



SUCCESS MAGAZINE

FOUNDED BY
ORISON SWETT MARDEN

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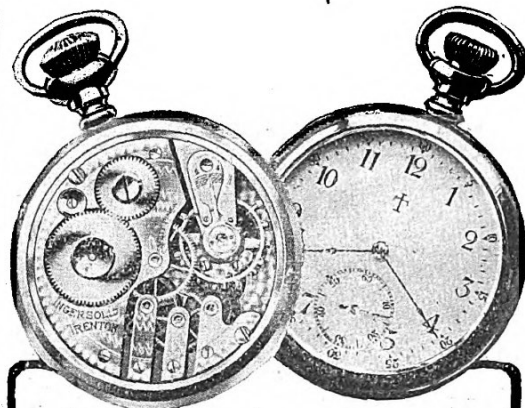
Our Advertisements

We guarantee our subscribers (of record) against loss due to fraudulent misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue, provided that mention of SUCCESS MAGAZINE is made when ordering. This guaranty does not cover fluctuations of market values, or ordinary "trade talk," nor does it involve the settling of minor claims or disputes between advertiser and reader. Claims for losses must be made within sixty days of the appearance of the advertisement complained of. The honest bankruptcy of an advertiser occurring after the printing of an advertisement by us only entitles the reader to our best services in endeavoring to secure the return of his money.

Expirations and Renewals

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

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



The Ingersoll-Trenton (NOTE "I-T" MONOGRAM ON DIAL) is a new high-grade 7 jewel watch by the makers of the Dollar Watch. Though entirely different in construction and built in another factory it is the same value in proportion to cost.

The I-T is a watch of exceeding accuracy, made for the critical man. It will give 20 years of faithful service. For beauty of movement and case it is unsurpassed by any watch at any price.

Ingersoll-Trenton

The Best 7 Jewel Watch

Examine the illustrations of the "I-T" movement. Note that it is a bridge model heretofore obtainable only in the most expensive full-jewel watches. No other popular priced watch is made in this highest form of watch construction. It has 7 ruby, sapphire and garnet jewels. It has all the special features found in the finest watches to give it extreme accuracy—the compensating balance wheel automatically adjusting itself to heat and cold; the micrometer regulator permitting the most delicate adjustment; Breguet hair spring, etc. Its wearing parts and surfaces where workmanship and finish count are made like a full-jewel watch.

Such a watch can only be offered for the money by the Ingersoll system of concentrating an entire factory on one model, made in tremendous quantities, instead of making many models in small quantities.

Sold Only by Responsible Jewelers

You can examine the "I-T" in your own town at any reputable jeweler's. You can compare it with all other watches and judge of its value. But insist on seeing it.

It is new now and if not sold locally will be sent prepaid on receipt of price.

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

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

The Dollar Watch has always been the marvel of manufacturing achievement. People never cease wondering how it can be made for the money.

It is a guaranteed time-keeper, so serviceable that it has the largest sale of any watch in the world and has been found to answer all ordinary requirements.

Ingersoll

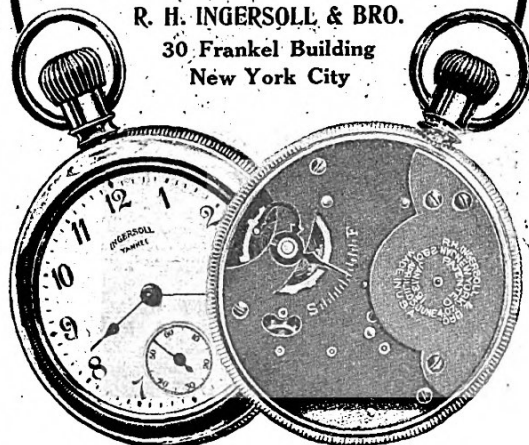
Watches

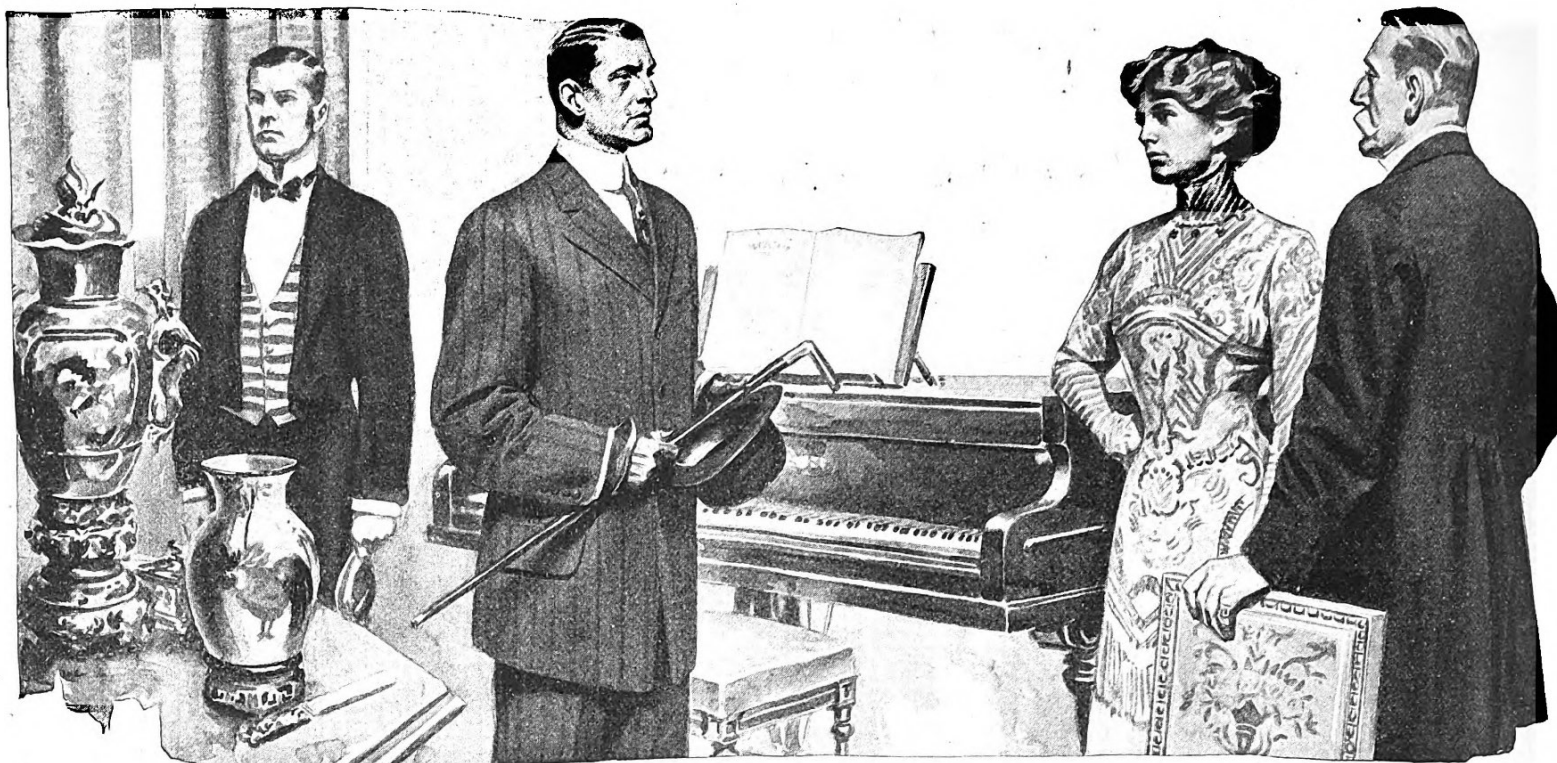
Concentrated factory methods—making millions of watches all alike and all right—alone make the Ingersoll watches possible. The Dollar Watch is a regular 16 size men's model. The Ingersoll "Eclipse" is the same size as the Dollar Watch but has a solid nickel case which will last a life time. Price \$1.50. The Ingersoll "Junior" is a new model, 12 size watch, small and very thin. Has solid nickel case, \$2.00. The Ingersoll "Midget" is a 6 size ladies' watch. Also suitable for girls and small boys. Has solid nickel case, \$2.00. Booklet describing all the Ingersoll watches free on request.

One grade of movement only \$1 Ingersoll "Vauksee" \$1.50 Ingersoll "Eclipse" \$2 "Junior" or "Midget"

Sold by 60,000 dealers throughout the country or post-paid by us on receipt of price.

R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
30 Frankel Building
New York City





The Tailor-Dressed Man Needs No Card of Introduction

You are always *assured* of at least a respectful *bearing* if your appearance is the appearance of a gentleman.

There is no snobbery in this deference paid to custom-cut, *tailor-made* clothes. It is simply the American way of showing respect for all things well done. The stranger who manifests the pains and the *pride* to have his clothes built especially for him, to fit his body and his personality—at least gives evidence of *self-respect* above the ordinary.

The Unparalleled Guarantee

The remarkable feature of this Royal nation-wide tailoring system is that it relieves you of all risk and uncertainty in your clothes-buying. We shoulder the entire responsibility for the fit, the correctness, the good taste and the wearing qualities of your clothes.

We guarantee your Royal garment—whether a suit or an overcoat—to fit you perfectly—for it is made specifically to your order, to fit 18 of your body measures.

We guarantee the cloth to be absolutely All Pure Wool and free from the slightest hint of cotton.

We guarantee every seam and stitch to be absolutely secure; and every inch of material to be of the best.

And more, we guarantee your Royal garment to satisfy you not only when you first put it on—but

for as long as you wear it—warranting that it will retain its good shape and fit until completely worn out.

A Real Shrink System

It is shrink that slacks and sags and shrivels a garment out of shape. Moisture works havoc with the best local tailor's work.

We have the only process in the world that takes the full 100 per cent of shrink tendency out of the cloth before it is tailored into your suit. No other tailor even claims to take out 95 per cent.

These features are guaranteed to you, understand, in a definite written contract attached to your garment and made out in your name.

You who have gambled and speculated with local tailors—why not let us take the risk and the worry? Why not let us look after your wardrobe on a "satisfaction or no pay"

basis? Call on the local Royal dealer—or write us to-day.

The Royal Tailors are making it possible for good dressers everywhere to have *all* their clothes made to order by the best tailors in New York and Chicago. A dealer in your own town sends us your measures—and orders for you, at \$25 to \$45 the finest custom-cut, made-to-order Pure Wool suit or overcoat that *any* money can buy.

Get the Genuine

Decide to-day that your Fall suit or overcoat will be made by the Royal Tailors. But when you seek the Royal dealer's store—be sure you get into the right store. Be sure you get genuine Royal tailoring—there is no other kind guaranteed. Our tiger head trade mark is shown on all the cloth samples in the dealer's store. Our silk label is stitched on the inside coat pocket of every finished suit or overcoat. See that it is in *your* garment when it comes.

Do not be deceived or misled. Our label means All Pure Wool; faultless fit; metropolitan style; genuine hand-sewed, merchant-tailor workmanship; clothes refinement.



The Royal Tailors

Chicago

Joseph Nelson

New York

President

Over 5,000 Royal Dealers

IF SUBSCRIBERS (OF RECORD) MENTION "SUCCESS MAGAZINE" IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, THEY ARE PROTECTED BY OUR GUARANTEE AGAINST LOSS. SEE PAGE 611

148 Branch Royal Stores

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The Publishers' Outlook

Something About Clubbing Offers

JUST nine years ago this month, David Strother Walker, son of John Brisben Walker, then proprietor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, dropped in upon us one day with a suggestion. It was that SUCCESS MAGAZINE—then emerging from a particularly lusty infancy—should initiate and conduct an extensive magazine clubbing campaign based on co-operative contracts with the *Review of Reviews* and the *Cosmopolitan*, by which the expenses of the campaign should be in some way shared by the three periodicals and by others who might be invited to enjoy its benefits. Clubbing offers were by no means unknown at that date, although they were few in number and of comparative unimportance. Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of the *Christian Herald*, together with certain subscription agencies, including W. H. Moore of Brockport, N. Y., J. M. Hanson of Lexington, Ky., and D. D. Cottrell of North Cohocton, N. Y., had made clubbing offers in a minor way and with low-priced publications almost exclusively. The novelty in Mr. Walker's suggestion, as expanded by us, lay in the idea of bringing together a considerable number of high-class and high-priced periodicals in a general co-operative campaign for subscriptions. From this chance suggestion has grown the modern magazine clubbing system which is to-day an important factor in the business-getting efforts of a thousand periodicals.

* * * * *

In the beginning there were no precedents to guide us and it was necessary for us to take all the risks upon ourselves, guaranteeing the *Review of Reviews* and other periodicals large numbers of subscriptions in consideration of low net rates, and spending our own money liberally in advertising and other methods of exploitation. We early determined to give to the public the largest possible advantage of our special arrangements with other publishers, reducing prices upon magazine combinations to a point where—in some cases—two, three or even four periodicals could be purchased for the price of one. We reasoned that in doing this we were not only insuring the carrying out of our guarantees, thereby securing minimum prices, but we were also greatly enlarging the magazine-reading public and were helping to disseminate good literature throughout the land.

* * * * *

The subscription agencies of the country were at that time of minor importance. They were mailing, in the aggregate, only 800,000 to 1,000,000 catalogues each year; their clubbing prices were not uniform; they were constantly fighting each other in petty rate wars; and they were a wholly unimportant factor in the business life of the periodicals. Our first step was to organize their combined effort in such a way as to make it far more largely productive than had ever before been possible. This was done by issuing to them a list of the new clubs which we were making; requiring them to maintain standard club prices in all cases; offering them liberal commissions and special prizes for all efforts which they might make; and guaranteeing each that no one should be permitted to cut prices. For the first time in their experience, the agencies felt protected against rate-cutting and safe in enlarging their business. And in this, the first season, they announced the issuance of over two million catalogues—a quantity since increased to nearly or quite five million.

Advertisements of our new clubbing offers appeared in the leading religious and general periodicals, special prices were quoted to a large number of daily and weekly papers for use in their own circulation building, and a subscription-producing campaign was built, the like of which had never before been known in the periodical field. The result of this campaign justified our belief that the American public would respond most liberally to an opportunity to obtain good literature at unprecedentedly low prices. During that first clubbing season (1900-01) SUCCESS MAGAZINE sent to *Review of Reviews* over 80,000 new subscriptions, to *Cosmopolitan* nearly 60,000, to *McClure's* about 30,000, to *Public Opinion* about 20,000, and to other periodicals very large totals. The success of the campaign astounded beyond measure the oldest and most experienced magazine publishers. In the next year, and in succeeding years, the clubbing system was greatly extended and is now highly organized; so that, strange as it may seem, there are found in its different phases as curious and as complex problems as appear in the business life of the greatest industrial corporations.

* * * * *

It speaks well, we think, for the character of those who are engaged in the publishing business, that during the nine years in which SUCCESS MAGAZINE has been more or less prominent in clubbing matters its publishers have never had a serious quarrel or misunderstanding of any kind with the scores of publications with which they have been in contractual relations. It is a record in which we take some pride and satisfaction, and we are in a position to testify, with entire heartiness and appreciative gratitude, that the magazine publishers of the country, almost without exception, "play the game" on honor and as gentlemen.

* * * * *

For some two or three years past the feeling has been gaining ground among the leading publishers that prices should be raised and the clubbing system gradually subordinated, at least, to the full-price system, if not entirely abandoned. Under the stress of competition, the American publisher of an important periodical is giving to his readers each month a magazine which actually costs him far more than the full subscription price. It would be virtually impossible to produce at a profit any leading magazine of general circulation with its subscription revenue alone, even if that revenue were obtained at full price. From a practical standpoint, the clubbing system is useful to a publisher only if he is able to obtain by it for a subscription a higher net price than can be obtained by pursuing other methods.

In order to test the feeling on the clubbing situation the publishers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE addressed a letter last spring to some twenty of the principal periodicals which now appear in clubs—both high-priced and low-priced—asking the publishers of each if they would be willing to enter into an agreement to withdraw entirely from clubbing offers during the coming year, and expressing our own willingness to do so if the others should agree. The reply to these letters showed that there is as yet no such unanimity of feeling in this matter as would make it possible to bring about such an agreement; the high-priced magazines, particularly, appearing to find that the clubbing system furnishes to the man economical means for securing circulation. It is probable, however, that

there will be a gradual movement in this direction during the next year, or two or three, that may end eventually in changes of method, if not the complete disappearance of the clubbing system. In the case of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, our clubbing interests have become less and less important, until to-day a comparatively small proportion of our circulation is in any way dependent upon our clubbing effort. We have determined to considerably reduce this year the number of magazines which we shall ourselves offer prominently in combination with SUCCESS, while at the same time we purpose giving to our very large body of readers the full benefit of the lowest prices which we can obtain from other periodicals.

* * * * *

For sixty years past, *The Independent* has had an honorable and useful career as a non-partisan, unbiased and brilliantly edited news review of the world. The fact that it is a weekly publication makes its news, comments and criticisms more up to date, of course, than is possible with a monthly, and we can strongly commend *The Independent* to our readers as a periodical whose readers are its enthusiastic friends. Its price will be increased to \$3.00 per annum commencing with January 1st, but for a short time we are privileged to offer it with SUCCESS MAGAZINE in some exceedingly attractive combinations.

The *Cosmopolitan Magazine* has long had a peculiar and very strong hold upon the American people. It is one of the most popular magazines published to-day.

The *American Magazine*, under the editorial leadership of John S. Phillips, with whom are associated Miss Ida Tarbell, Ray Stannard Baker, William Allen White, Finley Peter Dunne (Mr. Dooley), and other writers of world-wide reputation, plans an increase of nearly forty per cent. in quantity of reading-matter during the coming year, and announces an editorial programme equal to that of the three or four dollar periodicals. Its regular subscription price will be increased this fall.

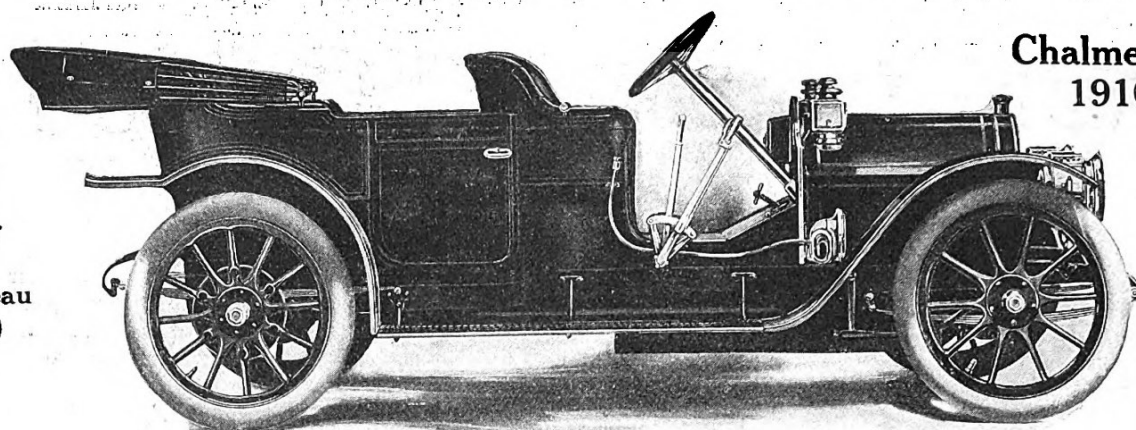
The *Designer*, published by the Standard Fashion Company, in its new change of form inaugurated last spring (the present size is that of SUCCESS MAGAZINE), has made a tremendous bound forward in circulation and in popularity, and is to-day one of the leading women's periodicals of the country. Its fashion plates are particularly beautiful, and its patterns are within the reach of moderate purses.

With the four periodicals named above, we shall be in closest association this season; but in addition to these we shall also offer to our readers, a little later, special combinations including the *Pictorial Review*, the *World To-day*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *Review of Reviews*, and all, or nearly all, other publications of importance and popularity.

On page 690 of this issue will be found our new "preliminary" offers for the coming year, nearly all of which are good only for October, and the price of which will be increased after November 1st. We suggest to our readers early action upon these offers, and we shall also be pleased to quote on request the best possible prices for the coming season on any list of periodicals desired by our readers, whether containing SUCCESS MAGAZINE or not. It will always be our policy to serve our readers in every possible way, especially in the matter of helping to put into their homes the best American periodicals and books.

Chalmers-Detroit "30" 1910 Model—\$1500

Five Styles
Touring Car
Roadster
Pony Tonneau
Coupe (Inside Drive)
Limousine



There's an Amazing Demand for the New Chalmers-Detroits

**Dealers everywhere are asking for more cars than we can give them—
Sample cars have started a carnival of buying wherever exhibited.**

On Sept. 1 we had on hand 1117 individual orders for 1910 "30's" and 205 individual orders for "Forties." These are orders from customers in all parts of the country.

The "800 Disappointed" of 1909 apparently lost no time after the announcement of our 1910 line in providing against further disappointment.

Never has a car received such an enthusiastic reception from dealers and the public as our 1910 "30." Nearly every Chalmers-Detroit dealer, after seeing this unusual car, has asked for an increase in his allotment.

Want 100 More Cars

August 11 we received from the Western Motor Car Company of Los Angeles, our dealers there, the following telegram:

"Demonstrators received. We congratulate you on their splendid appearance, finish and running qualities. Eight hundred people visited our show room Saturday. Everyone anxious for cars. We want hundred more '30's.' Sending check today, \$5,000 deposit on same. Ship fast as possible."

The H. L. Keats Automobile Company of Portland, Oregon, also asked for 100 additional cars over their first contract.

The Carl H. Page Company of New York wired: "We certainly congratulate you on the 1910 '30.' Hundreds viewing it have absolutely no criticism to make. We have booked as many orders to date as we did last year to December 10th."

We heard from the Paddock-Zusi Motor Car Company, of Newark, N. J., as follows: "We can easily dispose of 100 cars of 1910 model. Please increase our order to that amount."

Far Exceeds Expectations

The Barclay Automobile Company of Minneapolis, Minn., says in a letter: "Our '30' demonstrator was unloaded last Wednesday afternoon, and while we and the public in general were looking for something pretty nice, this car, all in all, is the classiest, sweetest running car that it has ever been our pleasure to see. In brief, it exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Can we not have twenty-five '30's' and five 'Forties' added to our 1910 allotment?"

To this letter the Sales Department replied: "It will be impossible for us to increase your contract for any more '30's' or 'Forties.' We are entirely sold, up so far as dealers are concerned."

On August 7, the Sales Department wrote Robert Holmes & Bro., of Danville, Ill.: "We are returning herewith your check. We should like very much to be able to increase your contract, but we are entirely sold up, and have been compelled to take this stand with many of our dealers who have asked us to increase their allotment."

Sales Without a Demonstrator

On August 12, the following wire was received from Wanamaker & Edwards, of Findlay, Ohio: "Sold three more '30's' today. Please ship demonstrator soon as possible."

Dealers must invest money in cars. They would not be clamoring for bigger allotments unless they were sure the cars would sell and give satisfaction.

We do not tell you these facts of a sensational selling season to encourage over-hasty buying. We do not believe in "rushing" anyone into buying a car. If you are thinking of spending as much as \$1500 for a motor car you owe it to yourself to make full and careful investigations.

We invite the fullest examination. We would like you to bring an expert with you, if you are not one yourself, when you test our car. Chalmers-Detroit cars more than any others last year were bought by men who through experience and technical training knew a great deal about cars.

Our 1910 Output Limited

And yet there is one point we would like you to keep in mind: We can build only so many cars for 1910 and build them right.

We can build 3,500 of the "30's" and 750 of the "Forties" and build them right, so that is all we shall build. Whether you want delivery this fall or next spring you should make your inquiries at once, and if possible place your order.

We are selling quality, not price. A certain amount of time, skilled labor and high-priced attention, in addition to good design, and the best of materials, are required to make motor cars that will give complete satisfaction to the buyer.

And we would rather make 4,250 cars and know that every one would give complete satisfaction than to make 25,000 and have any of them come short of the owner's requirements.

Quantity or Quality?

Some makers claim that they cannot compete with our prices unless they build from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand cars in a year. Isn't it quite possible that in building such stupendous numbers of cars in order to meet a price that they sacrifice something in quality through lack of care with each individual car?

We encourage the closest comparisons. There may be some who prefer one car out of an annual crop of twenty-five thousand, but we imagine that the majority of discriminating buyers would prefer to have one from a smaller output—one that had been given all the individual attention necessary to insure its perfection. And no car at any price gets more individual attention in its building than our "30" at \$1500 or our "Forty" at \$2,750.

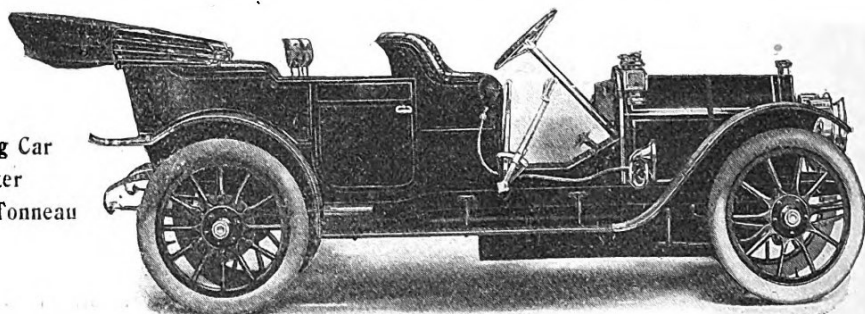
Costs Less Than Before

These 1910 models, when fully equipped, cost even less than before. For our extras this year have been immensely reduced.

With our "Forty," the Bosch magneto, the gas lamps and gas tanks go free. Our Newport mohair top—regular price \$150—is furnished for \$125. The two extra seats are \$75.

We fit our "30" with a Bosch magneto, a Prest-O-Lite gas tank and two new style gas lamps—all for \$100 extra. These extras at regular prices would cost \$175.

Our new models are now being demonstrated everywhere. Write us for the 1910 catalog.



Touring Car
Roadster
Pony Tonneau

Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—\$2,750

We claim that the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" is the utmost value that the price can buy. It would be difficult to buy more at any price, save excessive power.

The designer is Mr. Coffin. The materials are the best that men know.

The car carries seven passengers. The lines are exquisite. The upholstery is hand-buffed leather.

The "Forty" will travel any road you encounter, and climb any hill with a road up it. It will go faster than you care to ride. It is immensely dependable and as quiet as night.

More weight and more power mean simply a useless added expense for upkeep. All the world over the tendency of the times is toward medium-weight, medium-priced cars.

Write for our catalog to know all the facts. We will send with it if you desire the names of nearby owners. Ask them what they think. Then let our nearest agent demonstrate a car. You will never then cease to be an enthusiast on Chalmers-Detroit cars. Mail this coupon now. (13)

A Memo to

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Mail your 1910 Catalog to

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
County..... State.....
Success, New York.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Members A. L. A. M. Detroit, Mich.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

Vol. XII

NEW YORK OCTOBER 1909

No. 185

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.

In the Editor's Confidence

THERE are readable magazines, important magazines, beautiful magazines. Now and then an editor succeeds in getting out a number which is at once readable, important and beautiful.

The November SUCCESS MAGAZINE will be one of these. A month ago it seemed unlikely we should be able to beat this October number—but that is just what we are going to do. And really, to build the best magazine you ever built, and then go out the next month and build a better one, is going pretty strong. It brings deep satisfaction.

"Human Nature Under Fire," by Will Irwin, is a remarkable collection of hitherto unpublished stories of the San Francisco disaster. Imagine a cataclysm so immense that it suddenly blots out home, business, church, law and order, the whole social structure. In such an event what would you think and what would you do? Would your thoughts be of tragedy or comedy? Would you act rationally, or would some whimsical subconscious thought or habit assume control of your bewildered faculties. Mr. Irwin's article practically answers these questions. It tells what certain people thought and did during the first days following the great disaster. Oddly enough, most of his stories are more comic than tragic.

"The New Problem of the Old," by Walter Weyl, is a searching inquiry into one of the most puzzling of our unsolved problems. This big, haphazard country of ours is in some ways the most backward of civilized nations, and in no social problem is it more backward than in this puzzle of caring for the old folks. Some of the big corporations have gone in for old-age pensions as an item of sound business principle. The Government has got itself into the habit of shelling out pretty generously to the old soldier and his widow—even to his young widow. But the heroes and victims of peace are left to fade out sadly in the dark. And the greatest heroes of all—the mothers who produce our citizens and rear them and develop their characters until they are fit to go forth and help build up the nation's vigor and wealth—what are we going to do about them?—the poorhouse? Yes, too often the poorhouse. But Mr. Weyl has been taking the problem more seriously than the rest of us. He finds that most of the other nations are handling it rather more intelligently than we are. And what he has to say in this and a later article will, it is to be hoped, set us to thinking. Some day, perhaps, we nephews of Uncle Sam will become aroused to the fact that producing citizens is a big job, and largely, still, an unappreciated job. Really, we ought to do something about those mothers. Better read what Mr. Weyl has to say.

In the November Number

The most important article which will appear in any magazine this fall

Hope for the Victims of Narcotics

THE DISCOVERY OF A TREATMENT THAT WILL OBLITERATE THE CRAVING FOR OPIUM, MORPHINE, COCAINE AND ALCOHOL

By Alexander Lambert, M.D.

Visiting Physician to Bellevue Hospital,
New York; Professor of Clinical
Medicine, Cornell University

SENSATIONAL though this announcement may appear to be, it is made after independent and exhaustive inquiries into the Towns method and its results by Dr. Lambert and also separately by the editors of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. Dr. Lambert, who, apart from his high professional standing, is known to the lay public as ex-President Roosevelt's physician, has studied the treatment for five years, finally giving it a thorough test under his personal direction at Bellevue Hospital during last spring and summer. His detailed medical report on this test appears this fall in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

"The obliteration of the craving," says Dr. Lambert, "is not a matter of weeks and months, but is accomplished in less than five days. This result is often so dramatic that one hesitates to believe it possible."

A vaudeville performer recently sent an audience into roars of laughter by solemnly, mournfully uttering the single word "Woman!" Man has for ages laughed about woman. Woman is capricious, vain, self-centered, a creature of moods, smiles and tears, a bundle of April-weather impulses with a serpent up her sleeve. In the opinion of Inez Haynes Gillmore, there is but one creature more amusing, vain and generally inconsistent than woman, and that is—man. She gives the results of her observations in a fresh and original article, "Man as Woman Sees Him." "If you think man is not vain," remarks Mrs. Gillmore, "just watch him in his new bathing suit."

Harris Dickson, of Vicksburg, has found a new Munchausen. Few liars have been really great enough to claim and get the world's ear. The immortal Baron is, of course, assured of a permanent place close to our hearts. But of the other great liars of history, nearly all, with the notable exception of Father Hennepin and Sir John Mandeville, have turned out in the end to be truth-tellers and frauds. Marco Polo was accepted for several centuries as a liar of high caliber, and did not fall from grace until it was learned that his glittering narratives of travel in far Cathay were almost the literal truth. But in Cap'n Daingerfield it seems certain that Judge Dickson is bringing to light the greatest liar since Munchausen himself. The first account of the Cap'n's exploits is called "Cap'n Daingy's Pet Rattler; Being Certain of the Confidential Communications of a Liar. Retold by Harris Dickson."

"The King and the Beggar Maid" is the installment heading for the

second part of Leroy Scott's great serial, "The Shears of Destiny." The reader will find that every installment of this big, dramatic story plunges him deeper and deeper into the maelstrom of modern Russia. In his heroine, "the woman in brown," Mr. Scott is portraying one of the most fascinating and bewildering women to be found in the range of modern fiction.

Among the other features is a fine, strong story of maternal love and suffering, by Anne Story Allen, entitled "Young Mrs. Royce." The seventh installment of "The Sky Man" carries the reader still deeper into the adventures of the castaways.

Dr. Marden will have a stimulating article. Charles M. Crewdson will present another of his "New Tales of the Road." Charles Battell Loomis will contribute an absurdly funny little story, entitled "Lost For Love." And the many departments, including the comprehensive and readable "World in a Nutshell," "Mrs. Curtis's Home Corner," and our monthly counsel to investors, will round out the best number in our history, so far.



BACK TO THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE



Caught in the Current

THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF LEROY SCOTT'S
GREAT SERIAL ROMANCE



The SHEARS OF DESTINY

With Illustrations by ALEXANDER POPINI

CHAPTER I

INSTEAD of the week Drexel had thought his business would keep him in Moscow, two days sufficed. They were a pleasant two days, rich with promise of future profit, and it was with regret that he settled down in his compartment of the day express to St. Petersburg. He would have been glad had his business denied him a little longer the company of his aunt and his cousin Alice and the polished Prince Berloff.

Drexel gave little heed to the country through which his train shrieked and rumbled. And there was small reason that he should, for the land was monotonously flat, and made more monotonous by its vast blanket of sunless snow, beneath which it had been asleep these two months and which it would not throw aside with the awaking gesture of spring for four long months to come. As far as the eye could reach there was only the gray-white, frozen desert; desolate emptiness, save where forests of spruce and hemlock lifted their myriad white peaks toward the lowering sky, or a distant peasant village huddled low as if shivering from the bitter cold.

The pictures his inward eye gazed upon were more interesting by far than those enrolled before him by this snow-bound land of his exile. He had reserved an entire compartment that he might think without interruption; and as the white miles flew behind him new visions of fortune, of power, of position, shaped and re-shaped themselves in his keen and rapid mind. Ah, how impatient he was to be back in Chicago—back with his uncle in the midst of things!

His thoughts reverted to, and eagerly dwelt upon, a part of his last conversation with his uncle. That conversation had grown out of this very business of his coming to Russia. While in Paris the preceding summer Alice and her mother had met Prince Berloff, then in France on a secret diplomatic mission. He was one of Russia's greatest titles, Alice one of America's greatest fortunes, so the engagement that followed was perhaps preordained. Alice's proud mother had written her husband in Chicago that she desired to see the country where her daughter was to be so exalted a figure, that they would be perfectly safe, even though smouldering revolution did threaten to flame forth, under the protection of so great a nobleman as Prince Berloff. But old John Howard would not permit their going without a nearer escort; and since he himself could not leave the great Traction Deal which then engrossed him, he had shunted his duties upon his convenient nephew.

Drexel had rebelled. He protested against leaving the Traction Deal and the other vast interests his uncle was drawing him into. And on another point he protested even more strongly. He had thought himself in love with his pretty cousin, and he now urged to his uncle the ironic incongruity of him, the rejected suitor, being compelled to escort his innamorata about the land, and among the honors, of his successful rival.

His uncle had put a hand upon his arm. "See here, Henry," he said with brusque affection, "you don't really care, and never did care, one green persimmon for Alice! You just thought you did."

"We'll pass that point. But even if I cared, you'd have turned me down just the same." The thing still rankled; his tone was bitter. "Of course I realize that your sister's son is a poor man."

"No poorer than my son would be, if I had one, if I'd died twenty-five years ago like your father did. In this marriage business, it was n't that you have n't money; it was because your aunt had her head set on a title. But forget all that, my lad; I like you like you were my own boy—you know that. And I'm proud of you. Ten years from now, you'll be the biggest young business man in America!"

Drexel gave a dry laugh. "I don't resemble your prediction much so far—with nothing but the fifty thousand my mother left me!"

And then his uncle had said the great words. "Eh, but boy, you're only twenty-six, and so far you've just been in training! In training to take my place when I step out. Your training is over; when you come back from Russia, your real career begins—and a big one, too! Oh, your fifty thousand is nothing"—his uncle brushed it aside with a contemptuous hand—"but you know you're coming in for a good part

of what I have, and you're going to be the manager of the whole pile. One of these princes may be all right for a son-in-law, but he don't get control of my business! The things I've spent my life building up, I'm not going to have them sold, or ruined by mismanagement. No, sir!"

The old man had brought the flat of his hand down upon the table. "See here, Henry—look me straight in the eye. That's right. Now, down in the bottom of your heart, don't you know you've got the biggest business chance of any young fellow in America?"

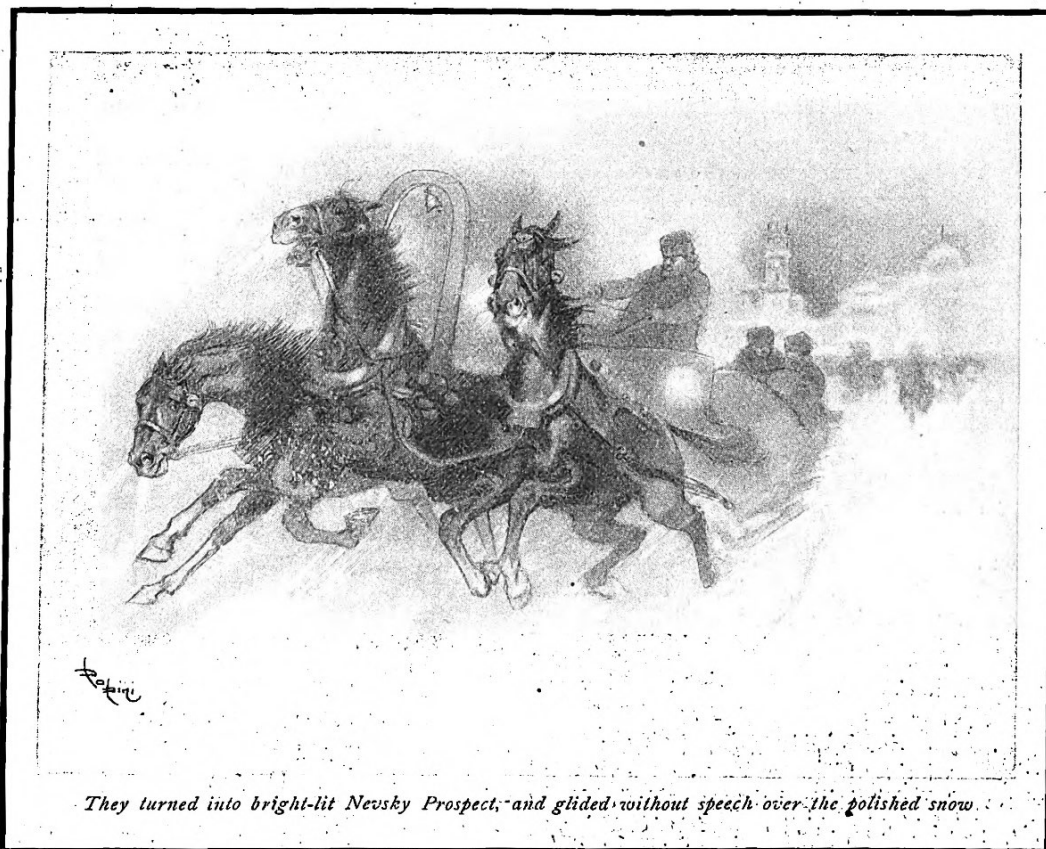
The keen young gray eyes looked steadily into the keen old gray eyes. "I do."

"And is there anything you like better than to control great industries—to win mil-

lions on millions—to know that though you don't live in Washington you've got as big a say-so in the government as any man that does?"

The young man's face had glowed, his voice had rung with perfect confidence. "I'm going to be all that, uncle. I feel it in me! It's the dream of my life!"

And it was of this great future that Drexel thought as he roared onward through the snow. His ironic duty was all but done. For three months he had grimly played his part; and now in two weeks Alice would be the Princess Berloff. The marriage originally was to have been, in Chicago, but the disturbed state of affairs would not allow the Prince to leave his country, so it had been decided that the marriage should be held in St. Petersburg—and Mr. Howard, freed by a business lull, was now lunging through wintry seas on his way to be present at the ceremony. Two



They turned into bright-lit Nevsky Prospect, and glided without speech over the polished snow.

more weeks, and Drexel and his uncle would be speeding back to Chicago—back to giant affairs.

But some of his business thoughts centered here in Russia; for, after all, his banishment from business promised to be a fortunate misfortune. Drexel had not been in Russia two days before he had seen the tremendous opportunities the future would offer capital in this the most undeveloped of civilized countries. He had begun to revolve gigantic schemes—schemes to be inaugurated years hence when the success of the Czar or the revolutionists had given the country that stability necessary for business enterprise. And it was characteristic of his energy and of the way he prepared for distant eventualities, that he had applied himself to the study of the Russian tongue the better to fit himself for these dim-seen Russian successes.

At Bolgoïé his eager meditations were interrupted by the express pausing for lunch. The platform was crowded with soldiers and gendarmes, and standing about in attitudes of exaggerated indifference were men whose furtive watchfulness betrayed them as spies of an inferior grade. At Drexel's table in the station dining-room sat several officers of the gendarmerie, to whom he mechanically listened. They were discussing the greatest of the Government's recent triumphs—the arrest the week before of Borodin, one of the chief revolutionary leaders, who immediately following his seizure had been secretly whisked away, no one knew whither save only the head of the spy system and one or two other high officials. In what prison the great leader was held was a question all Russia was then asking.

"Ah," exclaimed the officers, "if the same prison only held The White One!"

That was a name to arouse even such indifferent ears as Drexel's, for he felt the same curiosity as did the rest of Russia as to the identity of the person concealed behind this famous name—the little that he knew had served only to quicken his interest. He entered into conversation with the officers, but they could add nothing to his meager knowledge. The White One was the great general who planned and directed the outbursts from the underworld of revolution—a master of daring strategy—the shrewdest, keenest brain in the empire. That was all. For the rest, The White One was shrouded in complete mystery. To Russia at large The White One was just a great, invisible, impersonal power, and to the Czar the name most dreaded in all his realm.

Back in his compartment Drexel renewed his eager planning, and his mind did not again turn from business till St. Petersburg was but some two hours ahead, and the short, dull-hued day had long since deepened into evening. He heard a voice in the corridor of his coach say that near the station at which the train had just stopped was the great estate of Prince Berloff. He peered through the double-glazed window out of casual interest in the place he knew from former visits. But he could see nothing but a long shed of a station building and a few shaggy peasants in sheepskin coats, so he settled back as the train started up and his brain returned to its schemes.

A few moments later he became aware that the portière at the door of his compartment had been drawn aside. Irritated that any one should intrude upon the privacy he had paid high to secure himself, he looked up. In the doorway stood a young woman, twenty-two or three perhaps, slender but not too slender, with hair of the color of midnight, long, black eye-lashes, and a smooth, dark skin faintly flushed with the cold. The eyes were of that deep clear blue that is sometimes given a brunette. She wore a long loose fur coat of a rich dark brown, and a cap of the same dark fur, and she carried a brown muff and over her wrist a leather bag.

For only an instant did she pause with the portière in one hand. Then without a word to Drexel, who had half risen, she entered the compartment and took the opposite seat.



"John, dear," she said in purest English, "that bothersome passport must have been packed among your things"

With her chin in one slender, exquisitely gloved hand she stared out into the flying darkness. As for Drexel, not another thought went to America or to fortune-building. The moment he had seen her, that darkly beautiful apparition, a thrill had gone through him and a dizzying something that choked him had risen into his throat.

Her fixed gaze into the outward blackness gave him his chance, and he was not the man to squander it. He eyed her steadily; noticed that she breathed quickly, as though she had hurried for the train—noticed how white and even were the teeth between her barely parted lips—noticed again how smooth was the texture of her skin and how like rich old marble was its color—noticed how finely chiseled were all her features, how small the ear that nestled up in her dark hair. He wondered

who she was, and what. But who, or what, she was decidedly a Russian, and decidedly he most beautiful woman he had seen in all the Czar's wide realm.

Once he gazed out the window, with the purpose that he might look back upon her with the freshness of a first glance. When he turned it was to give a start. She was gazing straight at him. And her eyes did not fall or turn when met by his. She continued to gaze straight into his face—with those black-lashed blue eyes of hers; such a blue as he had never before seen—with no overture in her look, no invitation, no whit of coquetry—continued peering, peering, as though studying the very fiber of his soul.

What her outward eye saw was a figure of lithe strength, built as the man should be built who had been his university's greatest tackle, and a dark-mustached, square-chinned, steady-eyed face that bespoke power and one used to recognition and authority.

Drexel met her gaze with held breath, in suspense as to what remarkable event this remarkable look would the next minute lead. But it led to none. She merely turned those blue eyes of hers back into the darkness.

He now noticed that she seemed a little tense, as though mastering some great strain; but other things claimed her thoughts above this. He wanted to speak to her—wondered if he dared; but, despite that long, direct look, despite her walking into his private compartment, he knew she was not the woman with whom one could pick up acquaintance on a train. He saw what was going to happen; they would ride on thus to St. Petersburg—part without a word—never see each other again. He grew weak all over at this sure finale.

CHAPTER II

The train sped on. At length they neared the environs of the capital. They stopped at a station where lay a train from St. Petersburg, then started up again. It seemed to Drexel that her tenseness was deepening.

"Pardon," suddenly said a voice at the door.

Both Drexel and the girl looked about. There stood a big-bodied, bearded man in the long, red-trimmed, gray coat of a captain of gendarmes.

"What is it?" Drexel asked brusquely in his broken Russian. The young woman said nothing.

The captain entered. He had that deference which the political police show the well-dressed and the obviously well-born, but can never spare the poor. "Excuse me," said he; "I must examine madame."

The young woman paled, but her voice rang with indignation. "What do you mean?"

It was a distinct surprise to Drexel that her Russian was also broken—but little better than his own.

"It is my duty, madame," returned the officer. "I'm sorry—but I must discharge my duty."

She rose in her superb beauty and flashed a look at the captain that made Drexel's heart leap, so much of fire and spirit did it reveal.

"Duty or no duty, I will accept no indignity at your hands!" she cried.

The officer hesitated. "My orders are my orders, madame must know. What I do here I must do through all the train; no woman can leave till she has been examined. But I shall go no further than necessary. Perhaps madame's passport will be sufficient. That, madame knows, she must always show upon request."

The young woman's indignation subsided, and she sat down and reached for her leather bag. Drexel had been in Russia long enough to know this searching of a train meant that something had happened. And he knew how formidable was this officer—not in himself, but in what he represented, what was massed behind him: a quarter of a million of political police and spies, hundreds of prisons, Siberian exile, the scaffold, blindfolded death from rifle volleys.

Both Drexel and the captain closely watched the young woman. She went through the notes and few articles for the toilet in the little bag; and then a look of annoyance came over her face. Drexel's heart beat high. He knew what faced the person who had no passport.

She went through the little bag again—and again found nothing.

"Well, your passport, madame!" cried the captain roughly. "Else you come with me!"

Drexel knew she was in danger, and he thought in a flash of a dozen wild things that he might do to aid her. But he thought of nothing so wild as what next occurred.

She looked from her bag and turned those wonderful blue eyes straight into his face—and smiled! The intimate, domestic, worried smile that a wife might give her husband.

"John, dear," she said in purest English, "that bothersome passport must have been packed among your things."

Henry Drexel may have been unconscious for some portion of an instant. But the captain, who had turned to him, saw never a blink, never a falter.

"Why, perhaps it was, Mary," said he, and he reached for his bag.

The world whizzed about him as he went through the form of searching his suit-case; but he showed only a perplexed, annoyed face when he looked up after failure.

"We must have left it out altogether, Mary," he said, this time in Russian, for the sake of the captain.

"How provoking!" cried she, likewise in Russian.

But this play-acting, good though it was, was not enough to offset "orders." "I've got nothing to do with forgotten passports," said the captain. He seized her arm. "You'll have to come with me!"

She gave Drexel a quick look. But he needed not that look. Already he was on his feet.

"Don't you dare touch my wife!" he cried, and he furiously flung the captain's hand away.

The captain glared. "I'll do what—"

"You won't!" snapped Drexel. He pressed his chest squarely against that of the officer. "You dare touch my wife—the wife of an American citizen—and see what happens to you when I make my complaint! It will be the worst mistake of your life! As for this passport business, as soon as we get to Petersburg I'll fix it up with the chief of police." He pointed at the door. "Now—you leave us!"

The captain looked at the broad-shouldered young fellow, with the determined face and the flashing eyes. Looked and hesitated, for Drexel's dominant bearing was not only the bearing of wrathful innocence, but it was eloquent of power to carry out his threat.

The captain wavered, then broke. "I hope monsieur will excuse—"

"Good-by!" said Drexel sharply.

The captain bowed and stumbled out, and the portière closed behind him. When Drexel turned the young woman was breathing quickly and her face spoke many sensations—relief, excitement, gratitude, perhaps a glint of admiration.

She gave him that direct gaze of hers and held out her hand. "Thank you—very much," she said simply, in English.

"I'm afraid I was rather melodramatic," returned Drexel, somewhat lamely.

"You could not have done it better. Thank you."

They sat down and for a moment looked at each other in silence. Her breath still came sharply. He was eager to know the meaning of all this; he was sure she would explain; but he said nothing, leaving it to her to speak or keep silent, as she would. She saw his curiosity. "You are—surprised?"

"I confess it."

"I am sorry so poorly to reward what you did. But I can say nothing."

He bowed his head. "As you please. Thank you," she said again.

If Drexel had thought this incident was to establish them at once in close acquaintanceship, that hope soon began to suffer disappointment. There was no lack of courtesy, of gratitude in her manner; he was already so far in her confidence that she dropped her mask of perfect control, and let him see that she was palpitantly alert and fearful; yet she spoke to him no more than a bare monosyllable or two. Her fear spread to him. While he was wondering who she was, and what was this mysterious danger that menaced her, he, too, was fearful lest the captain, recovered from his intimidation, should reappear in the compartment.

But the captain did not reappear, and they rode on in their strange, strained silence. When the train drew into the Nicholayevsky Station in St. Petersburg, Drexel started to help her from the coach. She tried to check him, but he had her out upon the platform before she could say a word.

She quickly held out her hand. "Good-by," she said hurriedly.

"Good-by?" he cried in dismay.

"Yes—we shall not meet again."

An icy chill swept through him. "Not meet again! Why, I had hoped that you would permit me to come—"

"You can not come," she went on swiftly. "And you must not try to follow me."

That was the plan that had instantly shot into his head. "But—" he pleaded.

"You must not!"

He hesitated.

A look from those blue eyes, straight into his own. "You will not. I trust you."

He bowed his head. "I will not."

"Good-by—and thank you," said she.

He gripped her hand. "Good-by," he said. And he gathered in his last look of her.

But suddenly, when he thought he had lost her, her hand slipped through his arm—slipped through it as with wifely habit—and she was saying to him in a hurried whisper:

"Don't look back. That gendarme captain is working this way. I don't think he is wholly satisfied. I must at least leave with you. Come."

Again Drexel did not blink. Instantly he was leading her along the platform, arm in arm, with the easy manner of four or five married years. In the open square before the station scores of bearded drivers, swathed in blankets till they looked like bulky mummies, were clamorously shouting, "*Isvochichik! Isvochichik!*" and one of these Drexel signaled. He was helping her into the little sleigh when he saw her give a calm, steady look to some one behind him. Turning, he saw the captain, for whom a sleigh was drawing up to the curb. Drexel gave him a curt nod, stepped into the foot-high sleigh, and drew the fur robe about them. The driver cracked his whip and the horse sprang away.

"After a few blocks you can set me down," she whispered.

For even that respite Drexel was grateful.

"Where shall I take my lord?" came over the driver's shoulder, from out of his bushy beard.

"Up Nevsky Prospect," Drexel ordered.

They turned into bright-lit Nevsky Prospect, thronged with flashing sleighs, and glided without speech over the polished snow. After a few moments she glanced back. She clutched his arm.

"He is behind us!"

He did not need to be told not to turn his head. "The captain?"

"Yes."

"Do you think he is following us?"

"Perhaps he is only taking the same direction by chance. Let us stop a few times. That will show us."

"Drexel gave the necessary orders. They made a stop at a fruit store, another at a confectioner's—but when she looked back, there, at a distance, was the captain jogging in their tracks.

"He is following—that's certain!" she breathed.

"He is suspicious, but hesitates to do anything, and thinks it wisest to watch us. Apparently there's no shaking him."

Suddenly a new idea rushed into Drexel's head. He looked down into her face; he tried to speak steadily—tried to keep his vibrant joy out of his voice.

"Do you remember what we told that officer?—that we were husband and wife."

"Yes."

"Till we can get rid of him, our only safety is in keeping up the pretense. If we make one suspicious move he will pounce upon us. You and I, we must stay together!"

[Continued on page 646]

A Song of Courage

By CLARISSA DIXON

OH, sing for the wind that blows
From the salt and storm of the sea!
And sing for the gull that goes
Wide-winged and fearlessly—
Bold, bold is the life he knows;
A guest of the gale is he.

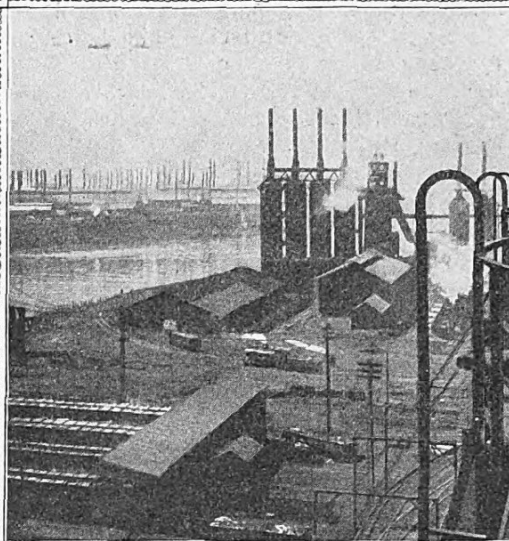
OH, sing for the vale of Peace
Where zephyrs are slow and soft,
Where ragings and strivings cease
And the skylark soars aloft!
Oh, sing for the hearts that leap
And rise to the stress of life,
And sing for the eyes too brave to weep
And the souls too great for strife!

The BIG SHOW

THE BRILLIANT, SPECTACULAR, AWE-INSPIRING

STEREOGRAPHS, COPYRIGHT, 1909

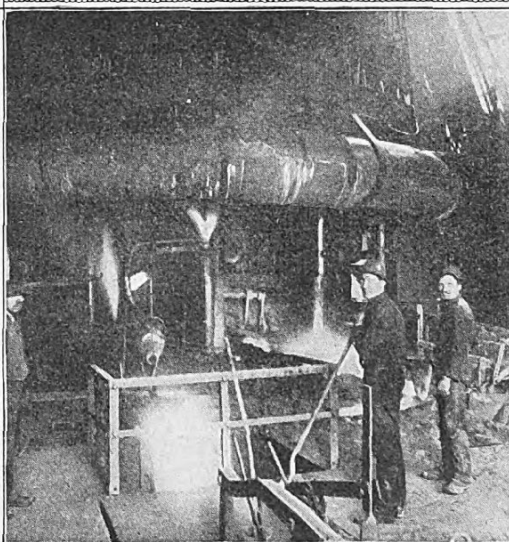
"THOR with his hammer, Jove with his thunderbolts, Hercules with the original big stick—they couldn't hold their job at steel-making. The only mythic figure that the steel industry suggests is that bold and resolute, that unconquered and unconquerable spirit whom Milton's reluctant pen was forced to make the hero of 'Paradise Lost.' The flame, the fervent heat, the rolling smoke remind us of him."



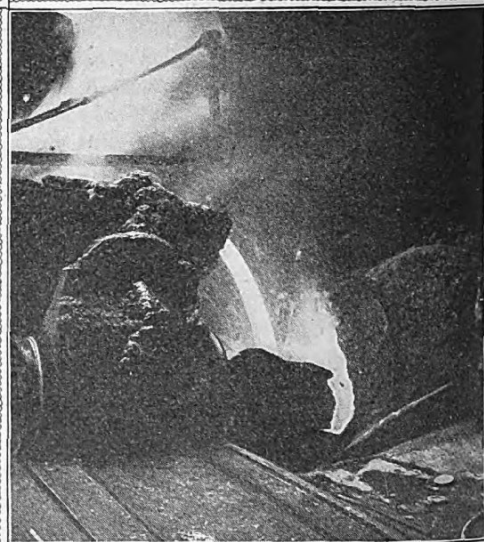
"I don't think so much of the blast-furnace. Alongside of the pyrotechnics of the steel-works, it looks kind of faded-out and dingy."



