
You 're an arch alarmer
In the clover lost;
Quoth your friend, the farmer,
Six weeks more to frost!

CAREFUL, little hinter,
In your clover shack!
Watch out lest Old Winter
Happen on your track!
If by any fate he,
Catching at a clue,
Finds out just what Katy
Did, good-bye to you!

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THRIFTY OLD NIPPON

How Japan manages to do so much on so little, and why

BY ADACHI KINNOSUKE

Decorative drawings by HIDETOSHI NAKASHIMA

JUST to show you how small Japan is; how little we have: The city of New York, in 1907, spent, in cash, $328,160,046. In the same year, away across the Pacific, there "where the sun is born," as we say at home, the Empire of Nippon spent $317,944,945.

The city of New York is said to have about 4,422,685 people. Nippon has a little more than that—say, about 52,000,000. The area of New York is about 326 square miles. That of Nippon about five hundred times as large—and the trying thing about our country is that its myriad of islands are scattered over a stretch of some four thousand miles, from northeast to southwest, over the face of the North Pacific. New York has no Formosan Colony, neither has she the Korean Protectorate. But, of course, she has Brooklyn and Staten Island. So we are even.

And this one city of America spent over ten million dollars ($10,861,101, to be exact) more than did the most dominant power in the Far East, in conducting her affairs, in 1907.

An Empire and a Metropolis

We of Nippon who wish to emphasize at every opportunity the wonder-work of our little homeland, burn with impatience to add that we are burdened with about the fourth greatest navy in the world. To which, doubtless, this retort from the New Yorker:

"Have we, or have we not, our municipal ferry lines?" To be sure! Everybody knows (especially Staten Islanders and they who dwell in Brooklyn) what an imposing affair the municipal ferries of New York are. The Staten Island line was opened on October 25, 1905, and the Brooklyn line on November 6, 1906. Up to the 31st of December, 1907, the city of New York spent on the two lines $10,400,034. (This, of course, included the purchase of water-front, price of ferry-boats, etc.) And $6,166,068 was what we paid for the maintenance of our navy, in 1905. In short, New York paid four and a quarter million dollars more for her municipal ferries than Nippon paid for her navy in the historic year of 1905, when Admiral Togo was annihilating Rojestvensky's squadron on the Japan Sea. (This, of course, did not include the cost of shells fired by Togo's men, nor any of the extraordinary war expenditures of the Navy Department; it did include, however, all the expenditure of maintaining the department, the ships, and the salaries of our fighting men, etc.) And the navy of Nippon was not a joke—that, at least, was the Russian impression of it.

A modern general of the Japanese army

Japan's Army and New York's Police

We shall also say to New York: "You have no army; and do you know that ours is no standing joke, but a standing army of about 325,000 men? That is not as big as the Russian army, certainly, but it is dangerously close to five times as big as that of the United States."

To this I can fancy, very readily, our New York friends squaring their shoulders and becoming round about the cheeks, flaming and large of eyes, and giving us a knockout blow of an answer, *The New York police*. If the efficiency and power be measured in the number of dollars spent to maintain it, there is nothing more to be said. New York spent, in 1907, $13,901,598 for her police.

For her army, Japan spent $5,554,585, in 1905, while it was fighting the greatest battle known to history, called the battle of Mukden. (This amount took in both ordinary and extraordinary expenditures of our Army Department, but of course none of the war expenditure such as cost of mobilization, of shells fired, cost of maintaining the army in Manchuria, etc.) Now don't misunderstand me. I do not say that the New York police department is not a gigantic and wonderful institution. Heaven forbid! Nobody who has ever seen the handsome equestrian tableaux on Fifth Avenue can ever dream of "kicking" against wellnigh fourteen million dollars of expenditure; all that I am trying to point out is that New York spent, in 1907, nearly three times the expenditure of the maintenance of the Japanese army. Nothing more. Verily it takes a Dutchman or a Japanese to see the city of New York in the Arabian Nights proportions of her fairy wealth.

Why is Nippon so stingy? Simply because she has to be. Everybody knows that Nippon is a small country; but, very, very few Americans know how small Nippon really is. The Russo-Nippon War gave us a tremendous free advertisement to which only the circus or a pretty actress is ordinarily entitled. The trouble is, war always exaggerates everything—especially the newspaper reports of it. The story of Nippon that you received from the newspapers was not the story of Nippon at all. It was simply a modern edition of Æsop's classic fable of the frog. Sane, unadorned facts about her would never travel down the throat of Broadway as far as Park Row; nevertheless, it would doubtless go to you with a refreshing touch of romantic surprise. Here it is:

Our country, even with the addition of Formosa and half of Karafuto (which the Russians used to call Saghalien when they thought it belonged to them rightly), would have difficulty in packing the single State of California within its borders. The North Atlantic Division of the United States has an area of 162,103 square miles. Nippon, with Formosa included, has an area of 161,198 square miles.

In these hasty days there are many people who would take these two figures as a ladder, and jump to the conclusion that our country is as rich as the nine States composing the North Atlantic Division. They are wrong.

New England Soil on Volcanic Rocks

The soil of our country is a veritable New England religious meeting; it is full of volcanic rocks. Only 15.7 per cent. of the nominal area is arable. That is to say, on a little over twenty-six thousand square miles, we are trying to raise enough food for fifty-two million people.

We have fewer gold mines than Korea, and our foreign trade is $140,956,000 less than that of the Argentine Republic. If we were permitted to dwell in peace it would not be so bad, but we are situated wrong. Sandwiched, as we are, between the avalanche descent of Russia, on the north; on the west, the awakening of China; and hemmed in all round by the aggressive commercial policies of America and Europe, it is not enough for our country to feed the fifty-two million people on twenty-six thousand square miles of arable area; the Japanese Government has to defend her people as well.

In the edition for 1908 of his "Fighting

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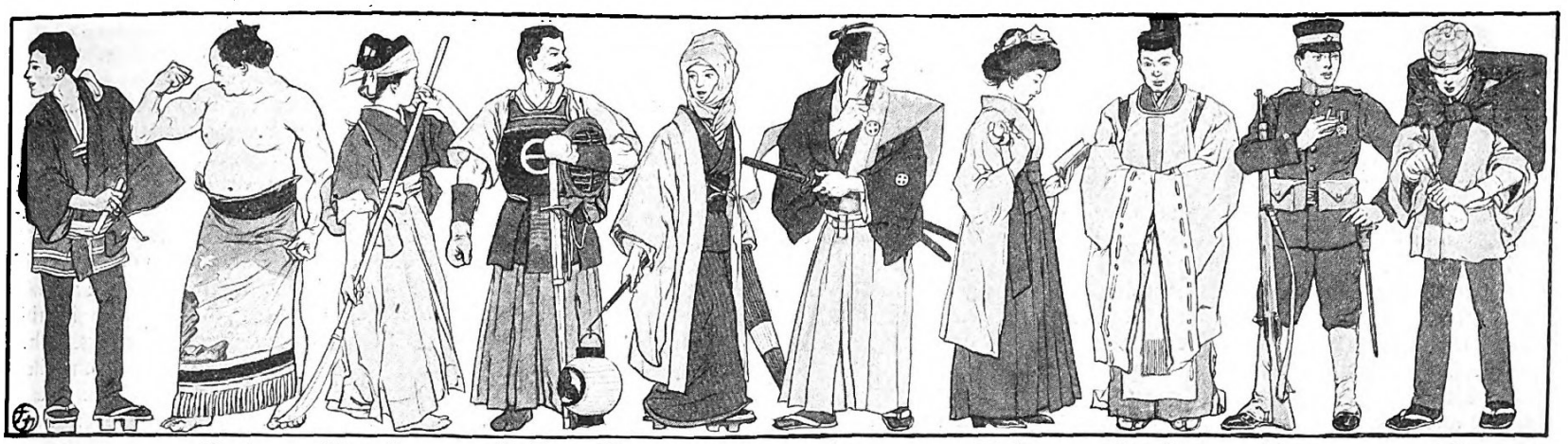

Ships," Captain Jane places our navy, with the German, as the third greatest navy in the world.

Japanese and American Naval Expenditures

We are told America is to spend, this year, about $125,041,000 for her navy. Of course the American navy is not the baby that the Japanese navy is. It is very much more than twice as old as ours. But nobody, except Senator Perkins, of California, would claim it to be more than twice as powerful or as efficient as ours. Against our thirteen modern battle-ships, ranging from ten thousand tons to 19,150 tons, and thirteen armored cruisers ranging from 7700 tons to 14,600 tons displacement, America has twenty-one battle-ships ranging from eleven thousand tons to sixteen thousand tons, and ten armored cruisers ranging from 8200 to 14,500 tons. Now we spent, in 1907, for the Navy Department at Tokyo, $56,680. America, in the same year, spent over eleven times that amount, $738,360, for the different branches of the Navy Department at Washington.

The total expenditure for maintenance of the Naval Department of Japan, in 1907, amounted to $16,707,347. That of the American navy, for the same year, was $97,866,829, and this is by no means the most expensive year for the American navy, for, in 1905, it spent over $118,000,000, and, in 1906, over $111,000,000. That is to say, in maintaining a navy that can not be said to be twice as strong or as efficient as the Japanese navy, America paid over five times as much money. And the sad joke of it all is that America is not paying her fighting men five times as much as Japan pays to hers, nor three times as much. In the same year we spent, for armament or repairs, $3,048,991; America spent, for the two bureaus of Equipment and Construction and Repairs, $13,804,127. In short, America could have paid the Japanese bill four times over for this item of naval expenditure, and saved something like a million dollars to boot. For the building of the new ships, Japan spent $2,799,371; for the "increase of the navy" America spent $29,588,344—more than ten times over! I can go on, if you like.

These figures, you may say, must be wrong. You can not believe the testimony of your own eyes. Certainly no one will blame you. But take courage and look again.

Navy Yards: America's Expensive Luxury

Look at the naval dockyards.

Let us take the most important in Japan, that at Kure, on the Inland Sea. It is not as historic a place as Portsmouth, New Hampshire; compared to it, it is new; nothing but a baby, in fact. It was established at the time of the Chinese War, in 1894. Our Government did not spend a million and a quarter dollars on one of its dry docks, as the United States Congress did in building one at "Senator Hale's home navy yard, at Kittery, Maine," or Portsmouth.

Neither has our Government had the opportunity of spending ten million dollars in repairs and development in the past ten years on the Kure dockyard, chiefly because it has not enjoyed (so unlike that of Portsmouth) the patronage of the "Owner of the Navy."

But we are told that a battle-ship reached the magnificent million-and-a-quarter-dollar dry dock at Portsmouth, for the first time, in the fall of 1907. Why? No captain had ever dared, before that time, to take his ship to it. The high-priced dry dock was practically an inland example of glyptic art. This brings out sharply a little difference between the Kure and Portsmouth dockyards. Senator Hale's dry dock at Portsmouth was carefully protected from any approach of battle-ships of the American navy, or any other navy; there was a rock in the channel leading up to it, called "Pull-and-be-damned-Point." But of course the zeal of Senator Hale saw no Alps, neither "Pull-and-be-damned-Point." He secured one million dollars more, to blow it out of the way so the battle-ships could go up to the famous dry dock of his famous and historic navy-yard. The dry docks at Kure had nothing of this kind. It has not the autocratic record of receiving two million dollars for the construction of her docks. Neither has it had a rock or tide which scared battle-ships away from it. As soon as the docks at Kure were finished our battle-ships went into them. Not only ours, but the famous American *Oregon* was once docked there when, many years ago, she had a little trouble in the Far Eastern waters. Unlike that of Portsmouth, no naval officer with as much experience and ability as Admiral C. F. Goodrich, U. S. N., has ever recommended the abandonment of the Kure dockyard.

Japan Has No Money to Burn

Twelve navy-yards and stations guard the twenty-one thousand mile coast line of America. To defend seventeen thousand miles of her coast, Japan has three naval stations, and she is trying to build the fourth at Maizuru. Five of the twelve American navy-yards have not docks large enough to take in the largest battle-ships now building. And at one of the three Japanese naval stations the twenty thousand ton battle-ships, the *Satsuma* and the *Aki*, which are being completed, or the two others of 20,800 tons, which are in course of construction, can find no dock accommodations. In this, ours are alike to those of the Americans. In other points we differ, though, and differ widely. There are two American dockyards which are fitted with a large and splendid dry dock apiece. But to them no battle-ships of the American navy, or of any other power, could enter. And the reason thereof is simple; also, it passes all the understanding of so poor a nation as Japan. Here it is: America has money—government money—to burn; incidentally, also, because I fancy, we have no heroic politician who would dare to exclaim in the Imperial Diet, after the admirable example of Senator Tillman, "I am trying to get a little for Kure, because if you are going to steal, I want my share!" Nor an enterprising one who, like Mr. Perkins, of California, could secure thirty million dollars for Kure, or any other naval station, for the pure and unadulterated, if a trifle spoiled-child and peacockish reason, of giving to it a proud distinction of having a magnificent dry dock "capable of holding the largest battle-ship in the world," but to which *no* battle-ship could get for the reason—the sole and all-sufficient reason—of lacking about six feet of water, as at the Mare Island Navy-yard.

The Japanese "general" of yesterday

Additional Burdens of the Island Empire

Worries and burdens, naval, are not the only weight that makes a taut bow of our backs. There is the army, and it is said to-day that the number of men in our standing army is close to 325,000—modestly, four or five times that of the United States. In maintaining this, as in the navy, it takes money. If things stopped there, it would not be so bad; but no!

There is the Pacific Ocean and the command of it. A merchant marine which would command respect in the Transpacific trade is something that we must have, simply must, and most of us feel that we must have something like that over the China and Japan Seas and the South Pacific. The category of our woes does not end there, even. Some fourteen years ago, Formosa came into our hands. We do not seem to have got through with our work there, even to-day. But, on top of Formosa, we have fallen heir to the work of looking after Korea. The gay air, as gay as those of the privateers on the Spanish Main on the hot chase after an argosy, with which our Western critics talk about our inheritance in Korean blessings, makes us do two things at once—we cry, and we laugh.

And then we have our work in Manchuria as well!

As if that were not enough there is our debt of $1,261,329,291—a worry meet unto our sins.

And I have not in the above paragraphs enumerated the thousand and one natural and unnatural shocks that a nation

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like Japan is heir to. I have simply given a faint hint of them.

And we manage to live through them all somehow. Now the question is:

How do we do it?

There Is Little Graft in Japan

In the first place, that flower of Western wealth and civilization called "graft" is still in the bud with us. The Russo-Nippon War is not an ancient history exactly. At that time, we expended $754,236,269. The people of Nippon robbed themselves that they might inflate our war chest, but nobody ran away with the Government money. Not only that, none of us could fancy, even in the rosiest flight of imagination's paradise of opulence, a possibility of a man doing it. Oh, we are being civilized, and in time, shall be civilized—and that, too, in a very short time, I fear. Signs are already above the horizon's rim. Last year we heard a newspaper story of a certain respectable member of our Imperial Diet (or was it actually an officer in the Government employ?) who approached Government money, not in a dream, but with a wide-awake, matter-of-fact idea of putting some of it in his own pocket. Some of us sat up nights and wondered how such an impossibility could turn up; but, like the ancient Romans or the modern Montana Legislature, we shall all get used to everything. After all, it is a mere matter of usage. Within a few years more we shall be initiated into the Sacred Order of Progressive Boodlers. But up to the present time we have enjoyed the supreme and negative blessing of having no graft in Japanese politics. And you, Mr. Knickerbocker, have no idea how much money this absent and negative blessing saves for our imperial treasury. That is one reason why our country can do so much on so little.

The Starvation Pay of Government Officials

And Nippon does not believe in spoiling a good servant.

"Have you a darling? Send him forth on a long journey," says an ancient proverb of the Immemorial East.

The trials of the Nippon officials (especially if you were to take the testimony of their wives on this point) in making ends meet, I am sure are quite as many as those of a long journey of a spoiled child. Not many months ago, in one of the magazines, I had the pleasure of reading one of the rare financial statements of an American admiral. It ran something like this: "The value of the fleet in dollars and cents, something like two hundred million dollars, did not worry me much. My pay for all this, including the money responsibility, being seven thousand dollars per annum did not appear to me excessive, particularly in view of the fact that I should have to spend a considerable part of it in entertaining the guests of my Government."

I am sure the admiral could not have said anything more pointed, anything truer than this. Only, the United States is not alone in this matter of taking a commercial advantage of her faithful children and coining money on their patriotism. The Government of Nippon goes a point farther than the American Government. Did I say one point? A little more than that, I believe. When Admiral Togo was before Port Arthur, it is true that he did not have two hundred million dollars' worth of ships, but he did not tell an imaginative story in his now historic signal of May 27, 1905: "The rise or fall of the Imperial land depends upon this action. Do your utmost, every man of you." That is to say, upon his shoulders rested the responsibility of looking after close to one hundred million

[*Continued on page 584*]

THE SCULLERY MAID'S DREAM

BY EVELYN VAN BUREN

Illustrations by ALEXANDER POPINI

IT WAS just on dinner time at the Queen's College for young ladies. The spicy scent of food hung agreeably over the kitchen, the chef and his helpers made a busy clatter of dishes.

But the chef was out of humor. Erratic, like all true potentates, his mood was not always to be accounted for.

"Cookie needs a change of air," ventured the scullery maid.

He turned upon her a small, glittering eye, and the scullery maid's gaze fell; she hastened to drop a courtesy, the genuineness of which humility being doubtful, the cook was annoyed.

"I 'm thinkin' of getting a boy to fill your place, young woman," he said.

"Me out o' work would be 'ard on mar," answered she.

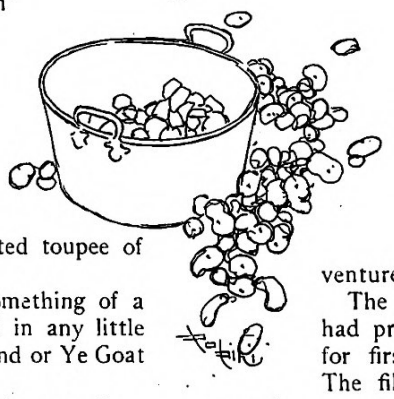
"Well, it 's just 'ere"—the plump chef swung a great platter of browned meat to the carving table and over it he brandished the carving knife—"I'm cook 'ere, not meat-carver, an' I 'm sick o' doing two men's work!"

The chef's small, black eyes glittered annoyance; excitedly he gave his white cap a jerk, making fatal display of the baldness always conscientiously concealed; his chef's cap being replaced in strict privacy by an auburn-tinted toupee of natural curls.

In private life, the chef was something of a swell. He was always welcomed in any little gathering at either The World's End or Ye Goat and Boots.

It was at the latter place he had met and engaged the pantryman, upon learning his interest in dreams. The pantryman had at his fingertips many marvelous omens, besides a dream book in his breast pocket. Dreaming was a hobby of the chef's.

"Beneath the table the scullery maid took the liberty to kick the cook"



"No wonder," now sympathized the pantryman; "it 's too much. I thought we 'd 'ad a new man tonight certain, advertisin' two d'ys as we 've been."

"I dreamed about a new carver last night," ventured the scullery maid.

The occupation of meat-carver had proved but a passing fancy, for first one and then another. The filling of the post, he who came and went, was a matter of eager interest to those who presided over the kitchen.

"What was 'e like in yer dream?" inquired the pantryman.

There coming no dissent from the chef, the scullery maid came forward thoughtfully, pausing beside the big serving table.

"'E was tall," she began.

She gazed, dark-eyed, past the pantryman, past the cook. "Tall," she repeated, nodding, and they each in turn looked as though to see her vision realized.

Absently, and without intent to steal, she slipped a brussels sprout from the vegetable dish to her mouh.

"Now then, Dolly, keep off the vegs." The chef spoke mildly, for him.

"'E was tall," she repeated. "We was all a settin' round 'avin' dinner together. I 'ad some 'am an' fowl, I remember." She glanced significantly at the cook. "Well, the door opened very slow, an' 'e came in without knocking."

"Make 'aste with yer story, Dolly," the chef urged.

"I 've some jelly mold put by for you," said the pantryman.

"As 'e came in the door," continued the pampered one, "'e kind of staggered faint-like and put his 'and to 'is 'eart, so." The illustration was effective. "An' 'e looked right at—"

"'Oo?" demanded the audience in one voice.

"Me," she murmured.

The cook snapped his fat fingers and impatiently resumed carving.

"What else 'appened?" gently urged the pantryman. "I likes the end of a thing once it 's begun."

"Well," continued the scullery maid, "'e looked right at me, an' I saw at once 'e was one which 'ad seen better d'ys. Cookie saw it too, an' asked him for'ard an' engiged 'im then an' there as carver, an' 'e sat down to table with us an' began at once about 'is better d'ys before us all."

"Only a dream, Dolly," disparaged the cook as he found himself again listening.

"An' what about me other dreams?" demanded Dolly. "What about that carver which went aw'y without notice an' took the professor's boots? 'Oo dreamed of seein' that same

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carver walkin' down Regent Street in new boots the d'y before he done it? 'Oo—"

"Awright," admitted the cook, "keep quiet now for a bit, an' you 'll 'ave some supper."

The scullery maid practised a two-step while the cook and the pantryman diligently resumed their duties.

"Now then." The cook snapped his fat fingers again as the last steaming dish left the kitchen.

"Clear a place there, Dolly;" he indicated a corner of the carving table.

"'Ow many?" demanded Dolly.

"There 's three of us," said the cook.

There were not always three of them. Usually he and the pantryman sat alone at the table, while the scullery maid ate her dinner in the corner from a plate in her lap. Not that she minded; her own thoughts were company; but sometimes it was trying to see the supply of most desirable edibles exhausted only just before reaching her.

In pleasant anticipation she laid places for three. The cook put down three plates.

"I 'ope Cookie ain't off 'is feed or anythink." The scullery maid expressed a tender feeling and sat down before the fullest plate.

"I 'll sit there, Dolly," said the cook.

"This, Cookie, is where I sat in the dream," answered Dolly.

"Well, what 's in a dream?" asked the cook peevishly.

"Awright, spoil it all," said Dolly.

"Nobody 'll spoil anythink," said the pantryman, but the cook sat down in his place and to him fell the scullery maid's portion.

"'Ark!" said she, eyeing the outside door.

The others followed her glance expectantly, but nothing happened. The cook frowned and the pantryman made a remark that was happily inaudible.

"No dream," the scullery maid reminded them, "is 'ardly ever fulfilled immejately; this might go on for—"

"I 'll look in the dream-book," snapped the pantryman.

Three loud knocks startled the group, a slight shuffling of feet followed without the door, it opened and a tall man diffidently entered.

"Good evening," said the scullery maid, first to recover presence of mind.

The tall man smiled faintly, took off his cap, revealing hair that was entirely white, and bowed with pleasing gallantry.

Beneath the table the scullery maid took the liberty to kick the cook.

"Come in, sir," he invited, thus reminded.

And as the tall man advanced with dignity and did not vanish, wraith-like, before his fascinated gaze, the cook, too, recovered himself.

"You are 'ere I take it, sir, to see about the place as meat-carver," he said.

The man nodded and stroked his white hair thoughtfully.

"I 'ave seen better d'ys," he murmured.

"Lor' lummy," shrilled the scullery maid, "so you 'ad in the dream."

Her emphatic gestures overturned her tea cup, making a rivulet that crossed the table and ended in the cook's lap.

"You, miss," he said rolling up his damp apron, "are a disgrace, an' can leave the table."

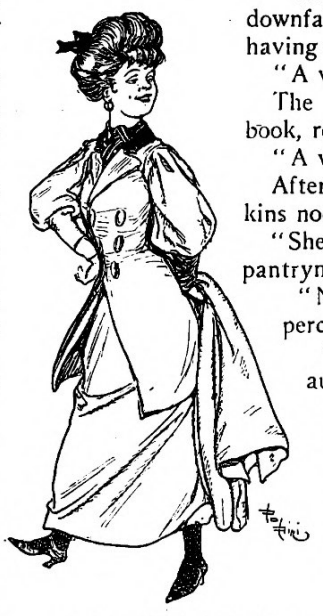
"Sh!" cautioned the scullery maid. "Ask 'im to set down. 'E 's like me dream."

She rose. The cook indicated his chair.

"Be seated, sir!"

The gentleman bowed his thanks, and advanced to the place with dignity.

"The scullery maid sighed, her hand upon her heart.



"Clicking the high heels"

The cook turned to the pantryman. "Bring a bit of the Melton Mowbray pie for the gentleman. I know a gentleman, sir, when I see 'im," he told the stranger. "What name?"

"Jilkins," was the answer. "Thort I 'd try the carvin'."

Mr. Jilkins's long, thin face was pale, except the nose; that was tipped with a troubled red. He began delicately upon the Melton Mowbray pie.

"'Dolly,' inquired the cook, 'ave you gone mad?'"

"'Air bein' turned prematoor gray absolutely prevents me findin' employment suited to me station," he went on.

"I think it 's grand, all white like that. 'E looks like a professor or su'think," the scullery maid audibly whispered to the pantryman.

"Mr. Jilkins an' I wishes to talk business, an' you, Dolly," dismissed the cook, "can run 'ome to your pore lonesome mar."

Dolly fixed a lingering gaze upon the realization of her dream; but he failed to return it, and she slowly withdrew from the kitchen.

"All being serene, sir, let 's have yer story," urged the cook.

He poured forth encouragingly from the cooking sherry bottle, which he brought from under the table.

"I looks towards you;" the cook lifted his glass.

"I likewise bows;" Mr. Jilkins raised his, and they drank, the pantryman looking on.

"What 'as been the corse of your downfall, Mr. Jilkins?" asked the latter, having nothing to stimulate his curiosity.

"A womin!" he whispered sharply.

The pantryman, besides the dream-book, read fiction in spare moments.

"A womin?" repeated the cook.

After a moment of thought, Mr. Jilkins nodded.

"She dished you, eh?" inquired the pantryman.

"Not that." Jilkins straightened perceptibly.

"Well, 'ow was it?" urged his auditors.

After more thought, Mr. Jilkins raised his misty eyes and with a faint smile said, "She loved me. I loved 'er!"

The pantryman sighed. The cook on his fat arms leaned forward.

"I 'ad sowed my wild oats, an' they corst me a pretty penny," continued Mr. Jilkins, "an' I 'd nothink left to marry on. She bein' vexed about it, went orf in 'er 'igh spirits an' married a lord, an' then was sorry when it was too late. As to me—"

He stroked the emblem of his grief.

"'Air turn in one night?" asked the pantryman.

Mr. Jilkins nodded.

"Never forget 'er?" questioned the cook.

"Never!" Jilkins moved back from the table, eyeing the clock.

"Come and try the carvin' a bit, sir," urged the cook. "Try it at five-an'-six a week; all the scraps you want for—yer dogs, an'—" he offered a fat hand, "I 'm yer friend."

After a warm hand clasp all round, Mr. Jilkins took his cap and moved to the door.

"To-morrow, then," he said.

As he stepped out into the entryway, something small and feminine sprang up and fled before him.

"That scullery maid listenin'," he reflected absently.

II

It was dinner time again at the Queen's College, and with the roast in the hands of the new carver, in whom also lively interest was centered, the chef had recovered his buoyant spirits.

"Carve us a bit of Old England's roast beef, professor," he said, jovially; but stepping closer to Jilkins, he murmured, "It 's better to 'ave loved an' lorst than never to 'ave loved."

Jilkins sighed over this consolation and sharpened his carving knife.

"You s'y she was bootiful?" asked the pantryman.

Three slices of meat fell under Jilkins's knife before he spoke.

"'Air as black as that," he pointed to the stove, "an' eyes too."

The pantryman shook his head, marveling. His eye was fixed upon a glassy gem worn upon Mr. Jilkins's small finger, which, in the carving process, he held straight and conspicuously outward.

"It 's a heirloom," he said simply.

The interested pantryman excitedly sprinkled the powdered sugar upon his toes and the floor, instead of upon the pancakes. Jilkins indicated the mistake with his carving knife.

"Now, then, Dolly, bring the floor cloth," commanded the pantryman.

The scullery maid did not respond. She was, upon investigation, not to be found in her own little corner, or in any of the adjoining closets.

"Dolly!" bawled the cook, as he unrolled the suet pudding from its steaming wrappings. "Where is she, then?"

Nobody had seen her slip from the kitchen an hour before. The pantryman himself in some chagrin found and applied the floor cloth.

"It 's a orful thing," he said, thinking of Mr. Jilkins's plight, "'ow a womin can make or mar yer 'appiness."

"I 'll never love another," Mr. Jilkins said, and raising his misty eyes from the carving, beheld a vision in the doorway.

"You, miss!" The cook, too, saw the vision. "What d'you mean by makin' off an' no permission?"

"Mar needed me," replied the scullery maid sweetly. "I forgot to tell you, Cookie."

The chef did not reply. The pantryman stood staring, and so did Mr. Jilkins. The silence was brief but flattering.

"A little gal like you dressin' out like that," sniffed the cook. "I fancy yer mar don't know it!"

"She looks," said the pantryman, bewildered, "like a womin."

The scullery maid closed the door and, raising the very long velveteen skirt she wore, stepped forward, clicking the high heels of her new and shiny little shoes.

"They 's a ball to-night," she smiled upon each of the three men, tossing her little head.

There towered a wonderful coiffure of the dark wisps of her hair that had always hung uncared for over her ears and neck.

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"She looks a womin," reiterated the pantryman; "seems to 'ave growed."

The scullery maid laughed; her eyes danced. She twirled on the high heels.

"G'on," she said, "I *am* a womin—young, of course."

"You 're a little gal, got up foolish," said the cook, harshly preserving his dignity. "An', what 's more, you 'ave n't done yer work an' can't go before you do.

The scullery maid caught the hem of her long skirt, and, drawing it up, fastened it about her waist. This effectively displayed the new shoes, the open-work stockings, beneath a bright red cotton petticoat.

"I s'y," broke in the soft sad voice of Mr. Jilkins, "what about me doin' of the bit o' work for the young lady this evenin'? I 'm disengiged after the carvin' is done."

The cook and the pantryman turned in quick surprise toward him who had seen better days.

"You 're very kind," the scullery maid answered, with a grown-up air that went with the grown-up clothes.

"I 'd be pleased," returned Mr. Jilkins.

"You 're spoilin' of 'er, sir," said the cook.

"Dolly would n't let you," added the pantryman.

"Pre'aps"—Dolly ignored the others and spoke coyly to Mr. Jilkins—"pre'aps I can do su'think for you some d'y."

She unpinned the long skirt, letting it fall and sweep the floor as she moved to the door.

"Me 'at an' shawl is outside in the entryway," she said. "Good-night, Cookie. Good-night, Pants. Good—"

But Mr. Jilkins had moved from behind the carving table and followed her to the door.

"I 'll 'old it open an' give you a bit of light to put yer 'at on," he said.

And while she did this he bent his long body forward into the passage and said, so only she could hear, "Where is the ball?"

"Oh, a long w'y," she answered quickly.

"Anybody go as wishes?"

"Only them as is invited," returned she. "Good-night, an' thank you."

Sighing, Mr. Jilkins drew back into the kitchen.

"'Er mar shall know of this," said the cook; "imposin' upon a gentleman."

"I asked 'er to," answered the gentleman.

"Well, it 'appens," admitted the chef, "they 's nothink important for 'er to do to-night. So, professor, if you 'll carve a bit more meat, we 'll 'ave supper."

"Right," agreed Mr. Jilkins.

But he proved a distinct disappointment during the repast, in spite of the ale and stout provided by the cook. Mr. Jilkins grunted response to tender inquiries regarding his past life and love, and volunteered no information; finally, complaining of a headache, he departed dismally.

"'E 's su'think on 'is mind right enough," the pantryman assured the cook.

"Well," murmured the other, "it 's better to 'ave loved an' lorst then never to 'ave loved."

III

THE pantryman had stepped out and the chef, dozing lightly by the kitchen fire after an ample tea, and previous to taking up the arduous duties of preparing the dinner, opened an eye and discovered the scullery maid waltzing with an imaginary partner.

He was much taller than she, judging by the position of her body and lifted head; and from her hushed laughter and the sparkle of her eye, he was a witty fellow.

She quickened her step, raising higher the long skirt, clicking the high heels; for the scullery maid's sudden conversion to lovely womanhood was lasting. She wore the costume of last night.

"Dolly," inquired the cook, "'ave you gone mad?"

She stopped the dance abruptly.

"'Ow long you been a lookin'?" she demanded.

"'I 've took a orful fancy to you, Dolly'"

"Not long," replied he; "it makes me ill to see you goin' on so."

"That 's awright. Then," she whispered behind her hand, "'e did n't see you try to kiss me. Now run along."

"'Oo you talkin' to?" The chef sat forward in his chair.

"'Im I was dancin' with," she answered; some d'y you 'll know 'is name—I promise you that, Cookie."

The cook leaned back in his chair. He did not ask the question that came to his mind about the paring of the potatoes and turnips. He recalled the gallantry of Jilkins the night before. The chef was always one to follow a worthy example, and the scullery maid had changed.

"I never noticed, Dolly," he told her amiably, "'ow black yer eyes are."

"Did n't you then, Cookie," she answered sweetly.

"An' yer 'air is awright that w'y too." Further observations were prevented by the appearance of the pantryman.

"Well"—the cook resumed his dignified superiority—"we must be getting on with the dinner. The joint is in—'ow about the vegs—ready to put on?"

He asked the question apparently of the pantryman.

"The vegs 'as nothink to do with me." The pantryman looked at the scullery maid.

With a pair of very large shears and the one remaining prong of a broken fork, she was intent on manicuring her nails. She sat upon a low box, her long skirt spread about her, and hummed airily.

The pantryman looked at the cook, who in turn eyed the floor steadily. The door opened and Mr. Jilkins, softly and in startling splendor, entered.

"Professor!" gasped the cook.

"Good-evenin'." Jilkins raised his top hat; his misty eyes, gazing searchingly over the room, fell upon the scullery maid.

He smiled and advanced. Removing his long coat, he placed it with the top hat upon a chair, where, to the cook's keen observation, it was plain that, like their wearer, these articles had seen better days.

"'E *must* 'ave been a toff," was the chef's mental calculation. Aloud, he said, "Goin' out this evenin', sir?"

"I 'opes to," answered Jilkins, looking toward the scullery maid. "'Ope to go to the Chelsea Palace." He removed the diamond stick, took off his cravat, and donned his white apron. "I 'd a bit o' luck to-d'y."

The scullery maid now regarded him.

"I was standin' on the curb thinkin'," he explained, "when right at my feet fell a gold-'eaded walking stick. I picked it up"—he illustrated this—"an' looks around. Somebody leans out of a four-wheeler an' calls, 'Ere we are, my man! Look sharp, I 've a train to catch!'"

"Fancy!" gasped the chef, "'E did n't know 'ow you 'd seen better d'ys."

Jilkins shook his head. "But he 'anded me five shillin's as I 'anded 'im the stick, an' said 'Thank you.'"

"Lor' lummy," remarked the scullery maid.

The odor of scorching meat brought the cook back suddenly to the realities of life. He threw open the oven door.

"Meat burnin' an' vegetables not on. What about 'em?" he demanded.

"Oh," said the little scullery maid, "I quite forgot to pare 'em, Cookie."

The pantryman stood aghast. A proper rebuke rose to the lips of the chef, but the soft voice of Jilkins interrupted.

"I 'll 'ave them ready in no time," he said, "an' then I 'oped, miss, that after dinner, pre'aps, you 'd care to go along to the Chelsea Palace."

Apparently calm remained the little maid; for the sharp glances of the men could not penetrate to her beating little heart, that seemed to her about to burst the bounds of her red bodice.

"Thank you kindly," she said quietly, "I 'll 'ave to go an tell mar."

"Pre'aps, then," suggested Mr. Jilkins, "you could go now, an' I 'd st'y on an' do your work as well as me own—then you could meet me, say—"

"At the Palace?" The scullery maid's eyes were shining.

"At the Palace," he agreed.

She rose, looking from one to another, reading admiration in each face, and wonder; then joy overcoming her, she lifted the long skirt and executed a backward jump over the box.

"Dolly!" rebuked the cook.

"I know, Cookie." Dolly's glance at Mr. Jilkins admitted her own shame at this lapse of dignity. "O-roovor!" she waved to him and hurried to the door. "Good-night, Cookie and Pants."

"Be there early," called Jilkins.

The door closed with a bang.

"She 's got to be quite the lady, little Dolly is," the cook said to Jilkins.

"Anythink like another certain party?" the pantryman asked of him.

Mr. Jilkins shook his head and with clamlike tenacity again closed his lips upon the story of his interesting past and began the preparation of the vegetables.

"'E 's plungin' into gaiety to forget the past," the pantryman whispered to the cook. "Pore fellow! Pre'aps he 'll tell us more w'en 'e gets more at 'ome 'ere."

"Sure to," agreed the cook; "give 'im time."

