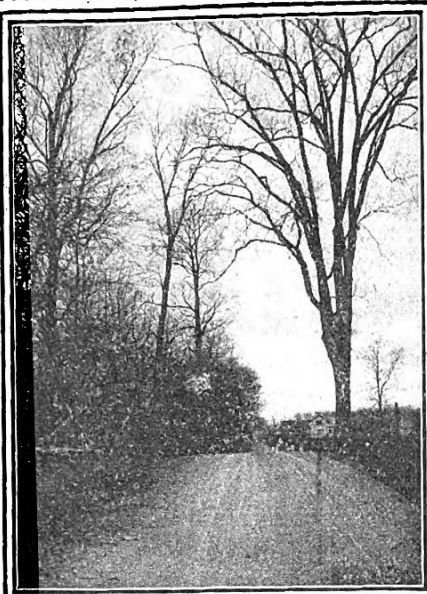




SUCCESS MAGAZINE

FOUNDED BY
ORISON SWETT MARDEN

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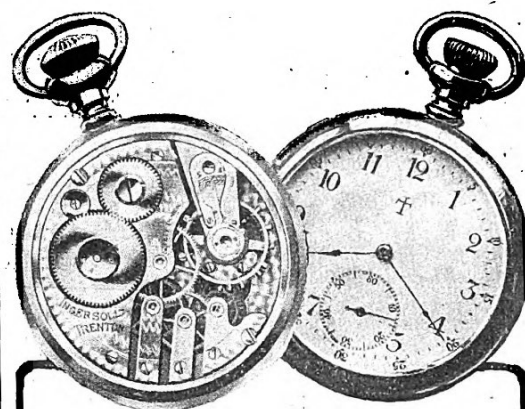
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We guarantee our subscribers (of record) against loss due to fraudulent misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue, provided that mention of SUCCESS MAGAZINE is made when ordering. This guaranty does not cover fluctuations of market 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 (November) issue; if a red pencil cross, it expires with the next (December) issue.

Subscriptions to begin with this issue should be received by November 15; to begin with December should be received by Dec. 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 gold-filled 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 "Yankee" **\$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.

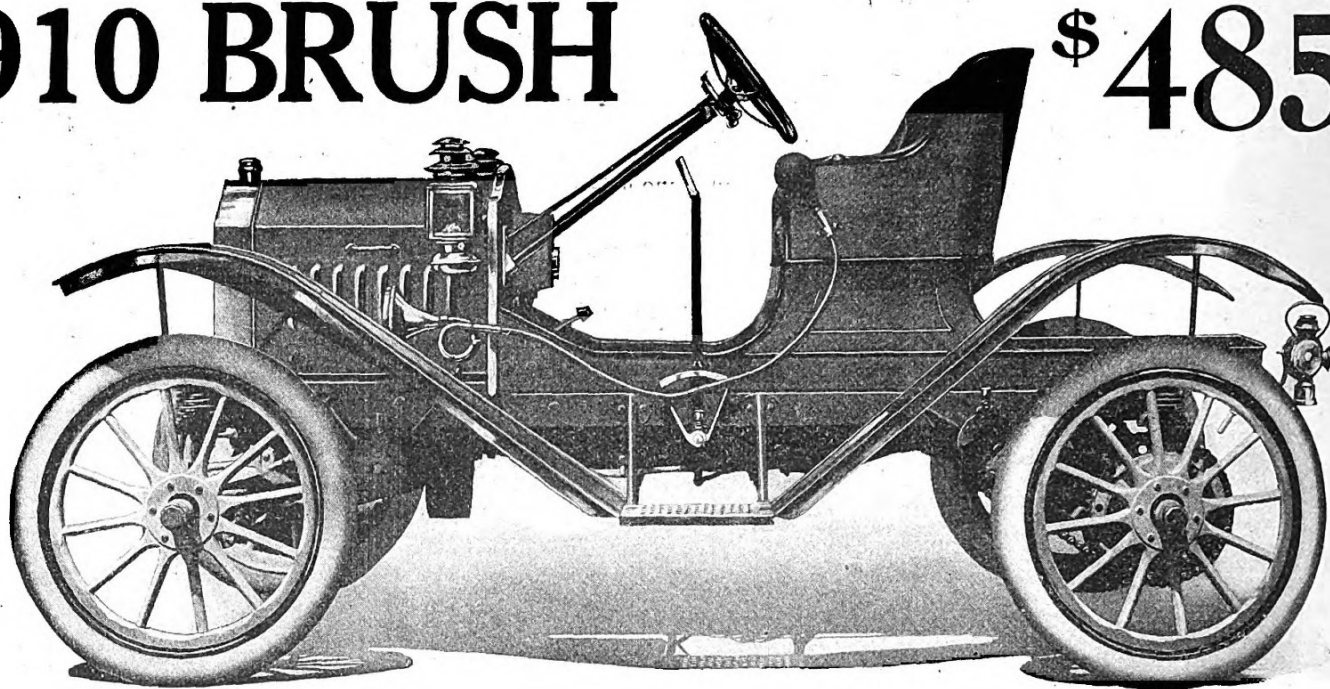
R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
30 Frankel Building
New York City



Everyman's Car at Last

1910 BRUSH

\$485⁰⁰



Everyman's Car—

Merchants
Physicians
Salesmen
Corporations
Contractors
Farmers
Clubmen
Surburbanites

The Young Folks—

The Brush knows no class; there is no limit to its usefulness. A tried, proven automobile for less than the cost of a good horse and buggy.

Think of it—\$485 for the best-built, most thoroughly proven, easiest-riding, most economical, handiest small automobile in the world!

The New Brush Runabout not only out-classes all small cars, but is far ahead of its own previous high standard.

Even though we have learned the lessons all manufacturers have to learn by experience—even, though we have manufacturing facilities as nearly perfect as money and brains can make them—still we could not build a car of the quality of the 1910 Brush if we merely imitated the big cars with all their complicated parts and all parts necessarily smaller and weaker.

Here's where the genius of the designer counts.

The Brush has always been and still is the only real Runabout built in America.

The new 1910 Brush is not a designer's dream but the result of years of experience and a knowledge acquired by manufacturing 3,000 Brushes that are in daily use. It is a car which with one chassis adapts itself perfectly by change of bodies to a hundred different uses.

It is a car new in power, smoothness, speed and looks but built on proven principles by an organization already perfected.

The Brush has the fewest possible parts but they are of sufficient size and strength to stand the hardest knocks.

Simplicity makes it possible to build the car right and still sell it at this wonderful price.

As for reliability, there is no comparison between the Brush and any of the small imitations of larger multi-cylinder cars.

With the new Brush you get single-cylinder simplicity, reliability, light weight, low gasoline and oil consumption, low tire expense with four-cylinder power and smoothness.

Its new balanced motor runs as quietly as a four-cylinder and is as flexible. Its power is astonishing. The most wonderful improvement in Motor Car Construction in years.

While the balanced motor is the most remarkable feature of the 1910 Brush, we have made numerous other improvements and refinements.

Here are some of them: wheel-base lengthened 6 inches; more graceful and rakish lines; Mercedes type radiator; new selective control; universal coupling-shaft; improved dust-proof commutator; multiple disc low and reverse clutches; transmission control levers entirely housed and oil-tight; more quiet muffler.

In our magnificent new plant we make every part of the Brush except the wheels, tires and electric equipment. The Brush buyer pays no middleman's or parts-maker's profit.

READ THE SPECIFICATIONS

Motor—10 H. P., balanced single cylinder, four-cycle, vertical, 4"x5", water cooled; located in front under hood; every part instantly accessible; three point suspension.

Balancing—After balancing by the usual counterweights, one extra loaded balance gear, driven by a crankshaft gear, is applied, the result of which is to take out all of the vibration due to reciprocating weight and in addition most (or at times all) of the torque vibration—*theoretically in better balance than a four-cylinder motor.*

Transmission—Internal gear type, perfectly quiet; entirely enclosed and absolutely oil-tight.

Cooling—Mercedes type radiator, on Briscoe thermo syphon system, eliminating pump.

Drive—Double side chains to rear wheels.

Control—Single hand-lever of selective action for all speeds; spark and throttle under steering-wheel; foot-pedal releases clutch without touching the hand-lever, and also applies the brake. This clutch release by the foot is one of the fine features of the Brush and is found on no other low-priced car.

Steering Gear—Another exceptional feature; internal reducing spur gear, slow and powerful at straight-ahead and accelerating as the wheel turns; entirely enclosed and oil-tight.

Axles and Frames—Oil-treated, selected wood, oak, hickory and maple; wonderful for strength, durability and lightness.

Springs—Spiral, located at extreme rear corners; absolutely the easiest riding springs on any car and mechanically impossible to break.

Brakes—Internal expanding in rear sprocket hubs.

Wheels—Artillery, with 28"x31" pneumatic tires.

Wheel Base—80 inches.

Tread—56". For Southern trade 60".

Equipment—Tools, tire kit, 8 oil lamps, horn.

Color—Maroon, except coupe.

Body—Divided seat; trimmed in high-grade leather. Platform on rear, as pictured above, with equipment \$485.00.

Six special bodies, furnished on order, at extra prices, as follows: rear platform with steel tool box; rear compartment with removable steel deck; single or double rumble with wooden tool box; racer type; coupe.

Speed—35 miles an hour, except racer type, which has special gearing.

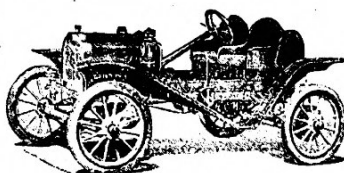
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DETROIT, MICHIGAN

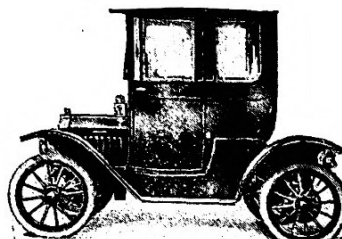
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Brush Runabout Co.,
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Please send me copy of the new Brush Catalog.

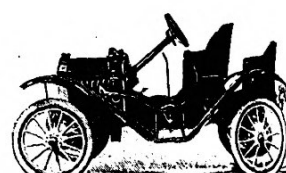
Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....



Model D 28



Model D Coupe



Model D 26

The Publishers' Outlook

Ideals in Magazine Building

WITH this issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE and the next, the annual subscriptions of many thousands of our readers expire. It is a season when family councils are called around the evening lamp on the subject of reading-matter for the coming year. The great magazines of America—and, by the way, American magazines are by far the greatest and most beautiful in the world, editorially and artistically—pass in review before the father and mother and the sons and daughters. Each must present its *raison d'être*; each must show that, in the brilliant galaxy of its compeers, it is entitled to the favor of its judges. It is "thumbs up" or "thumbs down," and however kindly may be the criticism, the final judgment is either life or death for the one particular periodical in the household which it seeks to enter.

Glad and proud indeed should be that magazine—if we may allow the magazine itself to personate its publishers—which, having once stood the test of many years' acquaintance, is pronounced "*indispensable*" by the unanimous vote of its household judges. Such an ideal condition is not often found. Some magazines are built for the man only, some for the woman only, and some for the young people of the family. Others are class periodicals, of interest chiefly to some special interest or cult. Still others appeal to lovers of fiction, while again is another class composed of those which aim to put in permanent form, by weekly or monthly digest, the current daily events at home and abroad. Rarely is there found a magazine which can hope to be equally interesting and valuable to each and every member of a family.

May we here put in a special plea or argument applicable chiefly to that rapidly diminishing class of periodicals still published at the extraordinarily low subscription price of \$1.00 per annum. Of this class, more perhaps than any other, may it be said with truth that its subscription price is so low that some one department, or some one continued feature or class of articles, is *alone* worth the whole subscription price for the year. A dollar is such a small sum!—why deny the mother of the family her monthly delight in the reading of Mrs. Curtis's writings in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, for example, even if that is the only thing in the magazine which she or the rest of the family care for. With SUCCESS MAGAZINE, we are utterly failing in our purpose, however, if each of our eight or ten different classes of articles is not alone worth to some one of the family the full dollar which we charge.

We sometimes think that the editors and publishers of a periodical are its own severest critics. It is they only who know of the daily disappointments and difficulties which have to be endured and overcome; it is they only who know how far each issue departs from the ideals which they have so clearly in mind. We of SUCCESS MAGAZINE are no exceptions to the rule. We often—in fact usually—feel very

modest about our actual accomplishment, because it is so far from the standards that we have set up for ourselves. But perhaps our readers will pardon us if, at this time when our "case" is almost all in and judgment is soon to be rendered, we present to you an outline of the principles and theory upon which we are constructing SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and of our reason for believing and hoping that it can and should occupy a unique and unassailable position in your home.

Here is our purpose, in brief:

To present to our readers a bird's-eye view of the current news of the month.

To keep them informed of the great accomplishments and best modern thought in science, invention and social progress.

To entertain them with brilliant and fascinating stories, anecdote and humor.

To give them inspiration for and help in the hard grind of the daily work of life.

To give them a thousand and one practical hints for lightening the burden of that work.

To give to our subscribers of record protection against imposture and special service in other ways, to the end of making of the SUCCESS family of subscribers a strong, coherent, enthusiastic clientele of intelligent, optimistic men and women, boys and girls. And, finally, with such a body behind us—believers in our honesty and sincerity—we hope to exercise in public affairs an influence to be gladly welcomed by the worthy and feared by the unworthy.

A broad purpose, indeed, you will say, and one hard to live up to. Let us, however, study for a moment this present issue—this November number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE now in your hands—to see how far we do, in this particular number, carry out our platform of principles.

"The World in a Nutshell" (pages 726-731) takes rank, we think, as one of the best monthly digests of current world's happenings appearing in any general magazine. Our editors are giving to it an amount of time and attention little realized by the average reader; endeavoring to epitomize the really significant events at home and abroad, and dealing also in short, bright, pithy paragraphs with the "Persons of the Moment."

The second plank of our platform is illustrated in this number by one of the most important articles which has ever appeared in an American magazine, namely, "Hope for the Victims of Narcotics," by Dr. Lambert; while in "The New Problem of the Old" (page 712) is presented food for most careful and anxious thought.

The third plank is illustrated by such a wealth of material that we can only stop to mention Leroy Scott's great serial story, "The Shears of Destiny," which commenced last month, and Mr. Webster's serial, "The Sky Man," coming soon to a conclusion; with three short stories by Charles Battell Loomis, Harris Dickson and Anne Story Allen, who are among the best known of American authors; together with our now famous department, "Point and Pleasant," which is perhaps more largely quoted and "clipped" by the newspapers and

other periodicals in the country than are similar department in any other except the strictly humorous papers. "Human Nature Under Fire," the brilliant little series of anecdotes of the San Francisco disaster, is another illustration of this plank.

The inspirational writings of Orison Swett Marden appear only in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and our daily mail is the best possible testimony of their value to the sometimes discouraged, always hardworking American man and woman. In this issue, "Clear Grit Did it" (page 721) and "The Editor's Chat" (page 732) are illustrations.

Mrs. Curtis's wise, witty and eminently practical writings in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, including the "Home Corner" and "Pin Money Papers," are eagerly read by the mothers and daughters of our families, and these, with Mrs. Gillmore's comical talk about "Man As Woman Sees Him," and Charles N. Crewdson's "New Tales of the Road," illustrate the fifth plank of our platform.

To protect our subscribers of record against fraudulent advertisers and financial sharks of every kind, is one of the duties to which we firmly bind ourselves; not only by specific guarantee but by most painstaking effort and investigation. It is well within the mark to say that, by the turn of a hand, we could increase our advertising revenue one hundred thousand dollars per annum. But it would be at the expense—or at all events at the very serious risk—of the happiness and prosperity of our subscribers. We are known among leading periodicals as a magazine most careful in its acceptance of advertising copy, and our opinion on new advertisers is sought almost daily by the publishers or advertising managers of other periodicals. We were among the first to expose a series of financial fakirs who were preying, through the newspapers, upon the American people. Our series of articles upon Thomas W. Lawson, and the failure of his financial prophecies, were largely instrumental in his sudden retirement from public notice. In other directions also we have tried to protect our readers, notably in the exposition of the terrible indecencies of which the American stage was becoming guilty. Our articles upon the problem of the present-day ministers have excited wide-spread interest and serious concern. Our brief campaign against Speaker Cannon last spring—a campaign which is to be instantly renewed at the right psychological moment—was so nearly successful as to bring about a situation in national politics where Mr. Cannon's complete elimination is only a question of time.

Our case is now all in. All argument is closed. You are the supreme judges; we the appellants in action. There is only left for us to give our promise to you that there will be continued editorial improvement during the coming year, to the end that there shall be reflected in SUCCESS MAGAZINE the broadest, breeziest, truest American spirit of progress and accomplishment. We await your verdict, hopeful—even confident—that it will be in our favor.

Be Your Own Boss—Own a Texas Truck Farm

10 ACRES WILL PAY YOU \$1500 A YEAR

Pay for it in small Monthly Payments

ORANGES
AND LEMONS
FROM 3-YR OLD
TREES

11 ACRES OF
LETTUCE NETTED
\$1760.00 PROFIT

\$184.60 PER ACRE PROFIT FROM POTATOES

THESE ONIONS NETTED \$313.33 PROFIT PER ACRE

FLOWING ARTESIAN WELL
AT FALFURRIAS

WE DON'T need to tell you what you pay for green corn in December, lettuce and beans in January, strawberries, cabbage and green onions in February.

The Proof

I made \$313.33 net profit per acre from my onions this year.
JNO. DONOHUE.

After paying for seed, sacks and freight, my potatoes netted \$184.60 per acre.
ED. SCHLAKE.

Eleven acres of lettuce paid us a profit of \$1760. This country can't be beat.
MILLER BROS. CO.

My beans netted me \$125.00 an acre at the Falfurrias depot.
E. R. RACHAL.