"The torrent of liquid iron gushed out of the tapping-hole, and sizzled down the mud-gutter prepared for it."



"When I saw the men draining off the lava—I should say, slag—I refused to get excited."



"The Bessemer process is kind of pettifogging compared with the open-hearth process."

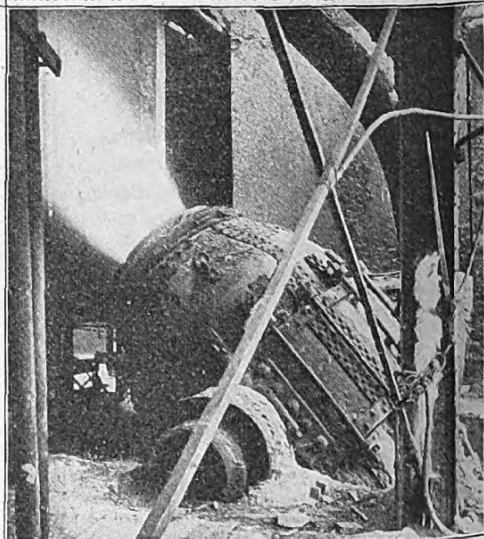
OF ALL the sights these mortal eyes of mine have yet beheld, it seems to me steel-making is the grandest and most spectacular. I mean steel-making proper. The processes of getting out of the ground and to the premises the reddish-brownish-purplish stuff that looks so much like Jersey garden loam, but really is iron ore, and the processes of working steel up into various commodities, after it is made, possess a high degree of interest in so far only as they demonstrate the wonderful change that has come over the industrial world in the last fifty years—the new device of doing away with the laborious "Unh!" that goes with straining muscles of the back and belly. But any industry can show you that. And steel-making proper does it so much more theatrically—so much more *circustically*, if you'll let me make a new word. And what I am after is the flash and flare, the dazzle and the sparkle. I want to make your jaws hang loose, your eyes bulge out and glisten like newly peeled boiled eggs; to bring from you the whispered "Ge-eminently!" or "I want to know!" according to what section of the country you come from.

A Personal Experience With a Blast-Furnace

I was advised: "You ort to see the coke-ovens, if that's what you're after. They look like—well, I tell you. They look jis' like this here—now—Danteo's Inferno!" But I guess I can make out without the coke-ovens. And I'll stub along, if you don't mind, without the blast-furnace.

I don't think so much of the blast-furnace. Alongside of the pyrotechnics of the steel-works it looks kind of faded-out and dingy. No doubt it is pretty hot inside the place where the dry iron ore gets so that it will run like water, but ever

since I had an opportunity to discover for myself the melting-point of cast-iron, I can not get really stirred up about the thing. It was this way: I moved out into the country once, and thriftily bought a second-hand, sheet-iron, cylinder stove. I was n't as careful a buyer then as I am now (not having been stung so many times) and I didn't examine the inwards of that stove as cynically and censoriously as I should have done. The consequence was that before very long, if any one had asked me, as *Evangelist* asks *Christian* in "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Do you see yonder shining light?" pointing to the lower left-hand side of the stove, I should have answered with *Christian*: "I think I do." What that stove needed urgently, and with the minimum of



"From that barrel, full of white-hot metal, a blast of air blew that had burned up as much of carbon and of silicon as was necessary to turn cast-iron into steel."

AT PITTSBURG

By EUGENE
WOOD

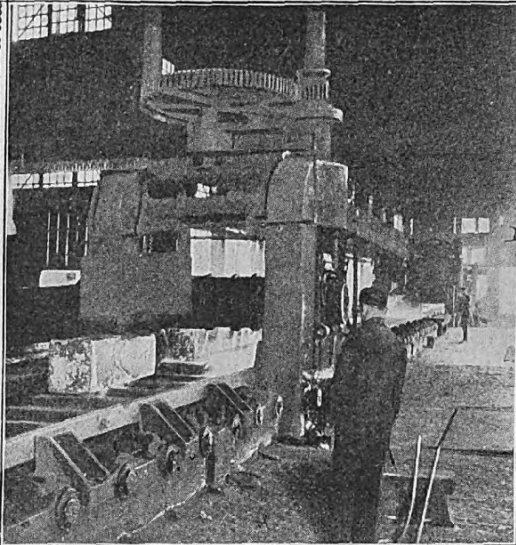
Author of "Back Home," "Folks Back Home," etc.

PERFORMANCE of STEEL MAKING

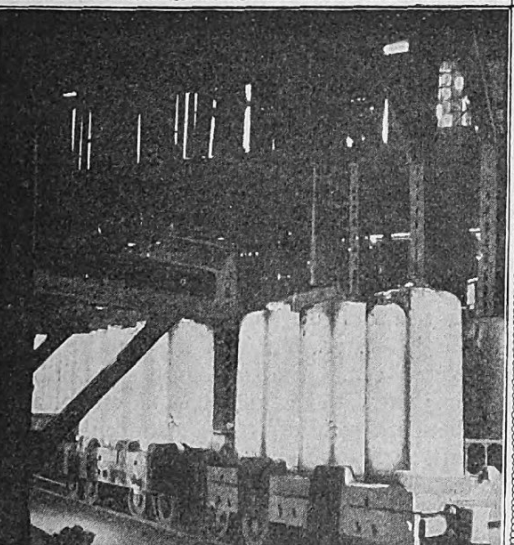
BY H.C. WHITE CO., N.Y.



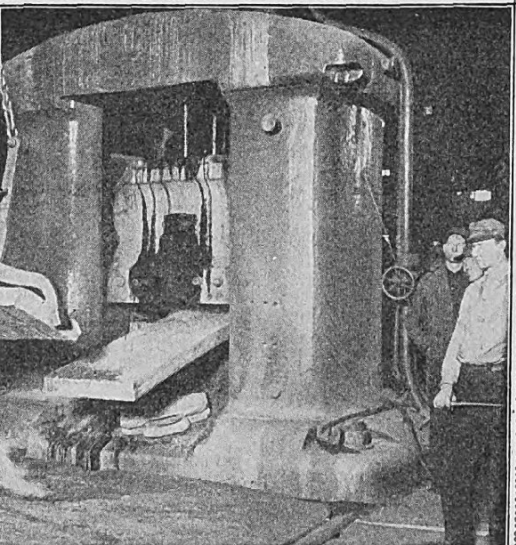
"One after another the moulds are filled, with a 'Whoop! That's enough!' until the empty ladle swings back and away."



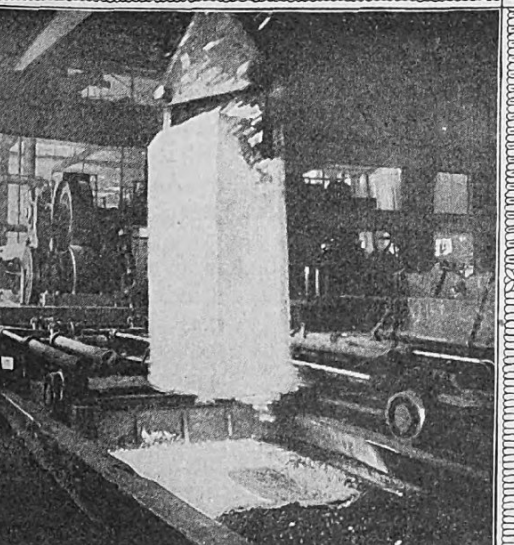
"The unsuspecting ingot goes along and butts its head against the rolls that drag it in, and flatten it out, and lengthen it amazingly."



"It does n't amaze you greatly to see a big thumb and finger reach down and pluck the mold off the ingot and leave it standing naked on the car."



"A knife that cuts the red and glossy steel as neatly and as silently as if it were so much cream-cheese."



"The thumb and finger pick it up and slip it into a 'soaking pit' of burning gas."



"... the hero of 'Paradise Lost.' The flame, the fervent heat, the rolling smoke remind us of him."

clogged the grate. So when I beheld the towering blast-furnaces, into whose top cars that climbed like a monkey on a stick dumped coke, and iron ore, and limestone, chestnut size, even a look at the little peep-holes, through which the molten mass peeped out, and not I in (because I forgot to bring my blue goggles with me), did not give me such a terrific shock. When I saw the men draining off the lava—I should say, slag—even when the torrent of liquid iron gushed out of the tapping-hole and sizzled down the mud-gutter prepared for it, into the big ladle on the car-truck beneath, I refused to get excited. It was only doing intentionally, outdoors, on a big scale, what I had done unintentionally, indoors, on a small scale.

A Train-load of Hot Soup

The show really begins with the normal journey of the train of cars bearing ladles full of iron soup from the blast-furnace to the steel-plant. Ladles, did I say? They look much more like great big, soft felt hats, bottom side up—felt hats so old, so rained on, so hardly used, that they have almost lost the indentation where the ribbon was when they were new. The puffing little locomotive snakes them along over the bridge, across the river; and you will notice that it is n't a plain open-work bridge that the cars go across, with their wicked blue flames flickering spookily above the ladle edge: they pass through a deep gutter built of fire-brick. Because, you know, as the impatient engine snakes them along, some of that melted iron might slop over, and some vessel might be passing along underneath, and it would be kind of awkward to have a lot of pig-iron splash on you, don't you understand. It simply ruins clothing to have soft pig-iron drip on it. It never looks the same afterwards.

To begin with, dismiss from your mind all mental pictures you may have of a great

delay, was a new lining—right quick! I am a very observant sort of person, and it had not escaped my eagle eye that, out on that heap of broken bottles, rusted tin cans, and *passée* kettles, without which no country house is truly complete, was the wreck of a once hot base-burner stove. "Why not," my facile and ingenious brain suggested, "take the magazine out of that base-burner and use *that* for a lining for the cylinder stove?" Providentially, as you might say (you, not I), it just exactly fitted. I put it into place; I built a fire; the fire drew beautifully, and, as fires will, gradually burnt low and required shaking. It would n't shake! Investigation revealed the fact that the cast-iron magazine had melted and run down, and cooled, and



throng of workers in the steel-plant, rushing hither and yon with pincers and tongs, naked from the belt up, with the eerie light flashing on their skins, glossy with perspiration and the grease that naturally fries out of a man in the intense heat. Even in the dead of winter, the steel-plant is probably not much like a cold-storage place, and in the dead of summer still less like it, but when I visited the works, the few men scattered here and there all kept their shirts on. I saw only one young fellow whose brow was crowned with that jeweled diadem, the sweat of honest toil that you hear so much talk about from those who push from them such a diadem with even greater vehemence than Julius Cæsar did. It is possible that men in the steel-plant do get kind of moist occasionally. I did n't see 'em, though. The hustling throng that you expect has disappeared, has gone to whatever industry there is which does things nowadays by human strength and skill exclusively, as it was in the beginning, but is n't now, and never shall be again.

Down at the far end of a building, whose size would make an ordinary cathedral look like a switch-shanty, is a big door through which comes the train of ladles, with the iron in them still hot and liquid for all its ride of a mile or so. There is a big, square—what you might call a "simmerer" if that were its name, for it does n't do any real cooking, but just keeps things warm till a convenient season. It is "het" by natural gas. Out of a place that is, to the simmerer, as is its nose to a tin coffee-pot, gushes a reddish, fuliginous burst of flame. Into that nose they're going to pour these ladlefuls of melted pig-iron to keep hot until such time as a converter is ready to take charge and turn it into steel. Here is where you look to see the throng of half-naked workmen rush, all hands standing by to tip the ladles. But no. A discreet and learned monster reaches out a long and bony arm, lifts up the ladle, and swings it across to the flame-gushing nose. Better stand back a ways. Further yet. Best to be entirely safe, you know. A link might snap and—. The ladle tips, gently and cautiously, and pours the sizzling liquid as neatly as would a careful housekeeper. The intelligent monster lifts the empty ladle to the weighing pit, goes after another ladle, pours it, takes it to the weighing pit, and so on until the train is empty. It seems to me I saw two or three men dodge behind the simmerer when the pouring began, but apparently the intelligent monster did it all.

Bessemer Fireworks Are Old-Fashioned

The spectacle of steel-making suffers a little from the march of progress. The plant that I was in no longer uses the Bessemer process. I saw that only from afar, upon a rainy evening—which is always the finest sort of an evening for high lights and dark shadows. The lowering clouds and the falling rain made, as it were, a luminous piece of pie, whose point (if I could have seen it close to) was a sort of barrel hung on pivots. From that barrel, full of white-hot metal, a blast of air blew that had bubbled through the liquid and burned up as much of carbon and of silicon as was necessary to turn cast-iron into steel, and that gush of air was like a "sizzer" firecracker, though bigger, lasting longer, brighter, more sparkling, more important. But the Bessemer converter begins to take on an antiquarian interest. It's a back number. Pretty? Yes, but—and, you know, in industrial processes they don't have to wait until they get a three-fourths' majority of the pig-headed, old-fogy, ignorant, and cantankerous, before an outworn institution goes to the scrap-heap. Efficiency, not "wisdom of the fathers," is the watchword. "The old paths," if they get there the quickest way; if not, strike out across the country.

Important as the Bessemer process is compared with a "sizzer" firecracker, it is kind of pettifogging compared with the open-hearth

process. I don't know why it is called "open hearth." It is n't open, and it is n't the least bit like an old-fashioned fireplace with a back-log and andirons, and a turkey-wing to sweep the hearth in front of it. It is a big, square furnace, and, for all its bigness and apparent massiveness, it looks mighty flimsy, for the fierce white light glares at you between the bricks, seemingly just laid one on top of the other. There's heat there, let me tell you. I don't remember whether the natural gas burning in it made a loud roar or not. My ear forgets, but my visual memory can not escape the conviction that so almighty hot a thing as that would *have* to roar. When three or four men with shovels tossed in limestone, landing it here and there according as the stuff inside seemed to require it (no way of doing this by machinery has yet been found), and the door slid up, revealing the temperature within, it looked to me as if Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego would have had their work cut out for them to be cast into that burning, fiery furnace and come out of it without even the smell of fire upon their garments. There's heat in there, I want to tell you. There has to be where you boil iron, and boil it and boil it till it's done, taking out a spoonful once in awhile for a sample for the laboratory to taste and see if it's cooked through. And yet I can't remember, for the life of me, whether it roared or not. It ought to, and yet I remember another furnace so hot that it could vaporize sand, which is not what you might call a volatile substance at all. It did n't roar. That heat, though, came, not from natural gas, but from water falling—a whole lot of it—falling a long way and spinning a dynamo.

Electricity Has Displaced Boy Power

Speaking of electricity, I don't know if, in your young days, you ever collected scrap-iron. It was a small, hand-powered industry, seasonal in its nature, the season roughly corresponding to the time the circus-bills were up. It was an industry almost equally hard on hands and back. And you were always missing pieces, so close to you that, as the saying went, "if they had been a snake they would have bit you." Later in this account I'll tell you about trimming sheets of steel, to make them come square-cornered and nice. To pick up these scraps and trimmings would take a lot of men. To say nothing of their wages, the mere item of leather gloves to save their hands would be frightful to contemplate. But there is another intelligent monster with a round forefoot that can beat the spryest and strongest boy that ever wanted to go to the show ever so bad—beat him to death in picking up scrap-iron. It puts out this forefoot, and all the iron round there sticks to it. (Must be some kind of gum on it.) Then it moves the foot in a deliberate kind of way, and when it is right over the car the gum gives out all at once and the scraps drop into the car.

Did I say "car?" It is n't quite a car, although it runs on a car-truck. It is really more like an exaggerated sugar-scoop. I should say, in length and breadth, the President of these United States would just about fit into one. This train of scoops, when all loaded up with scraps, rolls up along in front of the open-hearth furnaces, which apparently hunger for a little snack, for when they come to be fed they dribble at the mouth. You can see the lip drip as it goes up, seemingly of its own accord. No, I'd better correct that. Maybe it is safe by this time to do a little "nature-faking," but there's no use in being rash. The doors of these open-hearth furnaces are hollow, and have water in them to keep them from melting in the fervent heat, and sometimes they spring a leak. It was water and not slaver that dribbled.

They had another intelligent monster to go round and feed the animals. It had a steel proboscis, straight, the length and thickness of the stout posts they set out in the back yard to

hang the clothesline on, only instead of the ornamental acorn of the clothes posts, it had a sort of button with a short shank to it. This well-trained monster—much more docile and intelligent than "the elephants a-pilin' teak" that Kipling tells about—with a discretion far beyond its years, would come up behind one of the scoops of scrap, lift up its proboscis, slip the button into a slot in the end of the scoop, give it a half-turn, so as to get a surer hold, lift up the scoop, thrust it into the furnace, turn it over this way and that to empty it out completely, withdraw it, put it back on the car-truck—ah, pretty work, pretty work! Nobody to cluck to it: "Ck! Ck! Ck! Gitty-ep there! Git ep, darn you! Ck! Ck! Ck! Go on. Whoa-back! Haw there! Haw, I tell you. Haw! you fool, you. Go on. Ck! Ck! Ck! Go on. Aw, go on, or I'll break your cussed neck for you." Nothing of the kind. No whinnying, or bawling, or balking, or acting up in any way to make a man forget that he was a "professor." It did n't need to be fed or watered or shod or rested or have the veterinary. It was n't any bother at all. It just went right along. Wonderfully well-trained "critter." And the furnaces were well-trained, too. They did n't all open their mouths at once, and scuffle to see who'd crowd in to get the first bite. They waited their turn to be served—oh, what a lesson to the young in table-manners!—and opened their mouths at the right moment and closed them at the right moment. (The fellow away over on the other side of the building, the old fellow smoking a clay pipe shaped like an ear-trumpet, and pulling on a lever now and again, might have had something to do with their opening their mouths right. I couldn't say definitely. It might have been just a coincidence.)

Modern Man Is Greater than Hercules

We will now pass to the main tent, if you have looked at the animals long enough. I don't mean to go out of the building, but behind the open hearth, in which some steel has been boiled and boiled and boiled, until it is now done and ready to serve. I'm sorry this is n't one of the furnaces that they tip up to pour the steel, but we'll have to make out the best we can. The steel gushes out of the tapping-hole with the rich flow of cream, and just about the color of it, if cream could only shine with such an un pitying impact of its light that the eyes would shrink and cover before it. And as the dazzling liquid pours, up from the ladle leaps, as it were, a grove of tall umbrella-palms of scintillating fire, that flourish and die down, flourish and die down, each stalk and its outspreading top, in an eye-twinkle. No sight I ever saw can equal it for sheer magnificence. I stood awestruck, afraid. And presently an exultation mounted in me, and thrilled my blood like wine. It had in it something of the ecstasy of faith. It was faith. Faith in Man, the New Creator. So short a time ago, fifty years—a hundred at the outside—and he commanded nothing but what his puny muscles could move and mold! And now, what Thor, what Jupiter, what Hercules is his match in might? So short a time! Yet this is only the beginning. It has all come about within the memory of men yet living, this almost unbelievable access of power. There are centuries before us, long, long processions of them, endless processions of them, each one accelerating Man's control of Nature's forces, accelerating, not by addition only, but also multiplyingly.

Man, the New Creator!

A chasm (a small chasm, just the right size to have car-tracks laid in it) yawns between us, as we stand alongside the gushing open hearth and the north wall of the big building. On a train of flat cars are square shapes, taller than a man, and maybe two feet through. The ladle, full of liquid steel, snapped like a cat's back in

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The GIFT of the PITYING HEART

BY PHILIP VERRIL MIGHELS

Illustrations by LAURA E. FOSTER

THE moment for Ruth was one of constraint, despite the fact that she was somewhat prepared for her aunt's aggressive attack. Her delicate beauty was heightened by the dumb appeal of her eyes.

Aunt Julia was tense with concern in this matter of exceptional importance.

"My dear," she said, "I can't believe it's true that you've promised to marry John Hazard. I trust it is all some preposterous mistake. I should hardly think it necessary for anyone to point out the errors—the disasters—impending if you persist in this mad infatuation. Don't you realize what it means—married to a heretic?—a confessed agnostic?—you, Ruth Woodward—you?"

Ruth was pale, but a light of self-dependence was burning in her glance.

"Is n't a person's belief his sacred, private affair?" she inquired. "I respect Mr. Hazard's convictions, for they are thoroughly sincere. But aside from that—aside from *everything*—he is good—and I love him?"

She uttered that last with her quiet intensity. She colored with exquisite fire.

"Love!" repeated Aunt Julia scornfully. "It won't be six months after you are married till he'll attack your faith and completely break it down. Has your father's life-work in the pulpit come to this? In heaven's name, Ruth, I beg you to spare us all this spiritual degradation."

Ruth rose from her chair, red with the sting of that final word.

"My father wished me first of all to be happy and to give my fellow beings happiness," she answered warmly. "This is my way—my *only* way. I shall marry the man I love."

She was agitated, excited. She moved to the window and stood there looking down upon the half deserted street with tears in her clear blue eyes.

For a moment her aunt was speechless. She made several efforts before at last she spoke.

"Do you realize that to-day is Easter Sunday, when a stubborn demand for your earthly happiness is particularly ill-seeming—even if this man *could* make you happy?"

Ruth, looking out of the window, did not turn.

"Oh, that's like him!" she suddenly exclaimed, in the ardor of enjoyment, "just like him!"

Her aunt came quickly to the window and looked down below. She saw John Hazard, a clean-shaven, wholesome looking man, down on the sidewalk opposite, surrounded by half a dozen children, all escorting him prettily up the street. And each and every one was being provided with an Easter toy or bauble, drawn from a package in his arms. He had done this sort of thing before, asking no more than the children's smiles of comradeship and the genuine friendship and warmth of heart that all bestowed upon him.

"Like him, is it?" Aunt Julia demanded, more softly. "I dare say I'm wasting my time on any young woman who can lose her heart for any such cheap devices."

Ruth turned to her tenderly, a warm glow of love lighting something divine in her nature.



The big rag doll, the calico cat, and the fierce tin soldier were duly kissed and instructed to remain there and wait

"Forgive me, Aunty, if I spoke too abruptly," she begged. "I only know I must answer to my heart—and he and my heart are one."

II

RUTH and John Hazard were married in June and took up their lives in Heatherville, one of the numerous vales of calm with which Long Island abounds.

With amazing promptness the two were fused into that wonderful singleness of thought, purpose and being that God has foreordained shall result from rightful mating. They were exceptionally happy from the first, being friends and companions as well as lovers, with quaintly sweet ideas of fulfilling the destinies of parenthood and matehood, in the old, time-honored way.

They had no servant. Ruth was as utterly content and joyous in her duties of the house as Hazard was in all his gardening and relaxations in the open. And serenity abided in that home.

Hazard was a scientist. Much of his labor was performed at home, the remainder in the city. He was boyish, fervid and healthy. The things he knew, and those he daily acquired, he loved to share with Ruth. And into his realms of science Ruth dearly loved to have him lead the way. Her mind became his mind's accessory, its complement, for where she could not meet his flights, at least she helped him clear his course, if only in her eager questionings and her pride in his clarity of vision.

From the first there had been no contentions, no discussions of their recognized diversity of religious conviction. Ruth attended a near-by church that Hazard consistently avoided. They went their ways with mutual respect and with

love a thing apart. When at length their companionship advanced again, on the strength of a new and holy bond, brought to pass by glad nature between them, two pretty concessions resulted. Hazard, to be with his comrade-wife, went frequently to chapel; Ruth, for the sake of his company, remained many Sundays at home. And a new, ineffable happiness possessed them day and night.

Those days, to the pair in Eden's grove, were days of marvel and beauty. They could not have counted their glowing worlds of sheer delight by all the stars of the heavens. The sea and the meadows, the woods and winding roads, called to them always, morning, noon or eve, and out in the open, arm linked in arm, and love fast linked to love, they wandered constantly, blissfully sharing their inmost, precious thoughts and reading in earth and widespread sky the gospels of eternity.

To Ruth it seemed a glorious prerogative to share in Hazard's intellectual gifts and behold things revealed by his eyes. And she felt a sense of being constantly protected from all things evil, irreverent or sacrilegious, by his honest, earnest scholarship in the subjects he discussed. He had never ceased his reverence for God nor his sympathy with the faith that so comforts the otherwise comfortless. What incursions he made into old-time lines of theologic defense, he made unconsciously in the zeal of scientific search.

What he did not know and could not comprehend was a change that was coming into being—slowly, inevitably, sublimely—that Ruth, by her nature, her sex, her oneness, now, with very creation itself, could follow no further where he led, but must turn at last and cling with a new, unconquerable passion to the beauties of her faith.

The world-old miracle had claimed her for its own, and she could not, dared not think she belonged hereafter to herself.

Nothing like her experience could happen to John, and the fact remained that he *was* a self-confessed agnostic who could not believe in immortality, wherefore she might no longer journey at his side, but could only smile and watch him drift away.

He did not know when Ruth fled swiftly, almost wildly, back on the rock-strewn path to old beliefs. In his earnest absorption and with no intent of breaking down the tenets of her faith, he continued on with the trend of his latest convictions. A chasm was opened between their spiritual selves, and only Ruth was aware. Yet so great was their love, so complete their chumship, so exalting the living bond between them that their happiness was thoroughly secure.

Day by day, as the summer months reached their zenith and then began to wane, Ruth was welded more and more into the vastness, the holiness and miracle of creation, with a new understanding of God. She knew the tingling ecstasy of all stellar space, newly conceived of a planet. She was made a sister of the quivering spheres and the rapturous bird upon its nest. She felt a marvelous conviction of the powers and love of God, the wholeness and beauty of His plan, the inexpressible divinity and promise

of eternity vouchsafed in the transcendental privilege of impending motherhood.

It was such a joy as man may never experience. It contained such a fear, such a glorifying frenzy to guard the treasure trusted to her keeping from all earthly harms—both bodily and of unbelief—as the male may only faintly understand. It was such a holy partnership with divinity itself as no such woman could, by her own consent, betray through treachery of the slightest unbelief. Ruth's exquisite joy the two shared together, every day. Hazard was deliriously happy in this blessing to their union. He was far more tender, far more thoughtful, boyish and loving than before, but man is by nature a provider, who must work at his tasks of hands and brain.

Hazard went on with the searches of his mind, drifting farther and farther from his wife in his mental attitude towards life, the scheme of creation, while Ruth continued to slip more and more from the iron facts of his unspiritual logic to the warm, embracing hospitality of a kingdom of God and His love.

The summer departed. Autumn received the heritage of lingering bird song, flowers loth to close their eyes, and fragrant zephyrs lingering balmily in meadow and forest. She ripened the fruits, hung splendors of reward upon the trees that had once more given of their bounty, and invoked the haze and wondrous calm that prepare the world against the long, white silence of its rest.

The winter came and with it many nights when Ruth and her husband sat before the open fire that burned like the hopes of life. They had one great chair to contain them both, with her head upon his shoulder. And there, when he talked of the days to come, and of what was to be and the strange little soul to be given them soon for their keeping, Ruth was close indeed to his warm, fond heart, and made him part and parcel of the trinity so holy to her thought. But when, as on another night, he strayed once more to the paths where his science was leading, she was far away, in a world of her own, clinging in dreams to a baby's hand that every passing day was making dearer. Nevertheless she was fated to bear that night in mind for many long years of her life. There were things he said, in the calm, persuasive logic of his arguments, that affrighted her reasoning mind. It almost seemed incontrovertible, his proof by stages of reason, that immortality was impossible. Yet she *knew*, though she could not prove her knowledge; and she *felt*, though she had no skill to meet his own. At last she had raised herself gently from his arm.

"Oh John, John, *life* is the answer to all you ask," she said. "If only you could feel God's miracle, you would know there is nothing denied His infinite power and love. I am *sure* of the gift of His pitying heart. I would give all the world to assure your lasting faith—and I feel it is going to come."

"Beloved," he said, "beloved." He kissed her and held her quietly, for he thoroughly understood.

III

IN APRIL a sweet, plump baby boy, happy, good-natured and healthy was brought to Ruth for sacred keeping.

It was day all day and all night, too, in the joyous Hazard household—day that is made of sunshine, delight and the ecstasy of parenthood—day far more golden than gold.

Little John Hazard grew amazingly—amazingly clever, strong and enchanting—as all loved babies do. He was always rosy, always prepared with a funny little eye-shutting smile of fellowship, always lively, quaint and radiant with love. He had sprung from love and he expanded love, till the home was made bright past all understanding.

Ruth and her husband shared their treasure as they shared their thoughts and hopes. The baby flowed into both their loving hearts as the sap in a branching tree. He coined for them both a new language of love and awakened new glories of living. And as they two had always been chums, so he was a chum to each, binding them closer in their sacred relationship, even as



"Our own little boy is here at home with us, beloved—here to-night!"

he bound them to himself. And the faster he grew in stature and intelligence the larger was his hold upon their lives.

One day, when at last he had learned to walk and was uttering forth those first few words that come to baby tongues—those first priceless jewels of sound—the furnace man called him "Little Hazard." He promptly adopted a portion of the name, calling himself "Little Haz." Thereafter with all it was ever "Little Haz," and as such he continued to grow. He learned to call his father "Pop." His mother he called "Beloved."

Hazard was wondrously happy. He and the little chap, early boon companions, became the quaintest cronies in the world. Ruth was never excluded, never diminished in importance by either of the pair. Indeed, they planned their happiness together, focused their pleasures about her, lived in the sunshine of her loving smile and smiled all their sunshine upon her.

But the neighbors beheld the man and little Haz so much and constantly together that the sight became an institution. No sooner was the little chap grown sturdy enough for the business than he and his father were discovered everywhere, tramping through the meadows, walking by the sea and working together in the garden.

In the home the two were Ruth's perpetual entertainment and delight. Their talks were quaint, their frolics riotous, their boyishness unending. Hazard was one of those rare combinations of youngster, companion, counsellor and protector that make the perfect father. If he played at bear with little Haz upon the floor, he likewise took him gravely into all his helpful thoughts to meet the growth of the childish mind and answer the marveling questions. But sunshine or storm, twilight or noon, in snow, spring grass or autumn's leafy carpet, the two were constantly out in the air, trudging, sleighing or romping off together. With his hand screwed fast in his father's big warm palm, the earnest little chap was a quaint, pretty sight to behold.

There were long, long lapses of silence these days on the problems laid open to logic. It was not that Hazard had changed in his convictions, it was more that he was glad to ignore them, felt himself far better occupied, and even hoped, in

a new, mystic worry of his own, that something might be wrong with all the deductions of man and his puny science. He had never reckoned on the singular longing for an eternity of life and love which parenthood had suddenly bestowed.

Little Haz attended Sunday-school and church as the simplest matter of fact. Ruth desired it and Ruth's desires were the gospel of Hazard's existence. Moreover, he had every natural and judicious wish to give absolute freedom to the mind of his growing little chum. Indeed, he beheld and recognized the fact that Ruth drew great comfort from her faith, whereas, for him, a worry gnawed closer to his heart. He began to hunger, impotently, for a proof of after life. A new, haunting sense of responsibility, in having brought an innocent little soul into being, possessed him more and more.

It was not that the man was all eager for himself, although that also was present, it was more that he wished with all his strength to be assured that little Haz and his mother would enjoy eternal existence. New needs for man's immortality, new desires, new yearnings that consumed his vital essence had come uninvited to his throne of thought, seeking the overthrow of logic.

The serious pucker that knotted on his brow could hardly be hidden from Ruth. He did not wait, however, to develop her concern. Little Haz became, unwittingly, the ambassador between them. He and his father, romping on the floor, had encroached upon the bedtime hour, and the little man, having for three days had a cold, should have been in his crib long before. It was early spring, a chill, raw season of damp and wind, that made the home with its warm, bright blaze a place of particular cheer and cosy delight.

Little Haz and Hazard placed the simple toys on the library desk together. The big rag doll, the calico cat and the fierce tin soldier were duly kissed and instructed to remain there and wait. Engines, steamboats and a cannon were housed on the lid of a book that bristled with scientific facts. Then Haz was undressed upon his mother's knee and wriggled his toes in the firelight, begging to say his prayers right here instead of in the chill upstairs.

So the prayers were said, and in his childish way he began his puzzling inquisition.

"God didn't make my cat and soldiers, did he, Beloved?" he inquired of Ruth, as he held out his rosy little toes. "'Cause they ain't really alive."

"No," said his mother. "Those were made at the store."

"And when they die they won't go to Heaven like us?"

"N-o— I'm afraid they can't."

Haz reflected, gravely. "I'll bet they'll be lonesome without us, all the same. S'posen a little boy like me should die, would papa have to take me up to Heaven?"

Hazard himself replied. "No, old man. He'd have to stay here to comfort mamma."

Haz evinced a childish worry. "Then would I have to go all alone?"

His mother had a ready comfort.

"God or Jesus would take you all the way."

The little chap reached out instinctively and possessed his father's hand.

"I'd rather not be with strangers. I prefer my Pop."

"But some day papa would come," said Ruth, reassuringly—"papa and mamma, too."

Haz felt no sense of comfort in the prospect.

"Who would I be with while I was waiting, then?"

Ruth was all but cornered. "Why—with grandma, I suppose—yes, of course you'd be with grandma—one of your grandma's—either papa's mother or mine."

"They don't know me and I don't know them," Haz objected logically. "They died a

long, long time ago, before I even came. I don't want to live with a granny like that. I want to be always right here with you and Pop and my cat and doll and soldiers."

His father clasped the tiny hand in tumultuous affection.

"Well, don't you worry, old man, you're going to stay right here."

"He's getting feverish. Kiss papa good-night," said Ruth, making ready to carry him up to his bed, and she added soothingly: "God is the best, best friend that ever was, and He'll always make you happy."

That good-night kiss was a joyous thing, then Hazard was left there alone. He drew up the great double chair before the fire and was waiting for Ruth to glide sweetly back, when she presently returned. He was quiet and pensive for a long time, holding her snugly to his shoulder.

"Even the children confuse our poor, vague scheme of heaven and immortality," he said at last. "What could be more desolate and unheavenly than for such a fond, home-clinging little soul as the boy's to ascend to some celestial place of eternity, alone—and find not a being that he knows?"

Ruth answered to a more material worry in her breast.

"I hope his cold will be better in the morning. I don't like that little touch of fever."

"Oh, he just got warm playing," Hazard answered easily. "He's a hearty little buck." He was silent again for quite a time, and then said something that for him was startlingly strange. "Ruth, do you know I wish to believe in immortality more than anything in all the world?"

Ruth was aroused as well as startled.

"Why, but—Oh! I *knew* you must, at last, at last," she said with intensity of gladness. "You couldn't help it *now*! I knew you couldn't, dear. And you *will*, you *shall* believe!"

"I don't know," he said. "It worries me profoundly, I confess. It didn't so greatly matter once, before we were married—or even till Haz was given to us to keep—but now it's with me all the time—beloved, I'd give anything, absolutely anything—I'd crawl on my naked hands and knees for the rest of my life, over broken glass and stones and nails, to be assured, made absolutely sure that immortality is possible—to have a proof, an unanswerable proof that we'll actually go on existing after death, and find our loved ones, once again!"

His speech was impassioned, wrung from his soul by a new parental anguish. "I could n't give up the boy, and you—I couldn't give you up! But, God! I can't *make* myself believe!"

"It will come," she said in soothing comfort, trembling to know what he was feeling. "It will come, I'm sure—perhaps through our own little messenger, vouchsafed from a loving Father."

He merely said, "Perhaps. If it comes at all I feel it will be through the child."

Ruth was intensely happy to know that he even wished for a mode of her own unshaken faith.

"Would it be so very hard to say to yourself you believe?"

"Dear little advocate!" he answered laughingly. "I might cheat you and little Haz, but I could not cheat myself."

She pressed his hand in compassion.

"If only you could be a mother, dear, you would feel, you would see, you would *know*!"

He kissed her tenderly.

"At least God grants that I can hope."

IV

IT BEGAN that night, when the restless little fellow, snugly tucked in his crib, pushed covers and blankets too far down and lay there exposed to the raw, damp draught that changed with a veering of the wind.

When his mother made her discovery at last, the harm had already been done. Yet so hearty and strong was the little fellow's body that the evil effects were forced within and did not appear upon the surface. Thus no immediate alarm was occasioned.

Sometime about the hour of dawn, a weighty trouble in the chest of little Haz served at last to rouse him from his slumbers. He clambered, hot, moist, and distressed from the blankets of his bed, and was chilled through and through by the bleak, foggy air before he could reach his mother's side.

The descent of the malady was almost ferocious. Its viciousness was that of a hateful thing of prey. From being the lusty, strong little playfellow, romping on the floor the night before, the child was abruptly reduced to a mere helpless bit of humanity, far too small as a battleground for the fiercely waging conflict in his body.

That day he could not return to the toys upon the desk; he could not be taken from bed. He was burning and choking, scarcely able to speak, and fought for his life with diminishing strength as if some ravenous beast had crouched upon his breast to crush out his breath and grip his tiny heart to inaction.

Two days and nights the doctor and the sleepless parents wrought constantly with death. Little Haz himself, with phenomenal intensity of courage and love for his dear ones, resisted remarkably the talons of disease, deeper and deeper buried in his body.

The weather had changed. It was warmer again, but the balminess had been belated. The gray of the sky was broken at last and the sun went down in glory. Gold and vermilion, azure, orange, pearl—the riches spread wide upon the western sky as if very heaven itself were there, radiantly open for an hour.

Hazard was standing above the little cot, his

[Continued on page 662]

STRAIGHT TALK TO STAGE-STRUCK GIRLS

■ BY PAUL ARMSTRONG ■

*The Author of the Popular Plays,
"Salomy Jane," "The Heir to the Hoorah,"
"Going Some" etc.*

Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



I HAVE no accurate idea of how many young girls come to New York each year determined to become actresses. That there are a thousand I believe, because I should not, according to the number of playwrights, meet more than ten per cent., and I am introduced by letters or friends to a hundred each year. I do not meet any of the thousands who come to the musical comedy, which I should estimate, and with safety, at five thousand more.

That gives the stage six thousand girls a year. Of course they do not all get on, but they try.

Eliminating at once those who aim at the musical comedy stage, we come to those who "want to act."

As to preparation, study, voice, or physique, they seldom take thought. They are restless, idle, and vain, and they know, because they once recited the "Wreck of the Hesperus" or "The Death of Little Jim," that they "have talent."

Of course, some one has told them. Some idiot of a man or fool woman has breathed into their ears that poisonous query, "Why don't you go on the stage?"

And that has settled it. The girl begins to talk of it, dream of it, read about it, think it over, worry her folks until they—likely for self-protection—say, "Go!"

And then we get her.

She is usually about medium build, though they come all builds and sizes. She is usually "twenty," although I have met them all the way to forty. She is seldom really beautiful, and if she is, nine times out of ten she is really an idiot. The Creator seldom overdoes a thing. If He makes one clever she is usually not overloaded with good looks.

What She Knows About the Stage

Her general appearance is just nothing unusual. Some faces make up well, others do not. Hers is the sort that does not. To play

a part a voice is necessary. She seldom has one that could be heard three rows.

Her knowledge of the stage is confined to knowing what other actresses have done—as told by the press agent. And that of course strikes her as "knowledge of the stage."

No, she does not know how to make up—but that, she knows, is easy.

No, she has never studied a part, but it only means committing it to memory. (Ye gods!)

Yes, she is temperamental, for she cries very easily. (She never need be asked about "temperament;" that is her first speech.)

No, she does not wish to play character parts—just to go on and be herself. (Acting!)

Yes, she believes that in a few years she will be a star. (Why not?)

Yes, she is willing to learn—she goes to every play she can. (Study.)

No, she never saw Maude Adams do anything she could not do if Frohman would give her the same chance. Of course, she would rather go with David Belasco, but of course—

Sometimes the method of meeting the author is rather elaborate. For instance, he accepts an invitation to dine, and—there she is.

Again, some set of circumstances drags you to a tea, and—behold!

"Will you motor?" asks a man whom you

have always trusted. You go, and, snugly tucked in the tonneau, she sits. And you are to know much about her before that motor trip ends. She usually recites something.

And they come with letters, given by some one to get rid of them, and then it's your job. They lie in wait in the lobby of your hotel. They break into the theater where you are rehearsing a play. They send photos, they write thousands of letters, they get their friends to have you "just see them."

What for? Because the callow youth in Binghamton (if the youth be callow in Binghamton) think her great, does it follow that a man is going to ask a manager to trust her with a part or jeopardize his own property?

She is vain, of course—women are always nearly as vain as men—but that does not carry one to success on the stage. And what if she be pretty? There are very few girls who are not pretty, these days.

Five Weeks' Work for Nothing

It takes a rare talent to be anything beyond a struggling, half-starved laborer in the drama. Thousands spend their lives in pinched mediocrity; for it is harder than any other work a woman can do, unless she can be better than ordinary.

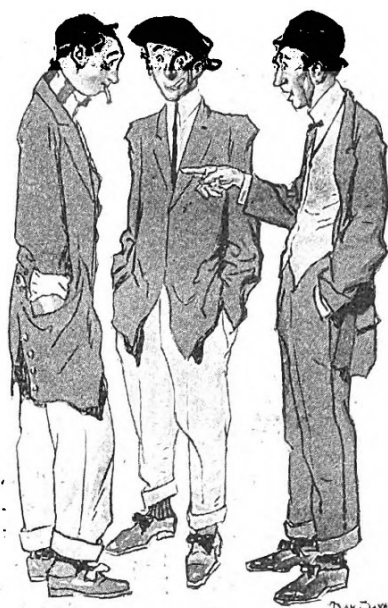
They think it pays better than anything else. It does not. She may by a lucky chance get thirty dollars per week to start with. She begins by rehearsing three or four weeks. She must buy gowns—one at least. The gown will cost sixty dollars—two weeks' work. That is five weeks she must work before she receives anything. In the meantime she has had to live. Let us say her family sends her ten dollars per week. Once she strikes the road she can not live for less than fifteen dollars. Hence, with the gown out, and thirty dollars more advanced, make-up and other necessities, she has worked six weeks for nothing. Three plays in every four produced fail. And they usually last about three weeks. Hence, taking the average, she works three weeks at rehearsal and three playing, and has nothing but a gown she does not need, and which, nine cases out of ten, she can not use in the next play she is engaged for. And that next engagement is about six weeks away; that is the average if she is persistent, though she may find one in two weeks, or she may wait ten.

A Long Time Between Jobs

Three months are gone, while the folks at home have sent money, before she begins to rehearse again. She may get in a success and be allowed to leave, through incompetence, in two weeks. At any rate the odds against her being anything managers really want are about twenty to one.

Actresses are rare birds. Of the millions of women who have tried the stage in this generation, there are but about fifty actresses in the English-speaking world.

It is not something to dash at because one



The callow youth in Binghamton think her great

is idle and lazy. The stage is for the industrious and the fanatic—the one who puts all behind, does not wish to "blend" it with social life or domesticity, to use it as a means to an end, or to try it "just to see how it would seem to be an actress."

It is the life of the recluse, the student, the devotee, if success attend.

The examples of the girls who have been floated to the footlights by social prominence or financial backing are too numerous to recall. They are advertised away beyond their value to the stage, and had they any ability, surely the impetus given them would place them in positions of prominence.

But it is not the "freak" value which makes them actresses. It is great work and natural ability. Most of the women of any importance have won their way. Won it as apprentices first, then as hard-working, underpaid helpers for years.

A case in point (showing the difference between two girls, both trying to get on the stage) which came under my personal observation, may not be amiss.

Drawing the Class Line Across the Stage

I was directing the play. The girl parts were of slight consequence, so a friend of mine shook an old promise in my face. I had told him I would some day cast a girl whom he knew, and whose friends had made it nearly a duty with him. So I cast the girl. In the play she was a college girl visiting at a Western ranch. It needed little, save an ability to appreciate that type of girl, to play the part, so all were happy—the girl, the man I had promised, and I—it was necessary with me.

Now I needed a girl to play a Mexican servant. She did not speak a line, and the part, being but color in the scene, paid scarcely what could be called a salary.

I had received a very well-written letter from a girl, who asked me, if I saw a certain play, to notice a girl in a mob scene wearing a certain costume different from the others.

The letter impressed me. Here was a girl who was working as a "super" at no more than a dollar a night, who was trying to learn her stage that way; trying to get a position by doing something that somebody would notice.

It was likely a week after I received the letter that I saw the play. And I saw her. She "gave something" to the scene.

I sent for her and cast her for the part of the servant. As there were but four women in the play, they were all introduced.

And in two days I knew that the girl whose friends had induced me to give her a part would never be an actress. Why? Because being cast in a play as a guest at the ranch, she would not associate socially at rehearsals with the

girl who was to play the servant at the ranch. However, the rehearsals went on. The girl who came from the mob scene—the "super"—watched the direction of every scene with stoical silence. But she watched, listened, said nothing and did her little bit as if her whole future depended upon it. The other chattered with girls and men, missed cues, forgot, and generally "acted." And the performance came and the young lady who had convinced her friends that she was an actress, convinced an audience that she might be anything else—but not that.

The "Super" Who Scored With Her Brains

And the other girl, the "super," scored over every other woman in the play, without a line to speak.

She knew how to do what she was asked to do—and she knew because she had brains; she studied and belonged.

I elaborated her part the next year, and again, against the best girls to be found, she scored with a half dozen lines. I do not now recall the name of the girl who failed so completely, but the name of the other is known to nearly every theater-goer in New York.

The story is so old it seems trite to repeat it, but when a girl wants to go on and play herself, she has proven then and there that she does not want to act; she wants simply to show herself. It is just a plain, garden variety of ingrowing ego. Her attitude of mind at once proclaims her. She will never be an actress. But if an exceedingly good-looking girl decides she wishes to play character parts, in other words, forget her personal beauty and make up plain and homely for the sake of a characterization, it's a pretty good sign that somewhere within is a spark that may mean art.

Acting is, after all, simply self-hypnotism—the trick of being some other person than oneself; of being it in mind and voice, body and soul. It goes deeper than clothes, wigs and grease-paint, and, as in all other things, the mental strength always wins.

According to no less an authority on the art of acting than Miss Olga

Nethersole, it is a great paradox.

While it is certainly egotism which leads a girl to believe the public wish to applaud her, nevertheless, Miss Nethersole maintains, "There is no ego in art." In other words, she means that it is the utter effacement of the person—the ego—which makes an actress.

"Carmen" Is Not Miss Nethersole; Miss Nethersole Is "Carmen"

For instance, Miss Nethersole's *Carmen* is a common, lewd little beast—as far from the Olga Nethersole whom one meets as the poles are from each other.

Hence, to her, *Carmen* is consummate art.

Did she allow one trick, one attribute of Miss Nethersole to enter into the characterization, it would not be the great picture it is of the Spanish cigarette girl.

Again, let us take Miss Maude Adams. She scored first because you could not discover a trace of Maude Adams in *Cinders*. And after she had reached the greatest height of her popularity by playing a series of parts idiotically called "Maude Adams parts," to again prove that she was an artist first and Maude Adams afterwards, she did a character, *Hop o' My*

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Once recited the "Wreck of the Hesperus"



She is temperamental, for she cries very easily





THE SHERIFF'S CHARGE

BY F. TEN BYCK BOURKE

Illustrations by HORACE TAYLOR

THE oneriest, shif-
lesses cuss in the
hull of Cullman
County, Alabama.

No account as poison ivy,
an' never was no account,
not even for makin' moon-
shine. An' now they got him saddled on me,
durn 'em! The durndest outrage, if the county
does pay his up-keep. By right he ought to be
sent to the State prison for sixty years, 'stead of
that there ramshackle old Cullman calaboose."

Sheriff Budd growled his grievance most audi-
bly as he stumped into the house, slamming the
door behind him with a bang. The indignant
official glared at his pretty daughter, Rose,
under his bushy gray brows, as though he con-
sidered the pink-cheeked, curly-haired girl per-
sonally responsible for his perturbed state of
mind. Then noting the startled look in her
bright eyes, he smiled sourly and deposited his
outward and visible sign of office—a sawed-off
shot-gun—in the corner of the little sitting-
room.

"Oh, 't ain't your precious station-agent, that
Yankee Raynor feller, that's been took—not
this time," he sneered, in answer to her unspoken
question. "It's that onery Jim Grubb—him
an' his measly pig-killin' b'ar—an' we ain't got
the b'ar, durn 'im!"

The danger-signal glared in Rose's cheeks.
Mr. Station Agent Raynor, of the adjacent
L. and N. branch line, was a moot subject—one
fraught with much bitterness—between the
sheriff's pretty daughter and her irascible parent.
But plainly the latter gentleman was not in a
mood to brook controversy, and Rose tem-
porized.

"What has poor Jim Grubb done?" she
queried, craftily nursing his anger against the
second party. "Have you arrested him, paw?"

"Yes, I arrested him!" the sheriff returned
bitterly, "and jailed him; or the jedge did. I'd
like to 'poor Jim Grubb' him. It's all along of
that onery, night-hawkin' b'ar what 'poor Jim
Grubb' ketched up in Cullman mountains and
ain't fed since. The critter's got loose agin an'
et up most a hundred young porkers, an' robbed
hen-roosts all over Cullman County. They was
twenty-six complaints for damages agin Jim
Grubb for what that b'ar's done—so far. 'Most
a hundred dollars he can't pay, an's got to
work out at a dollar
a day. An' I had to
go arrest him, durn
his onery hide!"

"But, paw—such
a good-for-nothing! I
thought you always
wanted to send him
to prison."

"That's jest it,"
the sheriff snarled.
"The circuit jedge he
said seein' Jim was
on'y vicarious guilty
for the b'ar's ram-
pagin' he would n't
send him to State's
prison, but the sheriff
—that's me—would
confine him right here
in that durn ole Cull-
man calaboose, a day
for every dollar the
ba'r's et up, an' if
the b'ar owes any
more before he's let
out, that's to be

added on Jim's sentence. An' that all means,"
the sheriff concluded with cumulative bitterness,
"that I'm responsible for Jim Grubb's keepin',
an' I got to set up nights guard-mountin' that
ramshackle old barn of a calaboose."

Rose opened her pretty lips in indignant pro-
test, then she closed them again, smiling slightly,
inscrutably.

"It's real mean on you, paw," she finally
remarked soothingly. "One hundred days—
gracious! I suppose we got to feed him—and
the county will pay?"

The sheriff looked up from gloomy silence, a
trifle mollified for the first time. "Well, if you
don't object to the extry work. You bet Jim
Grubb won't feed him-
self—not while he's got
free board and lodging.
The onery cuss! I'd a
durn sight ruther jail
that b'ar of his'n!"

The sheriff's wrath
was still burning
fiercely when later he
plodded across fields
toward a small frame
structure that fronted
on a crossroad, some
few hundred yards
away. The main road
—or the Cullman
"pike"—ran for about
the same distance into
the eye of the red
evening sun before en-
tering the compact
little village of Cull-
man, and all around

Sheriff Budd, as his remarks indicated, was
an officer of stern action and a high sense of
devotion to duty. Nevertheless, as he ap-
proached the "calaboose" that fine summer
evening he realized fully that the circuit judge
(who visited Cullman only one week in six
months, to dispose of the local docket) had sen-
tenced Jim Grubb without due knowledge of,
or regard for, the difficulties which beset him,
Sheriff Budd, in carrying out the dictum of
the court.

The single - story
frame shanty, known
as the Cullman cala-
boose, had been util-
ized chiefly as a stable
for stray mules and
as a Saturday play-
ground of the village
youth. Consequently,
considered as a bastile
its condition was far
from satisfactory.
The sheriff gazed dis-
consolately at the
loose planks, the dog-
burrows under the
sills, the unglazed
window, and the rick-
ety door, simply
latched on the out-
side. There were too
many temptations for
any mortal prisoner
with a grain of ambi-
tion to put on his hat
and stroll away—and

the sheriff knew the
weakness of incarcerated
human nature and groaned
dismally.

"There ain't nothin' for
it but to set on the fence
with a shot-gun for about
three months, 'less I might
persuade somebody to hire
out the cuss." Neither proposition looked hope-
ful considering his own manifold duties and the
widespread reputation of Jim Grubb as a shirker
of all species of labor.

"Here's your feed," he said, jerking open
the rickety calaboose door. "Cawfee an' fix-
in's. Y' ain't wuth it,
durn ye, but I ain't
goin' to starve ve. You
bear!"

Mr. Grubb heard and
heeded. Scrambling
unsteadily from a
shock of straw where
he had been healthfully
slumbering, he lum-
bered to the door—a
lanky, loose-jointed
six-footer with a door-
mat of red hair on his
bullet head and a so-
ciable smile on his
smooth, round face as
he swayed against the
door-jamb.

"Evenin', sher'f! I
shore thought it was
my b'ar nosin' round.
Now tha's real—"

Mr. Grubb was ob-
viously not in fit form

for social intercourse, and the angry sheriff cut
him short, shoving the basket inside the door.

"I got to feed you, 'cause the law says so,
an' I'm goin' to keep you safe, 'cause the law
says to; but I'm goin' to farm you out to
work, if anybody's fool enough to take you,
which they ain't."

"Tha's right, sher'f! 'Most likely ain't."
Mr. Grubb swayed and nodded affably.

"Just you remember this, Jim Grubb," the
sheriff growled: "you try and sneak out o' this
calaboose and you won't do no more triffin'
'round Cullman, 'cause I'll be outside with a
shot-gun; and you'll be mortal idle all the rest
of your triffin' life. You hear that?"

"Idle all rest m' life! Tha's right, sher'f."

Mr. Grubb, in the exuberance of his approval,
made an ineffectual attempt to embrace his
jailer, but being hampered by unruly legs, sat
down abruptly beside the supper basket. Con-
vinced that Mr. Grubb would—or could—make
no immediate attempt at evasion, the sheriff
hurried home, ate a hasty supper, and, seizing
his sawed-off shot-gun, plodded back through
the gathering dusk to his lonely tryst on the
fence before the calaboose. He squatted com-
fortably in a corner of the fence, his gun across
his knees, re-lit his pipe, and smoked with the
placid contentment of duty well done—or at
least begun.

The soothing influence lulled the sheriff to
somnolence. He nodded once or twice, then he
dozed off for good, wholly oblivious of the
shapeless, lumbering black body that later came
"whoofing" and snuffling round the calaboose,
trying to look inside the window, and subse-
quently, in some excitement, trying to climb in.
But the prowler, whatever it was, went away,
and shortly afterward a series of shrill squeals



Two minutes' talk with 'Rastus' sufficed for the sheriff



"Y' ain't wuth it, durn ye!"



went up from the vicinity of the sheriff's pign— and still the faithful officer slumbered on.

A series of chucklings and jabberings roused the sheriff early the following morning. He sprang up to confront the grinning black visage of 'Rastus Brown, his "hired help."

Two minutes' talk with 'Rastus sufficed for the sheriff. One of his blooded black porkers had disappeared during the night—'Rastus had seen the culprit—"dat b'ar done leave tracks all roun'." The sheriff groaned. The price of that porker would add ten days to Grubb's sentence, and other depredations might follow.

The crowding thoughts that ensued effectually shattered Sheriff Budd's Spartan sense of duty—at least so far as Jim Grubb was concerned. As in a bright light he saw plainly that only disaster would attend upon the enforced incarceration of that vicarious convict "working" out time for his bear's misdeeds. He could not guard the calaboose forever, without sleep. In the bright light of day he no longer deluded himself with the hope of farming out the prisoner to any sane person in Cullman County. He would have to tote Jim Grubb around with him daytimes if he did n't guard him, which would be inconvenient either way, to say the least; and there was Rose, and that snoopin' Yankee station agent, to say nothing of Jim Grubb's bear, which, having once smelt out his master's place of abode, would undoubtedly camp out indefinitely in the immediate neighborhood. And the sheriff had nine more blooded porkers! Another hundred days undoubtedly would be added to the original sentence. It might ultimately prove a lifetime's job. A lifetime with Jim Grubb on his hands!