"'I 'ad meant to give this up'"

IV

TEA time was a pleasant hour, welcomed by the chef, who, after this warm and soothing beverage,

[*Continued on page 582*]

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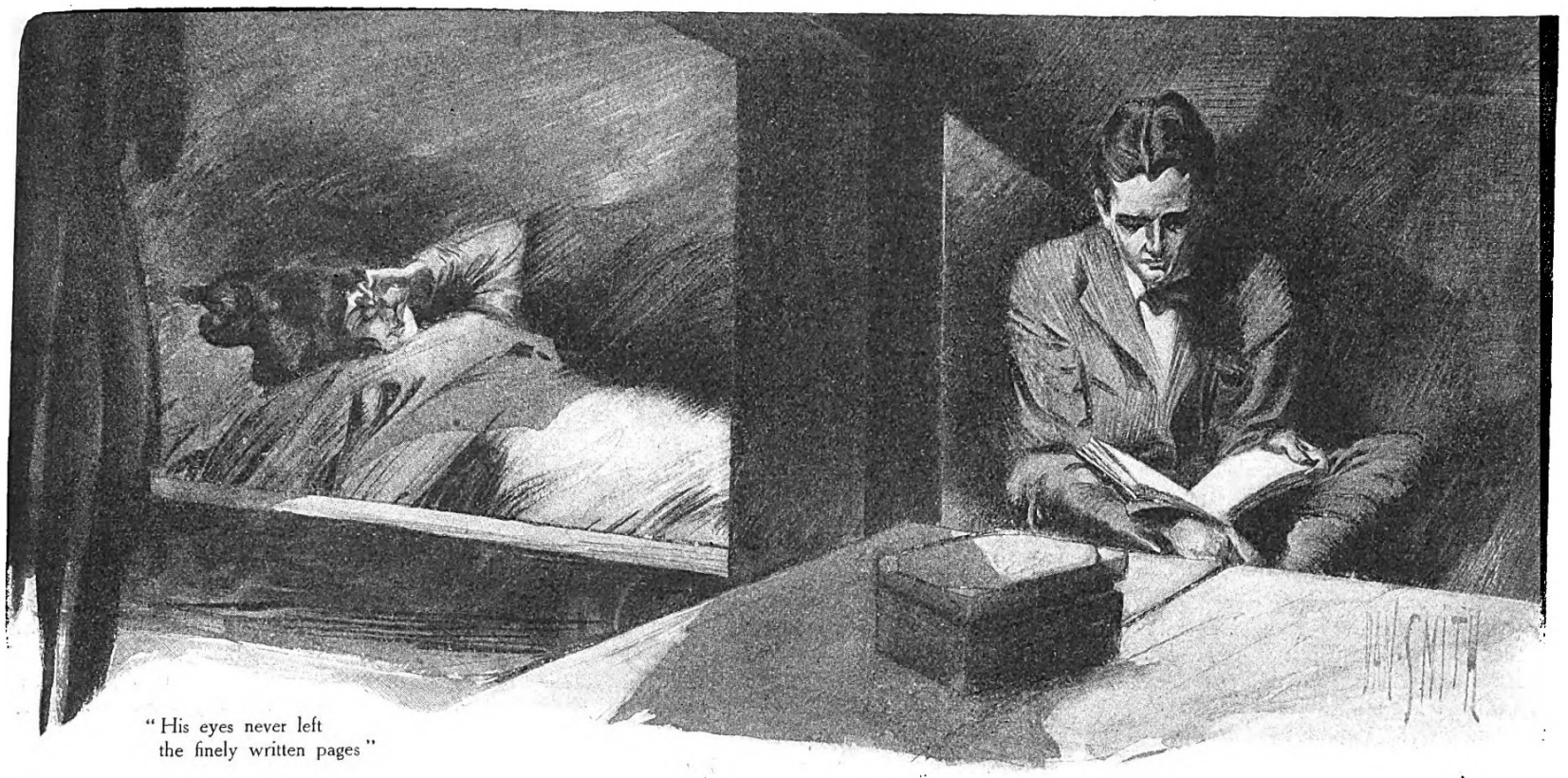

"His eyes never left the finely written pages"

THE SKY MAN

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Illustrations by DAN SMITH

CHAPTER IX

WAITING FOR DAWN

CAYLEY wheeled so that he headed up into the wind, and dropped, facing the girl and with his back to her retreating assailant. He had to drop almost vertically in order to avoid being blown out into the sea after he struck the ice. Even as it was, he went slithering down the glassy slope toward the water, and only managed to check his impetus by throwing himself flat on his face and clutching at a hummock which chanced to offer him a precarious hold. He had come down "all adrift," as sailors say, and his monstrous wings, powerless for flight but instinct with flapping perversity, cost him a momentary struggle while he was getting them bundled into controllable shape.

All the while he half expected an attack from the man whom his sudden appearance had just put to flight. Whether the man came back or not would depend on how badly Cayley's portentous intervention had frightened him; but if he came back before the sky man had got clear of his wings, he would find an antagonist as helpless as the girl herself. Cayley, before he dropped, had weighed it as an even chance that this very thing would happen.

And if it did not, the odds were still rather against his coming out of the maneuver undamaged. Alighting upon an unknown surface at night, in a dense fog and in the teeth of a number seven gale, was not an act which a sane sense of self-preservation would approve of.

But, thanks as much to luck as to skill, he presently found himself upon his feet, uninjured. He at once set out, making what haste he could, across the ice toward where he had last seen the girl, shouting up the gale to her at the same time, to know if she were safe. He heard no answer, but presently made her out, dimly, only a pace or two away. His first act then, even before speaking, was to take out his pocket electric bull's-eye and turn it full upon her.

"It's just to make sure you're not hurt—that I really got down here in time," he apologized. "I wish I might have saved you the terror, but it was n't until you cried out that I knew—"

"I 'm not hurt," she assured him. "I 'm a little dazed, that 's all. No, not with fright, with wonder. I hardly had time to be frightened. But I thought you 'd gone this morning, that you had abandoned us just as you said you would. And yet, when I cried out just now for help, it was you that I called to. And then you came, out of the sky, just as I was sure you would. For I was certain, with the same certainty one has in dreams. And now that it 's over, I find myself wondering again if you are real. I 'm not hurt at all."

Before he could find anything to say in answer, they heard another shot, muffled in the fog, from the direction of the *Aurora*, and in prompt reply to it, another volley.

"Was n't there firing before?" she asked. "Can any one be attacking the yacht? There is no one there but Tom, you know, and he 's disabled. Can't we—can't I, get out there any way? The boat I came ashore in is right here."

Without making her any answer, he carried the unwieldy bundle his wings made into the hut and left it there, then returned to her and offered her his hand.

"We 'll go down and look for your boat," he said.

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 d d 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. Fanshaw, left alone in the yacht, temporarily, was attacked by Roscoe. Meanwhile Jeanne had rowed ashore and discovered, in a deserted cabin, a box containing her father's journal. Roscoe, going ashore to get this box, came upon her; but Cayley, hearing her cry for help, shouted encouragement from the air, and Roscoe fled in terror.

Along the water's edge they searched, aided by the little beam from his bull's-eye, the sound of intermittent firing from the yacht urging haste all the while. But it did not take long to force the conviction upon them that the boat was gone. "Blown adrift, most likely," was Cayley's explanation.

He felt her trembling, whether with cold or dread he did not know, but he took her arm and steadied her with the pressure of his own.

"Come back to the hut," he said. "The situation is n't as bad as you think. I 'll tell you, when we get to shelter where we can talk."

She turned obediently and went back up the icy slope with him. Neither spoke again until they were safe in the lee of the hut. Then he said:

"I don't think Fanshaw is alone there on the yacht. The relief party and the first party from the *Aurora* got together sometime this afternoon and started back toward the shore. They should be aboard the yacht now, though when the fog fell it put an end to my activities. The *Walrus* people have undoubtedly attacked them, but they should n't have any trouble in beating them off. They out number them, and they are better armed; in fact, so far as I know, the *Walrus* people are n't armed at all. They knew (your people, I mean), that the yacht was likely to be attacked. I told them so myself, and then their pretended guide confessed."

"How did you know about the *Walrus?*" she asked, curiously.

"The Portuguese was one of them; he had guided your first party down into a little valley of perpetual fog, under orders to abandon them there. When he saw me sailing about overhead—through the fog, you know—he broke down and confessed, and then—well, he made a clean breast of it. He knew nothing of the details of his leader's plans; but the mere fact that he had been delegated to guide the party into a place from which it was to be expected they could never get out was conclusive as to his intentions, at least."

He had spoken rather disconnectedly, his sentences punctuated by the sound of firing from the yacht. By the time he had finished they were almost continuous.

"Why does it sound so much fainter than it did?" she asked. "It 's not nearly so loud as that first volley we heard."

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"It's a trick of the fog, very likely," he said. "Fog is a frightfully treacherous thing. It deceives men's ears as well as their eyes. There's no judging distance through it. When you cried out, just now, I could n't tell whether you were fifty feet below me or five hundred feet. I was up above it, you see, and I had n't any way of telling how deep it was. There! Do you hear?" he went on. "The firing has stopped altogether. Your people are almost certainly safe."

But the girl's mind had not followed him to the new subject. "You were up there in clear air," she asked, "and the fog was all below you?"

"Like a bluish-gray blanket," he explained, "lit by the stars, and nothing else. It was pouring along like the greatest river you ever saw, the surface of it eddying off in little wisps. The upper air is comparatively still."

"And you could n't see through it at all?" she questioned; "could n't see the land any more than you could see the bottom of the ocean through the water?"

"No more than that," he assented.

She shivered a little and reached out for his arm. "And you came down into that, not knowing what you were to find—not knowing where the land was? I did n't realize you had just risked your life for me."

Cayley had not meant that she should know—not now, at least. In the back of his mind there had been a puzzled wonderment why she had come ashore alone; what curious chain of events could possibly have left her and that hairy monster, Roscoe, face to face upon that wind-swept beach. But the break in her unsteady voice and the way she clung to his arm for support showed plainly enough that the experience had been an exhausting one to her. She would not have turned limp like this after a mere momentary terror, such as the sight of Roscoe would cause her, however sharp that terror had been.

"Will you let me go inside this hut," he asked, "and see if it is habitable? If it is, you'd better go in and let me make you as comfortable as I can. I don't think you need have any fears about the *Walrus* people. And worrying would n't do any good, anyway. There's nothing we can do but wait for daylight. Nothing can happen anywhere until then."

He had very distinctly in mind what might happen then, if the *Walrus* people were repulsed from the yacht. Unless they were all destroyed in the attack, they would undoubtedly make trouble as soon as morning revealed the fact that they had two hostages in their hands. But he could fight them off better from the doorway of the hut than from anywhere else. And there was no need of troubling the girl with that consideration—not for the present, at least.

"It's all right in there," she said. "I spent I don't know how many hours there, reading, before you came. But the candle has burned out."

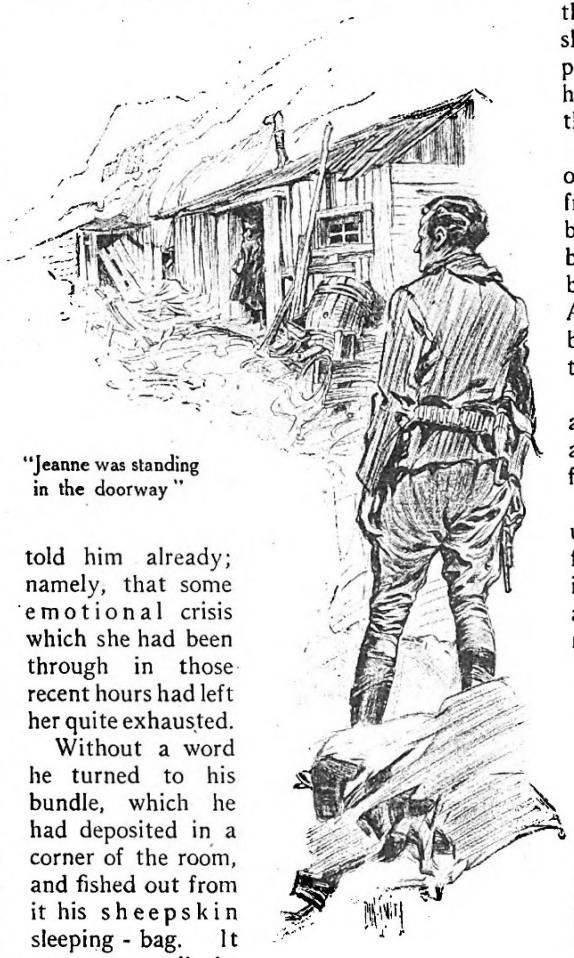
The open door behind them gave access to a tiny shed, protruding from the corner of the hut and serving, evidently, as a vestibule for it. The inner door, a heavier and stronger affair, opening at right angles to it, gave access to the interior of the hut.

Cayley switched on his bull's-eye and cast a brief glance about the room. There were two or three rude, flimsy looking doors which undoubtedly opened into small, cabin-like bedrooms; but the principal part of the hut was taken up by the room in which they found themselves.

It was a dismal looking place enough, fifteen feet square, perhaps, and not more than half as high. In one corner was a heap of smoke-blackened stones, evidently the ruins of a fireplace. There were shelves and cupboards along the walls, and a number of narrow bunks.

Cayley set his little bull's-eye on a shelf where they could make the most of its thin pencil of light. He then turned his attention to the door, and after a little struggle succeeded in getting it shut, and, what was more, securely bolted, by means of a heavy wooden bar which dropped into an iron crotch. If they were attacked with the first of the daylight, this place would afford them security until the people from the *Aurora* could come to their rescue. His revolver was a Colt, forty-five, and his belt was full of cartridges. With that weapon, he remembered that he had once been considered the best shot in the army.

The girl, when he turned to look at her, was seated on the edge of a bunk at the other side of the hut. Her pallor, the traces of tears he could see in her eyes, the pathetic droop to her lips, all emphasized the thing her voice had told him already; namely, that some emotional crisis which she had been through in those recent hours had left her quite exhausted.



"Jeanne was standing in the doorway"

Without a word he turned to his bundle, which he had deposited in a corner of the room, and fished out from it his sheepskin sleeping-bag. It was not until he approached her, with it across his arm, that his eye fell upon the rosewood box and the morocco-bound book which lay beside it.

Her eye followed his. "They're father's papers," she said. "I found the box in here. That's why I stayed. I had come ashore—"

"Wait a minute," he interrupted. He took up the book with a gentleness almost reverent, laid it in the little chest and set it down on the floor beside the bunk.

The quality of the act brought the too ready tears to her eyes, but he did not look up at her to surprise them there. "Now," he said, "I'm going to take off these boots of yours, which are wet, but which will serve excellently, nevertheless, for a pillow, and you are to take off that heavy coat and get inside this bag. Have you ever slept in one?"

He was already tugging at one of the boots, and her protest went unheeded. It was only a half-hearted protest, after all.

When he had taken off the boots she submitted, without demur, to his unfastening the frogs on her heavy sealskin coat and slipping it off her shoulders.

When, finally, with some assistance from him, she nestled down inside the great fleece-lined bag, when he had rolled her small boots into a bundle and made a pillow of them for her head, as he had said he would, she exclaimed, half rebelliously, at the comfort of it all.

"It is so deliciously warm and soft," she said. "I did n't know you were just being a luxurious sybarite when you refused a mattress and a pair of blankets on the yacht. If only you could be warm, too, and comfortable."

"I shall be," he assured her. "I'll make a cushion of that great coat of yours and sit down here at the foot of the bunk. You're not to bother about me. You're to prove the efficacy of the sleeping-bag by going to sleep in it."

"And what will you do all the while, sitting there and keeping watch? Would you—would you like to read father's journal? If you would, I'd like to have you, after what you said long ago about the men who risked and lost their lives trying to reach the Pole. I think if you will read that book you will understand, in spite of your wings. And—well, I'd like to have you understand."

He moved the bull's-eye to another part of the hut, where the light from it would not shine in her eyes, and would illuminate the pages of the book she offered him to read, while he sat, wrapped in her great coat, at the foot of the bunk.

Once, as he passed by her in the completion of these arrangements, she withdrew her hand from the bag and held it out to him. "You've been very good to me," she said; "I don't mean by risking your life and plunging down into that bank of fog when you knew I was in danger. Any brave man would do that, I suppose—some brave men, anyway. But you've been better than that—"

He told her not to talk, but to go to sleep, and without any more words ensconced himself at her feet, drew his legs up under him, tailor-fashion, and began to read.

She closed her eyes, or half closed them, but under the shadow of her lashes she watched his face. The light, which did not shine in hers, illuminated his. It was a beautiful face, but in a wholly masculine way; the first beautiful man's face she thought she had ever seen that had no trace of weakness or effeminacy about it. It had looked bravely into tempests, that face—tempests of the soul, as well as those of the open, cruel sky that he had conquered.

But with all its strength, with all its defiance, it showed a spirit sensitive, accessible to pain.

Watching him as he read the pages of her father's journal, she was as sure the story Tom had told her about him was false—(No, it was not Tom's falsehood; she knew that he believed the story)—as sure he was innocent of that imputed treachery and torture as of the murder of the man who had once been his intimate friend, from which her own discovery and her father's journal cleared him.

She could almost follow the tragic narrative that the book contained from the reflections on the sky man's face. His eyes never left the finely written pages, and she was free to watch him as closely as she chose.

For awhile every change in his sensitive color, every contraction or widening of his eyelids, every dilation of his finely chiseled nostrils, every move of his half-parted lips, revealed to her something of the spirit of the man who read.

But presently the warmth, the comfort, the stillness overcame her, and she slept, or, at any rate, dozed, but never deep enough to lose her consciousness of the presence of the man who sat there reading.

When he drew near the end of the narrative, she was again translating the quick succession of his thoughts in the face wherein he was unconsciously exhibiting them.

She saw him close the book at last, and sit there with it upon his knees, as she had sat, absorbed, reflective. Then, suddenly, he took up the book again, opened it and referred to the entry on that last page.

He was thinking, now, not dreaming. His mind was on the active present. And before long he stole a look at her. She met his eyes.

"I'm glad father told us that the man was left-handed," she said gravely; "because the man who killed Mr. Hunter was left-handed, too."

She had spoken the very thing his own mind had been groping for without quite finding, and he started and stared at her. "Why do

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you say that?" he demanded. "How do you know?"

"It was a left-handed stick. I took it up in my left hand and it fitted; that was when I was fetching it out of the cabin for Uncle Jerry."

"Then that was how you knew I had n't done it?"

"No. I did n't need any proof. I knew already, without that."

"Suppose I had turned out to be left-handed, too?"

"I did n't think of that. But it would n't have made any difference to me. When you really have faith in anybody it is n't easily shaken; not by mere circumstances, at least."

"'When you really have faith,'" he repeated. "Yes, I suppose that 's so." He pressed his hands against his temples. "But there is n't too much of that divine commodity in the world."

After that there was a long silence.

CHAPTER X

WHAT THE DAWN BROUGHT

THE man rose from his seat at the foot of the bunk and, with restless strides, began pacing back and forth in the narrow limits of the little hut. The girl lay still, but her eyes followed him. Her thoughts were keeping step with his.

"There 's not much faith in the world, that 's true," she said, presently. "And yet that 's not exactly the world's fault. When people have n't anything else to walk by, they have to walk by sight—" she hesitated a little there, feeling for the words she wanted. "It was so easy," she went on at last, "to clear you of the thing they thought you did yesterday. Could n't you give them a chance to believe the truth about the other thing, too? There must be something you could reveal about that old charge that would wash out the stain of it—something that would make Tom see the falsity of it as clearly as I do."

"No," he said. "That was never possible. It 's less possible than ever now."

That involuntary admission told her much. If the thing she suggested were less possible now than it had been before, then, somehow or other, the vindication must have rested in Perry Hunter's hands. But the finality of his voice and the dumb agony she saw in his face, as he paced back and forth beside her, prevented her from following up the admission, or urging him any further.

So she lay still and waited.

At last his face cleared. "What gave you that faith of yours in me," he questioned abruptly, "about the murdered man? How could you be sure, without any proof, that I had n't done it?"

"Why—I suppose it was your wings," she said thoughtfully. "What you told me, or, rather, what you let me see of the soul of a man who could live in the sky as you do. It 's such a crawling thing to do—to take a man's life out of revenge. One who lives up above the world could n't stoop to do it—any more than an angel could."

He pondered her words in silence for awhile. "You 're right," he said at last, "partly right. I did n't want revenge—I would n't have stooped to take it if I had—and yet—well, I did n't stoop to save him, either, and I might have done that; at least it would have come about that way if I had n't checked my human instinct to go down among them; had n't stayed aloft too long, watching them as though they were a picture."

He went back to the foot of the bunk and picked up the big morocco-bound book which he had laid down. "That narrative has humbled me, some way," he said. "You were quite right. It has made me retract the thing I said, in my ignorance, about the men who risk and lose their lives trying to reach the Pole. Whatever his measure of success or failure was—the man who lived that story—setting it down on these pages as he lived it—was worth—was worth a whole paradise of angels. You were right, too, though I did n't know you were until you said it, in telling me that I had a contempt for the world. I did have. I betrayed it this morning, there on the deck of the yacht, with the ignorance and vehemence of a schoolboy. But this journal of your father's, and your—your beautiful faith in me have shown me what base metal it was made of."

He pulled himself up sharply there and looked at his watch. "It will be daylight in two hours now," he said. "When it comes we 'll signal to the yacht, and they 'll send for you and take you away—you and this precious find you 've made. In the meantime, you must go to sleep. You hardly slept at all while I was reading."

"I hardly dare go to sleep—not really deep sleep. If I did I 'm afraid you 'd turn out to be all a dream, and I 'd find myself back in my stateroom on the yacht." She was speaking half in mockery, but there was an undertone of seriousness in her voice. "Think how unlikely it is that all this can have happened," she went on. "You said this morning you were going to leave us, and I watched you go. How can it be anything but a dream that you were hanging aloft there in the sky, above the fog, ready to come plunging down when I cried out for help?"

"I told you once," he said, not very steadily, "that one of us might be dreaming, but that that one was not you."

"You will promise, then," she asked, "that if I go to sleep I 'll wake up here, and not on the yacht, and that you won't have disappeared?"

"I promise," he said seriously.

He seated himself once more at her feet, switched off the fading light from the bull's-eye and drew the sleeves of her coat across his shoulders. "Good-night," he said.

She answered drowsily.

He had meant to indulge in the luxury of a doze himself, for he had not slept since the first light of the day before, and then for only two or three hours. But the train of thought which her last words had set going in his mind was quite enough to banish sleep.

How nearly those wings of his had betrayed him again. How narrowly had he missed throwing away this second opportunity.

When he had taken wing from the ice-floe that morning it had been with the perfectly definite intention of making the long straight flight of five hundred miles to Point Barrow. He remembered now how he had phrased the thought. He wanted to blow the last contamination of humanity out of himself. He was done with men. Even the girl's detaining touch he had brushed off almost fearfully. The feeling he found slipping into his mind regarding her, the force of her challenge to return to the world again, drove him, by revulsion, farther than the credulous, unfounded suspicions of the two men:

He meant to go. He would have gone—at any rate have started—had not a small thing checked him—the most vagrant of nature's caprices—a shift in the direction of the wind.

In order to steer the course he wanted, he must fly higher, and in gaining that necessary altitude, up a long, easy gradient, he cut a great circle inland. Circling thus he found himself, presently, looking straight down upon the shore party from the yacht.

By that time the exercise of his power of flight had steadied him, as it always did. He was so far above them there, so completely detached from them, that there could be no harm in soaring for awhile and watching them. That was the way, at least, that he had explained his having done so at the time. He would not have admitted then that the touch of that girl's hand upon his arm had anything to do with it.

[*Continued on page 591*]

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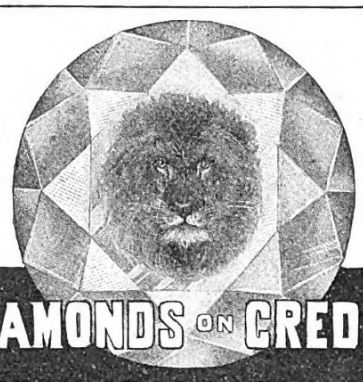

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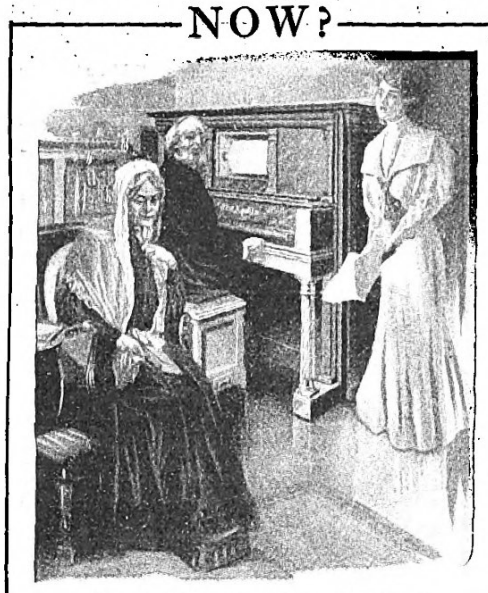

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The World in The MONTH in AMERICA

At last the Aldrich-Payne tariff bill has been passed by Congress, signed by President Taft, and incorporated into the laws of the United States. It is an appropriate time, therefore, to sum up the results of the session.

The End of the Session

The most evident conclusion to be drawn from the last five months of dickering, log-rolling, misrepresentation and vaporous oratory is—what everybody but William H. Taft knew before—that Messrs. Cannon and Aldrich and leaders of their ilk are not to be trusted. President Taft meant well, and after he really began to fight, forced some very important reductions from the Aldrich bill, with the aid of Sereno E. Payne. Yet the tariff bill, though better than it threatened to be, is not what the American public had a right to expect or what it will be satisfied with.

The tariff act of 1909 is a hodge-podge of increases and reductions, of jokers and of the confusing mixture of *ad valorem* and specific duties. It can easily be shown that on the consumption basis the new law is either a revision upward or downward, according to the will of the statistician, but the fact remains that few if any duties on articles of common use are reduced sufficiently to lower prices to the consumer, while a number, notably of clothing materials, excepting shoes, are shamefully increased. The question of the cost of production abroad, which the Republican platform promised would be taken into consideration in fixing rates, was almost completely ignored. The result constitutes a law which is in actual practice a betrayal of the pledges of the Republican Party and of President Taft, for which betrayal they will have to answer to the people at the next election.

Yet while the tariff is of such doubtful benefit, this session has not been without its advantages. Among them are, first, the inheritance tax; second, the proposal of an income-tax amendment; third, the disillusionment of Mr. Taft as to the Aldrich-Cannon type of statesman, and the recognition by the people that the President is a conscientious man; and last, but not least, a vast deal of popular enlightenment as to how the Nation is represented at Washington. Those who have been profiting by excessive duties on the necessities and comforts of life are riding to disaster. Within four years the stand-patters will be "on the run."

The Tariff Bill is passed. The tariff agitation and the fight for a lowering of the cost of living has only really begun.

— —

The Constitution of the United States was purposely made difficult to amend. Madison, the "Father of the Constitution," was against "innovation" and Hamilton feared the "turbulent and changing" people.

The Sixteenth Amendment

So the Constitution was made unchangeable except by a vote of two-thirds of Congress and three-fourths of the State Legislatures or State Conventions. One-forty-fourth of the voters to-day, if properly placed, can block any amendment. Of the four hundred and thirty-five amendments proposed from 1889 to 1904, not one was adopted. It is the belief of many people that the Constitution can never be amended.

We, on the other hand, believe that the adoption of the Sixteenth Amendment, permitting the income tax, is possible, probable, inevitable. The resolution was unanimously adopted by the Senate and almost unanimously by the House. Thirty-five of the forty-six States must ratify, but thirty-five States will be found. The South is for it; the West is for it; the real people of the East are for it; the two parties have declared in its favor and President Taft has taken his stand on it. It is more than the mere question of an income tax, although that is important. It is a question of national sovereignty, of the right of ninety millions of people to tax themselves as they deem just and expedient. It is an issue upon which in times of danger the national welfare, even the national existence, might depend. The Sixteenth Amendment must and will be adopted.

But it will not be adopted by the people staying at home and wishing for it. It must be made an issue in every State, in every assembly district. Time fights on the side of the Sixteenth Amendment; there is no limit. Once a State adopts it, the ratification lasts forever. But if the ratification is not made the first session, it may be again proposed for the second, third, tenth, or ninety-ninth time. If we do not succeed at first, we can try, try again.

The Sixteenth Amendment must be ratified, not only to enable our Government in times of peace and war to impose equitable taxes, but also to place the fundamental law of the land where it should be placed—in the hands of an intelligent, tolerant, and liberty-loving people.

— —

There has been a little tiff between Senator La Follette and Senator Aldrich, and the gentleman from Rhode Island did not get the better of it. Senator La Follette has a disagreeable habit of saying what he thinks. He thinks that Aldrich is a Senator without a constituency, and he thinks that Rhode Island is at present not very far from being a "rotten borough."

The Answer to Aldrich

The galling thing about all this is that it is true. The people of Rhode Island are as intelligent and honest as any in the country, but they are *not free.* They have not a representative form of government. They have nothing to say, and they never have had anything to say.

Let us take a look at this oligarchical little State. Rhode Island always had a restricted suffrage, with only the property holders voting. The suffrage has now been extended, but representation is still unequal. In the State Senate, fewer than one-eleventh of the people elect more than one-half of the Senators. Providence, with twenty-nine thousand and thirty qualified voters, has only one State Senator; Little Compton district elected a Senator one year by a unanimous vote of seventy-eight. One voter from Little Compton equals three hundred and seventy-two voters from Providence, and the Little Compton man votes for his great and generous friend, Senator Nelson W. Aldrich.

This may explain why the boss of the Senate is not amenable to public opinion.

— —

When Edward Payson Weston, the veteran pedestrian, arrived in San Francisco, after his walk across the continent, he characterized his achievement as a "wretched failure." He had set out to make his walk in a hundred days, excluding Sundays. From the moment he left New York the rains and the gales descended. The automobile upon which he relied for refreshments wheezed and puffed and finally gave up in despair. Most of the distance from Chicago to San Francisco had to be traveled on railroad ties, because of the abominable condition of the roads. As a result Weston arrived in San Francisco five days behind the schedule time, thereby incurring, to use his own words, "the most crushing failure in my career."

The Hundred Days' Walk

The sympathy of our people will go out to the decrepit, seventy-one-year-old man, who used to be such a good walker. In the course of his journeys, Weston has walked himself into the good graces of thousands of his countrymen. Some will declare that it took tornadoes and convulsions of nature to stop him. Generous friends will contend that 3,895 miles in one hundred and five days is not such bad walking after all. Yet Weston calls the trip a failure, and Weston knows.

There is nothing left to do but to Oslerize Mr. Weston. We suggest that the chloroform be administered by a committee of young citizens, each of whom has walked thirty-eight and one-tenth miles a day for one hundred days.

— —

The language of business in the future will be either English or Chinese—at least this is the opinion recently put forth at a public dinner by a man who ought to know. The speaker advised every man in the United States, who desires to do business on a great scale, to learn the Chinese language and the Chinese habits and customs. A Chinaman, he thinks, should be humored in his preference for having money taken away from him in his own language.

When the World Becomes Chinese

Thus it may come about that our laundrymen will become our language teachers, and barbarous guttural sounds will issue from the homes of our best families.

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a Nutshell

ANDREW CARNEGIE has written a book called "Problems of To-Day," in which he deplores the prevalence in America of the speculative spirit. He urges young men seeking material success to beware of gambling and points out examples of lives and homes wrecked through this national vice.

Are We a Nation of Gamblers?

Mr. Carnegie's advice is, as usual, very sound and helpful and can be read with profit by every young man entering business. The speculative spirit is all too general in America and a warning is needed.

As a writer in *The Public* points out, however, Mr. Carnegie's own career is one of the best examples of the spirit he condemns. Mr. Carnegie saw in early life the tremendous possibilities in the Bessemer process of making steel; in the tariff process of making trusts; and in the fortunes to be made by men whom the railroads favored. He staked all he had and could borrow on what he knew and guessed, and he won. The difference seems to be that Mr. Carnegie's speculation was of that successful type which is known as intelligence and foresight, rather than that disastrous kind which is called gambling.

Mr. Carnegie waxes justly indignant over the cornering of wheat, but seems singularly silent upon the subject of cornering steel.

We know an undistinguished man who is conducting a small business with justice to his workmen and his competitors, and who is laying something by for the comfort of his family. He never cornered anything in his life and he does not believe in gambling. If Mr. Carnegie does n't mind, we shall look to the undistinguished man for our advice.

— —

THE *Half Moon* sailed into New York on July 22d, after a twelve days' voyage from Rotterdam, having beaten her previous record by just forty-seven days. This is not the same *Half Moon* that old Henry Hudson used in discovering New York, but it 's as near like it as the Dutch could make it. The difference in speed is largely due to the fact that the new *Half Moon* sailed over on the deck of an ocean liner, instead of in the water, as was the custom three hundred years ago. Thus she established a record for *Half Moons* that will probably stand for many years.

New York Rediscovered

New York City, which had not been discovered for over three hundred years, was delighted at the novel experience. The natives crowded about the pier eager to get a glimpse of the strange craft from across the sea. The savages stopped scalping each other in the Stock Exchange and tried to sell stocks to the strangers. During the lunch hour thousands of young braves from the financial district went down and had themselves discovered.

The crew of the *Half Moon*, when interviewed, declared that they were glad to be back again after their long absence, and complimented New York upon the growth of her sky line.

— —

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, the civil service of the United States was a national disgrace. To the victors belonged the spoils, and men were appointed to important offices, not because of fitness, but for ballot-box stuffing and other political services. Women employees were sometimes appointed under conditions that would not bear investigation. The civil service reformers were laughed at, the theory of rotation in office was proclaimed, and every one believed that a government clerk was the better for being fired before he grew a pig-tail in the service.

The Civil Service Reformed

Then came the lamentable assassination of President Garfield by a disappointed office-seeker, and the country changed its mind. A civil service reform law was passed, and by 1884 almost fourteen thousand employees owed their jobs to competitive examinations. Since then progress has been rapid. President Cleveland was a civil service reformer and Roosevelt was the greatest of them all. Before the last President left the White House no fewer than 206,637 positions were under competitive examination. The law now works automatically, and with a final victory of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft over the job-grabbers of the Senate and House, the census enumerators are now included in the reformed civil service.

It is a good work, well begun and almost ended. Within a few years, the entire civil force will be reformed, and political vassalage and the jobbing of positions will have come to an end. The way to many great enterprises by the National Government has been opened by the victories of civil service reform.

AMERICA had a little joke and it's name was William Loeb, Jr. For seven years America laughed at William Loeb, Jr. When the African hunter—at that time merely President—made a mistake, the blame was put on William Loeb, Jr. It was hard on William, but he seemed to like it, and the Americans adored William Loeb, Jr., for the whippings he received.

The End of a Joke

Those good old days are over, and the joke is dead. When Theodore Roosevelt went to the happy hunting grounds of Eastern Africa, he left William Loeb, Jr., in the care of the new President, who is also a lover of jokes. Mr. Taft straightway made Loeb Collector of the Port of New York, and America held its aching sides, to see poor William made to bear the blame for every blind inspector and every expert trunk-buster in the Government service.

The joke did not come off, for Collector Loeb has no sense of humor. When French milliners brought in a few miles of fine lace in sleeper trunks, Collector Loeb called it smuggling and he prosecuted. When inspectors developed weak eyes and jocularly winked at generous travelers, down came Collector Loeb with a big stick. The new collector is a marvel of industry, energy, and intelligence, and he has brought a new spirit into the force. Some inspectors have been fired with the new spirit; others have been fired without it. The Collector of the Port, who was once the Curator of a Museum of Salaried Antiquities has become a Collector of the Port.

The joke about William Loeb, Jr., is dead. Let us find another one.

— —

THERE are all sorts of flies: blow-flies, bluebottle flies, baseball flies, tent flies, theater flies; but the fly we are speaking of is that cosmopolitan insect, the house fly, going under the stylish name of *Musca domestica*. Since theology began, men have asked themselves why flies were created, and where they go in winter, and why they don't stay there. Flies have always been a nuisance. They get into the baby's milk; thence they wander into the garbage can. Anon they return to the cream pitcher, and after taking a bite from a typhoid patient they revisit the dining-room and complete their supper from the strawberry shortcake and the granulated sugar. The only place in the house they avoid is the fly-paper.

Flies

The Chicago health department has begun a war of extermination on the fly. Realizing that the industrious insect is not only a nuisance, but a spreader of typhoid germs, the health department is sending out a clarion call to all the housewives of America's second city to destroy the fly once and forever. "Don't let flies walk into your parlor, nor into your house," says the warning bulletin. "Keep them away from your food. Don't buy food or eat it where flies are tolerated. Screen windows and doors. Screen the baby's bed. Use liquid poisons, sticky fly-papers and traps. If the flies get into the room before you do, burn pyrethrum powder, and when the little *muscæ domesticæ* fall to the ground stunned, gather them up tenderly and put them into the fire. Above all, avoid dirt and use carbolic acid."

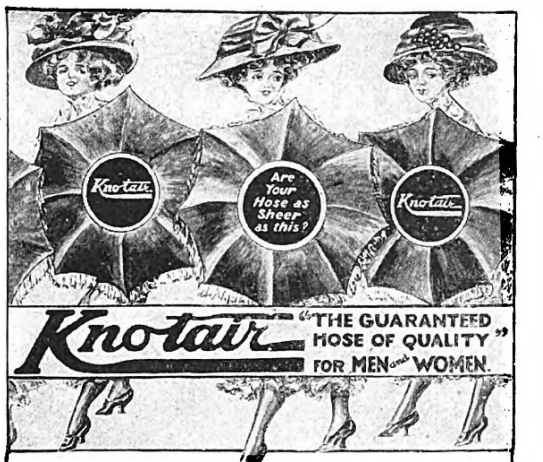
— —

IN THE olden days, when Americans were conquering the wilderness, we were rather a sickly and dyspeptic and fragile nation. A French visitor in Washington's time wrote about our "poor, relaxed, and wearied stomachs," upon which we "heap indigestions one on another." A Britisher, writing of us at the time of the Mexican War, speaks of the nervous prostration and indigestion of the frontiersmen, and all the writers agree that the danger of being scalped by Indians was not nearly so serious as the *certainty* of malaria, milk-sickness, and loneliness. The American woman was especially "over-delicate and languid," and in the majority of cases on the edge of invalidism.