We shipped the first carload of onions in the United States this year, 24,000 pounds and received \$900 at the depot.
HART & GROSH.

All of the parties mentioned in the foregoing live at Falfurrias.

THE FOLLOWING BANKS WILL GLADLY TELL YOU ABOUT OUR RELIABILITY

Enclose stamped envelope when you write them.

State Bank & Trust Co.,
San Antonio, Texas
American Bank & Trust Co.,
San Antonio, Texas
Union Trust Co.,
San Antonio, Texas
Falfurrias State Bank,
Falfurrias, Texas
First State Bank,
Corpus Christi, Texas
Union Trust Co.,
Aransas Pass, Texas
First National Bank,
Rockfort, Texas
Karnes County National Bank,
Karnes City, Texas

WE ALSO REFER YOU TO

GEO. F. LUPTON,
General Passenger Agent,
San Antonio & Aransas Pass R. R.,
San Antonio, Texas

S. G. LANGSTON,
General Immigration Agent,
M. K. & T. R. R.,
St. Louis, Mo.

S. A. HUGHES,
General Immigration Agent,
Frisco System,
St. Louis, Mo.

If you pay such a price for a few ears of corn what do you think the Falfurrias truck raisers receive for say Five Acres of such corn? Is it any wonder they are getting rich?

Every winter carloads and carloads of vegetables are being shipped from Falfurrias to the Northern markets and bringing the high prices. These vegetables are being raised by men who went there with absolutely no previous experience. They were doctors, lawyers, bookkeepers, business and laboring men, in fact they came from every walk of life and they are making good.

How would you like to make \$150 net profit per acre, where you could secure cheap labor to do all the heavy work? How would you like to be your own boss, live in a climate where snow and cold weather are unknown, where flowers bloom and vegetables grow all winter, where cool gulf breezes make the summers delightful.

Three years ago Falfurrias wasn't on the map. Today it has a population of 3300 people, 16,000 acres under cultivation, a water works, electric light and ice plant, three hotels, five churches, three lumber yards, bank, twenty-one stores, and people are pouring in every day.

You can make big money raising vegetables at Falfurrias. You can be **independent for life**. Now is the time to investigate. Come and see for yourself. Buy five acres if not more.

The land we are offering is part of the famous King Ranch, known by every Texan to be the richest body of land in the State. Flowing artesian water can be had on any part of this land. Your opportunity is now because the prices are increasing rapidly. Read the letters in this advertisement and let us send you many more. We welcome your investigation.

Falfurrias is located 184 miles south of San Antonio, a little west and south of Corpus Christi. It is in the very heart of the famous Gulf Coast Country. No town in Texas has ever known such a rapid growth. The land has not only been sold but the people have moved down and improved it. At Falfurrias you have a modern town, living is inexpensive, you have cheap labor and the profits—well—you know because you pay the price. This is just what you have been looking for.

SPECIAL OFFER

We are establishing an ideal town on this land. It is our intention to make this new town a residence town where the truck farm

owners can live in one community and yet be near enough to their farms to work them satisfactorily. A residence lot 50 x 125 will be given free with every ten acre farm. A motor line will furnish rapid transit to and from Falfurrias and certainly be a great convenience to all Falfurrias truck raisers. It will also add very materially to the price of the land.

Make Your First Step Towards Owning Your Own Farm Today—

SEND IN THE COUPON

Illustrated Literature Free

Send today for our fine new booklet, "The Land of Flowing Wells," also free map of Texas. This booklet is the most interesting ever issued on the Gulf Coast Country. Be sure and send for yours today.

A few Reliable Agents Wanted

While we have a large force of agents, there is still some good territory uncovered. If you can furnish best of references write for further information. If you cannot furnish A-1 references save your time and ours.

BURTON & DANFORTH, 501 Gibbs Building, San Antonio, Texas

Name _____

Address _____

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Send without expense to me your free illustrated literature and map of Texas.

Gentlemen:

Send without expense to me your free illustrated literature and map of Texas.

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San Antonio, Texas

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

Vol. XII

NEW YORK NOVEMBER 1909

No. 186

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

THE best work of the best living writers will be found in the December number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. It marks a bold step forward in magazine building. Twelve great features make up the list of contributions.

The Unjust Judge

By John Luther Long

Author of "Madame Butterfly"

A powerful two-part story, which arraigns our criminal procedure and the jury system as vigorously as Dickens arraigned the British Chancery Court or as Hugo arraigned the French police system. The brilliant author of "Madame Butterfly" here presents his most important work.

The Power Behind the Republic

By Charles Edward Russell

First Article: Living a Governmental Lie

Russell's greatest series. Since writing "The Break-up of the Parties," he has been puzzling out the answer to the most difficult question in American life to-day, "Have we outgrown our governmental machinery?" This big series is his answer. It cuts deep. It is written with utter fearlessness.

A Five-Thousand Dollar Christmas

By George Fitch

Suppose you had only five thousand dollars to spend on Christmas presents for your family, when you knew that nothing would satisfy them short of sable coats, diamond tiaras, motor boats and such. Would you give up in disgust and meditate throwing your roll into the North River? Or would you borrow an idea from the jolly old scrubwoman in the street-car?

Dreams and the Future Life

By H. Addington Bruce

Mr. Bruce here goes farther than he went in "The Meaning of Dreams." There is a sort of dream which has happened at least once in the history of nearly every family—the dream warning of the death of a relative. After citing numerous authenticated instances of this sort of dream, Mr. Bruce attempts to distinguish between those which might be due to telepathy between the living, and those which could only be transmitted by spirit forces.

The New Blood in the Senate

By J. C. Welliver

of the "Washington Times"

Progress is irresistible, even in the United States Senate. The new insurgent Senators came promptly to the front during the special session. Now that the confusing tariff bill is out of the way, they are likely to be still more active. In this article Mr. Welliver tells just what the country wants to know about these new men.

The Double-Barrelled Author

By Gouverneur Morris

Suppose that your memory was completely blotted out and you had to begin life anew. Would you be the same kind of a man you were before? Would you do the same kind of work? Would you love the same kind of a woman? In a word, what would you do about it—and what would your wife do? Gouverneur Morris has done much clever work, but he never wrote a more entertaining story.

THE SHEARS OF DESTINY—Leroy Scott's Glowing Serial Romance. The December Instalment will be entitled: **One Woman—or Two?** Not in years have we found a serial which so combines dramatic action and irresistible love with the important undercurrents of modern life. Mr. Scott's heroine is one of the most fascinating and bewildering women in the whole range of modern fiction. The first instalment, in the October number, was enough to stamp it a popular success. ¶ In addition to the above important features, we shall present our readers with two very unusual poems. One, "Westward the Star," is the work of a Boston man, Henry Austin. This poem is a remarkable answer to those critics who say that no real poetry is produced in America to-day. It is a vigorous and beautiful outpouring of spirit, charged with the freedom and boldness of the great West. It will occupy two full pages of the magazine, with an unusually suggestive and beautiful decorative illustration by Raymond Perry. Mr. Perry is also decorating "The Round of Life": A Christmas Musing of Man-Alive, set down by Richard Wightman. We are alluding to Mr. Wightman's "musing" as a poem in the absence of a more precise term. It is a deep and simple expression of a strong philosophy of living. ¶ Besides all this, and a hearty, stimulating talk by Dr. Marden, and a timely and interesting article, "The Price of Prima Donna Fame," by William Armstrong, the Christmas number will be packed full of useful and readable departments. Mr. Webster's serial, "The Sky Man," grows better with each instalment.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT—MUMPS?
Painted especially for SUCCESS MAGAZINE by P. D. JOHNSON

Human Nature Under Fire

WE SHALL never have the whole story of the San Francisco earthquake and fire, any more than we have the full story of the great battles. Of Gettysburg, for example, we have now the full strategic history; we know what was in the minds of Meade and Lee when they came into action below those heights, and we know wherein Lee failed; we know how the regiments and divisions moved. We have also vivid eye-witness accounts from the pens of such men as Doctor Trobriand and Carl Schurz. But of the thousand and one little human incidents, gruesome, tragic, pathetic, even comic, which happened on that battlefield, we have no record, or at best a few impermanent newspaper accounts. Yet with our human love of a story, our universal interest in the individual, this should be the feature of Gettysburg which touches us most nearly.

So with the San Francisco earthquake. We had at first vivid eye-witness accounts from correspondents on the firing-line; later we read in the magazines still more vivid narratives from such witnesses as Gertrude Atherton, Hopper and Laffler; and now the University of California is preparing a scholarly history of the event. But ten thousand little personal stories, tragic, humorous, romantic stories, which illuminate the workings of the human mind under great pressure, remain untold.

A gay, light, rich metropolis of a half

A Remarkable Collection of Hitherto Unpublished Stories of the San Francisco Disaster

BY WILL IRWIN

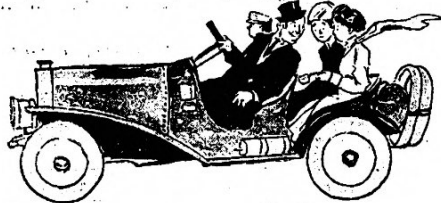
million souls went to bed on the night of April 17, 1906, looking forward to a day like other days. At dawn, four out of five of them awoke to the conviction that this was the end of the world, the rolling up of the heavens as a scroll. By night their homes and their fortunes were gone or going. All the forces of civilization by which the modern city works and moves had

risen like a Frankenstein against them. Necessarily, with these factors operating on a half a million diverse minds, nothing short of murder which imagination can conceive failed to happen. And I open my story-teller's pack to retell the experiences of certain friends as they were told to me. There are a thousand better stories, doubtless; I but do my part in recording my own collection before the memory of the disaster is quite cold. I have been interested to see, in looking them over, how few are tragic or gruesome. This was no universal horror, like Messina, of accursed memory; fire, not earthquake, destroyed San Francisco. The

official estimate of four hundred dead, at first distrusted and questioned, was doubtless very nearly correct. The people, warned in time of the later danger, accepted it like the sons of pioneers, in a spirit of bravery, charity and mutual sympathy and helpfulness; and I have to record, for the most part, only the romantic and humorous incidents of that memorable day.

A YOUNG girl from New York was visiting in a stately old house on Nob Hill. The owner of that house was a collector of miniatures, porcelains and ivories; certain rooms—he laughingly admitted to himself—looked like departments in a museum.

The fire reached that house early. The owner gave up one of his automobiles to the public service, and reserved the other to take



his family to Santa Barbara. When the soldiers came and gave the family five minutes to get out, the owner said to the visitor from New York:

"My dear, all these things must burn up. I have to leave them. Suppose you choose something you want and take it away for a souvenir!"

The girl, hysterical, bewildered, acting only on suggestion, ran over the place, found her souvenir, wrapped it in a towel and ran out to the automobile.

Safe outside the fire zone, the New York girl recovered her nerve and mind. As they rolled through Redwood City, twenty miles away, the head of the expedition asked: "By the way, what did you get for a souvenir?"

"I declare, I've forgotten," said the New York girl. "Here it is—let's see."

She unwrapped the towel and disclosed a tin dipper.

A PRINTING company operating in a five-story building employed a Japanese watchman. He had instructions to stay with the plant, no matter what happened—to stay always until relieved. The earthquake found him on the top floor, where the heaviest presses were set. He stayed with the job. Morning broke; fires sprang up from all four quarters of the horizon. Still he stayed with the job. A fire came his way, and a corner of the building caught. He satisfied himself that the stairs were clear, and settled down to wait until his quarters became too hot. Suddenly the floor sagged. Weakened by the shock and the fire, it was giving way under the heavy presses. The Japanese skipped down to the fourth floor. The presses came after him. Floor by floor, as he fled, the presses followed from above; he got out of the building a quarter of a second before that junk-shop of metal landed in the cellar.

One of his employers was in a hospital with typhoid fever. That hospital lay in the fire-track; the nurses and doctors carried the patients to a house on the outskirts of the city. To the bedside of the typhoid fever patient crept that afternoon a Japanese of sea-green complexion.

"I am sorry to say," he reported, "that the presses have emerged to the ground as the result of a conflagration!"

UP MARKET STREET, ahead of that fire-belt which was eating the slow-burning redwood buildings at the rate of a block an hour, drifted the refugees and floaters, staggering under rolls of bedding and household goods, dragging trunks, laboring with toy wagons. None but showed some astonishing effect in costume. Here was a man in trousers from the waist down, pajamas from the waist up; there a woman in a nightgown, walking boots and a fur coat. By contrast, shone a young man in perfect morning attire. His linen was clean, his trousers fell in a perfect crease, his shoes, even, retained their polish. On his face was a calm, even bored, self-assurance. With his right hand he manned a cigarette, and under his left arm he carried a large picture in a gilt frame, the face turned toward his body.

Two young girls noted him, and their curiosity overcame fear, grief and bewilderment. "He's probably a collector, and that's the gem of his collection," said one.

"I think it's something more commonplace—his mother or wife or sweetheart," ventured the other. "Let's look and settle it."

So they threaded the crowd until they gained position for a look at the face of the picture.

The treasure which the immaculate young man carried so tenderly was an enlarged crayon portrait of himself.



A JUDGE of the Superior Bench found himself in a blind alley with the smoke rolling across the entrance. As he groped forward, his hand encountered a human form. A spurt of flame rose at that moment; he saw that it was a bedraggled woman. She recognized him—"must have been up before me when I was on the Police Bench," says the judge. she seized him, clung to him; and it became apparent that she was in an advanced state of hysteria.

"Oh, Judge!" she wailed, "get me out—oh, Judge, take me away."

"Here, Here," remonstrated the judge. "Come on—we're in danger—I'll get you away!"

But still she clung and drooped and screamed. The judge happened to remember a pint flask of whiskey in his pocket. He drew it, uncorked it and said:

"Now we're all right, but you must brace up. Take some of this whiskey—it will make you feel better."

"No! No!" she screamed. "Judge, I'll never touch a drop of the stuff again. Don't you ever touch it again. This has been a lesson to me. Oh, Judge, it's been a lesson!"

Hereupon the judge lost patience. He backed her against the wall, grabbed her shoulders and yelled as he shook her.

"See here! Do you suppose the Almighty in His infinite wisdom sent this catastrophe to teach a lesson to one woman?"

After this she permitted herself to be rescued.

A GREEN Irish servant girl arrived in San Francisco the night before the earthquake. She transferred straight from Ellis Island to the Overland train—her cousin had a job waiting for her in San Francisco.

The roar, the shaking, the crash of furniture, awakened her; and next she heard the voice of her mistress:

"Katie! dress the children!"

A minute later, Norah, her cousin, burst into



the room, crying "Hurry! It's an earthquake!"

Katie sat on the floor and laughed long and loud.

"Her head's turned completely!" cried Norah.

"Me head's all right!" responded Katie, "But I'd been thinkin' that was the way they always wake the help in this country!"

THIS for a coincidence. James D. Phelan, millionaire and ex-mayor of San Francisco, had his offices in the Phelan Building, in the heart of the burned district. He lived in the Mission, an outlying district which the fire did not reach. On the first day, the double current of fire passed to right and left of the Phelan Building; the experts assured him his property was safe from both fire and dynamite. He spent the day and half the night working with the committee of forty, and at midnight went home to get a little sleep.

The Phelan servants, though they had to cook in the street, kept up the household routine; he sat down to breakfast next morning as though nothing had happened. While he was opening his eggs, the maid laid down a piece of paper by his plate.

"We found that on the front doorstep, Mr. Phelan," she said. "You must have dropped it."

Mr. Phelan looked at the paper and remarked: "I won't go to my office *this* morning!" The paper was a cancelled check, and its proper place was the vaults of his office in the Phelan Building. The soldiers had blown up the building, and the wind had carried that little messenger of disaster four miles, straight to the house of its owner!

FOR the most part, he who saved any of his household goods saved them by hand. The noise of trunks scraping upon the pavement was the sound characteristic of this disaster. Those upon whose nerves the fire left a scar say they can not hear a table scrape across the floor without a start of terror.

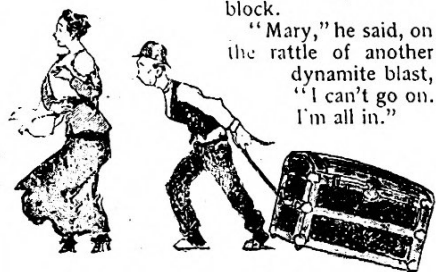
On the second day, while the soldiers were blasting right and left, a crowd of refugees, driven from their last stand in the lower city, made their way up the California Street hill. In the van marched a woman carrying a baby; beside her, a small, pale husband was dragging a trunk by a rope.

"I'm dead beat," he said, stopping suddenly. "I guess we'll have to leave it."

"Leave it!" his wife said, "I guess you don't. Do you know what's in that trunk? The baby's things!"

The man took up the rope in silence and so they toiled up another block.

"Mary," he said, on the rattle of another dynamite blast, "I can't go on. I'm all in."



His wife's voice rose hysterically. "And you call yourself a man!" she said, "and can't pull a trunk along with the baby's things."

"I can't go on," he responded.

His wife put the baby down. "We'll stay here until you can," she threatened.

The man dropped the rope. He opened his hands and held them out to her. From wrist to finger-nails, they were red raw. The fingers dripped blood.

The woman looked at them stupefied. Then she fell on her knees before him, throwing her arms about him.

"Oh, my God, Henry," she wailed, "I didn't realize, I didn't know. Leave the trunk. Come on when you get ready. No, I'll carry the baby."

PORTSMOUTH SQUARE, the old Spanish plaza of the city centers a Chinese and Italian tenement population. By all the rules of probability, there should have been a struggle of the races on Portsmouth Square that morning. As a matter of fact, the Italians were stupefied and the Chinese accepted it as a matter of course. When the fire came their way, the Chinese took their treasure chests and the Italians their bedding, and trooped in stupefied silence into the Square, where they camped out under guard of the regular army. On the afternoon of that first day, one, whom we will call Dr. Friend, passed the Square dragging his trunk. An acquaintance met him.