At that point the sheriff seized the breakfast basket which 'Rastus had brought with his information, and walked with firm step to the calaboose.

Whatever the sheriff's state of mind, the convict in the calaboose was comparatively sober and obviously happy. He took it as a matter of course that prisoner and jailer should sit down in amity to discuss the morning meal.

"I shore had a fine sleep, sher'f," the convict announced cheerily. "An' somebody was snoopin' round in the night, an' I shore was uneasy, thinkin' mebbe I was goin' to be put out before I got fairly settled down."

The sheriff's jaws became motionless; he stared with startled eyes at the affable prisoner.

"You mean you *like* to stop in prison? You want to stay here? A hundred days—mebbe two hundred?" he demanded.

"I just admire it!" Mr. Grubb declared enthusiastically. "I never met up with such fine hospitality—free board an' lodgin's an' nary thing to do!"

The sheriff bent over his breakfast in silence. Here was a complication he had not taken into account. He had seen a solution to all his threatening troubles in deliberately permitting Grubb to break jail, and so become a fugitive from justice—thus removing a thorn in his side and blot on Cullman County. Now he saw his fine—if disloyal—scheme tottering.

"None o' them hunters is like to git my b'ar," Mr. Grubb remarked between mouthfuls. "He's powerful gun-shy. Guess I'm safe in permanent quarters, sher'f."

The sheriff gulped. "It's powerful fine in

the mountains this weather—a feller with a ole shot-gun, like I got up to the house, could kill lots o' quail and pa'tridges. *Would n't* you break out if you got th' chance, Jim?"

"Not a bit of it!" Mr. Grubb declared stoutly. "Besides, sher'f, I would n't go back on *you*." The prisoner, restraining his tears, insisted on shaking hands with the reluctant jailer.

"Course ammunition would go with that shot-gun I spoke of, Jim," the officer remarked, after another spell of deep silence. "Ammunition an' a blanket—and tobacco!"

"Nary!" Mr. Grubb shook his head aggressively. "You're just tryin' me, sher'f, but I would n't move if they was havin' a hawg-meat barbecue right out in front. Shucks! Don't you be uneasy one bit, sher'ff."

The sheriff's thoughts were bewildered under the crushing weight of this last and utterly unexpected calamity. He even neglected to latch the door of the calaboose as he took his way homeward, though he had no real hope that the obstinate Grubb would take advantage of the lapse.

"They jest ain't no hope for it," the baffled officer groaned. "Jim knows he's got the hip on me and he won't budge, and that infernal b'ar will put me in the poorhouse before six weeks is gone, and, besides, I'll be dead of fever and agy, setting out nights pertendin' to guard that low-down onery cuss! Let alone that there ain't nuthin' to prevent that snoopin' Raynor agent comin' courtin' all he pleases."

At noontime the sheriff deliberately skipped the convict's dinner, nor did he visit the calaboose. But late in the afternoon he was sitting on the fence with grim determination on his face when Jim Grubb opened the

front door of his official habitation. There was no inviting basket in sight, and the prisoner looked surprised and hurt. Having had no dinner he was hungry and naturally wanted his supper.

"Near time to eat, ain't it, sher'f?" he queried with an assumption of cheerful negligence.

"If you want fodder you kin go to the house an' git it," the officer returned doggedly.

"But, sher'f, that 'ud be breakin' jail!" The prisoner was aggrieved as well as surprised. "An'



"I would n't move if they was havin' a hawg-meat barbecue right out in front"



She lingered almost till dusk talking with the incarcerated one

that's a State's prison offense, an' I promised you faithful I would n't go 'way from this calaboose never, nohow."

"Go hungry, then, durn ye." The sheriff shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

A long silence ensued. An old crow perched on the fence and cawed; the sheriff watched it with brooding eyes. Jim Grubb's face was blank. Obviously he had no solution to the problem to offer.

"Look a here, Jim Grubb!" The sheriff's voice was calm but determined. "You an' me's got in what they call a impassy." Grubb looked impressed but puzzled. "Now, I tell you," the sheriff went on, doggedly, "besides that gun an' blanket an' tobacco, I'll give you twenty dollars, hard money—to skip out o' here to-night, an' never let me see hide nor hair of you in Cullman County again!"

The sheriff dropped one leg from the fence-rail and fished out a huge wallet, playing his hand openly and boldly: but Jim Grubb was as openly and inexpressibly shocked.

"Sakes alive, sher'f, that 'ud make me a felon shore, an' you an' accessory! 'Sides, who'd work out what my b'ar owes?"

"I'll make it thirty!" The sheriff was desperate.

"Nary!" Grubb shook his mop-head with swerveless resolution. "I ain't goin' to be no fugitive from justice, nor I ain't goin' to git you in trouble just 'cause you're that kind-hearted you're willin' to let me go, not if that b'ar makes me a criminal all my natural life. Say, sher'f, I'm real peckish along of all this pal-averin'."

The sheriff turned on his heel disgruntled and walked away without a word to the prisoner. From that moment his waking hours were devoted to the solution of the problem confronting him.

He passed long hours on the fence-rail, no longer guard-mounting but in earnest endeavor to induce the prisoner to escape. But Grubb was

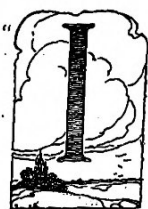
[Continued on page 667]



In absorbed contemplation of an ancient box-car
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BUSTING THE FIRST TRUST

How Chief Justice John Marshall Broke up the Fulton-Livingston Steamboat Monopoly and set the Waters of America Free



I KNOW of nothing else so perplexing and vexatious to a man of feeling as a turbulent wife and steamboat building. I experienced the former, and quit in season; and had I been in my right senses I should have

undoubtedly treated the latter in the same manner. But for one man to be teased with both, he must be looked upon as the most unfortunate man of this world."

So wrote poor old John Fitch in the year of his death—John Fitch, owner of the first steamboat patent, builder of the first American passenger steamboat which (twenty years before the *Clermont* was launched) carried passengers for hire, regularly, from Philadelphia to Bordentown, in the New York stage route.

What would he write now, think you, if he were to stand upon the top floor of the Singer Building one day in September and see that wonderful parade go up the Hudson—that Fulton Centennial parade, headed by a replica of the useless old *Clermont*, backed up by the whole might of the United States navy?

The Real Fulton Celebration Should Come Later

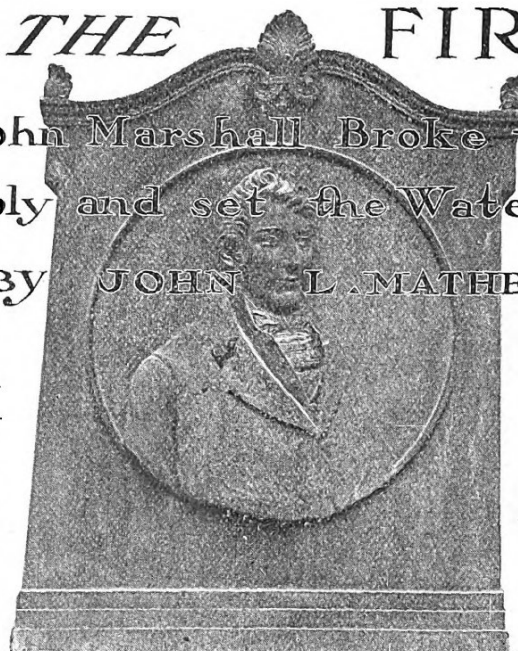
I do not think he would write at all. I think he would take it out in laughing. He would look down at the base of the Singer Building, at the money-streets of New York, homes of all the great American combines, and then out at the fleet of ferries in the harbor, respectfully tooting at the procession, and at the tremendous ocean steamships at the wharves, and if—being dead so long—he knew what it was all about, he would laugh right merrily. I'll warrant he would wish for that turbulent wife back again. For he was fond of her, though he did desert her in a final fit of pique; and with her for a manager he might easily have risen to fame and been the hero of yonder parade himself.

But, after all, it is Fulton's feast, not Fitch's; and right properly. For this big festival, starting within sight of Wall Street's towers, and parading over the people's river, is the centennial of the foundation of the first trust, the first American monopoly; obtained by typical New York promoters and legislative manipulators, dishonestly, and supported for many years in defiance of the rest of the country. Our turn to celebrate will follow on its heels, when the centennial shall come of the famous decision by John Marshall, which knocked the trust sky-high and ended the claims of the Fulton monopolists.

It was not steamboat navigation which was inaugurated by the *Clermont*. That had existed twenty years before her time. It was something far different—something which the mind of Fulton never conceived and of which it would never have approved. It was that long line of interstate commerce decisions, and of laws under which the Federal Government had sought to prevent the oppression of the people by monopolies, brought down to date by President Taft's proposal of a national tax on all corporations doing an interstate business, and inevitably to be succeeded by the nationalization of incorporation. It was the idea of American commerce as a unit thing, to be dealt with by a nation—that was what the *Clermont* inaugurated. And with it a defense of the plain wording of the Constitution and its plain common sense which has been our national safeguard.

So, though it is not our year to celebrate, though the *Clermont* her-

BY JOHN L. MATTHEWS



The COMMON-SENSE REASONING OF A GREAT CHIEF JUSTICE

"As men whose intentions require no concealment generally employ the words which most directly and aptly express the idea they intend to convey, the enlightened patriots who framed our Constitution, and the people who adopted it, must be understood to have employed words in their natural sense and to have intended what they said."

"The words are that Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several states and with the Indian tribes."

"All America understands the word commerce to comprehend navigation."

self was nothing but a symbol of oppression, there is much to cheer us in an account of the legal battle which her first voyage began and which was ended by John Marshall by such a sane and practical exploitation of the Constitution, in the words of the every-day American, that every one should be familiar with it.

Chief Justice Marshall Struck a Blow at Monopoly

Listen to these words:

"As men whose intentions require no concealment generally employ the words which most directly and aptly express the ideas they intend to convey, the enlightened patriots who framed our Constitution, and the people who adopted it, must be understood to have employed words in their natural sense and to have intended what they said."

So spoke brave old John Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. How far have we traveled from that standard, and how much do we need this *Clermont* celebration to recall us to it!

It was only the other day that the Supreme Court wrestled long with the problem of the meaning of Congress when that body said, "own a coal mine." Congress had said that no railway might transport coal for sale from a mine which it owned. The meaning was simple. Men who had nothing to conceal had employed common words, and meant what they said. But the Supreme Court in its wisdom drifted far afield, and found that if a railway owned a coal mine, by owning all the stock which owned the coal mine, these Congressmen, who had nothing to conceal, had not described that type of ownership with sufficient legal accuracy to prevent the railway from squirming through the court in safety.

It would be a good thing to stand the Supreme Court in line, as a part of the Fulton Centennial, and read them Marshall's words. Yes, and read them to the nation; for all we have of industrial freedom, our interstate commerce law, our anti-trust law, our pure food law, our law to regulate railway rates, our laws for regulating our rivers and harbors, the possibility of an Appalachian forest, our ability to stop the formation of a water-power monopoly, our prospects for stopping child-labor—all this exists to-day only because of those words of John Marshall and the wise interpretation with which, following them, he destroyed the steamboat monopoly of Robert Fulton and Robert Livingston, and set the Hudson free.

Why the "Clermont" Was Built

Robert Fulton and Robert Livingston—two small men of a small time, laboring on their own petty affairs, never destined to know of the part they were to play in their nation's life—are suddenly lifted out of their tiny surroundings and made worthy of our notice, not by the steamboat which New York celebrates to-day, but by the sane words of a wise judge overturning their structure. It was the case of Gibbons against Ogden which ended the trust they had founded. Neither of them lived to see it filed in court. Fulton sacrificed his life in the first steps of the struggle to save the monopoly he had helped to found; Livingston died just at the height of his fame. But the work they had started went on growing, like a snowball rolling down hill, until it smashed up against the stone-wall who was serving as chief justice and was broken into a thousand parts.

I am not setting out to muckrake the *Clermont* nor her promoters. I only wish at this day, when the interstate commerce clause is the most important for us all to understand, to show how the misdeeds of Robert

Nora.—The bronze plaque, a photograph of which forms a part of the heading of this article, surmounts a granite shaft that stands in Trinity churchyard, New York, where lie the remains of Robert Fulton. The monument was erected "To the Memory of Robert Fulton," in 1901, by the America Society of Mechanical Engineers.

Livingston led us by a devious path to the safe bulwark which this clause affords.

The story grows out of the evolution of the steam engine—for it was the steam engine not the steamboat, which bothered our early inventors.

The Ancestor of the Automobile and the Motorboat

John Fitch began it, after he had left that turbulent wife and was being teased by steamboat building exclusively. After he had run his boat for several seasons, and had regularly carried passengers on her for hire, and had secured State patents from all the Central States—the Federal Constitution not then having been adopted—he lived to see the United States established, the patent law passed, and his own first patent for the steamboat issued.

"How nearly my steam engine resembles any other steam engine in the world," he wrote, "I am unable to say; for I have never seen any but that which I have myself constructed."

In a country which possessed but a single atmospheric engine, and absolutely no machine shops, there developed a race of steam engine and steamboat men—Fitch, Evans, Morey, Longstreet, Roosevelt, Stevens—all of whom built their own engines as their imagination dictated, and all of whom successfully ran steamboats. Some of the engines were good, some were bad. Morey had the best type; Stevens developed the best shopwork, and began American machine building. But among them all they proved a dozen times over that nothing but a good shop-built engine was lacking to produce a profitable passenger steamboat.

Oliver Evans proved more than that. He built as trim an amphibious motor craft as the world of his day could produce—a little vessel with four land wheels and a stern paddle wheel, with which, in 1804—"just to prove he could do it"—he navigated the streets and rivers of Philadelphia with impartial success. He should be the patron saint of motorists, land and water, of to-day.

The First Steamboat Promoter

The whole story of the adventures of these inventors is too long to go into; but the heart of it is this. Wherever there was a steamboat in those early days, or a man "teased by steamboat building," to quote John Fitch again, there was to be seen a bland and prosperous citizen of New York taking in the details and sizing up the experimenter. This was Robert Livingston, the one capitalist in America who was convinced that here was a "good thing." Along in the decade beginning with 1790, Livingston fell in with Morey, and for four or five years encouraged him, until Morey had patented his engine and had driven his little boat around New York harbor, up the Sound, and along the Connecticut River. Then Livingston, having found just the good thing he wanted, offered him seven thousand dollars for the exclusive right to use his boat on the waters of New York, which included the Hudson, Lake



ROBERT LIVINGSTON



ROBERT FULTON

Champlain, and the whole of New York harbor. Morey asked ten thousand dollars, and rather wanted to be in the company. The two men quarreled and parted, and Morey went around looking for a new promoter.

Livingston went around also, but with a club, looking for the best way to shut Morey out of the Hudson. He found it in Fitch's old New York patent. He could not revive that, but by representing to "the boys" at Albany—his friends and fellow legislators—that he "possessed a mode" of running steamboats, he persuaded them to give him the exclusive right to run steamboats on the Hudson and New York Bay and within a marine league on the ocean, for twenty years.

It was graft, pure and simple. Livingston had no such mode. He lied to the Legislature,

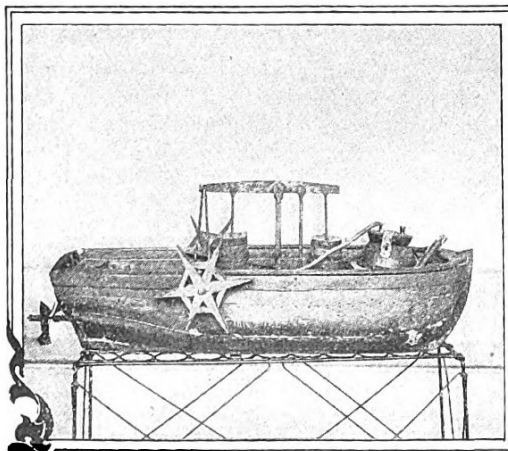
cheerfully and hopefully; but Morey, with the Hudson shut, instead of trading with him, went over to the Delaware and built a boat there with Burgess Allison.

Livingston fiddled around for several years, trying on various partners but accomplishing nothing; and the longer he delayed the more eager he grew. The thing was in the air. A dozen mechanics of ability were laboring to produce better and larger engines and to get the money for boats. Stevens, who had been associated in one of Livingston's failures, was establishing an engine shop, the only practical road to the solution of the problem. And when Livingston went to France as minister, and met Robert Fulton, fresh from England, at Joel Barlow's, there was no news more welcome to him than that which Fulton brought of the Watt and Bolton engines.

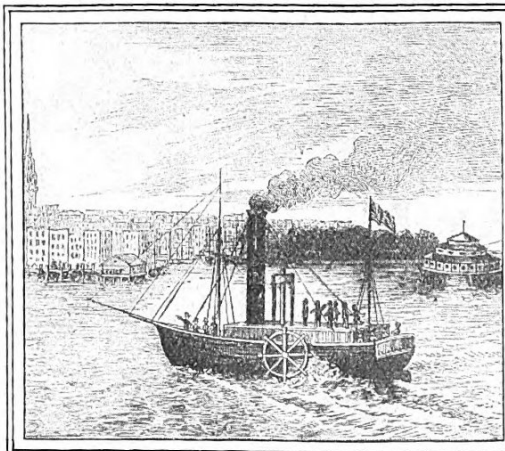
Livingston Furnished the River, Fulton the Engine

Watt and Bolton had established at Soho the first regular engine shop in the world. Engines were made from stock patterns by trained mechanics, and the work grew better every day. The new firm was making a fortune charging a royalty on its engines for pumping mines. They were steamtight, and of great power. And so, Livingston being able to guarantee the mode and success of propulsion, and Fulton the power and efficiency of the engine, they formed a partnership, put up about forty thousand dollars each, and began the *Clermont*. Fulton went to England to buy the engine, and Livingston sent dispatches to his willing Legislature instructing them to revive his monopoly and include Fulton in it.

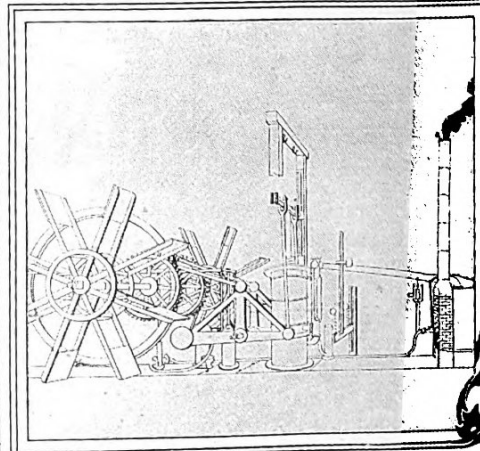
The revived monopoly required a steamboat to run four miles an hour from New York to Albany, and the *Clermont* exactly accomplished it. Amazed at this astounding spectacle (which they might have seen excelled any time in twenty years before) the Legislature extended the monopoly to thirty years, and agreed that if within the waters of New York, or three miles out to sea, any other person turned the wheels of a steamboat by fire, or steam, without license from Livingston or Fulton, the latter gen-



Model of John Fitch's steamboat. It carried passengers—twenty years before the *Clermont* was launched



Fulton's steamboat, the *Clermont* (From an old print)



Drawing showing the power mechanism of the *Clermont*

men might go aboard without any process of law and seize the offending steamboat as stolen property. This was not a patent right. The new promoters possessed no valid patent. It was simply and entirely a State grant to a favored legislator—to Livingston, not to Fulton.

Fitch's heirs owned the steamboat patent, but it had expired; John Langdon Sullivan owned the steam towboat patent. The *Clermont*, too clumsy to carry freight, was forbidden to tow it astern. But even limited to passengers, with a monopoly of New York harbor and the New York-Albany trade, she made money like a Tim Hill melon patch. For this trade alone Livingston and Fulton formed a company with \$800,000 stock, nearly all water (based upon the monopoly franchise), invented the "voting trust" (which has remained the weapon of monopoly ever since), and took their friends in, not on the ground floor, but well along in the middle stages.

Fulton Was Not an Inventor

It must be understood that in all this work neither Fulton nor Livingston claimed to be the "inventor" of a steamboat. John Fitch's grant was for "the steamboat lately by him invented." This was extended to Livingston because he "claimed to be possessed of a mode of propelling boats by steam," though, as a matter of fact, Morey had refused to sell him that mode. Later Fulton claimed to have invented a method of computing the relation between displacement, horsepower, and speed, but he was never able to make this table work. He himself denied his claim to "invention;" but the waxing power of the monopoly, and the spectacular fortune-making, combined with legislative favor, so enlarged the two promoters in the public eye that the title, "inventor of the steamboat," became attached to Fulton in the minds of the uninformed, and through that has persisted until to-day.

Content with the rich Hudson trade themselves, Livingston and his associate rented out to a mutual nephew, John R. Livingston, the right to run ferryboats to New Jersey; and John, in turn, reserving the Raritan route and the rich stage travel to Philadelphia for himself, sold or rented the remaining parts of the harbor to others—Staten Island to D. D. Tompkins, who owned a big resort down there, and other routes to other favored bidders.

By the New York law and the decision of the New York courts, no New Jersey steamboat could come into New York waters. The moment it poked its nose out of a landing it could be seized. In fact, none could even land on the Jersey side of the Hudson, for New York claimed to highwater line on the Jersey shore. Soon all the Jersey ferrymen found themselves out of a job. For years they had made good money rowing and sailing ferryboats across the rivers, but now they could neither compete with Livingston without steam, nor could they use that element against him.

Neither New Jersey nor Connecticut took such a blow quietly; and soon the three States were almost in a condition of civil war, enacting retaliatory legislation, seizing the property and citizens each of the other, and generally acting like mad members of the same family.

When Vanderbilt Was a Ferryman

Lively times in New York harbor resulted; and if, instead of John Fitch, the first Cornelius Vanderbilt were to stand to-day upon the top of the Singer Building and look down he could point out the sites of many racy adventures which he met with in his youth in this connection. For Cornelius, iron-muscled and horny-handed, was one of the ferrymen toiling at the oars to ferry passengers to and from New Jersey. He was one of those frozen out by the trust, and by good luck he made his fortune in the fight that followed.

Attacks on the monopoly broke out all along the line. "Van Ingen and others"—a group strong in politics and finance—made themselves famous in the court records of New York by their struggles to maintain the independent steamboat *Hope* in the Albany trade; and at last, beaten but still defiant, forced Livingston and Fulton to a compromise which left their boat in undisturbed operation. Colonel Aaron Ogden carried the fight into the New York Legislature, and sought to defeat privilege in its own house. He owned the ferry right from Elizabethtown Point to Manhattan, and wanted to build and operate a boat on Fitch's patent. He persuaded the lower house, which decided that Livingston had obtained his monopoly by fraudulent

misrepresentation; but in the Senate "Robbie"—as Livingston was called in the Legislature—was well entrenched with stockholders and relatives and could not be dislodged.

Ogden took it also to the New Jersey Legislature and secured a law shutting John Livingston and other licensees out of all Jersey waters. Fulton thereupon took charge of a mighty campaign at Trenton to overthrow this law, and with his lawyers worked every trick known in politics. Bribery charges flew thick and fast, and it is probable that never had so corrupt a legislative session been held in America as that at Trenton in the winter of 1814-1815.

The Fight that Killed Fulton

It cost Fulton his life. He went over in midwinter to testify at a committee hearing. On the stand he was caught in a trick. A letter which he introduced, purporting to have been written before 1800, from him to an English friend, about steamboats, proved to have an 1813 water-mark—a fact which he later explained by saying that this was merely a copy made from memory, the original having been lost.

Nettled by this misadventure, Fulton hastened back to New York. But through the working of his own monopoly and the New Jersey retaliation, there was no steam ferryboat in which he might cross. There was a bad storm raging, and the river was full of floating ice. Fulton embarked in a rowboat, and, caught in a press of floes, was compelled to stay several hours in midstream exposed to the inclement weather. The cold which he took settled on his lungs and led quickly to his death.

Under the stress of an easy-money campaign, the New Jersey legislators—with characteristics not unknown to-day—rescinded the act which shut out licensed boats; but the next year, when the Gibbons and Ogden campaign began, a stronger law for the same purpose was enacted.

It was in that winter of 1815 that the struggle of Gibbons and Ogden really began. Gibbons was a full partner in the ferry privilege which Ogden operated, but they fell out, and after Fulton's death Gibbons turned to the water and attacked Ogden in his own business.

When he failed to maintain his law in the New Jersey Legislature, Ogden had compromised with the monopoly and paid it eight hundred dollars a year for the privilege of running his steamboat, *Sea Horse*, to Manhattan.

Gibbons immediately acquired two steamboats, the Stoudinger boat *Mouse*, built at Albany, and another called the *Bellona*. He hired young Cornelius Vanderbilt to run the *Bellona*, and in entire defiance of the monopoly ran her on several trips to New York. Later he established a connection with the Philadelphia trade. There was fighting between the rival crews, as well as legal battles, until finally Gibbons bought a regular

government coasting license for the *Bellona* and claimed that under it he was entitled to sail her into any New York port. With this on board and Cornelius in command he sent her once again directly from Elizabethtown Point to the Battery, and was called into court to defend himself against his aforesaid partner. The great case of Ogden against Gibbons (Gibbons vs. Ogden, later, on appeal) was begun.

New York Upholds the First Trust

This was in 1816. For seven years, then, the affairs of the steamboat trust had been under scrutiny of the New York courts, and they had been well sustained. Every interpretation of law which could be distorted to suit the monopoly had come to support them. Every aid had been given to the so-called "strict construction" of the Constitution, and the findings of the highest court of the State gave the New Jersey man no hope.

These findings, chiefly by Chief Justice Kent, of great legal eminence, were of such a character that, had they been sustained till to-day, our condition must be chaotic. Our Government could not possibly have subsisted. Yet they are no more strained, no more difficult to comprehend than the findings of the Federal courts in recent attempts by the nation to control more modern aggregations of capital. If a monopoly on steamboats was possible in New York, it was possible in every State—and equally so monopolies in railroads and in manufacture.

"New York State could fill up the mouth of the Hudson if it desired," said Emmett, attorney for the monopoly,

[Continued on page 664]

Adirondacks

By RICHARD WIGHTMAN

SOUND, sweet sleep on a balsam bed,
A dip in the lake at morn,
A climb to the crest of Eagle's Nest,
The toot of the breakfast horn;
A laugh at the quip of my comrades brown,
A reach for the reel and rod,
A swinging pace for the streams that race
Down the hills of the Land of God;
The swish of the ferns in the bracken trail,
The give of the loam 'neath my feet,
The squirrel's chirr, the woodcock's whirr,
The call of the veery sweet;
A still approach to the waiting pool,
A cast, a flash, a thrill,
And a shortened line where the roots entwine
To test the fisher's skill;
A varied wade through a rocky maze,
By noon a weight in the creel;
A venison snack, a drowse, and back
With a heart of hope and weal.
This may list low to the men who know
The tricks of the Street's mad strife,
But if I may, just let me say—
By George, I call it life!

REGINALD TIBBIT'S BANK ACCOUNT

■ BY EVELYN VAN BUREN ■

Illustrations by ALEXANDER POPINI

POPPY MAY was bathing the baby, a privilege she was seldom allowed.

"Is'y, mar," she pleaded, "can't I put 'is pink cap and sash on 'im to-d'y? It's too lovely out and everybody'll be a bit dressy in the park, even if it's not Sunday."

"I can't 'elp that; 'is pink things in only meant for Sunday, as you know, Poppy May, so leave off teasin'!" Poppy May's mother banged the iron upon the ironing board and eyed her daughter sharply from across the room.

Poppy May slipped to the floor and drew the baby from his tub, beginning a vigorous drying process upon him.

"Mamma's own little son," she cooed, nodding her yellow head over him.

"Do you wish to skin the child?" shrilled her mother.

"You said to dry 'im fast, mar." Poppy May relaxed her efforts.

"Now you're fillin' of 'is eyes and nose with talcum."

The young victim sneezed but gurgled joyously, as though being recklessly dusted with talcum by his pretty mamma was a pleasure.

His grandmamma watched her daughter's maneuvers with disapproval.

"I'll not let you bathe 'im again, Poppy May," she threatened. "You 'ave n't what I call the hinstincts of a mother."

"You don't give me a chance, mar," complained Poppy May. "I'm doin' me best."

Her mother resumed her ironing with energy. "I always knew from the first 'ow to bathe you; 'ad a true mother's hinstincts. But there, you'll never be a woman."

"Well any'ow, can Reggie wear 'is pink cap and sash to-day?" demanded Poppy.

"'E cannot," Reggie's grandmamma spoke decidedly.

Poppy May pouted. Somebody knocked, at the same time opening the door, and a sleek, neat little man appeared.

"It's Mr. Tatt!" said Poppy.

"Good-d'y, Mrs. Barber," Mr. Tatt greeted Poppy's mother.

"Mornin'," said she. "You're lettin' in a draught on the biby."

"I'd somethink particler to arsk you, pre'aps you'd not mind steppin' into the entry-way a moment, Mrs. Barber." Mr. Tatt's tone was coaxing.

Mrs. Barber anxiously eyed her grandson, and on her way to the door, set her iron down hard upon the stove.

Mr. Tatt smiled and passed out behind her, closing the door softly.

Poppy May hugged her baby tighter.

"Mamma-Poppy's and daddy-Jack's own little son, is n't oo, darlin'?" she questioned.

The little son responded in his own language, to the immense delight of his mamma.

"And 'e'd love, love, love wearin' 'is pink cap an' booties to-day?"

Poppy May looked at the door, and suddenly cuddling the baby to her, slid, piloted by one hand, across the floor toward a chest of drawers. In the bottom one her quick, searching little hand found something brightly pink, which was quickly folded within the bosom of her frock.

By the same swift method of locomotion, she resumed her place by the tub as her mother reentered the room, a trifle flushed and blustering.

"Now what, mar?" questioned Poppy May.

"The same thing," complained Mrs. Barber. "'E can't take no for an answer; continually worritin' anybody!

A woman of my age, too; a gran'mother!"

"You don't look it," said Poppy May.

"If I was you I'd 'ave him, an' get it over with."

"There's sense," said Mrs. Barber.

"'Aven't I me 'ands

full with a daughter, a son-in-law and a grandson to see is supported?"

She energetically resumed her ironing while Poppy May sat thoughtfully parting her son's scant locks.

Poppy May loved her mother and believed her to be right in most things. Poppy regretted so often wishing to do that which her mother objected to; regretted when temptation in such matters as the pink cap, sash and booties, proving too strong, led her to deceive and disobey.

Poppy May danced in a children's ballet. She could hardly remember when she had not danced in a children's ballet. When she married Mr. Jackie Tibbit, the handsome young omnibus driver, he had said she should give it up and stay at home like all young married women, but Poppy May's mother said, "No!"

Mr. Tibbit, lest any difference of opinion should lose him Poppy May, gave in.

Poppy's mother reasoned that if Poppy May would remain a child in size, she should make the most of it. So pretty little Poppy May danced on.

Young Master Reginald Tibbit's coming had not mattered long. His grandmamma believed her daughter's deficiencies as a mother would be the death of him, took charge of the heir herself and Poppy May returned to the ballet.

"Reginald 'as to be educated," argued Mrs. Barber, "an' not every young woman 'as a chance to earn most as much as 'er 'usband, an' a mother at 'ome to do the right thing by 'er child."

Poppy May tried to appreciate this. Most of her weekly earnings went into Reggie's little savings bank on the chimney-piece. Reggie's papa likewise contributed more than seemed to him necessary.

But Reggie's grandmamma, with the proceeds of a little laundry work, set her young folks an example.

"Do you mean to stop there on the floor all d'y, Poppy?"

"My word, no, mar!" Poppy May roused from her reverie glanced at the clock. "Jack's to meet us in the park, 'e 'as an hour off this afternoon."

"'E'd do better to try an' turn an extra penny in spare moments." Mrs. Barber advanced and caught up her grandson to add the last touches to his toilet.

Finally a fierce struggle with the strap that fastened him within his perambulator ensued; young Reginald loudly rebelled at the confinement, while a determined grandmamma, followed by his pretty mamma in a huge feather-laden hat, piloted him screaming to the street.

"Don't give in to 'im, Poppy May! Don't carry 'im, let 'im cry it out. I'll not 'ave 'im spoiled."

"Right, mar," assented Poppy May.

She patted the bosom of her dress.

"And mind," called her mother as Poppy May, pushing the perambulator, started quickly along, "mind you're back for tea at six, so's you'll not be late at the theater."

Mrs. Barber rolled her hands in her apron and watched them out of sight; she looked then up the street and down the street and, looking up again, saw Mr. Tatt round the corner.

Mr. Tatt was a small man with small sharp blue eyes that persistently sparkled at the sight of the widow Barber. He took small, quick, determined steps that advanced him rapidly.

Mrs. Barber would have fled but for fear of appearing frivolous. She preferred seeming not to have observed Mr. Tatt. She looked down the street again and began a slow, apparently unconscious retreat toward the doorway.

"You ort to be out takin' the air, ma'am!" approved Mr. Tatt, stopping short beside her.

"I 'ope I'm not out to take the air like this." Mrs. Barber touched her front hair.

It was tightly twisted in hair binders, for crimping upon some future occasion. She glanced downward at her shoe. It was broken through.

"I'd like to 'ave the pleasure o' mendin' that shoe," rapturously sighed Mr. Tatt.

He was a cobbler by trade.

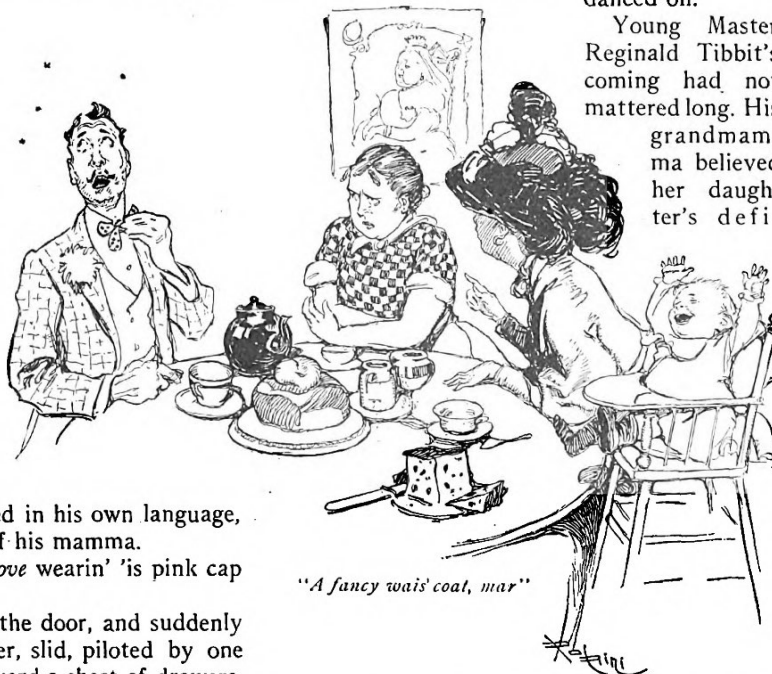
"What'll you charge?" asked Mrs. Barber, contemplating the shoe and wriggling her toes within.

"Charge!" Mr. Tatt raised his brows until his tweed cap moved. "Charge you, ma'am?"

"Then I can't let you do it!" Mrs. Barber retreated further.



"You 'ave n't what I call the hinstincts of a mother"



"A fancy wais' coat, mar"

"I likes pride," admired Mr. Tatt, advancing, "but from you to me—Kitty—!"

Mrs. Barber's black eyes blinked reproof. She closed her mouth firmly.

"Now look 'ere," Mr. Tatt shoved back his cap and took a firmer stand. "I dared to s'y it before Barber died, did n't I? Arter 'e died, I stopped it long enough to show me respect to 'is memory. When that was past, you was so 'aughty, I feared to speak your name, but Kitty you always was to me."

"Now you're off again, Mr. Tatt," said Mrs. Barber.

Mr. Tatt stroked his forehead and looked up at the glimpse of soft spring sky. He was off again; he knew it. His manner betrayed him powerless to help it.

"I've always wanted you to be Mrs. Tatt," he said recklessly.

Mrs. Barber gasped.

"I 'ave," he repeated; "I always shall! An' there 'll always be times when I 'll 'ave to come an' tell you about it."

"I've my ironing to finish an' send 'ome," said Mrs. Barber.

"You *did* seem to be givin' in arter Poppy May was married," accused Mr. Tatt.

Mrs. Barber paused in reflection.

"Then," went on Mr. Tatt, "that—that precious little grandson came along an' 'e's all you seem to think of."

"'E's a love," said Mrs. Barber sentimentally, "an' 'e's to be educated like a lord. I've got it all mapped out. Now where 'd 'e be if I 'ad you, an' you 'ad me to think of?"

At the thought of this ecstatic state, Mr. Tatt sighed and gazed upward again beyond the smoky house-tops at the glimpse of soft, spring sky.

Mrs. Barber seized the opportunity, and with a youthful agility seldom seen in a grandmother, withdrew her handsome person from Mr. Tatt's presence.

II

POPPY MAY, with her husband and the baby, returned ten minutes late for tea. They sat down opposite each other at table, exchanging covertly shy and lover-like glances, while Mrs. Barber with the baby, took her place and poured the tea.

"Was n't it sweet in the park to-d'y?" babbled Poppy May.

"'Eavenly," sighed her husband. "I like you awright in that big 'at you was wearin', Pops."

Poppy May flushed with pleasure, tilted her pretty head sideways, nodded and winked.

Mr. Tibbit sat up straighter and, turning to his mother-in-law, took breath to begin speech, but with suddenness she directed toward him a gaze so frigid and defiant, that courage failed. Young Mr. Tibbit's eyes shifted to his wife and downward to his plate.

"You've su'think on your mind," said Poppy's mother. "What is it?"

"A fancy wais' coat, mar," answered Mr. Tibbit's little wife bravely. "Now wait a minute."

Mrs. Barber's mouth had opened; a torrent of words about to flow forth.

"Giving you the market money as usual," explained Poppy May, "'e can manage the wais' coat which 'e showed me in a shop in Fulham Road, if you 'll let 'im keep back a



shilling six-pence from Reggie's bank this week. Now wait a minute."

Mrs. Barber had gasped again.

"The wais' coat is a beauty an' a bargain," continued her daughter; "the sort o' thing any coachman would wear drivin' to Richmond on a Tally-o. Then, too, if the bus company sees Jack lookin' so smart, who knows they might not raise his pay."

Mrs. Barber considered this feature.

"Reggie would n't miss the eighteen pence in the end," pointed out Poppy May; "an' any'ow as I tell Jackie, after all, 'e is Reggie's dad."

Mrs. Barber smoothed the baby's bib thoughtfully.

"'E wants to keep eighteen pence more than usual of 'is pay?" she questioned.

"Yes," whispered Poppy May, "that's it, mar."

"Awright," said her mother.

"Thank you, mar," said Poppy May, not a bit as though she had never expected it.

"An' when 'e gets it," said her mother in apparent directness to young Reginald Tibbit, "I 'ope 'e 'll remember to let 'is coat fly so it can be seen by all. Then su'think may come of it."

Master Tibbit gurgled hopefully, too, and



Mr. Tatt held out the purple-feathered hat

waved his plump little arms. Mr. and Mrs. Tibbit were exchanging glances again.

"You came in late to tea," Mrs. Barber recalled, a matter they had thought overlooked, "an' I see now, why. You was layin' plans in the park without me knowing."

"No," said the tactless Mr. Tibbit. "Reggie made us late; 'e would n't 'ave 'is pink boots off an' 'is black 'uns on."

"Pink! Pink boots?" Her mother's voice ascended the scale as Poppy May, after landing a sudden kick beneath the table on her husband's shin, sank back in her chair.

"Pink boots!" said Mrs. Barber slowly in an awful voice "Poppy May Tibbit—"

Poppy May shriveled more.

"The pink sash and the pink cap as well?" her mother questioned.

Poppy May nodded and her face flushed.

"Where are they now?"

"Back in the drawer, mar."

"Tatt' can fit keys as well as mend shoes."

Poppy's mother eyed the chest of drawers.

"This won't happen again."

Poppy May sighed with relief.

"'Is pink things ort to be locked up," she said; "then I *could n't* sneak them out. I 'ate doing it, but I can't 'elp it. I'm sorry, mar."

"You 'll be late at the theater," said Mrs. Barber, looking at the clock.

Poppy May rose.

"It's so stuffy there. I'd like to go back to the park with Jack an' Reggie an' you too mar; you'd love it!"

"Poppy!" said her mother sharply.

Poppy May nevertheless moved languidly. She kissed Master Reginald, who was then hurried by his grandmother into the next room, thus avoiding his usual demonstration upon his pretty mamma's departure without him.

"Good-night, Jack." Poppy moved to the door.

"Wish you need n't go," said Mr. Tibbit.

"I 'll try to be awake when you come 'ome."

"Better not," called Poppy; "you 'll oversleep an' keep mar calling in the morning."

She descended the stairs slowly and moved in a languid rebellion along the street.

"I 'ate it!" she said, between closed teeth, "I 'ate *everythink* to-night."

"What's troublin' the gal?" spoke a cheery voice, as with quick, determined footsteps someone overtook her.

"Mr. Tatt!" Poppy May looked at him shyly. "I was talking to meself."

"You're bothered," said Mr. Tatt, walking beside her. "Tell your Uncle Tatt!"

"Do you know 'ow I feel to-night?" burst out the gentle Poppy May. "Wicked! wicked!"

"Little Mr. Tatt's small bright eyes grew brighter.

"I knew it'd come some d'y," he chuckled.

Poppy May looked at him in surprise.

"I wonder you've stood it so long as you 'ave," he told her; "I wonder Jack stood it at all!"

"Stood what?" asked Poppy.

"Look 'ere, Poppy May," Mr. Tatt caught her arm and they stopped in a little wayside turning. "Every young woman likes wearin' what she fancies on 'er baby I suppose? Every young woman likes puttin' 'er baby to bed and stoppin' at 'ome with 'er husband of an evenin' rather than 'oppin' about in a ballet, don't they, Poppy May?"

Poppy May looked anxiously up the little street and down again, and her blue eyes returned fearfully to Mr. Tatt.

"It's all *that* I feel so wicked about to-night," she said breathlessly. "It's funny what you've just said; you've about read my mind."

"I can read more." Mr. Tatt planted his small feet more firmly. "Every young married woman is satisfied to start with two 'ouse-keepin' rooms at moderate rent, an' just round the corner from her mar, which she can run in and see any time o' d'y an' take the baby. She could make them two rooms as neat as Buckingham Palace an' 'er 'usband would be 'appier there then the King 'imself 'is."

Poppy May closed her eyes.

"Oh,"—she gasped.

Mr. Tatt took her hand in one of his and, raising his stick, pointed. Poppy May looked. In a window on the second floor of the low building opposite hung a "To Let" sign.

Poppy gazed at it with heightened color and fascinated eyes.

"It's Queen's Mansions."

"Ow'd that do for a young married woman wishing to be near 'er mar?" Mr. Tatt was saying. "A young woman with a friend as will find out the price and will make 'er a weddin' present o' the first fortnight's rent, a cookin' stove, bed, chairs, table an' maddin', an' go with

'er to buy 'em; as will do it all in secret an' spring a nice little surprise on 'er 'usband an' 'er mar!"

Poppy May, open-mouthed, gazed at Mr. Tatt, in whose flushed face gleamed the spirit of inspiration.

"When," she whispered, "when did you think this out?"

Mr. Tatt looked momentarily into Poppy's soft eyes; then his gaze fell. He tapped his boot toes with his walking stick.

"Poppy May," he said, "you don't fancy your mar 'ates me, do you?"

Poppy May considered.

"Mar's a bit 'arsh at times," she said, "but it's only 'er way. She loves Reggie, an' though you'd 'ardly believe it, mar's fond o' me, an' she likes Jack. It's because she cares about us, she's so—well, so aggravatin' to us. It's 'er way, an' I suppose I 'ave n't much sense." She sighed regretfully. "An' so sometimes when she's most 'orrid to you—I think—"

"What?" urged Mr. Tatt.

"She likes you."

"Su'think tells me that, too," mused Mr. Tatt. "You can see 'ow I feel, plain enough. When she's most 'arsh I 'ave tried to overcome

me feelings, an' it seems to me, Poppy May, if I was meant to I *should* overcome 'em; but I don't, an' I *can't*, so I decided hencefor'ard to bend my efforts to'ard gettin' what I want instead o' overcoming the wantin'. Do you see?"

Poppy May looked up at the sign in the window.

"Yes," she whispered, "I see."

"D' you like the idea?" he urged.

"Oh," she gasped, "if only I dare."

"Dare?" said Mr. Tatt.

"It's only when I feel wicked I dare do things," answered Poppy May, "like sneaking the pink things for Reggie to-d'y. This wickedness may go off to-morrow an' not come back for ages."

"Don't call it wickedness. Call it sporting enough to do the right thing for everybody," insisted Mr. Tatt.

"Would it be that?" she cried; "Oh, would it?"

"It would!" Mr. Tatt patted her shoulder. "Uncle Tatt 'as everybody's ambitions at 'eart."

"I must go;" Poppy May moved slowly. "To-night the ghost walks, if it need n't go in Reggie's bank, my money'd pay the—"

She was looking at the sign in the window. "Leave all that to me," said Mr. Tatt, "an' look for me 'ere to-morrow about this time."

He stood upon first one foot and then the other, twirling his cane with a giddy swishing in the air.

"If this feeling only lasts!" Poppy May caught up her skirt and with a last look at the window, hurried away.

Mr. Tatt watched her out of sight.

"It's a big move, but I *am* ambitious for us all to be 'appy." He moved thoughtfully out of the little turning into the Fulham Road.

The shops would not all be closed yet, and he knew of one offering an interesting display of household goods. He resumed his brisk and determined step, in the rush very nearly passing a familiar figure.

Mrs. Barber, shopping bag upon her arm, loitered with a lady friend in a small crowd before a shop-window, hushed by the thrilling tones of a phonograph within. Mrs. Barber's face was softened and serene. Mr. Tatt stepped cautiously nearer and saw it in profile.

Mrs. Barber's friend urged her to enter the shop. Thereupon the softness and serenity faded.

[Continued on page 670]

❑ The MEANING of DREAMS ❑

Modern Science is Writing a "Dream Book" of its
Own to Take the Place of the Mischievous Manual
in Vogue Among the Superstitious - - -

EVERYBODY knows what a dream book is, and how, by the judicious expenditure of ten cents, the wise may profit from their dreams, learning thereby how to avoid calamity, increase their happiness, and even gain wealth. You and I, being well aware that the dream book's interpretations are as fanciful as the dreams themselves, have little use for it, excepting, perhaps, as a literary curiosity. That it should still find a ready sale in these enlightened days is, to us, most astonishing. What shall we say, then, when we find that the belief that dreams have a meaning is abundantly confirmed by modern science?

The Dream Book of Modern Science

Modern science, in fact, is writing a dream book of its own to take the place of the unauthorized and mischievous manual in vogue among the superstitious. When completed it will be a remarkable production, wonderfully interesting and thoroughly practical and helpful.

Science, of course, does not assert that all dreams are significant. A good many dreams—and especially the commoner dreams of falling, flying, and the various forms of nightmare—merely testify to some trifling disturbance of the physical organism of the dreamer. This has long been recognized, and the text-books are full of anecdotes showing how dreams may be made to order, so to speak.

One experimenter, by tickling a sleeper's nose, caused him to dream that tar was being plastered over his face and then violently pulled off, causing agonizing pain; uncovering his knees gave him a dream of traveling in a stage-coach in the dead of winter and suffering frightfully from the cold; putting a hot-water bottle to his feet made him dream that he was walking over the lava of an active volcano.

But while appreciating the inconsequential character of dreams induced by such means, as also by indulgence in late suppers, the cramping of a muscle through lying too long in one position, or the slipping off of the bedclothes,

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

science insists that there are times when even the most trivial of dreams may be profoundly portentous.

Dreams That Are Meant for Warnings

Some years ago, early in the summer, I dreamed that, while out taking a walk, I was suddenly attacked by a huge cat, which clawed ferociously at my throat. That was all there was to the dream, or at any rate that was all I remembered on awakening in the morning, and naturally enough I dismissed it from my mind as "nothing but a dream." But when I found myself dreaming the same dream again and again, I began to wonder what significance it could possibly have.

Usually it varied greatly in minor detail. Sometimes the scene would be laid indoors, sometimes in a garden or on the street. One night I would be stealthily approaching the hateful cat in the hope of catching it unawares and making an end of it; another night I would be madly fleeing from it. Always, however, the climax was the same—the cat had me by the throat and was biting and scratching viciously. Altogether, I dreamed this dream not less than a score of times in six months.

Shortly before Christmas I took a cold which settled in my throat, affecting it so badly as to require the attention of a specialist. Much to my astonishment it was then discovered that a growth had been developing for some time, and that an immediate operation was necessary. Several weeks later, the operation having been performed successfully, it suddenly occurred to me that I was no longer being troubled by the phantom cat. For the first time, the meaning of that singular dream dawned upon me.

It had been a genuine "premonitory" dream, of a type that is bound to occupy a prominent place in the new dream book. Consciously I had been in utter ignorance of the dangerous

growth in my throat. It had not progressed far enough to give me any pain, or even to cause discomfort. At the same time the organic changes it involved had produced sensations plainly felt by what psychologists call the "sub-conscious," and manifesting through the sub-conscious to the conscious in the form of a symbolic dream.

It was as though, within my sleeping self, a wakeful sentinel had been on guard, frantically endeavoring to warn me that all was not well.

To what extent dreams thus herald the approach of disease it is impossible to say positively, for scientific investigation of this startling phenomenon is still in its initial stages. But enough has been learned to warrant the belief that whenever the disease is of a slowly progressive nature—such as kidney trouble, brain disease, etc.—its onset may be announced by recurrent dreams similar to my repeated vision of the throat-clawing cat, and consequently of great value to the dreamer, enabling him, by placing himself promptly in a doctor's care, to ward off the threatened attack, and perhaps to save his life.

Dreams That Actually Cause Disease

Unfortunately, it is also quite possible to have these recurrent, premonitory dreams without knowing anything about them, so rapidly do dreams usually fade from the waking memory. And this is still more frequently the case with another and no less striking class of dreams—dreams which not merely indicate the presence of disease, but may actually be said to cause it.

Science, however—marvelous twentieth century science—has found a way to get at these dread dreams, uproot them, and restore the victim to perfect health. But let me make my meaning clear by an example or two, showing both how dreams may operate in the causation of disease and how the cure of dream-caused maladies is accomplished.

A New York business man, known in the medical report on his case as Mr. R., had suf-

ferred for eight years from a singular trembling of the hands, which had gradually grown so bad that he was unable to carry a glass of water to his lips without spilling it. He was fifty years old, had never had a serious illness, and was a man of exemplary habits. He had vainly sought relief, and was despairing of a cure, when somebody advised him to consult one of our most eminent specialists in the treatment of obscure mental and nervous diseases, Dr. Boris Sidis, the father of that amazing lad, William James Sidis, whose accomplishments I have already described to the readers of *Success Magazine*.

Dr. Sidis soon satisfied himself that, whatever the cause of Mr. R.'s malady, it was not due to any organic disease, and he immediately suspected that, as is now known to be frequently the case, its origin was purely mental, dating back to some experience that had profoundly distressed him.

"Do you remember when this trembling began?" he was asked.

"No," was the reply, "it came on so slowly."

"Do you dream?"

"Sometimes."

"What are your dreams like?"

"Why," said Mr. R., with a smile, "they are always pleasant. They are all about gaining money."

Then Dr. Sidis asked abruptly: "Will you allow me to hypnotize you?"

"Certainly. I will gladly do anything to get rid of this affliction."

Getting at the Truth Through Hypnotism

His patient having passed into the hypnotic sleep, Dr. Sidis demanded:

"Can you tell me the exact conditions and the time when you first perceived this trembling?"

"Yes."

"When was it?"

"It was on the day my wife died. The nurse came running from the sick-room and told me my wife was dead. My hands at once began shaking violently."

"Now, tell me—do you ever dream of your wife?"

"Constantly."

"Describe your dreams."

It then developed that every night of his life, although remembering nothing about it in the morning, the unfortunate Mr. R. relived the sad moment of his wife's death. Learning this, Dr. Sidis learned in the same instant the secret of the trembling. It was the outward, physical expression of the perpetual strain put upon Mr. R.'s nervous system by his tragic dream experiences.

To effect a cure Dr. Sidis made use of suggestion administered while Mr. R. was still hypnotized. Forcefully and earnestly he impressed upon him the idea that he was no longer to dream of his dead wife; and, incredible as it may seem, this simple treatment, renewed at intervals for several weeks, proved completely efficacious.

Such cases are by no means uncommon, and their recognition and successful treatment constitute one of the most notable triumphs of modern medical psychology. It has been found that all sorts of distressing mental and physical conditions may result from dream action, following some emotional shock long forgotten perhaps by the sufferer, but persisting with undiminished vividness and giving rise to morbid dreams that act upon his nervous system like the beating of a hammer. Occasionally, indeed, the disease-creating dreams arise, not from one shock, but from several, and then a cure is of course increasingly difficult.

Twenty Years of Distressing Dreams

Recently a complicated case of this kind came to my knowledge. It was that of a young man of twenty-five, who complained of severe

headaches, accompanied by a feeling of depression, dizziness, and extreme cold. He also suffered from peculiar and uncontrollable fears. He was afraid to remain alone at night, or in any closed place; he could not bear to look at a dead person, or attend a funeral; and he was in mortal terror of dogs. A careful medical examination revealed nothing abnormal so far as his physical and mental functions were concerned.

Asked how he slept, he replied that his sleep was greatly disturbed by unpleasant dreams and nightmares. He often dreamed of fire, and of attempting vainly to escape from burning buildings. He dreamed of being captured by robbers, or of seeing his parents captured and brutally beaten. Sometimes he dreamed of being attacked by wild animals, especially wild dogs, and he frequently dreamed of the dead. He always awoke in fright. But he could give no reason why he should have such dreams.

He was hypnotized and questioned about his past. Under hypnosis, which is an unfailing instrument for "tapping the subconscious" and getting at a man's "lost memories," these recurrent but widely different dreams were soon explained. When a child of three, the patient had lived in Poland, near a forest infested with wolves, and one day had been frightened into a fainting fit by a pack of dogs, which he mistook for wolves about to attack him. A year later he had been awakened by an alarm of fire, and carried out, shivering with fright and cold, into the frosty air of a winter night. Four years afterwards he had had a similar experience, which so alarmed him that he fled through the streets, crying "Fire! Fire!"

About the same time a party of drunken soldiers broke into his home and beat his father unmercifully, almost crippling him; knocked down his mother, and killed a younger brother of his, while he himself fled for safety to a deserted barn, where he was found in the morning, half-frozen. Another horrible experience of his childhood related to an illness which his mother, a superstitious peasant, had sought to cure by taking him to a house where an old woman lay dead, and placing the cold hand of the corpse on his naked chest. At the touch the little fellow had screamed in terror and fainted.

Only the Subconscious Memory Remained

Almost all these incidents—which, while hypnotized, he narrated in detail and with much emotion—had passed completely from the young man's conscious memory. None the less, it was to them, as subconsciously remembered by him and repeatedly presented in dreams to his conscious mind, that his headaches, depression, dizziness, cold and abnormal fears were due.

Even a single dream may produce marked effects on the physical organism. Dr. Krafft-Ebing, a European scientist who has done much to advance our knowledge of the influence of the mind over the body in health and disease, reports a case well worth citing in this connection.

A patient of his, Ilma S., a victim of hysteria, whom he had been treating by hypnotic suggestion, complained one morning to her sister of a severe pain under her left breast. She insisted that it had been caused by the doctor, and begged the sister to obtain a retreat for her in a convent, where she would be free from his "persecution." Hypnotizing her, Dr. Krafft-Ebing learned that the actual cause of the pain had been a remarkable dream.