Our Fragile Forefathers

Moreover, bad health was good form, especially for women. It was vulgar to be athletic, and the lady who "enjoyed bad health" was envied. Consumption was openly praised as a nice, gentle, painless disease, which ended in death, but gave the patient time to prepare for the "fearful scenes of eternity." In all the Sunday-school books, the little heroine, too good for this world, ended her life on the clean white bed of a consumptive, forgiving her papa and her mamma and her bad, bad brother, and bringing tears to the eyes of the affectionate reader.

We may have fallen back in some respects from the standards set by our forefathers, but we are a much healthier and sturdier lot than were the pioneers who cleared the forest.



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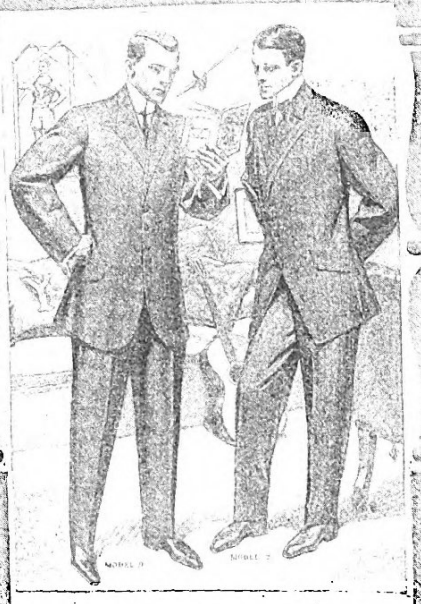

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The World in a Nutshell

THE MAN with a thirst has fallen on evil days. The moral sense of the community is against him, good manners are against him, and finally, even science, like the crushed worm, has turned. The belief that alcohol is a food has gone the way of exploded fallacies, and now there arises a Kentucky doctor who, after repeated experiments, assures us that whisky is bad for people bitten by snakes.

The Last Bulwark

It is the last blow. By many people, the snakes of America have been considered a national asset. You could always hire a snake to bite you, and one little thrust of the venomous fang excused a man for a month's indulgence. Sometimes a highball was taken without even waiting for the snake.

Dr. Allen, the specialist in snake poisons, made his experiments with the venom of the copperhead moccasin. A number of sober rats were poisoned, and an equal injection of the venom was made with rats who had imbibed not wisely but too well. The alcohol rats succumbed earlier than did the teetotaler rodents. One rat, who was thoroughly saturated with whisky, before and after being bitten, was the first to die. Dr. Allen asserts that, while snake-venom weakens the heart and lowers blood pressure, whisky depresses the vitality of the white blood cells, the defenders of the body, which neutralize and destroy the snake-toxins. He says that "many a man has been killed with huge doses of whisky instead of dying as a result of snake-poisoning."

It is probable that hereafter snake bites will become less common in America.

SCIENCE has evolved a new method of preserving eggs to a ripe and respected old age. The eggs are first sterilized in compressed carbon dioxide and then dropped carefully into a mixture of carbon dioxide, nitrogen and hydrogen at a freezing temperature. As a result of this heroic treatment eggs can be kept ten months at a cost of thirty-eight cents per thousand and still be fresh enough to fool a discriminating boarding-house proprietor.

Petrified Eggs

If the method suggested is still further improved, the time may come when a chemistry laboratory will be a necessary adjunct to every chicken-coop, and when hens will not work for their contemporaries, but for posterity.

WE have been hearing a great deal lately about the trades that slay, the trades in which lead is a poisonous element, the trades from which anthrax and lockjaw result, the whole mass of trades in which the worker is killed or sickened by dust, by metal particles, by excessive dampness, by sudden changes from heat to cold, by arsenic and other chemical poisons. We are studying all these diseases of occupations and the means of preventing them. But the greatest and subtlest disease of all we have not studied—the disease of over-fatigue.

The Cost of Over-fatigue

When a man works too hard—or a woman or a child—he changes for the worse. The laborer who comes home from the factory, office or farm fagged out, is more likely to succumb to germs. The dead tired worker is more likely to put his hand in the machine or fall down the mine-pit, or kill himself in any of a thousand ways. Most accidents occur in the last hour of labor.

If over-work is kept up too long, the worker is likely to become stupid and vicious. It is the over-tired man who drinks to excess, who gives himself up to evil passions. Healthy tiredness is the best cook and the best doctor, but over-fatigue, day after day, ruins a man or a nation.

Next fall the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, which for years has been studying the dangers of occupations, is to meet for the first time in America, and it has been proposed that the congress take up and study the subject of over-fatigue. The American people has a lot of work cut out for the next few generations and it can not afford to start tired.

NEW YORK has acquired an octopus—not the home-grown, tariff-made kind, but a real, live octopus, born in Bermuda waters and imported at great expense. It is located in the Aquarium, within a stone's throw of the Stock Exchange, where it will have congenial society and where brokers can come and study its habits. A force of workmen is kept busy pumping water into the octopus's tank, a process which appeals strongly to Wall Street's sense of humor.

An Imported Octopus

It is thought that if there is no adverse legislation the animal will thrive in its New York home and will attain a position of honor such as is enjoyed only by the sacred white elephant of Siam.

PROF. WILLIAM JAMES, of Harvard, has been talking with his old friend, Dr. Hodgson. The conversation is remarkable not only for what Hodgson had to say, but also for the fact that he has been dead for four years and that the conversation was conducted through Mrs. Piper, the well-known medium. Professor James is not quite sure whether he was talking to Dr. Hodgson or only to a counterfeit, but he tells the whole story in the "Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research."

The Naked World Beyond

It seems that Professor James and Mrs. James were present at Mrs. Piper's sitting, when Dr. Hodgson dropped in casually to make a call.

"Well, well, well," said the deceased Hodgson, who seems to be a jovial sort of spook; "I am delighted."

After some talk which could not exactly be called spiritual, the conversation drifted around to the subject of the world beyond.

'Do you live as men do?" asked Professor James.

"Do you wear clothing," asked Mrs. James, who, being a woman, is interested in such matters, "and live in houses?"

"Oh, yes, houses," replied the visiting spirit, "but not clothing. No, that is absurd."

When pressed for details about the naked world beyond, Dr. Hodgson's ghost tactfully changed the subject.

Professor James is an eminent psychologist and a learned man, but, like most of us, he has lingering doubts about the genuineness of such conversations with the other world.

MODERN developments in surgery, the use of antitoxins, aseptics and anesthetics and a more thorough knowledge of hygiene have worked together for the elimination of the drug. The old-fashioned doctor doped his patient until he killed the disease or the man. The old-fashioned patient doped himself with patent medicines and thus often robbed the doctor of his golden opportunity. But modern science and a more general understanding of patent medicines have dealt hard blows to the poor old drug, and it has been predicted that it will pass away entirely, leaving the drug stores to dispense soda water, postage stamps, and tooth-brushes.

Will Drugs Ever Be Extinct?

A writer in *American Medicine* now makes a stand for the despised drug. He admits that its use has been abused, but he maintains that in small quantities and accurate proportions, drugs will always be used. We shall use fewer drugs in the future, he says, but we shall use them to better effect.

It seems that we are not yet ready to "throw physic to the dogs." Doubtless this is good news for the dogs.

AN ORDER has just been placed in England for a quarter of an ounce of radium bromide. As the price is five hundred and seventy thousand dollars an ounce, the order is equal to one for four thousand tons of steel rails.

Our Infant Radium Industry

England can produce radium for six and one-half million dollars per pound. It would cost us ten million dollars per pound. Should we not protect our infant radium industry by levying a duty of seven billion dollars per short ton?

THE brutal treatment by the New York police of a Chinaman arrested in connection with the Sigel murder has drawn public attention to that abominable institution known as "The Third Degree." This grilling process is used by the police in most of our large cities in eliciting information from arrested persons. The victim is submitted to a variety of tortures; he is accused, cross-questioned; he is told falsehoods as to information alleged to have been received from other sources. He is sometimes not allowed to sleep for long periods and is frequently beaten and "done up." No friend or legal counsel is allowed near him during the inquisition. The prisoner's nerves are so wrought upon that he breaks down and confesses everything—often crimes of which he is afterwards proved innocent.

The Third Degree Must Go

The system is brutal, barbarous, indefensible, unconstitutional and un-American. It violates the principles that no man shall be obliged to testify against himself, that cruel and unusual punishment shall not be permitted, and that every man shall be considered innocent until he has been proved guilty. It is a torture as bad as that of the Spanish Inquisition, and it is an evil instrument in the hands of the most evil of our city police. The Third Degree is a reproach to our civilization. The Third Degree must go.

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The World in a Nutshell

The MONTH ABROAD

MONOPLANE stock is on the rise, and Bleriot is King. The Wright Brothers are suffering a temporary eclipse, an aeroplanist named Latham sits weeping on the coast of France and will not be comforted, and England's insular privacy is destroyed forever—all because of Bleriot, the little Frenchman who crossed the English Channel in a monoplane.

Thirty-three Minutes from France

This is not the longest aeroplane flight, nor the highest, nor the fastest, but it will go down in history as the first time the English Channel, or any very considerable body of water, was crossed in a heavier-than-air flying machine. It all happened because M. Bleriot got up early one Sunday morning and started off in his monoplane while his rival and friend, Latham, was still deep in sleep.

Bleriot's account of the voyage from Calais to Dover, which occupied only thirty-three minutes, is a thrilling tale of adventure, but the greatest danger he encountered was his reception by his demonstrative countrymen, who insisted on kissing the daring aeronaut on both cheeks. He has been busy ever since receiving the congratulations of the aeronautic world and repairing his machine—his English alas! is broken beyond repair.

Bleriot's achievement suggests to the world the inevitable day when an aeroplane will cross the Atlantic Ocean, but to England it means only chills and fever. For England is no longer an island.

TWENTY-THREE Japanese politicians, members of the present House of Representatives or of the preceding one, have just been sentenced to jail because of graft in connection with the Japanese sugar scandals. And Dr. Saks, the former president of the Japanese Sugar Company, has been unable to stand the disgrace and has committed *hara-kiri*.

Hara-kiri and Sugar

It all seems very foolish. In this country the indicted Congressmen would prove that they had only received payment for legal services. And the trust president, instead of committing *hara-kiri*, which is barbarous and messy, would simply settle with the stockholders' money, and sell short on the deal.

We are sorry that the Japanese have inherited graft with the other attributes of civilization, but the houses in which we live are far too vitreous to permit the throwing of stones. And yet the question arises: "What is there in sugar that defiles?"

AN ENGLISH antiquarian named Weigall has been studying the Egyptians of 1200 B. C., and he comes to the conclusion that the ancients were very modern people after all. Mr. Weigall describes the home of a rich Theban, who would have been thirty-one hundred years old, had he lived. There is not a speck of dust upon the Theban's floor; cakes of bread are laid out, smooth and brown. The gentleman's wig is placed near him, and on a wooden box are the gentleman's staff, and the gentleman's sandals—a new pair and an old. It does not seem at all romantic or picturesque or vivid. It seems very much like an interior scene on Fifth Avenue to-day.

The Modern Ancients

Is it possible that, after all, the ancients did not know that they were ancients?

SHOULD we provide homes for our ambassadors? There is an increasing sentiment, recently voiced by the American Embassy Association, that we should; that our dignity and prestige demand that we provide fitting homes and offices for our representatives abroad.

An Ambassador's Home

At present our ambassadors, according to their private means, live either in palaces or in second-class flats with six rooms and a bath. American travelers abroad are constantly humiliated by finding the offices of the United States of America located three flights up in a dingy old building.

The consequence of our niggardly policy towards our ambassadors has been, not that democratic and dignified simplicity which we love to think American, but either unworthy quarters, or too often the appointment of wealthy men to the position.

Even plain old Samuel Gompers, who cannot be called a lover of pomp, spoke at a dinner in London the other day of his humiliation at not finding a decent suite of offices in that city where America's business is conducted.

Our commercial firms do not hesitate to build themselves suitable quarters in the European capitals. Would it be less businesslike for so large and well-known a concern as the United States of America, Unlimited, to do likewise?

WE ARE so used to having our opera "made in Germany" and imported that it is interesting to know that the process is about to be reversed. It is definitely announced that the Berlin Royal Opera will, next season, produce Arthur Nevin's opera, *Poïa*. Mr. Nevin is a Pittsburger and his opera is based upon the legends of the Blackfeet Indians. This is the first serious American opera ever produced in Berlin and its acceptance is the most signal recognition of America by musical Europe.

American Opera for Foreign Consumption

The story of *Poïa* is a legend of great dignity and beauty, and is admirably suited to operatic use. The music is a remarkable adaptation of Indian melody, and the lyrics are ancient songs recited by men on this continent before Columbus set sail from Spain. The costumes, the stage settings, and all the accessories have been studied for years by Mr. Walter McClintock, the eminent ethnologist and Americanist.

Perhaps Mr. Nevin is the right man to dissipate the prevailing European prejudice that America's musical genius is limited to the production of ragtime and marches.

A SILENT revolution has just taken place in Germany. Prince von Buelow, the Imperial Chancellor, has resigned, and the center of power in the Empire has begun to shift from the War Lord to the Reichstag.

The Chancellor and the Reichstag

It is a very important happening; more important than the personal fate of Mr. von Buelow or the Emperor. There are some who think that the Chancellor has been forced to resign because he was light-minded, and generally a smooth politician and not a great statesman. Others believe that Von Buelow was sacrificed to the Emperor whom he snubbed less than a year ago. But these are small matters. The big thing is that the Reichstag voted against the Chancellor and the Chancellor resigned.

Hitherto there has been a great difference between England, the Mother of Parliaments, and Germany, which was only half-way constitutional. In England a minister was the representative of Parliament, created and destroyed by Parliament; in Germany he was the representative of the Emperor. If Von Buelow's successor, Dr. Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, can not secure the support of the Reichstag, he too, will doubtless have to resign. Henceforth the Imperial Government will be dependent upon the representatives of the people.

The second stage of German Constitutionalism has begun.

THE Mahomedan World has changed mightily since the Sons of the Prophet overran Africa and Spain, fought in France, conquered Constantinople, and encamped under the walls of Vienna. Even in those early roaring days there were revolutions, but they were peaceful. A Sultan was gently strangled in his bed, a new Sultan was proclaimed and the Mahomedan World, unmoved, went on living and starving and haggling and praying.

The Rebellious Sons of the Prophet

To-day things are different. The Sultan of Turkey has been deposed, the Sultan of Morocco is fighting for his throne, and the Mahomedans of India are becoming rebellious. Finally, the Shah of Persia, after quarreling with his subjects, has been deposed by the triumphant Constitutionalists, and his son has been appointed to rule in his stead. The Mahomedan World is becoming liberalized so rapidly that Nicholas II., Czar of Russia, will soon be the only remaining autocrat in the world.

It is a long step between revolution and freedom, and the Persians must win again in peace the victory gained in war. So far they have shown the necessary qualities of a strong, peaceful nation. The Constitutionalists in their entry into Teheran killed no foreigners, they treated all prisoners humanely, and the property of the banks and business houses was respected.

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The World in a Nutshell

WOMEN EVERYWHERE

TWO years ago, after several centuries of solemn thought, the English Parliament passed a law legalizing the marriage of a widower with his deceased wife's sister. This procedure, although permitted by law, is contrary to the traditions of the Established Church, and a number of the Church of England clergymen declined to marry persons in this relationship or to grant them communion. As the law of the land, however, is the law of the Church, it became necessary for the ecclesiastical authorities to reprove the trouble-making clergymen and order them to comply with the law.

England's Troublesome Marriage Question

Now, however, the protesting clergymen have found a way out of the difficulty—or think they have. At a recent meeting of the Church authorities it was resolved that since such marriages, though legal, are against the rules of the Church, the use of the Book of Common Prayer in such cases is most severely to be reprobated.

Thus the troublesome question seems settled—for awhile.

But suppose a freeborn Englishman appears before a clergyman with the Acts of Parliament in one hand and his sister-in-law in the other and demands to be married by the prayer book and accepts no substitute. What will the Church do then?

The least we can do is to hope that a marriage so contracted will be happier and less troublesome than the union of Church and State has proved in England.

SUFFRAGETTES in London continue to riot, to be fined, to be sent to jail and to be released with what is getting to be a tiresome regularity. The appearance of militant women at the opening of Parliament and the beating-up of good natured policemen is becoming such a regular thing that it threatens to become a part of England's unwritten constitution. The women have not received the suffrage as yet, but they have at least created a strong sentiment for increasing the policemen's pay.

No Vote No Husband

Meanwhile, some of their sisters in America are premeditating a campaign which, though not so athletic, may be far more effective. Fifty unmarried members of a woman's suffrage organization in New York City lately signed a pledge not to marry any man who refuses to take an active part in the struggle for votes for women. This move was made with what might be called a singleness of purpose.

It is claimed that the suffragettes' new weapon is likely to have a great effect in forwarding the cause—either by forcing the men into the movement or by leaving the women to carry on the propaganda free from household cares. But will it not mean that the suffragette type will die out and become extinct if all future girl-babies inherit from their careless mothers the same careless attitude towards the vote?

WHEN Dr. Anna Howard Shaw recently proposed that the city of Minneapolis swear in a hundred women policemen, the American continent broke into a broad grin. The spectacle of a hundred skirted and petticoated "cops" rounding up a gang of burglars or gently conducting inebriated gentlemen on a Saturday night to the hospitable police station was too much for our sense of the ridiculous. Must the timid householder of the future, fearful of his silver, telephone for a brace of lady policemen, and the bruiser, who delights in doing up his fellow men, be kept in order by a delicate policeman in high-heeled slippers?

The Lady Policeman

And yet the idea is serious and wise. We should have women policemen, not on the beat, but in the stations, about the courts, and, if necessary, at the homes of men likely to commit crimes. We are learning something now about the criminal, and we no longer regard him as a bad man, to start with, but rather as a young fellow without an education, or a training, or a chance. The man who holds you up on the public highway, or becomes attached to your watch in a crowd, may be a grown up child who never had a friendly word, and who was working in a factory when he should have been at play. Modern penologists agree that the average criminal is made, not born, and that what he needs is not the jail, which only makes him worse, but education and kindness and mothering.

When it comes to education and kindness and mothering, there is nobody who will take the place of an educated, kindly, and motherly woman.

THE Liberal British Parliament, which has done so much to carry Great Britain along the road of progress, has added to its fame by the Children's Act, which went into effect in April of this year. This act contains one hundred and thirty-four sections and would cover twenty full pages of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. It is not so much a law as a splendid code of laws, extending the protection of the State to all children from the day of birth to the sixteenth year. The code is death on baby-farmers, childbeaters, and all persons who seek their profit in the destruction of little children.

Protection for Infant Britishers

Hereafter no person, not a relative, will be allowed to adopt or take care of a British child without the consent of the local government, and the government inspectors must certify that the care-taker is not immoral, or a criminal or drunkard, and that the premises are not dangerous, insanitary or overcrowded. The man or woman who beats a child is liable to a fine of five hundred dollars and a jail sentence of two years. It is unlawful to insure babies, or to sell children liquor, or to permit minors under fourteen in saloons, or to sell boys under sixteen cigarettes or cigarette papers. The blue-coated "bobbie" enjoys the right of search, and he may rifle the pockets of juvenile suspects, and remove and confiscate everything smokable. The new code applies all over the United Kingdom—to each and every one of the fifteen million boys and girls of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

It is an example to all our States. It is to be regretted that our Constitution does not permit one code for the whole nation, so that the protection now given to the children of Massachusetts, New York and Illinois might be extended to the tired little mill boys of North Carolina.

A WOMAN in Silesia has been haled into court by her husband because she persisted in growing thin in opposition to his wishes. In his petition for a divorce the Silesian gentleman declared that the lady obtained her husband under false pretenses, for when he married her she was full sized and of ample and generous proportions and he had every reason to believe that she would remain so. When slimness became the fashion, however, she suddenly began fading away in order to wear the latest style of empire gown. She rode horseback three hours each morning, played tennis two hours, and then took long fat-reducing walks. Complainant further avers that she ate like a bird. How successful was this strenuous pursuit of slenderness may be judged from the fact that in three months' time she had lost thirty-one pounds and a portly husband

The Disappearing Wife

For the hard-hearted Silesian judge granted the captious husband's plea for a divorce and delivered a fiery attack upon the prevailing styles in feminine architecture. He laid down the principle that no lady has a right to fade away without her husband's consent, and he completely disallowed defendant's plea that half a wife is better than none.

The wife is left free to continue her disappearing process as long as she likes. It is hoped that her frugal habits of living will prove useful to her, now that she is deprived of a husband's support.

WE HAVE always had the American schoolmarm, but according to a report of the United States Commissioner of Education, we now have her more than ever—and better. There are fewer men teachers to-day in the country than in 1875, while there are almost two and one-half times as many women teachers. Three hundred and sixty-nine thousand American schoolmarms are teaching the young American idea how to shoot, and every year there are more lady and fewer men teachers. And the schoolmarms are better than ever before, and better paid, though not yet paid nearly enough.

The American Schoolmarm

Some German professors and a few antiseptic near-Americans have rushed into print to complain about the swarming of the schoolmarms, and protesting that the schools are being over-feminized. We have not noticed it. The average American boy does not yet seem to show any unhealthy signs of shrinking, over-studiousness, and weakness, or any other of the vices that we associate with the gentler sex. He still retains a lingering taste for baseball, and he occasionally goes fishing or swimming instead of being allured by the over-feminized school.

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POINT & PLEASANTRY

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

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Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

Have Ye Weighed This Matter Well?

THE woman of the future was about to start downtown, when her husband placed his arms around her neck and kissed her.

"Darling, light of my life," he whispered softly, "I love you more than words can tell."

"Oh, you do eh?" she responded, suspiciously; "Well, what is it now, Henry—a new silk hat or a pair of trousers?"

English as She Is Spoke

THE teacher of "conversational French" in a certain Eastern college was a lively mademoiselle "just over."

One bright afternoon she stopped two girls very excitedly. She wanted to buy an "*eponge pour la bain*," but did not know what to ask for.

"Bath sponge. Tell the salesman you want a big bath sponge to take home with you," said the girls in chorus, and they accompanied her to the village drug store.

A young clerk stepped forward. Mademoiselle advanced bravely.

"Please," she said, smilingly, "will you kindly take me home and give me a big sponge bath?"—WM. C. BENNETT.

What Could She Have Heard?

PROFESSOR ROBERT HERRICK possesses a full share of the artist's sensitiveness in regard to the inartistic. Some years ago he had for next-door neighhors a family among whose charms good taste was lacking.

One morning the professor's little daughter made an unexpected call at the house of this family. "Show me the rug in your room," she demanded with childish imperiousness.

The lady of the house suppressed her wonder and took her little visitor upstairs. Inside the door the child stood and stared at the rug for a couple of minutes. "Hm!" she said, and sat herself firmly in a chair, her eyes glued to the rug. Finally she confided to her wondering hostess, "Well, it doesn't make *me* sick!"—F. M. BJÖRKMAN.

"No Wedding Bells for Him"

A PROMINENT rabbi of Pittsburg met recently at a dinner a priest, whom he had known intimately years before. During the meal the conversation took a bantering turn, and the father, turning to the rabbi, inquired: "My friend, when are you going to begin eating pork?" Instantly the rabbi replied, "At your wedding, sir."

HOMER B. HEDGE.

The Piazza Cat

THE *habitat* of this ubiquitous animal is any piazza in the summer zone, hence the classification, *Felinus Porchibus*. Her chief occupation is scratching. She is necessarily gregarious, since she never operates upon herself—worse luck!—but upon the reputations of those so fortunate as to be of another species. Therefore an assistant with equally long, sharp claws and as gentle a purr is a necessity of her being.

The Piazza Cats are usually fed, housed, and kept in extreme idleness by galley-slaves known as husbands, who grill in red-hot frying-pans called city offices, to fry out the fat of the land upon which the Piazza Cats subsist. This process also supplies the unlimited amount of leisure required by *Felinus Porchibus* for scratching purposes.

As is the case with all felines, they can see best in the dark. They have even been known to detect dark deeds that were never committed.

They are particularly inimical to fine fabrics; and will destroy, in a single afternoon conclave, the delicately-woven tapestry of a reputation that has taken three generations to produce.

The Piazza Cat may be known by an unfailing sign to the careful observer of unnatural history—the velvety dulcet quality of her purr. Wise folk can always detect it, and look immediately for the pins in her pincushion paws.

There is no remedy for her. Attempts at extermination on the part of press and pulpit are useless, as the galley-slaves who breed her are legion—and they are imbued with a wholesome fear of her claws. So, like Tennyson's babbling, burbling, bubbling, unmuzzled brook, she goes on forever.

The only alleviation to be looked for lies in the hope that, some glorious day, some great scientist, goaded to desperation, will discover an antitoxin which shall destroy her scratchabilities and be called Rough on Cats.

—LILLIAN PASCHAL DAY.

Baseball Fatalities

A BASEBALL enthusiast took his wife to the ball game. That night the "fan" was awakened from his slumber by his better half shouting in her dreams: "Kill the umpire! Kill the umpire!" Half asleep he sprang out of bed, and in doing so knocked over the washstand. The crash awoke Mrs. "Fan." "Did you kill the umpire, John?" she inquried.

"No," replied John angrily. "But I smashed the pitcher."—J. RAY MURRAY.

Did n't Wear 'Em

JIMMIE giggled when the teacher read the story of the Roman who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt a trained swimmer could do that, do you, James?"

"No, sir," answered Jimmie; "but I wondered why he did n't make it four and get back to the side his clothes were on."—G. B. BUCHANAN.

Victorious Even Unto Death

AS MOST of us know, P. T. Barnum died but a few months after his competitor in the "show" business, Adam Forepaugh.

When Barnum arrived at the pearly gates he was welcomed by Forepaugh, who exclaimed exultingly, "Well, Pete, I got ahead of you *this* time!"

P. T. did not answer, but smiled as he pointed to a large bill posted near the main entrance. It read:

"WAIT FOR BARNUM—COMING SOON."

W. E. P.

A Bad Memory

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS once went abroad to study music.

He was a young man, and when, after a two weeks' voyage, he landed in France, he was very homesick. He stood it for two days and then booked his passage on the same ship and returned to America.

When he rang the bell at his home in Brooklyn, his sister opened the door.

"Why, Harvey!" she exclaimed, "What *is* the matter?"

"Oh," he replied innocently, "I forgot my toothbrush."—C. B. L., Jr.

Visiting Day

MRS. A. was more shocked than amused when, in reply to her question, "Who was at Sunday-school this morning?" her four year old daughter said, "Everybody but Jesus."

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. A., "wherever did you get such an idea?"

"He was out visiting this morning," the little lady confidently said.

"Daughter," said Mrs. A., "who told you such a story?"

"Nobody did n't tell me, mother, but they just kept singing it over and over again: 'Jesus is calling, He's calling to-day.'"—MRS. GRACE WILLIAMS ROBINS.

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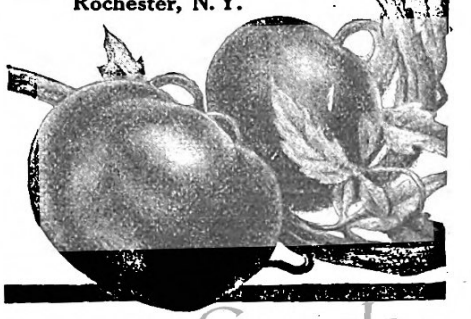

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WHO'S BOSS in your life—

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT

Keep Fresh

NOT long since I had a letter from a rising young lawyer who is suffering from a complete nervous breakdown. He had, at the start, a strong constitution, but was so ambitious to make a name for himself that he had undermined it by working much of the time more than fifteen hours a day. He had the insane idea, which so many have, that the man who keeps everlastingly at it, sticks to his task year in and year out, has a great advantage over the one who works fewer hours and takes frequent vacations.

For years this young man allowed himself practically no change or recreation—very rarely took even a short vacation—and now, when he should be in a position to do the greatest thing possible to him, when he should be most productive and vigorous, when his creative ability should be at its maximum, he is compelled, because of his mental breakdown, to relinquish his profession, perhaps forever. He thought he could not afford to take frequent trips to the country, or even an occasional day off to play golf, as other young lawyers did; that he must make a name for himself while others were playing. So he kept on overdrawing his account at Nature's bank, and now he is going through physical bankruptcy.

No matter how healthy or capable a person may be, the brain-cells and faculties which are constantly used, like the bow which is always tightly strung, lose their elasticity, their grip and firmness, and become jaded, dull, and flabby.

The brain that is continually exercised in one's occupation or profession, with little or no change, is not capable of the vigorous, spontaneous action of the brain that gets frequent recreation and change. The man who keeps everlastingly at it, who has little fun or play in his life, usually gets into a rut early in his career, and shrivels and dries up for lack of variety, of mental food and stimulus. Nothing is more beneficial to the mental or physical worker than frequent change—a fresh viewpoint. Everywhere we see men who have gone to seed early, become rutty and uninteresting, because they worked too much and played too little. Monotony is a great shriveler of ability.

Ambitious workers in vigorous health are apt to apply themselves too closely to their work, and not to take sufficient rest and recreation. But the greatest achievers are not those who are forever grinding away at their work; who, whenever you meet them, never fail to impress it upon you that their time is precious—they must be going, must be on the move.

I know a business man in New York, the head of a large concern, who rarely spends more than two or three hours a day in his office, and is often away months at a time, recreating and traveling, refreshing his mind. This man knows the value of play. He resolved early in life always to keep himself fresh and vigorous, in a condition to approach his task with the maximum of power, instead of weakening his faculties and demoralizing his whole system, as many men do, by perpetually grinding away at his work.

The result is that he is making a great success of life. It means something for this dynamic young man to be in his office; things move. He puts them through with tremendous force and rapidity, because he has a surplus of physical stamina. His business system works with mathematical exactness, and he accomplishes more in a few hours than most men who spend eight or nine hours daily in their offices, and take their work home at night, do in a whole day.

There is nothing truer than the saying that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The fact that we have such a strong instinct for fun indicates that it was intended we should have a good deal of it in our lives. But a great number of employees are obliged to work many hours a day, simply because their employers have not yet learned the magic of a fresh brain and vigorous physique.

It was never intended that man should be a slave to his work, that he should exhaust all his energy in getting a living, and have practically none left for making a life. The time will come when it will be generally acknowledged that it is possible to do more work, and of a better quality, in a much shorter day than our present average working day.

The great majority of people do their work mechanically, and regard it as unavoidable drudgery, whereas all work should be a delight, as it would be if all workers were in the right place and worked only when they were fresh and vigorous. Then the exercise of brain and muscle would give a sense of well-being, and work would be a tonic, not a grind; life a delight, not a struggle.

Many a man who has made a slave of himself is suffering the tortures of a disappointed, thwarted ambition, simply because he never learned the importance, the imperative necessity, of always maintaining a high mental and physical standard, of always keeping himself fresh, so that he could bring the highest possible percentage of efficiency to his task. The art of arts is that of self-refreshment, self-renewal, self-rejuvenation.

▲ ▲

Crotchets at the Breakfast Table

MANY people feel very cross and touchy in the morning, before they get up steam. They don't like to be talked to or meddled with. Their patience is often at its lowest ebb then, and they are more unstable and more likely to explode than at any other time during the day.

The breakfast table seems to be the place for the exhibition of about all the disagreeable traits and little, mean qualities of many families. The children are often touchy, rude and quarrelsome, the mother fretful and fussy, and the father frequently makes the assembling at breakfast an occasion to give harsh orders, to tell unpleasant truths, and to make disagreeable remarks generally.

I have been in homes where the children seemed fairly to dread to go to the breakfast table because the father was so cross and crabbed, and the mother so fractious and peevish.

It is a habit in many homes for the members of the family to talk over all of their troubles and worries, and to express their anxieties and fears in regard to the day at the morning meal. I have sat at breakfast tables where no one seemed to feel under the slightest obligation to contribute to the pleasure of the occasion. All the members of the family sat down at the table in careless, even slovenly, dress, especially if they happened to be in a hurry. The father would bury himself in a paper, the mother would scold and nag, and everybody seemed to feel at liberty to be as cross and crabbed and disagreeable as he liked.

It ought to be a principle in every home to keep all unpleasant things away from the table, especially at breakfast, and to make the meal hours the happiest occasions of the day. The children should be reared with the idea that they are to appear at their very best at the table; that they must never bring a sour, gloomy face to it; that each gathering round the family board is an occasion for good-cheer; that no note of discord will be tolerated at these meetings.

▲ ▲

Adult Education

DID you ever think of the possibilities of the every-day education, the education which we can all pick up in all sorts of places and from all sorts of people?

Some men and women seem to drink in knowledge through their very pores. They absorb it everywhere. They are always studying people, reading human nature, imbibing knowledge from every source. Everybody they meet must contribute something to their store.

We often see these people who have never been to college, and have had very little regular schooling, and yet are wonderfully well posted. They are able to converse well upon all sorts of subjects because they go through the world with their eyes open, their ears open, their minds open, their perceptions alert. Their lives are enriched by this constant alertness and the absorptive power of all the mental faculties.

How few people appreciate the wonderful opportunities of every-day life for storing up wisdom that is priceless!

Among the greatest needs of this country to-day are writers and speakers who can show the possibilities of adult education. There is a very general conviction that if one does not get his education during the few impressionable years of his youth, the opportunity is gone forever. Nothing is more false.

This impression is due in large measure to over-emphasis of the importance of mere ability to commit to memory. But this is not so essential in acquiring an education as the ability to observe, to think, to generalize; the power to grasp ideas with vigor; to analyze them.

While it is of the utmost importance to get the grounding of one's education early in life, and before one settles down to his life-work, yet there are some advantages, if one only has grit, determination, and application, in getting an education when the mind is more mature.

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Men Who Balk Under Heavy Loads

THIS morning I saw a pair of horses which had evidently become discouraged by being hitched to loads that were too heavy for them. At the start they did their best to go forward; when the driver struck them with his whip they made an effort to pull; but one could see that their spirit had been broken; the long struggle with unequal burdens had caused them to lose their confidence and their grip, and after awhile they ceased to make any effort to move.

I have often seen other horses loaded beyond their strength; but no matter how heavy their load, they would pull again and again with all their might, stretching to the utmost every muscle, nerve, and fiber in them; and, although they could not start the load, they would never give up trying.

Everywhere in life we find people like those horses. Some have become discouraged by trying to carry too heavy a load, and finally give up the struggle. They spurt a little now and again, but there is no heart, no spirit in their effort. The buoyancy and cheer and enthusiasm have gone out of their lives. They have been tugging away over heavy loads so long that they have become disheartened. There is no more fight in them.

There are others who, no matter how heavy their load, will never cease in their efforts to go forward. They will try a thousand times with all their might and main; they will tug away until completely exhausted; they will gather their strength and try again and again without losing heart or courage. Nothing will daunt them, or induce them to give up the struggle. When everybody else lets go, they stick because they are made of winning material, the mettle which never gives up.

▲ ▲

He Conquered His Unfortunate Heredity

HOW MANY people are kept back because of an unfortunate family history! The son of the notorious bandit, Jesse James, some time ago carried off the highest honor, *summa cum laude*, in the Kansas City Law School. Judge Silas Porter, of the Supreme Court of Kansas, delivered the address on the occasion.

For years young James has been the only support of his widowed mother. He has worked in a packing house, attended a cigar stand, and has done all sorts of things to secure an education and make his way in the world; and at last he has succeeded in overcoming the handicap of his fearful inheritance.

His success ought to be a great encouragement to the unfortunate boys and girls whose fathers or mothers have disgraced them and placed them at cruel odds with the world.

▲ ▲

Tire Themselves Getting Ready

WASHINGTON IRVING tells a story of a man who tried to jump over a hill. He went back so far to get his start for the great leap, and ran so hard, that he was completely exhausted when he came to the hill, and had to lie down and rest. Then he got up and walked over the hill.

A great many people exhaust themselves getting ready to do their work. They are always preparing. They spend their lives getting ready to do something which they never do.

It is an excellent thing to keep improving oneself, to keep growing; but there must be a time to begin the great work of life. I know a man who is almost forty years old, who has not yet decided what he is going to do. He has graduated from college, and taken a number of post-graduate courses—but all along general lines. He has not yet begun to specialize. This man fully believes he is going to do great things yet. I hope he may.

▲ ▲

When You Have Found Your Place

You will be happy in it—contented, joyous, cheerful, energetic.

The days will be all too short for you. Dinner time and closing time will come before you realize it.

All your faculties will give their consent to your work; will say "Amen" to your occupation. There will be no protest anywhere in your nature.

You will not feel humiliated because you are a farmer, or a blacksmith, or a shoemaker; because, whatever your occupation or profession, you will be an artist instead of an artisan.

You will not apologize because you are not this or that, because you will have found your place and will be satisfied.

You will feel yourself growing in your work, and your life broadening and deepening.

Your work will be a perpetual tonic to you. There will be no drudgery in it.