"Hello, Dr. Friend," he called. A sergeant of regulars heard the greeting.

"Are you a doctor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, there are babies being born over here in the crowd and we've looked everywhere for a doctor. Come over and get busy."

"I can't refuse to help—but I've got a family waiting for me!" protested the doctor.

"Get busy!" responded the sergeant, with a suggestive shift of his gun. In that day a soldier had only to raise his finger and the citizen obeyed.

Dr. Friend found three patients under a tent of blankets. Everything went nicely. By evening there were three new babies in Portsmouth Square. The doctor cut up an army blanket to wrap them. The sergeant halted an army ambulance which happened to be empty. They laid out the mothers—two of them Italian and the third a Pole—on the floor of the ambulance, tucked the babies safely on the shelves, and drove to the temporary receiving hospital.

After the attendants had unloaded mothers and babies, the doctor and the ambulance started back for Portsmouth Square. An orderly ran up and stopped them.

"Doctor!" he called, "which baby goes with which mother?"

Dr. Friend's mouth flew open, and his hands dropped.

"I'll be d—d if I know!" he gasped.

AN ACTOR, engaged by one of the local stock companies, reached San Francisco on April 17th. The free air of the Pacific, and the free-and-easy airs of the Port of Adventures, got into his blood. At four o'clock in the morning he reached his hotel in a shocking condition. His head was pretty clear, but his feet simply "wouldn't make tracks." The bell-boys supported him to his room, dumped him inside, and left him. He managed to undress; and he was sprawled out on the floor in his pink pajamas, wondering how he should navigate to the bed, when the shock came.

"My Lord!" whispered the actor. "It never took me this way before!"

SHE whom I will call Mrs. Force is a widow.

She lives on the slopes of Twin Peaks, a little out of the city, alone with her cherished Angora cat, Terence. Mrs. Force slept on the second story of her house that night, and Terence in the kitchen. When she saw that the earthquake was a serious piece of business and that the house might fall, Mrs. Force thought of nothing but Terence.

She could not leave the poor animal alone to die—she must get

him out of doors where he would have a chance for his life. She was half-way down the staircase when the most violent twist of the shock threw her off her feet. She struck the landing in a heap and wrenched her knee; but she managed to get into the kitchen, grab Terence, and dump him out of the back door, just as the last rumble ceased.

Terence landed on all fours, drew himself up to a dignified sitting posture, regarded his mistress a moment, and began to wash his face.

"And it wasn't," says Mrs. Force, "as though he had done it hurriedly. He did it carefully, luxuriously. His paw went clear back of his ear every stroke. I was so overcome by the ingratitude of the animal that I sat down and cried. All that morning, I went around picking up the house; at intervals I'd cry some more to think how he'd treated me. When he came near me, I'd just turn away my face. Only when the neighbors came in, and I started to tell them about it, did it occur to me that it was funny!"



WHEN, in the week after the fire, the Oakland ferries resumed traffic, a man stood by the after-rail looking at something in his hand. Another passenger, regarding him casually, saw him start, grunt, smile, and hurl the object in his hand into the bay.

The other passenger got a look at the object as it struck the water. It was a bunch of keys.

THE fire, not the earthquake, destroyed San Francisco. Few buildings really went down, and those were old brick structures of flimsy workmanship, or wooden houses half rotted by age. In the second story of such a building slept a middle-aged couple. The



house settled gently forward, and out went the bed, all standing, onto the sidewalk. The wife sprang out of bed on one side, and regarded her husband on the other.

"Well," she said, "this will teach you to wear a nightshirt in future!"

YOUNG MRS ROYCE

BY ANNE STORY ALLEN

Illustrations by CLARA D. DAVIDSON

THE carriage turned into the drive, and Doctor Murray breathed a sigh of relief—not such a deep sigh, though, as he would breathe when the doors of the big white house closed on his patient, Mrs. Cornelia Royce, and he could hasten toward the train that was to take him back to town.

But moderate as the sigh was, Mrs. Royce heard it. She moved her head languidly and looked at him. "You'll be glad to get rid of me," she said, with mild curiosity.

"My dear Mrs. Royce—"

A faint smile came to her face. "I can see you already," she went on, "hurrying back over this tedious, dusty road, mopping your face and swearing little swears of relief. I wonder if you'll get the driver to whistle 'The Girl I Left Behind Me'? That's what they do in the army, is n't it, when they've buried a comrade?"

The doctor looked genuinely distressed. "My dear Mrs. Royce—" he began again.

But the lady addressed turned abruptly away. "I'm tired," she said, shortly; "I don't feel like talking."

The doctor's pleasant countenance settled into grim lines. He would have been glad to take the thin, furbelowed shoulders in a strong grasp and shake the owner—shake her till her beflowered hat slipped its moorings and hung from the puffs of her overdressed head. He glanced at her, seeing, in imagination, the effect that this drastic method of treatment would bring about, and, his sense of humor coming to the rescue, he chuckled audibly.

Mrs. Royce kept her head turned away. "It's a dreadfully long private road, seems to me," she said. "We must have come a mile since we turned in at the gate."

There was a weary note in her voice, and the doctor, repenting his impatience, caught it in sympathy. "It's only a step further," he said, cheerfully. "Your room is fine, loads of sunshine, fresh air, and a fireplace for real logs when it's chilly."

"You've told me—a dozen times."

"So I have. So I have."

"Why are you so patient, so decent to me?"

Tired, tragic, dark-circled eyes gazed suddenly into his. A weary mouth, drooping at the corners, half opened as the woman waited for an answer.

"Why? Why, I am a physician, you know. It's my business to be patient, to—to understand, you know."

"But you don't understand. No," she raised a slim, tan-gloved hand and stopped his words, "you don't understand. You think I'm just a spoiled, petulant old woman—trying to be a young one. You think it's a hideous thing to be. You think I ought to wear bonnets and lisle thread gloves. But because I have some stupid flutterings and beatings that bother my heart, and a silly way of fainting now and then, you call it some long Latin name out of your doctor's books and say: 'She must be looked out for.' It's charity, I know it. Now I've answered my own question. You need n't try to explain—but you don't understand. You don't."

"Dear Mrs. Royce," Doctor Murray still spoke gently, though the



She had watched his coming from behind her curtained window

woman's keen eyes noticed that he glanced from the carriage window as if to hurry into sight the doors of the house that was about to receive her, "I knew Bob Vane in college. Oh, Mrs. Royce, you must know that it is my duty, my pleasure, I mean. Anyway, I shall continue to look out for you."

"Till I die?"

Mrs. Royce laughed, a nasty little laugh; then she leaned over, and both the tan-gloved hands were clenched into absurdly small fists.

"Well, I'm not going to die—not for years—and years—and years. And I'm going to be young every minute of those years, be young and look young—look young, do you hear? And as for you being Bob's friend and classmate—that does n't count in the least. I'm not the widow of Robert Vane any more. That part of my life was over long ago. I'm Mrs. Cornelia Royce, and my husband, Chester Royce, died, a beast and a drunkard, as he had lived. And I hate him in his grave as I hated him before he went to his grave."

The doctor laid a firm, strong clasp on one shaking little fist.

"Stop!" he said, with authority. "Stop! No more nonsense. You hate nobody, dead or alive. You are going to rest quietly in this lovely country place, where two of God's gentlewomen will be your hostesses, and where you may pick up some show of health and normality. It's in your hands, now, and if you don't profit by it, why, I shall wash my hands of you. No, I sha'n't," he finished, with a tolerant laugh, "I'll probably lug you off to some other place and give you another chance. But do try, won't you?"

The sudden change from cold command and instruction to the limitless patience of the strong for the weak undid the tense, obstinate lines of the woman's face and figure. With a sob that shook her, she seized the hand that had been laid on hers and pressed it to her cheek. "You are kind," she cried, "and good. I will try. I will try."

She dropped his hand, choked back the tears, touched hat and veils with birdlike swiftness into immaculate trimness, and stiffened into a show of indifference.

"Here is the house," said the doctor, and again the sigh of relief came to her ear.

A humorous smile twisted at the corner of her mouth. She turned a frank, grateful gaze on his unconscious face. The tears started again, but she winked them back.

"What a delightful place!" she exclaimed; but she did not look from the window.

The horses stopped, the house door opened, and a maid hurried down the steps. Back of her a slim little figure in gray waited on the wide veranda.

"I was watching for thee, doctor," called a soft voice. Cornelia Royce's face slowly whitened. "Where am I?" she whispered, sharply.

"At Green Hills. I told you the name. And that must be one of the Misses Farlow. Come, lean on my arm."

"Green Hills!" she ejaculated sharply.

She pulled her second veil sharply down and walked slowly up the steps. Indeed, there was nothing else to do, for the doctor held her gently, but impellingly, by the arm.

"Miss Farlow," he began, "here is your new guest, Mrs.—"

"Grahame. Let me introduce myself, doctor—Mrs. Grahame."

"Thee is welcome, Mrs. Grahame. But where is Mrs. Royce, doctor? There was a special reason—did she not come?"

"At the last moment I came instead. Mrs. Royce could not come, and the good doctor here let me persuade him—"

The wild look she gave Doctor Murray brought back the surprised physician's voice and poise.

"Mrs. —Grahame will explain later," he said. "Meantime she is a little overwrought—with the journey—and all. Can she go directly to her room?"

The little woman in gray took the other arm of the newcomer.

"Forgive me for appearing surprised," she begged. "It was just a little personal desire to see Mrs. Royce. I had not even spoken of it to the doctor. But thee shall have her room, my dear, and thee are welcome. It is, perhaps, better—perhaps—better."

They walked slowly up the broad, shallow stairs, the doctor following. At the door of a large room they paused.

"The man says there's just time to catch the next train back to town. There's no other for three hours." The maid spoke in a low tone to Doctor Murray.

He uttered an exclamation.

"I thought I would have about an hour here," he said, looking at his watch. "I have an appointment—"

"Go, doctor." Mrs. Grahame turned quickly. "I shall be quite well, and perfectly comfortable; there is really nothing you can do for me." Then as he hesitated. "I will write immediately—to-night—and tell you just how I am—and everything."

"To-morrow will do." The doctor looked sternly at her. "Write fully," he commanded.

"I will." His patient bit her lip, but answered meekly. "Please go. And thank you; thank you!"

"I will go, because I must," said the doctor. "Remember to write to-morrow, Mrs. Grahame." He turned and followed the maid down the wide stairs.

"Come and rest," said the little lady in gray.

But Mrs. Grahame was staring beyond her—into the room. The low, many-paned windows let in the soft afternoon sunshine. A big four-posted bed stood in a corner, an old low-boy at one side, and a cretonne-covered "granny's" chair by the fireplace.

The woman raised one veil and then pulled at the other till her eyes, freed of their shroud, picked up, bit by bit, the furniture, the pictures, the roses on the wall paper.

"Does thee like it?" asked Miss Farlow. "Does thee think thee will like it?"

Mrs. Grahame tottered past her, crossed the room with uncertain steps, and sank into the big "granny" chair. Her hands hung over the cretonne sides, and her head fell limply against the tall back; she grew slowly white.

"Take my hat off," she whispered. "Take my hat off, please; I'm so tired."

II

"DEAR DOCTOR MURRAY:

"I fainted just after you left, and the old ladies bundled me to bed, where I fell asleep—real sleep. When I woke I ate something good they brought me, and slept some more—and then it was morning.

"But now I am awake and must write you—explain—and explanations are dreadful things. I hate them.

"There! I will not say 'hate,' or write it, for there is no room for hate in this big, peaceful chamber. It is not *my* peace, but the peace of other days that has descended upon me, and I want to write while it lasts. Perhaps I can get things straighter then.

"I will take it for granted that you were surprised when I took my introduction from your mouth and said I was Mrs. Grahame. It was my mother's name, my own second name, and I have used it occasionally when it bored or bothered me to be pointed out as 'Chester Royce's widow.' And it came easily to my tongue when I heard Miss Farlow say, 'I was watching for thee.' That little greeting was the key that unlocked my memory—that and the sudden realization of where I was. You must have told me the place was Green Hills; you said you had; but I must have heard only with my ears, for it certainly made no impression upon me consciously. I am sure you never

told me these women's name. There was no special reason for or against it. And I am sure that you do not know that I am writing you in the very room where I came, a happy bride, with Bob—yes, with Bob. You would not have known, unless by accident, that he had these two aunts, for he seldom talked to others about his relatives, and Green Hills was far away in those days before the motor.

"It was just at dusk when I came to that same drive with him, my hand in his, just at dusk that our carriage stopped and I heard a voice call from the steps, 'I was watching for thee.' And we got out, Bob and I, and two dear little gray ladies I had never seen before greeted us warmly, if hastily, and bundled themselves and their valises into the same carriage. It started promptly for the station—the next train was to take them on a long trip West—and Bob and I came into this big house and on up the wide, shallow stairs slowly. The house was ours for the time. Our honeymoon had begun.

"From that day I have never seen the old ladies. Their letters, heart-broken at Bob's death, I never answered, and when they came to Green Hills again their nephew's wife had flown; the widow of Bob Vane was on the Continent, fleeing the horror that dogged every step, that haunted every moment, waking or sleeping.

"My eyes are wet and my hands shaking as I think of that poor girl, with only Bob's money for a solace. And Bob himself in his death-sleep, his dear brown eyes—you remember those boyish eyes he had—closed, shut to his wife's tears, and his ears deaf to her sobbing. Even now I can hear the sobs that shook me awake through terrible dreams of him.

"But before that year had ended there was Bob's little boy in my arms, and I did n't want to be a mother—I wanted my sweetheart-husband back again. In another six months I had grown stronger physically. Nature rebelled against the constant grieving. The air was sweet, the skies were blue, the birds sang. I was young—a girl, I rebelled at being a widow—and a widow with a child.

"I wrote the two old ladies. They were Bob's only relatives. I asked them if they wanted Bob's boy. They did. In a scandalized letter they wrote me. In a matter-of-fact, cold-blooded answer I said the child should be theirs. I sent his nurse with him, and from that day to yesterday I have never seen or heard from them—or him.

"In another year Bob Vane's widow had become Chester Royce's wife. Chester Royce was gay and courteous externally; within he was foul with a foulness that is unspeakable. I knew that I had been cheated. Life had cheated me. Only one thing remained—youth; and that I seized with both hands and held to.

"It is stupid writing a succession of flying, crawling, lagging years, empty of all but youth. For I am young, doctor, and I will stay young—fairly young as years go, but young, eternally young, with the hunger of a woman for love and happiness. Somewhere, somehow, there ought to be happiness waiting for me, and how can one have happiness without youth? I am waiting. I will wait.

"Don't write me. I will stay here with the gray ladies for a time. Bob's boy is dead. I saw it in the paper. They did not tell me; I did not ask; but I may like to find out how he died—some day. Perhaps I will ask them in such a way that they will not suspect me. And when I am gone from Green Hills you can undeceive them. They will forgive, I know, but if not it does n't matter. For your kindness I thank you, but leave me alone for a time. CORNELIA GRAHAME."

III

ONE of the little gray ladies had her knitting in hand, the other hemmed, with minute stitches, a table napkin. Stretched in a low basket chair, watching the little gray ladies, was a long slim figure, clad in a blue silk robe of many ruffles and much lace. She held in her hand a new magazine and lazily turned a leaf or two, whenever her gaze became too noticeable even for the unconscious little Quakeresses. Beneath the shady trees they sat and sewed and napped and knit.

Into this restful atmosphere there dropped two sentences so fraught with meaning, so momentary in possibilities, that the ringed fingers of Mrs. Grahame clutched the pages of her magazine in a mad effort to keep herself above a sudden rush as of waters drowning her.

It was Miss Myra Farlow who spoke first and her sister Miss Sarah who answered her.

"Bob will be home to-morrow."

"Yes, to-morrow."

Then the click-click of the knitting needles and the scratch of Miss Sarah's nail along the napkin-seam.

Miss Myra smiled over the big needles. "I shall have this sweater all ready for him."

And Miss Sarah: "Thee has done many a piece of work for the boy, sister."

Sister Myra laughed, a soft, mellow old laugh.



She laid the curl against her lips

"And what has thee done, Sarah?" She nodded wisely and the two exchanged glances.

Miss Myra turned to the figure in the chair. No, Mrs. Grahame was not reading; it would be quite suitable to speak fairly confidentially. Two weeks had made her seem much less of a stranger.

"We are two foolish old women about our boy, Robert."

"Our Nephew," explained Miss Sarah.

"Sister," cried Miss Myra, "Mrs. Grahame is ill," and she ran toward the basket chair.

"You were saying," her lips moved faintly.

"Only that our nephew, Robert, is coming home to-morrow. But, dear child, do not try to be interested, think of yourself, you are ill."

"Why do you say such things. They are not true." Cornelia's voice rose hysterically.

"There, there," soothed Miss Sarah. "Never mind. Perhaps thee was asleep and waked suddenly." The old lady patted Cornelia's hand. "Sister will get you some aromatic spirits and thee will feel better. Some dream distressed thee."

"But why do you—talk that way—about your nephew? He can't come home. He—he can't."

"There, there," soothed Miss Sarah again, and she smiled appealingly at Cornelia. "Sister only said that our grandnephew, Robert, who has been away for a special course of study—such a bright young man, my dear—is coming home to-morrow. There, there, dear, don't tremble so." She drew her chair up by Cornelia's and sat down, picking up a fan and moving it slowly past the white face on the basket chair pillow. "Thee can't expect to get over this nervous trouble all in a minute, can she sister? Have patience. We all have to have patience."

"But the—nephew? I like to hear it."