A Dream That Left Its Mark

"Last night," she said, "an old man came to me. He looked like a priest and came in company with a sister of charity, on whose collar there was a large golden B. I was afraid of her. The old man was amiable and friendly. He dipped a pen into the sister's pocket, and with it wrote a W and a B on my skin, under the left breast. Once he dipped his pen badly

and made a blot in the middle of the figure. This spot and the B pain me severely, but the W does not. The man explained the W as meaning that I should go to church and confess at the W confessional."

On passing out of the hypnotic trance, the patient declared that the pain under her breast was increasing in severity; and in a few minutes there appeared, at the spot indicated, slight discolorations of the skin, their outlines closely resembling an inverted W and B, with a small blotch between the two. The pain, the discolorations, and the memory of the dream were removed by suggestion, but acting under an impulse which she could not account for, Ilma S. the following day went to church and confessed at the confessional of her vision.

Here, then, we have a dream developing into a powerful self-suggestion not only affecting the bodily processes, but impelling the dreamer to a definite line of conduct. This is another important phase of dream-life, but one which, it must be said, has not been studied as carefully as it ought to be and doubtless will be in the near future. Obviously, if dreams can at times exercise a dominating influence over the physical side of man's nature, it is only reasonable to suppose that they can influence the intellectual and moral side; and it is in fact possible to adduce abundant testimony proving that they do so.

The Stimulating Visions of Great Men

It is well known, for example, that dreams have stimulated men to remarkable intellectual achievements, and have even supplied the material for these achievements. Thus, Coleridge composed "Kubla Khan" in a dream. Tartini got his "Devil's Sonata" from a dream in which the devil appeared and challenged him to a musical competition. It was a dream that gave Voltaire the first canto of his "Henriade," and Dante's "Divina Commedia" is likewise said to have been inspired by a dream.

Many novelists, on their own admission, have obtained the plots for some of their best works from materials provided in dreams. A particularly impressive instance is that of Robert Louis Stevenson, whose "Chapter on Dreams," in his book "Across the Plains," should be read by all who would learn what dreams can do for a man intellectually. The solution of baffling mathematical problems, the ideas necessary to complete some invention, have been supplied by dreams. Occasionally the dreamer has been known to rise in his sleep and jot down the information thus acquired.

In such cases he usually forgets all about the helpful dream, and on awaking is greatly surprised at finding the record he has made of it. Which shows that—as with the visions so potently influencing health—it is possible for dreams to aid a man in an intellectual way without his being consciously aware of them.

Dreams That Influence Morals

Further proof of this is afforded by an experience common to persons wishing to memorize anything. It often happens that if, before going to bed, they run over carelessly the lines they desire to remember, they will be found clearly fixed in their minds in the morning. They may have been consciously dreaming that night about something altogether different, but it is evident that subconsciously their minds have been actively employed with the verses they read.

In the moral domain instances are on record in which dreams, acquiring tremendous suggestive power, as in the case of Dr. Krafft-Ebing's patient, have led to a "conversion," or marked religious change, the dreamer awaking to a new and nobler life, displaying unexpected strength of character and overcoming weaknesses and vices that have been a source of constant worry to his relatives and friends. Or they may be an indirect aid to moral betterment, by indicating to the dreamer his besetting sin, or some

temptation to which he is peculiarly susceptible without fully realizing it.

Here the dream acts in precisely the same way as the premonitory visions announcing the commencement of some physical disease. To give an illustration: a young man holds a position of trust in which he daily handles large sums of money. His salary is small, and he finds himself complaining of his lot, and growing envious of those more favorably situated.

After a time he begins to have recurrent dreams, the details of which vary, but the central motive of which is always the same—the possession of great wealth. One night he is making a tour of the world, spending lavishly. Another, he has become a great capitalist, a power in the financial world. Another, he may perhaps dream he is wedded to the maiden of his heart's desire, and living in a splendid mansion, surrounded by luxuries.

The Power of Dreams for Harm

Now, if he were to consult the old dream book with regard to the meaning of this repeated dream of wealth, he would be assured, in pompous language, that much good fortune was in store for him. But the new dream book, the book that science is writing, would tell him tersely and emphatically:

"Look out, young man. Your moral fiber is weakening. One of these fine days, if you do

not subdue your envious thoughts, you will become a thief."

And, indeed, if he fails to interpret the dream correctly and heed its warning, it may eventually develop a suggestive force hurrying him to the commission of an act that will blast his peace of mind and ruin his career. But of this I must speak with discretion, for the question of how far suggestion through dreams enters into the making or marring of character is still one of the unsolved problems of science.

Most assuredly, however, enough has been learned respecting the power of dream action, for good and for ill, to teach all of us to pay attention to our dreams and to endeavor to control them so far as is humanly possible. It should always be remembered that as a general thing the stuff of a man's dreams is the stuff of his waking thoughts; that if he has good, clean, wholesome thoughts, he will be likely to have similar dreams; and that if he trains himself to meet the vicissitudes of life, no matter how trying they may be, with calmness and fortitude, he need have little fear of the health-wrecking visions that grow out of emotional disturbances.

The Grave Responsibility of Parents

On parents an added responsibility is imposed. Childhood is the most impressionable, the most suggestible period of life. It is to experiences

of childhood that the greater number of dream-provoked maladies are due. It was in childhood, for example, that the young man with the headaches, depression, dizziness, cold, and uncontrollable fears sustained the shocks that were the starting-points of his terrible dreams of after-life. See to it, therefore, that the environment of your child leaves only pleasurable impressions on his plastic mind. Keep the gruesome, the morbid, the depressing out of his life. Choose carefully not only his companions, but the books you read to him, the stories you tell him, and even the pictures you hang on his bedroom wall.

"It is certain," says an excellent authority, "that the impressions which surround the sleeper and precede sleep ought to be of a nature conducive to a cheerful condition of the mind when it lapses into rest as well as when it awakens to full consciousness. Thus greater care should be exercised in the choice of situation and adornment of our sleeping apartments than is usual even among the most thoughtful of us; for it is fair to suppose that the last waking impressions and thoughts often create more lasting impressions than is commonly recognized."

And, when you have taken every precaution, question the child occasionally about his dreams. From their nature and frequency you may gain hints saving him from trouble and you from much unhappiness in later years.

MEN WHO CAN'T QUIT

BY HENRY M. HYDE

SOME years ago the family of the late Nelson Morris—one of the then three sovereign Princes of Packing and Provisions—wished him to retire from active business. Mr. Morris was very rich; he had reared a family of able and energetic sons; he was approaching the scriptural age limit. His boys knew how desperately hard the old man worked, and they feared the strain would shorten their father's life. With filial affection they urged him to give up hard work. Finally, as the result of much urging, he agreed to a "trial order." He would take a long and complete vacation and see how it agreed with him.

Some Men Work Because They Don't Know How to Play

Accompanied by a few friends Mr. Morris started to visit a famous resort in the mountains of the West. Arriving at their station the party disembarked. At one end of the platform a freight car was being unloaded. The keen Morris eye noted that the car contained provisions from Packingtown. A second glance realized the fact that the goods were being unloaded in two great piles, one containing nothing but Armour products, the other only hams and bacon from the Swift warehouses. All the old man's business pride flamed into instant fury. The car did not hold a single package marked with the Morris brand. A moment later the vacation seeker was at one end of a long-distance telephone wire, and the Colorado manager of the Morris interests was being asked in a rasping voice how it happened that a car of provisions could be unloaded anywhere on earth, one third of which was not loaded with the Morris products.

On the same trip Mr. Morris was taken out to visit a famous ranch. Its owner exhibited with pride his big herd of fancy cattle. Instinctively Mr. Morris ran his expert and professional eye over the bunch, and an instant later he was making the gasping ranchman a spot cash offer for the lot.

On the whole Mr. Morris found that his complete and absolute vacation did not bore him

nearly as much as he had feared. A little later he was finally persuaded to make his retirement complete. Careful plans were made and carried out for turning over the control of the house to his sons. And, on a day, Nelson Morris woke to find himself entirely out of the game. That whole morning the old man fussed about the house—nervous, worried, and irritable. At noon he had no appetite. Half an hour later he disappeared, and shortly after one o'clock he was back at the yards to stay, with the reins again in his firm hands and a new twinkle in his eyes.

Mr. Morris was the type of the old school of business men who could not retire, because playing the game was the one thing in the world which most appealed to them. To quit meant—almost always—decay and death.

A later addition to the ranks of the man who can't quit is the class of great corporation managers, who are often kept in the harness by a sense of responsibility to their stockholders. Often they are men of many and vital outside interests. They may be art collectors; golf or motor enthusiasts; travelers or sportsmen; more rarely they find their greatest pleasure in political or social reform; or it may be that, with length of days as a predominating ambition, they wish merely to relax the nervous tension and grow old calmly and slowly as mere lookers on in Venice. Always they are men of strong and potent personality.

Even Illness Can Not Stop Harriman

It is the magic of the Harriman name, for instance—that alone—which has drawn a flood of cautious millions into the Harriman control. Several times Mr. Harriman has expressed the wish that he might retire. Wall Street rumor—of course officially denied—declares that he is suffering from a somewhat serious spinal affection, and that retirement is almost essential to his recovery. But the Harriman plans for railroad supremacy in the United States are vast and still far from final consummation. And the little giant is declared to feel himself morally obligated not to quit until, to the last detail, he has made his tremendous

dreams come true. Loyalty—at the greatest possible personal cost—to a more or less abstract moral ideal is one of the last charges which the public would be inclined to bring—or to believe—against the kings and emperors of the business world. Yet it is a simple fact that more than one strong man has knowingly and certainly shortened his life in just such a way. Loyalty to some ideal—mistaken or otherwise—seems to be the essential element in every success.

The Loyalty Which Keeps a Man at Work

At a certain large factory in the Middle West the workmen were threatening to strike. The manager of the company called them together in a great mass meeting. "Two months ago," he said, "I was offered three million dollars for this plant. The offer came from the trust. It was a tempting one. If it had been accepted I should have had an income of fifty thousand dollars a year for life. I greatly desire to travel and see all the corners of the world. I should like to live for a time in Paris and in London. I have built up this business from nothing, and it seemed to me I had fairly earned the right to retire and enjoy the fruits of my work. But I learned that if the trust came into possession of this plant it was their intention to close it down permanently; to concentrate all their manufacturing in other plants, already established. That decided me to decline the offer. Many of you men own your homes in this city; your life-long friends and associates live here; your children are in the schools. To force you to pull up stakes and move away—as you would have had to do—would have meant a great loss in many ways. It seemed to me that I owed you a duty. I refused the offer. Now I ask you to play fair with me. I was loyal to you. Be loyal to me."

Whether specious or not the appeal was effective, and it well illustrates another one of the moral ideas which have kept many men in business against their own personal preferences.

Still, when all is said, the fact remains that within the last few years more and more men are retiring from business while still in the prime of

[Continued on page 656]

NEW TALES OF THE ROAD



A party of traveling men, who were spending their vacation weeks at their cabin in the Cœur d'Alenes, were seated

round an outdoor campfire, on the evening of their third day, they heard an unexpected crack from a rifle. Old Bob, the boatman, had downed a buck which was browsing within seventy-five yards of the camp. It was far into the night, after this excitement, before the boys had done telling their hunting stories and turned again to those about business.

On the Bluff at Gig Harbor

"We were not looking for a deer in camp to-night," began Edwards, the shoe man, "but he was no more unexpected than a big deal I once landed. I had heard that a lumber company was going to start a store up at Gig Harbor, on Puget Sound, so I took a steamer at Seattle and went there. I would not have gone, but my trip was about finished and it made little difference if I did lose a day then; I had already booked the best business of my life, and I was on 'Easy Street.' In fact I looked upon the Gig Harbor trip more as an outing than as work, and would not have been disappointed had I not sold a sou. And you bet your life this is what I thought was going to happen to me when the boat backed up at this point. There was not even a landing! I did not see any sign of a house—only a few tents perched on the bluff. Before I knew it, the roustabouts had dumped my trunk out in the mud. I asked the captain to have the boys load my trunk back on again, but as the boat was to be there for an hour or more, I took a walk up to the tents. Over the door of the biggest one I saw a sign painted on a piece of black cloth, 'Company Store;' this struck me as being about the most comical thing I had ever seen. I decided to go in and size up what was on the inside. When I went in a young fellow came up to me and said:

"You are a stranger in these parts, are n't you?"

"I said, 'Yes, sir, I am. I heard that there was a new store going up here and I thought I would come up and see if I could sell a bill of shoes; but I guess I have barked up the wrong tree.'

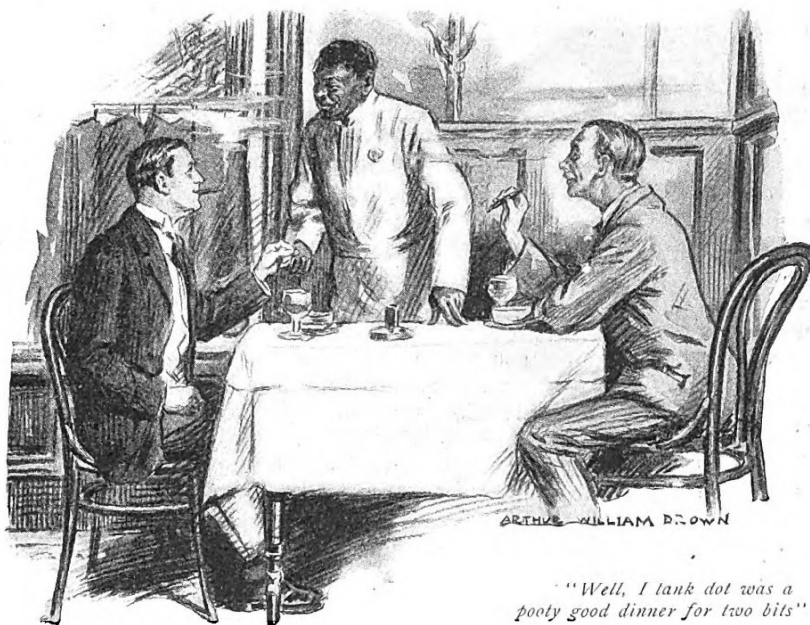
Shoeing Five Hundred Men

"Not on your life," said the young fellow, "if you have a good line of shoes. There is nothing here now but a few tents, but our company is working five hundred men back in the woods. We have just received the plans for a new store and are going to put it up right away. Those men you saw over there, handling shovels are now at work getting things ready for the foundation. Did you bring your samples with you?"

"Yes, I did," said I.

"Well, I will see what you have, as we want a bill of shoes."

"All right," said I. "Where shall I show them to you?"



"Well, I tank dot was a pooty good dinner for two bits"

UNEXPECTED BUSINESS

BY CHARLES N. CREWDSON

Illustrations by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Oh, I guess right in here will be all right," said he.

"The young man in the tent, who was to be manager of the store, got a wheelbarrow, and together we started to get the trunk up the hill. My samples were so heavy that the wheel nearly sank in to the hub. Then I brought a couple of planks, and as the manager—Anderson was his name, a young Scandinavian—shoved the wheelbarrow, I kept a plank under the wheel. It was about three hundred yards to the store, and we finally got there. Just as we dumped the trunk off in front of the tent, the steamboat whistled and pulled away.

Twenty-eight Hundred Dollars From a Clear Sky

"I was really sorry that I was not on the boat, for I expected at most a little jag of an order, and I did not know how good the credit of this lumber company would be. But as I

was in for it, the boat having steamed away, I thought I would make the best of it.

"To make a long story short, I opened up a tray at a time, and I sold Anderson—and he knew his business, too!—a bill of twenty-eight hundred dollars. He made me right happy at the start by asking what were my best cash discounts, and telling me that the St. Paul office had instructed him to buy all goods for cash and take the fullest discount; that the company was away up in capital. That night a big bunch of the loggers came down, and you ought to have seen those fellows buy! When they found out they would be able to get some shoes a little later they were all happy.

"That night I bunked in a tent with the manager, and he treated me white—royally. When the boat left the landing, the next day, I looked back at those few tents on the bluff and said to myself, 'Well, that is certainly the most unexpected thing that ever happened to Johnnie.'"

"But it was not much more unexpected than a bill I took once," said the hat man.

"Well, how was that, Bill?" asked Edwards.

"Why," continued the hat man, "I was down in Salt Lake, a few

seasons ago, and dropped into the sample room of a dry-goods friend of mine, who introduced me to a great, big, raw-boned Swede named Johnson, to whom he was selling. When my friend introduced us, he said to me:

"Smoosh" May Be Taken Seriously

"Now, Mr. Johnson is from way up in Idaho, where he and a partner have kept a little store. Formerly Mr. Johnson paid most of his attention to the cattle and sheep business, but now he is stocking up for increased business and is going to use a whole lot of goods. I don't believe he has bought any hats yet, and perhaps he'll be open for a good bill—will you not, Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, I want to buy some hat," said he.

"I did not think this meant more than a hundred dollars or so, because I inferred that my dry-goods friend was just spreading on a little 'smoosh' when he told me how well fixed Johnson was; but, at any rate, I asked him to look at my goods.

"Well, I sold that man more than seven hundred dollars; the joke of it was, he gave me a check for half cash right then, and he was as good as gold. About this time my dry-goods friend came in, and Mr. Johnson said to us:

"Well, boys, I don't know what my partner say, when I get back; I buy more goods than he say, but if he kick too hard, I say to him, 'Ole, I guess you better sell some sheep.'"

Two Bits for a Two-Dollar Luncheon

"I don't think I ever picked up seven hundred dollars quite so easily. It was the most unexpected pick-up I ever had. The old man was so easy and good-natured that I really wished to show him a little courtesy. I did not wish to take his money and throw him right out into the cold, so I asked him to come down and



The baggageman was sour as green grapes when I went to check

take luncheon with us. But my dry-goods friend excused himself. Anyway, he was a good-looking old boy, and I thought I would take chances on his swallowing a knife, so I stood pat and took him down to luncheon. This was in the Knutsford, you know, boys—a good, swell place. The hotel waiter dropped us at a small table over in the corner of the room; he was wise. I merely told the boy who waited on us to bring us a couple of good square meals—that we were both hungry. You know when you give an order of this kind to a darkey waiter he'll bring the whole kitchen, especially if he knows you are a liberal tipper. Well, sir, that boy brought us a terrific luncheon—soup, fish, entrées, roast and all the rest, and it was a bully good meal, too."

"Well, they *ought* to give a man a pretty good layout for a dollar a throw," said one of the boys. "Yes, and they do," continued the hat man. "I never saw a man eat so much in my life; and he enjoyed it, too. When we got through luncheon, our boy had been so good to us that I slipped him a quarter for a tip. When my customer saw me slide out the coin to the waiter, he said, 'Well, I tank dot was a pooty good dinner for two bits.'" "Oh, say!" exclaimed one of the boys, "you did n't have a man that green, did you, Billy?" "You bet. That's Gospel truth."

Casting Bread Upon the Waters

"A man never knows where his business is going to come from," said Joe Stein, the children's clothing man, "and he never loses anything by doing somebody a good turn. One night I got into the bus with a friend of mine, to go down and take the midnight train north to Pocatello. We started from the Knutsford forty-five minutes before the train was due to leave. You know how the blooming bus goes to half a dozen hotels and waits five minutes or more at each one, before it makes the last start for the depot. The last hotel we came to this night was the Southern—I believe that was the name of it; I know it was several blocks from where we started—it was a two dollar a day house."

"Well, sir, when we backed up there it looked to me as if we would never get away. My friend and I both looked at our watches; it was close up to leaving-time for the train! We both had a big bunch of trunks to check; and I had scrip to buy. We began to grumble at the busman and told him to go on and leave the people; if they were not ready on time, let them lose the train. Finally I got out, went inside the hotel, and roared at the night clerk. He said, 'Well, I called the people and they ought to be here. I will go up after them again.'

"We went out once more and waited, and tried to make the busman drive on. When we were both hot as the fire box of a fast freight, out of the hotel door came a woman, with a basket on one arm, a baby on the other, and two little tots, one about two and a half and the other about four."

"Honest, when that woman with those three children—they were chubby, stout little fellows—got into the bus with all the bundles, my friend who had been kicking so much slid out of the way and said: 'I've nothing more to say; I'll take it all back!'

"We asked the mother where she was going. She said, 'Up to Idaho Falls. I am very sorry to keep you gentlemen waiting so long, but I had trouble with my little boy here; I'm afraid he's going to have the croup.'



"How much do you git for a p'ar like this?"

"With this the little fellow coughed deeply, and the mother took him up in her lap, hugged him and kissed him, and said, 'You'll be all right to-morrow, sweetheart; we'll be home and mamma will put you in a nice warm little bed and put a piece of warm flannel around your neck, and all that bad old croup will be gone. Yes, mamma will, won't she?'

"'Es, mommer,' patiently responded the little fellow—and then he fell to coughing again."

"My friend came over to where I was,

and whispered in my ear:

"Do you know we've got the last two lowers for to-night? Suppose we give them up to this woman; that child might die, if it had to go up in a day coach, and I don't expect she has a sleeper."

Two Men Who Gave Up Their Berth-rights for a Tired Mother

"Sure, sure," said I. "I'll get the baggage checked and you see that she gets into the lowers; we can take the upper all right."

"Now, on top of this, the baggageman was sour as green grapes when I went to check; he wanted to know why we did not get down earlier, but when I told him he said, 'All right, old man; I cave; your trunks will get on, if we have to hold the train.'"

"Next morning, before we got off at Pocatello, the mother said to us, 'You gentlemen are very kind and thoughtful—you are traveling men, are n't you?'

"We plead guilty," said I.

"Well, you have nothing to be ashamed of. My husband is in business, and we meet lots of traveling men and always find them kind-hearted gentlemen.' She asked us what we were selling, and sent her husband down to meet us, two days later, at Idaho Falls, and he bought goods from us both."

"Sure he did!" said Sullivan. "It pays to do a kind turn anyhow, if you don't get a bill out of it. The boys don't think of dollars all the time."

"And you never know, boys," began Edwards, the shoe man, "how much good a little politeness to the man you expect nothing from sometimes does you. Give a little politeness to every one you meet. It does you no harm, and it is only the man who gets the habit of politeness who knows its benefits. I have n't the reputation of being a Lord Chesterfield, but my old mother always tried to teach me to be polite to everybody I met."

"I never will forget one night down in Enid, Oklahoma. It was after nine o'clock. I had just finished selling my man, and was getting ready to pack up, when an old farmer came into my room."

"Sellin' shoes?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Umph, umph," he answered. "How much do you git fer a p'ar like this?" said he, picking up a shoe.

Rolling Pine Boxes Looks Easier Than Feeding Stock

"Instead of squelching him, I replied politely, 'Well, my good friend, I am really not selling shoes at retail. I am only selling to the merchant. These are merely my samples, but I have taken an order here in town, and this merchant has bought a dozen shoes of the kind. If you wish some for yourself, I can have a special pair put in the shipment, if you like. This shoe would cost you four dollars.'

"Well, I guess these here storekeepers that sell shoes to us farmers," observed the old man, 'must make a heap of money. I see 'em all livin' in lots finer houses 'n I do, an' rollin' round these here pine boxes don't look to me like it's near as hard work as gittin' up at day-break and feedin' the stock, an' workin' round a threshing-machine.'

"No," I answered. "It does n't seem to be as hard, but the hardest work that a business man has is his worry."

"Worry! Why worry?" returned the farmer. "These here folks in town don't know what worry is. The farmer has to worry about the weather all the time. It's too much rain or too little from early spring to late fall, and if he does make a good crop, then he has to worry some more about what prices he is goin' to get, an' whether it'll be enough to pay his interest and cut down his mortgage. He has to worry about his stock gittin' sick, or his hogs dyin' of the colry. If worry is the only thing what stands in the way, then these fellers in the stores has the best of us farmers, I tell y'."

"I enjoyed the old man, but I wanted to pack up, so I said to him, 'My good friend, here, take a cigar, and have a seat while I pack my samples into my trunks.'

"Goin' away from town?" I was asked.

"Oh, yes, I'm going out on a midnight train."

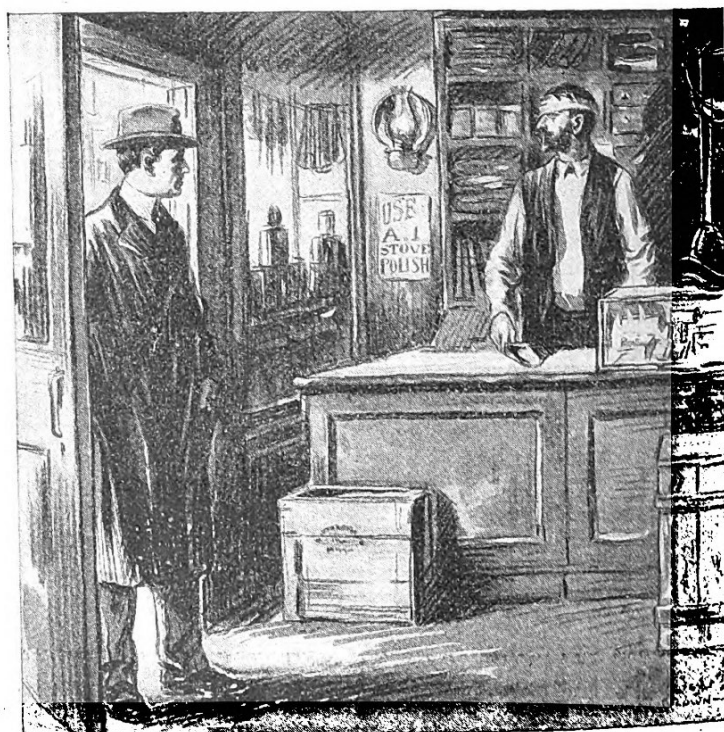
"Ain't you in a powerful hurry?"

"No, sir; you may have to worry about the crops and the stock, but a man in my business must work days and travel nights, to get there."

"I started to pack up."

From Farming to the Shoe Store

"I've got a boy," the old farmer began—I thought he was going to tell me his family history—"I've got a boy that I'm kinder worryin' [Continued on page 669]



"The same chap I had floored the night before"

DO IT TO A FINISH

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

YEARs ago a relief life-boat at New London sprung a leak, and while being repaired a hammer was found in the bottom that had been left there by the builders thirteen years before. From the constant motion of the boat the hammer had worn through the planking, clear down to the plating.

Not long since, it was discovered that a girl had served *twenty years* for a twenty months' sentence, in an Alabama prison, because of the mistake of a court clerk who wrote "years" instead of "months" in the record of the prisoner's sentence.

The history of the human race is full of the most horrible tragedies caused by carelessness and the inexcusable blunders of those who never formed the habit of accuracy, of thoroughness, of doing things to a finish.

Multitudes of people are hobbling around on one leg, have lost an eye or an arm, or are otherwise maimed, because dishonest workmen wrought deception into the articles they manufactured, slighted their work, covered up defects and weak places with paint and varnish.

How many have lost their lives because of dishonest work, carelessness, criminal blundering in railroad construction? Think of the tragedies caused by lies packed in car-wheels, locomotives, steamboat boilers, and engines; lies in defective rails, ties, or switches; lies in dishonest labor put into manufactured material by workmen who said it was good enough for the meager wages they got! Because people were not conscientious in their work, there were flaws in the steel, which caused the rail or pillar to snap, the locomotive or other machinery to break. The steel shaft broke in mid-ocean, and the lives of a thousand passengers were jeopardized because of somebody's carelessness.

How many serious accidents have occurred because of lack of care in the casting of steel girders and all sorts of iron building material! Even before they are completed, buildings often fall and bury the workmen under their ruins, because somebody was dishonest—either employer or employee—and worked lies, deceptions, into the building.

The majority of railroad wrecks, of disasters on land and sea, which cause so much misery and cost so many lives, are the result of carelessness, thoughtlessness, or half-done, botched, blundering work. They are the evil fruit of the low ideals of slovenly, careless, indifferent workers.

Everywhere over this broad earth we see the tragic results of botched work. Wooden legs, armless sleeves, numberless graves, fatherless and motherless homes everywhere speak of somebody's carelessness, somebody's blunders, somebody's habit of inaccuracy.

The worst crimes are not punishable by law. Carelessness, slipshodness, lack of thoroughness, are crimes against self, against humanity, that often do more harm than the crimes that make the perpetrator an outcast from society. Where a tiny flaw or the slightest defect may cost a precious life, carelessness itself is a crime.

If everybody put his conscience into his work, did it to a complete finish, it would not only reduce the loss of human life, the mangling and maiming of men and women to a fraction of what it is at present, but it would also give us a higher quality of manhood and womanhood.

It takes honest work to make an honest character. The habit of doing poor, slovenly work will, after a while, make the worker dishonest in other things. The man who habitually slight his work slight his character. Botched work makes a botched life. Our work is a part of us. Every botched job you let go through your hands diminishes your competence, your efficiency, your ability to do good work. It is an offence against your self-respect, an insult to your highest ideal. Every inferior piece of work you do is an enemy which pulls you down, keeps you back.

Nothing kills ambition or lowers the life standard quicker than familiarity with inferiority—that which is cheap, the "cheap John" method of doing things. We unconsciously become like that with which we are habitually associated. It becomes part of us, and the habit of doing things in an inferior, slovenly way weaves its fatal defects into the very texture of the character.

We are so constituted that the quality which we put into our life-work affects everything else in our lives, and tends to bring our whole conduct to the same level. The whole person takes on the characteristics of one's usual way of doing things. The habit of precision and accuracy affects the entire mentality, improves the whole character.

On the contrary, doing things in a loose-jointed, slipshod, careless manner deteriorates the whole mentality, demoralizes the entire mental processes, and brings down the whole life.

Every half-done or slovenly job that goes out of your hands leaves

its trace of demoralization behind, takes a bit from your self-respect. After slighting your work, after doing a poor job, you are not quite the same man you were before. You are not so likely to try to keep up the quality of your work, not so likely to regard your word as sacred as before. You incapacitate yourself from doing your best in proportion to the number of times you allow yourself to do inferior, slipshod work.

The mental and moral effect of half doing, or carelessly doing things; its power to drag down, to demoralize, can hardly be estimated, because the processes are so gradual, so subtle. No one can respect himself who habitually botches his work, and when self-respect drops, confidence goes with it; and when confidence and self-respect have gone, excellence is impossible.

It is astonishing how completely a slovenly habit will gradually, insidiously fasten itself upon the individual and so change his whole mental attitude as to thwart absolutely his life-purpose, even when he may think he is doing his best to carry it out.

I know a man who was extremely ambitious to do something very distinctive and who had the ability to do it. When he started on his career, he was very exact and painstaking. He demanded the best of himself—would not accept his second-best in anything. The thought of slighting his work was painful to him, but his mental processes have so deteriorated, and he has become so demoralized by the habit which, after a while, grew upon him, of accepting his second-best, that he does it now without a protest, seemingly without being conscious of it. He is to-day doing quite ordinary things, without apparent mortification

or sense of humiliation, and the tragedy of it all is, *he does not know why he has failed!*

One's ambition and ideals need constant watching and cultivation, in order to keep the standards up. Many people are so constituted that their ambition deteriorates and their ideals drop when they are alone, or with careless, indifferent people. They require the constant assistance, suggestion, prodding, or example of others to keep them up to standard.

I recall a once prominent man who, until the death of his wife, had very high ideals and a lofty aim; a man who was extremely painstaking

and careful in everything, who would never accept anything from himself but the best he was capable of, but who, when he lived alone, gradually deteriorated in his appearance, his personal habits, and his lofty standards, until he became really repulsive, and yet he was apparently absolutely unconscious of the insidious change.

How quickly a youth of high ideals, who has been well trained in thoroughness, often deteriorates when he leaves home and goes to work for an employer with inferior ideals and slipshod methods!

The introduction of inferiority into our work is like introducing subtle poison into the system. It paralyzes the normal functions. Inferiority is an infection which, like leaven, affects the entire system. It dulls ideals, palsies the aspiring faculty, stupefies the ambition, and causes deterioration all along the line.

The human mechanism is so constituted that whatever goes wrong in one part affects the whole structure. There is a very intimate relation between the quality of the work and the quality of the character. Did you ever notice the rapid decline in a young man's character when he began to slight his work, to shirk, to slip in rotten hours, rotten service?

If you should ask the inmates of our penitentiaries what had caused their ruin, many of them could trace the first signs of deterioration to shirking, clipping their hours, deceiving their employers—to indifferent, dishonest work.

A prominent business man says that the carelessness, inaccuracy, and blundering of employees cost Chicago one million dollars a day. The manager of a large Chicago house says that he has to station pickets here and there through the establishment in order to neutralize the evils of inaccuracy and the blundering habit. Blunders and inaccuracies cost a New York concern twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

Many an employee who would be shocked at the thought of telling his employer a lie with his lips is lying every day in the quality of his work, in his dishonest service, in the rotten hours he is slipping into it, in shirking, in his indifference to his employer's interests. It is just as dishonest to express deception in poor work, in shirking, as to express it with the lips, yet I have known office boys, who could not be induced to tell their employer a direct lie, to steal his time when on an errand, to hide away during working hours to smoke a cigarette or take a nap, not realizing, perhaps, that lies can be acted as well as told, and that acting a lie may be even worse than telling one.

[Continued on page 677]

The SKY MAN

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Illustrations by DAN SMITH

CHAPTER XI THE "AURORA"

"TELL you, sir, the thing is beyond human possibility. There is no help—no human help in the world. I would swear to that before God. But I think you must know it as well as I do."

Captain Warner, standing upon the *Aurora's* bridge, was the speaker.

Tom Fanshaw's eyes had almost the light of madness in them. "But she's alone, unarmed!" he cried. "She has no food; no shelter, but those bare huts!"

"The *Walrus* people doubtless left some stores there, if she could find them," said Captain Warner. "But still, what you say is perfectly true. She can hardly hope to keep alive a week."

"Then," said Tom, in dull, passionate rebellion—"then, in some way or other, we must go back to her. If you won't go—if you won't take the *Aurora* back, I'll take one of the little boats and go myself."

"If you want to commit suicide," said Captain Warner, "you could do it less painfully with a revolver." His own voice faltered, and there were tears in the deep, weather-beaten furrows of his cheeks. "God knows," he concluded, "if there were any possible chance I would take it, but there is none—none in the world, not unless we could fly through the air."

It was only an hour since they had ascertained, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Jeanne was not aboard the *Aurora*. Until Tom had recovered consciousness, the others had entertained little doubt that she was safely hidden somewhere about the ship.

They had had a grim night of it, as the condition of the *Aurora's* decks, when the dawn first brightened them, testified. When the two parties, which had been reunited by Cayley's efforts, had reached the shore on the previous evening, the yacht was still invisible in the fog, and—though this they did not know—the *Walrus* people were already in possession of it. Tom was lying unconscious at the foot of the companionway where Roscoe had left him, and Jeanne, oblivious of everything in the world, except the narrative she was reading in her father's journal, was in the abandoned hut on the shore.

That the *Aurora's* people were not surprised by what amounted to an ambush, and beaten off on their return to the ship, had been due to two causes, one of which they did not, even yet, suspect.

Cayley's warning, together with the confession of the Portuguese, Miguel, had caused them to steal alongside the *Aurora* as silently as possible. Not a word had been spoken by any of the party, and the sound of the rising wind had drowned the creak of their oars. Half a dozen well-armed men had stolen aboard over the bows to reconnoiter.

Then, making out the unfamiliar figures of the *Walrus* people on deck, and knowing that they had a fight on their hands, they had worked their way, unobserved, to a position amidships. Here, under cover of a brisk revolver-fire, they had made it possible for the rest of their party to get aboard.

The *Walrus* people, several of whom were below, came tumbling up on deck at the sound of firing, and their whole party entrenched itself in the after-deck house. They had found arms of various sorts aboard the *Aurora*, and made a spirited resistance before they were finally overpowered.

The gale, which had been raging all this while, had gone screaming by unheeded, and it was not until dawn that the horrified conquerors of the yacht discovered that there was no land in sight.

It was several hours after that—not, indeed, until the captain had worked out their reckoning from an observation—before they realized that they were one hundred miles away from their anchorage

of the previous evening, and that their return was hopeless.

Old Mr. Fanshaw gave his arm to his son, helped him down from the bridge, and thence to the now deserted smoking-room forward. Tom submitted to be led blindly along, and did not demur when his father halted beside a big leather sofa and told him to lie down upon it. Since that momentary outburst of his upon the bridge, the young man had been unnaturally calm. His muscles, as he lay there now upon the sofa, seemed relaxed; his eyes were fixed, almost dull.

Through a long silence his father sat there watching him, but there was no dawn of a corresponding calmness in his face. It had aged whole years over-night. It had been gray and drawn and haggard up there on the bridge when the captain had uttered those hope-destroying words, but now, as he sat beside his son, there was dawning in his eyes a new look of terror.

"My boy," he said at last, unsteadily, "I'm going to ask you to make me a promise, a solemn promise, upon your honor."

The young man did not meet his father's eyes. He made no answer at all, but he paled a little.

The old gentleman tried to say something more, but a great sob escaped his lips before he could speak again. "Don't think that I don't understand, my boy; that I don't know how intolerable the agony is. It's hard enough for me—all I can bear—and I know it's worse for you. I know you loved her. I know you hoped that some day, she would become your wife—and well, I understand. But, Tom, I saw the look that came into your eyes when Warner, up there on the bridge, said—that it could be done less painfully with a revolver. That was rhetoric with him. Men should n't use rhetoric in times like this. Tom, I want your word of honor that you won't do it."

"You don't know what you're asking," his son answered brokenly. "If she had died—only that—I could have faced the loss like a man, as you have asked me to do; I could go on living upon my memories of her. But, dad, I've murdered her; that is what it comes to. It was in no idle caprice that she left the yacht last night. I drove her away! Oh, of course, I didn't know that at the time. I began making love to her, and I showed her, not the man she had always known, but a hot-headed, hot-blooded brute that she

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 near-by ice floe, he encountered Jeanne Fielding, who told him that the *Aurora* contained a party in search of her father, Captain Fielding, an explorer. She did not know that the *Walrus*, with a burly brute, Roscoe, and eleven men, had been shipwrecked upon the same land with Fielding, and had learned from him of the rich gold deposits; that the explorer and his companions had disappeared; that Roscoe had just killed Hunter, of the *Aurora* crew, and was planning to capture the yacht and escape with a large store of gold. 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, descended from the air, and Roscoe fled in terror. Jeanne and Cayley spent the night reading her father's journal. Morning revealed the fact that the yacht had disappeared.

Under cover
of a brisk revolver-
fire, they had made it
possible for the rest of their
party to get aboard

was afraid of; until, at last, she told me that I seemed to be trying to kill even the old love which she had always had for me. And she left the yacht because she wanted to get away; because she was afraid of me! That's the memory I've got to live on, and I tell you I won't do it!"

The terror died out of his father's face. It was stern, the face of a judge, when Tom finished. "Is there no one in the world but yourself?" he asked. "If what you say is true, if you are responsible for taking my daughter away from me—she was my daughter; was loved like a daughter—because you have done that, you now propose to take my son away, too, and leave me childless. Is that your idea of an atonement? Would it be her idea, do you think? Will it be hers, do you think, if her spirit is waiting anywhere, watching us, conscious of the things we do and of the things we think? Or will she see that it was the act of a coward—of a man who fled his post of duty in the world because it was a hard one to keep?"

His voice changed there, suddenly; the sternness was gone, the tenderness came back. "Tom, my boy, you will see it that way some day for yourself. You are not a coward; but until you see it, I want your bare promise."

Slowly the tears gathered in the boy's eyes, filled them full, and overflowed them. Once or twice his pale lips twitched; then, holding out his hand, "I promise," he said.

Then his unsteady lips widened into a sort of grin of agony. "And yesterday at this time," he said, "I was calling Cayley a knave and a murderer—Cayley!"

His composure broke down there completely. He rolled over on his face, buried it in the crook of his arm, his shoulders heaving with smothered sobs.

The old gentleman closed his eyes and waited. He could not watch; he could not go away, and, for a long while he could not speak. But finally, when he could command his voice, he began again, talking quietly of something else.

"It's strange to me," he said, "that we ever recovered possession of this yacht at all, let alone that we were able to recover it without it costing us the life of a single man. This gang must have had a leader, and a clever one. The way he maneuvered his men to keep them out of sight while he drew away, first one party and then the other from the yacht, was a piece of masterly strategy. He worked it out perfectly in every detail. He got possession of the yacht without losing a man, without even firing a shot that might give the alarm. And even with the warning we had and with the help of the fog, I don't see how we defeated a man like that. His success must have gone to his head and made him mad."

"He was probably killed in the first volley our people fired when they got aboard," said Tom, dully. "He alone could have accounted for half a dozen of you, if he'd ever had a chance—a giant like that."

"A giant!"

"I think he must have been the leader," said Tom. "He was the first man to come aboard, certainly."

"But what makes you call him a giant?"

"Because he literally was. He struck me down with just one blow, and as he raised his arm to strike I saw that his shoulder-cap was above the level of my eyes; and I pass for a tall man."

His father abandoned the subject abruptly, and for a while contrived to talk of other things; of the details of the fight and how different members of the crew had borne themselves.

But his mind was filled with a new horror, and as soon as he could feel that his son was in condition to be left alone, he left him, with a broken word of excuse. He must either set this new terror at rest, or know the worst at once. There had been no one, either among the survivors or the slain of the *Walrus* party, who in any way resembled the monster Tom had described.

An hour later he went back to the bridge to talk again with Captain Warner. He thought that they had sounded the depth of despair that former time when they had talked together there, but in this last hour he had sounded a new abyss beyond it all. They knew now that Jeanne was not alone upon that terrible, frozen shore. The man Roscoe was there, too. He knew now why the yacht had been so easily taken. He knew all the details of the devilish plan which had so nearly succeeded. More than that, he knew the story of the man Roscoe from the time when Captain Planck had taken him aboard the *Walrus* down to the hour last night when he had sprung into his boat again and pulled shoreward. Captain Planck was dying, and old Mr. Fanshaw's questions had enabled him to enjoy the luxury of a full confession.

So, these two men stood there on the bridge, white-lipped, talking over the horror of the thing.

A sound on the deck below attracted Mr. Fanshaw's attention. Tom, with the aid of a heavy cane, was limping precariously along the deck toward the bridge ladder, and, to their amazement, when he looked up at them, they saw that somehow his face had cleared. There was a grave look of peace upon it.

"I've thought of something," he said, after he had clambered up beside them. "I've thought of something that makes it seem possible to go on living, and even hoping."

The two older men exchanged a swift glance. He was not to know about Roscoe. If he had found something to hope for, no matter how illusory, he should be allowed to keep it—to hug it to his breast, in place of the horrible, torturing vision of the human monster which the other two men saw.

"What is it you've thought of, Tom?" his father asked unsteadily.

"It's—it's Cayley. He's there with her; I'm sure he is." He turned away a little from Captain Warner and spoke directly to his father. "I don't know how I know, but it's as if I saw them there together. He has fallen in love with her, I think. I'm quite sure she has with him. I wanted to kill him for that yesterday, but now—" His voice faltered there, but the look in his eyes did not change—the light of a serene, untroubled hope. "He's there with her," he went on, "and with God's help he'll keep her alive until we can get back with relief."

Then he said no more, but he clutched the rail tight in his gauntleted hands and gazed out north, across the ice.

CHAPTER XII

CAYLEY'S PROMISE

For this small mercy Cayley thanked God. The girl did not understand. She was rubbing those sleepy eyes of hers and putting back into place stray locks of hair that were in the way. "The floor must have gone to pieces," she said, "and they've drifted off in the fog without knowing it. I suppose there's no telling when they'll be back; very likely not for hours."

He did not risk trying to answer her. All his will-power was directed to keep the real significance of the yacht's disappearance from showing in his face.

She had turned to him quite casually for an answer, but not getting it, remained looking intently into his eyes.

"Mr. Cayley," she asked, presently, "were you telling me last night what you really thought was true, or were you just encouraging me—I mean about those men who attacked the yacht? Are you afraid, after all, that our people are not in possession of the *Aurora*, wherever she is?"

"I told you the truth last night. I can't imagine any possibility by which the men who came here on the *Walrus* could get the *Aurora* away from your people, except by stealth."

"But if our people beat them off, why didn't they come ashore? There are n't any of them around, are there?"

"Apparently not," said Cayley. "They may have all been killed before they could get back to shore, or some of them may have

been captured. No, I really don't think you need worry about them."

Of course she would have to know sometime. She must know soon, in fact. But Cayley prayed that she might remain ignorant of the horrible, silent menace that lay before her, until he himself should have had time to look it in the face; to plumb the depth of its horror; to see if there were anything that could be built into a hope, or into the mere illusion of a hope.

He knew, all too well, what those great, turning, tumbling masses of emerald and golden ice there in the harbor meant. The *Aurora* might be alive somewhere far out in that turbulent sea—might, possibly, still preserve her powers of locomotion, but her spars and funnels would never cut their horizon line again—this horizon that lost itself now before his eyes in rose-drenched haze—never, at least until the morning of a new summer.

He must think, think what to do and how to tell her. If only she would give him time. An hour was what he was praying for—an hour in which to gather up his forces for what he knew, intuitively, must be a greater battle than any his soul had ever waged. He did not know what form the struggle was going to take. That was the thing which, in the next hour, he must try to foresee.

And he must go away by himself; he knew that. To stand there before her, looking at her, caused a singing in his veins and in his heart, which in other circumstances he would have called joy. The singing made it hard to think. And the refrain of the song was, so far as it was translatable into words at all, that they two possessed the world together; that it had been emptied, overnight, of all save themselves. The blind-eyed sisters had caught up two threads out of the warp of life and knotted them together, and until those two threads were sheared across, they would lie side by side.

This was not a thought of his. It bore about the same relation to thought that music does to language. But his nerves were tingling with it; his blood leaping like a March brook.

She had not been looking at him since he had answered her question. All he could see of her face was the rim of one of her perfect ears and a flushed cheek, veiled with that warm, misty bloom which lasts a little while after slumber, and bearing, just perceptibly, the print of one of the creases in the hard pillow on which she had slept.

She began to speak without turning to him. "You said something last night about my faith. Well, I'm not going to falsify it—not to-day, at any rate." Then she turned and faced him, her eyes bright, her color mounting even a little higher. "I'm going to believe that they're safe—Uncle Jerry and Tom, and all the rest. I am not going to be afraid for them. And so, until they come back, we'll make this a holiday. Aren't you glad, just a little glad that it's happened? Because I am, I'm afraid. That's selfish, I know, because they'll be frightfully worried about me, until they come back and find me safe. They don't even know you're here, I suppose. And it was an inexcusable trick of mine, rowing ashore without telling Tom where I was going. But I'm not going to begin to repent until it will do somebody some good. You don't deserve to be made miserable with it."

She drew a long, deep breath, flung out her arms wide, and then stretched them skyward. "What a day it is. Was there ever such a day down there in that warm green world that people live in? Oh, I don't wonder that you love it. I wish I could fly as you do. But since I can't, for this one day you must stay down here upon the earth with me."

Her mention of his wings gave him his first perception of the line the struggle would take. His mind flashed for an instant into the position which her own would take when she should know the truth. To her it would not seem that they were castaways together.

He was not marooned here on this shore. His ship was waiting to take him anywhere in the world. He was as free as the wind itself.

"I believe living in the sky is what makes you do that," he heard her say—"makes you drift off into trances that way, perfectly oblivious of the fact that people are asking you questions."

He met her smiling eyes, and a smile came, unbidden, into his own. "You have forgiven me already, I see," he said. "What was the question about?"

"It was about breakfast. Have you anything to eat in that bundle of yours?"

He shook his head, and she drew down her lips in mock dismay.

"Is there anything to eat anywhere?" she ques-

[Continued on page 673]



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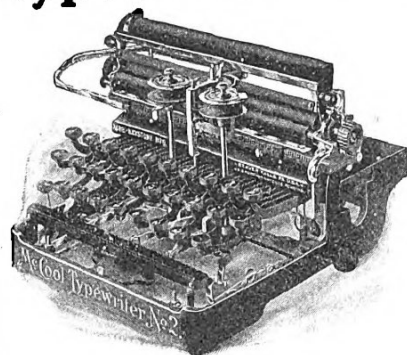
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DURING the fight to amend the rules of the House of Representatives last spring Speaker Cannon openly threatened to chastise the rebellious Congressmen in the next appointment of committees. After the organization's narrow escape, however, it was thought by many observers that Mr. Cannon was too shrewd a politician to fall into the obvious error of carrying out his threat, and it was believed that his appointments would be conciliatory rather than antagonistic.

Cannon's Costly Revenge

The appointments are now made and Speaker Cannon has made good his threats. Here is a partial list of the insurgents who have been visited by the Speaker's displeasure.

Cooper of Wisconsin has been removed from the chairmanship of the insular affairs committee, Fowler of New Jersey from the chairmanship of the banking and currency committee. Gardner of Massachusetts lost his place as chairman of Industrial Arts and Expositions. Murdock, Morse, Lovering, Norris and Haugen were among those reduced. There is scarcely a middle Western insurgent who has not lost at least his ranking on committees. The best positions were given to the organization men and in some cases the insurgents were put upon unimportant and freak committees. Besides the rules insurgents, Crumpacker of Indiana suffered for his downward revision ideas, and Weeks of Massachusetts paid the penalty of his advocacy of the Appalachian Forest Reserve bill.

By his revengeful action, Speaker Cannon has justified the claim of the insurgents that the government of the House is a personal oligarchy and has given them the strongest possible issue with which to come before their constituents. Far-seeing observers see in the incident the beginning of the end of Cannonism.

THE case against Cannonism is admirably summed up in a remarkably frank, vigorous, open letter addressed to the Speaker by Congressman Charles N. Fowler of New Jersey. Mr. Fowler has served his country long and well in the House of Representatives as Chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee and has devoted his time and his fortune to the study of financial legislation. In this letter Cannon is confronted with his contemptuous refusal to allow the Fowler bill to come up for discussion during the panic times and thus provide credit currency which would have prevented much of our financial losses.

The Last of the Bourbons

Mr. Fowler charges Cannon with a conspiracy with Aldrich to pass the high Senate tariff rates by "packing" the House Conference Committee with his friends.

"I challenge you," he says, "to cite in all our political history a more dishonorable and disreputable piece of business, unless, perchance, you cite something in your own career of which the people are not yet advised."

Mr. Fowler completely abolishes the harmful machine-made popular conception of the genial, rugged "Uncle Joe," and concludes with the statement that if the Republican party wins the next Congressional election it will only be upon the grave of Cannonism.

The party, he says, "will not brook nor condone your contemptible trickery and treachery, your disgusting favoritism and vengeful malice, your brutal despotism and daringly desperate methods."

THIS year we shall raise three billion bushels of corn. It is hard to realize what that means. It is a harvest greater even than the bumper crop of 1906. These three billion bushels will be worth to the farmer over a billion and a half of dollars, or over three times as much as the corn was worth in 1896. Last year the value of all farm products in the United States was almost eight billions of dollars; this year it will be over eight billions. This is more than the entire wealth of America in 1850. In 1850 the farms of the United States were worth less than four billions, to-day they are worth twenty-eight billions. Every day the farms of the country are worth \$3,400,000 more than they were worth the day before.

The Prosperity of the Farmer

It is a good thing for the people at large that the farmers are getting their share of the general increase in wealth. The eight billion dollars that they get each year amounts to only seven hundred dollars apiece when it is distributed over all the farmers and farm laborers in the country. But the per capita amount is growing and is bound to grow still more.

During the next twenty years we are going to see a great revolution in farming. Agriculture is to be more intelligent and more intense, new plants are to be introduced, a better use is to be made of the land, and an acre will produce twice as much as it now produces. The benefit of this new production should not be monopolized by railroads, elevator companies and harvester trusts. It should go to the farmers and to the people, and it should show itself in better food, clothing and housing and in more wide-spread education for the great mass of us.

THE morning of the eventful nineteenth of August dawned bright and clear as the shattered army of the Blues took up their last desperate stand in defense of Boston. For days the defending army had met disheartening defeat. Man after man had fallen into the hands of the invading Reds or had been pronounced killed by the gentlemanly and impartial umpire. The Massachusetts army had suffered fearful privations. Creases had long since disappeared from trousers, reading-matter was getting low, twice the coffee had been bad. The mails had been cut off and not a man in that gallant army knew whether the Boston Red Sox were winning or losing the American League pennant.

Defeated after desperate fighting at Four Corners, the stricken Blues fell back to defend the Whitman Road. It was a gallant stand but the wrong road. The invaders took the Brockton road and the entire Red army of three hundred officers and several privates, destroying bridges behind them with neatly printed placards, marched triumphantly into Boston.

While the sympathy of the country goes out to the stricken city, patriotism will rejoice at the scene that followed. When General Wood declared the cruel war at an end the conquerors and the conquered fraternized and like true Americans "roasted" the umpire. The Red and the Blue clasped hands over round, wet tables and drank long life to their reunited country.

DR. BRUCE BARTON believes in bringing religion to the people and he is willing to get it to them by any method. Dr. Barton says that there are thousands of "nerve-worn, air-hungry" men going to the baseball fields every Sunday instead of to church, and he does not believe that the "annual crop of sermons on Sunday baseball" do any good. If the Sunday "fan" won't come to church, says Dr. Barton, let the church go to the "fan."

In an article on this subject in *The Home Herald*, the clergyman suggests that half a dozen leading pastors go to the presidents of the baseball clubs and speak as follows.

"See here, you have people at your parks whom we want to reach. They need us. When they know for what we have come they will welcome us. There is always an interval of a few minutes after the teams have finished practicing and before the game starts. Let us have that few minutes. We will be short and careful not to delay the game, but we want to reach the people."

We do not believe that this plan will be adopted, because it is almost too spectacular. And yet, as Dr. Barton says, the people who go to baseball games even on Sunday are the most part reverent and religious. "I am not sure," says Dr. Barton, "that if Jesus should come to-day to a race which is stifled in hot factories and over sticky desks in the week, that even the Son of Man would not follow the crowd to the bleachers and stand before them for a few moments to proclaim the love of God."

Preaching and evangelism have gone from the church into the streets and the slums. May they not some day go to the factory, the amusement park, and the ball game?

Religion for "Fans"

a Nutshell

"It is time," said Governor Johnson in his address at Seattle, "that the West threw off the shackles of the East."

The call of the West, Minnesota's Governor went on to say, is for patriotism and progress, for emancipation from every form of Old World and New World caste and privilege, from tyranny of wealth and birth and from the domination of the Trust and the political machine.

In this stirring address Governor Johnson has uttered the thoughts of innumerable of his countrymen. It was the Western Senators who exposed the iniquities of the Aldrich Tariff bill; it was the West which furnished rules insurgents and tariff insurgents in the House of Representatives. It is in the West that independent voting is making its greatest progress, that the movement for direct nominations is most marked, that the commission form of city government is making its longest strides, that woman's suffrage is most advanced. It is in the West that the hope of the income tax amendment lies.

Are we to have, some day, a new political alignment, a solid West arrayed against a solid East? Governor Johnson thinks not.

"We have," he said, "in the United States west of the Mississippi the undoubted balance of power, no matter under what name the national Administration at Washington exists."

John Johnson looks to the independent West to force the great political parties and the government at Washington to bow to the will of the people. This is not sectionalism but nationalism, and none will welcome such a movement more than the boss-wearied, wealth-shackled, plain people of the Eastern States.

IF VIOLENCE were a cure for injustice the acts of the striking workmen of the Pressed Steel Car Company at McKee's Rocks, Pennsylvania, would be amply justified. For, through the interference of the Hungarian Government, the light has been turned upon that concern; and careful scrutiny fails to disclose any form of industrial tyranny that has not been practised there upon the workmen. Investigation—official or unofficial—seems to show the company guilty of violation of the contract labor law, of peonage, of the pooling system of paying wages which does not permit working men to know what is coming to them, and of the sub-contractor system which invariably means graft and robbery.