You will go to your task with delight and leave it with regret.

Life will be a glory, not a grind.

⚜ ⚜

Face the world with your heart forward and your backbone straight.

For your work's sake, for your friends' sake, for your health's sake, quit worrying.

Wherever you see the Victor dog there is a Victor dealer who will gladly play for you—without obligation—any Victor music you want to hear.

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

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

Use a Little Gumption.

ALL SPOONFULS MAY LOOK ALIKE — BUT ARE THEY?

¶ THE WHITE-SOLID-SOAP PASTE in jar on right is made of one Tablespoonful of PEARLINE Washing Powder and one quart of water by usual directions which you will find on every package. You will have to use double or more of its followers to accomplish the same work.

¶ THE YELLOW — THIN — CURDY MIXTURE in Jar on left is made of one Tablespoonful of another well known Washing Powder and one quart of water. There's more difference in Quality than in price.

A Tablespoonful of Soap Powder should weigh an ounce and make a Quart of Solid Soap Paste or Soft Soap

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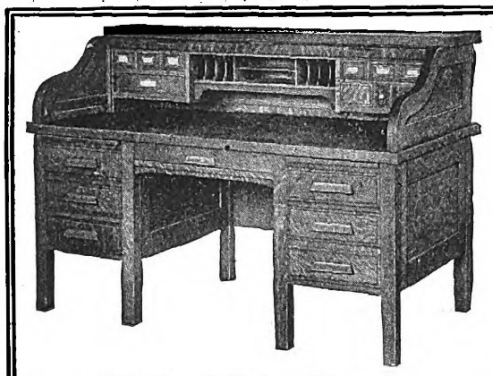

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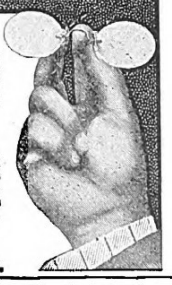

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Double-Crossing the Bar

[*Continued from page 554*]

banked up with financial facts and figures: "Prohibition will ruin Mayfield. Where you now have prosperity and plenty you will have idleness and want. The saloons have been badly run, I admit that. They have violated the law, I admit that. As for myself, I had no idea how lawless they were until this campaign brought out the truth. I admit that a change should be made—the dive must go. Let us have high license and strict regulation, not prohibition. You can not enforce prohibition; it will make liars and hypocrites, and destroy the trade of the town. We can't afford to try a tom-fool experiment and lose our country customers; we'll never get them back. To show you how much it will hurt our town, I state it as a fact that Simon Kips, who lives in Jonesboro, has contributed five hundred dollars to the prohibition campaign fund of this county. He knows that he will get our trade; that Jonesboro will become a city and leave Mayfield, high and dry, a village in the woods. If this town goes dry, I offer my property at fifty cents on the dollar—I'll move away. But I tell you, my friends, it shall not go dry. Simon Kips contributed five hundred dollars to ruin it; here is my check for a thousand to keep the town happy and prosperous."

It was the same speech that had been made a thousand times in prohibition campaigns throughout America. But Isador Bruner really believed the stock arguments furnished him by the National Whisky Association.

Izzy's Generous Offer Is Accepted

During the thunderous applause that followed this announcement nobody noticed a white-haired man who inched his way nearer to the speaker's stand. His clear and courteous voice rang out: "May I ask the speaker a question?" Bruner looked down. It was General Marion.

"Certainly, General."

The old man spoke very distinctly, and very slowly: "Mr. Bruner, if I understood you correctly, you offer to sell your property at fifty cents on the dollar, if the town goes dry. I know you to be a man of your word, and I accept your offer. The Bruner Block is assessed at sixty thousand dollars. I now offer one hundred thousand dollars cash for that property on the day Winchester County goes dry. I have confidence in the future of this town and will buy you out. Will you sign this agreement?"

For the first time in Bruner's life he flickered on his own proposition. His backdown was not graceful, but it was effectual, and his speech limped along to an inglorious conclusion.

* * * * * * *

Winchester County went drier than gunpowder in Sahara. When the votes were counted and the calamity announced, Bud Lyman blamed it on "that row at Jerry's, the baby-carriage campaign, and the women. Nobody could beat that combination."

A Pleasant Hour with a Balance-Sheet

Two years passed during which, for sixteen months, there had been no saloons in Mayfield. Isador Bruner bent over the balance-sheet of his year's business. A smile of satisfaction widened upon his countenance. Turning to that saddest of all sad items, "Outstanding Accounts," he saw that it was less than it had been for many years. His eye ran down the long list of negroes who had paid, and the short list of delinquents. Among those who had paid in full were many who had habitually fallen behind in previous years. He had always had to foreclose their accounts, sell out, and start them over again. Bruner began to understand the causes—too much time in the barrooms and too little time in the fields. This year these negroes did not have the customary charges against them—"Order to Jerry Sims, $5"—amounting to fifty or seventy-five dollars. Instead of paying this money to Jerry, Bruner sold shoes and hats to the negroes.

Bruner felt in such good humor that he wanted to talk to his old friend, John Ward—they had patched up their differences—so he strolled into the bank. "Hello, John." Mr. Ward rose with a smile. "Mr. Bruner, let me introduce Dr. Waddill."

A stately gentleman shook his hand. "Yes, I know of Mr. Bruner."

"Dr. Waddill," explained Mr. Ward, "has made up his mind to become a citizen of Mayfield. He will be a customer and a friend of the bank, having just made a considerable deposit."

Bruner gave the old gentleman's hand another wring.

"Yes," said Dr. Waddill, "I have several daughters to educate, and hesitated between Jonesboro and Mayfield. Mayfield has improved so much in the last two years that I decided to come here. It's far ahead of Jonesboro—so much more orderly, and better business; and when our church completed the new seminary, that clinched the argument in favor of Mayfield. By the way, you never would have got that school while you had a town full of saloons."

Izzy Sees a Great Light

Mr. Ward glanced at Izzy and laughed outright. "Izzy, I don't mean to rub it in, but let me show you the reports from the compress and the oil mill. They haven't had the usual trouble with labor since we closed the saloons. It isn't like it used to be on Monday mornings—can't start up because the hands haven't got sober. You'll read the result in your dividends."

Izzy smiled inwardly; he relished the dividends but hated to eat his crow in public.

This remark kept Izzy thinking hard, as he walked back to the emporium. Sometimes he smiled, and sometimes he shook his head as if convinced against his will. The bookkeeper glanced up from his desk and nodded toward the private office. "Mr. Lyman is in there."

"Hello, Izzy." Bud Lyman came straight to his errand. "It's time for us to start the ball rolling for a new election on the liquor question. How would the last Tuesday in August suit you? That allows us about three months for a still-hunt campaign. No more whoop and hoorah for me; we would have beat the life out of 'em before, if it had n't been for that squabble at Jerry's. The people are quiet this year, and we'll get in our work without making any noise about it." Lyman talked on easily, without waiting for a word from Bruner, and wound up with "A whole lot of folks have changed their minds."

The Moving Power of the Dividend

"Yes," remarked Bruner, thoughtfully, "a whole lot of people have changed their minds. Now sit right still, Bud Lyman, and listen to me. This town went dry in spite of everything I could do to prevent it. I thought the place was ruined, and was making plans to sell out and get away. I fooled along with the business for several months, trying to get it in shape to wind up. But my customers did n't go to Jonesboro to get whisky; niggers won't go far to get anything. If you put whisky right under their noses they'll buy it, but if it ain't there, they won't take the trouble to hunt for it. New trade kept coming in; they bought a better class of goods, and paid cash. That's the beauty of it; I got the money instead of the barkeepers getting it. During the last two years my trade in this store has been bigger than ever. I've got six more clerks than I had last season. Look at the balance-sheet; it

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shows a smaller proportion of bad debts than it has for any other year in the whole history of the business. In the retail department we are crediting people who, in the barroom days, had to pay cash—and never had the cash to pay. They are spending their money for dry-goods and groceries instead of for whisky—that 's the truth of it. Take the country niggers: they stayed at home this year and picked their cotton, instead of loafing around town and calling on me for cash to pay cotton-pickers. I have not advanced a single cent to pay fines and constables and justices of the peace. Niggers have got out of the jail habit."

Bruner stopped a moment, reached into his desk and produced an old newspaper. "Here 's the speech I made that night when General Marion called my bluff about selling out my property. He would have cleared fifty thousand on the deal. Real-estate values have increased, rents have increased, and there 's not a vacant storehouse in the town. Some of the stores stood empty for awhile, but they filled up at good rents for respectable business. You know that."

Bud Lyman listened, bewildered. He could n't imagine where all of this was leading. Izzy went on: "Oh, yes, the public school. Prohibition was going to close that. But it did n't. No; we built an addition and got four more teachers. Had to do it—so many working people were able to buy books and shoes for their children and send them to school."

A Prohibitionist for Business Reasons

"Bud, have you heard how well the oil mill is doing this year? The biggest improvement we ever made was when we nailed up the door of that saloon across the street. Those were the biggest nails ever driven in that neighborhood. And we don't have any accidents. Jack Rathbone used to tell me how much trouble he had with his labor on account of that dive on the corner, but I did n't believe him. Dividends prove it this year. Everything running like a clock. Did you notice the bank statements? More deposits, especially in the savings department. I tell you, Bud, Mayfield lacks a heap of being ruined by prohibition."

Izzy walked up and down the room for several minutes without saying a word. Then he turned full upon the other man and spoke very quietly: "Bud, I don't look like a long-haired fanatic, nor a cold-water crank? I 'm a prohibitionist for business reasons. Yes, Bud, you are right: lots of people have changed their minds—me, too. We won't have another election."

Railroads

RAILROADS are made for the purpose of bringing prominent hotels together in different parts of the country, also to supply our best people with California fruit, and to provide bond issues.

Our railroads are very numerous, and friendly engines are constantly running across us.

Every self-respecting railroad has a president, a board of directors, a Wall Street broker, and a seat in the Senate. It is also made up of rolling-stock and watered stock. Private stock is also seen in some of its parlor-cars.

Besides its parlor-cars, there are freight-cars which transport furniture. If you are moving from one part of the country to the other, and should put your furniture in a freight-car, you would never see it again, because it is the business of freight-cars loaded with furniture to wander around without a home. If you were the head of a meat trust, however, and should fill a freight-car with your goods, it would reach its destination in double-quick time.

One of the uses of our railroads is to kill off every year about fifty thousand of our commonest people. This leaves all the more for us.

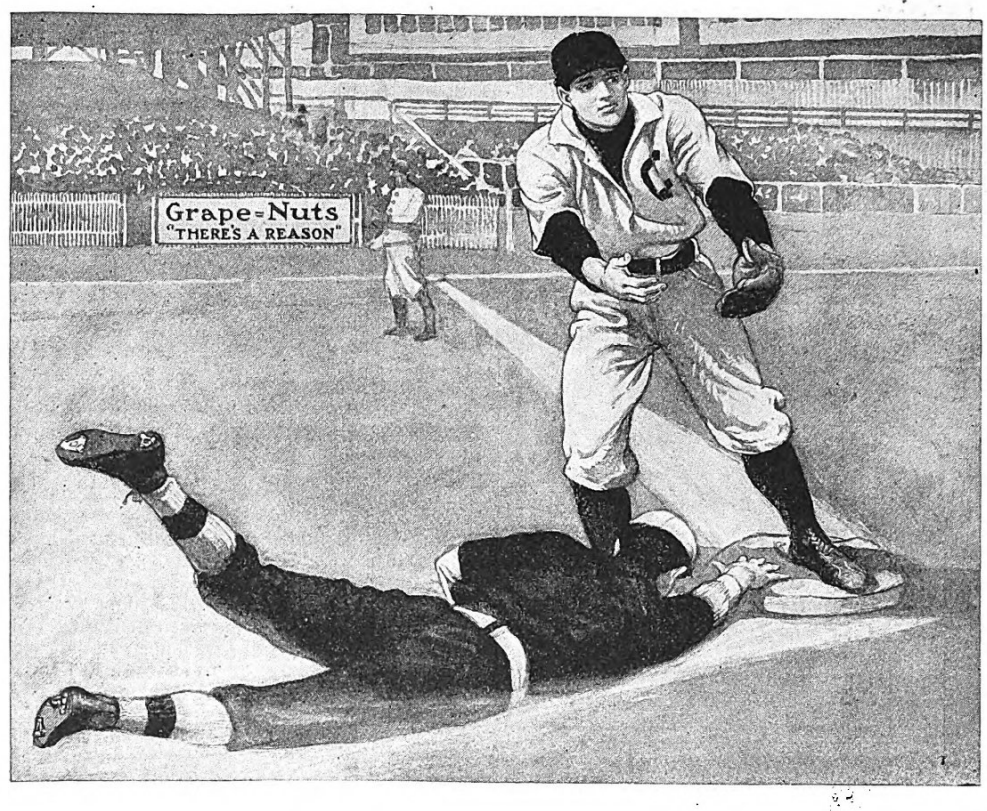
But railroads also have their responsibilities: they are responsible for our suburbs; also for our popular lecturers.

The Convict's Request

CONVICT No. 23: "Bill, wot 's that violinist playin' out there under our window?"

CONVICT 24: "'America, de Land o' de Free'!"

CONVICT 23: "Tell 'im to come inside and saw off a few bars fer us."



Ball-Players

Need Snap and Judgment

Grape-Nuts

Food

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WINCHESTER

Self-Loading Rifle, .351 Caliber, High Power

This six-shot repeater utilizes the recoil to reload itself, which places loading, as well as shooting, under the control of the trigger finger. The ease, rapidity and accuracy with which it can be shot make it a particularly effective rifle for big game hunting, where the quarry often has to be shot on the run. The .351 Caliber, High-Power cartridge has great killing power, making it heavy enough for the largest game.

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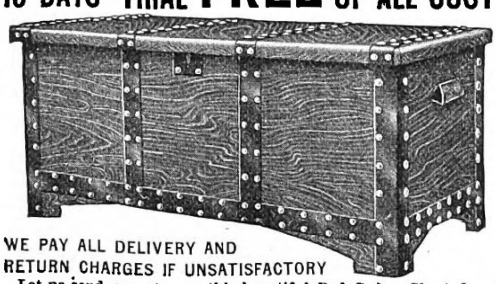

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Mrs. Curtiss's Home Corner

Two Magnetic, Sympathetic Women at Opposite Ends of the Social Scale

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

I WOULD never have dreamed of searching in an Old Ladies' Home for a lesson in contentment. Would you? Still, that is where I found it. My idea of such a home had been conjured from imagination, from acquaintance with certain old ladies who had outgrown their welcome in one household after another, and from Mary Wilkins's stories. Do you remember one, where two ancient dames, each in utter contempt of the other's existence, dwelt in one room, with a chalk mark down the center of the floor? My first visit to an Old Ladies' Home was when a friend asked me to accompany her to a birthday party being given there for a relative of hers. The doors stood wide open, and through the house blew balmy June breezes. Birds sang in the tall elms, flowers bloomed inside and out; it was a most delightful place in which to grow old. The old lady's small room was a bower of blossom. A débutante could scarcely have received more attention, or such an array of gifts. They were not all hothouse blooms, but they told of tenderest love and the most sincere friendship. I went empty-handed, and immediately I was wishing I had brought a gift of some sort, if nothing more than the handful of pansies one women carried. It was not the feeling that every one else had gifts. I wanted some token to show that even a stranger could feel, instantly, the beauty of a happy, unselfish, nature, which had dwelt in the sunshine for eighty years, making sunshine for all around her. Aunt Lina was not without the frailties of old age, only the frost had never touched her heart.

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"How is it," I queried, "that such a women as Aunt Lina is ending her life in an Old Ladies' Home?"

"That is what everybody asks," said my friend. "When she was left alone—for her husband and children have gone before—scores of homes were thrown open to her, not only by relatives, but by friends and neighbors. Aunt Lina was wanted everywhere. She explained to each of us, in her gentle way, that she could not possibly choose a home from so many. Besides, she had always planned that if a day should come when she must leave the old house, an Old Ladies' Home would be her choice. In every one she had visited, there were so many who were poor, or lonely, or sorrowful, some one was needed to cheer them. We said, in one breath, 'that is Aunt Lina to the life.' So she had her way, though we hated to let her go. She never spends a whole year there. She goes visiting frequently, and what a welcome she has! Why, at Christmas and Thanksgiving we actually draw lots for Aunt Lina. Nobody urges her to stay after she announces that she must go home. I believe, even if I have not reached old age, I should feel as she does. I would want one little room I could call home, where I might go in and close the door when I wanted to be alone. She can never be lonely, though, because she has so many happy memories. There may be sad ones, only we never hear of them.

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ONE remark of Aunt Lina's I overheard was a little sermon in itself. "How do you still keep your youth at eighty?" some one asked her. "My dear," said the old lady, "if there should ever come a night when I could lay my head upon the pillow and feel there was no work waiting for me to-morrow, and not a soul dependent upon me to help in some way, I should grow old, *terribly old*, immediately." There's a recipe for you, worth all the Dew of Roses and Skin of Lilies ever distilled! Besides, it is more than skin deep.

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AUNT LINA knew what she was doing when she went into the Old Ladies' Home. If a job awaits any one in the cheering-up business, it is right there. In the hall I came face to face with a woman I had once known, but had so completely forgotten that it was a shock to find her alive. I spent half an hour with her. What a contrast her little room was to Aunt Lina's! The sun shone in at the windows, yet it was gloomy and forlorn, because its occupant had a heart that was full of envy and bitterness. The cheerful doings next door were gall and wormwood to her. I listened to a plaint of how nobody came to call on her, nobody brought her flowers; she did not get a letter once a month. She might as well be dead and buried, so far as anybody knew or cared. I did not confess that for a moment I was stunned to find her still above ground. I remembered her in the days when she had been a neighbor of ours—not exactly the neighbor you hate, but one you simply tolerate I could not recollect *one* kindly, sympathetic, unselfish thing she had ever done, or one friendly word she had ever spoken of any one. That is an awful verdict on a human life; still, it is true. I mentioned her as I said good-by to the kindly matron at the Home. Her face clouded. "She is the only one here," she said, "who does not love Aunt Lina. She has but one enjoyment; that is to dig up the memory of every slight, every unkindness, injustice, or sorrow that ever came into her life, and live it over again."

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WOMEN sometimes accuse me of having no mercy upon my own sex. "You cudgel them," wrote one correspondent. I leave it to every woman who reads this page, if the female who is cussed, lugubrious, or pessimistic, is not the most awful proposition on this planet. One complaint, made by the unhappy old dame who threw brickbats at Aunt Lina, was that she never in her life had a chance to step in and make friends with every one in town. Her idea was that wealth or beauty or genius or some other wonderful gift is needed to make friends. That is the mistaken idea of thousands.

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SOME months ago, the wife a well-known man died. She was mourned for by a whole city, not publicly, but individually, to such a degree that a stranger looked on and marveled. She had wealth and position, yet she was neither beautiful, clever, nor accomplished. People, who mourned her never spoke of her money or social influence. When she did give of her wealth, and she was doing it constantly in the most unostentatious way, the cash seemed always the lesser gift. After her death the husband confessed he knew his wife was widely beloved, but the throngs of people, rich and poor, who came to the funeral, and the sympathetic letters he received from men and women who were utter strangers to him, was a revelation of what her life-work had been. Somewhere, at some time, his wife had done some kindly deed for each one. That was the story told by all.

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I HAPPENED to be one of a gathering of women, that night, when she lay dying, and every one had a story to tell of some kindness done. One women said, "I never saw any one so prostrated by the news that there was no hope as was Mrs. B. Do you remember when Mrs. B's husband came to Congress? I had never seen such extraordinary gowns in my life as that woman wore. They were the vagaries of some ambitious dressmaker in the heart of the Woolly West. The poor little soul did not even know what to do with her scanty hair. She was a sight, and became a laughing-stock for a group of silly, heartless women. It suddenly dawned upon her one day that she was a dismal failure; instead of becoming a social success, as she had hoped to, and helping her husband, she was hindering him. She stopped making calls or accepting invitations, and shrank like some frightened thing from meeting even those who felt kindly towards her. Years later I came to know her well, and last night, in sorrow over her dying friend she told me why she loved her so well.

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"'I was just longing for Congress to adjourn so I could go home,' said this little women, 'when one day a caller came, who stood so high socially I was almost afraid to act naturally. She had a kindlier face and sweeter manner than I had met in any women in Washington. Before I realized what I was doing, I broke down and told her my trouble. In those days I was a howling joke for a crowd of women too cruel to hide the fun I made for them. She knew it. I could tell that from the silence with which she received my story. Years after, I discovered she came purposely that afternoon to try and straighten out things for me. No one can ever understand how gently and considerately she did it. She went with me to buy some new gowns, and showed me how much better I looked with my hair dressed differently. There was never a critical, thoughtless word to hurt. At her next large social function, she asked me to receive with her. From that day on there were no more cruel snubs or disdainful smiles for me. I was her friend. What was of largest consequence to the multitude of society women was that she had wealth and influence. It was of the least to me. Her gracious kindliness, her constant sympathy and gentle thoughfulness were what I most fully treasured.'"

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Some months ago, I made the acquaintance of a charming English girl who is buyer for a great department store. She draws one of the largest salaries paid by the firm. I asked her once how she achieved it.

"We had just crossed the ocean and got settled in Washington," she said, "when my father suddenly died. We were almost penniless. There was no one to support mother except a young brother and myself. I searched for weeks before I found work and I was glad indeed to accept what I would have once despised, a humble position behind the underwear counter in a cheap department store. I earned four dollars a week; it was all I was worth; I was very ignorant. I did my best, but, oh, how I hated the life! There was not a girl in the department I wanted for a friend, and they knew it. They mimicked my English accent, snubbed, scolded and imposed upon me unmercifully. If I disliked the clerks, I hated the customers. The vulgarest, poorest patrons were shoved off on me, as well as the negroes. Some of them, especially the overbearing colored element, that enjoys nothing so heartily as a chance to order white folks around, treated me in the rudest way possible. My sales amounted to little or nothing, and life was growing almost too dreadful to bear.

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"One day at noon, when the few clerks stood about in gossiping knots, a tall, beautiful, white-haired woman asked graciously if I would wait upon her. She wished a kimono exactly like one a friend had purchased there. I found it for her. Then she asked me what we had in lingerie. I knew instinctively it was useless to show her such tawdry, overtrimmed garments as were piled high on our counters. I remembered a line of goods that had been put away as too fine for our trade. They were exquisite things, delicately embroided and daintily made. When I quoted prices, she looked amazed.

"'I had no idea such goods were kept in this store,' she said. 'I have never bought anything here before.'

"She took the entire line. Her order amounted to more than I had sold in a month. I made out her bill with trembling fingers, partly because I suddenly felt successful and happy, partly because I had to go on translating shillings into dollars as I added, and it was slow work. Some women would have grown impatient; she smiled.

"'You are English, I know,' she said. 'Perhaps I can help you. I lived abroad for years. I have not forgotten how hard it was to become accustomed to foreign money.'

"For ten minutes we talked, after that. She had spent a week once in my dear old Devonshire home. Somehow that seemed a bond in itself. Before leaving she thanked me with such cordial courtesy that it fairly brought the tears to my eyes.

"'It was a real pleasure to wait on you,' I ventured; 'if you should ever come again, I would be so glad if you would call for me. My number is sixteen.'

She said good-by and—think of it—she shook hands as if I had been a friend of hers! The memory of her kind words stayed with me all day. I did not even care when, a few hours later, a Saturday night crowd scrabbled everything over. Wednesday morning my heart was in my mouth, for I had a call to the manager's office. I felt sure it meant my discharge. Instead, I was moved up a peg and my salary was raised. My charming customer had written to the firm, saying she had seldom been waited upon with such intelligence and courtesy as she received from No. 16, at the underwear counter. She was the wife of a Cabinet member, and our firm had few patrons in her class. I remember I shed a few tears over a note I sent her that night, as I told what her letter meant to me. She came to our store time and again, not only buying for herself, but bringing friends who were people of no small consequence. Every girl in the department was eager to wait upon her, but invariably she insisted on having me.

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"She said, one day, she was preparing for her daughter's wedding. 'Would it help you personally,' she asked, 'if I order the lingerie through you?' Just imagine what that meant for me! The firm sent me out of town to place an order which meant hundreds of dollars. She wrote again to tell them of her entire satisfaction with the goods. Immediately I was promoted to the position of buyer. That was the next stepping-stone. Then I became interested in my work and with interest came a larger knowledge. I began to have the self-possession that comes with success. I also got along more comfortably with clerks and customers. When I left that firm for a better one, and still a better, the lady to whom I owed so much followed me, not only to buy, but also giving me such genial friendship and showing such trust in my judgment that it made life easier and happier in every way. What I often think of as one of the kindliest deeds ever done, was that a woman in her position, and in the midst of a life so crowded as hers, should have taken time to write an appreciative note about a working-girl who, to her, was simply No. 16. Every day of her life she is doing something equally kind and thoughtful for some one. Oh, how I wish there were more women like her, in what is called the leisure, moneyed class! What an infinite amount of good they might do!"

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GOLD MONEY AND ITS RELATION TO INVESTMENTS

BY MONTGOMERY ROLLINS

The sweeping statement has been made that there are just two great influences in the world that control the motives of men—love and money. It goes without saying that the former is fairly well understood by all ages and conditions of life, and the latter, which is what ninety per cent. of the inhabitants are seeking, is something the majority understand very little about, and yet it is no very difficult matter, after all.

In simple terms, our money is gold, and so is that of a great proportion of the world. That is to say, our entire monetary system is based upon gold, and if we did not think we could exchange our other forms of money for this yellow metal, we would make haste to dispossess ourselves of such other forms.

But, although for hundreds of years the lust and thirst for this hidden treasure of the earth has gone on relentlessly, at the expense of life and religion, yet gold and silver have by no means served exclusively as mediums of exchange. During different periods, very many kinds of articles—of practical value and otherwise—have been utilized for this purpose.

To-day about one-half of the world's stock of money consists of gold. A fairly accurate estimate has been made of the world's production since the discovery of America, amounting to the enormous sum of approximately thirteen billion dollars. The golden flood began to rapidly increase in the famous days of "'49," and continued gradually so to do, with more or less ups and downs, until about 1891, since which time the output has tremendously expanded. This has been caused by rich discoveries in newer fields, such as South African Rand, Alaska, etc. The increase may be appreciated by the fact that, in 1891, the world's product was $130,650,000, and now the fabulous sum of more than a million dollars a day, in gold alone, is added to our wealth.

All the important nations of the world, particularly the leading ones of Europe, are accumulating vast hoards—reserves; for a "war-chest," so-called, is a prime consideration. In London, the gold is practically all held by the Bank of England. The same with the Bank of France, in Paris, which has stored away in its vaults the enormous sum of about $740,000,000. It is a peculiar fact that the reserve of this institution will increase or decrease in accordance with political disturbances, bearing out the war-chest theory. The moment the relations between Bulgaria and Turkey were strained, it was immediately reflected by an increase in the gold reserve of the Bank of France.

But not all the gold of the world, which represents so much of the savings of the people, goes into banks; for the natives of India, especially, have not yet learned to put faith in such institutions. During almost countless ages the only depository for gold and silver in India, China, and Egypt has been concealment, mostly by burial in the earth. Probably much of it has been lost irrecoverably in this way, on account of the secret of its hiding-place having been carried to the grave. These hidden hoards, so painfully dug from the earth, have returned there, to more permanent resting-places, where they will quietly remain till the end of time. It is commonly estimated that India has buried the tremendous total of over $2,500,000,000 in gold alone. The British have not yet been able to overcome this tradition of centuries, but if it were possible to get these East Indians, from the humblest peasant to the Rajah, to unearth their precious accumulations, and invest them, every nation on earth would be greedy for their patronage, for the placing of such a sum at interest would mark an unprecedented historical era in the world's affairs. If the natives of India would invest this money at four per cent., they would obtain an income of one hundred million dollars a year, which is now being lost to them and, really, to the world. Some writers estimate that, in "Pharaoh's Land" alone, $150,000,000 is the annual amount of gold which is withdrawn from circulation, and buried in the earth or entombed in secret vaults. This can hardly be, for with a fair allowance for other countries endowed with similar ultra-conservatism, there would be little left for the benefit of the rest of us.

But those who are so loudly proclaiming that we are experiencing an over-production of gold, must hark a moment to these tales from the silent and mysterious East. The British Government scoffs not at them, and that the hot, blistering sands of the Orient and the fertile valley of the Nile could unfold secrets that would set the world to treasure-hunting, there is little doubt; secrets beside which the golden tales that lured so many Spanish explorers to their doom fade into insignificance.

It is not impossible to believe that another generation or two may so change the customs of the hoarding East, that the secreted funds will once more return to the market-places. If so, then indeed the circulation of gold would be so largely increased that its value might decline to a point where the nations of the earth would be compelled to take some recognition of the fact, and, possibly, to bring about a readjustment of its value in relation to silver—in other words, give silver a more prominent place in the international monetary system. Other things may likewise be pointing to this same end, such as the present low market price of the latter metal, which is so largely in use as a medium of exchange in Asiatic countries. The decline in the value of silver is working a hardship upon many of those interested in the Eastern trade.

Why should gold happen to be the selected metal? It is not the most valuable product of the earth, by any means. Diamonds and radium, from that standpoint, far excel it. The answer is, that it has inherent qualities which make it the most desirable substance for that purpose.

An acceptable form of money—and when we say "money" in this sense we mean the standard, that in which final payment may be had—must be scarce enough so as not to be too easily obtainable; must be plentiful enough to provide the needed quantity for the purpose; must be something that can be easily handled and transferred from place to place; something of sufficient durability to withstand the wear and tear; and, in fact, possess the many common conveniences of such a medium, which, as yet, the world has discovered only in the two metals—gold and, conditionally, silver.

It may be helpful to a general understanding of this subject to explain briefly the method of coinage of gold and silver. Taking the first, the Government of the United States provides for the free and unlimited coinage of gold; that is to say, gold bullion of the standard weight and fineness may be deposited at the mints, and coined for the benefit of the depositor, without charge.

Although the mints may lawfully refuse to receive, for coinage purposes, gold bullion of less value than one hundred dollars, in practise they do not avail themselves of this privilege.

Thus we have "free coinage" of gold.

But the coinage of silver is an entirely different matter, for silver is coined by the Government only for its own account, and from bullion already on hand, or from purchases made in the open market. The possessor of silver bullion can not go to the mints and have it converted into coin, as is the case with gold. It was upon the theory of having it so that Bryan based his first Presidential campaign.

It is not the object of this article to enter into the "free silver" discussion, so-called; but, accepting the theory of the world at large, that you can have but one standard, then gold, up to the present time, is inevitably that standard. But gold itself has no practical value, except to make jewelry, fill teeth, etc. If it were used only for these purposes, it would be immensely cheaper than it is to-day. It is because we demand such vast quantities of it for money that it has gained this added value. Deprive it of that virtue, and it would be a drug upon the market.

Wheat is an entirely different proposition, and so are most of the commodities of life. The statement is being continually made that we are producing too much gold, and that the over-production of it is increasing the cost of living. The writer will not attempt to settle the endless discussion between those who take the opposite sides of this question—even if he were able. But, as the subject is ever with us, we may as well try to understand the theory upon which it is all based, and so let us make clear the over-production idea.

An over-production of wheat would not increase the cost of living, because there is a practical use for every bushel of wheat that can be raised, but there is no practical use for every ounce of gold the world can produce. Granting that we may be producing too much gold, and that it is increasing the cost of living, we can readily understand, then, that the intrinsic value of a bushel of wheat does not change, except as the crop is more or less plentiful. If, a certain number of years ago, we could have bought more wheat for a dollar than we can to-day, that signifies nothing. The real point is that this same certain number of years ago a bushel of wheat would have bought less gold than it will to-day. In other words, a bushel of wheat has grown more valuable and is worth more, in terms of gold, than it was some years back.

The whole idea is that the easier it is to get gold the less it takes of something else to buy it. The easier it is to get, the less labor it takes to buy it; the easier it is to get, the less wheat it takes to buy it. During our Civil War there was no limit upon the quantity of paper money which the Confederate States were able to print. It was only a question of paper, ink, and some labor. Consequently, those who were to exchange their wares or labor for it gradually lost confidence in the ultimate ability of the Southern States to redeem it in gold; then they began to demand a greater quantity for their compensation. The Confederacy readily met this condition of affairs by running the printing presses

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Few investors are acquainted with this class of securities, and are, therefore, not aware of the exceedingly desirable character of these bonds and the advantages they offer.

The principal features of this class of investments are described in a clear and concise manner in a small pamphlet recently prepared by us.

It tells what Timber Bonds are and enumerates their advantages from an investment standpoint.

Before selecting your next investment write for this little pamphlet, also our Circular No. 677H, describing an attractive issue of Six Per Cent. Timber Bonds.

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BONDS

Banks Buy Bonds

with their trust funds which net 4% to 5¾%. If you are not already familiar with this class of securities, send for our book, "Bonds and How to Buy Them." It gives you just the fact about investments everyone should know.

This book and our selected list of Municipal and Corporation Bonds should be in the hands of everyone who has money to invest.

Both sent free on request.

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INVESTMENT BANKERS
300 CUYAHOGA BLDG.
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Success Magazine carefully edits its advertising columns

the more, and thus, the easier it was to get, the more of it labor or produce would buy; and so, eventually, it took a wheelbarrow load to effect small transactions. Here you have a true illustration of how the Confederate money depreciated in terms of either labor or produce. It is not these things that change, except, as before stated, as they are more scarce or plenty, according to temporary conditions. They remain, as it were, stationary, and it is the medium in which payment therefor is effected—gold, silver, etc.—which really fluctuates.

It is reasonable to suppose that we can not fixedly control the value of gold in terms of wheat or corn, any more than we can fixedly control the value of wheat or corn in terms of iron. At one time you would be able to buy more iron with a given amount of wheat than at others, both being dependent upon their supply and demand. The demand for gold is, of course, universal and constant, and the supply is the determining factor.

Let us suppose that a new gold-field, producing millions a month, is suddenly discovered, and this vast hoard dumped into the channels of trade. The people have just so much more money than ever before with which to compete for both labor and commodities. If the amount available for this purpose is, on account of this new gold discovery, suddenly increased twenty-five per cent., does it not seem clear that its influence will be competitive to just about that extent, and that the cost of living, which is practically centralized in the two things—labor and commodities—would advance accordingly?

Then reverse this. Imagine a fleet of treasure-ships, carrying twenty-five per cent. of the gold in the world, encountering a frightful storm at sea, and all sinking to an unrecoverable depth; just that much of our precious metal would be lost forever. Then again, would not the people, with their labor and their commodities, be competing among themselves for the lessened supply of gold in existence; and would not they, with their labor and commodities, buy less gold than in the case of the sudden increase of gold just mentioned?

It is nothing but a commodity, but a convenient one by which we effect our payments. Up to the present time, no more convenient and stable article for this purpose has been discovered than gold, and so that explains the prevailing custom of stipulating in contracts for future payments, such as bonds, mortgages, etc., that the interest and principal shall be payable in "gold coin of the present standard of weight and fineness." The purchasers of securities, especially in those issues which mature far in the future, must be assured that they will receive payment in good money. There is no certainty that money which would be considered a legal payment even in the United States will be as good as our present gold twenty or thirty years hence, and it is to provide against this contingency that something definite is inserted in the promise to pay. "The standard of weight and fineness" means that payment shall be made in dollars of equal weight and quality of gold as is to-day recognized by law, and prevents payment in gold dollars below the legal tender requirements.

Years ago contracts were drawn payable in other things than gold; this metal was not then considered such a standard of value as it is to-day. There is an instance where a lease of a piece of land was made, running for a long term of years, the rental for which was to be the value of a stated number of tons of Swedish iron. It seemed that it would always be in demand, and a commodity which would be desirable to possess fifty or one hundred years afterwards.

This latter well illustrates the desirability of having some convenient medium such as gold in which to make payments.

Taking it first and last, the question of money is simple; there is no need to regard it as so full of mysteries as is the common custom. After all, about every sort of thing has been used for money, and who knows but that, fifty years hence, we shall have discovered something far better than gold.

Now, having made a brief attempt to unravel some of the apparent intricacies of money, it is pertinent to show its direct connection with the investment subject, for that is the real problem before us.

Why is it that the merest tyro in the buying of horseflesh would give a direct refusal to the purchase of a horse for which the owner claimed a 2:10 gait and sound, if offered at, say, two hundred dollars? He would know at once that something was wrong—that no such animal could be had for a price so low.

No farmer would dare buy a bushel of seed-corn from a stranger, if offered at twenty-five per cent. below the market price. The suspicion would at once arise that the corn was too old to germinate.

But, when it comes to the matter of interest, no rate seems high enough, in the minds of countless investors of even considerable experience, to create a distrust of the investment's integrity. If from four to six per cent. is the general fair return for the use of money—a reasonable price to pay for its use—why, then, in times of peace and plenty should not a promised eight per cent., or ten per cent., or higher rate of income excite the same sort of suspicion as in the case of the horse or corn just cited?

Always return to the fundamental principle that money must be treated as any other commodity; and when offered at a higher price than is commonly received for its use, in normal times, beware, and investigate.

Among the Safest of The World's Investments Are School Bonds

THEY ARE FUNDAMENTALLY SOUND
being authorized by the vote of the people, and issued for the extension of our great free educational system.

THEY ARE WELL SECURED
through taxation on a large area of valuable and improved lands usually including a substantial city or town.