"Oh, yes," Miss Sarah smiled indulgently. "Tell her, Myra."

So Myra told. And there was much to tell.

Gently, with many a tender reminiscence, with loving interruptions on the part of Miss Sarah, the life of Robert Vane's son was rehearsed to his mother's listening ears. She heard what a wonderful baby he was, how large and fine he grew, so that at the close of his first year he was a man-child to be proud of. And the little Quaker ladies had been proud of him. She heard of the marvelous fashion in which he outgrew all his second year's clothes, and the old ladies laughed, and wiped away a tear or two when they spoke of his first little trousers and the cutting of the baby curls.

"Sister has one now, hasn't thee?" And Miss Sarah fluttered away like a little gray dove, and hurried over the lawn to get Cornelia's baby's curl.

Then there were the little boy years, and the big boy years, and they were all lingered over in the telling.

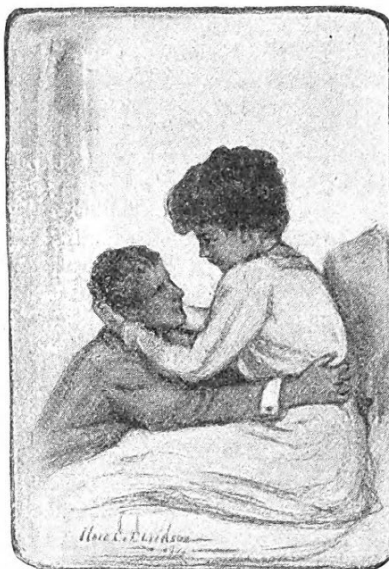
And Cornelia, frightened, unbelieving, listened, knowing it was truth, wept with them over the first going away to school, laughed over the first letter, laughed and wept again, and now lay white and exhausted in her chair. The ladies had been, at last, summoned to the house for tea. They would send her a tray on the lawn, they said, in was so lovely at sunset.

And Cornelia lay there, not thinking, just knowing, knowing and feeling that she had a son. And covered by the fluffy blue ruffles and the fluffy lace frills one small white hand clung to a soft yellow curl; and the curl clung back, so that finally Cornelia's hand came out from under the blue silk ruffles and she laid the curl against her cheek, looking around to see if she was unobserved, and then against her lips.

IV

A STALWART young man strode up the drive to Green Hills. Two old ladies in gray watched him approach. They stood it till he got to the big cedar, then they cried out in duo, "We were watching for thee."

"Peaches and cream!" cried a young, big voice, and with lengthening stride the young giant covered the distance to the veranda.



"Don't I want you? Oh, my boy—my son!"

The old ladies met him on the second step, and which old lady got the first kiss of welcome, Cornelia never knew, for the boy had vanished from her sight, though she could hear his voice mingled with two excited feminine ones. It rose to her window in big booming notes, broken now and then by a laugh, and sinking again to lower tones.

Cornelia pressed her hand to her heart. She had watched his coming from behind her curtained window and the blood had throbbed in her ears at the first word he spoke.

"Bob!" she whispered, as the laugh sounded from below. "Bob!"

She looked about the room with wild eyes, at the big four-poster and mahogany low-boy, at the "granny" chair! She stared at the door, as if expecting to see it open. But no tap came, no tall figure entered, no arms were outstretched to her. She caught sight of her face in the mirror. It was not the face of the bride who had waited in this room for her lover-husband. It was not the face of a youthful mother who waits open-armed for her man-son. It was a lightly lined, carefully saved face, smooth skinned, velvet soft, and crowned with

pale brown hair. "I am young," she whispered. She put her hand to her side again. "This wretched pain," she half sobbed; then she stamped her foot and an ugly look came about her mouth, contrasting strangely with the white mark of suffering around her lips. "I will not have him! He shall *not* be my son! They must not know! My son, that *man*? Why I should be an old, old woman!"

She crossed the room to the dressing-table and took from beneath a pocket in her jewel case a slip of newspaper. It was worn, and the printed words were blurred.

"Robert Vane," she read, "'at Green Hills.' They must have put it in months after he died. It was an old paper, too, when I saw it; and yet, all this time I thought it meant little Bob. But the boy lives; he is a *man*."

She shivered and pressed her fingers across her eyes.

Yes, the boy lived. He was below, and once more his laugh came ringing up to her window. She thrust the paper back into its hiding-place and took a string of small pearls from the jewel box. She tried them about her neck and smiled to see their whiteness against her white throat.

The pain in her heart had died down; a bit of color was in her lips. She tossed the necklace back into the case and sat down by the window with a book in her hand. But she caught herself listening, listening; the pages were unturned, and when the boyish tones rang high she moved uncomfortably.

Near dinner-time she started to dress. She waved her hair about her forehead and tucked a coral comb in the mass of puffs at the back. She chose a soft, rose-colored gown with a filmy, creamy lace yoke and long, wrinkled sleeves. She slipped the rings from the jewel case on her fingers, till their sparkle glittered like fireflies as she swiftly moved her hands, and she picked up a chamois skin covered with a pinkish powder—but she hesitated.

There was a tap at the door; she rustled across and called, "Yes?"

"Will thee come down, my dear? Or if thee does n't feel able—"

A sick feeling swept over her.

It was Miss Sarah, gentle, lovely Miss Sarah. And all unconsciously she was hinting—quite unconsciously, but still hinting—that the two great-aunts would be company enough for their nephew. *They did not want her.*

"I think not, Miss Sarah. Do you mind if I do not open the door? I'm just changing—"

"That's right, my dear. Get into a nice loose gown and I'll send thy dinner up. Sister or I will be up later and tuck thee in for the night."

[Continued on page 748]

"THE UNJUST JUDGE," by John Luther Long, will appear in two instalments in the December and January numbers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. ¶ Ever read "Bleak House"? or "Les Miserables"? Well, as Dickens exposed the British chancery courts, as Hugo attacked the French police system, Mr. Long turns a white light on the farce of our jury system. ¶ TAFT says that our courts "work for the benefit of the man with the longest purse," and that "the administration of the criminal law in this country is a disgrace to our civilization." Is Taft right? ¶ Read "THE UNJUST JUDGE."

MAN — AS WOMAN SEES HIM

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

WHEN the fabled Man from Mars visited this planet, nothing on it puzzled him more than the position of woman.

Nowhere is his baffled state of mind more evident than in a chapter entitled "The Toy Sex" in his "Impressions of the Earth."

"Everywhere," he begins, "I found a man-managed world, a world in which, in a social system analogous to their old Greek conception of religion, the women represent the mortals and the men the Olympians. Everywhere the women live under a prettified, tender, martial law, imposed upon them by the men who are banded for the purpose into a kind of chivalrous Kuklux Klan. The few women who inherit wealth enjoy a measure of independence. The majority live but to please men. The success of the average woman depends entirely on the possession of two qualities—beauty and charm. As far as I could discover, these qualities are accidents of birth. If she possess either or both, she reigns a queen, even though she be secretly stupid or vicious. If she does not inherit money and possesses neither beauty nor charm, the chances are that she occupies the position of drudge, performing the maximum of work for the minimum of salary."

Woman's Welfare is Dependent on Man's Good Will

"In the main, the position of woman is curiously like that of the servant in the house—a servant with good wages and a generous allowance of afternoons and evenings 'out,' a servant carefully nursed when she is ill and attended by the master's own physician, a servant who is sure always of generous tips, when there is extra work, and of a carefully sinecured old age. Like a servant, however, it is to her interest to spy on the master, to discover his weaknesses and to play upon them. In some respects it is a pleasant position, although it is always an uncertain one. For, from her birth to her death, her welfare depends not on herself, but on a man; her father or brother or guardian first, her husband second, her son last. Luck always controls her destiny. Though the wheel of chance may set her in a pleasant place to-day, there is always the dread on her of a week's notice, the possibility of the crowded vista of the employment agency to-morrow."

"Her duties, ranging over a limited arc of human endeavor, make for a cheap versatility rather than, as in the case of the men, for the development of special gifts. Her working-hours and her wages are arbitrarily fixed by men. Her habits are settled by men. Her intellectual convictions are doled out to her by men. She has never, until this generation, been permitted to cultivate her mind. As her chief control of man is through his senses, she thinks almost entirely with her emotions."

"It is very hard," continues the urbane visitor from Mars, "to find out just what the women themselves think of all this. For, by a curious paradox, though they are the garrulous sex, they are also the inarticulate one. Men, on the other hand, though accounted the silent sex, are exceedingly articulate. It is the fashion among them to allude to women as mysteries. 'Sphinxes without secrets,' Oscar Wilde, an earth-writer, cynically calls them. But though men say that they can not understand women, they are always constantly making the most sweeping general statements in regard to women. Literature is full of such axioms and epigrams. The French, in particular, have strained the language to the bursting-point for their nimble generalizations. The curious part

of it all is that, through having used women so long as the whetstone on which to sharpen their epigrammatic wits, the men have ended by making every conceivable statement about them. I promise myself the pleasure sometime of going through the works of the chief earth-writers and of putting down in parallel columns those statements in regard to women which exactly contradict each other."

Men Know Absolutely Nothing About Women

"In point of fact, the men know absolutely nothing about the women. They have never, in any scientific sense, taken the pains to study them. The phrase 'leaping to a conclusion' is a term of derision invented by men to describe the feminine method of reasoning. But it seems to me that the conclusions, in regard to women, which men have drawn have all been reached by a similar acrobatic feat."

"In regard to the men, on the other hand, women are absolutely silent. It may be that they discuss their masters among themselves, but if they do, it is in whispers and under a vow of secrecy. Whether this silence be through prudence, through fear, through chivalry, or because they have not formulated their opinions, nobody knows. But it is so profound that the men have leaped fatuously to the conclusion that women have no opinion in regard to men or, more fatuously still, that there is nothing about men for women to criticize. The women, themselves, are just beginning to be conscious of their own tongue-tied condition. Elizabeth Robins, one of the few women earth-writers who has dared to approach this subject, says, 'If I were a man, and cared to know the world I lived in, I think it would make me a shade uneasy, the weight of that silence of half the world.'

"It occurred to me more than once," adds the astute stranger from the nearest planet, "that I would like to know what the women really did think of the men. It occurred to me that if the women broke their long silence, there would be revelations beside which certain earth scandals—recently brought to light by an ingenious method called 'muckraking'—would seem like nursery-tales. If I could have managed it, I would have organized a women's congress, the purpose of which should be the frank discussion of their masters. What a piquant situation! One whole sex revealed! Man muckraked! In the course of my association with men, I heard them use many glib catch-phrases to describe their treatment of what they refer to indifferently as the 'fair sex,' 'the weaker sex,' 'the ruthless sex.' I could not help wondering what would become, at my proposed women's congress, of those glamorous conceptions, 'the gentleman's code,' 'the chivalric ideal.'

"Some Day Man Will Discover Woman"

"I prophesy," concludes the sapient Martian, "that some day man will discover woman. I prophesy that some day woman will occupy a different position in the terrestrial scheme of things. I know not whether this change will come gradually, by her slow development to man's mental stature, or like an explosion, when she one day turns violently upon him and rends him limb from limb. It is an earth-legend that many centuries ago, men confined babies in vases of grotesque shapes and kept them there until they had grown to the form of the vase. It seems to me that the men of the earth have deliberately confined their women in vases. Some day the blow will be struck which will

forever release their victims from such bondage. When I think of the virtues the present system is developing in woman, her terrible patience, her marvelous perseverance, her super-human fortitude, it will not surprise me if, when she emerges from the vase, she turn out not a dwarf, but a genie."

Now what is the reason for this surprising state of things? Perhaps it were well to go back to the Garden of Eden.

When Eve was born, it must have been immediately and forcibly impressed upon her that she was little more than a bedizened spare-rib. For, until recently, a long line of Eves have looked without question upon an equally long line of Adams as superior beings. But even in the Garden of Eden a conception of society which involved the relation of inferior to superior (especially if you were the inferior) had its drawbacks. In order to retain her self-respect, Eve had to assert herself in some way. It was impossible for her to rule by physical or mental superiority. And so she invented tact, which is a pretty word for guile. In addition to being the first superman, Eve was the original diplomat and the original politician.

Eve's First Week in Eden Was Spent in Tactful Talks

It is extremely likely that the morning talks in the Garden of Eden ran for the opening week something like this:

MONDAY.—EVE (screaming at the top of her lungs)—Oh! Oh! Oh! Come quick, Adam, dear! A horrid mouse just ran under that vine. Oh, I'm so glad that you happened to be here! It's so lovely to have a great strong man to lean upon. Don't you just hate mice—nasty, loathsome, crawly things! But then I suppose you don't mind them at all. I don't suppose you're afraid of anything. How could you—with those shoulders!

TUESDAY.—EVE—Adam, dear, do tell me all about your life to-day, please. You don't know what an awful bore it is being a girl. All my life I've been just crazy to be a man. I know I ought to have been a man, because I just love the work that men do. You men go out into the big world and do all the interesting, virile things, and all we poor women can do is to wait around at home until you come back and tell us about them. I know you must have had a great many romantic adventures—somehow you have that air about you. And do smoke, Adam, dear, while you're talking to me. You can use that acanthus-leaf for an ash-tray. I do so love the odor of a good cigar. Besides it's so "manny."

On WEDNESDAY.—Eve indulged in a long monologue about beauty in women. Her great regret, she confided to Adam, was that she had been born with golden hair. To be sure her hair came down to her knees, but that did n't compensate. Did n't he just adore black hair? Brunettes were much more beautiful than blondes, did n't he think so? And if there was anything she adored it was a pretty girl. It must be so lovely to have people all the time telling you that you are pretty. Of course a whole lot of men had said the silliest things to her, but she knew better than to believe them. But if a woman's points were good, they made up for the lack of actual beauty. Eve, for instance, just loved to see pretty ears, slender wrists and ankles.

Adam assured her stoutly that blondes were much more beautiful than brunettes. In passing, it must be stated that here Adam started one inevitably recurrent masculine break on its

voyage through eternity. He looked Eve square in the face and said, "I don't care much for pretty girls, myself. I like a nice, sensible girl who understands a fellow—like you." In arguing his case, he noticed for the first time that Eve had beautiful ears, delicate wrists and prettily-turned ankles.

On Thursday, Eve Began to Choose Adam's Friends for Him

On THURSDAY.—Eve entertained her dearest friend Lilith, from the Land of Nod. Before Lilith came, Eve exhausted the resources of her vocabulary in trying to describe to Adam what a *pippin* Lilith was—a brunette and with *such* a figure! Eve assured Adam that her dearest desire was that he and Lilith should become good friends. Adam became very much interested in Lilith, who turned out to be a bully girl. Only after she had gone did he realize that, by some curious shift in the social shuffle, he had not been alone with her for a moment.

On FRIDAY.—Eve gave Adam a long talk about his man-friends. For the first time in his life, happy-go-lucky Adam saw their characters in their true light. Obal was selfish and careless. Eber was stingy and grasping. Ashur was a rake. Adam never did understand how it happened, but from that time there always seemed to be a barrier between him and them. He saw them less and less frequently until his friendship with them died a natural death. But, after all, perhaps it was for the best: the care and support of little Cain and Abel were taxing his resources to their utmost.

On SATURDAY.—Eve said, "Adam, dear, do you know that in all my life, I have never trusted a man as I trust you? To prove it, I'm going to tell you something about myself that I've never told anybody. Of course, I know it's a law of the gentleman's code never to betray a woman's confidence. But I have a feeling about you very different from any I have ever had about anybody else. You're the only one I've ever felt like telling—"

And, on SUNDAY, she said, "Adam, do you know you're the only man I ever met that I never could fool?"

Now, it must be confessed, here in the beginning, that Adam has left Eve far behind in the race for progress. It has never occurred to her, until recently, that she has any duty in life other than the control of Adam in his relation to her. And it took the minimum of intelligence to control Adam in that relation. The greatest misfortune that could have happened to Eve was that easy victory at the start. It never entered her head that though men were her slaves, man was her master. This initial handicap—taken with her great sex handicap, childbirth—kept her many generations enslaved by household labor. Adam was free to ride, to chariot, to caravel, to bicycle, to motor, to aeroplane. Adam changed, grew, developed. Eve stayed at home, tied to the hearthstone, the distaff and the cradle. Eve vegetated, hibernated, estivated. Adam tried to placate her from time to time when she murmured against the injustice of this, by substituting the gas-stove for the hearthstone and the sewing-machine for the distaff. He invented for her easement the go-cart, the Butterick pattern, the meat-mangler. But, however her tools improved, Eve herself still worked at the same old job.

Mother Eve's Principal Job is to Super-man Adam

The principal part of that job is to superman Adam. And mainly she supermans by playing up to the masculine bluff. The supermanning process is so familiar to her now that she can go through it blindfolded, gagged and with both feet and ankles tied.

For, since the Golden Age of the Garden of Eden, the world has passed through all kinds of ages—the age of ice, the age of stone, the age of bronze, the age of iron. The world has changed, but the maiden-Eve has never varied her schedule for the treatment of the youth-Adam. She has never even dropped the mouse-play—the most transparent of her ruses. The great-strong-man line of talk is as good as ever. As for the "Adam-you're-the-only-man-I-could-never-fool" lead—it lays down its thousands every day. Like Zoroaster and Zendavesta in George Ade's engaging fable, Eve is still giving the same old cues and Adam is taking them up in the same old way, and with the same old alacrity.

Even as the Man from Mars said, Adam has tabulated and pigeon-holed Eve in a thousand epigrams and apothegms. Eve's strongest play is to ignore all this—to smile her Mona Lisa smile of triumph and let him think what he pleases. "Women are profound egotists," says this rule-of-thumb, axiomatic philosophy. "Talk about herself and she will listen all night. Turn the subject to abstractions and straightway she grows restless." True, perhaps. But not the youngest sixteen-year-old Eve, busier than any electric fan, supermanning, with the aid of a guitar and a cuddly kitten, in her hand-made cozy corner, but understands what subjects interests Adam most. "Get him to talk about himself and he'll stay the whole evening"—it is almost as if every mother-Eve had whispered it to every daughter-Eve from the beginning of time.