When at last the underpaid, overworked, unorganized workmen, most of whom are foreigners, revolted against the unbearable conditions, the company's president, Mr. Hoffstot, arrogantly declared that he had nothing to arbitrate. He imported strike-breakers whom he kept under heavy guard and treated brutally until many of them succeeded in escaping.

In the minds of President Hoffstot and his associates there seems to have come no inkling of the modern idea that working men have rights that employers are bound to respect. Government, they think, exists solely to protect them in their task of coining helpless suffering into dividends. As a result of these disclosures Pennsylvania people of all classes, in spite of a distressing outbreak of violence by the strikers, are wishing these arrogant, narrow-minded, unprincipled employers a decisive and far-reaching defeat. The prospect for such an outcome now seems bright.

ALABAMA, like Abou Ben Adhem, "leads all the rest," and not because the States are arranged alphabetically. The income tax amendment came to Alabama, it was seen and it conquered. The House passed it; the Senate passed it unanimously; and the Governor lost no time in affixing his signature.

The Progress of the Amendment

It is only one State out of the thirty-five which must sign before the amendment becomes valid, but it is one. Georgia has been less bold. The Georgia Legislature feared first that it was a poor tax, and should not be permitted to the Federal Government; and second, that it was a good tax and should be reserved by the State. It therefore postponed consideration of the amendment. In short the Georgia legislators had not yet heard from their constituents.

But they will. There is a growing sentiment throughout the community that the income tax amendment must be passed, not only because an income tax is desirable, not only because the power to levy it might be absolutely necessary in a national emergency, but also to show that the constitution of the United States

can be amended when the people desire. The fight for the amendment will be fought out in every State and in every legislative district of every State. Soon we shall have calls for special sessions of the Legislature to consider this problem, and candidates will have to declare how they stand on the amendment before they run for office.

Alabama is the first State, but it will not be long before there is a second, and a third—and a thirty-fifth.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* is not hopeful of the future of our country; it sees signs and portents of the coming of imperialism. Is the *Picayune's* empire coming with the gilded trappings of royalty and the fanfare of imperial trumpets? Not at all. It is coming in the humble copper cent bearing upon it the humble face of Abraham Lincoln.

The Penny and the Republic

The new Lincoln penny may look innocent enough to thoughtless people, but you can't fool the *Picayune*.

For the Lincoln penny is only the entering wedge. For the first time in a century the image of a public man has been allowed to appear upon one of our coins. We'll have Roosevelt on our dimes soon, Aldrich on our quarters. The Goddess of Liberty will give way to Harriman; the days of the republic are numbered. Cæsars and Bonapartes always begin work that way.

There is only one hope held out to those who love this country. Our Government currency has always been adorned with pictures of presidents, secretaries of the treasury, and bank cashiers, yet none of these queer looking parties has ever threatened to become emperor. For a hundred years we've been licking presidential postage stamps and the Government at Washington still lives. Maybe the republic will survive even the Lincoln penny.

DR. J. McKEEN CATTELL and Dr. F. A. Woods have compiled a long list of eminent, scientific men and have looked up their birthplaces. They find among the celebrities an alarming number of Massachusetts men. The Bay State, it seems, has been producing 108.8 scientific men per million as against 3.8 per million in the South. Even excluding the negroes, Massachusetts

High-Brow Massachusetts

leads all the States of the Union, and is easily ten to thirty times ahead of some of our commonwealths.

There is a disagreement between the two good doctors as to whether this astounding intellectuality of Massachusetts is inherited or acquired, whether it is nature or nurture. Dr. Woods seems to think that you can't help being intelligent if you are born in sight of Plymouth Rock, and he points out that you do not find as many leading men from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, although these States have wealth, opportunity, institutions and social traditions. Dr. Cattell, on the other hand, thinks that it depends on the schools and the libraries and the educational opportunities generally, and he believes that there are many grocery-store keepers and farmers in the South and West who are mute, inglorious Emersons.

If you ask us, we agree with Dr. Cattell. Genius is a law unto itself, but learning, talent and brains are everywhere. Only the opportunity is rare.

HERE briefly are the facts of the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy. It is not a personal quarrel between two public men; it is a question that concerns our whole policy of conservation of natural resources.

Just before his term closed, Roosevelt withdrew from the public domain a million and a half acres of Western land containing water-power sites upon which the corporations had cast a designing eye. When Ballinger became Secretary of the Interior under Taft, he restored most of this land to the public domain on the ground that its withdrawal had been illegal. Pinchot, of the Forestry Bureau, politely denounced this restoration as a huge water-power grab, and Taft at last accounts was looking the matter up.

As far as the public can make out, Secretary Ballinger is devoting himself to conserving the strict letter of the law, and incidentally the interests of a lot of good friends of his who are hoppers of wood and grabbers of water in the Northwest. Gifford Pinchot, on the other hand, is known to be devoting his life to the cause of saving our natural resources for the people.

The final decision in this vitally important matter rests with President Taft. May he forget for the time that he is a lawyer and remember only that he is President! It is increasingly evident that either Pinchot or Ballinger must go—and the country can not spare Pinchot.

KNOW NOW

And Will Never Forget the Experience.

The coffee drinker who has suffered and then been completely relieved by changing from coffee to Postum knows something valuable.

He or she has no doubt about it. A California lady says:

"I learned the truth about coffee in a peculiar way. My husband who has for years been of a very bilious temperament decided to leave off coffee and give Postum a trial and as I did not want the trouble of making two beverages for meals I concluded to try Postum, too, and the results have been that while my husband has been greatly benefitted, I myself have received even greater benefit.

"When I began to drink Postum I was thin in flesh and very nervous. Now I actually weigh 16 pounds more than I did at that time and I am stronger physically and in my nerves, while husband is free from all his ails.

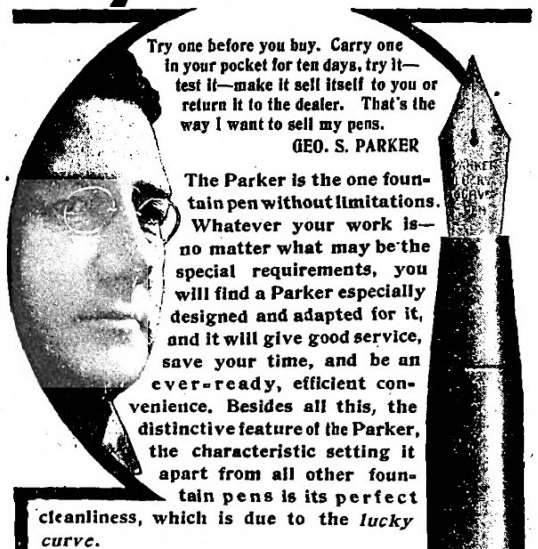
"We have learned our little lesson about coffee and we know something about Postum, too, for we have used Postum now steadily for the last three years and we shall always continue to do so.

"We have no more use for coffee—the drug drink. We prefer Postum and health."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

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

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Try one before you buy. Carry one in your pocket for ten days, try it—test it—make it sell itself to you or return it to the dealer. That's the way I want to sell my pens.

GEO. S. PARKER

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PARKER

LUCKY CURVE

FOUNTAIN PENS

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The World in a Nutshell

The MONTH ABROAD

IF DR. FREDERICK A. COOK has done all that is claimed by him, if he stood on April 21st, 1908, at the northern end of the world's axis, his name will go down to history as among the first of all explorers in all ages.

The Twice Discovered Pole

For over three centuries the boldest men have had their eyes turned toward that mysterious roof of the world, the North Pole. There is nothing there worth the getting, neither fertile lands, nor gold, nor precious stones. And yet it has cast a glamor over all the adventurous men of the most adventurous nations, and hundreds have frozen and starved in the arctic desolation in the vain, heroic hope of carrying their country's flag to that desolate spot.

And when the world had scarcely recovered from its first gasp of astonishment, came the thrilling news that Robert E. Peary also had reached the goal—Lieutenant Peary, the intrepid explorer, who for twenty-three years has been carrying the American flag nearer and nearer the Pole. That the civilized world should hear within five days that two men, pursuing different routes and different methods, had achieved the goal of centuries was almost too great a coincidence to be believed.

Dr. Cook's statement is as yet unsupported, except by the word of Esquimaux. The commander of the *Roosevelt*, on the other hand, had with him a party of trustworthy witnesses. The accounts of the two explorers will be carefully scrutinized by arctic authorities, checked with known scientific facts and with each other, and the real truth will soon be known.

To whomever the palm goes, however, or if the honor is to be divided, the victory is America's—for the flag of the United States has been planted away off in that mysterious region of cold and darkness, where there is no longitude and only one direction.

THE glorious new sport of aviation has had its first great field day. The contests at Rheims, France, in the late August days removed the last lingering doubts that man some day will be master of the air.

New Thrills for an Old World

During that week of stirring performances there were as many as twenty-two aeroplanes gathered together; at one time six machines were aloft, swooping and darting to avoid collision. And while in America Indianapolis and Brighton Beach were conducting automobile races with fearful fatalities, there was not a serious accident at Rheims.

There was scarcely a day in which records were not broken. Farman at the last won the distance prize by running 112 miles, the longest flight ever made by man in a heavier-than-air machine; while Glenn H. Curtiss brought honor to America by winning the principal event, the speed contest, by flying 12.42 miles in less than sixteen minutes.

Best of all, the Rheims contests demonstrated what heretofore the world has doubted—the ability of the aeroplane to sail in stormy weather. With this victory the aeroplane ceases to be a plaything and becomes a servant of man.

These are thrilling days for the old world!

MODERN publicity methods are being introduced into the king business; the Crown Prince of Germany has gone in for advertising. He does not propose that when the time comes for him to take the leading part in the show he will have to be introduced to his people.

Royal Advertising

By order of his Imperial Highness the royal cinematographers have photographed him at his military duties. He is represented in command of a battery of artillery and in plain view of the camera he fearlessly places the shell in the breech with his own royal hands. He leads a fierce charge across the parade grounds under the heavy fire of a cinematograph machine, and after the battle is easily discovered by the court photographers instructing his officers in the art of handling cannon. The films have been ordered put on sale and it is hoped that before long every German may have royal maneuvers with his evening beer.

Perhaps at no distant day we may hear of the creation of a new position, that of press agent to the House of Hohenzollern. Some time the face of the German Crown Prince may be as well known to the world as that of his fellow Teuton, Hans Wagner of the Pittsburgh team.

THE new Shah of Persia is only eleven years old, but he has ideas of his own. Foremost among these just now is his strong dislike for the job of being a Shah. When the royal father abdicated a short time ago at the urgent request of loving subjects, Shah Junior wept all over the throne at the prospect of separation. When he was respectfully informed that weeping in the royal palace is against the rules, little Ahmed Mirza tried to run away and later to commit suicide. He is said to be somewhat reconciled now and is trying to make the best of a bad bargain, but it is not a pleasant thing for an eleven year old boy to sit Shaming when he might be playing Persian hide-and-seek in the royal haymow.

The Melancholy Shah

If any eleven year old American boy thinks he is ill treated when he has to stay home from the swimming hole and mow the front lawn, let him think of the melancholy Persian ruler and be comforted. No matter what happens the Shah makers will never get him.

THIS is the open season for Dukes in England, and Aristocracy is having a very poor time. Whatever may happen to the Dukes during the next few months, they may always have the consoling thought that they have only themselves to blame.

The Dukes Get Mad

Mr. Lloyd George's budget, which is still monopolizing the attention of Parliament and the English people, carries with it a heavy tax upon the unearned increment of land values. That provision is such a radical step that it seemed doubtful for a time whether it would pass, when suddenly the Dukes, who are the great English landlords, stepped in. They attacked the budget with all the invective that innumerable generations of culture could produce. They railed against the opening of the floodgates, they threatened to raise rents and cut off charities and refuse improvements, they taunted Lloyd George with his humble origin.

Lloyd George not being a "gentleman" is not expert at hurling epithets, but in a stirring speech he quietly demolished the two greatest London landlords, the Dukes of Westminster and Portland, and the English people, hitherto more or less complacent on the subject of Dukes, sprang to his defense. The influential *Daily Mail* flopped over to the defense of the budget, and even the conservative *Times* sadly admits the change in public sentiment. As a consequence the progressive, democratic budget never seemed nearer success than at present.

WHEN the Czar recently visited England and was "personally conducted" into a safe and remote corner of the Island of Cowes, the British people showed once more that they could combine policy with principle, and the wisdom of this world with the noble sentiments of liberty and justice, which are greater than all wisdom. The majority of the nation believed that it would not be safe to refuse to receive Nicholas, and by an affront throw him into the arms of a country hostile to England.

A Letter for the Czar

On the other hand the British people did not forgive the Czar his many murders; the 347 hangings between January and June of this year, the persecution of the Press and the repression and oppression of the whole Russian people. A unanimous welcome to the Czar would have been tantamount to an acquiescence in his policy.

The real feature of the Czar's visit was not the sound of loudly welcoming cannon, nor the formal speeches of England's representatives, but an open letter addressed to Sir Edward Grey protesting against the visit. This letter gave a moderate but somber statement of the abominable conditions in Russia, the hangings, the court martial, the torture and cruelty of Russian jails, the banishment and punishment of suspected persons, untold. The men who signed this petition were the leaders of English thought, and included such men as the Bishops of Birmingham and Hereford, Canon Barnett and Scott Holland, nearly all the nonconformist leaders, some eighty Liberal and Labor members of Parliament and a number of peers, university men, scientists and authors. The letter was read everywhere in England and on the Continent, and it met with a warm response among millions indignant at the brutal tyranny of the Czar.

The World in a Nutshell

WOMEN EVERYWHERE

THE schoolmarm has come into her own; a woman has been elected to the position of superintendent of the schools of Chicago. Her name is Ella Flagg Young and she was chosen from a list of twenty-seven candidates. She will direct the destinies of 290,000 school children and will control fifty million dollars worth of school property. Her salary will be the liberal one of ten thousand dollars a year.

Chicago's Woman Superintendent

Mrs. Young is the first woman superintendent of schools in any large city in this country. Her appointment is a tardy recognition of the fact that women are fitted to be the generals as well as the captains and privates in the army of education. Her success as principal of the Chicago Normal School leads Chicago to believe that her administration will be efficient and free from the blight of politics. This action of the Chicago Board of Education may serve as a precedent to other cities to disregard the sex line in the appointment of school executives.

THE Suffragettes of England are employing much of woman's wit and all of woman's courage in the task of making the Government give them the vote. Megaphones with women back of them shout out their demands suddenly in open meeting; women hide in cupboards and burst forth at the opportune moment to proclaim their faith; women, and men too, lash themselves to pillars and force Parliament to listen to their grievances. Great, passionate meetings are held, open violence is resorted to, and women, confined in jail, go on a hunger strike, starving for days in the darkness of their cells until the frightened jailers themselves secure their release. The Suffragettes are ridiculed, mis-handled, flung out of halls and thrown down staircases by angry men. Still the struggle goes on. Thousands of sympathizers are attracted, thousands are alienated, millions hear of the woman's war, and begin to wonder what it is all about.

The War of the Women

We do not approve of such heroic or revolutionary measures as the women have taken; and yet we have no worthy argument to urge against them. They are taxed without representation, and they can not be made to understand, and we, for our part, do not know how to convince them that a woman should not be allowed to vote if she wants to.

After all, the question of whether the women should vote ought to be decided not by the men but by the women. There are about eight million women in England. We should propose that the matter be put up to them and that if 4,000,000 women vote affirmatively that they want the ballot, then give the ballot to all properly qualified women electors. If the women vote against it, then much of the agitation would cease.

THERE is in Cleveland a chief of police named Fred Kohler. He is hated by the shyster police-court lawyers, the tricky politicians, and the whole horde of blackmailing bondsmen. But he is liked by the people of Cleveland, and loved by thousands of people whom he has saved from crime.

The Policeman as a Friend

The reason why Chief Kohler is hated and loved is because he believes in the Golden Rule and common sense in the police department. For many years he saw the police court crowded with old and feeble parents, with crying wives with babies in their arms. Thousands of petty offenders had been hastily tried and either carelessly acquitted or "sent up" for a few days or weeks, to learn in jail the real lessons of vice. Kohler did not see any sense in the system, and he did see that the city was making criminals out of thoughtless, mischievous boys.

So Kohler decided that young boys and girls should not be arrested, but should be taken home and their parents should be sent for. He urged the Cleveland police to mediate between men and their wives, or between any quarrelers, and to try every other possible means before making arrests. As a result of this policy the arrests in Cleveland are only one-sixth of what they were two years ago, and at the same time there is less real crime, and life and property are safer than ever.

It is a wise chief of police who knows the Golden Rule.

IF WE are to believe the scientists, the brunettes will inherit the earth and the blonds will dwindle away. All over the world, they tell us, the brunettes are increasing faster than their light-haired and blue-eyed brothers and sisters. Even in Germany, the land of the Saxon, the old Teutonic face is changing and the flaxen poll is giving place to the brown head. In England we hear the same complaint, and in France the old Frankish blond is so rare that light hair and eyes are at a decided premium. The blond is dwindling so fast that you can actually see him dwindle.

The Disappearing Blond

Now, according to Dr. Charles E. Woodruff, surgeon and major in the United States army, the same thing is happening in America. Dr. Woodruff states that the blonds are losing out in the struggle for existence and are filling our jails and almshouses. He attributes this deplorable fact to an excess of sunlight which the sensitive blond can not endure.

The few remaining blonds in the world who read these lines will doubtless regret that they were not born in the Dark Ages, when there was "no excess of sunlight." But we do not despair, for we believe that American ingenuity, once embarked on a conservation policy, will manage to preserve this last great resource of ours, the American blond.

How would you like to put your dinner on to cook and then go to the theater, or to visit a friend, or read, or sew, or write poetry, without giving your meal a second thought? All this can be done by a fireless cooker, or by simply putting your food, raised to the boiling point, into an improvised box of hay. The heat is not lost, and the food goes on cooking automatically.

When you return from the matinee your dinner is ready.

Cooking With Hay

It sounds like a startling discovery, but it is not new, for the Norwegians have used the fireless cooker for a great many years, and the Germans also. By this fireless cooker it is said that you can save nine-tenths of your fuel and ninety-nine-hundredths of your temper, for the method is cleanly, dustless and odorless. It makes it easier for your servant, if you have one, and easier for yourself, whether you have or not. You do not need to spend your whole time in the kitchen, and the lady of the house, though she be also the cook, may keep herself so trim and tidy and cool-looking that she need not even fear the sudden morning call.

There are women who can not cook with a fireless cooker, just as there are women who can not cook with a stove, and could not with a celestial oven. But according to Miss Margaret Mitchell, who has just written a book on the subject, the fault is with the cook and not with the cooker.

If the fireless cooker is ever universally adopted in American families, it will mean another great stride toward the emancipation of women from the daily drudgery of housework. In the olden days, man worked from sun to sun, while woman's work was never done. In modern days, woman's work at home is being regulated and lightened and dignified just as is man's work on the farm or in the factory or office.

SOME one has remarked that the Southern woman is even more strenuous than her Northern sister, probably because she has been saving up her energies for a couple of generations. Whatever the cause, the well-directed energy of the daughters of the Southland is among the hopeful signs of to-day.

Georgia Women and the Schools

The women of Georgia are now devoting themselves to the schools. There is a lot of illiteracy in Georgia, but its days are numbered. The Georgia State Federation of Women's Clubs has just built an industrial school at Tallulah Falls, where boys and girls can get useful training, and the women have gone into their pockets to keep the institution going.

Another plan of the Georgia Federation is to give pensions to the poor, earnest girls who can not, without this help, secure an adequate education. From twenty to seventy-five dollars is necessary to secure a girl a year's training, and the Federation feels sure that the money so loaned will be returned as soon as the pupil becomes self-supporting. The best investment that any community can make, say the Georgia women, is in education.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Agrees With Him About Food

A trained nurse says: "In the practice of my profession I have found so many points in favor of Grape-Nuts food that I unhesitatingly recommend it to all my patients."

"It is delicate and pleasing to the palate (an essential in food for the sick) and can be adapted to all ages, being softened with milk or cream for babies or the aged when deficiency of teeth renders mastication impossible. For fever patients or those on liquid diet I find Grape-Nuts and albumen water very nourishing and refreshing."

"This recipe is my own idea and is made as follows: Soak a teaspoonful of Grape-Nuts in a glass of water for an hour, strain and serve with the beaten white of an egg and a spoonful of fruit juice for flavoring. This affords a great deal of nourishment that even the weakest stomach can assimilate without any distress."

"My husband is a physician and he uses Grape-Nuts himself and orders it many times for his patients."

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In any case of stomach trouble, nervous prostration or brain fag, a 10-day trial of Grape-Nuts will work wonders toward nourishing and rebuilding and in this way ending the trouble.

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Caught in the Current

[Continued from page 619]

She was silent.
"Don't you see that?" he asked.
"Yes. But the danger to you?"
"That? That is nothing!" he cried. "Will you come with me?"
She looked steadily at him a moment.
"I will come," she said.
For an instant he considered at what hotel there was least danger of his being recognized—and he thanked his fortune that he had been but little in St. Petersburg and was but little known there.

"Isvochtchik, to the Hotel Metropole—straight!" he cried.

Ten minutes later they were standing in the hotel lobby, her arm in his, two porters industriously brushing the snow off their long fur coats, and the gold-braided major-domo before them.

"I suppose," said Drexel, "you have a room for myself and wife?"

"Certainly, sir," said the major-domo.

"Ah—say two rooms, with a connecting door?"

"Certainly. Two flights up."

Drexel followed, and the young woman with perfect poise, with a grace that made him marvel, swept up the stairs at his side. At the first turn of the stairway both glanced down into the lobby and saw the captain entering from the street. She gave him a cold look; Drexel gave him a short nod, and they went on. The two rooms were large, each with a great white-tiled stove filling one corner from floor to ceiling, with long windows looking out upon the street—and with, between the two the required door.

Were the rooms satisfactory? Entirely so. Would madame or monsieur desire anything for their comfort. Nothing. Then good-night, and might their sleep be of the best.

When the major-domo and the porter who had brought up Drexel's suit-case were gone, and Drexel was left standing alone in the larger room with that brilliantly beautiful creature, he was swept with a desire that this marriage game they played—a game involving life and death, and far, far more for aught he knew—was not a game at all, but a reality.

But he mastered himself. It was only a game—and he had to see the game through to the end.

"This room will be yours," said he.

"Very well," said she.

He stepped to the connecting door and changed the key to her side of the lock. She thanked him with a look.

"Perhaps you would like a little something to eat?" he suggested.

"No. I ate before I came upon the train."

He wanted to remain and talk with her, yet the delicacy of the situation was such that the suggestion had to come from her. He hesitated near the door, waiting—but the invitation did not come.

"I shall put out my light," he said, "but I shall not go to bed. If you need me, just call. Good-night."

Suddenly she came across the room to him her hand outstretched, her dark face glowing.

"Forgive me if I seem unthankful," she said in her low rich voice. "I am not. And forgive me because I—I can say so little. Perhaps the time will come when I can tell you all—and thank you as you deserve. But please understand that I understand, and appreciate, what you have done for me, and the danger you are incurring in being here."

As he looked into her glowing eyes, his words burst out of their own accord. "I would rather be here than any place else in the world!"

She flushed slightly under his look. "Good-night," and she pressed his hand.

"Good-night," said he.

He stepped into the other room and the next moment the key turned in the lock.

CHAPTER III

Drexel walked to one of the long windows and gazed down into the bright street through which those absurd looking yet comfortable little sleighs, the winter cabs of Russia, were still whizzing to and fro. Less than two hours had passed since the young woman had entered his compartment, and hardly more than a quarter since this strange adventure had taken a new turn by sending them together to the Hotel Metropole. Dazed, thrilled, he began dimly to wonder what they would do on the morrow, and what was to be the outcome of it all.

But his thoughts were not to be completed. He had been in the room no more than a couple of minutes when there came a rap at his hall door. He opened it and there stood a hotel porter.

The porter held out a pad of paper. "Will monsieur please write his and madame's name for the registry?"

Drexel took the pad. She called him John. So without hesitation he wrote: "Mr. and Mrs. John Davis, New York, U. S. A." As he wrote he heard the rasping of the lock of the connecting door, and looking about he saw that "Mrs. John Davis" had entered.

He handed back the pad. "Thank you," said the porter. "And will monsieur oblige us with his and madame's passports?"

For a moment Drexel stood nonplussed. In the

excitement of the last fifteen minutes he had completely forgotten one great essential fact—that no person can stay over night in a Russian hotel, or sleep as guest in a private house, without sending his passport to the office of the chief of police to be registered.

For the moment he knew not what to say. It was the young woman who saved the situation. She came forward calmly.

"Our passports are in our bags," she said in broken Russian, motioning to Drexel's suit-case which stood closed upon a chair. "As soon as we have unpacked, monsieur will bring down our passports in person."

"Very well," said the porter, and closed the door.

Drexel looked at her in dismay. "I had forgotten all about passports!"

"So had I," she answered, "but I thought of them the instant you left me. I knew what was wanted the moment I heard the knock."

"Ah, if we only had a passport for you!"

"I had unexpectedly to turn mine over as a credential to gain admission—to—to—a certain place this afternoon. I had no time to get it back."

"They have your passport! Can't they trace you through that?"

She shook her head. "It was a false passport."

"What can we do now?"

"I must leave, somehow."

"Then I leave, too!" cried Drexel.

"I can not let you risk anything further."

"You can not prevent me!"

"But you must have guessed that that gendarme captain is not the only man searching for me."

"I don't care if there are a hundred!" cried he.

She looked at him queerly a moment.

"By this time," she remarked quietly. "I dare say there are fifty thousand."

"Fifty thousand!" he slowly ejaculated, and stared at her. "Then" cried he, "all the greater is your need for passing as an American! They have a description of you?"

"I'm sure they have not a clear one."

He began to pace the room, his brow in a scowl of thought. "What shall we do?" he asked himself. "What shall we do?"

Suddenly he paused. "I have it. Passports are not required for traveling on trains, except in such rare cases as this afternoon. We shall go upon a trip—as Americans—one lasting for days, or till we can think of something better. If any trouble rises, I'll bluff it out. Are you willing?"

"It is I who should ask the question of you."

"Then it is settled!" he cried. He was fairly swept out of himself by the prospect of days spent in her company. The danger—that was nothing.

"But how can we leave the hotel, without its looking queer?" she asked. "There's your bag, you know."

"We'll not take it. Luckily there's nothing about it to reveal my identity. The things that we really need out of it, I can put in the big pockets of my shuba," and he pointed at his great loose fur coat. "We'll simply saunter out with the air of going for a little stroll. A bag and anything else we want we can buy at some little shop."

She nodded. "And I noticed there was a private entrance, out of which we might slip without being seen."

"Yes? One minute—and we'll be off."

He slipped on his shuba, threw open the bag, stuffed his pockets, then closed the bag again. "Now, there"—standing before her with a smile for inspection—"ever guess I had a bureau in my pockets?"

She smiled back. "Never."

"All right—come then," he cried, almost gaily, starting for the door. "But wait."

He looked at her with a quizzical smile. "Don't you think it's—er—rather nice for a husband and wife to know what each other's name is?"

"Why, yes, it would be a convenience," she smiled back.

"Well—?"

"You called me Mary."

"Yes, and I called myself John Davis, but that—"

"My name's Mary Davis," she said. And for all that she still smiled he knew he would get no other name.

"Then I'm to remain John Davis, I suppose," he returned. "But in my case there's no reason you should n't know my real name. It's Henry Drexel."

At his name the smile faded from her face, and one hand slowly reached out and caught the back of a chair.

"Henry Drexel!" she breathed.

"You seem to know it." "You've heard about me."

"You're—ah—the American who has been here as the guest of Prince Berloff? Whose cousin is going to marry the Prince?"

"Yes."

"Yes, I've heard of you." She was quite calm again.

"That's only natural, for the marriage has been much talked about. Shall we start?"

They were at the door, when she stopped him with a hand upon his arm.

"Here's something that just occurs to me. Would it not be wiser to find out about the trains before we leave. We can better regulate our actions then."

"Of course. I should have thought of that. I can

make inquiries down at the office—as though I were finding out in advance about trains for to-morrow or the next day." He laid aside his cap and coat. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

As he sauntered coolly into the hotel office, there near the desk where he could see all who went and came, was the burly captain of gendarmes. Reciting some story to him stood the major-domo. Drexel had to alter his plans upon the moment.

"Pardon me," he said to the major-domo.

"Yes, monsieur." The major-domo turned to him.

"Through some oversight my wife's passport was left behind when we threw a few things together to run up here for a day. I suppose if I make explanations directly to the police department, there'll be no trouble. I'm quite willing to pay."

"It can be arranged, I'm sure, monsieur."

"I am tired and don't feel inclined to go out," he went on with haughty indolence. "Would you please, when you get time, get the proper official on the telephone, explain, and ask him to come here. My wife is resting now; let him come in an hour. You can say to him that it will be worth his trouble."

"Certainly, certainly," said the major-domo, who surmised this rich American would also make it worth his own trouble.

"Anything else, monsieur?"

"Send me the head waiter."

A porter went scurrying for that functionary. Drexel half turned away, and the major-domo resumed his recital to the captain.

"The report says, Captain Nadson," continued the major-domo, "that the woman gained admittance as having an engagement. The servants could n't clearly make out her face, for the light was dim and she was veiled; but her dress and manner made them believe her a lady of importance, and they told her to wait." Drexel picked up his ears. "It's certain she knew he was away, and chose her time accordingly, and it's certain she must have known the house well, for she slipped into his study and got into his private papers. When Prince Berloff—"

"Prince Berloff!" exclaimed Drexel. He saw Captain Nadson give him a sharp look. Instantly he was under control. "He came in and found her?" he queried casually.

"Yes," said the major-domo. "But she fired two shots at him."

"Kill him?" Drexel nonchalantly asked.

"No. She did n't even touch him. And in the hubbub, she got away. The report says it was probably a plot of The White One."

"The White One!" Drexel ejaculated. A shiver went through him at that dread name.

"The White One—yes," nodded the major-domo.

"Obviously a scheme to get some State papers which Prince Berloff temporarily had in his possession. But the young woman failed. I wonder if they will capture her?"

"I wonder," Drexel repeated indifferently.

To the head waiter, who just then appeared, he gave an order for an elaborate supper that would be a good hour in preparing. Then he casually inquired about trains for the morrow, and learned that he could get a train for the south of Russia in half an hour.

He walked away then feeling that suspicion was quelled till the police official should arrive. By that time they would be miles out of St. Petersburg. As he sauntered up the stairs he wore the same cool, careless front; but within him was turmoil. How about the story the major-domo had told! . . . But that—even if it were true—that was nothing! The great thing—the only thing—was that for days he was to be constantly near the wonderful woman awaiting him above. It went through him with a thrilling sweep; and it was with a tense eagerness such as he never before had felt that he threw open the door.

But she was not in the room where he had left her. Nor in the other room. He rushed from one to the other. There was no doubt of it. She was gone!



The German Emperor and His Buttons

WILLIAM II is in his uniform as soon as he is out of bed. To choose which is a problem, for there are two rooms full of them. The Kaiser, however, makes the selection with far less effort than when he chooses the buttons he will wear with the outfit. Buttons are one of his most amusing peculiarities. Huge sets of drawers are literally crammed with buttons of every conceivable character, and the Kaiser spends many of his happiest moments in the pastime of selecting these. He sits, going delightedly through the myriads of buttons that vie with each other in their beauty, placing those he fancies upon the material of the uniform to be worn, to determine their suitability. When the momentous decision has been made, the imperial tailor is called in, the alteration is accomplished, and William II goes forth to his varying daily duties.

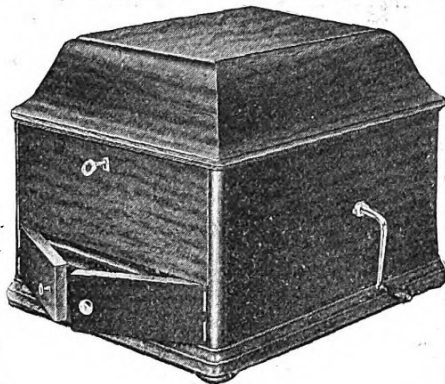


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A Quite Natural Hesitancy

MR. BROWN, looking for his wife, asked the cook:

"Bridget, can you tell me of my wife's whereabouts?"

Bridget, evidently embarrassed, hesitated before replying, "I think they are in the wash, sort."

For these bits of "Points 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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R. L. GRIFFITH.

Not a Safe Man

FRED TENNEY, of the New York baseball team, is something of a scholar.

"Bugs" Raymond, who puts them over the plate (sometimes) for the Giants, is not. The two players were discussing a former successful player who had taken to drink.

"Why," said Tenney, "that man has become a dipsomaniac."

"Sure," replied Raymond, "he'd shoot you in a minute."

Military Piety

DURING the Civil War the late Colonel Gabe Bouck organized a regiment which he controlled as a dictator.

"I am a humble servant of the Lord," said an itinerant evangelist who had wandered into camp one day, "endeavoring to save the souls of the unfortunate. I have just left the camp of the —th Massachusetts, where I was instrumental in leading eight men into the paths of righteousness."

"Adjutant," thundered Colonel Bouck, after a moment's pause, "detail ten men for baptism. No d—d Massachusetts regiment shall beat mine for piety."

K. DORIS.



A Scotch Alarm Clock

A TOURIST in rural Scotland took refuge for the night in the cottage of an old lady. He asked her to wake him early in the morning, warning her that he was quite deaf.

Upon awakening much later than the appointed hour he found that the old lady with strict regard for the proprieties had slipped under his door a slip of paper upon which was written:

"Sir, it's hauf past eight."—DANIEL CONNELLY.

Two Sides to Everything

A LITTLE boy was given too much underdone pie for his supper and was soon roaring lustily. His mother's visitor was visibly disturbed.

"If he was my child," she said, "he'd get a good sound spanking."

"He deserves it," the mother admitted, "but I don't believe in spanking him on a full stomach."

"Neither do I," said the visitor, "but I'd turn him over."—B. HOROWITZ.

A Study in Government

THE poetic youth had tarried long and conversation was waning.

"I am never lonely," he observed, "My mind to me a kingdom is."

"A limited monarchy?" she queried sweetly.

MRS. VIRGIE GRUNDY.

Defined

THE pessimist stands beneath the tree of prosperity and growls when the fruit falls on his head.

CHARLES W. WALLACE.

Too Late

A MEMBER of the faculty of the Columbia Medical College of New York was giving his students an oral quiz.

"What quantity constitutes a dose of Oleum Tiglii?" he asked a student, giving the technical name for croton oil.

"A tablespoonful, sir," was the reply.

The professor made no comment, but the student soon realized that he had made a grave mistake. After the lapse of half an hour, he went to the professor.

"I should like," he said, "to change my answer to the question you asked me in class."

"It is too late," replied the professor, looking at his watch. "Your patient has been dead just twenty-nine minutes and thirty seconds."—R. M. WINANS.

Strange Doings at Munsey's

SOME years ago Frank A. Munsey, the magazine man, hired a private secretary. Speaker Reed dropped in to call on Mr. Munsey, who was an old friend of his. The secretary said that Mr. Munsey was engaged.

"All right," said Reed, "I'll wait." At the end of half an hour Munsey's door opened and the publisher appeared showing his caller out.

Seeing the Speaker, he grasped his hand and dragged him into his office. An hour later, when Reed had gone, Mr. Munsey called his secretary.

"Look here, Block," he said; "what do you mean by letting Speaker Reed wait unannounced half an hour?"

"Wa-wa-wath that Mr. Reed?"

"It certainly was."

"Why, I thought it with the Rev. Dr. John Hall," said the secretary.

"Dr. Hall has been dead two years," answered Munsey, severely.

"I know it," replied the secretary, "thath why I thought it with tho very peculiar!"—A. E. THOMAS.

She Meant Professionally

AS THE young man caressed the cheek of his lady love she drew away hastily.

"I think," she said indignantly, "you had better see father first."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the perplexed lover.

"Father," she replied, as she nursed her cheek, "is a barber."—G. T. EVANS.

An Easy Way Out

"HERE, you," said the conductor, angrily, "you rang up a fare. Do that again and I'll put you off."

The small man standing in the middle of the crowded car promptly rang up another fare. Thereupon the conductor projected him through the crowd and to the edge of the platform.

"Thanks," said the little man. "I did not see any other way to get out. Here's your dime."

A. PERLSTEIN.

'Twixt Love and Duty

GEORGE VINCENT of Chatauqua fame has this explanation of the delay in passing the tariff bill.

"Congress," he said, "was trying to make up its mind whether to do its duty by the country or to do the country by its duty."—G. A. S.

A Satisfactory Toothache

A LAD who had just had a tooth extracted requested the privilege of taking it home with him. "I want to put some sugar in it," he said, "and watch it ache."

E. F. MOORE.

Straight Talk to Stage-Struck Girls

[Continued from page 626]

Thumb, which made her look a sight, appear a sentimental idiot, and shock those who came to see her and not her art.

If she had never done anything else but the "Maude Adams parts," *Hop o' My Thumb* should prove to the unthinking why they were "Maude Adams parts."

Long, Hard Work and a Slender Chance

It is art first, girls, and if you are confused by the word art, it is an ability to forget yourselves and what all the boys you know have told you about yourselves, and all your dreams of how much more beautiful you would look made up (you will come to the make-up stage in time); to forget it all and yourselves, that you may give to the stage some picture of something you are not.

You think it is a lot of fun. It is not. You think it pays munificently. Seldom, very seldom.

You think one has a better chance to get married. Perhaps. I had not thought of that.

But you neither have fun, grow rich nor grab a husband if you are a failure, and the chances are so against you it is as well to have your fun elsewhere; let some rich uncle will you the money, and trap your husband by using some other sort of man-trap.

If none of these things influences you, and you wish to work, and starve, if necessary, and forget the advantage of marriage, and live that you may give others, not yourself, pleasure, then, perhaps, the stage wants you.

I have not mentioned the moral aspect, for the reason that the stage treats its girls better than any other walk of life in which a girl may be "turned loose."

'A Dream

By John Kendrick Bangs

DREAMED last night that Washington, Hamilton, and Emerson, Came to visit me. Lincoln came along likewise— Oh, those grave and kindly eyes!— With the other three.

I was much disturbed at first; In such company immersed, Knew not what to say; Seemed as though the gods had come On a visit to my home— Wondered if they'd stay.

Felt as if four statues great, Full of pomp and regal state, Sat around the room. Got as nervous as a cat; Could n't tell where I was at; Knew not which from whom.

But as moments passed along Felt my spirits growing strong. Mr. Lincoln laughed; Hamilton joked Emerson; Emerson joked Washington; Each the other chaffed.

Lincoln slapped me on the back; Hamilton gave me a whack, Washington he grinned. Emerson got off a joke, Gave my ribs a gentle poke, As we sat and chinned.

Finally, when it was o'er And they faded from my door, He of Valley Forge, As he put his chapeau on, Winked and whispered, "Good-by, John!" I said, "By-by, George."

Sort of feel that that queer dream Gave my soul a pleasant gleam Through the clouds that blind. Really great men, after all, Live not on a pedestal Far above mankind.

Live not from their kin aloof, Using heaven for a roof, Fond of pomp and fuss, But are full as they can be Of a real humanity— Like the rest of us.

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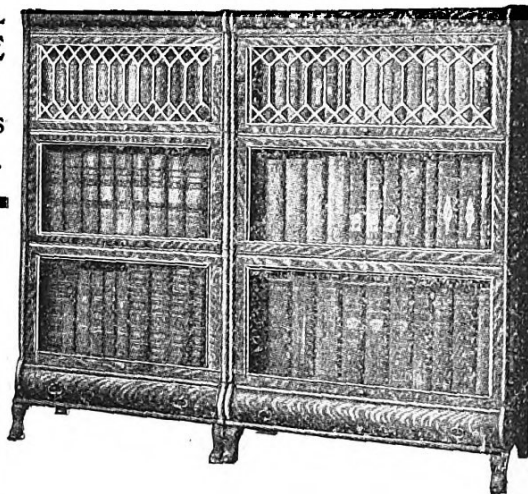
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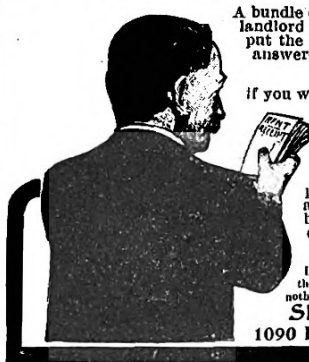
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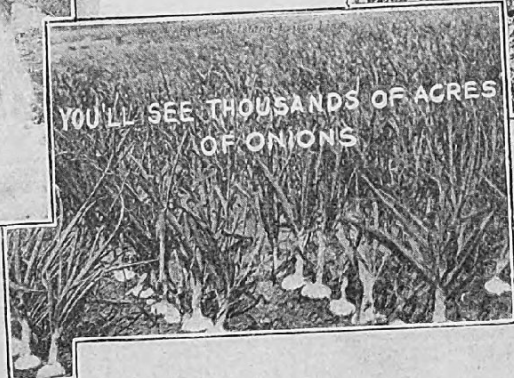


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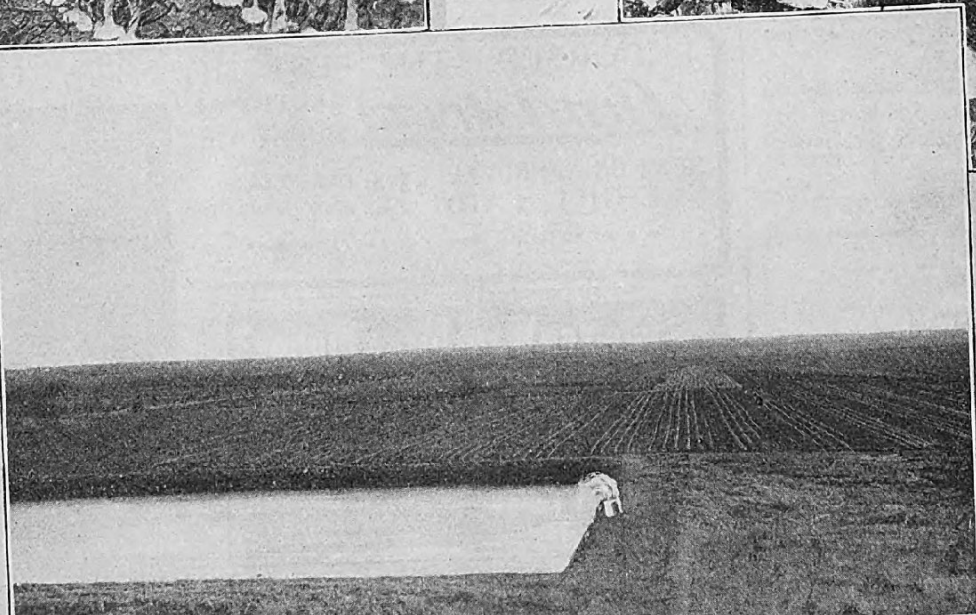


THESE ONIONS
NETTED \$313.33
PROFIT PER ACRE

YOU'LL SEE THOUSANDS OF ACRES
OF ONIONS



SIX HEADS OF
CABBAGE
97½ lbs.



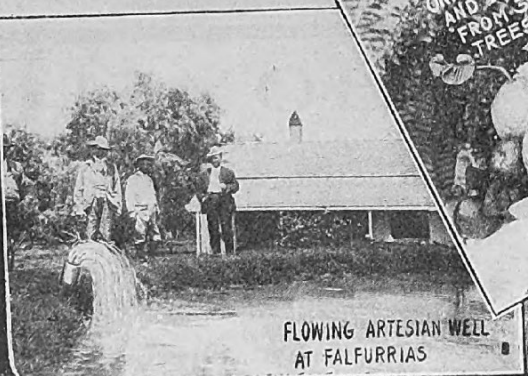
A FALFURRIAS MODEL 10 ACRE FARM



ORANGES
AND LEMONS
FROM OLD
TREES



11 ACRES OF
LETTUCE NETTED
\$1760.00 PROFIT



FLOWING ARTESIAN WELL
AT FALFURRIAS



NO BETTER
GRAPE LAND
IN TEXAS

IF SUBSCRIBERS (OF RECORD) MENTION "SUCCESS MAGAZINE" IN ANSWER

Heart's delight

You \$1500 Profit a year

finest land in the world—in the heart of the artesian belt—in the richest section of West Texas—deep sandy loam—continuous cultivation throughout the year—glorious crops and bumper crops—magnificent climate—

mate—excellent transportation—2½ miles from Falfurrias—30 miles from the gulf—you can pay for it in small monthly payments that you would never miss—the land is calling to you—come!

have heard of the famous King ranch in Texas; without a doubt the most famous ranch in the United States.

and that we are offering is a part of the King ranch in the town of Falfurrias, two miles from the depot. A team of this famous ranch, doubt the finest land in this splendid area is now settlement and farms are for very liberal terms. Thousands under cultivation around are standing demonstrations of splendid profits this land will in land in this section is the world. Best because it is work; best because it is deep and rich in fertility; or either dry farming or Under this entire tract of government says there is a of purest artesian water. are now on the land and farms are flowing from them ght. Falfurrias may well be the Land of Flowing Water.

SPECIAL OFFER.

Establishing an ideal town and. Fine boulevards and being laid out. We will bring in our power to make the prettiest town in Texas. A line will be built to the depot, affording rapid transportation for our purchasers, but them to ship tender vegetables much more advantageously. A lot 50x125 will be to each purchaser of ten his will enable our truck all live at one point instead scattered. Full details of town given in our literature.

Two and one-fourth acres of beans netted me \$227.90.

—W. H. SCHLAKE.

I made \$251.75 from half an acre of onions.

—E. R. RACHAL

Our lettuce paid us \$225.60 an acre profit last year.

—MILLER BROS.

\$313.33 per acre net profit was what I made from onions last spring.

—ED. DONOHUE.

You can raise every variety of crops, early vegetables and garden truck in the early winter and spring months at fancy prices, and corn, cotton, sorghum, alfalfa in the summer months; every variety of fruits, besides the superb growths of oranges, lemons, figs, and grape fruit, which here reach their perfection. You will be interested in the photographs on the opposite page. These are photographs taken on the spot, and prove the cultivation to be seen in every direction around Falfurrias. Hundreds and hundreds of cars are shipped to northern markets from this point every year and sold at the highest price.

Now we want you to know and believe that this is not the common ordinary land advertisement. The time has come when there must be a standard in the land business. We believe that you who purchase farmland in good faith, and come here to live and prosper, have a right to be protected by those from whom you buy. You have a right to know the character of those who sell. You have a right to solid guarantees of value and of title. You want to know whether the land is worth the money.

Our firm has stood for years for the square deal and standard value in land selling. And we stand for that to-day. Write our banks. Write to these great financial institutions of Texas, and they will tell you who we are and what we are, and what the name of Burton & Danforth stands for on a deed of sale. You are buying from a firm as strong and reliable as a bank. A few weeks ago we asked the great magazines of the country to send their picked men here to see for themselves how different this great

offer is from others. The following leading publications sent their men: Saturday Evening Post, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Collier's Weekly, Lewis publications, the Illustrated Sunday Magazines, Associated Sunday Magazines, etc. They came and saw, and consented to accept our advertising of this great property after they had made personal examination of it to satisfy themselves that it was honest and right in every way. These great journals have refused hundreds of land ads. because they have not measured up to the high standard required by them. Ours they have accepted because we guarantee the absolute proof of every word we publish.

We want you to come here and settle on this land. We want the right kind of people. We want people who will make for the upbuilding of a great community. And when you come here this fall you will realize and see for yourself the difference between a good offer, of good lands, on good terms, to good people, and the common kind it's better not to buy. Here are beautiful farm homes surrounded by trees—artistic bungalows—flowers and orchards—in the midst of broad acres of growing green—and all in the finest climate in the world. Sunshine for the crops, and breezes from the Gulf. No winter, no bitter cold. No malaria. No fever. Pure water—in reality, the land of heart's delight. Good schools, churches, stores, express offices, telegraph and telephone—good roads and good neighbors, and plenty of good, contented and cheap labor.

Falfurrias is on the San Antonio & Aransas Pass Railroad, 184 miles south-east of San Antonio. By looking at the map it

will be clearly seen that it is in the heart of the Gulf Coast Country.

Make up your mind to come. Come and bring the family; bring the boys.

Now, read our special offer. An offer unprecedented in the history of Texas—and remember that this same land in cultivation will in two years or less be worth \$300 to \$400 and \$500 an acre.

We have a large force of agents in whom we place absolute confidence; we want more men of the same calibre, men who will do and say for us just what we would do and say if we were in their places. We only want hustlers who can furnish the best of references.

You will be interested in receiving our literature. Send for it to-day. Write your name and address on the coupon and mail it to us now before you forget it.

Our warranty deed to buyers is backed by resources greater than most banks. Back of us in the warranty deed from Mrs. H. M. King, who is worth at the least calculation twenty millions of dollars. Your title is as good as a government bond.

OUR REFERENCES

As proof of our reliability and good faith we refer you to the following banks and trust companies of Texas:

State Bank & Trust Co., San Antonio, Texas.
American Bank & Trust Co., San Antonio, Tex.
State Bank, Falfurrias, Texas.
Union Trust Company, Aransas Pass, Texas.
First State Bank, Corpus Christi, Texas.
First National Bank, Rockport, Texas.
Karnes County National Bank,
Karnes City, Texas.

BURTON & DANFORTH,
501 Gibbs Building,
San Antonio, Texas.

Gentlemen:

Send me full particulars about your five and ten acre truck farms, also information about your ideal town, free map of Texas and any other information you have.

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____
State _____

Ask all the questions you like.
We will gladly answer them.

Burton & Danforth

501 Gibbs Building

San Antonio, Texas



Vitally Important

TRUE, that brains are the first essential to success, but the kind of clothes you wear oftentimes determines whether you are to have an opportunity of displaying your mental capacity. Have your clothes made to order through

Strauss Brothers' National Tailoring Service

(Over 5,000 local dealers and branch stores throughout the United States)

and you will be sure to make the first right impression. Ours is an immense establishment, yet so systematized as to give each order careful detailed attention. That means saving you money and giving you absolutely satisfactory clothes.



Our prices range only from \$20.00 to \$40.00 for suits or overcoats made to your individual measurements and requirements.

Call on our local dealer (name on request) and make a selection from our assortment of 500 brand new Fall weaves. Have your measure skillfully taken, and in a short time receive the finished clothes, just right in every respect.

Free on request, Fashion Magazine No. 6, and 12 portraits of Champion Athletes.

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
S.W. Cor. Monroe & Franklin Sts. Entire Building.
Established 1877
CHICAGO

LE PAGE'S
LIQUID
GLUE
10¢

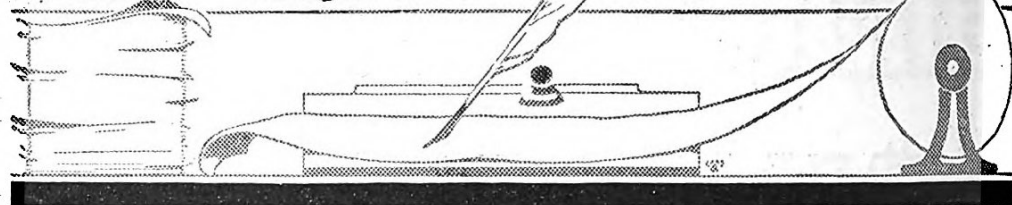
Handy —
clean —
always
ready —
dries in-
stantly —
mends
every-
thing.



Most
tubes
leak.
Ours do
not. Have
patented
soldered
ends.

Sold by dealers everywhere,
or sent upon receipt of price, 10c.,
post-paid.
Russia Cement Co.
Gloucester, Mass.
Also put up in our
new patented cap
bottles.

THE EDITOR'S CHAT



The World Took a Step Forward

ON FRIDAY, August 4, 1807, little more than one hundred and two years ago, the world took another step forward. The days of the slow-going trading vessel, whose date of sailing was always conditioned with the proviso, "wind and weather permitting," were numbered; the nations of the earth were drawn closer together when, on that eventful day, steam navigation passed forever beyond the realm of experimental theory.

It was an exciting day for New York and its vicinity. A crowd of curious, scoffing people gathered on the city wharves and along the shores of the Hudson to see what they thought would be the ridiculous failure of a crank, a crazy man, who had advertised that he would take a party up the Hudson to Albany in a boat he called the *Clermont*, which was to be moved by means of steam, without sails.

What an absurdity! Did anybody ever hear of such a crazy, ridiculous idea as navigating against the current of a river in a vessel without sails? "The thing will bust," says one. "It will burn up," says another. "They will be drowned," exclaims a third, who stood watching the *Clermont*, as black smoke and showers of brilliant sparks shot up from her funnels. "A fool and his money," shouted one man.

Perhaps none of the scoffers had ever before heard of a boat being propelled up stream, and certainly not a soul in all that crowd had the slightest faith that the "new-fangled" vessel would ever leave the wharf without being towed. They all thought that the man who had fooled away his money and time on the *Clermont* was little better than a lunatic, that he ought to be in an insane asylum, and now they had come to see him humiliated by his failure.

But the excited passengers get on board, the planking is pulled in, the steam is turned on, the walking-beam moves slowly up and down, and the *Clermont* floats out into the river.

"Oh, it can never go up stream," persisted the amazed spectators. It did, however, to the utter astonishment of the scoffers, make its way up stream to Albany, one hundred and fifty miles, in thirty-two hours. As the boat steamed past the Palisades, Yonkers, Tarrytown and West Point, the shores were lined with excited country people who had gathered to witness the amazing spectacle. Many of them were frightened when the boat hove in sight, for it seemed to them to be some frightful monster, belching forth black smoke and flames, and moving over the water by the aid of some unseen, mysterious force. The crews of the river boats were so frightened when they came alongside of the monster that some rushed below, others threw themselves face down on the deck, praying to be saved from the "horrible creature which was marching on the tides and lighting its path by fires which it vomited."

The *Clermont* made her first voyage without accident, and Robert Fulton, who, when a boy, had said "nothing is impossible," had scored the great triumph of his life; had given to the world its first really practical steamboat.

On his return from Albany, Fulton wrote the following letter:

To the Editor of *The American Citizen*:

"Sir: I arrived this afternoon, at four o'clock, in the steamboat from Albany. As the success of my experiment gives me great hopes that such boats may be rendered of great importance to my country, you will have the goodness to publish the following statement of facts."

Then followed a detailed account of the *Clermont's* first trip, with which the civilized world is now familiar.

Little did Fulton dream of the magnitude of this experiment. Little did he dream of the great battle fleets of the nations, or the palatial ocean liners that to-day knit the peoples of the earth in intimate union, which were to be developed from the modest little *Clermont*, whose first appearance had been hooted as "Fulton's Folly"—the dream of a madman.

In spite of the service he had rendered humanity—a service which has revolutionized the commerce of the world—Fulton, like most other great benefactors of mankind, was laughed at, hounded and criticized by the little minds of his time. He was looked upon by many as a public enemy. Owners of sailing vessels were so jealous of the success of the *Clermont* that they tried to run her down. Dishonest men, in an effort to rob Fulton of the fruits of his endeavors, brought lawsuits against him, disputing his claims, and everything that jealous, envious minds could do to minimize

his triumphs and rob him of the just rewards of his labors was done.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Though Fulton was not the first to apply steam to navigation (a steam vessel had been tried upon the Forth and Clyde Canal in 1789, and John Fitch had launched a steam packet on the Delaware in 1797), yet he was the first to apply it with any considerable degree of success. His great services were recognized by the United States Government.