OUR OWN MONEY IS INVESTED
in the Bonds we offer. We purchase them only after most thorough investigation, and have the opinion of eminent counsel that the Bonds are legally issued and that all property in the District is security through taxation for the payment of the Bonds. A copy of this opinion is furnished to investors with all Bonds sold.

SCHOOL BONDS YIELD HIGH INTEREST
considering the high character of the security.

LARGE OR SMALL AMOUNTS
can be invested safely at equally attractive interest rates.

SCHOOL BONDS OF $100, $500 OR $1,000
each can be had, and one or more Bonds of any denomination can be purchased.

Examples of what we offer in School Bonds.

Amount of Issue.	Denomination	Netting Investors	Actual Value of Property
$18,000	$1,000	4.40%	$1,250,000
16,000	500	4½%	1,250,000
30,000	500	4.40%	2,000,000
6,000	100	5.20%	500,000

OUR COMPLETE LIST OF SCHOOL BONDS
mailed free on request, also our publication entitled "For the Information of Conservative Investors."

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City, County and School Bonds
%—4—5—6—%
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"The Weekly Financial Review" of J. S. Bache & Co., the well known bankers, is written with great care and conservatism. It gives a well-considered review of financial conditions and the business outlook.

It is read by thousands of investors every week.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

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will be sent without charge to investors interested.

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(Members New York Stock Exchange.)
42 Broadway, - - - NEW YORK

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Pay 3% July and January on money secured by mortgage on improved Birmingham, Ala., real estate.
$50.00 Shares withdrawable on demand with interest to date. *Write for Circular.* 217 N. 21st Street,
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Investors—small or large— should inform themselves on Irrigation Bonds.

These bonds are secured by liens on the most fertile farm lands in America. The value of the security is in many instances four times the loan. The first year's crop often sells for more than the loan, sometimes by several times over.

Some of these bonds are municipal obligations, like School Bonds. They form a tax lien on the real property within the district.

They are serial bonds, so one may make short-time or long-time investments. Each year, as part of the bonds are paid, the security back of the rest is increased.

The bonds pay six per cent.—a higher rate than one can obtain on any other large class of bonds equally well secured.

The bonds are for $100, $500 and $1,000, so one may invest either little or much.

These are ideal bonds, and they have become the most popular bonds that we handle.

We are the largest dealers in Reclamation Bonds. In the past 15 years we have sold 70 separate issues, without a dollar of loss to any investor.

Now we have written a book based on all this experience, and the book is free. Please send this coupon today for it, for you owe to yourself a knowledge of the facts.

Trowbridge & Niver Co.

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Gentlemen—Please send me your new Bond Book, "The World's Greatest Industry."

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A MAN IN SPOKANE

Bought one of our Coupon Bonds a few months ago. Shortly after he found himself needing that money badly and he asked for it. He got it—by return mail. He naturally thinks well of our Company, as this letter shows:—

AMERICAN SECURITIES CO. 829 RIVERS'DE AVE. SPOKANE, WASH.
Louis N. Moss, Pres.
A. M. Moss, Vice-Pres.
E. C. Ingram, Sec'y & Treas.

Mr. Calvin G. Fencil, Allison Hill Bank Bldg., Harrisburg, Pa. April 22nd, 1909.

Dear Sir:—Your favor of March 12th addressed to me has been overlooked. Sometime ago I was the owner of some of the first mortgage bonds of the New York Central Realty Co., which I later cashed in. I can truthfully say that from my personal experience I consider these bonds a perfectly safe investment and an investment which may be realized upon on short notice.

Yours very truly, E. C. INGRAM.

It's worth while to invest in Bonds available for cash at practically any time before maturity, secured by the assets of a Company such as ours, composed wholly of Real Estate adjacent to and within the limits of New York City. Write for information regarding our two forms.

New York Central Realty Co.

Suite 1179. 1328 Broadway. New York City

(Surplus and Undivided Profits $1,262,986.32)

We want agencies in every community. Write for particulars.

BUSINESS HINTS

Every Sale an Advertisement

MANY a business man does not realize that in some way every sale he makes is an advertisement that is going to help or hinder his business. It is an advertisement of the policy of his firm. It advertises the attitude of his employees, whether accommodating or indifferent, polite or boorish. It advertises the honesty or dishonesty of the whole concern.

I have heard men boast of a good sale when they have taken advantage of a customer. They congratulated themselves on having obtained more than the regular price for an article sold to a customer whom they had found to be an "easy mark." He did not try to beat them down, but simply paid the price asked, and said nothing.

Business chickens come home to roost, and a dishonest policy of this kind will ultimately ruin a firm. It is only a question of time; for every dishonest trick, every misrepresentation, every mean transaction is a boomerang which comes back to wound the thrower.

Quality is the best salesman in the world. The article that is a little better than others of the same kind, that is the best, even if the price is higher, "carries in its first sale the possibility of many sales, because it makes a satisfied customer, and only a satisfied customer will come again."

Like good things to eat, a superb quality always leaves a good taste in the mouth, and we go again to the firm that gives us the best thing of its kind that can be obtained.

The house which has built up its business on quality does not need to do so much advertising as inferior concerns, for every sale it makes is an advertisement, and every pleased customer becomes an unpaid drummer for the house. After we have once worn or used or enjoyed the best, we do not like the second best. We may be forced by circumstances to get it, but we do not like it.

Harmony as a Business Producer

FORTUNATELY the old-time employer, who used to go through his place of business every day with a whip, so to speak, stirring everybody up, driving everybody, scolding and swearing, is rapidly disappearing. Men are finding that there is something better than the slave-driving methods. They are finding that harmony is a great business producer, that kindness, appealing to the best instead of the worst in employees, produces the highest results.

Up-to-date business men find that the more comfortable and the happier they can make their employees, the more work they will accomplish, and the better its quality. Everybody does his best when appreciated.

Mr. Grumpy Employer, how can you expect your employees to apply the Golden Rule to you, when you do not use it yourself? When you get your employees all stirred up and out of sorts by constant scolding, fault-finding, and nagging, by your failure to stand up to your contracts with them, how can you expect them in return to have your interests at heart, to live up to your expectations, to do good work? When you go all to pieces over something that troubles you, you can not write a good letter. Your mind is in no condition to make an important contract until you restore harmony. Can you, then, expect your employees to believe in you—to give you their best, when you show them the worst side of your nature?

The Man Who Acts

DURING the Civil War, when Lincoln ordered McClellan to advance, he would make all sorts of excuses for delay—he did not have enough men; the cavalry horses' tongues were sore; the Administration did not support him properly, or he was waiting for the enemy to get into a more favorable position for attack.

But, at last, Lincoln found a man who never made excuses, never apologized, but acted. General Grant would call a council of his generals, and smoke while they gave advice; and then he would make out his own programme and act.

What a relief for the head of a great enterprise to find a Grant among his employees, a man who does not ask if the enemy is in a favorable position for attack, or if everything is in ideal condition, but makes the best of things as they are, and pushes ahead!

"Character! It is capital, credit, opportunity—all."

Don't be afraid of truth; she is no invalid.

Emerson.

"Clothes doan'd make der man, but dey help der man to make his bluff."

"Efery man is any udder man's equal—unless he owes him a cubble of dollars."

Many a man thinks he is getting ahead on his work who is only anticipating his worries.

WE OFFER $200,000

OF AN ISSUE OF $500,000

Tennessee Timber, Coal and Iron Co.

1ST MORT. 6% SINKING FUND 10-YEAR GOLD BONDS

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The security of this investment is assured from the fact that the real value of the Company's property is at least ten times the amount of its total authorized bonded indebtedness, thus assuring a substantial increase in the market value of the bonds and leaving a very large margin for the enhancement of its stock.

Price 90, to net 7⅓%, and as a bonus with this allotment only, 33⅓% full-paid capital stock value. The next allotment will be sold at 95 and the remainder at par.

Prospectus and particulars upon application.

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5% EVERY DAY

You may open an account any day. You may withdraw upon 30 days' notice. We have no fixed "interest days"—earnings commence when money is received and paid for full time to date of withdrawal. Remitted by check quarterly, semi-annually or compounded if desired.

Conducted Under Supervision of New York Banking Dept.

Established 16 years. During this time we have never paid less than 5 per cent a year, while increasing our **assets** over **$2,000,000** and accumulating **surplus** and **profits** of **$150,000**. Our record is open to public inspection. We invite fullest investigation of our methods.

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issued by this Company are backed by ample first mortgage security, deposited in trust with one of the largest trust companies of Baltimore, and are still further safeguarded by the integrity, business standing and 14 years experience of this Company.

They are absolutely sound and safe.

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$100.00 FOR $55.00

FOR EACH $55.00

Deposited with us and left between 8 and 9 years we pay you $100. You can withdraw after one year 5% interest; after two years 6%. Have been paying these profits for 18 years. Many of the best business men in this country are placing their savings with us. Can send best of references, most likely some one in your own city.

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$5 saved monthly, $1,000 at maturity.
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L. B. BROMFIELD, Mgr., 21 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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The Passion for Achievement

[*Continued from page 560*]

The love of achievement is satisfied in the very act of creation, in the realization of the ideal which had haunted the brain. Ease, leisure, comfort, are nothing compared with the exhilaration which comes from achievement.

Who can describe the sense of triumph that fills the inventor, the joy that thrills him when he sees for the first time the perfect mechanism or device—the work of his brain and hand—that will ameliorate the hard conditions of mankind and help to emancipate man from drudgery?

Who can imagine the satisfaction, the happiness of the scientist who, after years of battling with poverty, criticism, and denunciation, and the tortures of being misunderstood by those dearest to him, when he succeeds at last in wresting some great secret from nature, in making some marvelous discovery that will push civilization forward?

The struggle for supremacy—the conquest of obstacles, the mastery of nature, the triumph of ideals—has been the developer of man, the builder of what we call progress. It has brought out and broadened and strengthened the finest and noblest traits in human nature.

The idea that a man, whatever his work in the world, should retire just because he has made enough money to live upon for the rest of his life is unworthy of a real man, who was made to create, to achieve, to go on conquering.

Every normal human being is born with a great sacred obligation resting upon him—to use his highest faculties as long as he can, and to give his best to the world; and the laws of his nature and of the universe are such that the more he gives to the world, the more he gets for himself—the larger, the completer man he becomes. But the moment he tries to sell himself to selfishness, to greed, to self-indulgence, the smaller, meaner man he becomes.

It is no wonder that the man who retires merely for selfish gratification is uneasy, unhappy, and is sometimes driven to suicide. He knows in his heart that it is wrong to withdraw his great productive, creative ability from a world which needs it so much; to let his achieving faculties atrophy from disuse. He knows that it is a sin against his own development, his own future possibilities, to cease the exercise of his godlike powers.

It is the wrestling with obstacles and the overcoming of difficulties that have made man a giant of achievement.

If we could analyze a strong, vigorous character, we should find it made up largely of the conquering habit, the habit of overcoming.

On the other hand, if we should analyze a weak character we should find just the reverse—the habit of failure, the habit of letting things slide, of yielding instead of conquering—the lack of courage, of persistency, of grit.

There is the same difference between a self-made young man, who has fought his way up to his own loaf, and the pampered youth who has never been confronted by great responsibilities that would exercise his powers and call out his reserves, that there is between the stalwart oak which has struggled for its existence with a thousand storms, with all the extremities of the elements, and the hothouse plant which has never been allowed to feel a breath of frost or a rough wind.

Every bit of the oak's fiber has registered a victory, so that when its timber is called upon to wrestle with storms and the fury of the sea, it says, "I am no stranger to storms; I have met them many a time before. I feel within me stamina and fiber to resist the fury of any sea, because I have fought and overcome its equal a thousand times."

The hothouse plant succumbs to the first adverse wind.

Responsibility is a powerful developing factor which the idle, aimless person never gets the advantage of. Great responsibilities bring out great reserves to match them.

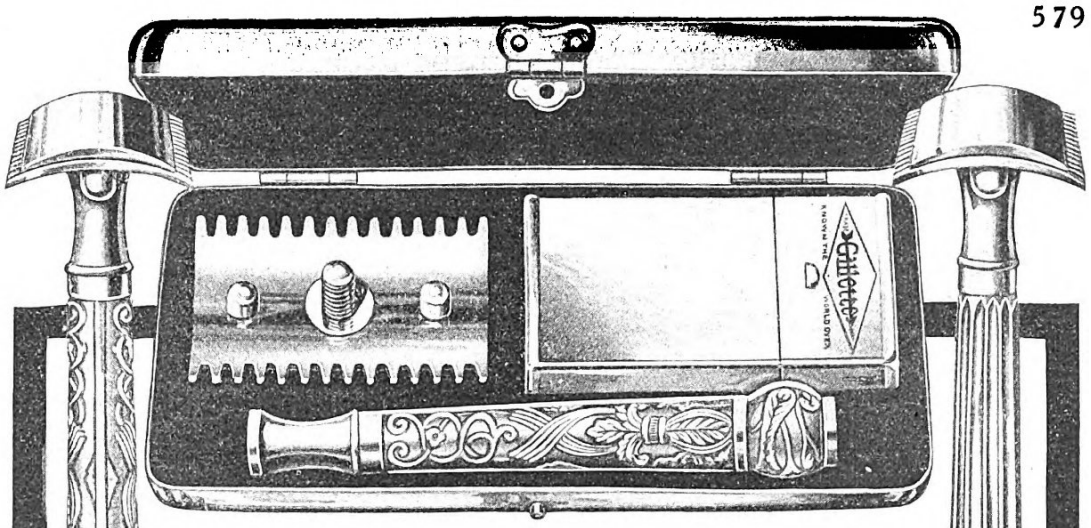
The consciousness of having a message for mankind has held multitudes of people to their ideals, amidst suffering, hardship, and overwhelming difficulties.

Every normal human being is happiest as well as strongest when active, especially when doing that which he was intended to do, that which he is best fitted to do; when he is trying to make real the vision of his highest moment. He is weakest and most miserable when idle, or doing that which he is least fitted for by nature.

The divine discontent which all aspiring souls feel is a longing for growth, for a realization of possibilities. It is the call of the potencies within us to do, to be; the longing for that expansion and power which can only come from healthful, vigorous activity in pursuit of a worthy aim.

There is no mental tonic, no physical stimulus like that which comes from the consciousness of growing larger, fuller, completer each day in the pursuit of one's chosen work.

The passion for conquest, the conquering faculty which we all have—that something within us which aspires—becomes strong and powerful just in proportion as it has legitimate exercise and encouragement, so that every feeling out and stretching of the mind, every exercise of the faculties to-day makes a larger to-morrow possible.



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IT is a fact that a man whose face will not stand the ordinary razor oftener than twice a week can shave every morning with the Gillette—and easily—no roughness, no irritation of the skin, even over the sensitive places on the neck or under the chin.

There is no stropping or honing with a Gillette.

It is the one safe razor and the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or close shave.

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The Gillette, illustrated herewith (actual size), is so compact that it can be carried in the pocket or slipped in the side of a traveling bag. It comes in gold, silver or gun metal—with handle and blade box to match. *The blades are fine.*

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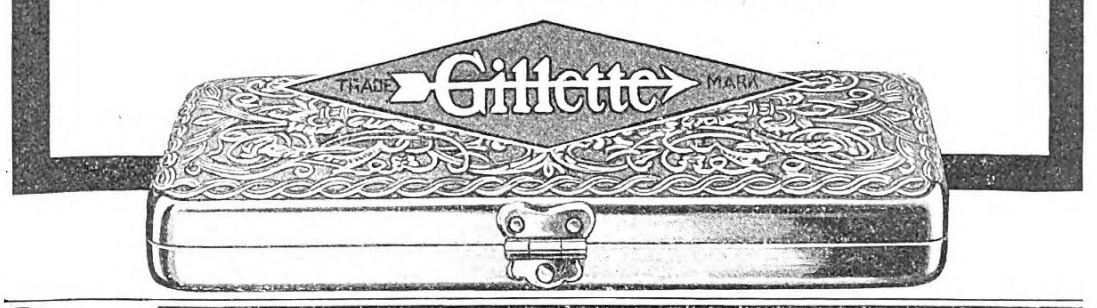

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We will trust any honest man anywhere. We guarantee a perfect fit. Send for our samples and book of latest New York fashions free.

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America's Largest and Leading Merchant Tailors.
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is the only method of teaching piano and organ music, by mail, that has received the endorsement of Josef Hofmann, leading teachers and the American press.

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HIS CONFIDANTE

By WM. HAMILTON OSBORNE

[*Continued from page 551*]

Tri-State looked at its hand, and cut again. Tremayne stayed in the game and met that cut. Tri-State cut once more. Shore Front met it on its own terms. Tri-State cut again.

Cantor burst into a roar of laughter as he sat in Oppenheim's big house one night. "Oppenheim," he said, "just shut your eyes, and conjure up the picture of that freight—our freight—wavering between the two lines, back and forth, to and fro again—just waiting for the last cut. Say, this is going to last a year. The time will come, and not far off, when we can get our stuff into New York for almost nothing." He leaned over and touched Oppenheim on the chest: "Look here, Oppy," he exclaimed, in a whisper, "do what I'm doing. Take every contract you can get, at any old figure you can get it. With this rate-war on, for the next twelve months we can outbid any manufacturer in the universe. It's a holiday for us."

Oppenheim grinned and nodded. "And," suggested he, "what's to become of Tremayne?"

Cantor roared again. "The jay," he returned; "he never saw that it was bound to come to this. It was I who pulled the wool over his eyes. Tremayne—oh, he'll go the way of all fools, down into the innocuous desuetude that's meant for jays. That's all. But mark my words—make hay while the sun shines, Oppy, old boy, make hay."

It was ten months after that that Joe Tremayne came home, one night, with deeper lines in his face—his face always had deep lines now—and closeted himself with Molly. "Now, Girlie," he said, "this is one of the things that must n't be told. I—I don't know what to say to you, or how to tell it. I feel as though I'd married you under false pretenses. But I've been a fool—and they're going to force me to the wall—bankruptcy. That's what it means—bankruptcy, Molly girl."

She placed a hand upon his shoulder. "Let the old road go, Joe," she returned; "cast it off. You're a thread-man, as you say. Well, you've got the thread works left."

He jerked himself from her. "That's just what you don't understand. The thread works have been dragged down, too. I—I've sold my shirt, almost, to make this road go—and now," he added, fiercely, "I'm in my last ditch. They've fought me to a finish, and I'm down and out."

He slumped into his chair again, and laid his head upon his hands in grim despair. Molly gently held him in her grasp, bent over him, soothed him. "Joe, dear," she exclaimed, "remember what we resolved—no matter what happened—so long as we had each other—and now—somebody else, too, Joe, that's coming to us—it's just going to be we three, you and I, and—"

He lifted up his head and caught her in his arms. "And I've got no right to worry you, Molly girl," he said. "I ought not to tell you all my troubles."

"You've got to tell me everything, dear," she answered, "no matter what it is. You promised, and you must." She gazed far out into the future and smiled a happy smile. "And I don't care, Joe," she went on, "whether we're happy here or on the fifth floor of a tenement—we're going to be happy always, you—and I—and—."

Tremayne rose to his feet. "I've got to think about that too, dear," he exclaimed. His teeth closed with a snap. "I'm going to fight as I've been fought. I'm going to sell out to the Tri-State! It's a mean trick, but I'll do it! I'll do it, no matter how mean it is."

"Why is it mean?" she queried.

"Because," he answered her squarely, "it was understood—tacitly understood between me and the rest—that my road was built to accommodate the rest; I to get the profit, they to get fair treatment. Well, I've given them fair treatment, and they've gone back on me—that's all. And now I'm going back on them. I'm going to turn traitor and sell my road to the Tri-State. They'll pay half a million, if they'll pay a cent, I think."

But the Tri-State would n't.

"Half a million," sneered Slingerland, the man who had conceived and built the Tri-State, "what—half a million cents?"

"Mr. Slingerland," said Tremayne, "mark my words. You know the bunch of factories along the shore. There are only two roads there now—yours and mine. No third road will ever get a franchise there; no new road is needed. Your road and mine can do all the business for a million years. Now, my road is worth half a million to you, and you know it; because, if you buy my road you've got Cantor and Oppenheim and the rest of the gang where you want 'em, and you can soak 'em all you want to, on either road—and they've got to take it and not say a word."

Slingerland pursed his lips. "And what about the Rate Law?," he queried.

Tremayne only laughed. "You know that Cantor and Oppenheim don't fight," he answered. "You're all safe on that; the Rate Law did n't seem to worry you while the fight was on with me."

Slingerland chuckled. "Well," he conceded, "we'll not discuss the Rate Law." He put his finger tips together.

"I'll give you a hundred and fifty thousand for your bum little tin-whistle road," he returned, sneeringly.

Tremayne flushed angrily. "You'll give me half a million for it," he retorted, "and not a dollar less."

"Your road did n't cost a hundred and fifty," returned Slingerland; "now, did it? What did it cost to build?"

"Mr. Slingerland," he said, desperately, "you and your engineers know very well what that eleven-mile railroad cost me to build, with that cut and fill. A road can't be built for twenty thousand dollars per mile, and you're trying to tell me that my road cost less than ten a mile. It cost a quarter of a million to build, you understand, and it's cost me more than a quarter of a million to maintain it, and it's worth a million dollars to you, if it's worth a cent."

"I'll give you a hundred and fifty thousand for it," said Slingerland. He turned to his stenographer and continued to dictate his correspondence. "That's all I've got to say."

That afternoon, late, Maxmilian Oppenheim entered his house and crossed the crash-carpeted reception-room to the corner where sat his large and portly wife.

She plucked her husband by the sleeve. "Say, Max," she said, "Mrs. Joe Tremayne was here. I thought you said he was on the verge of bankruptcy, did n't you?"

"Sure," answered Oppenheim, genially.

"Well," went on Mrs. Oppenheim, "Molly Tremayne, his wife, always gets things straight. And what do you think she said to-day?"

"Dun'no," answered Oppenheim, "and don't care."

"She said," went on his wife, "that Joe was going to sell his line to the Tri-State for half a million dollars; made up his mind that was the best thing for him to do."

Oppenheim strode toward the door. "Is that so?" he said excitedly.

He went straight to Cantor's. "Cantor," he said, "you call up Slingerland, of the Tri-State, at his Philadelphia house. Tremayne's wife has told the madam that Tremayne's sold out."

"Sold out!" gasped Cantor, "to the Tri-State?"

Oppenheim nodded. Cantor wiped his brow. "My heavens, man," he cried, "if the Tri-State owns the Shore Front, they'll salt us from now to kingdom come!"

"Get Slingerland on the wire," commanded Oppenheim.

They got Slingerland on the wire, but that's all they got—except a sneering "Really, gentlemen, really I have nothing to say—nothing at all to say."

He cut them off. Then Slingerland himself, a bit excited, rang up Tremayne's house, and not five minutes later was talking to the owner of the Shore Front Line.

"Tremayne," he said, in crisp, businesslike tones, "this is the last call. I'll give you fifty thousand dollars over and above your bonded indebtedness. don't quote this for the purpose of being raised. It is the final figure. Take it or leave it, as you will."

"Give me half an hour to think," pleaded Tremayne, "and I'll let you know to-night." He hung up the receiver and turned to Molly.

"Molly," he said, "I'm snowed under with debts. You know that. Everything I have goes to my creditors, unless I can squeeze half a million out of the Tri-State—"

"But," exclaimed Molly, "I thought you could—you said you were going to sell for that."

Tremayne smiled grimly. "But they won't buy for that. What they will pay is fifty thousand dollars over and above the bonded indebtedness of the road."

There was a hurried ring at the door-bell. Tremayne descended the stairs and found Cantor and Oppenheim below.

"We want to see you alone, Tremayne, at once," they said.

He nodded. "Come up to the sitting-room where my wife is," he suggested.

They went up and seated themselves, wiping perspiring brows. "Joe," burst out Oppenheim, "we hear you've sold out the Shore Front to the Tri-State line."

Joe raised his eyebrows. "Indeed?" he returned' "and where did you find that out?—from Slingerland?"

Oppenheim shook his head violently. "Don't fence with us, Tremayne," he exclaimed; "your wife told Mrs. Oppenheim to-day that you were selling out for half a million dollars."

Tremayne turned a reproachful glance on Molly; but there were other things in it besides reproach—love, gratitude, joy.

"Your wife told that to my wife, so you need n't deny it, you understand. We know."

There was a long silence. "Well?" said Tremayne, quietly.

"Well," angrily retorted Cantor, "this is a pretty piece of business—the whole thing."

Tremayne flushed angrily. "I think so, myself," he returned.

Oppenheim shook his finger at Cantor. "Now don't you get Joe mad, Cantor," he remonstrated; "you let me handle this."

He twitched his neck away from his collar. "Now, Tremayne," he went on, "have you clinched this thing? Is the deal closed yet?"

Cantor watched Tremayne closely, but Tremayne gave no sign.

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"That's my business," said Tremayne, gently, with a smile.

"We'll pay you six hundred thousand dollars for your road, Tremayne," said Oppenheim impulsively, for he recognized that the time for quibbling had passed, "if you have n't closed the deal."

Tremayne searched the faces of both men with his glance. "Gentlemen," he said at length, "the Shore Front Line is not for sale to any one except the Tri-State road. You understand?"

Cantor rose and thrust his face into Tremayne's. "Then you 're a traitor, Tremayne, a traitor to your best friends," he said. "Why, it was our suggestion, this Shore Front road. You owe it all to us. And now—"

"I owe everything in the line of trouble to you, gentlemen," retorted Tremayne, rising to his full height. "Look here, do you think I 'm blind now, as I was when I built this road? Do you think I don't understand the underlying motives of every one of you? You gulled me, the innocent, into building this road—so that I might be the plaything, the shuttlecock between you and the Tri-State. You are swindlers, liars, thieves; you know it. By this rate-war you've made half a million apiece in one year, and I've lost all I had. All right. I 'm going down, but I 'm going to drag you with me. The Tri-State road will own both roads. You know what follows. They 'll put on the screws until you scream for help. It is my turn now."

"We 'll offer seven hundred thousand, then," said Oppenheim.

Tremayne's eyes narrowed. "Who offers that?" he queried.

Cantor gasped with hope. "A syndicate," he answered. "May we use your phone to tell the shippers on your line to come over here?"

It was two hours before the clans had gathered, and well on into the night.

"Gentlemen," said Cantor, rising and pounding on the desk. "Mr. Tremayne will sell to us for seven hundred thousand. Are you all agreed? You know the facts, and have learned the situation. Shall we pay the price?"

Tremayne laughed aloud. "You 've got things twisted, Mr. Cantor," he returned. "If I take seven hundred thousand dollars for this road, it will not be from you, nor from any person present. If I sell this road, I sell it only to the Tri-State. Understand?"

There was a ring at the telephone. Tremayne answered it. He talked in low tones, but the room was as still as death.

"How are you, Mr. Slingerland," he said.

Slingerland! The gathering froze, shriveled, shuddered.

There was a long speech from Slingerland's end of the wire, unheard by all save Tremayne. At its close, Tremayne merely smiled a genial smile into the transmitter.

"In half an hour from *now*, Mr. Slingerland," he answered. Then he rang off. The crowd poured on top of him.

"Say, old man, don't sell to Tri-State—don't—*don't!*"

"Tremayne, look here; just listen to me—just—"

"Wait!" cried Tremayne. "Sit down! Let me do the talking. Ten minutes ago I told you that if I sold the Shore Front Line I would sell to Tri-State and not to anybody else. I said, *if* I sell it. Now, I 'm not going to sell it to Tri-State or to anybody else. I 'm going to run it—run it. Understand?" He whipped from his pocket a paper that he had prepared months after it had been too late, but a paper that now stood him in good stead. "Gentlemen," he said, "I want every man jack of you to line up and pass along this table and sign this paper."

"What paper is it?" queried Oppenheim.

"It's an agreement that for the next ten years you and each of you will ship your freight on the Shore Front Line at the rates set forth in the agreement—fair, square, legal, reasonable rates. Cantor will read it to you; he will sign it; each of you will sign."

"And if we do not?" queried Oppenheim.

"I call up Slingerland in half an hour, that 's all."

* * * * * * *

After it was all over, Tremayne caught his wife and pressed her to him warmly, enthusiastically.

"Well," he said, "this trip we *will* make a million out of the Shore Front Line—and we keep our honor, and our business integrity, and we heap coals of fire on the heads of Cantor and Oppenheim and such. This time we win out."

The telephone bell rang. Tremayne placed his hand over the mouthpiece, and his ear to the receiver. "It's Slingerland," he whispered. He laid the receiver gently down upon the table, backed away from the instrument, switched off the light, and led his delicious tell-tale of a wife out of the room.

"I don't want to talk to Slingerland to-night," he said, "so I 'll let him simmer at the other end of the line. I only want to talk to you—tell things to you—about yourself—and me—and—"

"Some one Else," she whispered.

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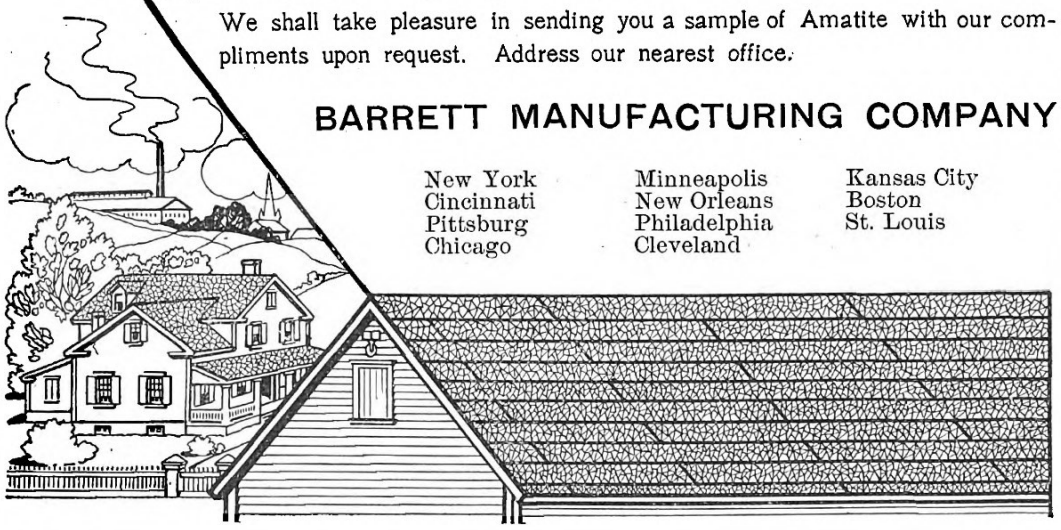

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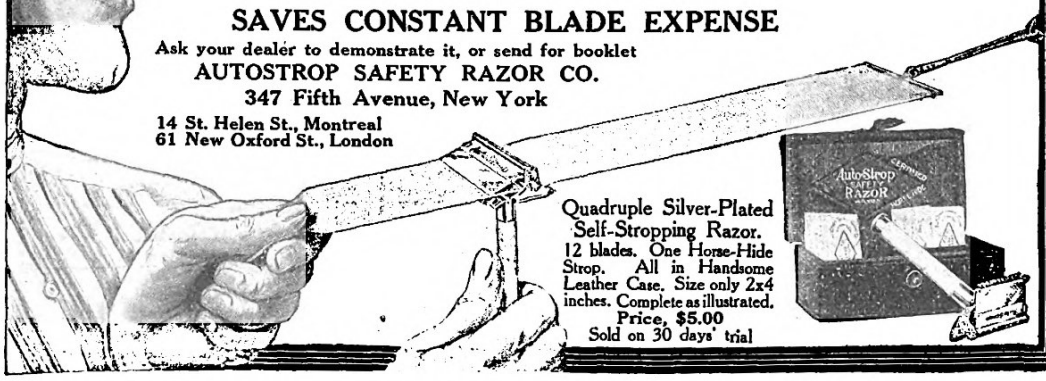

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The Scullery Maid's Dream

[*Continued from page 568*]

loved his siesta; by the pantryman, who then joined friends for a little chat at the World's End, and by the scullery maid, who of late tidied her hair before a broken bit of glass and did her nails.

"An' 'e piped 'is eye a bit," she sang as she fluffed her bang, "that giddy an' g'y Tom-Tit. An' 'e—"

A grating snore came from the cook. He moved restlessly in his chair by the fire. His eyes opened upon the warbling one and wandered back to the shoe that was at hand. He shook his head. Never again would that article aid him in subduing the scullery maid.

With a glance full of reproach and a mighty sigh, he removed the big apron that protected his plump person, wound and tied it firmly round his large head and sank back again to slumber. Faintly, through its folds, the taunting laughter of his young tormentor reached him, but his eyes closed; sleep returned.

Then softly entered Mr. Jilkins. In a twinkling, and with the guidance of the scullery maid's small finger, he took in the situation. He did not, however, join in her laughter.

He pocketed his cap, straightened his cravat, touched the diamond stick-pin, and, eyeing the bulk of white that represented the chef's head, moved on toward the scullery maid.

"I'd a very pleasant time last night," she said, slipping behind a chair.

"Not so pleasant as me," gallantly returned Jilkins.

He placed his foot upon the chair and leaned forward.

"I fancy we both enjoyed it. The acrobacks was grand, eh?" Dolly looked shyly away from the blue eyes of Jilkins.

"You said," he began softly, "that first night I came that you 'ad dreamed about me."

Dolly nodded. "So I 'ad."

"Do I resemble the dream?"

"Every bit," she admitted.

"Did you like—that is, did you 'appen to take a fancy to me in it?"

"You took one to me," answered Dolly.

"It was a true dream, then," he said quickly, bending closer over the chair-back; "I've took a orful fancy to you, Dolly. I've took a fancy to us bein' engiged—bein' married, Dolly."

Dolly's little face had paled. She turned from her wooer.

"D' ye mean you don't want to?" he whispered.

"I could n't," she said.

"Did n't you in the dream?" He caught her hand.

She did not anawer.

Mr. Jilkins stepped back.

"It ain't—is it me 'air bein' turned prematoor?" he demanded, fearfully.

Her gaze met his squarely. "It 's yer 'air—"

But fate, in the form of the cook, cut short her answer.

"Lor' lummy," he gasped, "I was dreamin' of a funeral—dreamed I was bein' buried 'ead first."

"Sign of a weddin'," said the pantryman, entering. "You looks like a Turkish Roosian, Cookie, meanin' no hoffense."

The chef unbound his head.

"Ah"—he espied Mr. Jilkins, with every evidence of pleasure—"'ave you 'ad tea, sir?"

"Thanks, yes," politely assented Jilkins.

He was walking about slowly, with bowed head, hands folded behind him. He put on his cap and stepped to the door.

"I'll be back in time to carve," he said, hurrying out.

Along the King's Road rushed Jilkins, until suddenly, where the World's End hung out a gilded emblem, he stopped.

"I 'ad meant to give this up," he said, hesitating, but without Dolly—"

And he entered, with no thought but of drowning his sorrow.

V

THE scullery maid sat in the dark corner that had been hers before the coming of Jilkins. She was still arrayed with care, but her depression was evident.

"Dolly," urged the cook kindly, "come an' try a bit of the 'am an' pigeon pie."

"An' 'ere 's a bit o' marchpane off the cake, I saved you," added the pantryman.

At last in their midst they had true sorrow. It was just a little trying that the scullery maid was evidently keeping something back.

"When Mr. Jilkins walked out o' 'ere that afternoon two d'ys ago, 'oo 'd a thought," asked the cook, "'e never meant to come back?"

"Nobody," replied the pantryman. "An' 'oo 'd a thought a well-lookin' chap like 'im would win a young womin's 'eart an' then make orf?"

"Come along, Dolly." The cook drew a chair to the table. "Try to forget 'im, an' tell us 'ow far 'e went to win yer affections."

Dolly came forward languidly. She liked ham and pigeon pie, and loved marchpane.

"Pre'aps," she said, being revived by the aid of these delicacies, "'e 'll come back—to carve—if 'e ain't dead or committed sooicide."

"Dolly," solemnly spoke the cook, as with a full

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plate he sat down at table beside her, "'e's one, I tell you in secret, 'e's one as 'as loved an' lorst an' gone gray about it, too."

"Chuck it," commanded Dolly with sudden spirit; "I've no wish to 'ear about that!"

"If I was you," advised the pantryman, also sitting down beside her, "I'd give up bein' a womin, an' be a little gal again; it'll save you trouble."

"M'ybe 'e's dead," said Dolly, a little break in her voice. "M'ybe—"

There was a faint fumbling at the latch. It lifted feebly, and the door partly opened.

"Well," said the cook, "come along in an' don't give us all a chill."

"Mysterious," murmured the pantryman.

The scullery maid sat up very straight.

The door opened wider and, as on that first night, Jilkins the missing entered.

"Come in, old pal," invited the pantryman.

"Glad to see yer, professor," welcomed the cook.

Each man rose. Jilkins remained in the shadow, his back against the door, peering at them silently, guiltily, from beneath his cap.

"It *is* 'im," said the cook. "Ain't it you, Jilkins, old chap?"

He did not answer. The silence was tense. It was too much for the nerves of the scullery maid. She sprang up, shrieking, her plate crashing to the floor.

"It ain't 'im," she screamed; "'e's dead, an' 'is ghost 'as come to 'aunt me."

And covering her face with her hands, she gave vent to her feelings, jumping up and down and noisily reiterating, "It ain't 'im, it ain't 'im!"

"It is," assured the voice of Jilkins, in her ear; "it's me, Dolly. Look up!"