A Story From "The Confessions of Eve"

In "The Confessions of Eve," printed in the Garden of Eden and immediately suppressed by an outraged Adam, there is a curious story. Six women, before starting out to attend an evening function, agreed each to draw out an Adam on the subject of himself, to listen as long as he would talk. The first woman lay down on the job, crawling home utterly exhausted at sunrise. The second woman stayed with it until she was stone-deaf. The third was captured after many days—a gibbering idiot. The fourth committed suicide. The fifth has

never been heard from. And the sixth is listening yet.

"Woman is of her nature timorous," says an old chronicler, "and runneth from a mouse. Man is of his nature valiant, and fleeth not, even though a lion pursue." So Adam speaks of himself. Not any sixteen-year-old maiden-Eve but knows that she must assume this to be true. Adam's bravery is only equaled by his chivalrous desire to protect her from harm. Yet also she suspects that, though often she has listened to brave words, and watched the swelling courage rise in ruddy waves to the manly brow, no woman has ever seen a blow struck in her defense yet and never will.

A man with a sense of humor once made a collection of the perennial newspaper stories of the maddened maidens or infuriated wives who, unarmed and single-handed, attack a burglar at dead of night and hold him until help arrives. But he had to give his pastime up because he filled too many scrap-books. Everywhere we read of women-swimmers saving husky men overcome by cramp, of frantic mothers rescuing their offspring from dangers of land and sea. We read of women-revolutionists in chaotic Russia, fighting behind the ramparts with the men, or performing individual terroristic acts. As constantly we read of the more subtle courage, mental, moral and spiritual, of women-doctors, nurses, reformers, social workers. But still Eve plays gallantly up to Adam's conviction that he has cornered the courage-market. And always she gallantly assumes that he is a Spartan so far as physical pain is concerned, though in reality he is such a coward as to be the sport of doctors, dentists and nurses.

Woman Must Have a Sense of Humor

"Women are vain," says Adam. Yet every man will tell you—and he will be reinforced by every painter or sculptor—that the man's figure is the real standard of beauty, that the woman's figure can not compare with it for purity of line and chastity of curve. In other words, "We admire you, Miss Eve, with our senses, not with our intellects." To be sure, men-painters and men-sculptors continue to paint and carve the female form with an assiduity, which, in view of this conviction, seems a little puzzling. "Women are vain." The sight of Adam peacocking before the glass in his masquerade-costume (always including tights and a sword), the vision of him marching up the street in a lodge-parade, decked with a little dinky apron, a few foolish bands and some near-epaulettes, are pictures at which the very gods must weep for laughter.

Not a wife-Eve but plays up from morning to night to Adam's idea of his own importance. She must assume always that he is absolute monarch of the little domestic kingdom, no matter how firmly entrenched she be as the power behind the throne. She must assume always that he is the hub of his business world, that it would fly to pieces were he to absent himself from it for a week—assume it even though she knows that it is his capable underclerk who keeps the wheels moving.

And last, "Women have no sense of humor," says—does the man live who has not said it? It is the oldest bromidion extant. Yet man has always before him the irrefutable evidence that, for countless generations, woman has lived with him. How could she have survived that ordeal minus the sense of humor?

These are the minor weaknesses of Adam. After the maiden-Eve has changed to the wife-Eve and the wife-Eve has grown into the mother-Eve, the secret of Adam's nature is revealed to her in the light which her children shed. The truth of the matter is that, in his relation to her, Adam has never grown up. Perhaps

Then and Now

By EDNA S. VALENTINE

"GOD grant us strength to meet our death!"

At matin and at even-song,
Of old they prayed with fear-tight breath,
Under cathedral arches long,
Or where from some poor wayside shrine
The Child and Mother smiled divine.

PEASANT and yeoman, priest and knight

And shepherds from the farther hills:

"God teach us to meet death aright

In fold or glebe or battle-blight,

Give us brave hearts to face His ills."

Thus, ere the lands to peace awoke,

In olden days of strife and wrong.

They prayed, those fearful, simple folk,

Trusting their God to make them strong.

Afraid lest fear with death draw nigh—

"Strengthen us, teach us how to die!"

WE, in a time of modern guise,

Loosed from their fear of unleashed Death.

Still pray their prayer in modern wise

Tho' other need it witnesseth:

We pray like them for strength in strife.

But strength to face, not Death, but Life.



The King and the Beggar Maid

THE SECOND INSTALLMENT of LEROY SCOTT'S
GREAT SERIAL ROMANCE



The SHEARS OF DESTINY

With Illustrations by ALEXANDER POPINI

CHAPTER IV

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

HENRY DREXEL, a young Chicago financier, is in Russia to attend the marriage of his cousin to Prince Berloff, a high official. A mysterious young woman of great beauty enters his private traveling compartment, and her passport is demanded by the police. She appeals to him as her husband, calling him "John." He calls her "Mary," and holds off the officer with a promise. To evade the police they take rooms in a St. Petersburg hotel. Learning he is a friend of Berloff's, "Mary" evades Drexel and the police by a rear door.

AS DREXEL realized that she was gone, the keenest pain of his life clutched him with sickening agony. He recognized that what his uncle had said about his liking for Alice was perfectly true; it had been but a boy and girl affair at its best, never warmed by the least fervor; and it had been weakly, sentimentally cherished by him only because no true love had ever come to show him what thin moonshine it was. But this was different—a thousand times different. The danger he had stood in—mortal danger, perhaps—had been nothing to him in his anticipation of days of companionship with her. That he had seen her for the first time but two hours before, that she was an unknown personage to him, that she was hunted by the police, that the report said she had tried to shoot his cousin-to-be, Prince Berloff—these things were also nothing.

Shrewd, cool-headed, imperturbable, with such an eye for the main chance as insured his getting it—thus Drexel was already widely known in Chicago. His uncle had more than once remarked to him in his blunt fashion, "Henry, you'll never let your heart boss your brain cells!"

And yet this was exactly what his heart was doing. He was wildly, recklessly, in love!

From the first he realized she must have gone wholly of her own accord—slipped out by the second staircase—and slipped out, to face what dangers? And why had she gone? This puzzled him for several moments, for she had seemed glad of the refuge offered by the plan of traveling as his wife. Then suddenly he bethought him of the quick alteration in her when he had told his name, and the truth flashed home. She was afraid of Henry Drexel, and her sending him down to inquire about the train was but a ruse to give her a chance to escape him.

Why she should hold him in equal fear with the gendarme captain, and throw away the aid he was so eager to give her, was a mystery his excited mind did not even try to solve. It was plain she did not want to see him, yet his sudden overmastering love, made reckless by the loss of her, roused in him one resistless impulse—to try to find her again. What he should do when she was found, he did not even consider.

Putting on his big overcoat and fur cap, and assuming his best air of composure, he sallied forth into the hall and descended the minor stairway that led to the side entrance.

That he knows he is on a wild-goose chase is no check to the frantic man. Every bit of sense told Drexel he would not find her he sought, yet he cautiously glanced into such side-street shops as were still open; he scrutinized each woman who hurried through the bitter cold on foot and the robe-buried occupants of the tiny whizzing sleighs; he watched each prowling group of gendarmes to see if they held her in their midst; he peered in at the doors of cafés—into poor ones where only tea was drunk—into rich ones, dazzlingly bright, where men and women with jeweled gowns and brilliant uniforms were eating and drinking Europe's richest foods and wines. But it was as his sense foretold. No sight of her was anywhere.

Toward midnight the thought came to him that it was barely possible she had left the hotel for but a moment, and that she had returned and perhaps was in distress because of his desertion. He turned back toward the Metropole. But as he drew near it, his steps slowed; he remembered the dinner he had ordered, the police official he had sent for; both had doubtless arrived long since and found him gone. The danger ahead cleared his mind, and, going hesitatingly forward, he was pondering whether he should risk himself anew on so slight a chance of giving aid, when the matter was decided in a wholly unexpected manner.

As he was passing a street lamp, a young fellow with a few papers under his arm stepped before him. "Buy a paper, your excellency," he snuffed, shooting a keen upward glance at Drexel.

"Don't want any," Drexel curtly returned, and pushed by him.

"Mr. Drexel?" the young fellow called in a cautious voice.

Startled, Drexel pivoted about. His interceptor was perhaps nineteen or twenty, squat of build and very poorly dressed.

"See here—what do you want?"
"Don't go back to the hotel," said the fellow, in Russian.

"Why?"

"You'll be arrested."

This warning might be intended as a service, and again it might be a new trap. "How do you know?" Drexel asked, suspiciously.

"I, and others, have been on the watch for two hours."

"What for?"

"To warn you. We were afraid you might not understand your danger and might try to come back."

Drexel stepped nearer. "What do you know about this?"

"That you went to the Hotel Metropole with a girl, as your wife—that she ran away—that you went out to hunt her—that the disappearance of you both has aroused the police."

Drexel stared. Was there some link between this lad and the young woman?

"What do you want?"

"I want you to come with me."

"Go with you!"

"Yes. A description of you has gone to all the police. Everywhere they're looking for you. You're safe only if you come with me."

The young fellow certainly did know a lot; but when Drexel looked over his poor five feet four inches, and thought of him as a protector, his suspicion was all alive. He was in one danger, no doubt—but it would be foolishness to let himself be duped into another.

"I'm not so certain I want to go with you. Who told you to do this?"

"A woman."

"A woman! Do—do I know her?"

"You do."

The chance to find the young woman swept for the moment all suspicious fear aside. "Will I see her?"

"Maybe." The young fellow grinned and winked. "I'll ask Mary Davis."

"Come on!" cried Drexel.

With the young fellow leading the way they worked about in a semicircle, that had the hotel as its center, till at length his guide thrust Drexel into a dark doorway. "Wait here while I get my comrade; he was watching the other entrance of the hotel," he said, and disappeared.

In two minutes he was back, and with him a slender figure of medium height. "This is Nicolai; my name's Ivan," whispered the young fellow. He threw his newspapers into the blackness of the doorway. "Come on—we must hurry."

They walked rapidly through by-streets, Ivan chattering in a low voice all the time. Drexel took close notice of his two conductors by the light of the infrequent gas lamps. Nicolai was pale, with regular and refined features and a soft, thin boyish beard; he was silent, but there was a set to his face that made Drexel feel that though Ivan talked the more, he did not dominate the pair. Compared to Nicolai, Ivan was something of a grotesque. He was pock-marked, his large ears stood flappingly out, his mouth was wide and lopsided and showed very brown and jagged teeth, his hair was light and close cropped, and he had no more eyebrows than if his forehead had just been soaped and razored. His eyes were small and had a snapping brightness, and they flashed in all directions, watching always for policemen or squads of man-hunting gendarmes, seeing a spy in that shifty-eyed cabman waiting for a fare, or that little shopkeeper who at this late hour had not yet put up his shutters.

They crossed the broad and frozen Neva and zigzagged through obscure and narrow streets. Presently they passed through a gateway and crossed a cobble-paved court with houses vaguely outlining its sides. Nicolai gave three low raps at a door at the court's farther end; the door opened, they slipped quickly in, and the door closed and locked behind them.

A lighted candle revealed a big brown-bearded man who gave Drexel a searching look. "All's well, I see," he said.

"Yes," said Ivan.

The man silently turned over the candle to Nicolai and disappeared. "Who is he?" Drexel asked, as they mounted a flight of stairs.

"He's the keeper of this boarding-house," answered Ivan.

Nicolai unlocked a door. They entered and crossed to another door, Drexel seeing nothing of the room save that it was almost bare. This second door they entered and locked behind them, and an oil lamp with blackened chimney lighted, Drexel found himself in a square, low-ceilinged room furnished with a hunchbacked couch on one side, a bed of dubious comfort on the other, a wooden table in the center with a battered and tarnished samovar upon it, three chairs—and that was all.

The young woman would be there later, said Ivan. It occurred to Drexel that this was a strange place to meet such a woman, but he brushed the thought aside. Afire with eagerness as he was, he realized that there was nothing for him but to command such patience as he could. So he drew up one of the rickety chairs, joined in a supper of black bread, some pickles and bologna, which they took from the sill of the one window, and for an hour or more, listened to the adventures of the two young revolutionists.

Presently he looked at his watch.

"It's one o'clock," he said. "Are you sure she's coming?"

Ivan glanced at Nicolai. "You must have patience," answered Nicolai.

Drexel's burning curiosity could not refrain from a question concerning this unknown woman he loved. "You know her?"

Both nodded.

"Do you mind telling me about her—anything, that is, you don't object to telling?"

"I don't object to telling you everything we know," said Nicolai.

"We are comrades—we have met a few times—as for her personality, you know that as well as we do. That is all."

"All!" exclaimed Drexel in disappointment. But he saw that Nicolai was speaking the truth. The story he had heard the major-domo tell, came back to his mind. "Then you don't know what her mission was?"

"No. We are only privates. We obey the orders given us."

"Then she is something more than a private?"

Nicolai nodded.

Time ticked on. Drexel became restless with the suspense of waiting; then his first thought on entering the shabby room, that this was a strange place to meet such a woman, began to grow into a vague suspicion.

There was a little intermittent talk. More time dragged on. He grew more restless and suspicious. At length he rose and drew on his big coat. Instinctively his hand slipped into one of the coat's outside pockets and gripped the pistol there, ready for instant action.

"I think I'll walk around a bit," said he.

"You'd better not," advised the quiet voice of Nicolai. "You know the police are looking for you."

"Oh, I'm not afraid." The thought rose within him that, once out, his wisest course would be to make a quick dash for the Hotel Europe where he was staying with his aunt and cousin. Once there, the police would never suspect the relative-to-be of Prince Berloff, and in no danger from them he could continue his search for the young woman. "She may be here when I get back," he added easily to Nicolai, and turned toward the door.

"Ivan!" snapped out the voice of Nicolai.

But Ivan was already at the door, his back against it, and pointing at Drexel was Ivan's big pistol.

Drexel started to jerk out his own revolver.

"Move that hand, and he'll shoot!" said the sharp voice of Nicolai.

"Oh, I know when a man's got the drop on me," said Drexel. "What do you want?"

"First, your revolver," said Nicolai, and he himself took it from Drexel's overcoat pocket, and crossing the room exchanged it for Ivan's pistol.

"What does this mean?" demanded Drexel.

"That you are going to stay here," said Nicolai.

"A prisoner?"

"A prisoner."

"What for?"

"That we were not told when the order was given us," said Nicolai.

"Then I'm being held at some one's order?" demanded Drexel.

"Yes."

"By whose orders?"

"By the order of The White One," said Nicolai.

CHAPTER V

BY ORDER of The White One!" Drexel repeated—and the name of that great, impersonal, hidden leader went through him with a thrill of awed consternation. This was a serious situation indeed! He looked from the quiet, tense Nicolai, to the gleaming-eyed, alert Ivan. "So I am the prisoner of The White One!"

They nodded.

"But why? What have I done?"

"I have already said we do not know," returned Nicolai. We have merely done what we were told."

Drexel's poise began to return to him. He took off his shuba and tossed it upon the crook-backed couch.

"All right, boys," he said drily. "Just as you say. It's a rule of my life to be obliging to the man who's got the drop on me."

"Will you be quiet, or?"—Nicolai waved toward a few pieces of rope in a corner.

"Oh, I'll be quiet—for the present." He sat down. "By the way—who is this White One?"

"We do not know," said Nicolai. "We have never seen him. Our orders came through a second person."

Suddenly Drexel leaned back and roared with laughter. That he should be searched for by the police, and held prisoner by the revolutionists—the absurdity of the situation was too much for him. And the situation seemed all the more absurd as he considered the personality of his captors—two starveling, threadbare lads. Yet even as he laughed he did not forget the grimness of his state—the prey of both contending parties. And ere his humor had subsided, he was beginning to rate his guards a little higher; for Ivan, hunched up on the floor, his back to the door, Drexel's Browning on his knees, was as watchful as a terrier, and there was a high and purposeful determination in Nicolai's pale face that could but command respect.

It was a quality of Drexel's, one of the several on which his uncle based his predictions of his nephew's business success, that when in a plight where he could not help himself he could easily throw off all strength-exhausting thought and worry.

He now stretched himself on the sofa, whose bones all painfully protruded through its starved skin, and drew his coat over him. "You fellows can make a night of it if you want to, but I'm going to sleep," said he, and a few minutes later he was peacefully unconscious.

When he awoke the nig-gardly light of a leaden-hued Russian morning was creeping through the single window. For a time he walked restlessly up and down the room. Then he paused before the double-glazed window, which was curtained at the bottom, and looked out.

"You see the pavement is of cobblestones, so to jump would be dangerous," commented the quiet voice of Nicolai.

Drexel glanced back. "Huh!" he grunted. But all the same he was startled at the keenness with which Nicolai had read his mind.

"Besides," Nicolai went on, "the windows are screwed down. And even if you burst them and got safely to the ground, you'd only be arrested by the police."

Drexel shrugged his shoulders and continued gazing out into the court. It was a dreary enough area, with a few snow-capped houses huddling frozenly about it, its monotony relieved only by a little stuccoed church



"Who are you?"

adjoining, with five dingy blue domes spangled with stars of weather-worn gilt—five tarnished counterfeits of heaven. Ivan, who had come to his side, volunteered that it was called the Church of the Three Saints, and that this court, by virtue of its adjacency, was known as Three Saints' Court.