Physical Vigor and Achievement

Few people realize how much physical vigor has to do with their getting on in the world. Every mental faculty, every bit of ability, every function is marvelously strengthened, and the whole life-efficiency multiplied very materially by vigorous health.

Robust health also gives tremendous confidence to the entire man, and self-confidence is a marvelous encourager and supporter of one's ability.

If a man thoroughly believes in himself, and has the physical stamina which makes him master of the situation, equal to any emergency, he is released from the slavery of worry, anxiety, uncertainty, and doubt which cripple the efforts of the weak.

The success aspirant ought to be jealous of any expenditure of force, any drain upon his vitality not absolutely necessary, because it cuts down the percentage of his possible achievement.

That little surplus of physical force which accompanies robust health makes all the difference between the courage and assurance necessary for doing great things and the timidity and uncertainty and weak initiative which handicap the physically weak.

There is a great difference between that eagerness for activity, that longing to do things which accompanies robust vitality, and the forced, indifferent, uncertain effort which is inseparable from physical weakness.

There is a great creative force in a strong vitality, because it tones up and increases the power of all the faculties, so that they produce vastly more, are very much more efficient than they would be if the vitality were low. In fact, the excess of physical health which makes bare existence a joy is a wonderful help in everything we do.

Then, again, physical vigor adds wonderfully to one's personal magnetism.

Everybody admires robust health, because it is one of the things that everybody longs for, yearns for, and yet very few make it possible by their life-habits.

How differently the strong, vigorous person looks upon life and its opportunities to the one who is weak and, because of his weakness, susceptible to discouragement and despondency. The vigorous man laughs at obstacles before which the weak man hesitates and shrinks.

It is a great thing to have that bounding health, that excess of vitality which makes us feel like conquerors, equal to any emergency, which makes us the easy masters of conditions which would discourage weaklings.

Vitality is so precious, it means so much to one's success, that every one should look upon it as a possession too precious to tamper with, to take any chances with, or to squander.

There are multitudes of people who are mocked with an ambition for great things, but with no physical power to back it up; and yet other vast multitudes are squandering, wasting this precious success-power in all sorts of ways which give no satisfactory returns.

Vigorous health is worth anything it costs. It is cheap at any price, and we should secure it, whatever else we get or do not get.

The Paralysis of Selfishness

"God has made selfishness unlovable, and shaped the human heart to despise it, and he has made unselfishness so lovable that we can not withhold from it our admiration."

NO MAN can develop to any largeness of life while his mind is focused on self. We must get out of self, or we can not grow. To constantly think of our own interests, our own work, our own plans, our own welfare, is to paralyze growth. The nobler, the diviner, impulses can not be touched by the selfish attitude. We must look out, not in.

No man who is centered in self can grow large, strong and beautiful. The selfish man may get the thing he is after; he may get a little more money, but he has paid for it at a price which staggers his manhood, which murders the best thing in him.

It is the very nature of selfishness to defeat its own ends. The practise of selfishness contracts, limits, strangles expansion, arrests development, lessens a man's ability, cuts down his efficiency. It dries up one's sympathy, makes the nature hard and cold, and marbles the affections. It is fatal to every quality of nobility and grandeur; tearing down and destructive to all character building.

There are rich men in New York who are conspicuously noted for the absence of their names from among those connected with all worthy objects—men who never give to the poor, who never lend a hand to any just cause. They take no interest in politics, have no public spirit, belong to no organizations whose object is to help humanity.

They are entirely and completely wrapped up in themselves. They do not see why they should spend their money for other than their pleasure or that of their families. The result is that they become so hardened and greedy that they are not missed when they have passed away. Not long ago one of these men worth millions died in New York, and scarcely a half dozen people outside of his family went to his funeral.

What good are such people to a community? They are like noxious weeds or plants which sap nourishment from the soil, and so poison the ground about them that nothing else can grow in their vicinity. They give out nothing. Their money is like the tracks of the smaller and more innocent animals which go into the dens of the lions and tigers in Africa. Their toes are always toward the dens; nothing that is eatable ever comes back from them.

The time will come when such men will be looked upon as scourges of the race and will die disgraced.

No matter how much money you may manage to get together, or what position you may gain, you will be a monster if your sympathies, your heart qualities, have not been developed; and this is impossible while your mind is centered on yourself.

No man can be human while he is thoroughly selfish. Warmth of heart, tenderness, kindness, a sympathetic nature, love for one's kind are really the qualities that make us human. Without these we are brutes, no matter how gorgeous our apparel or how palatial our homes. Every man is an animal until his sympathies and love for his fellow man are aroused.

The power of relieving distress is one of the greatest advantages of wealth; the trouble with most people is, however, that when they have acquired the money and are able to relieve distress, they usually lose the inclination to do so. Selfishness, which is often a minor failing of the very poor, in the rich develops into a dangerous beast. It feeds and thrives upon greed, and often assumes the proportions of a monster in the self-absorbed millionaire.

A person who constantly thinks of himself, how he can advance his own interests, never develops his manly qualities, his finer sentiments. The self-centering thought never reaches out into the larger, nobler part of our nature. The better qualities of a selfish person are dwarfed, undeveloped. The colder, more barren qualities so predominate in his make-up that he thinks of others only as possible helps to himself.

Get away from yourself; interest yourself in others; love them, help them, or you will become as cold, barren and heartless as an icicle.

There is only one way to develop sympathy—with-out which man is but a beast—and that is by loving, taking an interest in, and trying to help others.

Real happiness was born a twin, and must be shared or lost.

How They Lost Their Health

TRYING to save time at meals, taking only ten or fifteen minutes for luncheon, with their minds intent on business problems.

By not taking a little outdoor recreation every day. They did not know that the bow always on the stretch soon loses its spring, its elasticity.

They went into physical bankruptcy by using up more force each day than nature generated.

They did not think it necessary to take exercise.

By turning night into day; by too complex living.

They thought they could improve on God's plan and draw more out of their physical bank than they deposited; result, physical bankruptcy.

By hurrying, worrying, fretting, stewing, driving, straining to keep up appearances.

They spoiled their digestion by overeating, eating too many things, bolting their food.

By always reading medical advertisements and medical books which described their symptoms.

They took life too seriously, did not have enough fun, enough play in their lives.

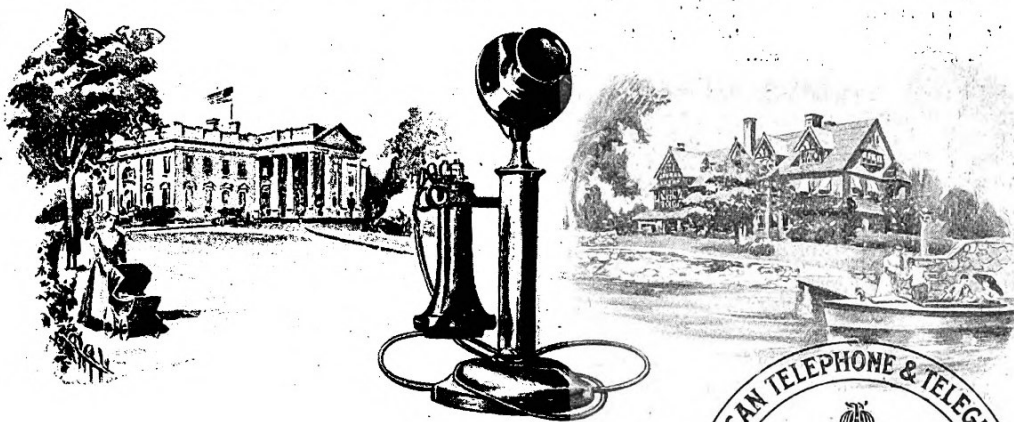
Through the "doctor habit" and the patent medicine habit.

They were always thinking about themselves, analyzing themselves, looking for trouble, for unfavorable symptoms, imagining all sorts of things about their physical condition.

Did not adapt diet to their vocation. The brain-worker, the sedentary man, ate heavy muscle-food, such as meats, and vice versa.

By hot temper, jealousy, by a selfish, critical, nagging, scolding disposition, which poisoned their blood and brain.

In The Public Service



The President of the United States works for 80,000,000 people all the time.

He needs rest and change to keep him fit for his work, and yet he cannot neglect his official duties, he must always be within reach.

When Washington was president he rode his horse as far as Mount Vernon and kept in touch by messenger with the affairs of state. The President to-day has a wider range and can seek the cooling breezes of the New England coast.

The long distance telephone keeps him in constant communication with the capital and the nation.

The railroad will carry him back to Washington in a day, but usually he need not make even this brief journey. The Bell telephone enables him to send his voice

instead, *not only to Washington but to any other point.*

The Bell system performs this service *not only for the President, but for the whole public.*

This system has been built up so gradually and extended so quietly that busy men hardly realize its magnitude or appreciate its full value.

Forty thousand cities, towns and villages are connected by the Bell system, which serves *all the people all the time.*

The Bell telephone has become the implement of a nation. It increases the sum total of human efficiency, and makes every hour of the day more valuable to busy men and women.

The highest type of public service can be achieved *only by one policy, one system, universal service.*

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies

Every Bell Telephone is The Center of the System.

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Stoves—Ranges
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80 Tons of Iron a Day

Melted to Make "GARLANDS"

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For 37 years the most extensively sold.
May as well have the "GARLAND."
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I would like to examine a set of your new History in my home free for a week.

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5% Bonds

TEN years ago the average investor was satisfied if he obtained a return of from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent. on his money and yet to-day there is a growing and insistent demand for investment securities yielding from 5 to 6 per cent.

¶ To the student of economic conditions the reason for this is plain—it is caused by the decrease in the purchasing power of gold brought about by the enormous increase in gold production which has taken place in the last decade.

¶ In ten years the cost of living has by actual statistics increased nearly fifty per cent.—that is to say, the value of gold has depreciated to such an extent that it now takes a dollar and a half to buy as much food or clothing as one dollar would formerly purchase.

¶ To apply these statistics to the investor we will consider the case of a man who has ten thousand dollars invested in four per cent. bonds and is therefore annually receiving four hundred dollars in interest. When he made the investment four hundred dollars may have been ample for his needs, but four hundred dollars ten years ago was almost the exact equivalent of six hundred dollars at the present time and unless our investor has been able to increase the amount of his capital he often finds himself obliged to replace his four per cent. securities with others yielding a greater return.

¶ This problem of re-investment has been solved by a slight sacrifice of security of principal and interest or of marketability or better by a combination which will leave a portion of the investment readily marketable at any time while the security of the balance is unquestioned.

¶ We own and are offering in lots to suit the purchaser a number of railroad equipment, irrigation and high-grade industrial corporation bonds to net from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 per cent. and if you are interested in re-investing your money so as to obtain a better interest return we should be pleased to have you correspond with us or call at our offices.

Send for Investment List No. S10

Alfred Mestre & Co.
BANKERS

Members New York Stock Exchange

52 Broadway New York

The Actual Value

of an investment cannot, as a rule, be readily determined by the average investor.

¶ Safety is dependent on many underlying factors.

¶ For this reason, you should seek the advice of trustworthy and experienced bankers.

¶ Your letter to us, regarding investment matters, will receive our careful attention.

¶ We shall be pleased to make suggestions and will send circular 37-A descriptive of bond issues yielding as liberal an income as can be safely obtained.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS

21 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

CHICAGO. SAN FRANCISCO. DENVER.

6% Your surplus money can be made to earn you 6% and be secure. **6%**

JEFFERSON COUNTY BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION SHARES

Pay 3%, July and January on money secured by mortgage on improved Birmingham, Ala., real estate.
\$50.00 Shares withdrawable on demand with interest to date. Write for Circular. 217 N. 21st Street, Birmingham, Ala.
F. M. JACKSON, Pres.,



CAUTION FOR THE WOMAN INVESTOR



She is Naturally Something of a Gambler and Should Beware of Unreasonable Promises

BY MONTGOMERY ROLLINS

ONE woman has declared that the real cause of the general lack of financial knowledge in the feminine mind is due to pure mental laziness. She has probably touched a vital point, for every man will recall a failure on the part of some woman to comprehend money matters because of her own inertia.

That this lack of mental effort exists to a certain extent is doubtless true, but generations of man's helpful neglect toward that end must also be figured into the accounting. But there are thousands of women, and their number is tremendously upon the increase, who are showing plenty of brain activity and the ability to act intelligently in the employment of money. To those especially, perhaps, the following modest suggestions may contain something of moment.

It is more than passing strange that the connection of the female world in general with the money question should not have long since received more serious consideration. So far as the memory of man goeth the woman of the family has received, to a preponderating extent, her food and clothes from the man. With but extremely few exceptions, hardly worth noting, this economic condition does not exist in the animal kingdom. The female obtains her food independently of the male, so if the mate is taken away, no confusion arises, on account thereof, as to her continued sustenance.

Woman is Naturally a Gambler

Because the very contrary condition exists in the human family, the married woman who endeavors to supply her own economic wants is met with difficulty on every side. This state of affairs is due somewhat to customs which have gradually grown to be almost rules, but largely to the universal lack of appreciation of the seriousness of this problem. Women ought to know about investments, especially those who expect to be left as guardians of children's funds, to say nothing of the care of their own inheritances. Why it is that certain firmly underlying principles can not be understood by, or taught to, womankind is vexing. Naturally she is, probably, more of a gambler than man, and prone to take risks which would stagger a man with no greater experience.

A house owner who was seriously considering whether it would not be the cheapest method of settlement to turn over the house and lot to the plumber to offset his bill, declared, in some anger, that there were some subjects which could be wisely dispensed with in the public school curriculum in exchange for a good common-sense course in plumbing. The writer of this article, however, feels that a great safeguard against financial loss, with resultant increased contentment to thousands, could be brought about by injecting a good course in simple finance—the handling of money and its investment—into these self-same schools. And why not? Is not the wise conserving of money the making of any nation? It has done everything for the French, and why should it not receive the most serious kind of consideration in America?

Women are Good Shoppers but Bad Investors

Whereas women unquestionably know a great deal of the value of money so far as it applies to the purchase of household supplies, their milliner, and so forth, and are probably much better trained in the proper cost of a roast of beef than most men, yet, when it comes to making money earn them a livelihood, they are, as a class, utterly in the dark. They seldom apply the same rules of common sense when purchasing a bond or stock that so well stand them in stead in the management of their household and personal expenses.

The foregoing is particularly emphasized by women's everlasting demand for unreasonably high interest returns. Many, even, who can afford to live upon an income of three and one-half or four per cent. demand much higher rates. It may be laid down as a good rule that six per cent. verges toward the danger line. But how about those who, either from necessity or inclination, refuse to cut their cloth according to conservative principles, and who insist upon coupons of more generous amounts? Then here again the writer seeks shelter behind the proverbial advice to purchase only from investment bankers who are known to follow carefully rules and customs which years of practice have fixed as proper. For there are, unquestionably, plenty of bond issues which pay as much as five per cent. and possibly six, provided the tax collector and the security holder do not come in too close contact. But there are so many investors who run along in a heedless fashion, neither seeking proper advice nor exercising competent judgment. For such people as that, and those who

demand the higher income, the writer suggests ever bearing in mind this rule: High interest rates beget loss of principal. Many people adorn their homes with homely mottoes which, for practical ends, the above might advantageously replace. To get with safety better than four or five per cent. interest, one must either be a shrewd, well-posted person in financial affairs, or seek the helpful advice of some one else so favored.

Consider Enterprises Based Upon National Needs

There is one very broad principle to bear in mind in all such matters, and which is, after all, fundamental, but little considered. Does it not stand to reason that there must be certain enterprises which are based upon our great national needs and resources, which, basically, must be sound? Look at a map of the United States; do not get too near; but consider it from a broad and general standpoint; grasp in your mind's eye the enormous traffic of this country; the big arteries of transportation. It would seem that the bonds and even many stocks of these large railroad lines must be reasonably safe, for these big systems carry commerce from ocean to ocean, bringing the products of the West to the Eastern mart, and also, in vast quantities, for shipment to the European markets. They, likewise, transport the manufactures of the East to the West as well as to the steamship lines, largely controlled by these same railways which pass them on to the Asiatic countries. Such immense traffic as this must furnish the basis for sound investment if anything can.

The writer has always felt that the perspective of the investor becomes so warped by little things that the great big hands, pointing to failure or success, are unobserved. It is like a man lost in the deep and somber forest—his range of vision is so limited that it is impossible for him to detect even great storm-clouds gathering upon the horizon.

Mining Investments Should Not be Considered by Women

It would seem that the more speculative the investment the more the average female mind is fascinated, which accounts for their making so many losses in mining and oil securities. Of these beware! and remember that the highest grade magazines will not permit advertisements of either of these to appear in their columns. They are highly speculative always. Such properties, including quarries and the like, must gradually be exhausted as their products are withdrawn, and at some future time must either reach a point of exhaustion, or a depth too great for economical operation. Therefore never value the shares of the mines by dividends only. Either set aside yourself a proper proportion of each dividend so as to allow for a charging off of the principal, or be sure that the management is setting aside from its profits a sufficient yearly sinking fund to offset the exhaustion of the resources. Women would do well never to consider such a line of securities.

If the lawmakers of any State should know the perils of mining ventures, certainly those of California would lead the procession, beating tom-toms. It is a good cross-road sign, pointing to caution, that its Legislature has just enacted a new banking law, which prohibits savings banks from purchasing or loaning on mining shares—representing ownership in one of its greatest industries.

Industrials Should be Approached with Caution

Industrials differ not one whit from other securities in containing some that are very good and others that are very bad. As a rule, they are outside of the legitimate field for the investment of a woman's funds. There are plenty of good industrials, which have resulted from large amalgamations and some of them are becoming known as strictly investment stocks and bonds, but it is not within the scope of this article to discriminate between the good and the bad of a particular class, but to point out the odds in favor of or against different classes of securities. And, for that reason, the industrial issues should be looked upon askance, especially when we come to consider that almost every kind of a business is being incorporated, and the securities floated. No manufactured article seems to be so lacking in probable market as to prevent some promoter from taking it up.

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Beware of statistics. In the hands of honest men they are of great value, but they may, otherwise, be honest but most misleading. The gossip who said she saw Mrs. Brown riding at night in a closed carriage with Mr. Jones created a scandal. She was honest as far as she went, but neglected to add that Mr. Brown was there also. The point in mind is to be sure that statistics of all kinds are called into use, not only the favorable ones. Statistics frequently take a funny turn. A western newspaper, indulging in the pleasant pastime of bragging about its own city, declared it to have the lowest death-rate west of Chicago, and the largest casket manufactory west of St. Louis.

Small losses often grow to tragic proportions from the lack of the exercise of courage. It seems almost preordained that, the moment a security has declined in price somewhat below its original cost, the possessor will hold on rather than to limit the loss then and there by selling out. The cost of a security should never, in any way, have any bearing upon the exercise of reasonable judgment in its sale. If it is wise to sell it on general principles, its cost is beside the question, but the very fact that it already represents a small loss is so many times the determining factor in favor of its mistaken retention.

Read Your Bonds and Certificates Carefully

The writer recalls, with much interest, and remembers how he was impressed at the time, by an elderly man, who was a considerable purchaser of bonds. After making his selection with the greatest of care he would call for one of the executed bonds. He would then betake himself to a secluded corner of the office, and, for a full hour, read and reread; study and analyze every word in the document itself. Occasionally he would find that it contained something which, to his mind, seemed to unreasonably favor the issuer to the possible detriment of the holder. It is not recorded that that investor went far wrong in his selections, but how many are there such as he? How many read their certificates of stock, or bonds, or whatever they may purchase? But few ever read an insurance policy.

Women in particular should, even more than men, guard against heaping undeserved blame upon their bankers for securities that may not turn out as expected, for there is no class of investors who so persistently din into the ears of the banker the cry for high interest rates as women. Almost with tears in her eyes she will demand an exorbitant rate of interest, which never can be obtained without attendant risks. The banker, with the best faith in the world, will urge her to the contrary, and will tell her that he does not want to take the risk of permitting her to so have her way. She will say that she is dependent upon as large an income as possible from her small principal, and she feels certain that he can advise her safely, and will deliberately promise never to reproach him in time of trouble. All of which she promptly forgets when trouble comes, as it likely will; and the way she will abuse and pester him is enough to make him forswear dealings with women in toto. Too often, investors, including many men, are very much to blame for this sort of thing, and it is all summed up in the fair and equitable proposition that the investor should assume his or her proportion of the responsibility, in case of loss, and give proper credit to the banker in case of extraordinary profits.

Brief Rules for the Woman Investor

Here are a few general suggestions, which may be helpful:

If it is a municipal bond that is being considered—and probably women would, in the long run, be better off if they confined their investments to bonds, and, still better, to the municipal class—it is not advisable to place too much confidence in a municipality which is so located as to be entirely independent upon the lumber business, oil wells, or some special form of mining; that is, a stability, not likely to be furnished under such conditions, is needed. An agricultural section is far better and more permanent than one dependent upon such as the foregoing.

Investigate the standing of the men in charge of a corporation, for every one must depend largely upon the wise management and integrity of such officials for their income. Ascertain the location of the property and the character of the country upon which it is dependent for its business, especially if it is increasing in population and wealth, or the reverse.

Present competition, or the likelihood of the same in the future, is very important. Is the corporation charging excessive rates so as likely to invite competition? Are its earnings based upon patents which may be approaching expiration? Study the earnings through a period long enough to cover both good and bad times in business.

But when all is said, most business must rest upon faith in some one, and, therefore, the character of your banker is all-important.

We must always respect a direct and thorough handling of money. There is a splendid moral lesson in its practice, and the comfortable results attained by pursuing the right methods are most gratifying. It may all be accomplished by careful study and reasonable judgment. It is not so deep in mysteries as commonly supposed. Apply the same prudence and forethought as you would in the general management of the home and equally good fortune should attend a woman's investing.

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Men Who Can't Quit

(Continued from page 636)

life. In the last analysis, it is a confession of weakness, of ultimate failure, for any man to say that he can't quit. The two greatest business men this country has yet produced are John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie. Each of them has been off the playing field for years. Each of them gave the final proof of his supremacy by selecting entirely competent and capable successors. It is the last test of greatness to look one's self in the face and admit that the indispensable man does not exist.

That is a wise old story which relates how the junior partner came to the head of the firm in great distress. "Young Jones is going to leave us," he said. "Perhaps if we'd raise him a couple of thousand he'd stay. I don't see how we can get along without him."

"You say we can't get along without him?" questioned the senior.

"I don't see how we could."

"Well, then, give him two weeks' notice this afternoon. That'll give us a fortnight to look around and fill his place. Just think what shape we'd be in if he should up and die on us overnight."

Let any man realize how easily his place may be filled and it becomes comparatively easy for him to retire—provided that is what he really wants to do. Nor is it necessary, before embarking on his own private and individual search for happiness, that he shall have accumulated a sufficient competency.

Ten years ago a young man went to work in a large department store as a clerk at the ribbon counter. He was diligent, keen, clever. Presently his work was noticed by the head of the firm, who was famous for the way in which he detected and rewarded modest merit. The young man's salary was twice raised. He was promoted. A little later he was raised to the position of usher. He was looked upon as one of the coming men in the big business. Then, suddenly, five years ago, it was announced that he had voluntarily resigned. He had bought a little fruit farm in Michigan, to which he and his family had retired. His fellow climbers on the ladder were inclined to think him a fool. Late in the fall he came back from the farm and took his old place of usher. In the early spring, when the holiday rush was well over, he disappeared again. Ever since he has followed the same routine—eight months on the farm, four in the city, at the old job. Voluntarily he has given up the very flattering possibility that sooner or later he might have become one of the many junior partners in the great business.

If You Like the Country Live In It!

His philosophy of life is very simple—a surprising number of people are beginning to think it wise.

"My wife and I have always liked the country," he says. "We like to put in the spring vegetables, to watch them grow and to market them successfully. We like to work with the peach and apple trees; to take care of the ducks and chickens; to live out in the open, with lots of fresh air to breathe and a little lake to fish and swim in. At the same time we don't like to work too hard; we enjoy life in the city, too. So we talked it over and decided that we couldn't afford to get rich. It would cost too much. Now we've got just about what we want most. Our farm brings us a good living every year and the store is glad to have me back during every rush season."

His former associates see, now, that he has come nearer than most of them to the realization of a definite ideal.

To any serious-minded man voluntary retirement means only the transfer of his normal activities to some more congenial or less strenuous field. And it is one of the happy signs of the times that an increasing number of young men of education, ability and inherited wealth are finding in the public service a career of great general usefulness and keen individual satisfaction. Many of them are doubtless chiefly moved by the desire to personally achieve official honor, but surely even that is a noble substitute for the older ideal of constantly increasing an already sufficient fortune. And it is especially noteworthy that one finds a great many men of fortune and proved ability serving the public in comparatively obscure, if actually important, positions. Flaunting no titles, filling no space in the newspapers, there are scores of men in Washington and elsewhere who are working, unselfishly and at merely nominal salaries, in the interest of a public which has never even heard their names. Such men are especially plentiful in the scientific departments of the national government. One of the greatest living authorities on fishes, for instance, a man worth half a million dollars, is happy in giving his devoted labors to the American people at a salary of thirty dollars a month. He is but one of the new Grand Army of Volunteers, who, having inherited or won a competency, has put public service in the place of private gain. Another man, still comparatively young, who in a few years and by his own shrewdness almost doubled the handsome fortune his father left him, retired from business some time ago and is now working as a volunteer agricultural explorer for the government, seeking in the far corners of the world new plants and animals, which,

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The career of these men is an illustration of the fact that to be happy in his retirement the man of affairs must first find some pleasant and, preferably, unselfish employment which may occupy his energies. One of the keenest and most successful speculators who ever tied the Chicago Board of Trade into a hard knot has, for years, chiefly busied himself with the cultivation of a great rose garden, the blossoms from which regularly brighten the wards of various Chicago hospitals. Another retired millionaire, who forbids the mention of his name, but whose quiet happiness is a pleasant thing to see, is devoting the years of his retirement to the rearing of good citizens for the great State in which he made his wealth. He and his wife have already legally adopted, educated and started in useful lives, nearly twenty boys and girls left without parents or means for their support. The childless old age of these good people is certain to be blessed with the love and gratitude of one of the largest families on record.

In England a good many retired business men of large experience in affairs find a pleasant and unselfish field for the exercise of their talents in the direction and management of various publicly owned utilities. In the United States, where municipal ownership has made less progress, opportunity in this direction is much smaller.

Find a Pleasant Hobby and Ride It Hard

Thrice wise and blessed, then, is the business man who, in the years of his activity, finds and cherishes a pleasant hobby. And the hobby should be one in which its owner finds a real and compelling interest. A half-hearted hobby is almost certain to spill its rider.

A Chicago millionaire grew old and tired. His only child, a son, planned to persuade his father to retire by appealing to his love for trotting-horses. Out of his own funds he bought for five thousand dollars one of the fastest trotters in the country. But he knew full well that if he told the truth about the price paid for the animal the old man would look upon it as a piece of wild and criminal extravagance. So he told his father he had obtained the horse for six hundred dollars.

"There, father," he said, "is a present I've bought for you. The horse has a record of 2.18. I reckon he can throw dust in the faces of the fastest trick the boys have got over at the West Side Park."

That afternoon the old man won half a dozen brushes at the West Side track. He came home convinced that at six hundred dollars the new horse was a great bargain. He congratulated his son on the shrewdness he had shown in picking it up.

"And now, father," the young man urged, artfully, "I want you to give up business, for a while anyhow. I'll be on deck all the time, and there's nothing particular requiring attention just now."

"We'll see, Johnny, we'll see," was the nearest the old man would come to a promise.

For the next two weeks, however, he did not go near his office. Twice a day he took John R. out in the speeding buggy. It was great fun. Business seemed to be altogether forgotten.

The fond son concluded that his stratagem had been splendidly justified in success. The color came back to his father's leathery cheeks. With each day's sport he seemed to grow younger, stronger, more in love with life. Finally, one evening, looking out of the big front windows of his ancestral home, the young man saw his father come walking up the street. There was a most youthful jauntiness in his springy gait. In his right hand he carried a long buggy whip. The old fellow burst into the house with boyish boisterousness.

"Well, Johnny, son," he cried, slapping his boy on the back, "I'm even with old Seth Bullock at last. I've been waiting twenty years for this chance!"

"What have you done, father?" the young man asked, with a fearful premonition.

A Business Man to the End

"Done? Done Seth! Done him good, too. You paid six hundred dollars for John R.—the whole outfit, didn't you? Well, I stuck Seth for twenty-five hundred for the horse and buggy. Here's his check for it, too. When he handed it to me I walked over and took the whip out of the socket. 'Course, you understand, Seth,' I said, 'that the horse and buggy don't include this?' 'Yes, I understand, John,' he said, and then he just laughed. But say, wouldn't he be sore if he knew he'd paid more than four times what the rig cost?"

Then the young man understood, finally, that his father was hopeless. So, when the estate came into his own hands, in order to make sure that he should be easily able to retire from business, he very promptly announced that he never intended to enter it.

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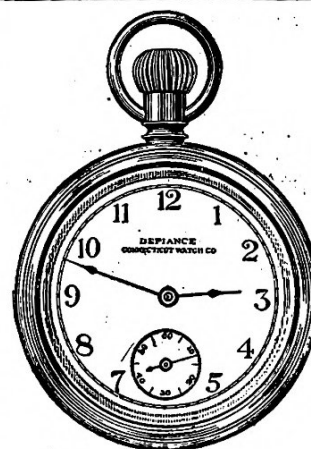
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Mrs. Curtis's Home Corner



A LETTER which came to me the other day from a Southern reader held something interesting enough to quote. "Give a dog a bad name," said this woman, "and you know what chance he has in life! It is the same with the housekeeper of the South. She has so long been the victim of calumny, we can never make a Northerner believe we live in anything but dirt and disorder. I lay it, in part with her other sins, at the door of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Two or three generations ago, such novels as 'The Wide, Wide World' set a stamp on New England housewifery as superfluous, and that became tradition. In 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' Mrs. Stowe drew pictures of Southern housekeeping which are typical of a lazy, incapable housewife anywhere, but they are not national. Such homes are as numerous in the North as in the South. I have seen them. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' set the fashion for a certain rallery at our domestic conditions, and the same thing prevails to-day in novels, magazine and newspaper articles. It is also current gossip among people who have never traveled below Mason and Dixon's line. The calumny is seldom refuted, except when some fair-minded Northern woman comes as a guest into our homes and is afterwards kind enough to tell the truth. Only — as 'one swallow can not make a summer,' so the testimony of a few can not kill a slander fifty years old."

The Southern Housekeeper Contents Bravely with Adverse Conditions

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

After a glimpse into a few Southwestern homes, I wondered why they were not kept cleaner. I had only been doing my own work for a few days when I wondered how they managed to keep a house clean at all. All day long, all night long, a hot wind, glancing at our household goods on the piazza.

"Why do you sweep to-day?" asked a neighbor, glancing at our household goods on the piazza.

"Because it is Friday," I answered. "Isn't Friday sweeping-day in Oklahoma?"

"We never sweep till it rains," she answered, wearily.

IN THE North we think we have a domestic problem. Go South or Southwest and decide if ours is a problem. There you find absolutely nothing but colored help — none of the better element, but a mongrel class which is almost hopeless. Neither men, women, nor children will work until starvation stares them in the face. Then, if it is very hot, they will beg or steal before they work. They squat in miserable huts about the creek-edge, and simply loaf. After they have earned enough money to support them for a few days, you can not induce them to work at any wage. We grew desperate. Sometimes it was one hundred and three degrees in the shade for days at a time, and help could not be got for love or money. I started one day to search for a washwoman. Soiled clothes were piling up at a fearful rate. We drove through street after street, where wretched little shacks stood in strange disorder. Every domicile spilled over with dark-skinned humanity, idle, but happy. I raised the everyday pay of a laundress from one dollar a day to two, then to two and a half.

"No, ma'am," was the answer I invariably got; "it's too hot ter work; 'sides, I don't hab ter—jest yit, anyhow."

Cooler weather came; then hunger brought them to back doors begging for work. But such work! Any self-respecting housewife would have toiled on her hands and knees rather than accept it. In these Southwestern cities, women are up and about soon after dawn, the only time of the day when it is cool, cooking, washing, scrubbing, baking, and ironing. Frequently, of an early morning, the mistress of a magnificent home may be seen in the back yard, hanging out a wash she has done herself. She has no false notions about such work being beneath her dignity.

STRANGELY enough, in these servantless cities you rarely find the apartments or big hotels to which Northern women betake themselves when they can not find help. Every city of the plains is a city of homes, and in the majority of these homes the mistress is the houseworker. She is wise enough to realize nothing can take the place of a home; so, when it is imperative, she does the work herself, training the children to help. Consequently, everywhere you find bright, energetic, clever girls, who are as much interested in the work of a house as their mothers. They take their places in multitudes of new homes in the Southwest, worthy helpmates for the young men who are the backbone of a new State.

THE immense new State is almost a new country — only twenty years old, I believe. Graphic stories have been told of how the wilderness was opened up, of how industries have been born, of how its mineral wealth has been discovered, and its millions of new homes built. In the building of these homes the women did their share. You would have realized it, as I did, if you could have been a guest one afternoon at an Oklahoma piazza party where, as women stitched or crocheted, they swapped tales of pioneer days. None of them were old, some were growing gray, on the faces of a few were etched lines of hard work and valiant struggle. Still, in looking back, the only feeling seemed to be victory against hard odds. They told stories of disaster and privation as we would relate a funny adventure.

SOUTHERN housewives battle with conditions which are unknown to us. I learned something of them one summer when we lived in Oklahoma. The hotels were so comfortless we went to housekeeping in a bungalow.

The Big Show at Pittsburg

[Continued from page 622]

zero weather as its drops of boiling spray burn up in the air, swings across to where two or three men are standing. It looks kind of good to see them pull the string, or whatever it is that lifts the valve in the bottom of the ladle and lets the stuff run like condensed milk into the molds. It makes you feel a little less that you are intruding among Titanic forces that would as lief kill you, when you see men of like passions and like frailty plainly the masters of those forces, visibly steering them. One after another the molds are filled, with a "Whoop! Tha's enough!" until the empty ladle swings back and away, and the train glides out to let the shapes cool off a little. This mighty job is done with seemingly less trouble than filling so many cans of fruit. The idea in letting the ingots cool off is to make them like the candies they used to have when I was little—hard outside, and inside kind of "runny." Yes and "rummy" too, for the inside stuff was what makes drunk come. Just the thing for children.

You get braced to wonders somewhat by this time, and it does n't amaze you greatly to see a big thumb and finger reach down and pluck the mold off the ingot and leave it standing naked on the car, with only a cloak of shimmering air about its clean, square edges, which have nearly darkened into the proper color while yet the body of it looks like strawberry ice. Only "looks" like it, for, as you pass by, your left ear burns as if folks were talking about you.

What Happens to Soft Steel

Just as it stands, it would n't do to roll this ingot. You might as well pass a cream-puff through a clothes-wringer. It is too hard outside, too squashy inside; so the thumb and finger pick it up and slip it into a "soaking-pit" of burning gas, which is enough like "Danteo's Inferno" to obviate the necessity of a visit to the coke-ovens. In the flames the outside softens and the inside hardens until the whole mass is of that doughiness throughout that makes steel a metal so much superior for our purposes to any other.

Here comes one, just ripe. After it has been plucked out of the "soaking-pit" and dropped into a socket, which obligingly tips it over on a traveling pathway of rollers, you can see the print of thumb and finger in its soft sides. The unsuspecting ingot goes along, and goes along, when, biff! it butts its head against the rolls that drag it in and flatten it out and lengthen it amazingly. A fishworm—a hunk of chewing-gum—what shall I liken it to? And just when its latter end falls off the rolls and the steel seems to say to itself, "Well, glory be! That's over with," the treacherous pulleys in its traveling pathway reverse and, biff! it butts into the rolls again—and yet again—and yet again. Once in a while you notice "it's getting crooked," and something crowds over and pushes the plastic steel against the straight-edge of its pathway and takes the kinks out. Or you think, "Time for a turn-over, as St. Lawrence said on his gridiron," when up comes a set of fingers and flips the steel over a quarter-turn. To see such processes done by machinery seems all the more ingenious by comparison, when the simple act of stamping figures into the "bloom"—I think that's what is called a "bloom"—takes two men to accomplish. Years ago I peeped into the front door of a small rolling-mill (it looked big to me then, though) and watched the men dancing hither and thither as the red-hot serpents writhed and skewed about coming through the rolls. They grabbed the lively things with pincers and steered them straight, and were as busy as could be. It was an interesting sight, but it rather fussed me. I could n't put the thought away, that some day a man would catch his foot on something and fall down, or miss his grip with the pincers and—let's don't talk about it. They had one of those old-time rolls in the steel-plant I visited, but only as a curio. Myself, I much prefer the modern method. It does n't look to be such a widow-maker.

Add Salt Before You Serve

So far as the bunting of this doughy steel through the rolls goes, it is about the same thing to the looker-on, whether the end-product be blooms, or structural steel, or the sheet. There is the same surprised concussion when it meets the rolls, the same marvelous lengthening out and spreading out until it gets too hard to work, whether the rolls successively put a deeper crimp into the angle or only flatten the sheet thinner and thinner. There are the same vast spaces relatively unpeopled. A man stands by the traveling pathway taking a nursemaid's languid interest; presumably a man lurks in that little wooden box up on the crane, from whence a vicious blue flash of light comes every time the traveling pathway reverses; from time to time somebody—I think it is the fellow with the nursemaid's languid interest—casts salt upon the tortured steel, which, when it comes through the rolls right afterwards, kicks up the dickens and all of a racket, as if a sport, whose pa was rich and whose ma did n't care, had set off packs and packs of cannon-crackers all at

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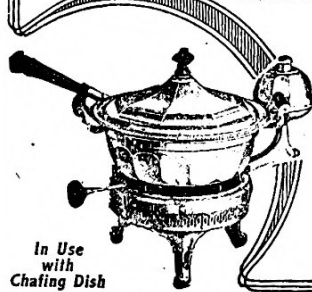
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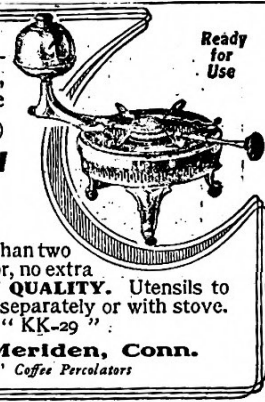


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once. First off, I thought it was the steam from the spray of water that now and again plays upon the hot steel. But it's mostly the salt, which loosens the scale that way—the scale that you may see dancing crazily in lively black swarms, for all the world like fleas upon a newly clipped retriever in the spring. (If some of it still sticks outside, there is a chisel to take it off; not the cold-chisel of our acquaintance, thumped by a hand-hammer, so prone to raise a lump on the forefinger of the left hand, but an air-driven chisel that chips with frantic and untiring haste.) Also, a boy moves a lever now and again, and, after a little thinking, you connect his motions with those of a knife that cuts the red and glossy steel as neatly and as silently as if it were so much cream-cheese. Let me see: "The two Crograns was one; Tim Riley was two—" Well, it takes three men to do the job—only three.

It is n't until the sheets have blackened into their natural color from the pretty red and only the dizzying blur of air above their flatness reveals the fact that they are hot; it isn't until it comes to trimming off their piecrust edges, so they will look square and nice, that a fair-sized gang of men appears. Young fellows with straight-edges and chalk, moving with surprising briskness, mark lines upon the steel, and the swarm of men, also not dawdling, seize the sheet with their pincers and wade through a thicket of casters growing upside down, dragging the metal over them to a huge guillotine which shears its knife down along the chalk-lines. They drag the sheet on the casters to another guillotine to cut off along another chalk-line. It takes three of these guillotines, that seemed to me to be exactly alike, to trim the steel into the rectangular shape which civilized beings, and only civilized beings, hanker for. (You can not get a savage to set a thing square and even, to save your life, so missionaries tell me.) It looks a little wasteful to have so many hands and three separate guillotines to trim the sheets, but maybe the management knows its business.

Sawing Rails, Is Not Musical

Rails are cut with saws. Not quietly; not at all. There is considerable racket underneath an elevated railroad in a narrow street; the subway isn't quite a lodge in some vast wilderness; but never until I watched a toothless saw cut through a cold steel rail by friction, melting its way—you can see the smeared ends afterward—did I experience a noise that my ear felt rather than heard. The toothless saw whirled with unimaginable speed; the sparks showered like an enormous pinwheel, and the unwilling steel emitted a shriek of agony that was like a forceful finger jammed into my ear and scratching on my ear-drum with its nail. It was like a brass band of a hundred pieces, each piece blowing fortissimo, a note a half-tone higher than its fellow. I don't care for such "close harmony."

Well, it's a grand sight, steel-making. I don't know of any grander one, unless it is Niagara. The two spectacles, seemingly so different, are yet identical in the one prime requisite of grandeur—terror. You respect Niagara when you depict yourself poised for one heart-beat on the silver verge of its long drop; you respect steel-making when you depict yourself for the heart-beat in which you can see a chain-link snap and the full ladle spill toward you.

Flood and Fire are two wonder-working servants when they are servants, but when they get the upper hand—somehow, we are less afraid of Fire; we—

stumble into his terrible stall And hale him forth like a haltered steer, and goad and turn him till evenfall.

But the ocean's waves and tides run wild and waste for lack of tug-straps strong enough to hold them. If the coltish streams, that now kick up their heels and nicker on their courses from the high mountain-peaks to the low-lying seas, were all hitched up and soberly at work, no streak of smoke need dirty the clean air, and yet we should be warmed and lighted, every wheel—twenty times as many—would spin as merrily as now, and the dry iron ore run liquid from the tapping-hole. But because Prometheus stole, not Flood, but Fire, from the old foggy gods, conservative of the old Law and the old Order; because Fire has been broken to harness, we shall likely cut every stick of timber, sweep out the farthest corner of the coal-measures, suck up the ultimate drop of kerosene and the last whiff of natural gas, before we get around to utilizing that source of power that can never fail us while there is a hot sun in heaven, while there are cold mountain-peaks on earth, and the low-lying seas have water in them.

Niagara and steel-making! Niagara is of the old faith, the old, old faith; in the domain of the Tory gods who soaked it to Prometheus so hard. It makes you feel that they have got it in for you too. It is kind of daunting to look at. It humbles you, and asks the question: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" It provokes us to repeat Sir Isaac Newton's sigh, that we are but children playing on the sea-strand and picking up here and there a pretty shell or two.

Poor Old Isaac Newton

Steel-making is of an altogether different temper. It is not of the old faith; not of the new faith, either. It is n't of any faith. Its motto is, "Show me thy works." As for Sir Isaac Newton's sigh—that we are only children playing on the seashore, picking up pretty shells—well,

likely that was so in Newton's time. But, land of Goshen! that was—let's see—where is the encyclopedia? MOT-ORM. Hm—New York (he never saw New York). Newspapers (never saw them either). Here we are: Newton . . . Why, that was two hundred years ago. The voice of Man changed from childish treble into manly bass when "The Origin of Species" came out, in 1859. We've had electric dynamos since the Centennial Exposition; after that Man shot up like a weed. "Picking up pretty sea-shells," eh? Making the world over to suit ourselves, say, rather. We have to; we have to tease out the secrets of the universe; we have to "grasp this sorry scheme of things entire," for we have begun to "shatter it to bits" by plundering its treasure-house of coal and iron, petroleum and gas, shearing it bald of timber, upsetting the balanced equilibrium of animal and plant life, turning rivers from their courses that deserts may blossom like the rose, and, unless we can "remold it nearer to the heart's desire," we shall doubtless perish everlastingly as a race.

"What is Man?" What is n't he, *in posse*, as the ranked centuries to come pass in review? "Mindful of him?" The least said about extraneous assistance the soonest mended. What Man has won has been by hard knocks; for Step-mother Nature has given him more kicks than coppers. The far-famed "frowning Providence" has been steadily on the job from the hour that History's whistle blew till now; its "smiling face" has been well hidden.

What is Man?

Man, The New Creator

There is a word of prophecy concerning him. If Niagara suggests the old gods, surly and mean to us-ward, steel-making utterly contemns them. Thor with his hammer, Jove with his thunderbolts, Hercules with the original Big Stick—they could n't hold their job at steel-making. "Go to the office and get your time," would be what the "pusher" would tell them. The only mythic figure that the steel industry suggests is that bold and resolute, that unconquered and unconquerable spirit, whom Milton's reluctant pen was forced to make the hero of "Paradise Lost." The flame, the fervent heat, the rolling smoke remind us of him. But most of all the mighty works that are done therein recall that prophecy of his (if Eden's serpent be the allotrope of Lucifer): "Ye shall be as gods"—and more also.

What is Man? The New Creator.



Who Invented Moving Pictures?

SO MANY minds, so many men, have evolved ideas that have been improved upon by others, tending toward the creation of moving pictures, that the whole world has contributed to the evolutionary process. Muybridge might claim to be the first in the field. Freisse Greene, in London, made the best advances, while Imiere and Anschutz followed very closely. Next came J. R. Bonheur, in America, he having conceived a plan, in 1886, which he sent in his voluminous correspondence to Thomas A. Edison.

Muybridge reproduced a famous trotting horse, very crude, but interesting in the light of future development. Anschutz perfected a series of photographs showing an enlarged "zoetrope" called and exhibited as the "Living Wonder." Freisse Greene's experiments followed in the early part of 1890, while the kinetoscope was its successor. This wonderful machine was a modification by Edison of the "Living Wonder" suggested by the use of a celluloid film as the basis for the photographic emulsion, the invention of Goodwin, of New Jersey. Other names in connection with the evolution of moving pictures are, Wordsworth, Denisthorpe, and Marey of Paris, who first presented pictures of birds in flight. Demeny, the assistant of Marey, followed up his master's successes, and R. W. Paul, of London, made interesting and progressive improvements in the early nineties.

Edison came along in 1894 with his improvements on ideas already before the public. The American Biograph, through Herman Casler, followed close upon Edison's achievements, as did Lumiere of Paris. Thus moving pictures belong to all the world and all the world has given us its productions.

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YOUNG physicians in the smaller towns have an idea that appearing very busy will help them greatly in starting a practise. The following is told by an ex-Senator, Dr. Godfrey Hunter, of Kentucky. Doctor Hunter had a call the afternoon following the hanging out of his "shingle," and started through town in his buggy at terrific speed. A policeman stopped the enterprising physician.

"Doctor," he said, "it is against the city ordinance to drive at the speed you are going. You must accompany me to the judge and pay your fine."

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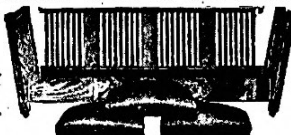
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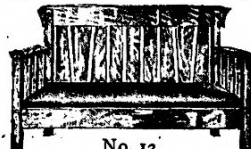
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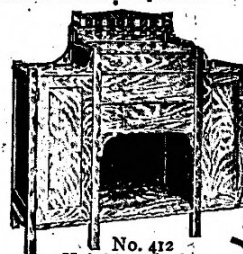
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The Gift of the Pitying Heart

[Continued from page 625]

face all drawn, a mask of white suffering and dread. Little Haz abruptly raised a feeble hand.

"Pop!—Pop!" he cried in a hoarse, thick utterance of pain and fear. "You've got to take me!—You've got to, Pop—the way you always have!"

Down went Hazard on his knees. He caught the feeble little hand.

"All right, old man—all right," he said. "I'm here—it's Pop. I'll take you wherever you want to go, I'll—Haz! Old man!—old man!"

He caught up the limp little form abruptly, wildly, straining him close to the agony surging in his heart—striving to fend off the something dread and terrible whose presence he had not dreamed so near.

There was just one smile, one failing little grasp at the big, strong hand—and the freed little soul was started on its journey—alone.

"Ruth! Ruth!" cried the man, in the anguish of helplessness, and he knelt there, weaving, his burden on his breast, when she came and crumpled, prostrate, in the door.

V

WHEN a month had gone by, a month strangely quiet in the house, the heavy rag doll, the calico cat and the frowning tin soldier still remained upon the desk, where their absent little comrade had placed them with a kiss and bade them await his return.

The engines, boat and cannon still reposed on the book that bristled with logical facts. Hazard could not bear the thought of having the playthings removed. Someway it seemed as if the little boy must still return to claim them. Someway the toys had been sanctified by that last affectionate caress. And somehow they typified faithfulness, waiting there day after day. They had been his companions; they became the man's; and thoughts he could scarcely confess to Ruth he confided to these poor inanimate tokens.

The friends and relations of the family had rallied about them in their grief. Ruth's aunts had come and hovered near and gone. Associates in Hazard's work had paid him the tribute of compassion. It is sorrow, after all, and the trials of life, that make the whole world kin.

One of the last of Hazard's friends to come was a scholar and logician like himself. But, unlike Hazard, he was single. He knew nothing of the deeper, truer joys of life, that are ever hand in hand with human sorrows.

"Old friend," he said, when at last his understanding had exhausted all but his philosophy, "I imagine you can understand my position at last. It is just because I do not wish to incur the risk of undergoing such a bitterness as yours that I do not get married, have a family and invite the jealous fates to do their worst."

Hazard smiled. "You know so little about it, after all. I'd go through it all—all again, for the exaltation I have known. That little boy was my chum, my friend—far more than just a son. His trust, his love, his honest, sweet companionship—those were the dearest possessions I have ever enjoyed. I miss him, miss him terribly. My very hand aches for his trusting little fingers. I keep on expecting to hear his voice. My heart expects his weight above its beating. My face expects the rapture of his kiss. I am disappointed every hour of day and night. And yet, the happiness that we two had, the love, the friendship, the pure, holy joy—they were worth this—worth it all! They can never be taken from me now. I'd go through it all a thousand times rather than not have known that little chum, or the ecstasy—the sheer, priceless ecstasy of having been his father and his friend!"

He did not confess, not even to Ruth, that the deepest, most hopeless despair of it all was occasioned by his persistent unbelief in a possible hereafter. He loathed the logic that had wrought his state of mind; but its cold hard ways were relentless. He strove by a thousand devices to convince himself there might be, must be, some wondrous way of divine provision whereby immortality could be assured.

However, no scheme, hence no relief, could rise in his finite mind; and his anguish remained unabated. He and Ruth were knitted to a closer union by their loss. They were happy in that, but as yet their happiness was negative and tinged with a gray that the burgeoning summer could not tint or warm to its former tingling gladness.

Ruth, in a way, was the braver of the two, doubtless because of the very fact that, being the mother who had borne the child, she suffered more profoundly than Hazard. But being a woman, wife and mother, that beautiful spirit of maternity was hers to bestow upon the mate at her side, as she must always bestow it on the helpless, on the sad, or the souls in need of sympathy, comfort and protection.

Thus the summer went by and the duties of life assumed their wonted round. Hazard went more frequently to town. A species of numbness, due perhaps to his constant habit of introspection—his endless self-search, in his hope to discover the weakness of his logic—developed in his manner.

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It was doubtless this singular absorption that rendered the accident possible. It occurred one autumn evening, just at dusk, at the station where by habit he alighted. A wagon, the train and an automobile were involved, no one knew precisely how. Hazard was found there, bleeding and white, lying unconscious by the track.

The truth of how it had happened was sufficiently important, but far more vital was the horrifying fact that Hazard was barely alive. He was hastened home by neighbors and friends—and a pale, brave Ruth received him.

Not only was death imminent that night, it remained like a hovering harpy, hour after hour, for nearly the length of a week. Even then the relief was uncertain. The pressure on Hazard's inert brain had finally been lessened, and his vital powers had rallied. Meantime, however, a fever had fastened upon him. He glided at last from unconsciousness into semi-consciousness, manifested in delirium.

From the shock of fever and physical exhaustion he lapsed once more into torpor—a lethargy more than merely profound in its strange proximity to death. So near to the portals did he slip in this relapse that the doctors surrendered all hope.

It was Ruth who would not, could not, surrender, could not even dream of defeat. And perhaps her love, as much as ministrations, by some of those strange, inexplicable forces that we may not understand, accomplished the victory at last.

Ruth was there when at length he awoke, a weak, helpless being, wan and wasted. It was she who saw the sunrise of his smile—a tired, evanescent beam of love that quickened her soul to thankful rapture.

His hand sought hers for the feeblest of pressures. "I have—been with little Haz," he whispered happily. "It's all—all right." And he faded softly back into slumber.

After that he mended day by day and his strength came back as the flowers come in spring, shyly at first and then with increasing purpose.

VI

HE SAID NO MORE OF little Haz until he was well restored. It all came forth one calm autumn night, when again, as of old, the grate was ablaze and he and Ruth were harbored in their chair.

Hazard drew Ruth against his shoulder lovingly, and gazed upon her face.

"Beloved, I am absolutely happy once again," he said. "Do you chance to recall what you said, that final night—the night when he kissed his battered toys and placed them on the desk?"

"Why—yes—I remember some of the things, of course."

"You said perhaps belief and faith would come to me in my despair through our own little messenger, sent to our care by a loving and thoughtful Father. That was your hope, your prediction, dear, that has come so wondrously true!"

Ruth was suddenly tingling with excitement and expectation.

"Oh, dearest!" she said. "Dearest!"

"I've been waiting to try to translate it. I can never hope to tell it all to any one—even to myself—so far it goes beyond our mental understanding."

He paused for a moment and Ruth waited breathlessly.

"Beloved, I lay at the verge of death on two occasions," he resumed in a strange and transcendental awe. "No one has told me, but I know. No one knows as I do exactly how near I was to slipping over. My soul, or consciousness, was free. And wonderful things were revealed at last to that marvelous essence of my being." His voice sank low, and as one entranced he began his explanation.

He talked for an hour, to himself, as much as to Ruth. It was strangely, incredibly beautiful—the exquisite flowering of a mind and soul brought forth from the darkness into light.

"It is more by a million, million times than man may hope or promise," he added at last in a murmurous croon, ineffably soothing to his mate. "Our own little boy, with every possible wish foreseen and instantly foregranted, is here at home with us, beloved—here to-night, with us. He wished that most, and God, in His love, His wisdom and His infinite mercy has granted him that, and a thousand comforts more, for his pure and undefiled little spirit."

He said no more, but sat transfixed, his gaze softly bent upon the fire. Ruth was softly crying. After a time that seemed very long she raised her hand against his face.

"Dearest, dearest, I'm so glad," she said. "It's the Gift of the Pitying Heart."

It was spring again and Easter day and the hour of the sunset's glory.

Hazard, alone by the library desk, paused as he listened for a sound from above, and laid his hand unthinkingly upon an old rag doll, dusty and dingy in its place.

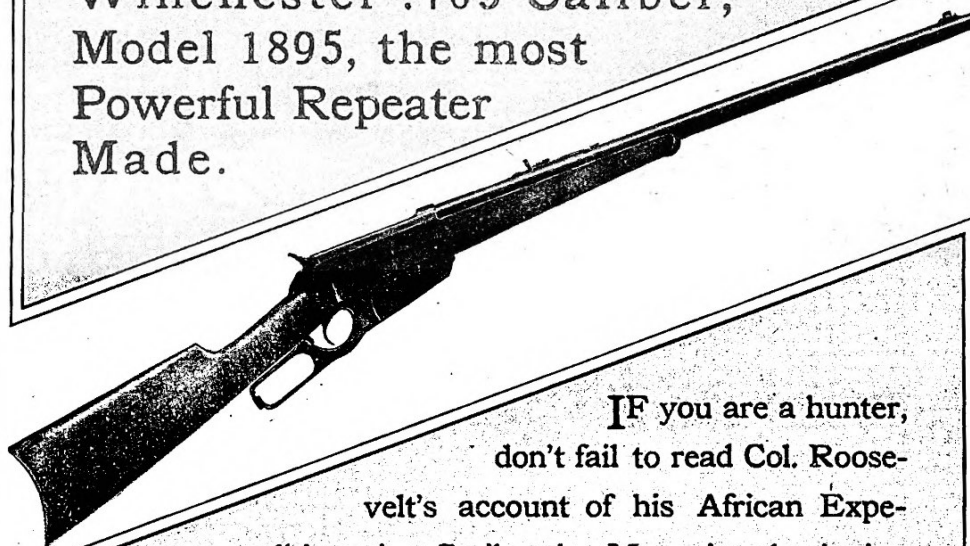
Then the doctor came quietly in at the door and stood there, radiant with smiles.