Dolly looked.

"Gawd," she gasped, "yer lovely white 'air—I can't live."

Limp and lifeless, Mr. Jilkins placed her in a chair.

"Dolly *is* annoyed," said the cook, keenly eyeing the head of Jilkins.

It was likewise an object of keen observation to the pantryman.

Suddenly the scullery maid sat forward.

"Black!" she muttered. "Jetty black! Yer lovely white 'air gone like that. 'Ow did it 'appen? I can't bear it!"

"Dolly," gasped Mr. Jilkins, "you said—"

"I know," she answered, "but I liked it bein' white; it was its turning for love of another womin I could n't stand. I 'eard what you told Cookie that first night. But m'ybe if you 'd kept yer 'air—an' forgot about the other—"

Jilkins coughed preparatory to speech, and turning, faced the cook and the pantryman.

"Most things," he said, "'ave reasons! When they don't you can give 'em one. It was like that with me 'air. It turned white without any corse whatever, an' all that about 'avin' loved and lorst—"

"Don't say you lied," urged the cook.

Jilkins looked down into the scullery maid's eyes.

"I did," he said; "I lied, Dolly. I never loved an' lorst nobody—unless you—unless I've lorst you!"

She sighed happily. Her gaze fluttered shyly over those present and down to her folded hands in her lap.

"This 'll wear off, Dolly," said Mr. Jilkins softly. He tapped his head and smoothed the once white hair, now turned to an inky blackness. "I'm sorry I done it!"

"Did yer do that to it," demanded she, "just to please me?"

"For you alone!" he answered, solemnly.

"Awright then," said Dolly; "an', since you've owned up, I've su'think to s'y. It's the w'y to do when you get engiged an' married. To get me 'air like this," she touched the towering coiffure, "I comb it all up tight an' put a rat in it, an' roll it back—so—an', this skirt is mar's! I've to earn two more bob to get one of me own."

She took breath to continue.

"Another thing; there was n't no ball that night I told you—I made it up. I never was to a ball in me life, bli'my if I was."

There were audible gasps at this series of crimes, but the countenance of Jilkins remained unchanged, unless, perhaps, a gleam of mirth mingled with the admiration in his eye.

The little scullery maid slipped to her feet beside him, and, with the air of a peacock spreading its plumage, threw out the train of her skirt; glancing bright-eyed from the pantryman to the cook, she said, naïvely:

"I accepts 'is 'and an' 'eart."

"You 're a wonder," admitted the chef, hurrying toward the cooking sherry.

From the little finger Jilkins drew his heirloom, holding it toward her. Blushing, the scullery maid extended the proper finger.

"It's 'appened 'ow I dreamed it almost to a T," she sighed.

"Talk about dream books"—the pantryman eyed her admiringly—"you can beat 'em 'ollow!"

And the cook's hands trembled perceptibly as he filled four glasses with sherry.

⚜ ⚜

"In our hearts lies the Eldorado which we scour the world to find."

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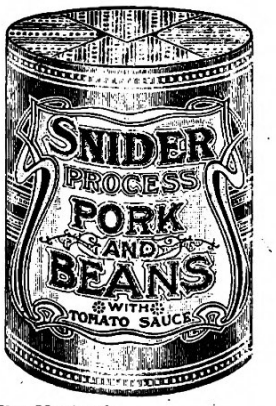

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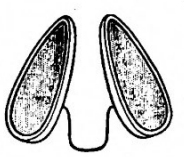

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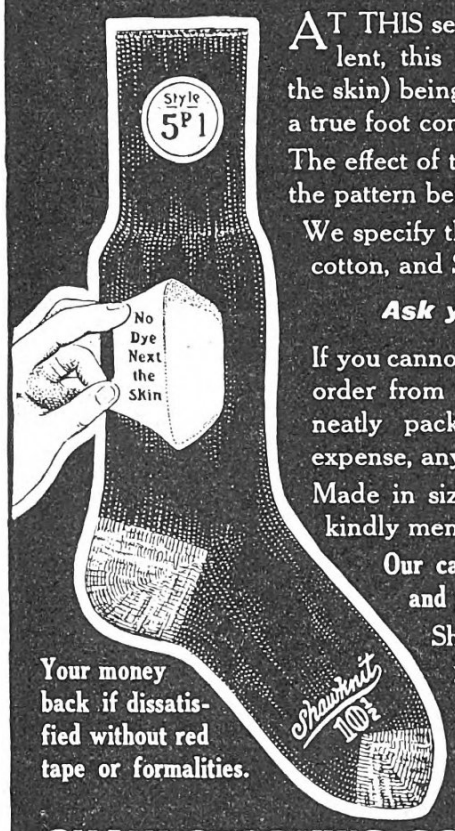

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Thrifty Old Nippon

[*Continued from page 566*]

dollars' worth of ships and a few billion dollars' worth of property, or the entire Empire of Japan itself. And yet he received but three thousand dollars a year as his pay. It is true, he did not have to entertain, like the American admiral, the guests of the Government; but he was called upon to afford an entertainment for its enemy; a pretty lively type of entertainment at that.

Three thousand dollars a year for the greatest admiral Japan has ever produced, certainly, and perhaps the greatest that the history of the world has ever known? Three thousand a year! Why, a salesman for a second-rate dry-goods store in New York gets that and his employer has not always an easy time to make him think that he is getting his due, even then.

Not so many years ago our country woke, on a fine morning, and found herself on the vortex of an excitement highly dramatic. It was like seeing a dead tree blossom forth through the snow-white winter. The dignity of the men playing the title rôles aggravated its histrionic virtues. It came from the most unexpected quarter, this thrilling episode. It happened in the dignified courts of law in Japan, and the leading actors of the sensational drama were the learned judges of our country. It was the strike of the Japanese judges for higher pay! That was what the newspapers called it; and for once the newspapers called a thing by its right name. The Government, of course, won out. The trouble with the righteous complaint of the judges was that, in our country, there is something more than firecrackers and fine orations in a sentiment called patriotism. It has a distinct commercial value. It means a lot of money to our Government.

And this is another reason why our country can do so much on so little.

The Government Makes Money in Business

Another thing: Travelers have fallen into the habit of calling America by pleasant names—"The Land of the Dollar," "The Paradise and Hothouse of the 'Yours-for-Revenues-Only,'" etc. Of course they do not know what they are talking about; what globe-trotter ever knew anything, pray? Nippon is famous, on the other hand, for her samurai-like spirit called Yamato Damashi, which is another name for an idiotic contempt for and cheap indifference to money, and fanatical devotion to state. And it is this money-indifferent Nippon that goes into all sorts of business—that is, as a state, and it is this money-loving America that does not do any business whatever, except the postal service.

The Government of Nippon is for everything that seems to be big and worth while—that is, in a money-getting way. Is there any money in transportation business? Very well, the Government nationalizes the railways. Result? It gets all the profit from them. Is there any big profit in telegraph and telephone business? Very good; these, too, the Government takes. Is there any money in tobacco business? The Government sees very faithfully to it that there will be no second edition of the American Tobacco Company as far as Nippon is concerned. It plays the jobber of salt; it is a camphor merchant. It has, indeed, gone into the almost religious work of reform—of selling very bad tobacco for a very, very high price. It gets one hundred and forty-four and a quarter million dollars every year from these different enterprises. All very good, these; but would not this sort of thing murder individual initiative and industrial activity of the people, you say? Certainly. Still, it must be confessed that these industrial and commercial murders on a large scale, by the august Government of ours, is not altogether without a touch of saving grace. The Japanese Government has an eternal cure for trusts and trust magnates so dear to the hearts of the American cartoonists. The immense mushroom race of millionaires can not grow there in Nippon, and therefore the grave problems which afforded such a spectacular stage for the strenuous mental acrobatic feats of Mr. Roosevelt are impossibilities in Nippon. We are saved from trust problems. Instead of having one hundred trusts, we have one gigantic one called the Government of Nippon. As a business concern it is admirable. Beautiful and perfect as the Standard Oil, thoroughgoing, heartless, and all for coin as *Shylock*.

Taxation as a Fine Art

There is still another thing: our Government has always known how to tax her people; she knew it, even in those happy-go-lucky days of feudal Nippon. After learning the new ways from the West it proved a biblical dictum false: it demonstrated that a pupil is sometimes greater than his master. Take, for example, our income tax. Before the Russo-Nippon War our Government used to go to the unfortunate class, the wealthy, especially to those who had the annual income of one hundred thousand *yen* or more, and say to them: "Mr. Asano, your annual income is more than one hundred thousand *yen*?"

"Yes."

"Hand over to us 5.5 per cent. of it." But that was, as I have said, before the war. When that came, our Government improved its mind. It went to the same

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class and said: "Mr. Asano, now you must be prepared to shoulder the burden. Instead of the 5,500 *yen* of the time of peace, you must now turn over to us 20,350 *yen*, or 20.35 per cent. of your income."

And this is just one of many taxes he pays—and not the heaviest, at that.

There is a touch of completeness which is sweet and clean, and altogether final, in our scientific method of taxation. It should command the admiration of the municipal government of New York.

Heavy Taxes and No Complaints

I have heard it said that there are a certain number of good people among the American politicians who look upon the Government in the light of a good-natured milk cow. The Government of Japan, I am thinking, may be a revelation to some of these Tammany artists. There is a cow that is at once a delight and a dismay to the finished product of American politics.

This taxation system does not apply to the poor among our people; only the wealthy and well-to-do are taxed heavily in our income taxation system. Still, even the poor pay from twenty to thirty per cent. of their net income in different forms of taxes.

And the wonder of wonders is that not only the poor but even the rich, the millionaire class, make no more noise than a mouse when the cat's by over this tremendous taxation system of our Government. Therein, of course, lies the strength of Nippon, and that is another reason why Nippon is able to do so much on so little.

The Realest of all Patriotism

After all is said and done, there is one thing more important than either money or land—ideals.

Just as the ideal, so is a man.

Just as the national ideal, so is a nation.

The civilized West can not understand the devotion of the Nippon soldier to the state. The men under Nogi breasted the steel flood from the Russian machine guns up the slopes of Kikwan Fort at Port Arthur. To the idea of the civilized West that was more than patriotic—it was simply fanaticism. Both in America and Europe, in time of war, men give themselves up that they may fight for their country. And so do they in Nippon, also.

But the Japanese is queer in his way of doing things. Let us say that there was a workingman who earned about fifty *yen* ($25) per month. He had married. He and his wife, both hard workers, managed to save five hundred *yen* between them in the five years past. Then came the war. He gave himself up promptly to fight for the country. At the same time he took his five hundred *yen* and put it in the Government war funds. He robbed his wife of every cent of their common savings; left her destitute. What a capital story for a Sunday edition of a New York newspaper, you would say! Did the Tokyo newspapers print his photograph, and his story? Not a bit of it. Why should they? What everybody does is too common for the newspapers. At the time of the Spanish War, we heard something of the tainted beef and a certain American contractor, but that was another story. The difference between the American of canned-meat fame and the Japanese deserter of wife is this: the civilized one robs the country for himself; the Japanese robs himself and his wife for his country. And you may see at once what a tremendous advantage the Government of Nippon has in this respect, and why Nippon is able to do so much on so little.

Japan Makes a Virtue of Necessity

I do not see why Nippon should do so much on so little. But of this one thing I am fully persuaded: that were Japan given as much money as America has to-day, she would spend it as extravagantly as the city of New York. Necessity is more than a mere mother of invention: it compels us to be good. Of course we are fond of adjectives; the finer sounding, more hypocritical and meaningless they are, the better we like them. So, when we have no money, we are delighted to plume ourselves with a big feather which we are pleased to call the virtue of frugality! In Japan we don't eat to excess—for a very excellent reason—we have n't much to eat there. And we are proud in recommending the virtue of sobriety—our patented article—to all our neighbors.

All the virile races of the world have stood the test of adversity as well as any healthy young fellow working his way through college, but history has yet to give us an example of even the healthiest race and the most virtuous which has stood the test of prosperity well, which has traveled erect and without falling, down the famous highway choked and cumbered with the white bones of Babylon, Rome, and Paris. All peoples are alike in their attitude toward prosperity. They may be hardy and healthy and even happy with small incomes, but they all yearn to be able to pay the doctors' bills of very prosperous countries, and to worry themselves with extravagance. Oh, yes! Truly it is coming. When we shall have conquered the natural resources of Korea and Manchuria, and shall have reaped a harvest or two of the Asiatic Continental market, say after twenty-five years from now, our country shall, no doubt, see the glorious day when the posterity of men who went to brave the Manchurian winter and be shot at with Russian shells for less than a dollar and a half a month, will be lighting cigars with fifty-*yen* bills.

The Multiplication of Power

There is no higher efficiency in the world than that of the American business man.

The multiplication of *power* in a business man—if he has the ability within him—depends upon the *increased number* of people whom he can, *by personal contact,* interest in his purposes.

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In 1890 the Bell System had 200,000 subscribers' telephones in use. As late as 1899—ten years ago—it had only 500,000.

To-day it has 4,400,000—one for every twenty persons in this country—and is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year.

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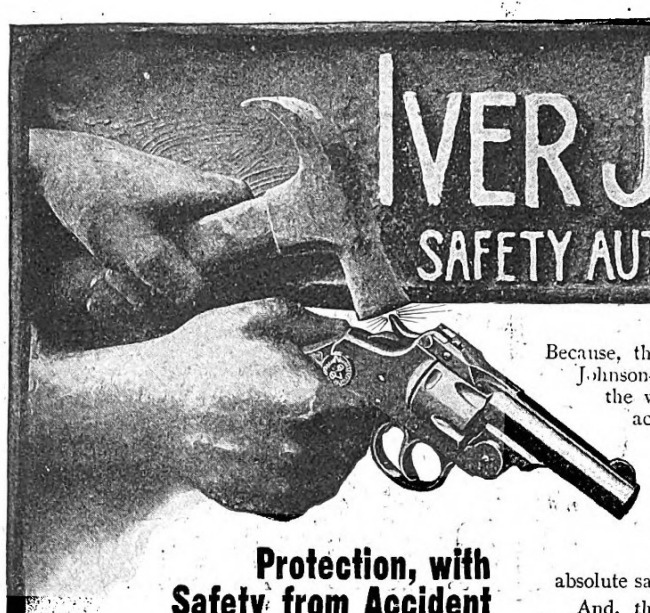

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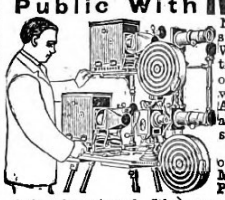

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The Big Moment in the Life of Ellery Andrews

[*Continued from page 563*]

pain and the shock of it, she began to realize that she had sat witness to a fight, and such a fight as it is given few women to see, least of all to understand. And then the row of stores and the straight, dark pines beyond it grew misty to her gaze, and she set her lips together and walked on.

The Woods Boss had fought the fight of his life. Was he not to know that he had won?

* * * * * * *

Ten days later the sawyers felled Mr. Bovee's giant pine. For they were steadily eating their way through the forest; the track was creeping on rod by rod, and the steam skidders were moving forward every few days to the end of it. And behind they left desolation. In this relentless manner they had laid waste their own northern peninsula, in this manner they and their like were now laying waste every other timber region in the country. Pine, oak, spruce, cypress, the wonderful redwood—all must go before these hard-headed, big-limbed pioneers. The biggest tree on the property had to go with the rest, and Uncle Thomas Bovee himself, with an oddly dubious expression on his thin, brown face, stood apart at the edge of the cutting and watched it go. The sawyers, Red-head Hooper and Didier, jumped nimbly clear of the butt when it slid back over the stump, and at once fell briskly to sawing the trunk into lengths. Then the boy rider trotted out from the steam skidder with the end of the cable; and excepting that the mule threw the boy, by getting into a slough from which the Woods Boss and the loading crew had to pry him with a piece of three by twelve, this second stage in the work was safely accomplished. But still the Landlooker waited at the edge of the cutting—waited for the inevitable to occur.

The Woods Boss stood at the edge of the slough, by the cable, and midway between the steam skidder and the waiting sawyers. The rider, who had remounted his mule, reined up at the first of the long line of logs, and Red-head Hooper came forward to make the cable fast, but stumbled, and unexpectedly sat down. There was a pause of a moment, and in that brief period of time the mind of Frenchy Didier was illuminated by a flash of morbid genius. It was, for this misguided outcast, a moment such as comes to great generals in the crises of battles, and shows them with abnormal vision what they are to do in order to control a situation at a stroke. His slouching figure straightened up. He shot a swift glance at the skidder, six hundred feet away, where Murphy was awaiting the signal to wind in the cable. He took in the fact that the Woods Boss was standing directly in the way. His keen, furtive eye told him that the rider of the pull-out mule was nursing a bruised shoulder, that Hooper was slowly getting to his feet, and that—this was the most important of all the facts which had so oddly and so quickly grouped themselves into the perfect-fitting mosaic of his great, his beautiful opportunity—a certain stump was so placed, and the cable had so disposed itself on the wrong side of it, that the log must strike the stump squarely, head-on. And then, before Hooper could turn around and express his sentiments in a manner which would do justice to the force of his tumble, Frenchy Didier stepped forward with an assumption of an off-hand manner, but with trembling hands. He released the mule, hauled the cable over, made it fast to the log, and signaled Murphy to haul away.

It was all very simple and very easy to do. No one could testify that he had clamped the hooks too near the end of the log. It was not to be supposed by any man there that Frenchy intended that the hooks should pull out when the log should strike the stump, and that he purposed playing at "snap the whip" with six hundred feet of steel cable and to kill his boss without soiling a finger of his own rough hands.

Men who work about skidders know that cables are not safe playthings.

But the eye of the Woods Boss was trained to his craft, and it fell at once on the stump which loomed so large to Didier's perverted imagination. "Hi, you, Frenchy!" he shouted, running forward through the mire, "Have an eye out there! Put a skid by that stump. Wake up, will you?" But Didier, though he was running along beside the log, though his eyes were fixed on the stump, heard nothing. His blood was hot; his eyeballs seemed to be swelling; and his heart seemed to be beating at the base of his brain. He was following that log in something the same spirit as that in which Hamlet followed the ghost of the king.

The Woods Boss turned and signaled Murphy to stop the engine, but he was not in time. It was not that he took it more seriously than he took the hundred and one annoyances and dangers that eat into the life of a lumberman; simply it was better to stop the engine and lay a guiding skid beside the stump. But Uncle Thomas Bovee took it seriously, standing back among the tall trees. And Frenchy Didier was taking it very hard indeed.

The log struck the stump, ran up it a little way, and then rolled quietly and easily to the ground. The cable, when the hooks pulled out, whirled and circled through the air, passed harmlessly over the head of the

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Woods Boss, and finally settled, writhing, along the ground. That, it seemed at the first glance, was all. But the second glance made it plain that men were running in from every direction, some with cant-hooks on their shoulders. And when they gathered about the fallen log they knew that Frenchy Didier, poor devil, or what had been some part of him, lay white and dirty and motionless underneath.

They coupled up the workmen's car to the smaller of Mr. Hamilton's two locomotives, and brought him in. "The night train up 'll be along in ten minutes," said the Woods Boss to Mr. Bovee—they were standing on the station platform; Ellery was speaking in a disturbed voice, and nervously snapping his fingers—"and that's lucky. It's just possible that there's a chance for him." Suddenly he turned on the Landlooker. "Look here," he cried, "you've got to take him, Mr. Bovee. I can't, and Mr. Hamilton 's down to Houston." He walked away a few steps and then walked back again. "Don't say you won't, Mr. Bovee," he went on, pleadingly. "I *can't* do it. I'll—" his eyes lighted up a very little—"I 'll get Angus Monteith and Mr. Hamilton's automobile, and run down to St. Anne for the doctor."

When he stepped off the train that night, at Michigan, Mr. Bovee found the Woods Boss awaiting him. The Landlooker bowed, in his grave, shy way, and they walked together across the street, and up, tacitly, to Ellery's room. There they sat, without a word. After fifteen or twenty minutes the Landlooker filled his pipe, and the Woods Boss, with nervous fingers, followed his example. Finally—they had by this time been sitting for nearly an hour—Mr. Bovee lowered his pipe and looked across the table. He next slowly raised his left hand, extended his thumb, and jerked it over his shoulder in a manner to indicate the general direction of Kirby Station.

"Better go up there," he said.

The Woods Boss started up half way to his feet, sat down again, went red and white, and began snapping his fingers. He looked hard at Uncle Thomas, hoping against hope that some explanation was to follow. After a moment he got up and began fumbling among the pipes and things on the table. Then he washed his hands and changed from his forest costume to his Sunday clothes. Once or twice he looked inquiringly around, only to find the Landlooker sitting in fixed silence, slowly pulling on his pipe. The change made, he looked aimlessly about the room, but not for long. A suggestion of his old, determined expression was returning to his face—curiously like the expression she had worn, thought Uncle Thomas. Then the Woods Boss, nearly himself, sat down and drew on his riding boots and laced them up.

"I'll take the pony, so 's to get back by the noon train." He hesitated, then added, "I guess Mr. Hamilton would n't mind my being late in the woods, seeing that—seeing that it 's—" The sentence trailed off into nothing. He walked to the door, then turned back and laughed nervously. "Guess I 'll take my hat," said he. And with this he went out and shut the door behind him.

The proprietor of the eating-house at Kirby Station was Gabrielle's uncle, and she was living with his family in a comfortable, painted house, back a little way on the Dupuy road. It was pleasant there, for it was quite in the woods, and the fragrance of the pines always spiced the air. In spite of the broad heat of the daytime, the nights in this region are usually cool. And the early mornings, when the sunshine comes slanting in among the straight tree-trunks and the smell of fresh, dew-moistened vegetation is borne to the nostrils on every breeze, are sometimes very charming.

It was on such a morning that Gabrielle sat alone on a rustic seat on the edge of a clearing. And it was on such a morning that the Woods Boss reined up before the house and looked first at her and then at the crape on the door. He dismounted and walked over to where she was sitting.

"I'm sorry, Gabrielle," he said, softly. And after a moment he tried again. "Did the doctor stay?" he asked.

"No." She was looking up and slowly shaking her head. "He went back in the automobile. There was nothing for him to do, he said."

"Is there anything I can do to—help?"

"No—thank you. People are kind."

He was turning away to whistle to his gray pony, when something told him to wait. It was not Gabrielle, for she was sitting perfectly still. He did not know what it was. That there could have been any subtle communication between their two inner selves was a notion which would never have occurred to him. And yet an impulse which had for him the force of a command brought him back to her. And simply, quite unaware that he was answering her thoughts, he said, "What is it, Gabrielle? What were you going to say?"

She gave an odd little start and looked up. Then she smiled bravely. "Shall we—" It was necessary now, having gone so far, to carry it through. "Shall we—try it—together? Do you want to—now?" she said.

He stood looking at her and trying to find his voice.

"All right," he said, huskily, "if—if you—"

She nodded. And that throat affection which had once before disturbed the Woods Boss came on him now, and made it necessary for him to swallow repeatedly.

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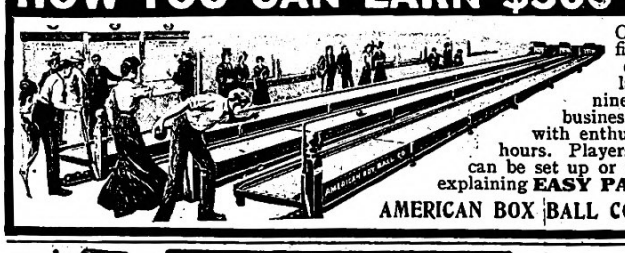

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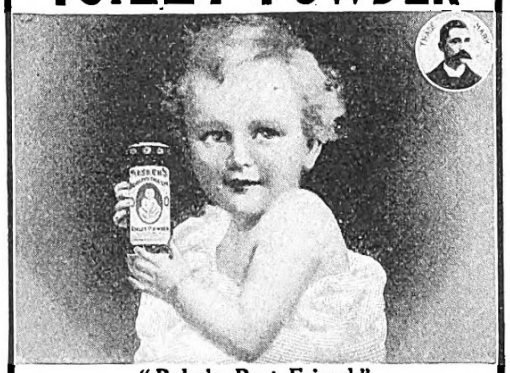

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Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

New Tales of the Road

[*Continued from page 556*]

you know, is to get a man to your sample room. If you can interest a man in one item, really interest him, he will go with you. Merchants are looking for good things; that's their business.

"'All right,' said Nick.

"'And bring your head clerk along with you,' said I. I had learned in the course of our talk that the head clerk, Louis, had been with Nick's partner and helped him select the conditional order, and that the absent partner had bought on Louis's judgment.

"Before they came up I laid out a line of hosiery, and when Nick and Louis came in I said, 'Now, gentlemen, I wish you would both pardon me, right now, for anything I may say while I am in my sample room, but this is no funny business—it is the way I make my living. I have been turned down for another man. If I were to get the same deal everywhere I would lose my job in six months, so this is serious business. Now the facts in the case, very briefly, are these. Your firm has been buying my goods for many seasons; you have been pleased with them, Nick, and have prospered. During your absence your partner and Louis, here, have bought a bill of goods in my line from another man. Now if they bought that bill of goods they did so on their judgment. Your partner is not here, and I have not, of course, a fair chance. But Louis is here; he helped him to select that other bill of goods. Now, if Louis used his judgment, does he not owe it to himself and you, and to me, to show us just how good his judgment is?'

"With this I said to Louis, 'Now, Louis, here is a line of hosiery laid out. The prices on them are marked in plain figures, but the tags are turned in so that the prices can not be seen; you just tell me what these goods are worth.'

The Clerk Who Couldn't Guess Prices Without Seeing the Tags

"Louis squirmed, but I had him where he had to declare himself. On the first half-dozen samples I showed him he guessed within twenty-five to one hundred per cent. of their value. You ought to have seen that boy's face grow red when I turned the sample tickets over and showed him how little he knew.

"'Now, Nick,' said I. 'Here's an impartial man in this case, for Louis has no interest in this thing one way or the other, and a man whose judgment was depended upon in the buying of this conditional order has shown you how much his judgment is worth. Excuse me, Louis,' said I to him, 'but this is a matter of business with me and a matter of my living, so let us eliminate Louis from this transaction.' He had knocked on me and I had to defend myself, much as I disliked to do so.

"'Now, as to your partner. You and he are interested together. You have spent all your life in the furnishing goods business. He has spent all his life on the ranch. Tell him this. If you and he were in the stock business as well as in the furnishing goods business, and you both had some cows to buy—' Nick smiled, and so did Louis.

"'You need not say any more, old man,' said Nick. 'Don't rub it in too hard. And Louis, suppose you go back to the store; both of us should not be away too long.'

"Well, boys, you know the rest."

A Luncheon Served in the Sample Room

"Speaking of cows," said Fletcher. "I shall never forget how I once sold an old cowboy a bill of clothing. He had been punching cows up in the Big Horn Basin, in Wyoming. I ran into him over at Butte, where he came to meet the furnishing goods and hat man. My furnishing goods friend brought the old cowboy, Landis, into my room. He said, 'Well, pardner, I tell you in the start, I don't want any clothing, but it never does any harm to look.'

"We had a good luncheon before us, which I had ordered served in the room. Not until we both leaned back and lighted our cigars did I say anything to him about business.

"'How many people have you over in your country, Brother Landis?' I asked.

"'Oh, there's pretty near three thousand in my valley,' said he. 'The store over there now has got a fellow that is a robber and the people are down on him. He has tilted me so often that I thought I would sell off a little bunch of cattle and start a store of my own. I bought some furnishing goods and hats and shoes, but I don't know about this clothing business. How much would it take to give me a pretty good stock?'

"I figured out that in three thousand people there ought to be at least five or six hundred men, and putting these figures before Landis, I said, 'Well, Brother Landis, there are five or six hundred men over in your country and I should think you would be safe in putting in, first, about one hundred suits.'

"'How much will a hundred suits cost?' he said. 'Don't want any Jim Crow clothes, you know.'

"I said 'Well, for about nine hundred or a thousand dollars you could put in one hundred good, fair suits.'

"'A thousand dollars!' said Landis, puffing at his cigar and looking at the smoke—'a thousand dollars—

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a thousand dollars—that's about—let me see; a thousand dollars—ten times a hundred—ten times two—why that's just about twenty steers. You just pick me out a hundred suits of clothes. I don't know nothing about clothes, and I don't think anybody else does till they are worn, and it's a poor world anyhow if you can't trust a man.'

"I had only to lay out a line before him and tell him that those numbers were all right—he did n't move from his chair."

"Another one of your confidence games," said Sullivan.

"Yes, you bet your life," spoke up Fletcher. "Selling goods is nothing less, but it takes a man who is on the square himself to get the confidence of the man he wishes to do business with. It is a physical impossibility for a man to tell a lie so that the man he is telling it to will believe him. If you *feel* the lie, although you try to make it seem the truth, you will act the lie."

The Bluffer Who Tore Up Cards

"Well, that cowboy was so easy that he reminds me of the hardest man I have ever tried to do business with," said Nye, the hardware man. "I had called on him and called on him, every sixty days, for two years; but I could n't get him to open his heart to me to save my life. I had heard that one of the things that this old bluffer enjoyed very much was tearing up salesmen's cards when they were handed to him. Being in the hardware business, just for the sake of novelty, I had a bunch of cards made out of aluminum. I don't believe in shoving a card out to a merchant when you go to call on him, anyway, because that will make him do the very thing you do not wish him to do—get away from your personal influence. The man who hands out a card will lead the merchant to look at it, when what he ought to do is to look him square in the eye.

And the Man Who Got Even Besides Getting an Order

"Of course a novelty card is an exception to this rule; a thing like this will often introduce a conversation. When I went up to see this old bluffer I 'm telling you about, I passed him over an aluminum card. It looked very much like paper. He looked at me in the face, but I could see him tugging away at that card with his fingers. He was trying to say to me, 'No, I guess I don't want anything,' but his words came out in jerks, and he reddened in the face from exertion. Taking up the card and looking squarely at it he finally stammered, 'What the devil is this, anyway?'

"When he saw what it was he said, 'Well, young man, any one who is bright enough to work a thing like this on me is bright enough to do business with me. Bring in your catalogue and let me see what you have!'"

"Boys, you are right about that card business," said Williams, our merchant friend, "When any one comes in and passes me out a card it's a sure give-away on him. I know he's a new man. I had a fellow once who worked me mighty smooth. I know, when he sold me his first bill of hats, instead of—"

"Ah, Newman, here comes one on you," put in Sullivan.

"Well, fire away, Billy, anyhow," spoke up our hat friend to Williams.

A Neat Little Trick Which Got Business

"Instead of passing me out a card he came up to my window and handed me a letter. I had never bought any goods from this man's house, and—" here all the boys looked at Newman—"his two predecessors had never been able to get me interested, somehow. Well, this man—never mind who he is, boys—when he handed me the letter, quietly said, 'Mr. Williams, here is a letter that will perhaps interest you.' Well, now, you know when a fellow comes at you that way, if he is a stranger to you, you will always read any letter he may have—you might think it a letter of introduction, or a letter from a long-lost friend, or something of that kind. The letter read:

"'To whom it may concern:

'This is to certify that I have worn the Leopard hat every day for eighteen months, and it is a good hat yet.

'Signed, ————'

The Man Who Showed the Well-worn Sample First

"Well, I can't remember the fellow's name, boys, but underneath was a postscript: 'I sold this hat a year and a half ago,' and to this postscript was signed the same name as that on the letterhead. Just as I finished reading that letter, out of my friend's pocket came an old hat. 'This is the article in question, sir,' said he.

"Well, here were two things I had never had sprung on me by a traveling man—a letter like that and a piece of goods that showed the wear. In another moment, somewhere from out of his pockets, quick as a sleight-of-hand man would have done it, he pulled a new hat. 'That is the same class of merchandise, sir,' said my city friend, 'before it had any wear.' He did not introduce himself, did not tell me his own name, nor even ask mine. 'This shows you the quality of my goods. At my sample room I can show you a great many styles;' perhaps you will come over with me this afternoon; say at one-thirty?'"

"And Billy," continued Williams, "confound you, don't you know, you have sold me every hat I have bought from that day to this."

Veil or No Veil?

That is the Question

Are you proud of your complexion or are you not? Of course, all girls wear veils *some* times, but some girls wear veils *all* times. You don't need *ever* to wear a veil. The soft, smooth, picture-of-health skin which Nature gives to all children is yours by right, and every girl or woman can, if she will, retain, or regain, the perfect, pretty complexion of childhood—simply by a few moments' frequent massage with

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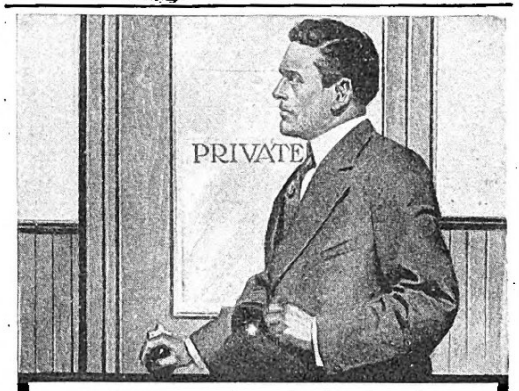

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A BICYCLE PUMP can be used to remove the dust from bed springs or any inaccessible place.—L. N. H.

LEAVE THE OVEN DOOR OPEN when through baking. It saves a gas oven from rusting.—MRS L. L. C.

SPRINKLE YOUR TABLE before laying down the ironing sheet. This prevents the sheet fram slipping.—BECK.

TO KEEP ANTS from getting into a refrigerator, set the legs of the refrigerator on small squares of sticky fly-paper.—E. F. L.

WHEN STARCHING ARTICLES made of brown linen, if a little tea is put into the starch they will keep their color.—L. R. F.

TO DISGUISE THE TASTE of castor or olive oil, pour a tablespoonful of grape juice or orange juice into a glass; then add the oil.—MARTHA DELL.

TO COOK SWEET POTATOES, boil them while the oven is heating. When about half done, remove the skins and finish by baking in the oven.—BECK.

CUT A CORK to fit into the spout of the coffee pot. It keeps the coffee hot and preserves the aroma, which is frequently lost in the steam from the spout.—C. A. M.

TO KEEP THE FINGER NAILS clean when polishing the stove, put a little lard under and around the finger nails—that protects them from blacking.—MRS. J. BRANCH.

BEFORE DRAWING THREADS IN LINEN for hemstitching, make a thick lather of soap and apply with a shaving-brush to the fabric. When the linen dries the threads draw easily.—J. W.

A BROKEN MIRROR WAS CUT in a small square, and cardboard placed back of it. The edges were finished with red passe-partout and it made a handy shaving mirror.—MRS. J. G.

ON OPENING A QUART of blackberry jelly I found it a thick syrup, having been too sweet to jell. I cooked a quart of cranberries in the blackberry syrup, strained it, and the result was a delicious, tart jelly.

LOIS THRONE.

A BOARDING-SCHOOL TRICK is to turn fudge into a paper boat, which is as good as a pan; besides, it need not be buttered. The boat is made by turning up the sides and securing the corners of a sheet of foolscap.

MARY JENNESS.

USE A COAT-HANGER to dry a sweater, a child's coat, or anything that might pull out of shape if pinned on the line in the usual way. Slip the garment on the coat-hanger; then hook it over a rod or line, indoors or out.

H. B.

IN SEWING LACE which has a good heading on an edge of material where a narrow hem is desired, as for a small ruffle, make but one turn of the material on the right side and the lace stitched directly over this hides the raw edge.—F. S. J.

AN UNOBTRUSIVE BUT EFFECTUAL way to mark an umbrella is to write one's name on the inside of the strap with which it fastens when rolled, then outlining it in colored embroidery silk. The umbrella can thus be easily distinguished anywhere.—MISS A. J. S.

INSTEAD OF MAKING THE ELASTIC in a small boy's knickerbockers tight enough to hold them up, make it just tight enough to hold the fulness and tack straight strips of cloth from the waist to the knees. Tight elastics are injurious to growing children.—MRS. J. A. B.

TO EXTRACT A NEEDLE APPLY A MAGNET immediately; the flesh closes rapidly over a needle, and it is soon taken in out of sight. A magnet stops the penetrating movement of the needle, and in a short time draws it from the flesh without pain.—GERTRUDE F. CRANE.

LAST FALL I HAD A LARGE BED OF LETTUCE from seed which had fallen off the old stalks. I protected it from frost and snow by placing boards around the beds and making the south side three inches lower than the north side. Thus it had a southern slant. I drove sticks on either side of the boards and banked earth around before the ground froze. I then placed two window sashes over the bed, making their edges fit closely together. Occasionally I lifted the window sash and sprinkled lukewarm water upon the lettuce. At night I covered the bed with old carpet. I had fine dishes of lettuce on Thanksgiving and New Year's days. When the snow came I still had lettuce, and even in February I am still cutting it.—MINERVA R. BOND.

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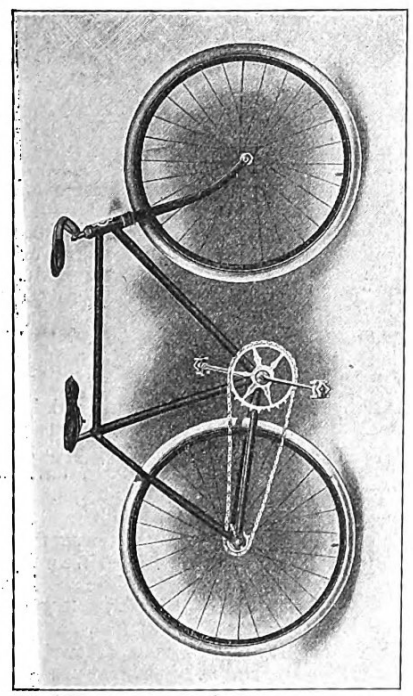

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The Sky Man

[*Continued from page 571*]

He went on watching them with a quickly enlivened curiosity, when he saw that the man who acted as guide to the score of people from the yacht was clad in skins, as the party of men had been who had murdered Hunter. Of that murder, these people who were following him, of course, knew nothing.