Drexel resumed his pacing of the room. "This is a pretty stupid party you have invited me to," he yawned at length—whereupon Ivan got out an old deck of cards, remarking that they never had time to play these days, and proceeded to teach him sixty-six, Nicolai keeping a steady eye on them all the while. The game was too simple to be of much interest, but what with it and eating, and more chatter from Ivan, the short dim day faded into sullen dusk, then deepened into the long northern night.

It was around eight o'clock when footsteps were heard in the adjoining room. Presently there was a knock, and on Ivan opening the door there entered two men, one about thirty and the other possibly forty, in caps, high boots, and belted trousers beneath their coats. But despite their working men's dress, Drexel could tell by the deference given them by his guards (though they called one another "comrade") that they were not what their clothes pronounced them. The older might be a doctor, or a lawyer, or a professor. They informed Ivan and Nicolai that there would be a little meeting in the next room, and that they might have a couple of hours off duty. The two lads went out, and after them the two men and locked the door behind them. By this time Drexel had guessed that this place, which hid from the police behind the mask of a working man's boarding-house, was in reality a conspirative headquarters of the revolutionists. His first thought, on being left alone, was of escape. But after a little thinking he realized that what Nicolai had said of the window was quite true, that his only avenue of escape was through the next room, and that he was quite as securely guarded as if the men were in this room beside him.

He was wondering what all this strange business was about, grimly smiling at the situation in which he found himself, when the sound of low voices in the next room set him on a new train of thought. Perhaps in that talk he might learn something that would explain the mystery, and would aid his escape.

The nicest etiquette could hardly require that a prisoner of war should not eavesdrop upon his captors. He put out his oil lamp for a moment. From over the top of the door a thin knife's edge of light cut into his darkness. He lit his lamp, drew a chair noiselessly to the door, and got upon it. Yes, fortunately for him, the house was old, the door sagged, and he had a very sufficient crack. At the table, on which stood a single candle, the room's only light, sat the two men, and, her back to him, a woman of whom he could see nothing but that she wore the shapeless quilted jacket, and the brown, coarse-knit shawl wound tightly about her head, that he had grown accustomed to seeing on working women.

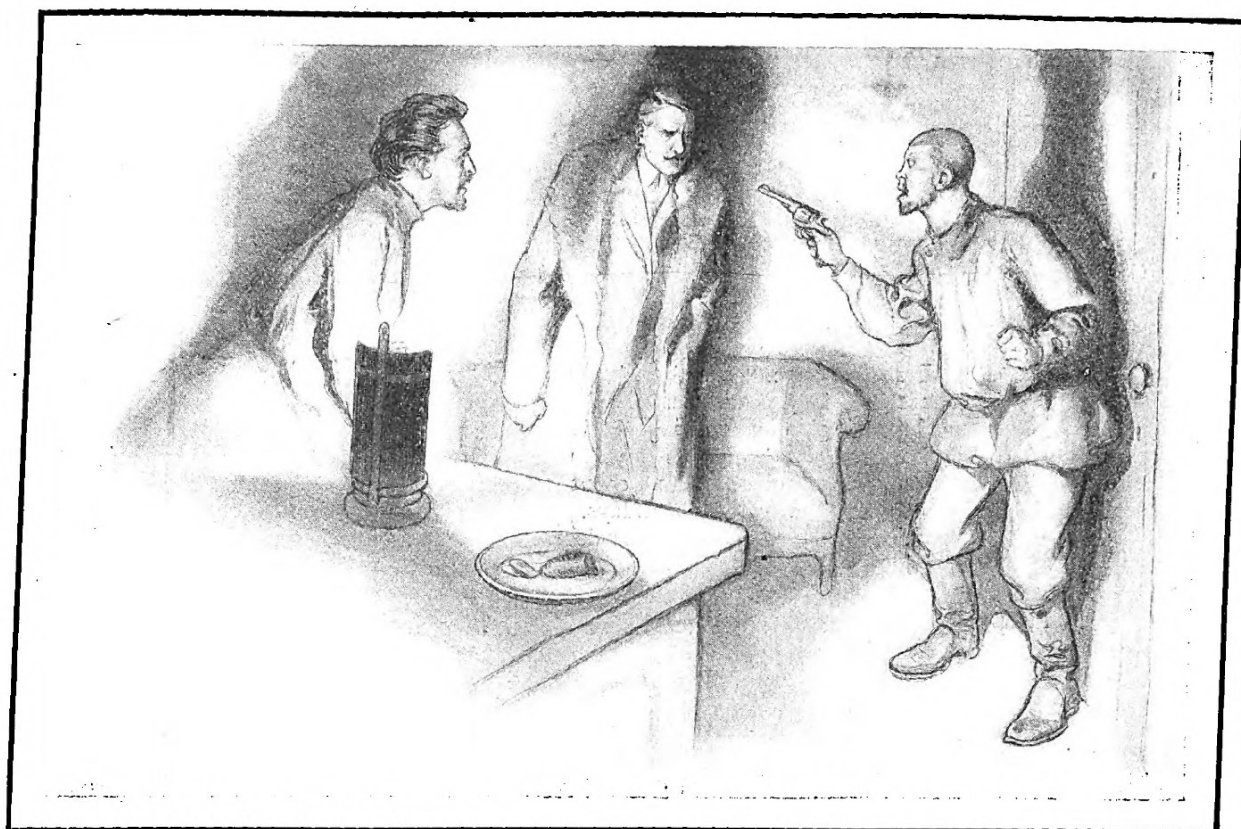
"What time was the American coming?" the woman whispered.

"At about nine, Sonya," one of the men replied.

Their voices as they went on were low—so low that Drexel caught only fragments of sentences amid blanks of hushed unintelligibility. But from these fragments he fitted together two series of facts. First, that the revolutionists he had met, and hundreds of others, guided by the brain of the great invisible White One, were trying to learn in what prison Borodin was confined, as the first step in an endeavor to bring about his escape. His capture was a paralyzing blow to freedom's cause, for he was the revolutionists' greatest statesman; his brain was needed now, and, once the autocracy was overthrown, there was none who could rebuild as he. Thus far the Government knew him only as Borodin, and the charge on which he was arrested, writing revolutionary documents, would mean no worse than a few years in prison or exile to Siberia; but at any moment the Government might discover that he was also Borski, the sought-after leader of the uprising in Southern Russia, and this discovery would be attended with instant execution. So immediate rescue was imperatively necessary.

Second, the young woman of his last night's adventure had made the bold attempt in Prince Berloff's house, because it was believed the prince had in his possession some document revealing Borodin's whereabouts.

Presently there was a knock at the outer door. "The American," said one of the men, and he opened the door.



"Move that hand, and he'll shoot!" said the sharp voice of Nicolai

Drexel could hardly restrain an exclamation of surprise as his eyes lighted upon the newcomer. For this third man in working man's clothes he knew. He was an American correspondent, James Freeman, whom Drexel had met several times in St. Petersburg cafés. He was a rather tall, black-bearded man of thirty-five, with a lean suppleness of body, piercing black eyes and a daring face. Drexel had had an uncanny shrinking when in company with Freeman, so cold, sinister and cynical did he seem; here was a man, his instinct told him, who respected nothing, who feared neither God, nor man, nor devil.

Freeman apparently knew the two men well, and after being introduced to the woman, he sat down. "We received your word that you had something to propose," began the older of the men.

"I have," said Freeman.

"And what is it?"

"You know me, Dr. Razoff, and you can guess its nature." Drexel could see the correspondent's black eyes glitter.

"If it is one of your terroristic plans, you could have saved us all the trouble of this meeting," returned Razoff. "You know we do not approve of such action."

"And that's one reason you have not succeeded better! The only way you can move these despots is by fear—fear of immediate and awful annihilation! Blow enough of them up, and you can't get a man bold enough to hold office. Then the government is yours!"

"You've been directing terrorist plots for two years; you are the most implacable terrorist—"

"And the most successful," put in Freeman.

"And the most successful that Russia has known. And what have you gained?"

"Ah, but what am I, and the few that gather around me, and the few executions that we carry out, among a myriad of despots? Let there be a thousand terrorist groups, and then you shall see!"

Razoff shook his head. "But since we are here, we might as well hear what you have to propose."

"They have Borodin, and most likely we can not free him. Well—make them afraid to arrest another leader. An eye for an eye—a leader for a leader. They have removed one of our men; as a lesson, let us remove one of theirs."

"Which one?"

"The highest possible. The Czar himself, if the coward had not imprisoned himself in his palace and surrounded himself with an army. Since not the Czar, then his highest representative in St. Petersburg. Let's kill the military governor."

"Kill Prince Kuratoff!" the three ejaculated together.

"Aye, Prince Kuratoff, the very arch-foe of freedom!" cried the terrorist. "That'll teach them it's not safe to go too far!"

"What do you say, Sonya?" Razoff asked the woman.

She shook her head.

"And you, Pestel?"

"I'm against terrorism."

"And that, Freeman, would be the answer of the entire Central Committee. We would not assist in a terroristic plot."

"But I don't want your aid. What I want is your sanction. To have the proper intimidating effect the death of Prince Kuratoff should

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The New Problem of the Old

By Walter Weyl

WE ARE all growing old, and there is nothing to do about it. So long as we live, we grow old.

In the beginning, growing old is a victory. The boy of four, "going on five," the miss of fourteen, approaching fifteen, count each day blessed that brings them nearer to their birthdays. But later, growing old is chronicled by a gray hair, then a dozen, then a head-full; by a wrinkle, at first shallow and soft, but ever deepening, ever hardening; by a tired, lax feeling in the morning. Finally, one day there comes the sudden flaming question, "What shall I do when I am old?"

What Will You Do When You Are Old?

To all of us survivors, men and women alike, comes this abrupt, challenging question, "What shall I, this *me*, what shall I do when I am old?" I have all my life watched other people grow old. It seemed eminently natural that they should. But I have always been young and have thought of myself as remaining young. How will life treat *me* when I am old?

I open my bank-book. I have just so many dollars. They are fewer now than I look at them through the valley of age than yesterday when I forgot, when I had never even thought, that I should be old. Age means lower wages or none. How soon shall I cease earning? How long shall I live—and how?

When this question comes, I, like you, think of other people who have gone ahead. There was the silent, gray-clad bookkeeper. He had worked in one office forty years, and then his eyesight failed. He wiped his pen carefully for the last time; he closed his big ledger gently as he had closed it ten thousand times before; he put on his street coat and went home. In less than twelve months he was dead and buried. A year of idleness had rusted him—had used him up more than forty years of routine labor.

Then there was Seymour. He was a typesetter, just over fifty, but keen and alert and *young*. The linotype came in and Seymour went out. It was the younger fellows who kept their jobs, and the younger fellows who got them. Seymour had never been a close man, and he and his family had lived up to their income, feeling sure that a skilled compositor was always worth his wage. Now he cursed his extravagance and his gray hair. Before a year had passed he was happy to take a job as night watchman.

Why Should the Old Be Poor?

Other pictures force themselves upon us when at last we concede to our looking-glasses that we are growing old. There was the old minister who gave up his pulpit to the young orator with the spring styles in theology; there was the old family physician who could not compete with the ready specialists, and who had never saved money because he forgot to present bills. We suddenly recall our old-fashioned, cranky, lovable friend the lawyer, who was more interested in practice and pleadings than in money-making, and would have starved had his wife not been a good manager. Then we remember the anxious faces of the aged poor. A question arises which has never come to us before, "Why are the old poor? Why do they who have worked longest want for most?"

Let us look at the old men of America and see what is happening to them. Are we as a nation honoring our fathers and our mothers? Are we doing what we can that their days may be pleasant in the land? Every year there are more old men, more absolutely, and more in proportion to our growing population.

Of course, only the exceptional and not the *average* human being lives, or ever did live to be old. Probably one-fourth of all the race since human life began died before a year had passed, and half of all before they reached their thirtieth year. But the length of life is steadily increasing, and more progress has been made in the last century than in twenty centuries

before. We are learning about germs, are cleaning streets, rebuilding our houses, improving our water supply and changing our mode of life in order to keep our citizens alive until old age. We are saving babies, and where once from a half to three-fourths of all infants died, we now lose less than a fourth. The new-born baby of to-day is more likely to become a septuagenarian than the babies of any period in human history.

But what does it profit a man if Society grants him old age and does not make that old age livable? After all, are we not a little inconsistent? Just as we nurse the enemy's soldiers, whom we first shoot and dynamite, just as we tenderly restore to life the wounded murderer that he may be tried by a jury of his peers and decently hanged by the neck, so we secure old age for millions, and yet, despite our feeble beginnings and stirrings of reform, we make no really adequate provision that all the old shall be housed and fed and clothed and comforted.

Are We Too Young a Nation to Honor the Aged?

Perhaps, in the United States, we are somewhat careless about old people, because we are still a young nation—not only in resources, in our philosophy, in our optimism, but also in the ages of our people. So many young people come to us from foreign lands that we are, as a population, not nearly so old as the Europeans. And still, in this year 1909 there are in the United States considerably more than five million men and women who have celebrated their sixtieth birthday.

For the majority of these five millions we need give ourselves no concern. Many of these men are not really old, but are sixty, seventy, eighty years *young*. They are senators, judges, doctors, ministers, professors, manufacturers, and merchants. You could not drop them out of the population and run the country.

On the farm, too, the old man is likely to keep up. Men live longer in the country, and many a veteran gets a good living from his own farm without a hired man or a stalwart son, and without knowing much about recent advances in agricultural chemistry. Over half the old men in industry are at farming. In gardening and dairying, also, the old men hold their own, and old men in easy places of trust often keep their jobs. But in the shops and factories, and in the ever-changing transportation industry, there is not much room for the old.

Where the Old Are Crowded Out

Have you ever seen an old motorman? In the horse-car days an old driver was almost as good as a young one, and sometimes a little better. We used to see the ancient driver sitting quietly on his high stool, chewing tobacco and swearing picturesquely at his jogging horses as the lumbering little car jolted along. When the electric car came in, and motormen were wanted, preference was given to young men. For the new device the fingers of the old were too stiff, the brains of the old were too set.

What became of the old car-drivers? Who knew and who cared? When they left the service our newer sense of responsibility for the men who had played their part in the world's business was hardly yet born. It was not the traction company's affair what happened to discarded employees any more than what was the ultimate fate of the old horses sold or the old cars scrapped. The fact that the drivers were human beings, with wives and children and little homes and hopes, did not affect the problem. Some died. Some, who had saved a few dollars or could borrow a few, opened up precarious little candy stores and made a living or lost their capital, according to ability and luck; and others went to the almshouse.

The old car-driver is not an isolated phenomenon, but the type of hundreds of thousands. We are a kind-hearted nation and we are slowly learning to care, but the whole tendency of

our ruthless, irresponsible modern industry is against the old man. The machine has supplanted hand labor; the big factory has taken the place of the easy-going workshop. In the old days a shoemaker might be of any age. He began work before breakfast and ended after sun-fall, but he worked when he pleased, and knocked off to have a chat, or a cup of tea, or a game of checkers, or to take a stretch or a nap. It was a go-as-you-please amble, in which a man needed endurance and skill rather than speed. But in the modern shoe factory a man does not make a shoe, but a part of a part of a part of a shoe, and he does this one thing over and over and over and over again for ten or twenty or thirty years. A child can do it as well as a man, and better than an old man. The factory has no room, no patience, for the old and their crotchets. All through our wide-spreading industrial system the word runs, "No old men need apply." In the industrial army there is no regiment of the old.

Worn-out Men-Machines Are Discarded Ruthlessly

This tendency of the factory works even against the elderly. A man suddenly finds, even before he has gray hairs, that he is at a disadvantage compared to a raw young fellow with nothing but the receptiveness of adolescence. In many trades a man is at his best in his youth, from twenty-five to forty-five. Then his earning powers decline, at first slowly, but later with alarming rapidity. At fifty-five he is glad to make two-thirds, or even one-half; after sixty, or sixty-five, he is fortunate to earn a third of what he earned at twenty-five.

If you go to the mines and look for an old miner, you will need all the patience of the searcher for the hay-stack needle. Occasionally, if you go into the breakers and watch the boys sitting astride the down-pouring streams of coal, you may make out, amid the clouds of black dust, the grimed faces and beards of old men. The man of sixty who began at twelve in this very breaker rose to be a miner. Then he declined, earning less and less, until finally he was glad to begin again where he had begun half a century before.

The immigrant has played his part in the shoving aside of the old man. The workman from Europe, driven here by hunger, has taken the job of the displaced man. This newcomer, if he is to be successful, is a young man with muscle to sell. Neatly he fits into a scheme which demands unskilled, docile labor, and he does not know, and, of course, could not afford to care whether or not he is shortening the trade-life of others. Into the mining regions the immigrants have swarmed, and out of the mining regions there has hobbled an army of aging men.

In the highly specialized trades the grip of the aged is even feeble. "No old men wanted" is written in invisible ink all over our modern factories. "We can't hold ourselves back with dead-wood," said a manufacturer. "We are running a factory, not an asylum for the aged."

Have you ever seen an aged unemployed man in a line of applicants for a job? Have you ever noticed how he holds himself unnaturally erect, how he affects with a tragic effort a certain jauntiness, how he galvanizes into a special attempt at youthfulness when he comes under the eye of the foreman? Perhaps he has unnaturally black hair and a too carefully shaven face. Perhaps he has been forced to belie his age that he may have food. The very suspicion of being old ages the man.

Give the Old the Benefit of Your Doubts

Or have you ever seen the poor old servant who haunts the employment agencies? She is still strong, she tells you, and very willing, very, very willing. Whether it is cooking or maid's work or general housework, she is quite satisfied. Or she will take care of the baby; she has been used to babies so many, many years. You wonder suddenly what becomes of the servants grown old and stiff, unremembered by an ungrateful generation of employers, longing for butlers and chauffeurs and specialized servants. The woman has given up her family life to work for a family of which she formed no part. Perhaps she was economical, and yet a servant with no one dependent on her is for this very reason bound to be exploited by hordes of indigent relatives. The maid became an old maid, then a very old maid. She has always been in demand, but suddenly she finds that there is no longer a place for her, no place at all. Where can she go when she can't even pay the agents' fees and when even the girls in the office laugh at her?