"If ever there was one, this is a blessing from God," he said with exceptional emotion. "The baby is another little Haz."

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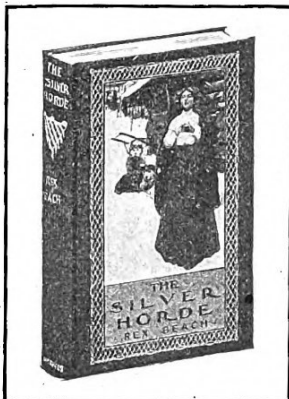
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Busting the First Trust

[Continued from page 631]

"and the nation would have no redress." And, as if in echo, Chief Justice Kent replied: "Congress has not any direct jurisdiction over our interior commerce or waters. The people never intended," he said, "to give to Congress power over navigable waters." Not even foreign steamboats could be admitted into New York without a monopoly license. As for Congress's power to regulate "commerce among the several States," that, it was plain to all the New York court, meant that Congress could prevent them from levying duties—that was all. Congress could not enter within their boundaries.

Gibbons Appeals to the Supreme Court

That was the opinion of the highest court of the State of New York, sustained through year after year, and acquiesced in by the courts of other States.

If it stood to-day it would hold Mr. Taft a while—wouldn't it? What chance would a Federal license or a Federal tax on New York corporations have if that were the accepted law?

It threw Gibbons neatly out of court. He had no chance with the New Yorkers, and he knew it. He went through the State courts, not with any hope of relief, but as a necessary formality to an appeal to the United States Supreme Court, where he hoped to get out of range of the idea that the States had surrendered nothing to Congress except those few powers which not even a "strict" interpretation of the Constitution could deny it.

So in due course of time Gibbons appealed to the Federal Court to set him right. He set up his coasting license, and represented that it was a proper regulation of interstate commerce, made by Congress, and that it empowered him to go in any sort of boat, and especially in the steamboat specified in it, from any port to any other port in the United States. It is matter of course now, but it was the most radical of proposals then. It came before the Supreme Court for a hearing in the February term of 1824, bearing the title, "Gibbons vs. Ogden, on appeal."

The Supreme Court was making history in those days. John Marshall, at the head of it, was slowly putting forth those broad, clear, comprehensive decisions on which our national life is largely based; and an able coterie of associates were nobly supporting him.

The Brilliant Argument of Daniel Webster

And the lawyers who were to argue the case—Oakley, at the top of his fame; Wirt, the attorney-general of the nation; Emmett, the greatest forensic orator in the country; and Webster, the best master of argument and debate—there were no other four like them in America. When the case was called, lawyers came from New York, and even more distant cities, to hear "the sport," and the courtroom was crowded with them. The arguments were long and powerful. Webster, who had not looked at the papers in the case for eighteen months until the day before the hearing, and who had spent the whole night upon them, then spoke for five hours consecutively, in probably the most logical of all his great speeches.

It is to Webster's clear argument primarily that we owe Marshall's decision; and to it we owe an inspiration which should be with us in the long days of struggling ahead for a central control of interstate business.

"I state this proposition guardedly," he said. "I do not mean that all regulations which may in their operations affect commerce are exclusively in the power of Congress; but the higher branches of commercial regulation must be committed to a single hand."

"Henceforth the commerce of the States must be a unit."

With that single sentence he foreshadowed all that President Taft has begun to set before us in his plan for closer Congressional control of corporations. We shall see how the court backed it up.

"All useful regulation does not mean restraint," said Webster; "and that which Congress sees fit to leave free is a part of its regulation as much as the rest." Then he went on to point out the effects of the monopoly. It was amassing enormous fortunes. It had already, said rumor, been guilty of legislative bribery. Who could doubt that when the present franchises expired, if they were found legal, the Legislature would find many tempters with enormous subsidy funds who would wish to buy an extension of the privilege for another fifty years. But through it all his greatest contribution to the cause was his assertion that the motto of "E pluribus unum" extended to our commercial relations as well as to other affairs of the country, and that our whole commerce was and must be a single, unit thing.

The Union on the Verge of Disruption

Against this his opponents had nothing to offer. They elected to make their fight upon lesser points. They contended that "commerce" could not possibly concern the carrying of passengers unless those passengers were bound upon business errands; and the regulation of it concerned merely such functions as the

levying of duties. They pointed out the fact that foreign commerce would not be interfered with, as steam vessels had only to hoist their sails and enter New York harbor. Fancy the *Mauretania* to-day hoisting sails at Sandy Hook because Fingy Connors or somebody else held a monopoly of steamboat privileges in New York waters!

Wirt's chief contribution was his closing burst of oratory, interesting here only as showing how violent was the situation as viewed by a conservative United States attorney-general.

"It is a momentous decision," he said, "which this court is called upon to make. Here are the three States almost on the eve of war. It is the high province of this court to interpose its benign and mediatorial influence. If you do not, you will have civil war. The war of legislation will become a war of blows. Your republican institutions will perish in the conflict. The last hope of nations will be gone. It will cover the earth with the mantle of mourning."

Chief Justice Marshall's Momentous Decision

On this situation the decision of Chief Justice Marshall came—as Wirt had described it—as a benign and mediatorial influence. It came rather like a mild rain after a drought—laying the dust, clearing the air, and setting all living things to growing with a new energy and a new life.

It is this decision which we should read most often to-day and from which we should draw deep draughts of hope. Read it when you have read the Commodities Clause decision, and waste not your breath regretting that there were giants in the old days.

"The Constitution of the United States," says Marshall, "contains an enumeration of powers expressly granted by the people to their government. It has been said that these powers ought to be construed strictly. But why ought they to be so construed? Is there one sentence in the Constitution which gives countenance to this rule? We do not therefore think ourselves justified in adopting it."

"What do gentlemen mean by a strict construction?" he demanded, attacking the "strict constructionists" in their very citadel. "If they contend for that narrow construction which would deny to the government those powers which the words of the grant as usually understood import; for that narrow construction which would cripple the government and render it unequal to the objects for which it is declared to be instituted; then we can not perceive the propriety of this strict construction."

Hold that up and read it again, and then read some of our more modern court decisions by which the will of the people has been set aside. Later, perhaps, we will get up a referendum vote on the subject and see which fits more closely the popular idea of the purpose of our government.

"As men whose intentions require no concealment"—how he hammered it home!—"generally employ the words which most directly and aptly express the ideas they intend to convey, the enlightened patriots who framed our Constitution, and the people who adopted it, must be understood to have employed words in their natural sense and to have intended what they said."

People Who Meant What They Said

Words in their natural sense? In law? And to intend what they say? Anarchy could do no worse. Socialism is left way behind. Here is a man standing up for common sense and good reason. Out with him! You could never get up a Commodities decision on such stuff as that.

"The words"—which mean what they say—"are that 'Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes.' The subject to be regulated is commerce. It becomes necessary to settle the meaning of the word." Oh, if he had only had a chance to settle the meaning of "owning coal mines!" "Counsel for the appellee would limit it to traffic, to buying and selling, or to the interchange of commodities, and do not admit it comprehends navigation. This would restrict a general term to one of its significations."

"Commerce is intercourse. It describes the commercial intercourse between nations and parts of nations, in all its branches, and is regulated by prescribing rules for carrying on that intercourse. The mind can scarcely conceive a system for regulating commerce which shall exclude all laws concerning navigation and be confined to prescribing rules for the conduct of individuals in the actual employment of buying and selling or of barter. All America understands the word commerce to comprehend navigation. The power over commerce, including navigation, was one of the primary objects for which the people of America adopted their government."

The attempt to restrict it comes too late. "To what commerce does this power extend? The Constitution informs us 'to commerce among the several States.'"

"It has been truly said that commerce is a unit. The word 'among' means 'intermingled with.' Commerce among the States can not stop at the external boundary line of each State, but may be introduced into the interior. It is not intended to say that these words comprehend that commerce which is completely internal, which is carried on between man and man in a State, and does not affect other States. Such a

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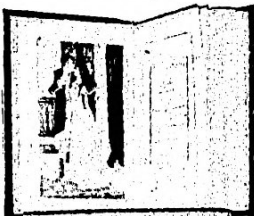
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power is certainly unnecessary. Comprehensive as the word 'among' is, it may very properly be restricted to that commerce which concerns more States than one."

There is meat in that paragraph for us all. In 1824 the control of complete interstate commerce by Congress was "unnecessary," even though our interstate commerce was a unit and needed a single head. But would it have stretched the Constitution to declare it so? Would it be unconstitutional to-day to take charge of it? Would not Marshall himself, if he were here and knew our circumstances, say that the time had come when that closer supervision was needed? Read the clause again: "Comprehensive as the word 'among' is, it may very properly be restricted." So this decision, which seems to us so broad, was to him who uttered it "restricted," because the needs of the day did not require something still broader.

The Government Takes Control of Inland Waters

Then he turned his attention to our inland waters, and with a sweeping phrase or two brought them all, the Hudson and the most remote fork of the Mississippi, under the control of Congress—a step for which we may thank him again when we have taken charge of the water power in them. Every State has a right to participate in foreign commerce—that was the way he led to it. "The deep streams which penetrate our country in every direction pass through the interior of almost every State in the Union, and furnish the means of exercising this right. If Congress has the power to regulate it, that power must be exercised wherever the subject exists. If a foreign voyage may be begun or terminated within a State, then the power of Congress may be exercised within a State. This principle is still more clear when applied to 'commerce among the several States.' Can a trading expedition between two adjoining States commence and terminate outside of each? The power of Congress must be exercised within the territorial jurisdiction of the several States."

That settled a vexing question forever. As for the coasting license which Gibbons had held, and which the New York courts had maintained was merely a certificate of nationality, Marshall set it firmly on its feet, where it stands to-day. The monopoly grants of Livingston and Fulton were of no value against so simple a paper as a Federal coasting license. They might have been demolished ten years earlier. At any rate, they could never be repeated; on Marshall's order the injunction against Gibbons was forever vacated, and the waters of America set free.

Gibbons had continued to run his steamboat all these years, connecting with the Tompkins boat behind Staten Island. He owned the Tompkins license now himself, and had taken Vanderbilt into partnership. Their line was paying \$40,000 a year net profit, even under the existing handicaps; but once set free it went ahead rapidly, and fast laid the basis of the vast Vanderbilt wealth.

The Decision That Made Progress Possible

But it might have piled up many more colossal fortunes without arousing the envy of America, since in the same fight we won our greatest victory. We have used it for many years as the basis of our river and navigation laws. We used it some years ago to break up the Louisiana lottery. When the modern trusts—heirs of Livingston—began to sweep over the country, and we sought some method of control, it was this commerce clause, so wisely interpreted, which offered our only chance. Under it came the Sherman law, with whatever good is in it. The interstate commerce laws, and all those laws which regulate car-couplers and other appliances of railroading, have come under it; and also the Hepburn bill and the pure food law and that bill which Senator Beveridge introduced forbidding the transport of products of child labor.

But all this is only a gradual and a partial awakening to the power which we have as a nation to govern and to regulate these affairs. Webster voiced it fairly when he said, "Henceforth the commerce of the States must be a unit." As a unit it must have unit control. There can not be divided mastery of it. We see our way to it slowly—winning step by step over the reluctantly yielding party which still upholds the narrow contentions of Chief Justice Kent. We have not yet come to the control of commerce which lies wholly within a State and does not affect any man living in another; but most of us hear without alarm the proposal that Congress shall levy taxes on corporations for national revenue. We look upon it not as a revenue measure but as an effective step toward closer control and greater publicity of the affairs of these immense aggregations of capital domiciled in but a single State and engaging in business in forty-five.

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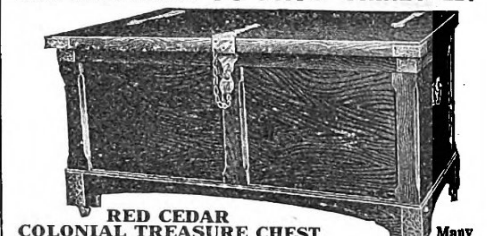
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The Sheriff's Charge

[Continued from page 628]

obdurate, and by the time the sheriff finally abandoned hope of removing this incubus from his official and private life, but two black porkers were left in the sheriff's pig-pen—for Jim Grubb's marauding bear had all through the controversy attended single-heartedly to his nocturnal pursuits—and, officially, eighty additional days were added to Grubb's original one hundred.

One night the sheriff, in sheer desperation, unbosomed himself to Rose.

"I can't throw a prisoner out neck and crop," he mournfully concluded the recital of his woes; "an' he's just that foxy he knows he's got a good thing an' he's going' to hang on to it. I'll be free-boardin' and lodgin' that onery cuss till I'm in my grave. Durn his shifless hide!"

Rose nodded her pretty head sagely. For a moment she stood with puckered brows, then she smiled.

"Well, paw, if Jim Grubb won't come up to eat I'll take his meals down to him myself, and I'll start by taking down his supper right now."

Sheriff Budd stared indignantly, but Rose placed her imperative little hand over his mouth.

"Now don't you say a word, paw! You told me because you want a woman's sense to help you out, didn't you? Well, then, you leave it all to me, an' just you go to bed for a good sleep."

The heartsick sheriff surrendered at discretion. With apathy he saw Rose carry out the prisoner's supper. Watching listlessly from the window, he saw that she lingered almost till dusk chatting with the incarcerated one, and later, still with the same apathy, he watched her trip away toward the village. Without even a twinge of conscience at his deliberate dereliction of duty, Sheriff Budd then retired with the chickens and slept soundly through the night.

But at the railroad station conspiracy was rife. Mr. Station Agent Raynor and Miss Budd, foregathered on the station platform in absorbed contemplation of an ancient box-car, which reposed, and had reposed for many days, on a side track within a stone's throw of them.

When Miss Rose later parted from Mr. Raynor she wore a satisfied smile, and that young gentleman immediately entered into earnest communication with an L. & N. train-dispatcher.

Acting under positive orders from Rose, Sheriff Budd did not go near his prisoner till late the next day. When he arrived, to take up his usual place on the fence, Mr. Grubb promptly took away his breath.

"Say, sher'f!" he exclaimed without any preliminaries. "You ain't told nobody about that there offer to commit felony an' be a fugitive—not even Miss Rose?"

"Not a living soul—nor won't!" The sheriff's heart beat quickly with hope and anxiety. Mr. Grubb nodded his approval.

"Well, jest for a experiment—remember, I ain't committin' myself to nuthin'—s'pose you give me a ten-spot on account, an' I do a little practisin' to-night. It'll take a little while fer me to git used to breakin' jail; but if I do decide to escape I won't feel so nervous about it. I was just thinkin' too," he added hastily, noting signs of reluctance on the sheriff's part, "mebbe I might meet up with that ole b'ar o' mine while I was out practisin', an' send him about his business."

The final argument decided the sheriff, who departed with dawning hope in his breast. As Mr. Grubb looked after the trusting officer, he smiled a Sphinxlike smile, that contained no remorse whatsoever.

"If ole sher'f he on'y knowed!" he remarked softly; then, as a shade of doubt flitted over his features, "Meabby I ought to have tried for the hull thirty."

* * * * *

Miss Rose Budd did not linger that evening, when she delivered the prisoner's supper-basket, a hamper of more than usually large proportions. It contained, in fact, several articles not intended for consumption—a discarded overcoat, an old hat, and a neckerchief of the sheriff's; the necessary disguise for Grubb's evasion from the Cullman calaboose.

Something over an hour before midnight, Grubb stole cautiously from his prison across the fields in the direction of the L. & N. Railroad.

Jim Grubb knew there was no real necessity for caution, Cullman village being sound asleep; but he was willing to indulge Rose's romantic desire for absolute secrecy.

"Won't that ole sher'f be s'prised when he finds his birds flown an' his ten dollars gone with 'em!" Mr. Grubb gleefully chuckled. "Who would have thought now Miss Rose 'ud be willing to e-lope with me, that was in prison for my life for my b'ar killin' them porkers? That Yankee station-agent thought he had the inside track. Wall, nobody kin tell about wimmin! Lemme see, Rose told me to get in that ole box-car and hide till the 'leven-thirty passenger train, an' then I was to sneak aboard that, an' we'd go to Decatur an' git married. By gum, won't there be ructions in Cullman town to-morrow morning!"

Mr. Grubb climbed the last fence. There was but a dim light in the railroad station; all was darkness elsewhere, but he found the ancient box-car without diffi-

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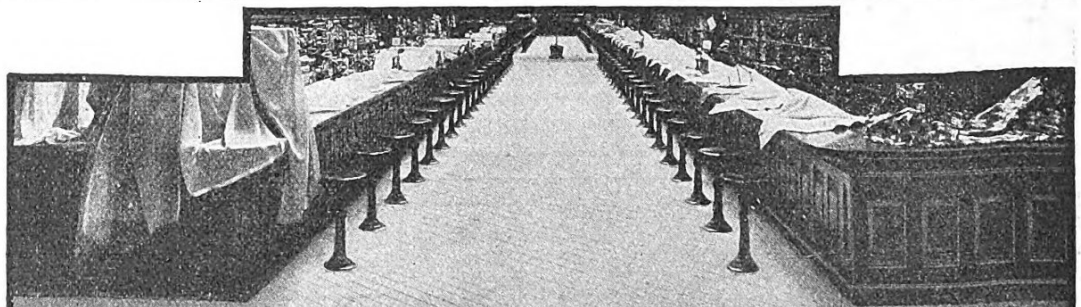
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culty, and climbed aboard through a conveniently open side-door.

Like the sheriff keeping vigil on the calaboose fence, Grubb nodded. He was accustomed to retire early, and he was only, in fact, aroused by the rumble of an approaching train. From the coughing exhaust of the locomotive and the rattle of cars, he knew it was the eleven o'clock freight for Memphis. He had thirty minutes more to wait for the passenger train. But the total darkness of the car surprised him—he did not remember closing the side door when he entered, but both doors were certainly closed now, and when he tried them he was vaguely alarmed to find he could not move either.

While he was vainly fumbling for the door handle, loud voices and the laughter of men outside warned him to desist. With a slightly cold feeling in the pit of his stomach, he recognized the voice of Mr. Robert Raynor, the very station agent whose sweetheart he was stealing!

There was a rumble of approaching wheels, and a severe jolt of the car nearly threw him to the floor. Men began rattling chains and pounding iron at one end, and a suspicion, which was rapidly growing to conviction, made the hair on Grubb's mop-head lift up and crawl unpleasantly. The locomotive snorted, and the car lurched.

"All-aboard-for Mem-phis! Good-by, Jim Grubb! Wish you a happy journey. So does Rose. Tra-la!"

There was no mistaking that jeering voice! It belonged to Station Agent Raynor. The car lunged again and settled into steady running motion, increasing in speed. Now it was pounding the ties furiously, and from "up front" came the shrill, derisive scream of the locomotive. The last scale fell from Jim Grubb's love-blinded eyes.

"Tricked, by Jiminy beeswax! They've done good me!"

A violent bump made him sit down suddenly on the hard floor. He meditated a mournful minute. "The ole sherff's got rid of me for good. I'm a fugitive from justice, I am, an' they'll railroad me to State's prison fer a hundred years if I go back. Well, by gum!"

In the cheerful light of the summer morning Sheriff Budd received three separate and distinct surprises: there had been no visit from Grubb's marauding bear; the calaboose was empty, and last, on returning home post-haste, he learned from Rose, in circumstantial detail, the story of Jim Grubb's evasion.

No, not last; for before Rose had entirely finished her recital, Mr. Raynor appeared like Harlequin, upon the scene.

"Has Rose told you what occurred, sir?" asked this straightforward young man. "Then I think I ought to add that we are engaged—with your permission, sheriff."

"Oh, you *are*," the sheriff grunted. "Just 'cause you bounced that lazy good-fer-nuthin' Jim Grubb, you think I'm goin' to jine right in with that idee! Now let me tell you something, young man. If I was doin' that job I'd got out and ketched and sent along with him that pig-stealin', roost-robbin', maraudin' b'ar—"

"One moment, sheriff," Mr. Raynor handed the official a small, brown-paper packet. The sheriff opened it cautiously.

"B'ar's ears, by gum!"

"You'll find the remainder of Jim Grubb's bear down at the station, sheriff," Mr. Raynor observed calmly.

Without a word or a backward glance the sheriff rose from his chair and, tightly clutching the ears of Jim Grubb's bear, he stalked off in the direction of the station.

"O-h! How *did* you do it, Rob?" Rose asked admiringly.

"Dead easy, little girl!" Raynor smiled. "It cost me a barrel of cranberries scattered along the L. & N. track, and Jim Grubb's through-freight ran over the bear last night. Don't worry, they won't either of them come back."

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Mrs. Beggs's secret is, so far, all her own. As she is a woman, and a very feminine one at that, she promises that she can not keep the secret much longer, but will soon publish it.

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New Tales of the Road

[Continued from page 638]

about. I've had him clerkin' over here in one of these stores to learn somethin' about this store business, an' he'n I've been kinder figurin' about puttin' in a store twenty miles above here. I'm gittin' a little old and don't feel much like frettin', an' I've about made up my mind to build a little store and let the boy run it.

"I had heard stories of this kind so often, and they had usually been so remote in their development, that I did not even consider this as a nibble. But this old man meant business, and that very night he went over and got his boy and I sold him an opening bill of shoes of more than nine hundred dollars, and they remained loyal customers as long as I remained in that territory."

"There once was a town on my list," remarked Phil Hicks, the dry-goods man, "that had in it one merchant I thought I would never get, but that one time I was breaking in a new territory, and you know when you start to do this, you don't dare take anybody's word about whether or not the town is good. The man who does business in a town thinks it a good town; if he falls down he calls it punk."

Drag Your Territory With a Minnow Seine

"So the only way to do any breaking-in on new territory is to drag it with a minnow seine. Lots of men fall down in new territory, by using a net that has meshes which are too large. I believe in using one that catches the minnow as well as the big fish. A shrewd sales manager knows mighty well that every point where a depot is established means business. The houses that do big business let nothing escape."

"Well, this little town I was talking about had an Irish settlement on one side of it and a Russian colony on the other. The night I struck it, they were having a dance at the hotel. It was nearly midnight when I came in, and those Russians and Irishmen were bowled up proper. They were not in a good humor when I walked into the office, and I seemed to be a further cause of disturbance. A young Russian came to me and knocked off my hat and muttered something in his language that made all of his countrymen laugh. He must have called me a dude or something of that sort. I was n't as big as he, by any means, but I have trained, as you know, a good deal in the athletic club, and while I'm not a Jeffries, by any means, there are not so very, very many scrubs who have better muscle and nerve than I have."

Hicks is really noted among the boys as being a handy man with the gloves.

In a Fight, Spirit Serves Better than Spirits

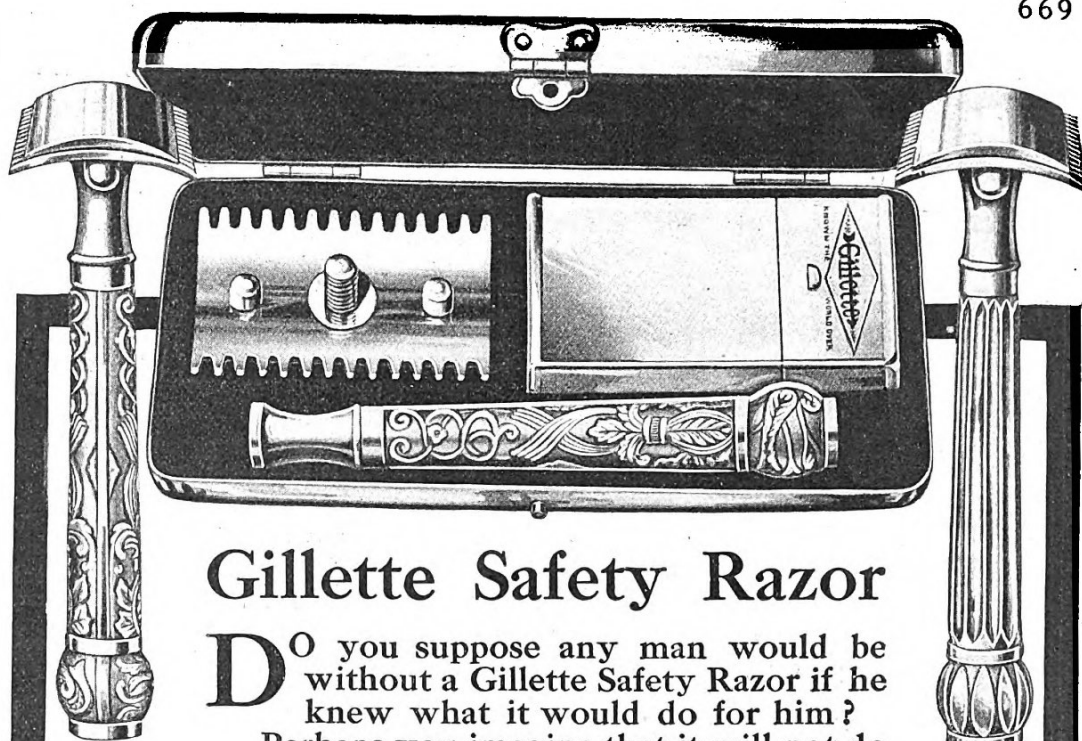
"No sooner had this young Russian knocked off my lid, than a general scrap began—the Russians on one side and the Irishmen on the other. As they were all drunk, I looked on for a little while, until the young Russian who had knocked off my hat came up to give me a punch. The Russians were getting the best of the Irishmen. So I thought—just for the sport of it—I would take a little hand in the game. I had n't taken off my kid gloves or overcoat. Buttoning up my ulster, I began on those Russians, and with six strokes I had six of them on the floor. Then the young chap who had first made a pass at me came on again. He was smiling. I gave him a punch that sent him back into the corner. Again he came at me and I gave him a biff in the eye that sent him to the floor, but he was spunky and came back at me once more. This time I said to myself, 'Well, I guess I'll have to give him an upper cut.' One on his jaw did the job, and down he dropped. I dashed a bucket of water into his face, and he came to, but his fighting spirit was gone. Flooring this big fellow ended the scrap, and I went to bed."

A Primed Gun Is an Inducement to a Customer to Shell Out

"The first thing next morning I opened up. You know I believe in opening up my samples when I get into a town, before I go to see my trade. A man on the road who goes out for business without his samples open is like a fellow who hunts quail with his shells in his pockets, instead of in his gun. There is apt to be a quick rise any time, and a salesman should always be ready to fire."

"It was nearly nine o'clock before I went over to the only store of any consequence in the town. Well, what do you think? The man who ran this store was the same chap I had floored so hard the night before. When I went up to him I got a glimpse of the piece of raw beef he had bandaged over his eye, and I said to myself, 'There's nothing doing here!' Then it struck me, quick as a flash, that probably he had been so tanked up the night before that he wouldn't recognize me. So, not saying a thing about what had happened, I went at him for business. He fell to my attack very quickly, went over to my room, and bought a bully good bill from me. When I handed him his copy he said, 'Well, brother, I thought I was the best scrapper in this town, but you done me up so brown that I made up my mind, last night, as soon as I came up, that I would buy some goods from you.' That was the most unexpected bill I ever landed!"

In business, as in other things, a man respects his successful adversary.



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Reginald Tibbit's Bank Account

[Continued from page 634]

"Phonographs, even second hand, is two pounds the cheapest," said Mrs. Barber in her usual harsh tone. "Poppy's Reggie 'as to be educated!" she added fiercely.

Mr. Tatt saw the light of his eye turn quickly and, followed by her friend, hasten from the tempting sight and sound of phonographs. Then, pondering a-new, he moved onward again.

III

POPPY MAY had begged the pleasure and had again been allowed to give her little son his bath, while her mother ironed his pinafore.

"There," said Mrs. Barber, "'e's sneezin'." "E's always sneezin'," answered Poppy May. "E likes to, mar; 'e always laughs afterward." "Larfs!" Mrs. Barber's countenance expressed her disgust; "'e might be said to larf when 'is stomach aches."

"I 'ope 'e would n't do that," Poppy May looked distressed. "Don't tell me things that'll make me nervous about 'im."

"E'd never 'ave lived but for me!" answered her mother.

"Ow you talk!" Poppy May showed genuine vexation.

"Pre'aps," said Mrs. Barber, "you fancy you could 'ave raised 'im, Poppy May!"

Poppy May winked very fast. A suspicion of tears glistened in her blue eyes.

"Not without you, mar, I'm sure," she said; "but now 'e's got along this far, it should be smooth sailing, should n't it?"

"Nothin' in life is never smooth sailin'," returned Mrs. Barber. "Remember that, Poppy May."

"So," murmured Poppy May, "it might as well be one thing as another, eh, mar?"

Mrs. Barber, feeling they were getting beyond her depth, only grunted.

Poppy May with evidence of growing skill, dressed her son carefully, placing her little fingers beneath bands and belts, thus unflinchingly protecting his small person from the jabs of safety pins.

"Mar," she said gently, "it 'ardly seems two years since I was married, does it?"

Mrs. Barber grunted again.

"Do you remember 'ow you loved my lilac weddin' dress and 'at with feathers, and 'ow the 'at suited you and 'ow nearly big enough the frock was?"

Mrs. Barber showed signs of pleasurable recollection. A wilful dimple appeared. She banged her iron, as though having been caught dimpling she would iron it out.

Poppy May affected not to have noticed.

"Well, I was looking at the frock and 'at to-day," she went on, "and I s'y, mar, they're every bit as fresh and stylish as the day I wore 'em two years ago—to-morrow."

Mrs. Barber seemed not to have heard. She bustled across the room and took Poppy May's son from her. In his perambulator she piloted him, followed by Poppy, to the street.

"It don't seem so long," she said, turning to her daughter. "Are you sure it's two years to-morrow, Poppy?"

"Yes," Poppy answered; "to-morrow, mar, I mean to celebrate."

She turned her face away quickly and pushed at the perambulator.

"We'll see," said her mother. "Mind you're 'ome in good time for tea; if I'm out, I'll leave it ready an' I'll be in soon."

Poppy had moved quickly away.

IV

MR. TIBBIT, hurrying home to tea, passed Mr. Tatt on the stairs, and ran on eagerly. Tea time was about the only time Mr. Tibbit had to chat with his pretty little wife.

He was disappointed on entering the room not to find her. Tea was laid, but nobody was there. Mr. Tibbit, with hands in his pocket, moved about the room restlessly; he paused at the table again. Without Poppy May and the baby he felt no appetite.

"I'll go out and look 'em up," he said, and glanced at the door just as a letter slid into view beneath it.

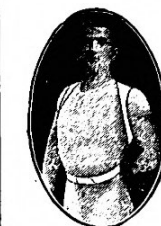
Mr. Tibbit, stepping forward, picked it up. It was addressed to him in Poppy May's queer little hand. Mr. Tibbit opened it quickly. As he finished, he began at once at the beginning again and reread it.

For a moment he gazed about the room bewildered. He walked slowly toward the chimney-piece, took up his son's bank, tried its weight, shook it, closed one eye and with the other peered into it through the slit in its top. He put it down, still eyeing it queerly. A smile broke slowly over his features.

"It seems most too bad," he said to the bank. "She was so lambish about the wais' coat; but it takes Poppy to come in on the 'ome stretch."

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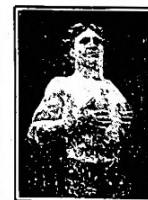
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He went back to the table and took up the note again, reading aloud.

"Postscript: You'll see Mr. Tatt about, waitin' to show you the way."

Mr. Tibbit chuckled, pocketed the note and with two long strides, opened the door. Mr. Tatt was there.

"You 'ave been a long time, my boy," he said.

"Do you want the missus to come an' find you 'ere? We don't want any 'itch in our plans the last minute, now do we?" And the big man and the little one hurried away.

Mrs. Barber, upon returning to her room half an hour later, looked about in vexation at not seeing her family.

"Sometimes," she muttered, "it seems no use tryin'."

She sat down wearily, and untying her bonnet, placed it squarely in the center of the table, its strings in the butter. She took half a crown from her pocket and, weighing it in her hand, looked at the bank on the chimney-piece.

"Reggie is very young," she said; "e won't 'ave to be educated for some time."

Closing her hand upon the money, she sat lost in thought.

"Any'ow"—she smiled suddenly at the brilliancy of a new idea—"why would n't a phonograph educate 'im in singin'? That's a thing can't be started on too young."

She looked again at the money.

"Alf a crown p'ys the first instalment, an' after that—"

Mrs. Barber saw a letter glide in under her door. She pounced upon it with rising suspicion.

It was sometime later when somebody knocked softly. Mrs. Barber was sitting with the note open in her lap; she did not answer; she glowered at the door. It opened softly.

Mr. Tatt slipped in.

"Am I intrudin'?" he asked, diffidently.

He eyed his hostess anxiously. He was plainly nervous. He set back his cap and mopped his brow with his gaily bordered handkerchief.

"Read that," Mrs. Barber handed him the note.

Unaware of its being upside down, he appeared to read.

"What do you make of it?" demanded Mrs. Barber.

"Poppy May 'as left you, an' took 'er 'usband an' baby. She's just around the corner 'ere, in the sweetest little nestie 'uman 'eart could wish, an' right near to you, too; it's exactly—" Mr. Tatt pointed.

"Ow d' you know?" asked Poppy May's mother.

"It's what the note reads," said Mr. Tatt. "You asked what I make of it, Kitty."

This familiarity passed unnoticed. Kitty nodded.

"Reggie wishes his grandmamma to 'ave a phonograph," continued Mr. Tatt, "so Poppy May 'as paid su'think down, an' there'll be one 'ere to-morrow. Reggie wishes 'is grandmamma to p'y so much every week out of 'is savings-bank, which 'e 'as left 'ere, till the phonograph is paid for."

Mrs. Barber looked at the bank on the chimney-piece.

"Reggie is a noble little fellow," said Mr. Tatt.

Mrs. Barber's face wore the strangely soft serenity of that night before the shop in Fulham Road.

"'Ave you ever 'eard one?" she asked of Mr. Tatt.

"N-no, Kitty." Observing her manner, he grew calmer.

The flush of fearful anxiety was dying from his face. "She says su'think 'ere,"—he waved the note lightly—"about 'er lilac weddin' dress fittin' you now."

They looked around. Over a chair-back, in the corner, shone purple finery and feathers. Mrs. Barber pointed to it. Mr. Tatt hurried forward and brought chair and all to her. She examined the bodice. Every seam had been neatly let out.

Mr. Tatt held out the purple-feathered hat. Mrs. Barber took it. She also, it might be said, tittered.

"Ow 'appy it'd make me to 'ave some friends o' mine see you in these togs," he said. "I s'y, slip 'em on, Kitty, an' come callin' with me."

Suddenly, lightly and gracefully he saw her slip away with the purple finery, and before he realized it she was back, looking handsomer and younger than even he had supposed possible.

"Kitty," he said.

With her arm in his they passed down the stairway and along the street.

"'Ere's the place." He led her into a little turning and up some stairs.

"These is Queen's Mansions," she whispered. "Your friends is smart."

Mr. Tatt nodded. He paused before a door and knocked with his stick. From within came the sound of a concertina and a girlish voice in song.

Mrs. Barber looked at Mr. Tatt. She peered closer at the name upon the card tacked to the door.

"Tibbit!" she cried.

"They don't seem to 'ear," answered Mr. Tatt.

He fumbled in his pocket. A key was forthcoming. It fitted the lock. Mr. Tatt pushed Mrs. Barber in first. A narrow little hall led to the front room.

There sat Mr. Tibbit, on the corner of the table, from which the remains of supper had not been removed. He played the concertina and kicked the perfectly new table leg, while Poppy May Tibbit, her



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yellow hair gaily disheveled, danced before him on the bright new green matting.

Mr. Tatt touched Mrs. Barber's arm. He was plainly embarrassed.

"Let's slip out," he whispered. "They didn't expect us."

Mrs. Barber stepped boldly into the room.

"Poppy May!"

They turned and saw her.

"Mar," said Poppy May, "'ow sweet you look!"

She spoke as though she had always been at home there, and her mother a frequent caller. Mr. Tibbit, however, retired, with the concertina, to a corner.

"Ain't my new 'ome grand, mar? Ain't you pleased with it?"

Poppy May caught her mother and whirled her round.

She was drunk with freedom.

"Don't notice the dishes, mar." She saw her mother's critical gaze. "Jack said 'e'd wash 'em, after a bit, if I'd dance and sing to 'im first. I'm to dance no more, 'cept for him."

Across the bright, new green floor suddenly crept young Reginald Tibbit, reveling in the splendor of his pinkest finery, sash and booties. The boot he wore upon his foot was stubbed and soiled, and the one he held to his mouth was sucked of its color. Poppy May caught him up.

"Does Reggie see 'is pretty gran'mamma an' 'is uncle Tatt?"

Mr. Tatt clucked at the baby, eyeing Mrs. Barber anxiously. The Tibbit home lacked the order he had last seen it in.

"Go on playing, Jack," ordered Poppy May. "Mar's never 'eard you."

Mr. Tibbit hesitated but a moment. His little wife's gaze was compelling. He advanced. The music began. He forgot himself and sat down again on the edge of the uncleaned table.

Poppy May began to waltz with the baby.

"Now then, everybody join in," she shouted.

Mr. Tatt began to teeter; then he pranced nearer, eyeing Poppy May's mother. Bolder grew his step; more swinging, until suddenly he caught the lady and bore her, scarcely resisting, round the room.

"Dance!" cried Poppy May.

"Dance!" echoed her husband.

The baby crowed.

"Dance!" cried Poppy May, "an' to-morrow we'll dance again, for it's my wedding-day."

Mr. Tatt was murmuring unevenly to Poppy May's mother.

"Blimy!" he shouted suddenly, clasping her closer, whirling with her more madly, "Poppy May, it's goin' to be mine!"

Mrs. Barber stifled a little chortle of joy as her head sank to Mr. Tatt's shoulder.

Mr. Tibbit hurrahed; his fist came down on the milk jug; Poppy May and the baby whirled into his arms.

"I'm truly happy!" panted Poppy May.

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The Sky Man

[Continued from page 641]

tioned, sweeping her arm around in a half circle, landward. "Mussn't we go hunting for a walrus or a snark or something?"

Cayley had to turn away from her as she said that. The remorseless irony of the situation was getting beyond human endurance. The splendor of the day; the girl's holiday humor; her laughing declaration that she would not permit him to fly away; this last gay jest out of the pages of "Alice in Wonderland" about hunting for a walrus.

"God!" he whispered, as he turned away—"my God!" He had his revolver, and besides the six cartridges which the cylinder contained, there were, perhaps, thirty in his belt. For how many days, or weeks, would they avail to keep off starvation?

But his face was composed again when he turned back to her. "There are two things that come before breakfast," he said—"fire and water. There is a line of driftwood down the beach to the westward there at the foot of the talus. When we get a fire going—" he stopped himself short. "I was going to say that we could melt some ice for drinking water, but until we have some sort of cooking utensil to melt it in, it won't do much good. There must be something of the sort in the hut here."

She shook her head. "They're completely abandoned," she told him. "Our shore party searched them first of all, and afterward Uncle Jerry and I searched them through again. There is nothing there at all but some heaps of rubbish."

"I think I'll take a look myself," said he. "Rubbish is a relative term. What seemed no better than that yesterday afternoon, while the yacht was in the harbor, may take on a different meaning this morning."

He disappeared through the doorway, and two minutes later she saw him coming back with a big battered-looking biscuit-tin.

"Unless this leaks too fast," he said, "it will serve our purpose admirably."

He observed, without reflecting what the observation meant, that a bountiful supply of fuel was lying in great drifts along the lower slope of the talus. Jeanne accompanied him upon his quest of it, and with small loss of time and no trouble at all they collected an armful. They laid their fire upon a great flat stone in front of the hut, for the outdoor day was too fine to abandon for the dark and damp of the interior, and soon had the fire blazing cheerfully.

For a while they sat, side by side, upon his great sheepskin, warming their fingers and watching the drip of the melting ice in the biscuit tin.

But presently Cayley got to his feet. "Breakfast!" he said.

"Is there to be any besides a good big drink of water apiece? If there isn't, I'd rather not think about it until the yacht comes back."

"Unless I'm mistaken, there's an excellent breakfast waiting for us not far from where we got the firewood. But I'll go and make sure before I raise your expectations any higher."

He walked away a half-dozen paces without waiting for any reply; then, thinking suddenly of something else, he came swiftly back again.

"Do you know anything about firearms?" he asked. "If you're accustomed to shooting, I'll leave my revolver with you. No," he went on, answering the question which she had not spoken—"no I don't foresee any danger to you. It's just on general principles."

"I'm a pretty good shot. But if you're going on a hunting expedition for our breakfast and there isn't any foreseeable danger to me in being left alone, it seems reasonable that you should take the gun."

He took the revolver from his belt, however, and held it out to her. "Our breakfast does n't have to be shot. And as a concession to my feelings—no, it's nothing more than that—I'd rather you'd take it."

She did as he asked without further demur, and he went away. When she was left alone, the girl added fresh sticks to the fire, and then, in default of any more active occupation, took up the red-bound book which lay beside her and began once more to peruse its pages. She had by no means exhausted them. In her reading of the night before, she had skipped the pages of scientific description for those parts of the journal which were most purely personal. Even now the whole pages of carefully tabulated data concerning the winds, currents, temperature and magnetic variations got scant attention. In her present mood the homeliest little adventure, the idliest diversion of a winter's day meant more to her than all her father's discoveries put together. And when she saw Cayley coming back toward her across the ice, she put the book down half reluctantly.

Evidently his quest for breakfast had not been in vain; he had a big black and white bird in his hand. "Do you suppose it's fit to eat?" she called out to him. "And how in the world did you manage to kill it without the revolver?"

"Fit to eat! It's a duck. What's more, it's an elder, which means that her coat is worth saving."

"But how did you contrive to kill her?"

"I didn't. She killed herself. She was flying too low last night, I suppose—going down the gale, and

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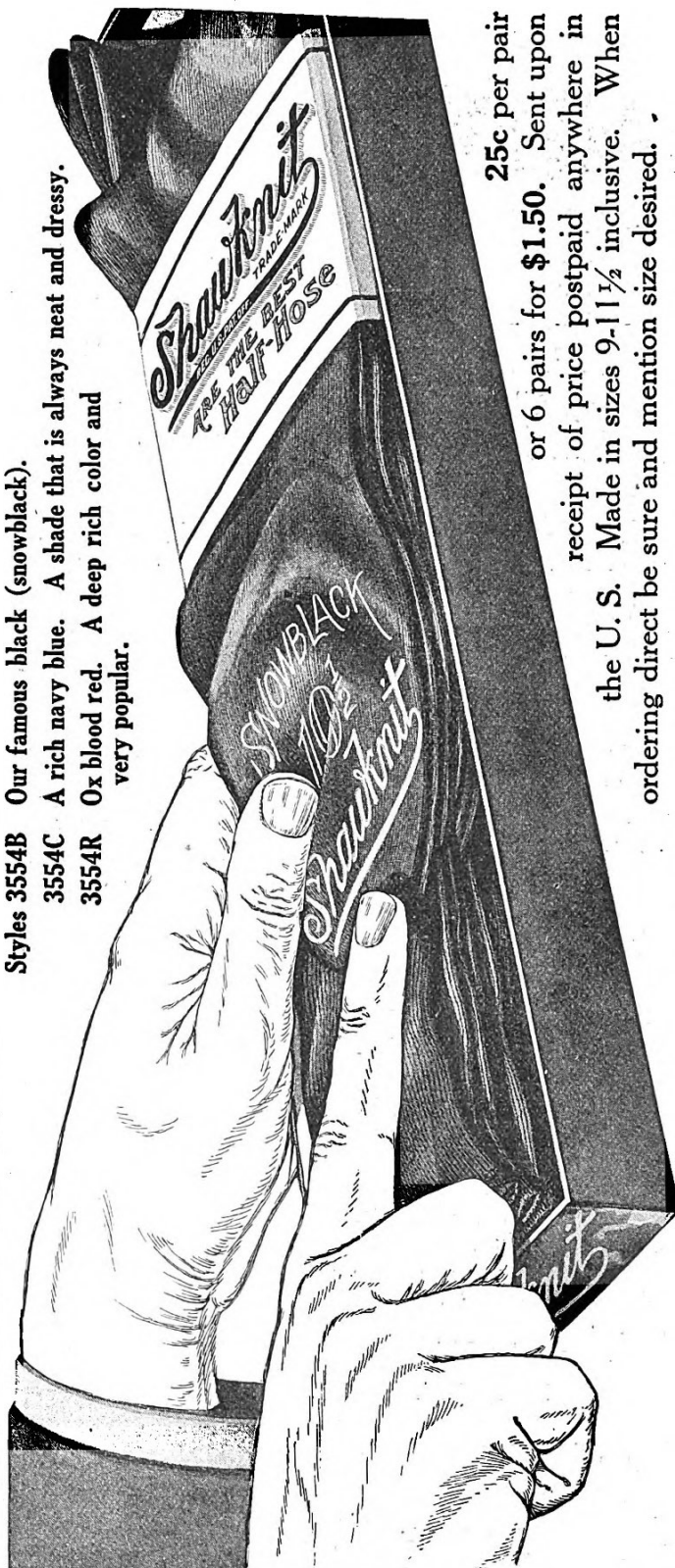
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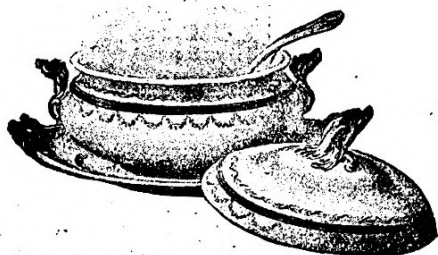
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in the fog she went smack into the side of the cliff and broke her neck. That was a very destructive storm for the birds. There must be fifty of them, of one kind or another, lying dead there along the top of the talus, at the foot of the cliff."

"And that's what might have happened, oh, so easily to you. Yes it might. I've been realizing that. And I shan't forget." Her eyes had brightened and she pressed her hands to them for just one moment; then she straightened up briskly. "Anyway, I'll not make a scene about it now," she said. "I'll show a little practical sense and help you with the breakfast."

"No, we're camping out to-day, and on such occasions the men always do the cooking. Go back to your book while I skin this fowl and dress it." Then, as she still hesitated, he went on, "The most beautiful garment I ever saw, anywhere, was on an Indian girl. It was made of nothing but the breasts of these eiders. But the process isn't pretty. I'd much rather you went back to your book."

Seeing that he meant it, she did as he asked. A single half page of what was written upon those closely ruled pages was enough to absorb her again completely. The power it had over her seemed to grow rather than to lessen. When Cayley came up with the big bird which was to serve for their breakfast, impaled upon a sharp stick, ready to be roasted over the fire, she no more than looked up at him, with a smile very friendly, but half apologetic, and then went on with her reading. He crouched down near by her, built a little framework of sticks above the fire and began his cooking.

It was, perhaps, ten minutes after that when he saw the book drop suddenly from her hands. When he glanced up at her, she was looking seaward—out over those miles of plunging, heaving ice. And, under his eyes, her face turned white as marble. Her bloodless lips were parted. They did not move at all, and they looked as if they were frozen. He could not see that she was breathing. Her eyes were turned away from him, and he was glad of that. For another moment more, at least, he need not read the look in them. For now, at last, he was sure she understood. He himself fixed his eyes upon the fire and waited.

Since his own look seaward this morning he had had the hour he prayed for. He had not spent it in thinking; in devising phrases of consolation or futile illusions of hope. Anything like consecutive thought had been impossible to him; and not only impossible—unnecessary. He had spent the hour to better purpose, although he could have presented no tangible evidence that this was so. But now at the end of it he felt himself ready. All through it he had been silently mastering his forces. His power of will, his courage, his intuition, his intelligence—they were all there, keyed to their highest tension, ready to do their part.

Without looking at the girl he was aware that she had turned and was gazing intently at his face. He supported her look without meeting it. She would find nothing there now he would not wish her to see. He even stretched out a hand, a steady hand over the fire, and twirled the spit with it.

"There's something here," she whispered, "here in this book of father's that—that I want you to read."

It was still open at the page she had been reading when she had dropped it. With his first glance at what was written there he saw how she had come, so suddenly, to understand.

"September 18th.—Field-ice came into the bay last night, just as it has come at about this season in the two preceding years—a dense fog and a whole gale blowing from the east. To me its coming is a relief. It is, in a way, the official beginning of winter. The tantalizing hope of a rescue is now put away on the shelf to wait for another summer. After all, to men in our condition a temporary hopelessness is much more comfortable than hope itself. The long winter night gives an opportunity to revive our belief that with another season of open water rescue will come.

"I have been very busy lately stocking our larder for the next six months. Fortunately, I have succeeded in killing bears and walruses enough to keep us supplied. I wish I could feel as easy about our fuel. We have swept the beach clear of driftwood, but shall have barely enough to get through the winter with. For myself, who have no real hope at all, it does n't greatly matter. I greet the dawn of each of these interminable Arctic days with intense weariness. And I never bid farewell to the sun for another winter without an involuntary *in manus tuas*."

Cayley read the entry through slowly. "I'm glad it happened this way," he said when he finished, "glad it was your father who told you. All this past hour I've been wondering how I could tell you, how I could make you understand."

The girl had been half-reclining upon the great sheepskin, her weight supported by one hand. While Cayley read, this support failed her, and she sank down, rather slowly, until her head was buried in the arms which were outstretched as if in blind supplication. She was shuddering all over.

As Cayley spoke, he covered those clasped, outstretched hands with one of his own. The touch and the sound of his voice steadied her a little.

"You've known, then, from the first?" The words came brokenly, half-voiced, muffled.

He bent down over her to hear them. "Yes, I knew from the first."



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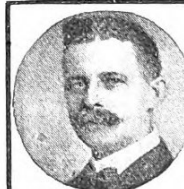
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He said no more than that just then, but remained as he was, his hand covering her two, holding them tight, his body bending over hers protectingly.

After a little while she ceased shuddering, and answered the pressure of his hand with a sudden clasp of her two—then drew them away again and sat erect.

Her eyes, when they rose to his face, were still wide with fear—a deeper seated fear, really, than her first momentary panic. But now she had it in control and spoke steadily enough.

"There is no chance at all, do you think?"

"For the *Aurora* to come back? No, not this season, at least; no possible chance."

"And—how much ammunition have you, Mr. Cayley?"

"Thirty-one cartridges, besides the ones in the revolver."

He would have said something more, but with a little gesture she prevented him. "You've been thinking it out," she said. "You know what it means now, and I—I feel that I don't. I can't realize it yet. You must give me a little time to think, too."

He had to assent to that, though he knew, in advance, the direction her thoughts must take, and foresaw the dreadful conclusion of them. And the answer he had to make to that conclusion? Well, he had it ready.

How long that silence lasted, neither of them knew. He sat there beside her, and yet even his eyes allowed her perfect solitude. He mended the fire and attended to his cooking as quietly as before, when the girl was reading.

Finally, a little move of hers, preparatory to speech, gave him leave to look at her. In those silent minutes, however long they were, her face had changed. It was grave now, intensely thoughtful, but the color had come back into it. It was alive again.

"When I asked you a while ago if there were any chance, you asked me if I meant a chance for the return of the *Aurora*, and said there was none. That is what I meant then, but it's not what I mean now. Is there any chance at all? I have not been able to see any myself, and I've been over it all pretty carefully. Do you see any? You—you must tell me the truth, please."

"I have not been trying to assess the chances. I spent my hour thinking about something else, and I can't answer your question really with a yes or no."

"Not with a yes, but can't you answer it with a no? Are not you perfectly sure, in your heart, that there's no chance at all?"

"Not yet," he answered. "There may be a chance, and if there is, we can meet it half way." Then he stretched out his hand. "That red-bound book there is our Bible now. Do you remember what your father said? 'We can live like Christians, we can always hope.' He thought, when he put that bottle which contained his message into the sea, that there was hardly one chance in a million of its resulting in an effectual relief. Yet he went on living as a brave man lives, a day at a time. And when he died, he died without fear. Doing that, he not only helped himself, but he helps us in a way that he could not possibly have foreseen."

Her eyes filled suddenly with tears, and a smile of a divine, sad tenderness touched for an instant her mouth. "But that isn't our case, you know. Ours isn't as simple as that."

"What makes the difference?" But he knew the answer.

"Your wings." She said it hardly above a whisper, and as she said it she turned a little paler and her brave lips trembled. But in an instant her will had taken command again. "I am sure you see. It's quite plain," she went on steadily. "If you will spread them, those great wings of yours, and take to the air with them, and fly away, as you are free to do, and leave me here alone, as I really am alone, the only person marooned here—if you'll do that, then I'll follow my father's gospel. But you won't go away. You can't—not a man like you, and I know that. I know I mustn't even suggest it."

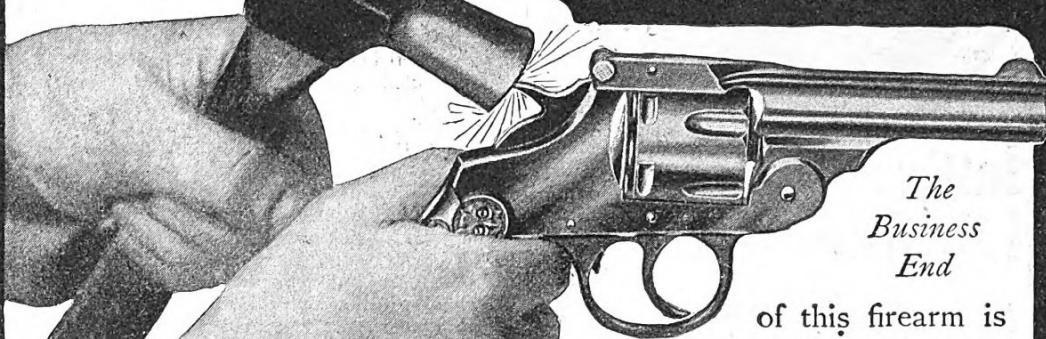
Her voice sank again and grew unsteady. "While I am starving, you will be starving, too. And while I am freezing, you will freeze." She stopped there with a shudder and a deep, gasping sob; then, "Won't you go?" she cried out. "You said once that one of us might be dreaming, but that one was not I. Can't you believe it's so? Can't you wake up from the dream, that is turning into a nightmare, and fly away? No, you can't! You can't! There's only one way out of it!"

That was the conclusion he had foreseen, had foreseen long before he could formulate it—the inevitable conclusion that had led him to pray for an hour. And now he thanked God that the answer was ready.

But before he could speak, she turned to him with a sudden transition of mood which left him gasping. The face she turned upon him now was radiant, flushed with life, fearless. She held out both hands to him. "Come," she said; "that's over. You're to forget it ever happened, and you're to do something for me that I want. Will you? I want this for a holiday, just as I set out to make it when I saw the yacht was gone. The day's as bright as it was then, and we can make the hours pure gold. It all depends on us. Come, will you do that for me?"

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No. 14

T. J. Roseman
Secretary.



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Giving him her hands, she had meant him to assist her to arise, but he disregarded her intention and knelt on one knee beside her. "Jeanne," he said.

Her color fluttered, at that, like a flag, and she caught her breath. "Thank you—Philip."

"We'll have our holiday, Jeanne, but we must have a better understanding first."

"No! No more! I can't!"