Where in the world, Cayley wondered, could he be guiding them? Well, there was no hurry. He could stay and see.

So he hung there lazily for two or three hours, in the bright, capricious air. His mind was only about half occupied with the toiling little clump of men below him, who struggled on so slowly, so ludicrously slowly, from one ridge's crest to the next.

Of those other men—his two accusers—the two Fanshaws—he thought very little, either. The importance of their charges, and their insults, faded out.

But the girl kept her place—she would always keep her place, he imagined—in his memories. He went over, in minute detail, the hour he had had with her upon the ice-floe; smiled over the effort he had had to make to convince her that she was not dreaming; remembered how she had commented upon the contempt he must have for the world.

Then, more reluctantly, he summoned back the scene just enacted upon the *Aurora's* deck; recalled the touch upon his arm, and the challenge which he had just fled from; recalled, last of all, her declaration of faith in him. "Sodden, stupid, cruel, blind"—those words did not apply to her, at any rate. He wished that she had wings. And then he abruptly dismissed the wish, or tried to.

He had sighted the cup-shaped valley, which Roscoe called Fog Lake, when the little party, who were making their unconscious way toward it, were still a mile or two away. He himself was slow to perceive that it was their destination. He did not fully realize it, in fact, until he saw them disappear at the edge of it. Even then he waited awhile, in expectation of seeing them emerge along another of the slanting ridges which seemed to offer a practicable trail.

When it became evident at last that they were not coming out that way, he wheeled about and set out in the direction of the yacht. There was something queer about that guide; something queer about the place he had taken them to, and he was no longer able to pretend, even to himself, that he was indifferent as to whether or not they had gone into danger. He would go back to the *Aurora*, anyway, and inform whoever might be there to see him where the missing members of the other party were to be found.

He was flying across the glacier on his way seaward, when he encountered the relief expedition, headed by old Mr. Fanshaw and Scales, the first officer.

The reflection that, in order to send out so numerous a party, they must have left the yacht almost deserted, gave him his first intuitive perception of Roscoe's design.

He hesitated a moment, then shot downward and alighted on the ice, not a dozen paces from where Mr. Fanshaw was standing. The moment he got clear of his wings, he walked straight up to the old gentleman, against whom he had been thinking such bitter things not very long before.

"You are making a great mistake in leaving the yacht, Mr. Fanshaw," he said. "I am afraid you are leaving it in danger. Unless you have left it well manned, I think it is almost certain to be attacked."

Scales was coming up, and Mr. Fanshaw now turned and spoke to him. "This is the gentleman who paid us a visit this morning," he said; and then, turning to Cayley, "Is it your impression that there are men on this deserted land who would attack the yacht?"

"There are at least ten of them," Cayley said earnestly; "probably more. They made no scruple about murdering one member of your party yesterday."

Cayley did not know the theory which had gained general credence on the yacht in the hour or two immediately following his departure—the theory that he, Cayley, if not a murderer, was mad. But he saw, and flushed a little, over the interchange of a meaning look between the man he was addressing and the first officer.

"I think even in the event of an attack, the yacht could be safely defended. My son has charge of her, and with what help he has, I doubt if any ten or a dozen men, armed with darts, could capture it. Besides, this is not a pleasure excursion. There is a party of our people ashore who must, by this time, be in a rather serious plight. We're on the way to relieve them now."

"I know where they are," said Cayley. "I have been following them for hours. If you will only get back to the yacht as quickly as may be, I will find the others and bring them back myself."

His words made some impression on them, that was plain to see. The two men to whom he had talked drew off a little by themselves, and discussed, uneasily, their further course of action, while the others clustered curiously about Cayley, eyeing the wings and stretching out cautious, inquisitive hands to touch them.

Presently Scales returned. "We've decided we must go on and find our people," he said. "We very much doubt that the yacht can be in serious danger, but we would consider it a favor if you would tell us where you saw our party going."

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As well as he could, Cayley told, and he noticed an uneasy look of recognition in Mr. Fanshaw's face when he described the appearance of the guide they had had. This man Cayley might be mad, but he had seen something; that was clear enough. And he had reported it accurately.

Cayley watched them as they trudged away; then, with a sudden determination, again took wing and flew, as fast as a long slant down the wind would carry him, back to Fog Lake. Across its gray and now darkening surface he skimmed, this way and that, and finally caught the thing he hoped for—the sound of human voices coming up through the fog.

He was under no delusion as to the danger of the thing he contemplated. A dive into water of uncertain depth and bottom was safe in comparison, because water would check the downward rush of the entering body; its buoyancy would offer a means of returning to the air again. The fog had no more supporting power than the air itself. It was a mask across the face of danger, and that was all. But there were men down there, and he had set out to save; so, with a long, steadying breath or two he allowed himself to go drifting down.

Before Cayley could make out the figures of the men below him, he heard a sudden cry of terror and checked his descent. The voice had cried out in a foreign tongue, sounding like Spanish—enough like Spanish, at least, for him to understand.

"The Angel of Death!" it cried. "I will confess—confess everything."

And then as swiftly, in that same sibilant, explosive tongue, the confession poured forth, a confession now so amply justified by what had happened since.

All the while it went on Cayley hung there, now rising a little, now flying, but always with the portentous shadow of those great dark wings of his spread out above the terrified Portuguese and his only less frightened companions.

They told Cayley afterward that when he had finished speaking—he had made the confession on his knees—he rose, with a face like a blind man or a somnambulist, and, before he could be prevented, walked straight off the edge of the narrow ridge where they were standing. He went down without a cry, without a sound. Whatever his reward was to be, he had gone to it.

When Cayley succeeded in finding a spot where he could alight, and, at the same time, afford some prospect of enabling him to take wing again, he found, grouped around him, a little knot of men, withheld only from flight by the flat impossibility of it, who gazed at him as if they more than half believed that he was, indeed, the Destroying Angel which Miguel had declared him.

But Warner, the captain of the yacht and leader of the party, was a man of well-balanced common sense, and he soon recovered from his surprise sufficiently to discuss with the new arrival the best means of trying to find a way out. Without Cayley and his wings such a thing would have been almost impossible. Aided by his ability to fly up through the fog and take occasional observations in the clear air, there was some hope that the thing might be done.

And it was done at last. Their progress was very slow and infinitely laborious, especially for Cayley, for the air in this deep valley was almost stagnant, and when he rose through it, it was by main strength, a strength which the great, knotted muscles of his shoulders, back and thighs were barely equal to the exertion of producing.

It was just after sunset when they finally stood on the crest of that little ridge where, hours before, he had seen them, under Miguel's guidance, disappearing into the fog.

Down on the crest of the glacier, still toiling on toward them, he pointed out the relief party. "Go down to them as quickly as you can," he said, "and then make all possible haste back to the yacht."

They did not need that last injunction, for Miguel's confession had made the danger he apprehended real enough to them all.

"And, by the way," Cayley had added, cutting short their thanks, "if you've got anything to eat, give it to me. That's a detail I've been forgetting about lately. The relief party down there on the glacier is loaded down with rations for you."

So they left him some ship's biscuit and bacon, and set out down the well-marked trail toward the glacier. He had told himself, as he watched them departing, that now at least his duty toward them was done. He would rest awhile, and then enjoy a long, calm sail across the ice and sea to Point Barrow.

There was no fog in the great valley along whose edge the glacier lay, and he thought when he took wing that he would be able to get a last view of the yacht and make sure that she was still safe, before he started.

So, when he crossed the great line of cliffs which formed the coast, he was both surprised and disappointed to find a dense gray cloud of vapor obliterating everything. It was all quiet enough down there, though. They were all right. There could n't be any doubt of that.

It made him shudder now, as he sat there at the feet of the girl who slept so quietly—as he sat there and listened to her slow, steady breathing—it made him shudder to think how nearly, for a second time that day, he had abandoned her. What if that terrified cry of hers had gone unheard? What if Roscoe—

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He sat stiffly erect, and rubbed his eyes like one trying to get rid of a nightmare; then, with a long expiration of breath, he settled back again.

If his wings had betrayed him once before, they had made their compensation in that moment when the girl's cry had come up to him, through the fog. Without them he could never have brought help.

She told him she had cried out to him—to him, Philip Cayley. And his heart went racing madly now as the strange admission came back to his mind, and the declaration of faith that had gone with it. Well, he had his reward. All those lonely years in Sandoval; all the deadly peril that had made up the tale of them; all the heart-hunger of those years, for which he had sought an anæsthetic in the sky; all were paid for now and made profitable in these hours he had had with her, and in the memory of them that he would take away with him. It could be nothing more than a memory; that he knew full well. The girl had practically admitted as much when she had urged him to clear his name of the old disgrace that stained it.

He could not take her faith in him and use it as a cloak. The world, as she had said, had to walk by sight. Unless he could convince those two Fanshaws, for instance, of his innocence of the old charge, as the girl had convinced them of his innocence of the later one—unless he could do that, why, with the coming of morning, with the coming ashore of a boat from the yacht, he must say good-by to her; must let her go out of his life for always.

The yacht would sail away and he would fly back to Point Barrow. But however bitter that parting might be, he knew that he would always have something of her that he could keep—the humanity which her faith had given him. He hoped she would let him tell her so, when they should stand on the beach there waiting for the boat to come ashore. He would not tell her any more than that. He did not mean that the parting should give her pain—he wanted to bear all that himself. But he hoped that just once she would give him her hands again and let him kiss them.

Warmed a little, comforted a little with that hope, and oppressed by complete exhaustion, he fell asleep himself. He knew, at least, that he must have done so, when, rousing with a start and springing to his feet, he saw a ray of sunshine splashed golden upon the opposite wall of the hut. It must have been light for hours.

Very silently, very cautiously he unbarred the door and pulled it open. Then, before opening the outer door, he drew his revolver and spun its cylinder underneath his thumb-nail. If the repulsed party from the *Walrus* were camped near by, it would be well to be cautious before reconnoitering.

He pulled the outer door a little way open and glanced slantwise up the beach. The brilliant light dazzled him and made it hard to see; but apparently there was no one there. Then, stepping outside, he turned his gaze inland, along the foot of the cliff. His mind was entirely preoccupied with the danger of a sudden rush of enemies from near at hand.

That is how it happened that, for quite a minute after he opened the door and stepped outside, he did not cast a single glance seaward. He did not look in that direction, until he saw that Jeanne, awakened by the daylight in the hut, was standing in the doorway. Her own eyes, puzzled, incredulous, only half awake, were gazing out to sea. The expression he saw in her face made him turn suddenly and look.

The scene before his eyes was beautiful, with that stupendous beauty that only the Arctic can attain. The harbor beyond it, far out to sea—clear out to the horizon, was filled with great plunging, churning masses of ice, all drenched in color by the low-hanging Arctic sun—violet, rose, pure golden-yellow, and emerald-green, and a white whose incandescence fairly stabbed the eye. And as those great moving masses ground together, they flung, high into the air, broad shimmering veils of rose-colored spray.

Of the floe, which they had considered stable as the land itself, there was no longer any sign. There was nothing there, nothing at all to greet their eyes, to seaward, but the savage beauty of the ice.

The yacht had disappeared.

[*To be continued in October*]

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"Yes."

"What do you feed them?"

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"In the ear?"

"No, in the mouth."

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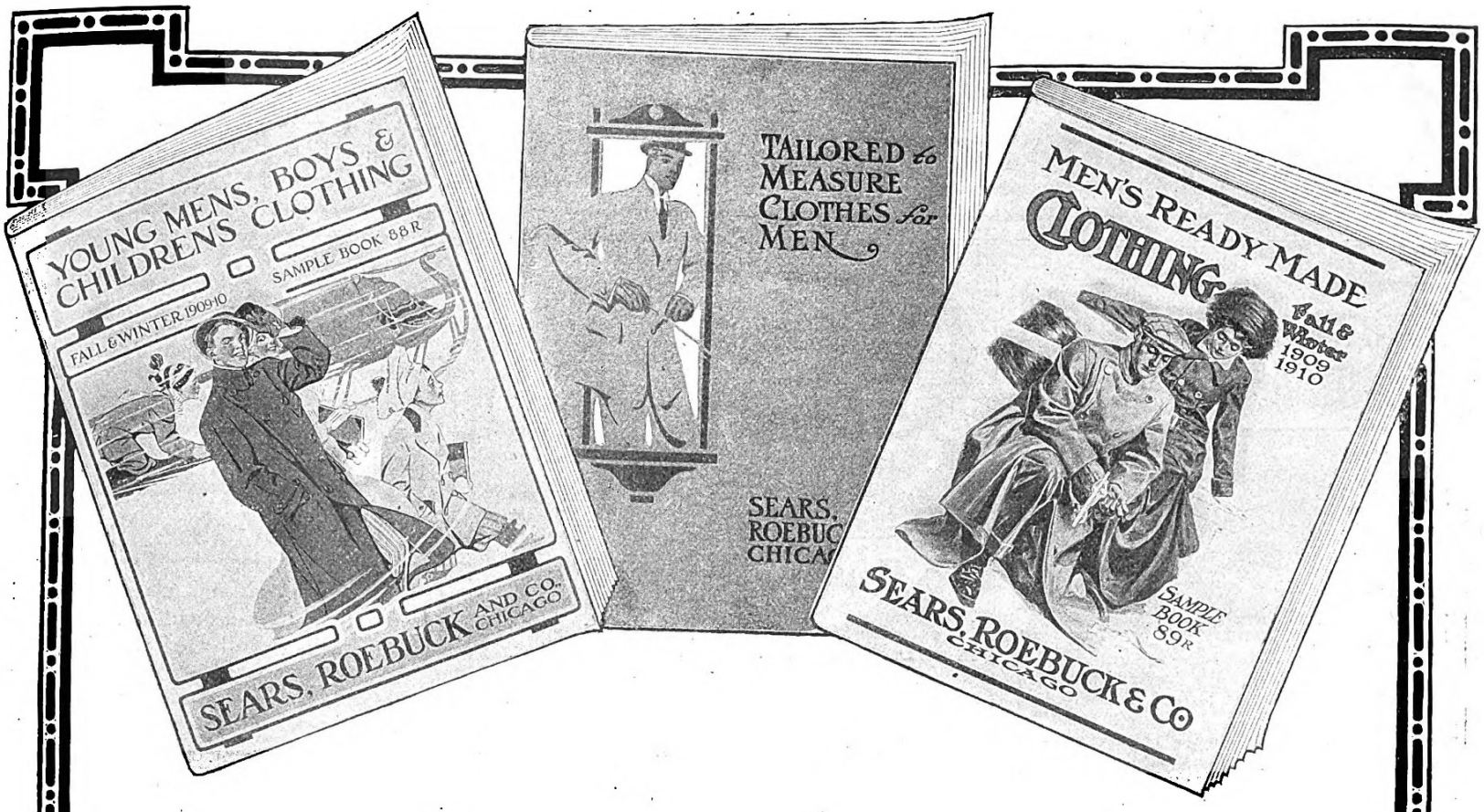

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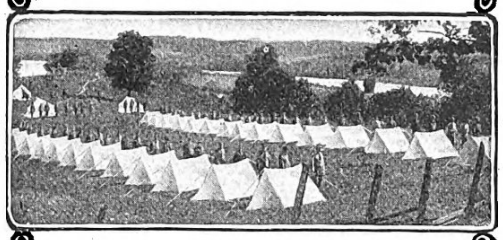

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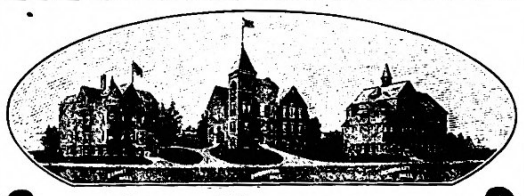

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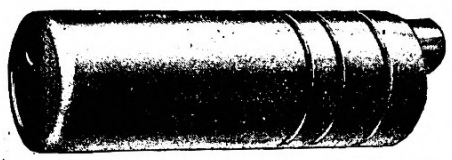

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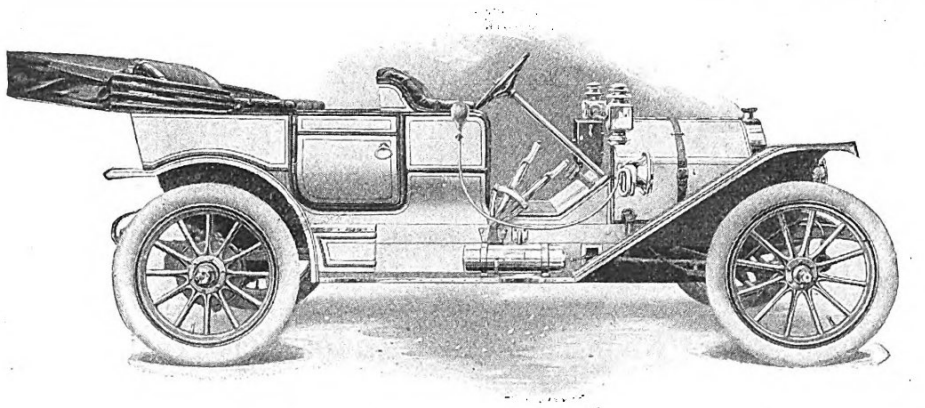

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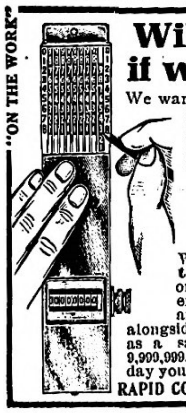

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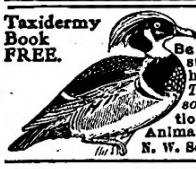

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S. R. Miller, Pres., 116 Royal Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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WE WANT ONE BOY IN EVERY TOWN TO MAKE MONEY SELLING SUCCESS MAGAZINE. IT PAYS BIG

We will send a bundle of copies free to give you a start. A new contest for $125.00 in cash, solid gold, gold-filled watches; also special prizes for new agents, begins with this (the September) edition. You will write now if you are the bright boy we want. We will send a copy of the "Boy Hustler" telling all about the Grand Prize Contest, and what hundreds of other boys are doing. Send a post card **now.**

Junior Agents' Dept. Room S
Success Magazine Building,
29-31 East 22nd Street
NEW YORK CITY.

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FOR BABY'S

SKIN BATH

The purest, sweetest and most economical method of preserving, purifying and beautifying baby's delicate skin, scalp and hair is the constant use of

CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted, when necessary, by gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment. For torturing eczemas, rashes, itchings, inflammations and chafings of infants, children and adults, Cuticura Soap and Ointment are unrivaled.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.

☞Post-free, 32-page Cuticura Book, an authority on the care and treatment of the skin and hair.

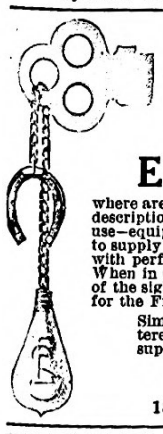
When you have heard an Edison Phonograph play an Amberol Record reproducing the music of Victor Herbert's orchestra

YOU will admit that you could not be better entertained if at the theatre or concert hall, listening to Victor Herbert's Orchestra, led by him and playing his music.

The reproducing powers of an Edison Phonograph and the sweet tones of an Amberol Record can no more be described than can the music produced by Herbert's Orchestra. You must hear the Phonograph to know that you want it. No music lover can hear it play an Amberol Record made under Mr. Herbert's direction and resist the temptation to buy.

Any Edison dealer will gladly grant you this privilege. Our latest book, "The Phonograph and the Home," sent free on request.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 14 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.



Key Chain Free

This handsome nickeled key chain with Silver Ox ornament, emblem of good luck, given away free. Takes place of old fashioned key ring. Write for it. It is a souvenir of Chicago and the beautiful

ELECTRIC SHOP

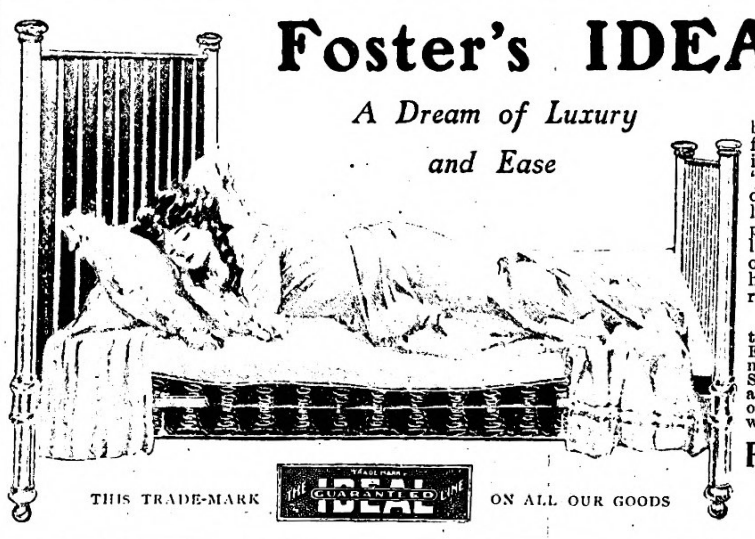
where are collected together things Electrical of every description—beautiful art lamps—utensils for domestic use—equipment and fixtures. Electric Shop is designed to supply your needs in person or by correspondence—with perfect satisfaction, both as to quality and price. When in Chicago do not fail to visit Electric Shop—one of the sights of the city, and do not fail to write today for the Free Key Chain Souvenir.

Simply write telling us whether you are interested in things electrical as consumer—supply dealer—central station or contractor.

Electric Shop
180 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

Foster's IDEAL Spring

A Dream of Luxury and Ease



It gently yields to the pressure of the body in exact proportion to weight, conforms perfectly to every curve, thus giving perfect support at all points. It is a "double-decker"—two springs in one; does not roll to the center and never sags like woven-wire and other springs. A priceless boon to invalids; a delightful luxury for all. Made either upholstered or plain. Extensively used by leading hotels,—its merits secure and retain patronage.

Do not be deceived by imitations. Look for the brass name-plate on every Ideal Spring. Every furniture dealer and leading department store has or can get Foster's IDEAL Spring, Accident Proof Cribs, Brass and Enameled Beds. Insist upon them. Write for our free Spring or Crib booklet, mailed free with name of nearest dealer.

THIS TRADE-MARK THE IDEAL GUARANTEED LINE IDEAL ON ALL OUR GOODS

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO.
35 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.
1425 16th St., St. Louis, Mo.

DEAF 25 YEARS

Can Now Hear Whispers

G. P. WAY Inventor

Medicated Ear Drum Pat. July 15, 1908.

I was deaf for 25 years. I can now hear a whisper with my artificial EAR DRUMS in my ears. You cannot see them in my ears. **I Cannot Feel Them** for they are perfectly comfortable. Write and I will tell you a true story—How I Got Deaf—and How I Made Myself Hear. Address **GEO. P. WAY**

17 Adelaide St., Detroit Mich.

Magic Lanterns

FOR SHOWING POST CARDS

Do you know that we can supply a lantern to show both lantern slides and illustrations, postcards, magazine cuts, and small objects, flowers etc, in natural colors? With it you can illustrate an entire lecture without slides. We have 30 styles of Magic Lanterns & Cinematographs. 40,000 slides for rent. Slides for Secret Societies. Lists free.

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Dept. 5, 918 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Get Light FREE

Free booklet tells how. Brightest, safest, cheapest light for home or store. Burns 96% air to 4% gasoline; 400 candle-power per mantle. Costs ⅓ cent an hour. Leaks impossible. Endorsed by insurance companies. No noise. No smell. Least heat. Write BYSTROM GAS LAMP CO., Dept. E. DEFIANCE, O.

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Seed and roots for planting now ready. My 28-page book, "Culture and Profits of Ginseng," with prices of seed and roots, free. Send for it.

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Six Months to Pay For Good Clothes

$12.95

For this splendid, All-Wool Suit—made in the latest style. Your choice of cloth.

$3.35 Cash
$1.60 Monthly

This Suit will be sent on approval

Dress in Clever Style

Our free Fall Style Book shows photographic plates of the swellest suits and overcoats for fall and winter wear. We want to send it to you.

With it we send samples of all-wool clothes in thirty desirable patterns. We buy nothing but all-wool cloth. Every yard is guaranteed.

We also send a tape line, with simple instructions for taking your measure. We will fit you perfectly, as we have thousands of others.

This book quotes prices on high class clothes which are astounding. You never saw clothes like these sold so low. You have probably paid at least $18 for such suits as we sell for $12.95. The reason lies in our enormous output.

Any suit or overcoat, made in any cloth we show, will be sent you on approval. We guarantee the workmanship, the price and the fit. If not entirely satisfactory, send the garments back, and all your first payment will be returned.

We sell on six months' credit, without any security and without any interest. Our credit prices are exactly the same as for cash. You can pay a little down and a little each month, and dress just as well as the best dressed man you know.

We ask a chance to please you once, and secure your permanent trade. Please send today for our free Fall Style Book and samples.

THE CLEMENT CO.
342 Franklin Street Chicago

SAXONIA INCANDESCENT KEROSENE OIL BURNER

IT SAVES YOU MANY DOLLARS EVERY YEAR NO MATTER WHAT YOU NOW USE

WE WANT YOU TO KNOW OF THIS WONDERFUL BURNER. MORE THAN 100,000 IN DAILY USE THE GOVERNMENT USES THE SAXONIA AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE SEND FOR BOOKLET AND PROOF OF THE GREAT MONEY MAKING POSSIBILITIES OF THIS BUSINESS. ONE BURNER COMPLETE READY TO LIGHT SENT Ex. Pd. IN U.S. FOR $3.00 EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY - DO NOT DELAY. REFER TO DUNN AND BRADSTREET—

IT GIVES 80 CANDLE POWER WHITE GAS LIGHT WITH NO ODOR FITS ANY SCREW COLLAR LAMP

U.S. AUTO LIGHTING CO. 28 TAYLOR ST SPRINGFIELD, MASS

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquists Double Throat Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents or 12 for 50 cents.

DOUBLE THROAT CO., Dept. 35. Frenchtown, N. J.

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. Money Makers. Address SAYMAN, 2379 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Ex-Commissioner Bingham
Attacks Magistrates and Politicians

Says that a crooked, incompetent judiciary is at the very root of the Police Problem, because innocent or guilty, the chance to pay for leniency will be offered the prisoner.

Says that he could have made $1,000,000 a year in bribe money.

He was offered $5,000 down and $500 a month for a hand shake!

Free at last to "speak out" Bingham reveals some startling inside information about his official life as Police Commissioner of New York. One of the most difficult jobs any man ever held.

You must not fail to read this article in

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER—ON SALE NOW

Among the twenty other great features that will make you say that this is the "Best Magazine in America" are

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And a host of capital fiction by Alice Hegan Rice, Morgan Robertson, Rex Beach, Myra Kelly, F. Warner Robinson and others.

Buy it today—any live newsdealer

15 Cents

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE, New York

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By Our Direct-From-Factory-To-You Selling Plan.

Write for our Catalog No. 151 and compare our prices and quality with others. That's all the proof you need.

Thousands of our customers have written us there's no better stove than the Kalamazoo anywhere at any price. Hundreds of thousands are now in use. Our catalog tells you how to buy—how to know a good stove. Our credit plan makes paying easy for all responsible persons.

We make stoves and ranges of every kind. Select from our Catalog—buy direct from us—the *manufacturers*—for

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360-days' approval test. *Freight prepaid.* Safe delivery guaranteed.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Success and Money Come To the Man "WHO CAN"

The demand to-day in every line of business is for *qualified* men. There are many openings for $5,000 and $10,000 men because of keen and insistent competition; because of the more thorough, systematic organization in business methods; because of the increase in business conveniences; more is expected, more is demanded of business men. The man "who can" is the man wanted. The demand is from every side. The business pace is too swift to take in the young man and "learn him"—the want is for the man who can immediately take charge and "deliver the goods."

Qualify yourself for successfully earning a good salary, to fill a position of responsibility, by taking

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You can do it by correspondence. You can give yourself a thorough up-to-date business education in your own home, by giving up your evenings and spare time for a few months, for small expense.

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Beautiful decorative house plants for winter show. Post paid 2 for 30c 4 for 50c 10 for $1

Winter Bulb, Plant and Seed catalog free, Order today.

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HIGH GRADE TYPEWRITER

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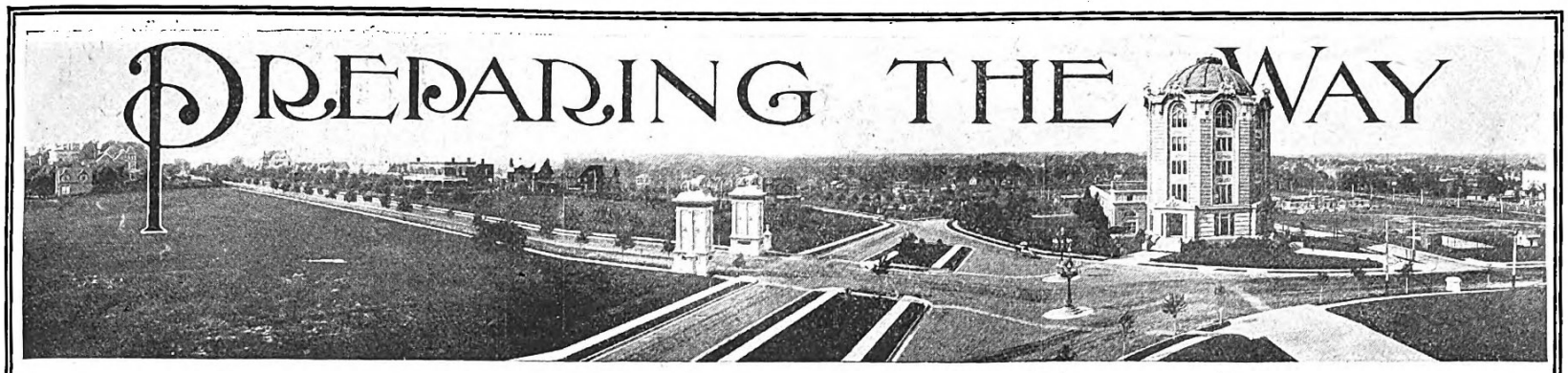


Second Article on The American Woman's League

Its Plan and Purpose

By E. G. LEWIS, President of The Lewis Publishing Company, and Mayor of University City

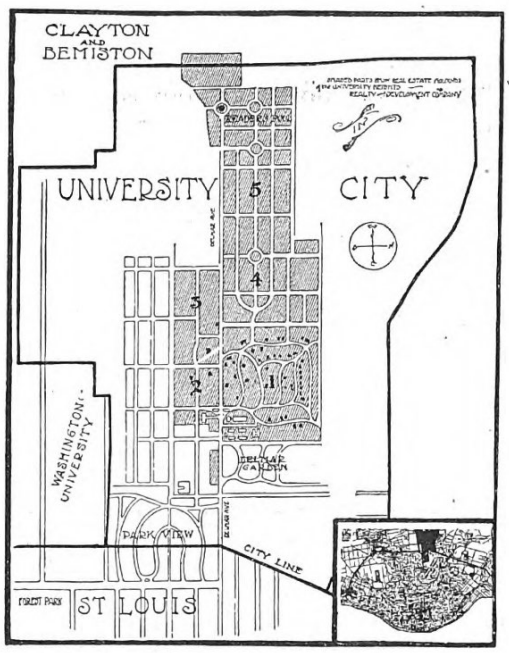
IN the issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE for August was given quite full particulars of the remarkable organization of women, founded and operated on a purely business basis, which has already spread throughout the nation with over seven hundred branch organizations and a membership of tens of thousands —The American Woman's League.

The signs of the times plainly indicate that the women of America will sooner or later demand the suffrage, and when American women demand it, they will get it.

From time immemorial man has impressed on woman that her sphere was in the home alone. When practically everything that affected the family life was produced in the home, this was largely true. In modern years a vast change has come about, and practically everything entering into the home life is now a community interest. Clothing, education, water, light, food are no longer produced in the home, but by the community in the form of factories, industries, corporations or government, local, state and national. The woman of to-day is vitally concerned in both municipal, state, and national government, for their every function affects directly the home life. Government is no longer principally concerned with war, but with the regulation and control of vast industries and the preservation and improvement of the home. Almost without exception these industries and all legislation, and the honesty and fairness of their conduct, directly affect the family life. In such states as have already given woman suffrage the result has been so beneficial as to make return to former conditions repugnant to men of intelligence. Yet woman in general in this great free nation has less to say in these matters than the most ignorant and vicious saloon loafer or negro. She is still held as being both incapable of and lacking the necessary qualities to entitle her to a voice in such matters, and the old cry that to vote would destroy her feminine and endearing qualities, is still raised, while city, state or nation are largely governed by the vote of the lowest and most ignorant men. A few years ago a woman who entered the fields of business was looked upon in the same light; to-day woman is found side by side with man in the business world, more than successfully holding her own in a million positions of responsibility and business requirement, while the beauty and improvement of both the home and community is distinctly her field.

The right of the franchise in the hands of the women of this nation, will do much to insure its future freedom, cleanse its city, state and national government, and restore it to the original principles on which it was founded. It is the rising sun of hope in a republic already rapidly advancing to a state of luxury, beaurocracy and corruption scarcely equalled in history. To the revolutionary mothers, wives and daughters we largely owe our national pristine freedom, and to their grand-daughters we will yet look for its restoration. The corrupt and unsightly conditions known to exist in most communities, due to the franchise in the hands of irresponsible, ignorant and criminal classes, could not continue if the women had the right to vote. We cannot much longer entrust the right to vote to an ignorant foreigner, lately landed, without knowledge or interest in American institutions, or desire for honest, clean conditions, or to the negro, and refuse it to the wife, mother, sister, on the ground that they are less competent. It is not the spirit of this nation or the times. The only real reason why men in America hesitate to give American women the franchise, is because *they fear the housecleaniug, municipal, state and national, that would surely follow.* They dread any sort of housecleaning, and women know both the necessity of housecleaning and how to clean house. When American women once fully realize their responsibilities in these matters, men will be made to more fully realize their own. When American women once fully realize their responsibilities in these matters, there is but one answer and that is that the right of the suffrage for women must come, and it will come in this country FIRST, much sooner than is now supposed. With it will come municipal beauty and the setting of refinement and education above the dollar mark.

The plan of the American Woman's League, while purely a BUSINESS plan, not concerning itself with politics, religion or legislation, or making any pretense of philanthropy, has back of its organization a deeper and more far-reaching thought, and a purpose, if successfully carried out, THAT WILL DO MUCH TO PREPARE THE WAY FOR INTELLIGENT AND HIGH USE OF THE SUFFRAGE WHEN GRANTED.



Map of University City, St. Louis. Shaded portion is the great private residence park of approximately 500 acres, laid out by the University Heights Company, one of the most beautiful in the world.

Appealing only to the desire for culture, education, cleanliness, the beautiful in home and municipality, with equal opportunity for women, it is gathering into its ranks the refined, educated and intellectual women, in each community and throughout the country at large, under a self-supporting, self-respecting, permanent business organization of national scope.

Its organization, deriving its revenue from fifty per cent. of the subscriptions to the great journals of national circulation cooperating under it, is divided into three general divisions: The Founder's Chapter, the Capital City and the Local Chapter. In this article the two latter will be treated of more especially, leaving the particulars of the Founder's Chapter, and the League's organization and work in rural districts, to the third article, which will appear next month.

The Capital City

THE capital city of The American Woman's League is University City, a separate municipality from St. Louis, but embracing in its borders the most beautiful and desirable residence section of the larger city. The founders of the present League, some five years ago, selected a series of beautiful tracts of land in the West End of St. Louis, now its best residence section, purchased several hundred acres of what was then vacant fields, and later incorporated them, with some fifteen hundred acres of adjoining property, into a separate city from St. Louis. This was made possible by the curious fact that many years ago St. Louis had been separated from the county in which it lay and its boundaries fixed at what was then supposed to be the limits of its future growth, by a charter amendment of the State. St. Louis has long since outgrown these ancient boundaries, and, owing to its topography, being compelled to expand westward, its best residence section of recent years has grown up partly in and partly out of the city. Having no form of rapid transit the growth has been solid, block by block. Unable to expand its city limits, separate from the county, a new and separate city was made possible, but an imaginary line separating the two—streets, sewers, car lines, etc., passing without break from one to the other, yet each as independent of the other in government as though a hundred miles apart.

There was a double purpose behind the incorporation of University City: first, the preserving to St. Louis of the only remaining area for expansion of its best residence section, placing it under proper engineering and police control, so that its improvement and development would be forced along the highest lines of beauty and protection; and, second, the establishment, creation, and erection of the most beautiful municipality in the world, to be the home of great national institutions for women, the capital city of The American Woman's League, a model in all that was most desirable in home building, municipal beauty, scientific development, and artistic adornment.