To-day there are thousands of old men all over the country scurrying about, seeking jobs. They are up early—for age sleeps lightly—and they are the first to scan the newspapers and pick out the positions that an old man may fill. Occasionally an aged man says, "Just try me, I can do as well as a young fellow," and often he applies for the job of a boy. He knows what it means *not* to get some job. He has seen his contemporaries begging on the streets, selling newspapers or lead pencils, or making merely a show of peddling. He knows of old men, brittle old men, sleeping at night on park benches or doing menial work in low saloons for the chance of sleeping on the floor.

"Is it not the old man's fault?" you ask. Often it is. The aged men and women who drag out their weary lives in a hopeless effort to hold on are often the victims of their own sins. A man may drink to excess for forty years, and wonder that at sixty he is not an established and respected citizen. The old man who waits at midnight in the bread line for crust and coffee, may be a wretched record of an ill-spent life.

And yet he may not be. He may be more sinned against than sinning; he may be turned out into the storm, as was King Lear, by his ungrateful children, or by the ungrateful children of his neighbors. The tottering, decrepit, dissolute old man may be the senile child of the boy who worked at eight, of the young fellow who was cast into jail for a trivial offense.

It is not true to-day that the righteous in their old age never beg bread. The chances of life are many, and a man may work and save, and yet in the last hour be penniless and friendless. The honored bank may break, the trusted friend defraud; even the insurance company may fail to insure. And there are men, honest and intelligent men, and great men and geniuses too, who cannot keep their heads above water, and who are driven by their very humanity into a penniless old age.

A Poor Old Age Not Usually Due to Vicious Conduct

Ask the old men who serve as night watchmen, as gate-tenders on railway lines, or as vendors of unsalable trifles, what their lives have been, and you will find more cases of ill fortune and bad judgment than of vicious conduct. And all those other old men, who get their dole from charity, who sit in dreary silence in dismal almshouses, who die slowly in their children's homes, or more rapidly in the abject hovels of the abjectly poor, all these have not deserved that they be dishonored in their age.

One thing perhaps is worse than penniless old age, and that is, the fear of it. It is this fear which makes cowards of us all, which drives women into helpless marriages, and men into crimes against honesty and courage. It is this fear which holds back many a man from doing what he thinks is just and noble.

The progress of the world is from fear to hope. We no longer fear, as once we did, storms, earthquakes and outrageous violences of nature.

We have conquered our fear of plague and have almost conquered disease and war. But there remain two things that we do fear, poverty and old age, and above all, poverty in old age.

And yet, even as we face the problem, the solution becomes clearer. A century ago an army of old men and old women in England and on the Continent dropped from their positions as farm laborers and "came upon the rates." They were old in weakness rather than in years, and their strength had been needlessly sacrificed to ill-regulated labor, to general neglect, and to the universal ignorance and carelessness of the time. In those days people believed that for workmen and for the poor generally a premature old age was unavoidable. Now we know that it is not inevitable, and that is why the fate of men, too early displaced, has become a problem capable of solution.

On the Continent of Europe the problem is less serious and more easily handled. There, industrial life is not quite so intense, the early traditions still maintain themselves, and the State, with its enormous civil establishment, its railroads and its telegraphs, manages to keep the quiet, easy jobs for the men who are too old for harder work. In the libraries, in the public buildings generally, on the State-owned railways, there are tens of thousands of positions which the old man may hold until the time comes when his job and all his earthly

[Continued on page 742]

CAP'N DAINGY'S PET RATTLER

UNCLE JERRY paddled my boat steadily and noiselessly, and talked in a rambling undertone of "Cap'n Daingy." Whenever the bass stopped biting he gave me another story: "Cap'n sho kin shoot a rifle. 'Jerry,' sezze; 'you see dat new chip on de wood pile? Watch it.' Den he shoots a ball under dat chip an' knocks it in de air, an' de nex' ball busts it."

"Look here, old man," I laughed, and reeled in my line; "even if I am a city man you must n't expect me to believe everything."

Uncle Jerry looked hurt; he lifted his paddle, gave it a quick flip which threw off the sparkling drops and laid it across the gun-wales.

"Dat's de God's troof, Mister; Cap'n kin roll a barrel down de hill an' take his six-shooter an' hit de bung hole ev'y time it turns over."

"Jerry," I said, solemnly; "do you remember Ananias?"

"No, suh, I didn't know him—but he ain't in Cap'n's class when it comes to shootin'. Cap'n he'll pick out a big chip dat's white on one side an' got bark on de udder. 'Now Jerry, throw dat up. Which side you want me to hit?' He'll hit any side you say—jes to keep in practice."

I laid aside my rod. With fifty striped beauties in the live-box, I had enough of fishing. This was a new kind of negro to a Chicago man, and he interested me.

"Did you ever see him do any of this remarkable shooting?"

"Sho is. One day we wuz coming down de ribber on a little steamboat an' a flock o' wild geese flew over. You know how dey trabble—in a V, an de one in de pint he's de leader. Cap'n up wid his rifle an' shot de leader. Dat throwed 'em in a humbug. Dey circled round an' lected anudder leader. Cap'n shot him—he shot seben leaders befo' dat boat got out o' range. Dat ain't no nigger news; I seen dat wid dese two eyes."

"The Captain must be very quick."

"Quick? dat he is. One time he wuz ridin' on a freight train—fifty-two box cars an' a caboose. It wuz in a storm an' dey wuz jes natcherly flyin', dem little white mile posts looked like teeth in a fine comb. Cap'n say dey wuz gwine so fast dat de lightning struck at de engine an' hit de caboose. But he seen it comin' an' dodged it—Cap'n is seben-ty years ole but he's powerful spry."

"Do you believe everything he says?"

"Yas, suh, cause ef you don't, he sho kin 'splain it—an' prove it too."

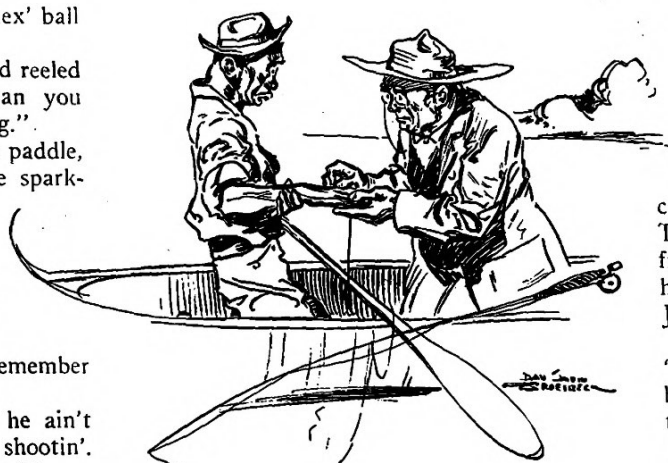
The sun had just gone down. The lake lay still—still than the purple pools of Paradise. We floated on a fiery opal among the lily-pads. Toward the west the pulsing waters darkened, melting into a sea-green emerald beneath the cypress-trees which lined the western shore. Every ripple died away. I caught an overhanging branch to hold my drifting boat, and looked around to see where Judge Stanton had gone. That indefatigable fisherman permitted no conversation in his boat—angling to him was an intense occupation. I must wait until night stopped him; meanwhile I could talk to Jerry.

"So Cap'n Daingy dodged the lightning, did he?"

Being Certain of the Confidential Communications of a Liar

RETOLD BY HARRIS DICKSON

Illustrated by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



Two hooks were caught in Joe's hand

"Yas, suh, Cap'n's heap quicker'n lightning."

Guided by a skilful paddler Judge Stanton's boat crept along the edge of the lily-pads with neither sound nor ripple. Again and again the Judge cast his silver bait toward the shore and drew it swiftly back, shining and revolving in the water.

I watched his boat go slipping underneath the low branch of a cypress, and for a moment he passed out of view. Suddenly his negro cried out, and dropped the paddle with a splash. Judge Stanton sprang up, and his great weight careened the boat. He stepped hastily over the seats and knelt beside the paddler.

"What's the matter?" I shouted.

"I snagged Joe's hand—my rod caught—in the moss."

Jerry shot my boat forward like an arrow and brought us alongside. The Judge had already cut his line, but two hooks were caught in Joe's hand and the artificial minnow dangled. The barbs had not passed through and they could not be withdrawn. The negro turned ashen, while the four of us looked helplessly at his ugly wound.

"Jerry, where is the nearest doctor?"

"Doctor Ellis—he's more'n fifteen miles away."

"We can't go fifteen miles through the swamp at night."

"No, suh, dat you can't."

Judge Stanton glanced at me and I read his thought—lockjaw. Something had to be done.

"Take 'im to Cap'n Daingy," suggested Jerry.

"Is he a doctor?" demanded Judge Stanton.

"No, suh, he ain't 'actly no doctor."

"Planter?"

"No, suh—he ain't no planter neither; he jes lives in de woods an' knows mos' everything."

Judge Stanton shook his head impatiently. "We can't fool with a quack doctor; this case requires a surgeon."

Joe looked up. "Cap'n Daingy kin git it out; lemme go to him." The sweat stood in beads on his forehead.

"There ain't no other doctor," added Jerry; "Cap'n's house is right yonder."

It was the best we could do. Jerry dipped his paddle deep, and towed the second boat. Two hundred yards away he ran upon a beach at a little clearing. The underbrush had been cut out and we had a clear view of the bungalow. Its sprawling wings crouched flat against the ground in a grove of pecan-trees.

Dusk had settled down, a breathless, dreamy, semi-tropical dusk. There were no lights about the house, and we hesitated.

"Dat's all right," Jerry reassured us; "Jes walk in; Cap'n don't turn nobody away."

As he laid his hand upon the gate a voice came from the gallery: "Come in, gentlemen." Then a queer little figure marched down the front steps to greet us. I say "marched," for his precise tread showed the training of a soldier. Just as Jerry said, he looked "powerful spry."

He hurried forward with hands extended. "Glad to see you, gentlemen; good evening boys"—to the negroes. Both negroes touched their hats with great respect.

Captain Daingerfield was very small, not over five feet four, and exceedingly slight. Judge Stanton, with his six feet two, overshadowed him like a giant. The big man was clean-shaven as a baby, while the little man wore a waxed mustache and imperial like a *marechal* of the second Empire. The contrast would have been comical if it had not been for a suggestion of determination about the tiny figure which more than offset its lack of inches.

"Stanton is my name, sir—this is Mr. Wilson—one of our men is hurt, got a hook caught in his hand."

"It's me, Cap'n—Joe Green;" the negro held up his wounded hand.

Dangerfield sent for instruments, hot water and linen, and almost before we knew it the operation was over, the barbs pressed through, snipped off, and drawn back again. He washed the wound and put something on it. "For fear of tetanus," he explained, and then bandaged the hand. "Now, Joe, you're all right. Stay around here two or three days and let me see how your hand comes on. Jerry go out and feed the stock. You boys will get supper here." Joe sat down on the gallery and Jerry went to do what he was told.

"Milo, make these gentlemen comfortable, and get supper as quickly as you can."

From the moment we sat down to supper I could see that the distinguished author of "Stanton on Facts" was trying to apply his own logic to the Captain's stories. Cap'n Daingy talked with equal fluency of the aurora at the north pole, the mirage of Sahara, the Court of St. James, and the Digger Indians.

Now and then the Judge put in a word, asked a question about Khartoum or Jeypore with which he was familiar. But our versatile host never floundered, never gasped, and was never caught. Presently the Judge threw back his head and laughed helplessly, then resigned himself to a frank enjoyment of the man's marvelous powers of narration.

The dining-room was low and paneled—a junk shop of treasures. Hundreds of nails held prehistoric relics, bronze gods from India, a Bushman's bow, a Comanche head-dress, dozens of swords, mounted birds and smaller animals.

"What's that?" I asked, pointing to a sword which was four feet long, broad-bladed, wider at the point, and terminated in half a dozen vicious-looking prongs.

"Barong—I think that's what the natives call it. When the Mahometan fanatic takes a notion to run amuck he purifies himself according to the Koran, dresses in white and sharpens up his barong. Then he springs into the street and slashes every Christian that he meets. I'll never forget that big fellow who dashed past me with this barong in his hand. He killed eight men, and wounded dozens of others before I shot him. I kept this cut across my head, and the barong for souvenirs. Come, let us adjourn to the gallery where it is cooler."

We followed the tap-tap-tap of his high-heeled shoes; I dropped back and whispered, "Judge, what do you think of him?"

"Don't know—but keep him talking."

"Cigars," suggested Cap'n Daingy, stopping beside the library table. Then we passed out into the cool night air.

"I see you have your porch screened," observed Judge Stanton.

"Yes, the mosquitoes get pretty thick. Milo says you can swing a pint cup around your head and catch a quart of 'em."

"A quart? In a pint cup?"

"That's what Milo says."

"Are there many snakes around here?" I asked presently, to relieve the embarrassing silence.

"They are not as thick as they used to be—rattlers can't stand civilization; they move on, like the Indians, as the country settles up."

Here was my chance. I'd keep him on the subject of snakes; so I put the question, "Has a snake any intelligence?"

"Intelligence? I should say they have—they're sharp as tacks. One day I was sitting in the woods—not two hundred yards from this house—with my back against a tree waiting for deer. A squirrel in the tree just over my head annoyed me with his incessant barking; presently he sprang out and I saw him strike the ground. At that instant I heard a deer and turned my head. It could only have been a few seconds until I looked back again, but the squirrel had disappeared. Several other squirrels jumped from trees, ran in the same direction, and disappeared in the same open space.

"None of them had time to get into another tree. It mystified me. So I watched the next one. He sprang down on the ground and went scampering along until he came to the edge of a pile of leaves that looked as if some one had scraped them together on a lawn. Just as the squirrel tried to pass I saw a momentary struggle and the squirrel vanished.

"That's peculiar, I thought as I got up and went to examine that pile of leaves. In the middle lay a big rattlesnake, completely hid except his nose, which looked exactly like an acorn. I killed him, and found that he had swallowed three squirrels.

"In that little glade were six different piles of leaves; each had its rattlesnake and each snake had from one to four squirrels comfortably tucked away. That would seem to show that a snake has some intelligence."

"How did you kill them?" I inquired.

"With a rifle."

"Are n't they pretty difficult to hit?"

"Not if you can shoot a rifle."

"But it takes a good light."



We counted twenty-seven men in that cedar thicket that had died from snake-bite

"Of course a good light is better, but you can get along without it. One night I was walking through the swamp—even darker than it is to-night. Solid black, you could carve it out in chunks and pile it up like coal. I could n't see the ground, could n't see my hand before me. Coming through a little open space, I heard the rattle of an angry snake—and stopped, stock still. That generally makes a man stop if he has any discretion. The snake kept rattling, and from the sound I judged he was about fifteen feet away. I listened intently, then located him, and shot the top of his head off—"

Judge Stanton had been sitting with his eyes half closed. I wondered if he were listening. Suddenly he leaned forward. "Hold on! Captain; hold on," he exclaimed in the same tone that he used when he had lured a witness into a trap; "how could you see to shoot off the top of a snake's head when it was so dark you could n't even see the ground?"

"Easy—shot him by the flash of the gun."

This staggered the author of "Stanton on Facts."

"Wilson, did you hear that? He shot him by the flash of the gun?"

"Yes; at fifteen feet, excellent shot."

The Judge drew a long breath, "I can't—quite—understand; how is it done?"

Captain Daingerfield chuckled—if I had not been watching him closely I would never have noticed it.

"Of course, gentlemen, it is a trick; but a simple trick. With a shot-gun it is child's play. First let me explain to you that expert marksmen rarely ever sight a gun, except a rifle, for long and difficult targets. The eye is accurate,

and the hand obeys the eye."

He stepped into the middle of the floor and took up a cane to illustrate. "I heard the fellow rattling, and listened. I thought I located him—right at the leg of that chair. Very well, I bring my rifle around very slowly—this way—point it as near as I can at the snake and fire. There is a blinding flash. I see the snake very plainly. While my eye has him clearly in mind, I fire again—instantly.

No matter how dark it may be, the hand obeys the eye—and I kill him."

Judge Stanton sat up very straight and looked at me. He wrinkled his brow after his own peculiar habit. I knew what was passing in his mind, for I was thinking the same thing myself.

"Now, Mr. Captain of Industry," he said to me; "you pride yourself on picking out the weak point—where's the flaw in that statement?"

"Nothing wrong about that; it sounds perfectly logical."

Presently Captain Daingerfield suggested, "Would you like to see it done—the night is very dark?"

"I confess a curiosity," admitted the Judge—his tone was a denial and a challenge.

"All right," the captain promptly accepted; "here's a small ink-bottle. That's about the size of a rattler's head."

He took up a rifle and we followed him into the yard.

Judge Stanton stumbled.

"Look out for that bench," called our host, for the tropical

night was densely dark. Captain Daingerfield had stopped beneath a thick magnolia.

"Now Judge, will you kindly place this bottle within three feet of this tree—on either side. Then step me off five paces—fifteen feet." He walked away as he spoke and left us to arrange the target. In spite of my curiosity I felt silly, groping about on the ground with a black bottle in a blacker night. When we looked up we had lost our Captain, "Here, this way," he called, and we stepped off the five paces toward him.

"Can you see the bottle?" he asked.

"No, can't see the tree," I laughed.

"It is within three feet of that tree? Right or left?"

"Yes."

"Here goes."

He swung his rifle carefully, aimed at the base of the tree and fired—twice, quicker than I imagined finger could touch a trigger. At the second shot we heard the tinkle of breaking glass. "You see it is very simple," the Captain remarked, and we returned to the house.