But he went steadily on. "You said there was only one way out, and I know what you meant. It is a way out—a way that I can't deny your right to take, if we're talking of rights. During the five years that I spent at Sandoval I always regarded it as a right that I could exercise when I chose. Perhaps that is one of the reasons I never exercised it. But, Jeanne, if you elect to take it that way, I shall take it with you."

She struggled away from him, turned and faced him with horror-stricken eyes. "You must not say that! You've no right to threaten me with that! No right!" Then, clutching at his hands again, "You must promise."

Again she pulled her hands away and covered her face with them. She was trembling uncontrollably.

"It was not a threat," he said steadily. "It was a promise, a promise I have the right to make. I make it again, now, Jeanne—a solemn promise before God. Whether it's living or dying, I shall go beside you."

"No right!" she repeated in a whisper. "What possible right could you have to make a promise like that—a threat that calls itself a promise?"

"I have the only right there is. Listen. Last night, when you were lying there asleep, I sat thinking, thinking about you, about the love I had for you; about the change which that love had made in me and would go on making after I had lost you. For I faced losing you. I knew that when they sent a boat ashore for you, I should have to let you go without a word. If I could have heard a prophecy then, that to-day I should be telling you I loved you, telling it with a clear heart and conscience, I should have gone half mad with joy. It seemed as if the thing could never happen. I am a man with a stain upon me, and yesterday that stain made it impossible to say anything to you but good-bye. I meant to say it, and take my way through the air again and live out the rest of my life on what, from your bounty, you had already given me."

"But the coming of a new day has changed all that. It has given me the right to tell you what I have told you, and it gives me the right to make that promise. Isn't that quite plain? Don't you understand?"

She had listened, breathless, while he talked to her. Now for the space of two deep inhalations she was silent. "It can't be true," she said faintly, "not all that. Not so soon. It was only yesterday—"

"You know truer than that," he interrupted. "You know that hours and days have nothing to do with the thing I'm talking about. Try to remember what I was when I came down out of the air upon that ice-floe. A man who, for five years, had been dragging his soul to death, trying to cast all the humanity out of it. Think what you did for me. Think what you gave me out of yourself. I don't tell you that I love you better than my soul, because—because my soul is you—your warmth, your faith, your fragrance. Why, do you know what my feeling has been this morning, the feeling I have tried to fight back out of my heart? Joy, Jeanne! Joy that I was to suffer what you suffered and live what you lived, whether it was to be for an hour or a day or a month. Whatever it was to bring us, you and I were to share the world together. Do you understand, now, Jeanne, my right to make that promise? Do you see now that it was a promise, and not a threat?"

She could not at first make him any answer. The thing his words had revealed to her, coming as it had come, upon the heels of that other revelation, left her mind half dazed. She was not without an answer, but it lay not in her mind nor was it translatable into words. There was a chord there, vibrating in response to the music it had heard, but it could find no expression through her lips.

"I must think," she gasped. "Please let me think."

"No," he said, "I have not asked for an answer. There is nothing that you have to tell me. Nothing that I'm waiting to hear. No decision that you must make. You understand what I said and you know it's true. The supreme fact in my universe is just you. That gives me the right to follow you wherever you go. But you are still free. You can stay here, where Fate has put you, and let me stay here, too, being sure that all the happiness in the world there is for me is to be found here at your side, in helping you. And then if the torture of privation and despair becomes too hard—"

She turned to him then and interrupted. Her words came quietly, unaccompanied by any gesture of her expressive hands. She spoke with the utmost simplicity.

"They won't be too hard, I think—neither the privation nor the loneliness. There won't be any despair, not with you my friend. And—and we will follow my father's gospel."

She saw the blood go ebbing out of his face, and then come back with a surge. He drew in two or three great breaths of the keen, winelike air. Then, in a strangely matter-of-fact fashion he seated himself beside her.

"That gospel begins with breakfast," he said.

[To be continued in November]

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To you, who are in ill health—to you, who are suffering from any ailment—we offer the unlimited advice of the famous Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell—*absolutely free*.

No matter what your trouble is, Dr. Tyrrell's advice will be of the utmost benefit to you. For he is one of the world's greatest authorities on hygiene.

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You can readily realize the dangers of constipation when you know that every drop of your blood passes through your intestines twice a day.

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And conservatively estimated, more than half a million people are now using this marvelous appliance. For it requires no drugs. It can be safely used at home by anyone. And the results are sure.

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Write today for information about the Cascade. Let us tell you how to attain the perfect health that makes life a joy.

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THE ALLEN MFG. CO. 608 Allen Bldg. Toledo, O.
"Lucky I answered your ad."—A. P. Lodewick, Me.

Do It to a Finish

[Continued from page 639]

Yet on every side we see all sorts of things selling for a song because the maker put no character, no thought into them. Articles of clothing that look stylish and attractive when first worn, very quickly get out of shape, and hang and look like old, much-worn garments. Buttons fly off, seams give way, at the slightest strain, dropped stitches are everywhere in evidence, and often the entire article goes to pieces before it is worn a dozen times. Many people never think of putting on a ready-made garment until the buttons are sewn on again, and often the seams restitched.

Everywhere we see furniture which looks all right, but in reality is full of blemishes and weaknesses, covered up with paint and varnish. Glue starts at joints, chairs and bedsteads break down at the slightest provocation, castors come off, handles pull out; and many things "go to pieces" all together, even while practically new.

I have known a buggy to collapse completely before it had been in use three months. The varnish and paint peeled off and revealed spongy spokes, knotted wood, open joints and all sorts of slovenly work.

"Made to sell, not for service" would be a good label for the great mass of manufactured articles in our markets to-day. It is difficult to find any that are well and honestly made, that have character, individuality and thoroughness wrought into them. Most articles are just thrown together. This slipshod, dishonest manufacturing is so general, that concerns which turn out products based upon honesty and truth are so rare that they often win for themselves a world-wide reputation and command the highest prices.

Probably not a woman in America but would prefer to receive a present of jewelry or silverware from Tiffany's to any other house. Why? Because the name is packed full of character, because it has a reputation which it has taken nearly a century to build up; the name is synonymous with reliability, cleanness, fairness. People who trade at Tiffany's know that whether they purchase personally, or by mail, they are not going to be swindled. They know that no lies, no botched, half-made or dishonest articles are sold in that house. There is no advertisement like a good reputation. Some of the world's greatest manufacturers have regarded their reputation as their most precious possession, and under no circumstances would they allow their names to be put on an imperfect article. Vast sums of money are often paid for the use of a name, because of its great reputation for integrity and square dealing. There are concerns in New York whose names as a trade-mark would probably sell for a million dollars or more, because they are synonymous with integrity. They embody the public confidence. There was a time when the names of Graham and Tampion on timepieces were guarantees of the most exquisite workmanship and of unquestioned integrity. Strangers from any part of the world could send their purchase money and order goods from the manufacturers mentioned above without a doubt that they would be squarely dealt with.

Graham made the Greenwich Observatory clock, which furnishes the standard time to the nations, and still requires regulating only once in fifteen months.

Tampion and Graham lie in Westminster Abbey because of the accuracy of their work—because they refused to manufacture and sell lies.

When you finish a thing you ought to be able to say to yourself, "There, I am willing to stand for that piece of work. It is not pretty well done; it is done as well as I can do it; done to a complete finish. I will stand for that. I am willing to be judged by it."

Never be satisfied with "fairly good," "pretty good," "good enough." Accept nothing short of your best. Put such a quality into your work that any one who comes across anything you have ever done will see character in it, individuality in it, your trade-mark of superiority upon it. Your reputation is at stake in everything you do and your reputation is your capital. You cannot afford to do a poor job, to let botched work or anything that is inferior go out of your hands. Every bit of your work, no matter how unimportant or trivial it may seem, should bear your trade-mark of excellence; you should regard every task that goes through your hands, every piece of work you touch, as Tampion regarded every watch that went out of his shop. It must be the very best you can do, the best that human skill can produce.

It is just the little difference between the good and the superb that makes the difference between the artist and the artisan. It is just the little touches after the average man would quit that makes the master's fame.

Regard your work as Stradivarius regarded his violins, which he "made for eternity," and not one of which was ever known to come to pieces or break. When a piece of work leaves your hand it should bear your recommendation, the hall-mark of your character.

Stradivarius did not need any patent on his violins, for no other violin maker would pay such a price for excellence as he paid; would take such pains to put his stamp of superiority upon his instruments. He was determined to make his name on a violin worth something, to make it a trade-mark which would protect the instrument the world over. This was his patent, he needed no other. Every "Stradivarius" now in

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It was not so very many years ago that such a thing as a household bath tub was unknown among any class.

"How did people ever get along without it!" you exclaim.

The answer is that standards of personal cleanliness were not then what they are now. Even the best people were content if they gave no visible signs of uncleanness. And even down to very recent times it was thought that real personal cleanliness could be had with a grand weekly "wash-up"!

The standard of household cleanliness now has been raised just as high as the standard of personal cleanliness. The grand semi-annual housecleaning is just as much out of date as the grand weekly bath. The most thorough possible cleanliness every day—that is the new standard for house as well as person.

The Ideal Vacuum Cleaner

Operated by
Hand

Fully protected by patents

It Eats Up the Dirt

Or Electric
Motor

It now is realized that it is just as absurd to think that a house is clean because it gives no visible signs of dirt as it would be to think that a person must be clean because he gives no visible signs of dirt. The truth is that a house reveals hidden dirt just as a person reveals hidden dirt. The peculiar sour, musty odors of a house may not be noticed by the occupants, because they are so used to them; but it is not so with visitors. Always these odors must exist where dirt is permitted to accumulate; and their existence is always a danger signal, indicating the presence of decomposing and putrid atoms and the germs of disease.



The IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER costs only \$25. You carry it around as easily as you would a pail of water, and you work it by hand with an ease that makes the labor of cleaning seem like play. Either this or, at a total cost of \$80 or \$66, you can enjoy the luxury of having your machine equipped with a first-class motor that is readily attached to any electric light socket. Sold at our various agencies. If no agency is handy, write us direct. Valuable Booklet on cleaning problem sent free.

It is the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER that has brought about the new standard of household cleanliness. Thorough cleanliness every day of course was impossible with the old-style implements. Vacuum Cleaning is the only system by which hidden dirt can be removed, that never scatters dust, that makes and keeps things really clean through and through. The IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER has brought this wonderful system within the every-day reach of all.

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"The merchant who gives credit is not in business for his health any more than the pawnbroker is."

Among my 35 different brands I have an "in between" smoke called "Old Fashioned Havana Smokers." I want you to be on smoking terms with them, because they are just the thing you want when you don't want a big cigar. They are Havana filled—4 in. long—blunt at both ends—made the way the Cuban planter rolls tobacco for his own use—without a binder.

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If you want to know who I am and whether or not I run my business on the square, if you have any doubts as to my making good if my cigars don't, just inquire from any bank or commercial agency about me. If you don't like the report you get, keep your cash at home.



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existence is worth from three to ten thousand dollars, or several times its weight in gold.

I have known many instances where advancement hinged upon the little overplus of interest, of pains-taking an employee put into his work, on his doing a little better than was expected of him. Employers are no fools. They do not say all they think, but they detect very quickly the earmarks of superiority. They keep their eye on the employee who has the stamp of excellence upon him, who takes pains with his work, who does it to a finish. They know he has a future.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., says that the "secret of success is to do the common duty uncommonly well."

It is doing things a little better than those about you do them; being a little neater, a little quicker, a little more accurate, a little more observant; it is ingenuity in finding new and more progressive ways of doing old things; it is being a little more polite, a little more obliging, a little more tactful, a little more cheerful, optimistic, a little more energetic, helpful, than those about you that attracts the attention of your employer and other employers also.

Many a boy is marked for a higher position by his employer long before he is aware of it himself because he appreciates the infinite difference between "good" and "better," between "fairly good" and "excellent," between what others call "good" and the best that can be done.

Everywhere we see perpetual clerks who will never get away from the yard-stick, mechanics who will never be anything but bunglers, all sorts of people who will never rise above mediocrity, who will always fill very ordinary positions because they do not take pains, do not put conscience into their work.

A successful manufacturer says: "If you make a good pin, you will earn more money than if you make a bad steam engine." "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor," says Emerson, "though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a path to his door."

When Daniel Webster, who had the best brain of his time, was asked to make a speech on some question at the close of a Congressional session, he replied, "I never allow myself to speak on any subject until I have made it my own. I have n't time to do that in this case, hence I must refuse to speak on the subject."

Thoroughness characterizes all successful men. Genius is the art of taking infinite pains. The trouble with many Americans is that they seem to think they can put any sort of poor, slipshod, half-done work into their careers and get first-class products. They do not realize that all great achievement has been characterized by extreme care, infinite painstaking, even to the minutest detail. No youth can ever hope to accomplish much who does not have thoroughness and accuracy indelibly fixed in his life-habit. Slipshodness, inaccuracy, the habit of half doing things, would ruin the career of a youth with a Napoleon's mind.

You can't afford to give the dregs of yourself and your efforts to your employer. If you do so, it will bring only dregs back to you. Make it a life-rule to give your best to whatever passes through your hands. Stamp it with your manhood. Let superiority be your trade-mark and characterize everything you touch. This is the quality that every employer is looking for. It indicates the best kind of brain, it is the best substitute for genius, it is better capital than cash. It is a better promoter than friends, or "pulls" with the influential.

Never allow yourself to dwell too much upon what you are getting for your work. You have something of infinitely greater importance, greater value, at stake. Your honor, your whole career, your future success, will be affected by the way you do your work, by the conscience or lack of it which you put into your job.

No matter how meager your salary you can not, on your own account, afford to let work go out of your hands without your unqualified endorsement. You can not afford to dilute your service, to cheapen it, just because your employer can make more money out of it.

Everything you do is a part of your career. If any work that goes out of your hands is skimmed, shirked, bungled or botched, your character will suffer also. If your work is badly done, if it goes to pieces, if there is shoddy or sham in it, if there is dishonesty in it, there is shoddy, sham, dishonesty in your character. We are all of a piece. We can not have an honest character, a complete, untarnished career, when we are constantly slipping rotten works, defective material and slipshod service into our work.

The man who has dealt in shams and inferiority, who has botched his work all his life, must be conscious that he has not been a real man; he can not help feeling that his career has been a botched one.

To spend a life buying and selling lies, dealing in cheap, shoddy shams, or botching one's work, is demoralizing to every element of nobility.

No matter if you only get paid for doing a poor job, you can not afford to do a poor job, or you will cheapen yourself. You will tend toward the habit of inferiority, which is fatal.

Reecher said he was never quite the same man again after reading Ruskin. You are never quite the same man again after doing a poor job, after botching

your work. You are not quite as efficient, nor quite as capable of doing an exquisite piece of work as before. You can not be just to yourself and unjust to the man you are working for in the quality of your work, for, if you slight your work, you not only strike a fatal blow at your efficiency, but also smirch your character. If you would be a full man, a complete man, a just man, you must be honest to the core in the quality of your work.

Then again, no one can be really happy who does not believe in his own honesty, does not believe he is trying hard to do right, to be just, clean, and honest.

We are so constituted that every departure from the right, from principle, makes us unhappy, causes loss of self-respect.

Every time we obey the inward law of doing right, we hear an inward approval, the amen of the soul, and a protest or condemnation every time we disobey it.

Did you ever notice how much better you feel after having done a superb piece of work, how much more you think of yourself, how it tones up your whole character? What a thrill one feels when contemplating his masterpiece, the work into which he has put the very best that was in him, the very best of which he was capable! This all comes from obeying the natural law within us to do things right, as they should be done, just as we feel an increase of self-respect when we obey the law of justice, of integrity within us.

There is everything in holding a high ideal of your work. For whatever model the mind holds, the life copies. What we think, that we become. Never allow yourself for an instant to harbor the thought of deficiency, inferiority.

A famous artist said he would never allow himself to look at an inferior drawing or painting, to do anything that was low or demoralizing, lest familiarity with inferiority should taint his own ideal and thus be communicated to his brush.

Reach to the highest, cling to it. Take no chances with anything that is inferior. Whatever your vocation, let quality be your life-slogan.

Many excuse poor slipshod work on the plea of lack of time. But in the ordinary situations of life, there is plenty of time to do everything as it ought to be done, and if we form the habit of excellence, of doing everything to a finish, our lives would be infinitely more satisfactory, more complete, there would be a wholeness instead of the incompleteness that characterizes most lives.

There is an indescribable superiority added to the very character and fiber of the man who always and everywhere puts quality into his work.

There is a sense of wholeness, of satisfaction, of happiness, in his life which is never felt by the man who does not do his level best every time. He is not haunted by the ghosts or tail ends of half-finished tasks, of skipped problems; is not kept awake by a troubled conscience.

When we are striving for excellence in everything we do, the whole life grows, improves. Everything looks up when we struggle up; everything looks down when we are going down hill. Aspiration lifts the life; groveling lowers it.

It is never a merely optional question whether you do a thing right or not, whether you half do it or do it to a finish, there is an eternal principle involved, which, if you violate, you pay the penalty in deterioration, in the lowering of your standards, in the loss of self-respect, in diminished efficiency, a dwarfed nature, a stunted, unsuccessful life.

Don't think you will never hear from a half-finished job, a neglected or botched piece of work. It will never die. It will bob up farther along in your career at the most unexpected moments, in the most embarrassing situations. It will be sure to mortify you when you least expect it. Like Banquo's ghost, it will arise at the most unexpected moments to mar your happiness.

Thousands of people are held back all their lives and obliged to accept inferior positions because they can not entirely overcome the handicap of slipshod habits formed early in life, habits of inaccuracy, of slovenliness, of skipping difficult problems in school, of slurring their work, shirking, or half doing it.

These skipped points in business or in life, the half-finished jobs, the problems passed over in school, because they were too hard, are sure to return later in life and give endless trouble and mortification.

Half doing things, "just for now," expecting to finish them later, has ruined many a bright prospect, because it has led to the habit of slighting one's work. "Oh, that's good enough, what's the use of being so awfully particular?" has been the beginning of a life-long handicap in many a career.

I was much impressed by this motto, which I saw recently in a great institution, "WHERE ONLY THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH." What a life motto this would be! How it would revolutionize civilization if every one were to adopt it and use it; to resolve that, whatever they did only the best they could do would be good enough, would satisfy them!

Adopt it as yours. Hang it up in your bedroom, in your office, or place of business, put it into your pocket-book, weave it into the texture of everything you do, that your life-work may be what every one's should be—a masterpiece.

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Rudyard Kipling

The October issue of **THE DELINEATOR** contains another Kipling story. It is called "A Doctor of Medicine." This is the second in a series of stories Mr. Kipling has written for **THE DELINEATOR**. The Kipling stories are the treat of the year.

What's the Matter with the Church in America?

It is discussed in **The Delineator** for October by:

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS,
REV. WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH, D.D.,

Author of "Christianity and the Social Crisis,"
Professor of Church History Rochester Theological Seminary.

REV. JOSIAH STRONG,

President American Institute of Social Service,
President American and Foreign Christian Union.

REV. F. M. NORTH, D.D.,

Secretary of the Church Extension and Missionary Society of
the Methodist Episcopal Church.

RABBI EMIL G. HIRSCH,

Minister Sinai Congregation, Chicago, Illinois.

REV. LEN. G. BROUGHTON,

National Evangelist, Tabernacle Baptist Church, Atlanta, Georgia.

REV. RUSSELL H. CONWELL,

President of Temple College, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. CHARLES F. AKED, D.D.,

Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York City.

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The Delineator October

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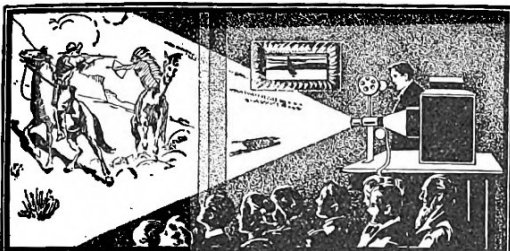
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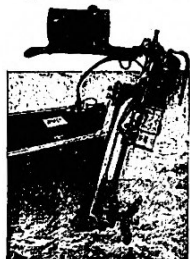
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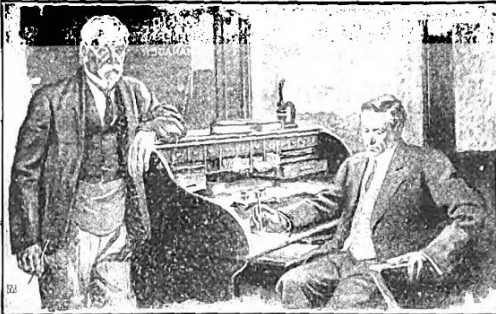
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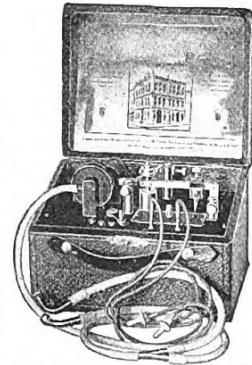
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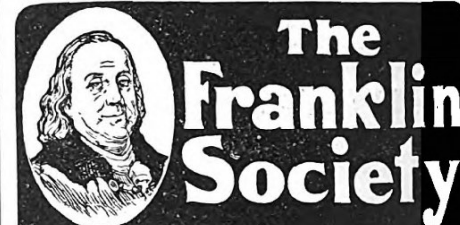
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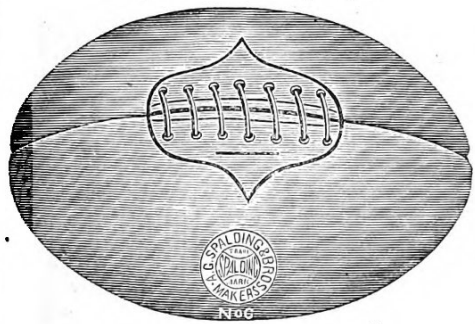
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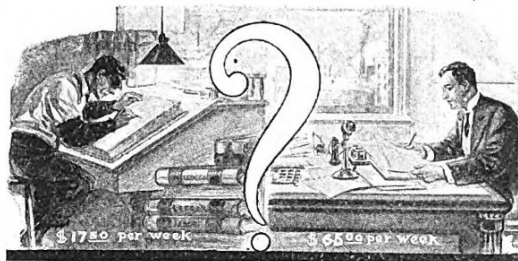
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Third Article on the American Woman's League

By E. G. LEWIS, President of The Lewis Publishing Company, and Mayor of University City

IN THE two previous articles on The American Woman's League which appeared in the August and September issues of SUCCESS MAGAZINE the general plan of The League as a whole was dealt with. In this article, its services and relation to the individual member and the benefits of that membership will be gone into more in detail, leaving to the article of next month the local chapters and the musical, dramatic and lecture bureaus being organized for them, at the head of each of which the services of one of the most famous actresses, musical directors and lecturers in America are being secured.

In China, a physician is paid his fee only so long as his patient is in good health; should the patient become ill, the physician's fee stops until his full recovery. We have in this, the most progressive nation in the world, numberless life insurance companies, whose business it is to insure against death. These companies with their hundreds of millions of dollars of resources, provide a splendid service and protection to those who are left after those who insure their lives are dead. For this service the insured pays a liberal and constant premium during many or all the years of his life. No one can dispute the service or value in the scheme of life, of this insurance against death; but where is there to-day in this country, an Insurance Company, which, for a corresponding premium provides the insured during his or her life, with daily assistance, advantage, protection, opportunity and the facilities for education, culture and betterment, or protection to women against possible destitution and want in old age? In other words, one may provide for loved ones to a greater or lesser extent, in the event of one's death; but why, on the same principle and basis may one not provide for their own advancement, education, opportunity and protection, during life? An Insurance Company will insure your life for \$1,000 for a premium of \$20 per year, assuming the risk and obligation of paying a thousand dollars in cash the day after it receives the first and only premium of \$20; yet, so large is the margin of profit or reserve in this risk, under the law of averages, that the Insurance Company piles up countless millions of reserve or surplus. The application of the same principle is made under the plan of The American Woman's League; providing to those who meet the requirement of membership—in the place of the payment of fixed sums to one's heirs or relatives at one's death—a means of protection, advantage, education and opportunity DURING THE LIFE OF THE MEMBER, while the membership itself ceases at death. The

American Woman's League plan, while taking no thought for death, undertakes to provide for its members a constant, daily source of benefit, advantage, opportunity and profit during life. Not having either the risk of a life insurance company in the form of an obligation to pay a fixed sum at any moment on the insured's death and having no interest charges or dividends to pay to stockholders; its entire income from all sources is therefore available for the purposes of its organization, the giving to the member every possible advantage during life.

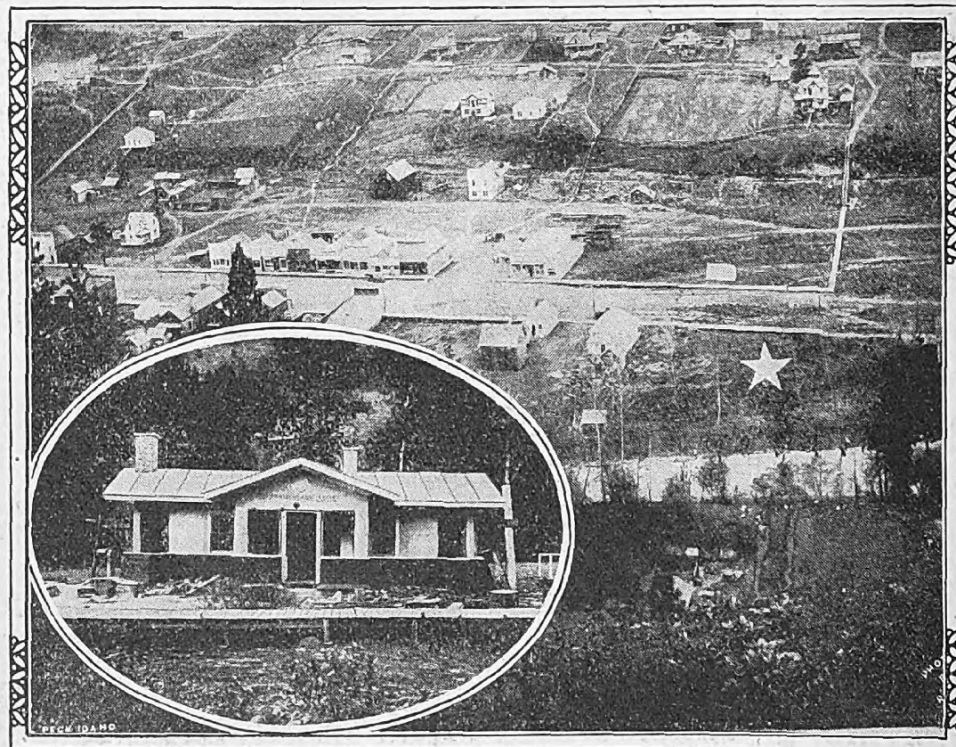
Those who apply for membership in The League, undertake as the condition for securing life membership, to either solicit a total of \$52 in subscriptions to well known magazines and journals, or purchase an equal amount of The League's subscription certi-

new revenue. The result is the same whether the subscriptions are first solicited locally by the applicant for membership, or are paid for and presented as gifts to friends and relatives at a distance through the "subscription certificates," for the local chapter system is national in scope and each chapter secretary is kept posted from headquarters on all subscriptions and expirations in that chapter's territory. The applicant for membership therefore creates a PERMANENT source of income to The League, which on an insurance basis is ample to return to him or her throughout life, constant benefits, advantages, opportunity and protection, while the income continues after the member dies and is added to by the new member succeeding. THE BENEFITS WHICH CAN THEREFORE BE GIVEN TO EACH MEM-

BER, ON AN INSURANCE BASIS, WOULD EQUAL THOSE WHICH THE INCOME FROM APPROXIMATELY \$2,000 CAPITAL INVESTED WOULD PAY FOR, without the death risk of the loss of the capital. With each succeeding year this will increase from cumulation, the investment even in local chapter houses (although an asset) requiring less of the revenue each year after the first year.

Organization

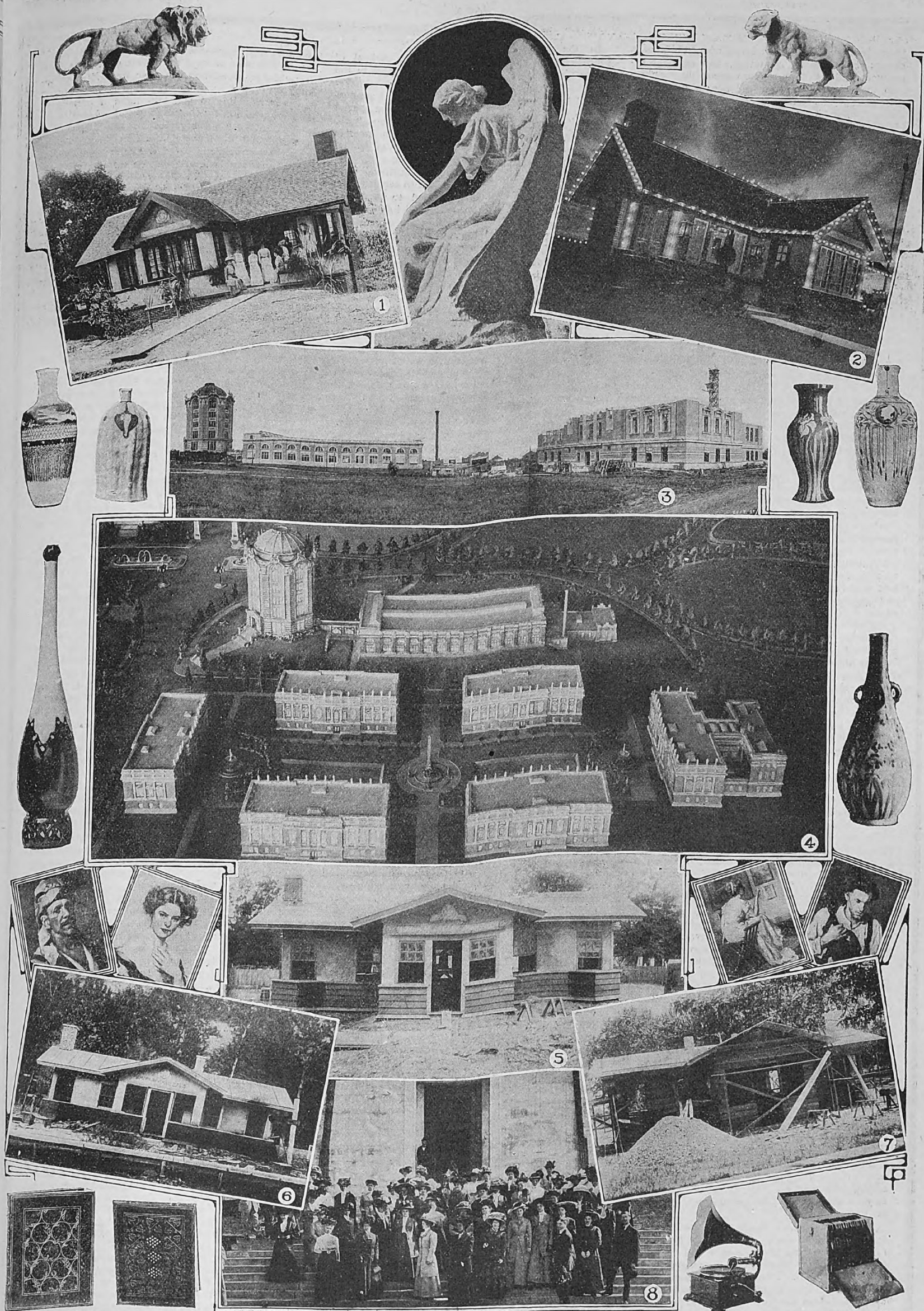
AT THE time this article was written (August) The League's organization comprised nearly eight hundred local chapter organizations and tens of thousands of independent members. Some thirty beautiful local chapter house buildings were already completed or in course of construction and the first of its great University and Art Institute buildings nearing completion. The growth is so rapid, however, that by the time this article appears it should have doubled. The chapter houses are of nine sizes and costs, ranging from \$1,200 to \$15,000 or more in cost, exclusive of the building site, according to the size of the chapter, twenty-five members being entitled to a Class 1, or \$1,200 chapter house. The local chapter is the permanent local organization, but every member, whether affiliated with a local chapter or not, is entitled to every right and benefit of The League's great central institutions for life, having the use of the musical library, the correspondence courses of the University and Art Schools, the protection and assistance of the Loan and Building Funds and the Law Department, and the benefit of the National Woman's Exchange, in their own homes, no matter how remotely located; supplying to each family, education, and the opportunity to apply it; instruction in the arts, businesses,



The Town of Peck, Idaho, and the Chapter House of The League, Erected on the Spot Marked ★

ates, which are good at their face value in payment of subscriptions to the principal magazines of America. This sole requirement places the membership within the reach of any woman, those who can afford it simply presenting the subscriptions to relatives or friends, while those who can not may solicit the subscriptions at spare moments until the required amount has been completed. The League organization receives 50 per cent. of all subscriptions, both new and renewal, it secures to publications listed with it. The member has then, without any investment in the membership, caused to be paid into The League a premium of \$26, but The League through its local chapter system secures a PERMANENT revenue of a like amount each year thereafter from the RENEWAL of these subscriptions, independent of the life or death of the member, and in addition a constantly increasing

ever, that by the time this article appears it should have doubled. The chapter houses are of nine sizes and costs, ranging from \$1,200 to \$15,000 or more in cost, exclusive of the building site, according to the size of the chapter, twenty-five members being entitled to a Class 1, or \$1,200 chapter house. The local chapter is the permanent local organization, but every member, whether affiliated with a local chapter or not, is entitled to every right and benefit of The League's great central institutions for life, having the use of the musical library, the correspondence courses of the University and Art Schools, the protection and assistance of the Loan and Building Funds and the Law Department, and the benefit of the National Woman's Exchange, in their own homes, no matter how remotely located; supplying to each family, education, and the opportunity to apply it; instruction in the arts, businesses,



1. Chapter House, Class II, Edwardsville, Ill. 2. Chapter House, Class II, at night, Seattle, Wash. 3. The great Art School and Institute being erected at University City, first of the six University buildings to be completed within a year. 4. Model of the buildings of the National University as they will be on completion. In the background is the Lewis Pub. Co.'s magazine plant and executive office. 5. Chapter House, Class I, Calvert, Tex. 6. Chapter House, Class I, Peck, Idaho. 7. Chapter House, Class I, Lebanon, Mo. 8. A Chapter of the League (Edwardsville, Ill., Chapter) visiting University City, the capital of the American Woman's League.

professions, and trades, and the opportunity of a career; entertainment, advantage, and constant assistance; while as the surrender value of the membership in event of disaster in old age, is assured, the protection of The Retreat or Home, or of an annuity, will be obtained in the final realization of the complete plan. These advantages through life are figured on an insurance basis, with no pretense of philanthropy or charity. The local chapter houses, which are being erected in large cities and remote villages alike, become the center of the local life, entertainment, instruction, and self-betterment, as well as a powerful influence for better things and the protection of the home, in each community. To them are supplied the best in lecturers, musical entertainment, and social advantage; they are the local radiating point of all that The League can give, as well as its local business machine.

Now, something more than this has been accomplished. By this plan a tremendous organization is being created, which has in itself, absolutely independent of the subscription income, other sources of income and revenue exactly increasing in proportion to the number of its members. As an illustration of this: The League, through its circulating musical library of phonographic records is rapidly becoming one of the largest customers of these phonographic records in the country. It is found in the practical operation of the plan that the members throughout the country drawing from the record library of The League three to five and ten records per week for use in their own homes, are retaining fifty per cent. of these records, purchasing them outright. The League is enabled to sell the records at exactly the same price as the dealers and receives from their sale a proportionate profit, while it brings to tens of thousands of people located in remote districts the best music and entertainment of the whole world.

It was early found necessary to establish for the thousands of League members spread throughout the country, particularly in the rural districts, a purchasing department, employing experienced expert dress-makers, shoppers, whose business it is to shop in the best markets of St. Louis, Chicago, and New York, amongst the leading specialty and general stores and direct from the manufacturers, for the members. From each concern dealt with, The League demands an absolute written guarantee that all merchandise purchased must be satisfactory in every way to The League member for whom it is purchased, otherwise the cash will be refunded in full. These buyers of The League, shopping for the women members in the remote rural districts, are enabled to secure for them the advantages of women located in the great cities, and even greater advantages through the experience and knowledge of the buyers themselves. The League on the other hand receives a percentage or rebate from all merchants from whom its buyers purchase, sufficient not only to pay the entire expense of its shopping bureau, but a considerable profit in addition, and yet the member of The League is enabled to buy in the best market, at the best prices, without expense and under the absolute guarantee of complete satisfaction.

On the first of October, this year, the great university and schools of The League open their doors; their correspondence courses in every field of education, effort and knowledge are thrown open free to every member of The League. With these correspondence courses in every branch goes the catalogue of The League, many months of careful preparation and research having been spent in advance in securing the best articles, such as would be used by the student in every course, at the lowest price and of the highest quality.

The student taking the art course of drawing and painting requires pencils, drawing paper and more or less paraphernalia which The League itself is enabled to supply of superior quality under its own guarantee and at the best prices obtainable anywhere and yet at considerable profit to itself.

In connection with The League's organization is a Law Department for rendering service in the advice and counsel of its members in their daily problems, complication or distress. In connection with The League's law schools under the foremost jurists, the detail work of the honor class will be these very problems and legal difficulties, arising amongst its scattered membership throughout the nation. It is proposed to carry this to the extent of a daily trial court in the law schools of The League, where the more important and complex legal difficulties presented by members of the organization, may be thrashed out in actual court procedure by the honor students.

In ceramics under Taxile Doat, the most famous ceramic artist in the world to-day, the honor student in sculpture, decoration, design and ceramics will collaborate in the production of the highest products of the ceramic art. Through The Woman's Exchange Department, with its salesroom in each of its hundreds of chapter houses throughout the country, the product of the ceramic schools and institutions will find a national sale.

In the journalistic courses in the School of Journalism of The League, those who pass in the competitive examinations, acquire the scholarship course, receiving a year of actual, practical application in the branch in which they have shown special talents, supplying to the publishing institution itself, already probably the largest institution in America if not in the world, a constant supply of special ability and training in all its divisions.

In the engineering, landscaping, horticultural, floricultural and agricultural divisions, those acquiring the honor courses will have presented to them the engineering, landscaping and municipal improvement problems of University City itself.

In the school of Commerce, practically every business from telegraphy and bookkeeping to corporation management, offers unexcelled opportunities of personal experience and practical training in The League organization itself through its banking, publishing, real estate and other divisions. In other words, The League offers to ability, application or genius in every line of human effort exceptional opportunity for advancement and a successful career. It as eagerly seeks ability as ability seeks opportunity. There is nothing that the individual member could seek to accomplish or gain in the course of their lives, which cannot be better accomplished or gained with the aid, strength, resource and organization of The American Woman's League. This organization spread from coast to coast and from Florida to Canada, offers an unlimited field for those who seek to better themselves in any branch of human effort and a protection such as they could never hope to secure by themselves alone. This has been amply demonstrated in so many things and cases, even thus far in the early days of its organization, that a few incidents may serve to illustrate: In a distant city, a young couple had purchased a home on the monthly installment basis, the wife later becoming a member of The American Woman's League. The nature of the contract was such, that a failure to meet a single installment forfeited all that had been paid. After many months of the closest economy, a considerable part of the purchase price had been paid, when the husband lost his position, through the failure of the concern by which he was employed. The wife, on his advice, immediately applied to The League; because of her inability to meet her current month's payment on the house, a mortgage was about to be foreclosed and the little home forfeited. Immediately on receipt of the appeal, a telegram to the leading banker in that city, personally known to those at the head of The League's banking institution, explaining the situation and asking for his assistance to the young couple resulted in such pressure being brought to bear upon the real estate concern which had sold the house, that a new contract was immediately made with no further payments for twelve months and without the forfeiture clause.

In a distant town in South Dakota a young man, suddenly thrown out of employment through a strike, started to tramp to another city, without funds, where he heard employment could be secured at his trade. On passing through a village one night, dusty, friendless, and without money, he was arrested under suspicion of being the perpetrator of a robbery which had occurred the night previous, thrown into jail and lay there for sixty days. His mother, in another city almost across the nation, finally heard of it, and being a member of The League, applied to its legal force for assistance. That day a telegram from our law department to the foremost lawyer of the western State where the boy was imprisoned resulted in the boy's being freed immediately, there having been no evidence of any sort against him in the first place.

With its ramifications throughout the United States, with its local organization composed of representative men and women in the various cities and towns from coast to coast, with its powerful journals, its able lawyers, its great bank and its constantly increasing resources, the whole League organization presents to each individual member a source of constant protection and assistance which many times the requirement of membership, if expended each year, would fail to provide otherwise, and yet the member who meets the single, simple requirement of membership—the obtaining of fifty-two dollars in subscriptions—has thereby set in operation and in motion an organization self-supporting, profitable and powerful enough to return throughout life constantly increasing benefits and advantages as the organization itself increases in power, wealth, and resources.

The gross subscription income of the leading magazines and journals of general circulation is estimated at \$60,000,000 per year. Where a publisher has no permanent national sales organization, but markets his journal direct to the subscriber independently, the cost of obtaining and renewing the subscription becomes, in some cases, almost as great as the amount received from the subscription. In a given town of say 20,000, the amount paid out for subscriptions to the great magazines we will say is \$12,000 per year (a low estimate). The average any one publisher would get would be say \$150 per year, too little to enable him to

maintain any permanent sales organization there and costing him most or all of the \$150 to get it; yet, if all the publishers combined and gave but half their income from that town, not only would there be \$6,000 per year available to maintain there a permanent sales organization for the benefit of the united publishers, but such an organization would probably quickly double the income from that town. This is exactly the principle involved in The League's chapter organization. The first income from the chapter memberships is spent in the erection of a beautiful local club or chapter house for the use of the members, and this becomes the permanent local subscription machinery for the united publishers, twenty-five per cent. of the local renewal revenue going to the chapter for the maintenance of its building and its paid secretary, whose business it is to look after the renewal of local subscription, with the moral support and assistance of the members, while twenty-five per cent. goes to the central institutions maintained for the benefit and use of all members alike and fifty per cent. to the publishers. The income of The League from the present membership under the subscription pledges is estimated to be in excess of a million dollars cash between now and January, 1910. This is constantly increasing from the flood of new membership applications being received, and is cumulative in its permanent effect. From this income the individual member is entitled, as a life beneficiary of The League's trusteeship, to receive every advantage, service, protection, benefit, and opportunity that it will provide. At the member's death all interest of that member reverts to the general fund and the membership is available for reissuance. (A provision for funeral expenses may be later incorporated, although The League plan concerns itself only with the living—leaving death to "life" insurance.) As the permanency of The League's organization is the greatest factor, a large percentage of its income will, for a time, be required for the erection of the beautiful permanent local chapter houses throughout the nation and the great central institutions in University City, the University, Art Schools, Ceramic Works, Conservatories, Arts and Crafts shops, and the Home or Retreat and Orphanage, of which all members have the lifelong use and benefit. These constitute the permanent machinery for the maintenance of The League's national income, regardless of the shifting about of the individual members. To the individual member, however, The League offers, on completion of the membership requirement, the following benefits and advantages, to which additional ones will be constantly added, as for no other purpose than for the equal benefit of all members can its increasing income be expended.

First. To each member among the first hundred thousand who complete their membership, a life income from the special endowment of two millions of dollars in the capital stock of The Lewis Publishing Company (approximately one-third its capital), and the People's Savings Trust Company (approximately one-eighth its capital on completion of its present organization). As these two institutions are enriched and made profitable in exact proportion to the growth of The League, this annual income to each member, while small to begin with, must assume satisfactory proportions in a reasonable time.

Second. Each member is entitled to the full assistance and protection of the law department of The League and its eminent jurists. Although this does not include matters of mercantile or business nature, except in the protection of members from fraud or persecution, it does include advice and assistance to members in problems and difficulties of daily life, and the whole power and resource of the organization for the protection of a member against injustice or outrage.

Third. The National Woman's Exchange, for the marketing through the local chapter system of the handiwork of members if of a proper standard (as full courses of instruction under the best masters are open free to every member in the arts, crafts, industries, professions, and mercantile pursuits, there can be no excuse for inferior production but lack of application and effort). Connected with this department is the national employment and information bureau of The League, which, through the local chapter organization, is rapidly covering the nation.

Fourth. The Postal Library and Phonographic Library, providing members no matter how remotely located with the facilities of a great national library and of the best musical instruction and entertainment. (PHONOGRAPH.)

Fifth.

Loan and Relief Fund

FROM the net income of The League it is proposed to set aside each year a percentage to provide a permanent loan and relief fund, loans to be made to members in good standing on first mortgage at low interest rate and convenient payments, the basis of these loans to be as follows, taking \$1,000 as the unit, and interest at 6 per cent. per annum to be repaid at

rate of \$7.50 per month, these loans to be for home building exclusively.

Terms of \$1,000 Loans at 6 per cent., Paying Out in Eleven Years at the rate of \$7.50 per month

First Year—Interest, \$60.00; principal, \$90.00—total interest and principal, \$150.00
Second Year—Interest, \$4.00; principal, \$90.00—total interest and principal, \$144.00
Third Year—Interest, \$2.00; principal, \$90.00—total interest and principal, \$138.00
Fourth Year—Interest, \$0.00; principal, \$90.00—total interest and principal, \$132.00
Fifth Year—Interest, \$0.00; principal, \$90.00—total interest and principal, \$126.00
Sixth Year—Interest, \$0.00; principal, \$90.00—total interest and principal, \$120.00
Seventh Year—Interest, \$0.00; principal, \$90.00—total interest and principal, \$114.00
Eighth Year—Interest, \$0.00; principal, \$90.00—total interest and principal, \$108.00
Ninth Year—Interest, \$0.00; principal, \$90.00—total interest and principal, \$102.00
Tenth Year—Interest, \$0.00; principal, \$90.00—total interest and principal, \$96.00
Eleventh Year—Interest, \$0.00; principal, \$90.00—total interest and principal, \$90.00

Total amount paid in eleven years on interest and principal, \$1,302.00

One thousand dollars borrowed at 6 per cent. per annum for eleven years, straight loan, would bear in interest during the eleven years \$660, while under this plan the interest is but \$362.40 in the eleven years. Any larger amount, or all the loan, may be paid at any time and stop the interest. Under this plan the highest monthly payments are the first year and are at the rate of \$12.50 per month, including both principal and interest.

Corresponding tables are made for fifteen-year and five-year loans, and for larger amounts.

From this fund temporary loans, equal to the book value of the membership, are also to be made available to members in event of sudden distress, and without interest, the membership itself being the security, and representing a constantly increasing loan value from year to year. Such loans will be at the discretion of the trustees or on the endorsement of the local chapter in the jurisdiction of which the member resides.

Sixth. As the surrender value of membership, there will be erected, in University City, a Home or Retreat, designed to be the finest institution of the sort in America, together with an Orphanage, for the care of members who may, through disaster become destitute in old age, NOT as a matter of charity, for The League makes no more pretense to charity or philanthropy than a life insurance company does, but as a right corresponding to the surrender value of an endowment policy in insurance. In event of death, minor children to have the right of care and education in the Orphanage. The Retreat will not be erected until the completion of the University and other buildings and the accumulation of a surplus or reserve sufficient to maintain it by endowment, and members will be subject to the endorsement of the local chapter and approval of the Trustees, before admittance, as a matter of protection to the entire organization. An alternative of an annuity being also optional with the Trustees in any case, or of maintenance at a sanitarium if diseased.

Seventh. The several benefits and advantages above enumerated are of a financial nature. The great feature of The League, its central motive about which all the rest revolves, and which may be expressed in the single word of unlimited "OPPORTUNITY," is the great University and Art Schools, now organized and open October 1st to the entire membership free in its courses and which alone, and independent of every other advantage of membership, makes the plan of The League destined to be of the greatest service and usefulness throughout life to every member and the whole family.

The plan upon which the National University and Art Schools of the American Woman's League has been founded is unique and we believe destined to revolutionize the process of education. It combines the correspondence and the personal attendance features. It teaches the art, craft, industry, profession, business, and at the same time provides the motive and the market. It holds before those who seek its assistance the certainty of reward, and a career for application, ability and genius. It carries through the mails its advantages and instruction to the fireside of the home, no matter how remote, and it brings to the great central institutions for final training under salary sufficient for expenses, for personal instruction of the greatest masters of America and Europe; those of SPECIAL ability, genius or application. It gives to those who grasp its opportunities the advantages of practical training under ideal conditions and provides an immediate market for their ability, skill and genius. In the Fine Arts, the courses by correspondence prepared by such masters as George Julian Zolnay the sculptor, Ralph Chesley Ott the artist, Taxile Doat the famous ceramist of the Sevres porcelain works, and others, each of like standing, are free to every member in their own home without loss of time, occupation or unnecessary expense, while those who show special ability or genius in the frequent competitive examinations, have open to them the personal attendance or honor course, with a salary of \$60 per month in University City for a year of practical experience and training under the personal supervision of the master in the actual execution of works of art, the ornamentation, decoration, designing and erection of great buildings, entrance gates, fountains and public works, or the application of the business or profession learned.

In the professional courses of engineering, law, journalism, the same system applies as does it also in the applied arts, crafts, business and industrial courses. First, the correspondence courses in every

avenue of human effort, art, business, science, trade and profession, free to every member, with always before those who seek to better themselves the OPPORTUNITY. A single one of the more than two hundred correspondence courses of instruction, embracing everything from dressmaking to the fine arts, from stenography to a collegiate education, from agriculture to the languages, would cost more than the entire requirement for life membership in The League, while in no other known institution of instruction is given the opportunity to apply the knowledge gained to actual use, during a year of special training and experience and with a salary sufficient for expenses, while above the student stands the certainty of reward and a successful career in the chosen art, industry, profession or business as the reward for application, ability or genius developed. Instead of stuffing the student with theory and then leaving him or her to apply it in the battle of life, the National University of The League aims to encourage and develop ability, application and genius wherever found and then set its feet firmly on the ladder of success. It seeks to render to every member the services of a great National University and to draw to itself for its own service and glory and that of the institutions of The League special ability or genius in every avenue of human effort.

Recently, a woman of 60 in an Eastern Metropolis, a member of The League, sent in her application for entry in the correspondence classes of drawing and painting under Ralph Chesley Ott. She stated that she had never had any instruction or opportunity to study, yet forwarded a number of sketches done in spare moments, with an apology for submitting them. The crude, untrained work of that woman showed the most remarkable genius which has ever come under Mr. Ott's observation. That woman has for 60 years drudged through life, with a priceless pearl of extraordinary talent in her hand, unknown. The coming years hold out to her world-wide fame, usefulness and reward. To her The League has brought OPPORTUNITY and through her it will give the world a famous artist. Without The League, both would have been lost.

The Subscription Certificates

A WOMAN applying for Full, or a man for Honorary membership in The League, is obligated to secure a total of \$52 (or if for Honorary membership \$20 worth) of subscriptions to the publications listed with The League. These subscriptions may be solicited, or the applicant may purchase the "subscription certificates" of The League. These certificates are of a face value of 50c and \$1 each, and each certificate purchased, applies on the membership requirement. These certificates are good at their face value in payment of subscriptions to the leading magazines and journals of America when sent into The League.

The Lewis Publishing Company has assumed the entire responsibility for and in complete direction of The League until the completion of The Founder's Chapter and the formal adoption by the membership of the permanent trusteeship and trust agreement under which its permanent separate organization will thereafter be conducted. If desired, the full amount of the membership may be taken out at once by the purchase of \$52 or \$20 of these certificates, so that the applicant becomes at once a full life member and entitled to every right and benefit offered by The League's entire plan—The Correspondence Schools, Art Institute, University courses, Postal and Phonographic Library, Law Department services, Chapter Houses, Woman's Exchange, Relief Fund, etc. The certificates may be afterwards sold at leisure or given as gifts to friends and relatives, enabling the purchasers or recipients to use them as payment for any of the subscriptions they may desire; or they may be purchased from time to time as is convenient, or the subscriptions may be solicited instead of purchasing the certificates. In any event, the MEMBERSHIP does not require ANY investment or payment, as the only thing paid for is the publications at their regular prices, themselves a full return for every dollar paid.

Founder's Chapter

UNDER the plan of The League, the first hundred thousand members to complete the requirements of membership constitute The Founder's Chapter and alone have the voting power in the League and are entitled during life to such income as the separate endowment of two million dollars in the capital stock of the Lewis Publishing Company and The Peoples Savings Trust Company, given by the Founder to the chapter, shall earn annually in addition to all rights and benefits of The League itself. As all, whether rich or poor, have an equal opportunity to secure The Founder's Chapter memberships, they are given to those who act while others wait. As its membership nears completion, the opportunity to secure it is rapidly passing. The position of The Founder's Chapter member is similar to that of the original stockholders of some of the great life insurance companies, as compared with the policy-holders that followed. The Founder's members, by their immediate action, are rendering the complete and permanent success of the entire plan an accomplished certainty. Those who follow become beneficiaries of the general plan, but not sharers in the financial profit of the publishing and banking institutions which are being made rich

and profitable. No greater protection and assurance or equal lifelong benefit, advantage and opportunity can be secured for one's self or loved ones than a membership in The American Woman's League, for a hundred times the single requirements of membership. The husband, father, or brother who insures his life for loved ones after his death and yet is unwilling to give them a greater assurance, protection and opportunity during life, to be enjoyed now and every day of their lives, when this can be done through The League plan without the actual investment of a dollar, does not apply the same common sense to insurance that he would to the smallest matter of his daily business. I believe that within the coming twelve months the new idea presented in The League's organization, that of daily, lifelong opportunity protection, assistance, education and advantage of a great, rich, powerful organization along co-operative lines, will become as much an accepted custom as life insurance against death. For my own part, it seems to me far more desirable and potential. Having already seen its organization spread in a few months from coast to coast, I hope to see its Founder's Chapter membership completed before the close of this month, when the first national convention of the officers of all local chapters will be called together for the formulating and approval of the final trust agreement, under which this vast institution shall render its services to a million American homes, and, having given an account of their stewardship, those who have labored to create it may hope to receive a public recognition, which must be their own principal reward.

To you who read, we extend an invitation to join us; at least let us send you The League's book.

The article next month will be devoted to the local chapter organizations throughout the country, and the dramatic, musical and lecture bureaus of The League in connection therewith, at the head of which are being placed probably the best known and loved actress, and the most famous musical director in America.

The Board of Trustees of The League are:

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Mayor of University City

President Peoples Savings Trust Co.

while The Lewis Publishing Company, of University City, St. Louis, Mo., one of the largest publishing concerns in the world, with a capital of \$3,500,000, is the Founder and Sponsor for the organization until the first national convention of the officers of the local chapters is held, when a permanent trust agreement and deed will be adopted and The League thereafter become a separate organization in the form of a trusteeship with its members as life beneficiaries; the national officers being elected at fixed periods but the Peoples Savings Trust Company being permanent trustee.

The League's book will be sent on request to any one desiring it who addresses

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE

University City, St. Louis, Mo.

Dept. S

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION.

AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE,

University City, St. Louis, Mo.

I hereby apply for a (insert full or honorary) membership in the Founder's Chapter and agree to secure, or purchase certificates for a total of \$52 (\$20 if for honorary membership) worth of subscriptions to the publications now or hereafter listed with The League, within one year, on completion of this agreement by the securing of a total of \$52 (or \$20) in subscriptions, or purchase of that amount of subscription certificates. I shall be entitled for life to all rights and benefits of membership in The League and Founder's Chapter, in accordance with the final trust agreement to be approved by the members. I enclose herewith \$..... on account of this application, for which an equal amount of subscription certificates are to be sent me and the amount credited to my membership.

Name

St. and No., P. O. Box or R. F. D.

P. O. State

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If subscriptions are sent with application, write them on a separate piece of paper.

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