The development along these lines has been rapid and remarkable. First were erected the great publishing plants of the Woman's Magazine, beautiful homes, and the Woman's National Daily structures, which have few equals in their beauty and yet are the home of one of the largest publishing industries in the world. Miles of broad, paved boulevards were constructed, with the highest type of sewer, water, and landscape engineering. Superb entrance gates of stone and bronze, surmounted by heroic figures by the famous sculptor, Zolnay, were erected. An army of gardeners kept at work for years until its open places blossomed in exquisite beauty.

Much is yet to be done, but all that is being done is with the same purpose. This year the city itself, by unanimous vote, gave $65,000 for the erection of a superb, though small, City Hall of marble, while more than a quarter million dollars is being spent on additional street improvements; yet so rapid has been the

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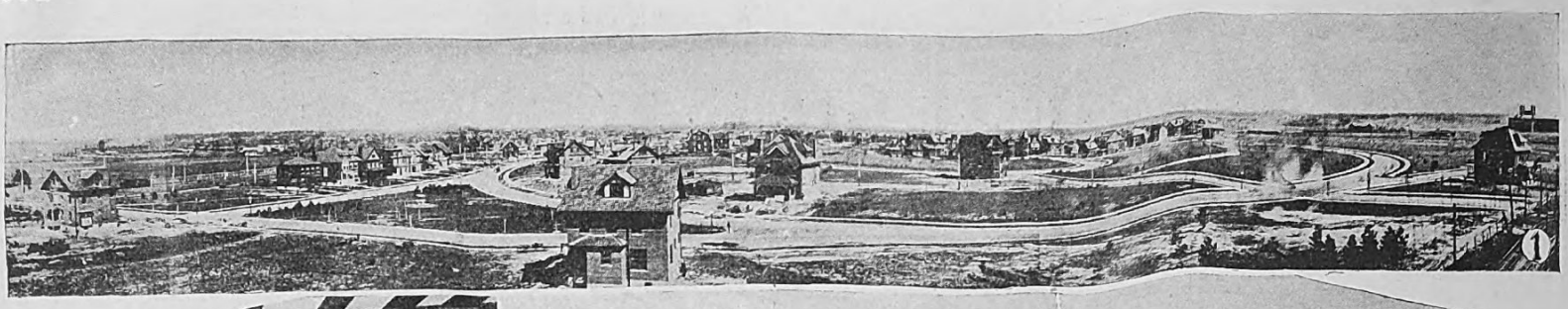

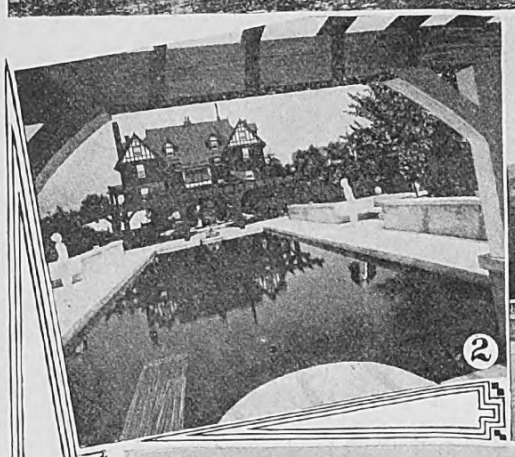

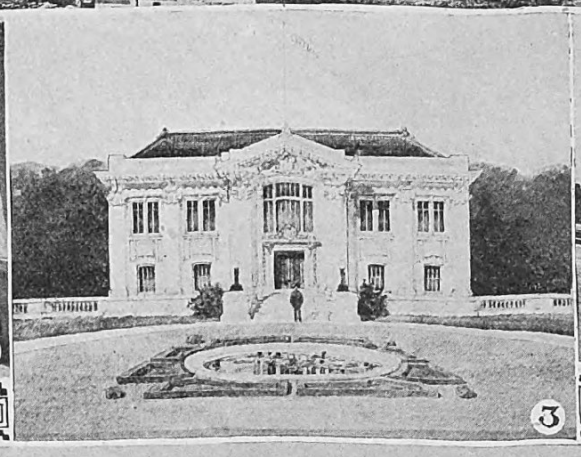

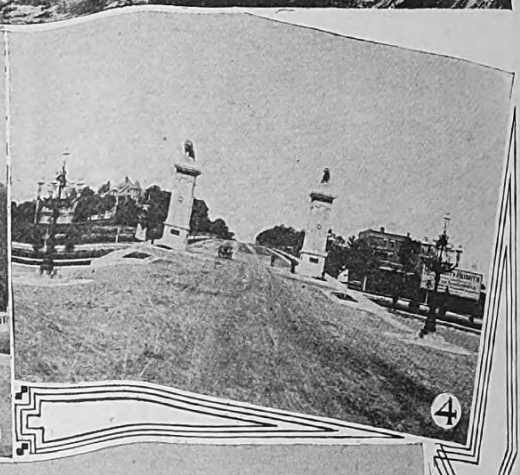

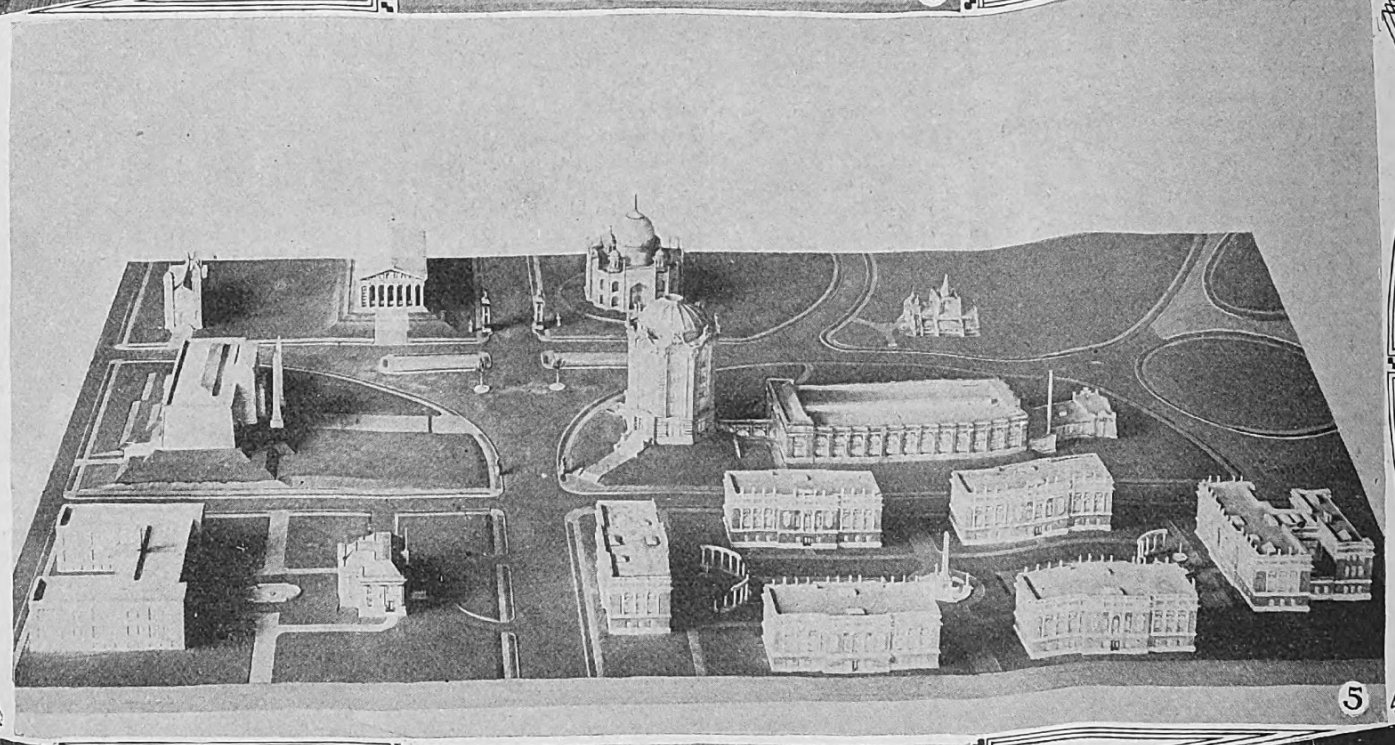

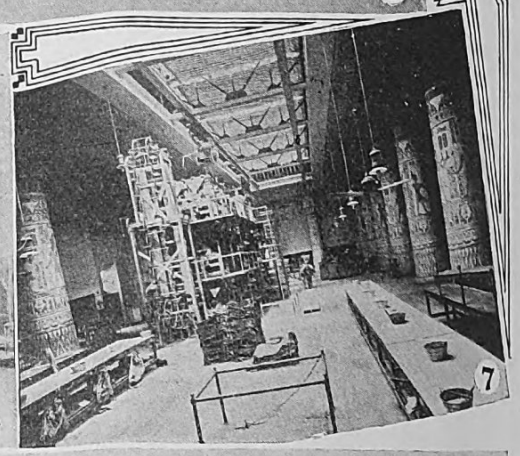

1. A corner of University City looking towards St. Louis. 2. A private bath in University City. 3. The new white marble City Hall. 4. Entrance Gates to University Heights in University City. 5. Model of the grand central plaza of University City; in the foreground the University Buildings of the American Woman's League; beyond the Lewis Publishing Co.'s great plants; and on the opposite corners the new buildings of the Peoples' Savings Trust Co. and the Founder's Chapter. 6. Employees. 7. Interior of the Woman's National Daily Building, showing the largest and fastest printing press in the world, producing 5,000 copies a minute of the Woman's National Daily. 8. New building of the Peoples' Savings Trust Co. 9. A view of University City from St. Louis: dividing line between the two cities at the right; in center distance are seen the buildings surrounding the grand plaza

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corresponding increase in the value of its real estate that the tax rate is but 50 cents on the $100, as against $2.30 for St. Louis, an imaginary line and handsome entrance gates alone separating the two. Adjoining the great publishing institutions, erected at a cost of $1,500,000, is now nearing completion the first of a group of magnificent buildings, six in number, to be completed within a year, at a cost of a million dollars; they are the buildings of the University of the American Woman's League, all of whose courses in the arts, professions, industries, and instructions are free to every member. These six new structures will surround a great central court nearly 1,000 feet in length, at the extreme end of which stands the Art Institute, of imposing design, fireproof construction (as are all the buildings), and which will be completed in September of this year. In its rear will be erected next spring the largest and finest art ceramic works in the world, at the head of which will preside Mr. Taxile Doat, late of the Sevres Works, Paris, France, the foremost ceramic artist of Europe, temporary quarters being provided in the Art Building. Here will be conceived and executed by the honor students of the League's Art Schools, under the direction of famous masters in sculpture, painting, decorating, architecture, and ceramics, much of the ornamentation of University City, its buildings and parks, while its correspondence course are open to all members in their own homes.

Map of St. Louis, showing location of University City

Dividing University City from east to west runs Delmar Boulevard straight out through the center of the two cities. At its entrance to the great central plaza of University City stand the imposing marble building of the Woman's National Daily, 200 feet in length, and the exquisitely beautiful executive building of the Lewis Publishing Company, known as the Woman's Magazine Building, both decorated with superb mural paintings by Ott. On the opposite corners are shortly to be erected the building of the Peoples' Savings Trust Company, trustee of The League, a reproduction in white marble of the Parthenon, and the head Chapter House or executive building of The League, a reproduction in colored marbles and feance of the Taj Mahal of India. Between them now stand the great entrance gates, thirty-four feet in height, of carved stone and bronze, while at the far western end of Delmar Boulevard (now rechristened Lewis Place) the Daughters of the Confederacy are preparing to erect one of the handsomest monuments in America, forming the western entrance gate of the city. For a mile and a quarter in length by close to a mile in width, hundreds of acres, known as University Heights, have been permanently restricted to the exclusive erection of single private homes, costing not less than $4,000 to $75,000, according to location, already rapidly building up with the beautiful residences of St. Louis's leading citizens. Over $2,000,000 is estimated to have been expended during the past two years alone in the erection of handsome private residences in University City, while at the present rate of growth of St. Louis, the population forced over into University City will exceed 12,000 to 15,000 within the next three years.

The government of University City is in the hands of a Mayor, Board of Aldermen, and the usual officials. All but the police force serve without compensation, and have been reelected unanimously twice since its incorporation.

Such is the capital city of the American Woman's League, and, with the development of its engineering and decorative plan, no city in the world will equal it in beauty and ornamentation, becoming as it will a monument to the skill and genius of successive honor classes in the art courses, while at the same time affording them a practical experience not otherwise obtainable.

The Local Chapter Organizations

THROUGHOUT America, in more than 700 cities, towns and villages are already located compact organizations or chapters of The League. For many of these, beautiful local buildings have already been erected exquisite in design.

These local buildings range in cost from $1,200 to $25,000, (exclusive of the site, which must be donated) according to the membership of the local Chapter and the population. Each of the more than 700 local chapters, is rapidly completing the necessary requirements for the erection of its own permanent local building and additional chapters are forming so rapidly, that it is a reasonable estimate to place the number of these beautiful local buildings of the League, that will be completed within the next twelve months, at one thousand.

While University City is the headquarters of the League, the site of its great Art Schools, University, Publishing and Banking institutions, yet the local Chapter house in each city and village is designed to become the local center and radiating point for the education, culture, art and opportunity of the whole, forming in each community a permanent rallying point, and organization of its women of ability and intelligence, working in conjunction with the central force towards better conditions, the beauty and improvement of both the home, the individual and the community. The whole plan presents to women of ability—unusual opportunity, and to all the best in education, art, culture and an open door to self betterment.

Back of this organization stands the power of great journals, national in circulation, chief of which is The Woman's National Daily, at $1 per year, the only daily newspaper in America published for women, already having a daily circulation through the fast night mails in excess of 200,000 copies, produced on the largest and fastest printing press in the world.

This tremendous organization is independent in its income, and is rapidly acquiring a monopoly of the subscription business, the local chapter organizations each looking after the interests of the journals cooperating in its jurisdiction, half the revenue going to the publishers and half to the League. The single requirement for membership is that the applicant shall secure a total of $52 worth of subscriptions, and after this is once accomplished the membership is for life and carries the free use and right of the League's Art Schools, Chapter Houses, University, Library, Building and Relief fund, and many other features, both for the member and the minor children of her family. The renewal of these subscriptions is looked after by the paid secretary of each Chapter, who is supplied with complete records of all subscription dates and expirations in the Chapter's territory from headquarters for each publication, the local Chapter receiving twenty-five per cent. of the local income for the maintenance of its Chapter House, and twenty-five per cent. going to the central institutions of the League at University City.

Whether it come sooner or later, with the granting of the suffrage to women, a permanent national organization, composed by a selective process of the women in each community, possessed of ability and intelligence, with a central administrative and directing body, backed by large income and a national fearless press, such as is being developed under the League plan, will be of the highest influence and importance to the Nation, although the League, as such, is purely a business plan of co-operation for mutual benefit and profit and concerns itself with neither politics, religion or legislation.

The publications already co-operating with the *Woman's National Daily*, *Beautiful Homes* and the *Woman's Magazine*, published by the Lewis Publishing Company, in the plan are *Collier's Weekly*-*Everybody's Magazine*, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, *The Delineator*, *The Farm Journal* and the *American Boy*, although the entire responsibility and direction of the organization rests in The Lewis Publishing Company at University City, until the completion of the Founder's Chapter, when a national convention will be held of the officers of all Local Chapters and the permanent trusteeship established under which the League will thereafter be governed, its national officers being elected at fixed periods by general vote of all members of the Founder's Chapter. It is probable that the plan will shortly be thrown open to all other high class journals on an equitable basis, as many of the leading magazines have applied for entry.

While every member of The League has an equal life right and privilege in all its institutions, advantages and opportunities, yet its governing body is composed of one member in ten of its membership, *viz:* the first hundred thousand out of the proposed million members, who shall first comply with the single requirement of membership, the securing or payment for as gifts, of the required $52 in subscriptions. The whole plan of The League is founded upon and supported by a simple form of business co-operation and mutual organization between the several publications and the individual member. It is purely a business plan and makes no pretense of being anything else. The vast sums expended yearly by great journals, in securing separately new and renewal subscriptions, are, by this plan, paid instead into a national subscription organization and become the gross annual revenue of The League. It is estimated that the available income from subscriptions to journals of general circulation exceeds $60,000,000 per annum. With the spread and organization of The League, it will acquire largely a monopoly of the subscription business throughout the country because of the operation of the same business principles which are taken advantage of by the great industrial organizations or trusts.

The organization of a local Chapter creates a powerful local subscription force, because of the requirement for membership, which each member must meet. The erection of the local Chapter House establishes a permanent local renewal agency, while the general and rural memberships complete the national sales organization of both city and country.

Such an organization can more effectually and economically secure and maintain circulation for all journals co-operating with it, than those journals can possibly do it for themselves separately. Each journal is required to pay to The League fifty per cent. of its subscription revenue, the subscriptions being first secured by the members and renewed thereafter by The League organization. The income therefore available to The League, as its organization is completed, might be between twenty and thirty millions of dollars per annum, with scarcely any expense of securing it, so that whatever its income, it is available for the benefit, service and advantage of the whole membership.

In the creation of any such organization, the heaviest burden is in the beginning in the national campaign of education and enlistment of members necessary. Now that many local Chapter houses are actually completed, or in the course of erection throughout the country, the great University and Art Schools about to open their doors in another month and many other benefits and advantages already in full operation, the membership is spreading with increasing rapidity of its own force.

It is on those who take the lead in any new plan, the pioneers, that the burden falls.

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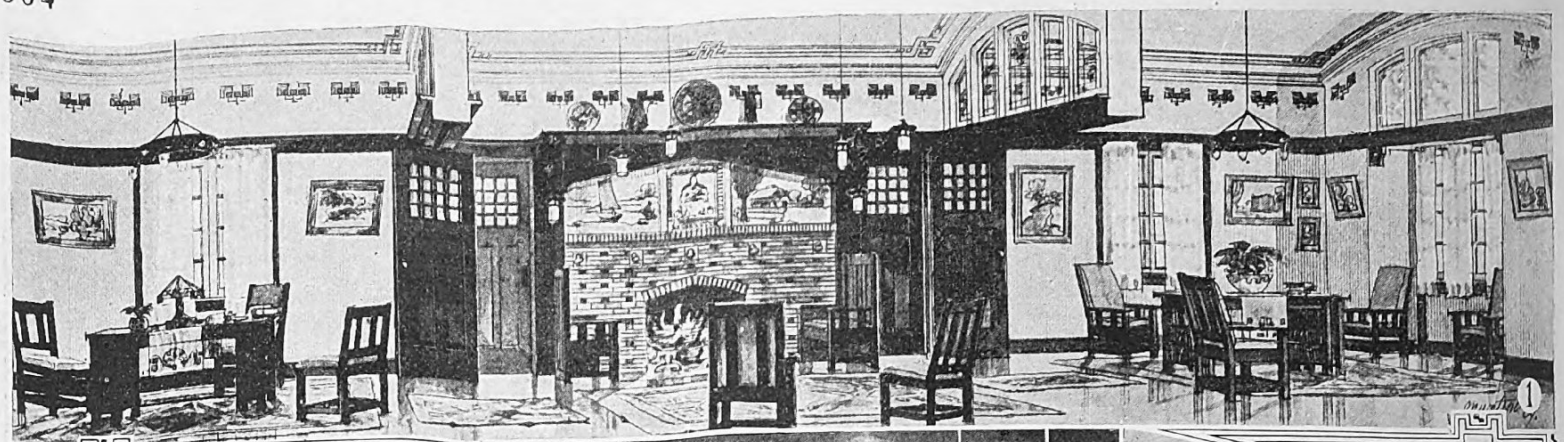

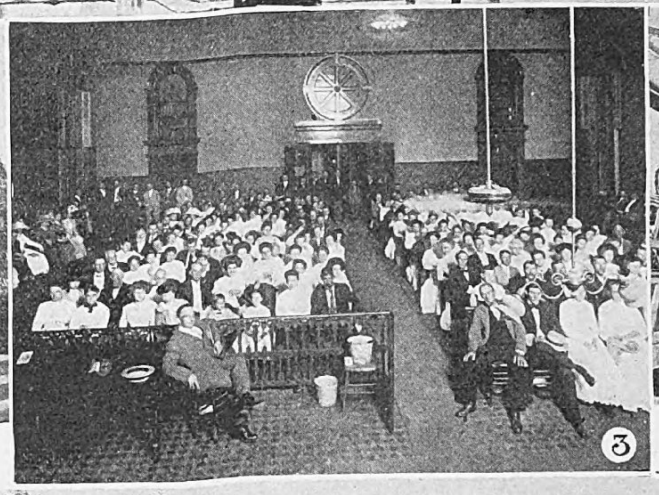

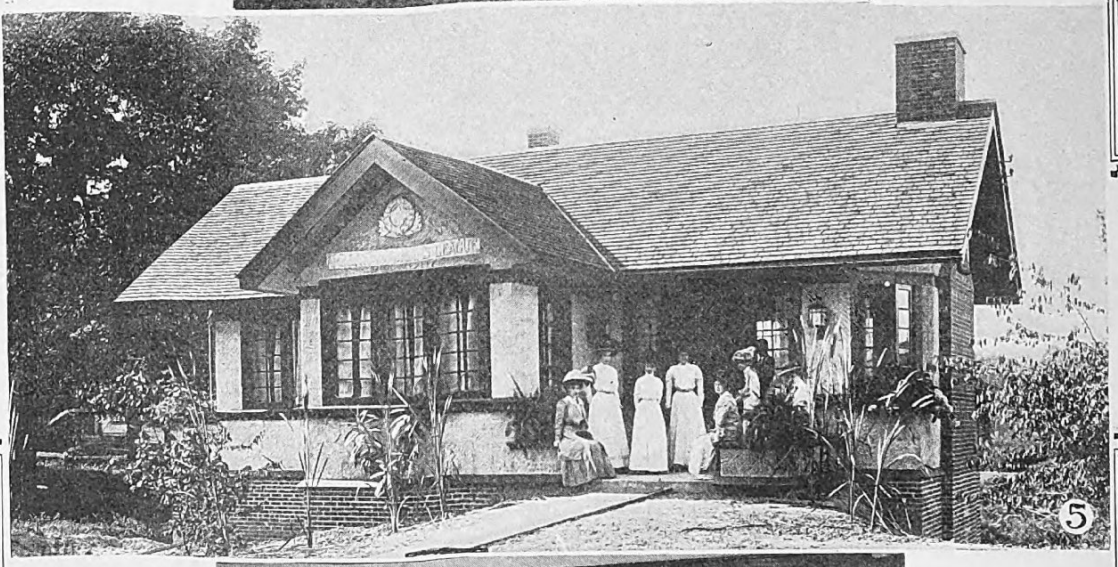

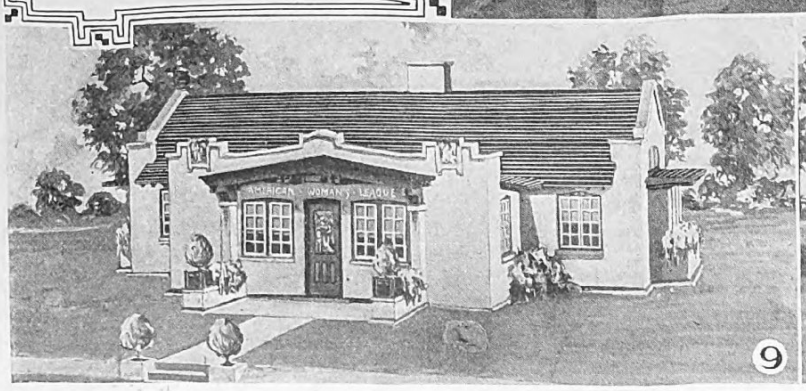

1. Interior of Class III Chapter House of the American Woman's League, showing three principal rooms, in addition to which is a kitchen, exchange and toilet. 2. Class II Chapter House at Seattle, Washington. 3. Meeting in City Hall, Edwardsville, Illinois, July 20, at dedication of Chapter House. 4. Woman's Exchange Room of Chapter House. 5. Class II Chapter House, Edwardsville, Illinois. 6. Class I Chapter House, Peck, Idaho. 7. Interior view Edwardsville Chapter House. 8, 9, 10. Classes V, VI, and VII Chapter Houses.

IF SUBSCRIBERS (OF RECORD) MENTION "SUCCESS MAGAZINE" IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, THEY ARE PROTECTED BY OUR GUARANTEE AGAINST LOSS. SEE PAGE 543

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The Founder's Chapter

IT is perfectly understood that no new idea and plan such as that of the League, can be put forward without exciting ridicule, malice and unreasoning opposition; otherwise it would be for the first time in human history. This test of the right to live, the inertia and opposition of those who know and care to know little or nothing of any new idea, the fact that it is new being sufficient to excite their opposition, entitles those who take the lead to special privilege over those who follow.

With the rapid growth of the League, two institutions of an industrial character are automatically enriched to an extraordinary extent—The Lewis Publishing Company and the People's Saving Trust Company, the former not only because its publications receive the greater part of the subscriptions from the membership, but also on account of the vast amount of publishing and printing required for the League itself and its Correspondence University. The Trust Company, as the trustee and administrator of the endowment fund of the League, will have a large and constantly increasing fund as a permanent deposit and also enjoy a national savings patronage from the membership. It is part of the plan that, in addition to its daily, weekly and monthly journals of general circulation, The Lewis Publishing Company will purchase from time to time, as opportunity offers, leading daily newspapers in the principal cities, until a national, fearless, clean public press, covering cities and rural districts alike from coast to coast, has been established largely under the control of the women of the country. The first of these metropolitan newspapers to be purchased was the *St. Louis Star*. Several other leading newspapers are under negotiation in other principal cities. Such a power of both the public press and what will undoubtedly become one of the greatest banking institutions in the country, means more to the women of the land than even the right to vote. The Puhing Company has approximately twenty thousand stockholders, and the Trust Company will probably have a far greater number, as no one person is permitted to subscribe over ten shares of its capital. Realizing that those who FIRST displayed the independence, ability foresight and energy to grasp the full effect and power of such a national institution as is being created in the League, will mean more to its complete and quick success than those who follow after it has become firmly established—that the one in ten with the qualities of leadership is more important to the organization than the nine who follow—and with a full appreciation of the vast power and scope of the thing that is being created, a special endowment is provided for a Founder's Chapter, to be composed of the first one hundred thousand members who complete their membership requirement (provided they do so within one year of sending in their membership application) consisting of one million dollars of the capital stock of the Lewis Publishing Company and a like amount of the stock of the People's Savings Trust Company; the income of this two million dollars special endowment in the stock of these two institutions to be paid each year for life to the members of the Founder's Chapter as an annuity. The membership of the Founder's Chapter is rapidly filling up. Once completed its members will occupy an unique position of special honor, privilege, and income, as both institutions are steadily enriched by the development of the League organization. It is also to be provided that the members of the Founder's Chapter shall alone have the right to vote in the election of the president of the League, who will in turn vote these immense holdings in the Publishing Company and Trust Company, thereby placing the management of both the Publishing Company and banking institution perpetually in the hands of the Founder's Chapter through its power to elect the president, who would also become the president of both institutions.

While the income to the individual member of the Founder's Chapter will be small at first, it should rapidly increase with the growth of The League until it becomes a respectable annual source of income to each member. Membership in the Founder's Chapter is for life, and not transferable. Vacancies in its ranks will be replenished from the regular membership.

The Lewis Publishing Company

THE three years' battle of The Lewis Publishing Company and its journals with special interests, which had made of our national postal system largely a private cinch, has become a part of our national history. It has no parallel. Waged at a cost to it of over $2,000,000, yet such a public nation-wide support was given it that even when, in the desperate effort to silence its journals, they were arbitrarily suppressed for nine months, it came out of the ordeal stronger than at the start.

Publishing as it does to-day—a year after its final victory—approximately 10,000,000 copies per month of its several journals, with the largest and finest publishing plants and equipment in the world, yet it was in its darkest hours that the plan of the American Woman's League was conceived. The very conditions it was compelled to overcome in reestablishing its business, together with the national support and prestige it had gained, made possible and gave birth to The League plan. Having acquired a leadership, active and aggressive, in the battle for better conditions, honesty and lawfulness in the postal service, with victory came the necessity of putting its power, prestige, and leadership to good and permanent use. During the midst of its battles more than 20,000 American families had come to its aid with $2,000,000, and with the reestablishment of its vast business they were made active stockholders in proportionate return for their contributions during its dark hours.

It was out of a great national struggle against arbitrary and unreviewable power, having no place in our form of government, that The League was first conceived and the tremendous potentialities of the organized effort on the part of the WOMEN of this country fully realized.

The publishing plants and equipment of The Lewis Publishing Company alone represent an investment of $1,500,000, while its capital is $3,500,000, and its journals circulate through every post-office in America where at least fifty English-speaking families receive their mail. Its payroll is approximately $800,000 per annum, and it is a part of its fixed plan to acquire additional metropolitan newspaper properties until, under its organization and ownership has been brought a national, fearless, clean press, covering both the principal cities and the country from coast to coast.

In September, 1908, the *St. Louis Daily Star and Chronicle* was purchased, and in eight months following was made the second in circulation and first in popular good will of the metropolitan daily newspapers of St. Louis, with the assistance of the local League organization.

The Lewis Publishing Company, as the founders and sponsors and principal factor in The League plan, retains in its hands not alone the full responsibility, but the entire direction, organization, and control of The League plan until the completion of its organization and the formal ratification by The League membership of the final plans, charter, and trust agreement, by which it will thereafter be governed. So rapid has the growth of The League become that it was found advisable early in 1909 to invite into the plan, so far as the subscription part was concerned, a number of other leading publications of classes not produced by it. The equipment, facilities, and organization of such an institution are a prime factor to The League plan in the conduct of its great correspondence university and schools, and the production of the vast volume of printed matter, which must constantly increase, as well as of such special art and other journals as will be required. Manifestly, this publishing company, with its wide range and wonderful organization and equipment, offers in itself the highest opportunities in journalism to members taking those courses, as well as being a constant seeker after such ability.

Its journals are:

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL DAILY
THE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE
THE ST. LOUIS DAILY AND SUNDAY STAR
THE WOMAN'S FARM JOURNAL
THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE
BEAUTIFUL HOMES

Of its $3,500,000 capital stock, $1,000,000 becomes a part of the special endowment of the Founder's Chapter through the Founder's gift, while the remainder of its stock is already held by some 20,000 stockholders, the great majority of whom have become members of the Founder's Chapter also, hence the control of this great publishing institution and its journals of national circulation may be said to rest permanently in the Founder's Chapter of The League. The League plan is rapidly making it the richest and most useful publishing concern in the world.

The People's Savings Trust Company

THE People's Savings Trust Company was formally opened for business in all its departments on January 2nd, 1909, with a preliminary authorized capital of $400,000 (of which $300,000 is paid up), together with a surplus of $150,000. This preliminary capital is to be increased to a total capitalization of $5,000,000 and a surplus of $3,000,000.

The People's Savings Trust Company becomes under the Trust Agreement of the League, a Trustee for all its real property and its endowment or reserve. Pending the permanent organization of the League, a detailed statement and accounting of all disbursements and income on account of the League will be rendered to the Board of Directors of the Trust Company at regular periods. With the accumulation of a reserve or surplus by the deed, these funds become trust funds to be administered and invested by the Board of Directors of the Trust Company, as Trustees for the League Members who become beneficiaries under the terms of the Trust Agreement.

As the organization of the League progresses, one-eighth of the Trust Company's capital and surplus becomes a part of the special endowment of the Founders' Chapter; the income thereof, as well as that from the $1,000,000 of stock in the Publishing Company, being paid annually to the Members of the Chapter.

Its Board of Directors are:

L. .B TEBBETS, *Chairman.*
Director National Bank of Commerce, St. Louis.
Vice-President Commonwealth Trust Co., St. Louis
L. B. Tebbets & Son Carriage Co., St. Louis

CAPT. JAS. F. COYLE
Coyle & Company, Silk Merchants
Director Missouri-Lincoln Trust Co., St. Louis

H. L. KRAMER
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr., Sterling Remedy Co.
Director Royal Trust Co., Chicago

EDWARD DICKINSON
First V. P. Kansas City, Mexico & Orient R. R. Co.

W. F. CARTER
Pres. Missouri-Lincoln Trust Co., St. Louis
Carter, Collins & Jones, Attorneys

GOV. LON V. STEPHENS
Ex-Governor and Ex-Treas. State of Missouri
V. P. Central National Bank of Boonville, Mo.

THEO. F. MEYER
President Meyer Bros. Drug Co., St. Louis

E. G. LEWIS
President Lewis Publishing Company
Mayor of University City

who, as Directors of the Trust Company, constitute also the first Board of Trustees of The American Woman's League.

Membership in The League can not be purchased, and is only acquired by securing, or paying for as gifts, a total of $52 in subscriptions to the publications cooperating under the plan, which are in themselves a full return for every dollar paid, so that the membership may be said to cost nothing but a slight personal effort. This single requirement complied with, the membership is for life without dues or fees, the member becoming a life beneficiary under the trust created, and entitled to every right and benefit of the whole organization. Men may become Honorary members, the requirement being $20 in subscriptions, which entitles the honorary member to the free uses of all courses in the University, but not to vote or to the loan or relief fund. Membership in the Founder's Chapter has no different requirement from ordinary membership, excepting that the $52 in subscriptions shall be sent in within one year. Founder's Chapter members in addition to all rights of membership in The League, share in the annual profits of both the publishing institution, and the banking institution through the special endowment provided for the Founder's Chapter of $1,000,000 of the capital stock of each.

The book of The League will be sent on request to any one desiring it, giving the full particulars of its many advantages and benefits, by addressing

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE
Department S, care Lewis Publishing Co.
University City, St. Louis, Mo.

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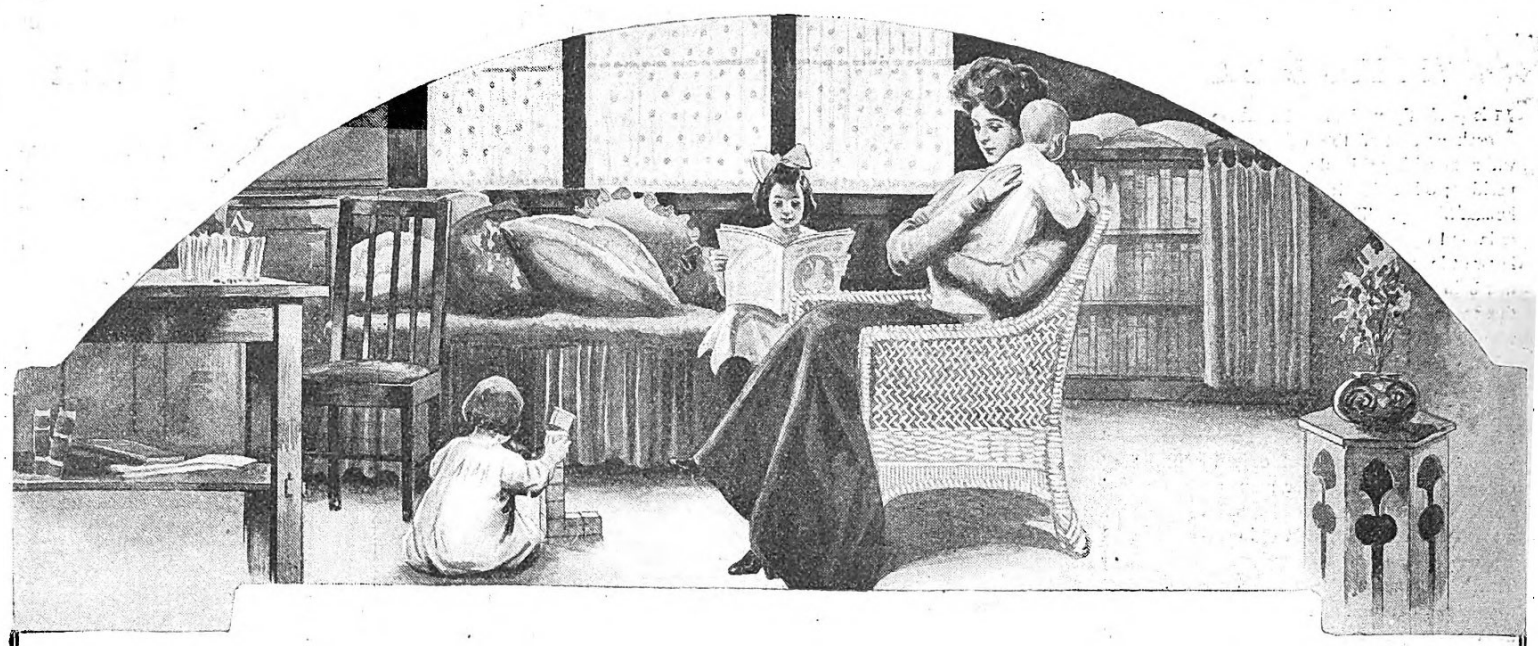

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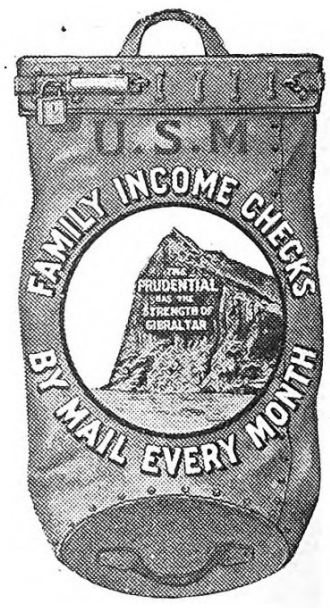

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