"Now gentlemen," he said, when we were comfortably settled in our chairs again; "I'll tell you a genuine snake story, which you may believe or not. I can't prove all of it; Bill would be the only witness and Bill is dead."

"You need not prove it," laughed the Judge; "I am prepared to digest anything."

Captain Daingerfield smiled faintly and proceeded:

"Some newspaper fellow printed Bill's obituary, but he got it all twisted up; cast aspersions on his character—and mine. He would n't have done that if Bill had been alive.

"Here are the facts. One frosty morning in the fall of 1855 I was riding to a bear hunt and found Bill lying across the trail—a little bit of a fellow. I got down and stirred him with my foot, thinking him dead. But he was n't, only stiff and half-frozen—these diamond-backed rattlers can't stand the cold.

"'Poor little chap,' I thought; then put him in my hunting-sack and took him to camp. He was beautifully marked. I made him a bed out of cotton and laid him in front of the fire. After a while he warmed up and looked dazed, like a man coming out of a trance. 'Hungry, little chap?' My! how he did enjoy that cup of milk. Many a human being could take lessons in gratitude from that rattler. Bill slept all winter in his box beside the fire.

"When springtime came around he had grown a couple of rattles, and got so large he could n't crawl through the hole. But he peeped out with those shiny black eyes just as friendly as you please, and begged. So I enlarged the hole and let him out. He expressed his thanks in



"Snake bit! Snake bit!"

DAN SAYRE

every way a rattler could. He could n't wag his tail like a dog, because he thought it would frighten me. But I came to understand Bill, and he understood me.

"He crawled around the house, came and went as he pleased. Mice were very destructive that year. Bill watched me setting traps, and trying to poison them. Then he lit into the mouse proposition and cleared 'em out. He was gentle, never attempted to strike. I carried him home with me, and he became a great pet. Bill grew so fast that you could see him getting bigger every day; it was almost like pumping up an automobile tire. Regular feed and human kindness do wonders for a rattlesnake.

"Bill celebrated his fifth birthday by measuring five feet, and putting on his twelfth rattle. He loved me like a brother, and kept at my heels closer than old Bruno. There was no getting out of his sight. He knew who I liked and who I didn't like. If I tried to act the hypocrite and be pleasant to certain people, it didn't fool Bill worth a cent. He'd shake his rattles a time or two and crawl under the house. No deceit in that simple nature.

"Bill's awkward sincerity might have caused a heap of trouble; but the war broke out and I enlisted at once. Milo and I kept so busy getting ready to join our company that we forgot Bill. He seemed to know there was something in the wind, that he could n't catch on to.

"Cap'n,' says Milo; 'Bill keeps a watchin' us; he knows we're gwine away.'

"We've got to slip over the back fence and leave him."

"Gentlemen, did you ever desert a friend? I felt like a cur-dog sneaking away from Bill. But we had it to do. Milo and I joined our company and slept in camp that night. Next morning there was Bill, lying beside me on the blanket, cuddlesome as a kitten. 'That settles it,' said I; 'Bill goes to the war. Milo, put him in the haversack.'

"Those were the simple circumstances under which Bill enlisted in the army of Northern Virginia.

"That snake had the best of me. He had his instinct, and human sense besides. He just *knew* things without being told. It did n't take him long to find out that every pair of gray breeches held a friend; so he was hail-fellow-well-met with all the soldiers. But he promptly caught on to the fact that blue clothes were n't popular with our crowd. So Bill did n't like 'em—not a nickel's worth. He'd lie there on the skirmish line, and enjoy every shot I took at a blue uniform. I was afraid to miss 'em, it made Bill so mad.

"Late one evening we got into a pretty hot fight. The Yanks at my front were massed behind a stone fence which ran through a cedar thicket. I lay down behind a rock, with Bill beside me, and picked off every one that showed himself. Bill worked himself up into a nasty temper as the bullets came zipping around us. I tried to pacify him, but, shucks! Nobody could argue against Bill's prejudices.

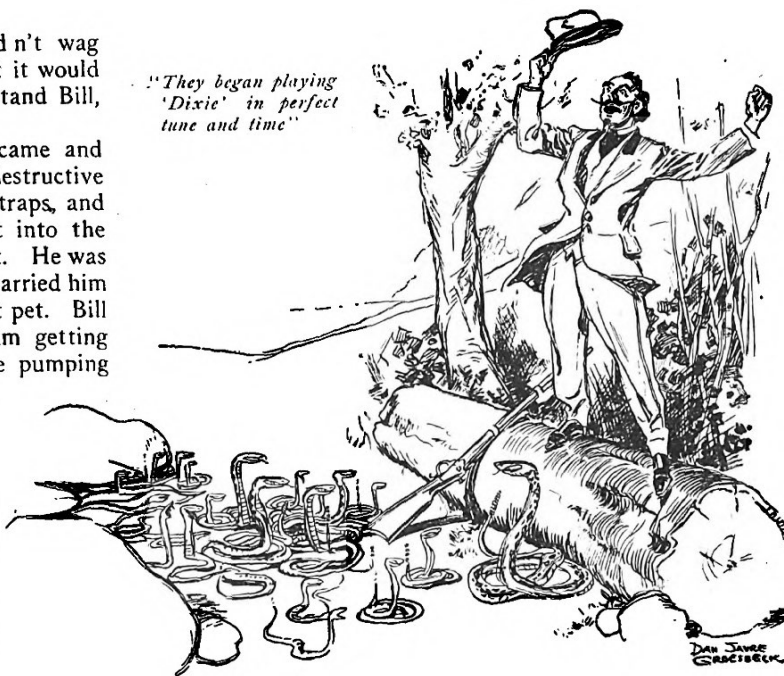
"Presently the Yanks enfiladed me and I had to fall back. Bill did n't retire. He did n't have any running sense. He glided forward to that stone fence. I had all I could attend to, with the Yanks, and forgot poor Bill.

"At daylight the enemy had vanished. We advanced our lines and occupied their position. Jim Warren and I straddled that stone fence and ate our breakfast.

"Look here, Daingy,' said Jim; 'there's a heap of dead Yanks lying around that don't show a sign of a wound.'

"Then we examined them. We counted twenty-seven men in that cedar thicket that had died from snake-bite. 'That's Bill,' said I.

"They began playing 'Dixie' in perfect tune and time"



Sure enough, here came Bill, crawling out of the brush, half dead, with his poison sack flabby. But he had a joyful expression on his face.

"Have n't you known men to fool around for half a lifetime and fail at everything, until they seemed to strike their gait and go whirling on to success? Bill struck his gait; his life-work lay beyond the lines.

"From that day to the end of the war, whenever we got into a fight Bill would n't stay with me. He went out and popped the Yanks until his poison gave out, then hunted a hole to recuperate. It made him thinner than a clothes-line; we had a fight every day.

"I don't know exactly in what battle it was that Bill disappeared. I thought the Yanks had got him at last. Twenty years later I learned that he had found a sweetheart in the mountains. *Cherchez la femme.*

"By some hook or crook Bill discovered that the Confederacy had fallen. After that he must have worked his way back to the old home in Mississippi. Like a patriarch of Israel he journeyed with three or four hundred of his progeny.

"Twenty years after the war, old Aunt Peggy was down at the spring washing our clothes. I remember perfectly well that she wore a blue cottonnaded dress—Bill did n't like blue clothes. She said a big snake came out of the cane-brake and behaved mighty curious until she hit him with a stick; then he struck her. Anyhow she waddled up to the house, yelling 'Snake bit! snake bit!' at every step. After I had brought her around all right, I went gunning for that snake.

"I took my seat on a big sycamore log beside the spring and, 'twas n't more than a minute before I saw his eyes—the oldest and biggest rattler that had ever been in that swamp—grizzled and horny. He came tumbling out of the bushes, and cut such curious didoes that I would n't shoot. He did n't come at me as if he meant to strike, but bowing and wagging his tail.

"Suddenly it flashed over me, 'Bill!' Just to make sure I began to whistle 'Dixie' and that snake capered about like a puppy—it was Bill.

"He sprang up on the log, wallowed all over me, and we had a love-feast. Now, gentlemen, for the queer part of this story: Presently Bill lifted his tail—just as he used to do in war times—and gave a peculiar rattle. Out of the woods they came—rattles of every age and size, from under the logs, from behind the trees, out of the swamps, hundreds of rattlers—Bill's family. They came from everywhere—scurrying like rats to the Pied Piper's horn; or Clan Alpine warriors rallying to the cross of fire on old Ben Ledi's side.

"Bill got enthusiastic. He tumbled off that log and gathered his youngsters. They ranged themselves in circles—big ones to the middle, little fellows to the edge. When they got fixed old Bill lifted his rattles and shook his head—like Creator giving a signal to his band.

"And then—no human eyes ever beheld a sight so weird—three hundred rattlesnakes went swaying back and forth in rhythmic undulations that sent a creepy feeling up my spine. When Bill turned 'em loose and they began playing 'Dixie' in perfect tune and time, I sprang up on that log, waved my hat and yelled. Bill had a lot of temperament—artistic with a big A. When I let out that rebel yell, he got so excited I thought he'd shake his rattles off.

"The thing dazed me. I shut my eyes and when I opened 'em again every blamed snake was gone, except Bill. He never left me after that—until—he—died."

The Captain's voice dribbled away. Judge Stanton flicked the ash from his cigar. I said nothing. Presently the Judge inquired, "What finally became of Bill?"

A cloud of pain crossed the face of our host; when he began to speak it was almost in a whisper—more to himself than to us:

"Poor old Bill; killed by mistake. Served through the war without a scratch, and then had a chambermaid kill him with a spittoon. An inglorious death! Imagine imperial Caesar buried in a soap-box—Alexander choking to death on boarding-house hash—and a fat nigger woman slaughtering Bill with a cuspidor."

"How did it happen?" both of us inquired at once.

The doughty Captain drew in his under lip and stuck his goatee straight out, like a spike—showing his undecided state of mind.

"Gentlemen"—he spoke very slowly—"I hesitate to relate this incident, because I can understand how difficult it is to believe."

"Go on," urged the Judge; "we've been led to expect something rather unusual of Bill."

"That's true, he was an unusual character. Bill was getting old and hated to travel. So I slipped off from him to attend court at Cherokee Bluffs. The town was crowded and they put up a bed for me in the dining-room, next to the front gallery. The second night Bill arrived, and curled up under my bed. Of course the burglar did n't know Bill was there. Bill nailed him while he was getting my watch. Jee-rusalem! that nigger waked up everybody in this end of the United States.

"Bill wrapped himself around my bedpost, hung his tail out of the window and rattled for the police. Everything was all right until that fool chambermaid ran in, scared half to death, and lammed him over the head with a spittoon. Was n't that hard luck for a veteran?"

We smoked on in silence, pondering upon Bill's career and the deep damnation of his taking off.

While the Judge and I were considering a tactful method of getting away from the melancholy subject, old Jerry rapped on the gallery steps.

"Come in, Jerry," called the Captain; "did you get them?"

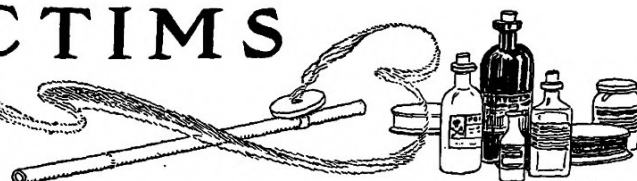
"Yas, suh, here dey is—" He had a bundle under his arm.

Captain Daingerfield explained, "Gentlemen I have taken the liberty of sending to your camp for such small articles as you may need during the next few days. You are to remain with me—and, by the way, it is bedtime. Milo!"

NOTE—Mr. Dickson hopes to draw further communications from Cap'n Daingy from time to time.

HOPE *for the* VICTIMS of NARCOTICS

The Discovery of a Treatment that Will Obliterate the Craving for Opium, Morphine, Cocaine, and Alcohol ? ?



FROM time immemorial mankind has sought substances to help celebrate his joys, or sooth his sorrows, or blunt the drudgery of his existence. Opium and alcohol have most frequently been used for these purposes. Of late years cocaine has been added to this list. Whenever these narcotics have been employed for these purposes they have often been used to excess.

When the habit of the excessive use of narcotics has once been formed, so rare indeed have been the instances of individuals successfully freeing themselves from their enslaving habit that they have been regarded as medical curiosities. In the whole broad range of the practice of medicine there is no situation more trying to patient and physician than the struggle to obliterate the craving for narcotics and to re-establish the patient in a normal mental state in which he may again face successfully the problems of existence.

Until recently this seemed all but impossible, but lately a treatment was discovered which successfully obliterates the craving for narcotics, and persons who were formerly enslaved may now have the opportunity to begin life anew without their resistless desire for narcotic indulgence.

Curing a Confirmed Opium Smoker in a Week

This does not mean that an infallible cure has been discovered or published, for we can not remold the human character, nor rebuild the mentally defective; but it does mean that a new opportunity can be offered to many unfortunates to be rid of a degrading habit, giving them a fresh start in life. More than this no man can do, for the opportunity to do or not to do is all that any one can justly expect to have offered in life, and with the individual must always rest the responsibility of whether or not he shall seize the opportunity.

Even with the most hopeless outlook one will sometimes succeed in offering the opportunity, which is successfully grasped. Four years ago this treatment was given to a young man brought from the purlieu of New York's Tenderloin. He had been an opium smoker for ten years, and was then "smoking the pipe" eighteen hours out of each twenty-four to stop the pains of deprivation of opium. He was a weak, anemic, emaciated rack of bones, with the fallow skin loosely drawn over them. He began his treatment by smoking all he wished. Twenty-four hours later he tried to smoke again, but it did not taste good to him. On the third day he refused his pipe, turning from it in disgust. Before the end of a week he walked into my office smiling and happy, and eager to tell me he had left his pipe behind, was ravenously hungry, and was going to the country. A month later he came to see me, having gained thirty-five pounds. He was red-cheeked and robust looking. I heard a few months ago that he had gone back to his vicious environment, but had never taken up his pipe again, and was openly boasting in his own dialect that "he would like to see the photograph of the man who could hand him dope."

The treatment of those addicted to narcotics has heretofore been a more or less rapid with-

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DURING the publication of Samuel Merwin's articles on the opium traffic in China (1907-1908) the large number of letters received from readers made it evident to the editors of SUCCESS MAGAZINE that the drug habit, in its various forms, has a hold on the people of this country second only to the hold of alcohol. In nearly every case the letters spoke of a husband, wife, son or daughter, whose life had been wrecked by this curse, and asked for advice and help. At that time the editors knew of no treatment for these addictions which appeared more than occasionally successful. With the publication, however, of Dr. Lambert's article on the Towns method of obliterating these abnormal cravings, it becomes at last possible to hold out a new hope to these afflicted families.

The Towns treatment has been thoroughly tested by Dr. Lambert at Bellevue Hospital, New York, as well as by Mr. Towns himself at his private hospitals in New York, Peking, Tientsin, and Shanghai. It has also been officially approved, after a series of demonstrations, by the United States Government, for use in the Philippines. Mr. Towns's public-spirited act in making every detail of his formula and treatment known, first to the International Opium Commission at Shanghai, and later, through Dr. Lambert, to the entire medical profession of this country, removes whatever obstacles may have heretofore stood in the way of giving his work the disinterested endorsement of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. The treatment has been found successful in removing the craving for alcohol and cigarettes, as well as for drugs. It thus promises to bring light into many homes which are now darkened.—THE EDITORS.

drawal and then a deprivation of the drug, trusting to the deprivation to cause gradually a cessation of the craving for the narcotic. But deprivation is not an obliteration of the craving. This craving is both physical and mental, and the failure of the deprivation method has been due to the continuance of the craving in spite of the deprivation from the narcotic. Great injustice has often been done to many narcotic addicts who willingly have submitted to all the suffering of deprivation in vain hopes of relief from the irresistible craving, because after their supposed cure they have been unable to resist the ever-present desire and have relapsed. They have usually been held as morally responsible for the impelling force of their still poisoned minds and bodies. With equal justice should we consider the chronic dyspeptic a moral degenerate because of his peevish morbidness. The method of treatment should be blamed, not the unfortunate patients.

The New Treatment Obliterates the Craving

This treatment begins at the other end and obliterates the craving for narcotics. The treatment consists of the administration of a mixture of belladonna, xanthoxylum (prickly ash), and hyoscyamus, with a proper amount of active catharsis to stimulate the action of the liver and produce rapid and thorough elimination of the narcotic. There is not a sudden withdrawal of the narcotic, but enough of the narcotic is given at certain stated intervals to prevent the

appearance of the uncomfortable withdrawal symptoms, and to make the patient comfortable.

The patients do not suffer beyond a bearable discomfort, and the obliteration of the craving 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. It seems too good to be true.

The full medical details have been published in my recent article in the Journal of the American Medical Association. There are no secrets in the treatment; there has been nothing withheld.

This method of treatment was perfected and used for a number of years by Mr. Charles B. Towns, of New York, who gave it to me to use and convince myself of its effectiveness, and then publish it to the medical profession. I have used it in the wards of Bellevue Hospital, New York, and published it as soon as my experience with it justified me. The exact physiologic action of the belladonna mixture is not clear, but that it does obliterate the craving for morphine, cocaine and alcohol is beyond question.

The Nature of the Treatment

The method of treatment here spoken of is new, not because it brings into use some recently discovered drug, but it is new in making use of a heretofore unused combination of well-known drugs and using them in an entirely new way. Even after its details are known it can not be successfully administered in a perfunctory manner, like a routine dose before or after meals. The treatment of those addicted to narcotics is most difficult and is trying to patience and temper, and it requires trained judgment, tactful firmness, and often courage to persist in this treatment and carry it out to a successful issue. It can not be successfully self-administered even by a physician.

Doubtless if the misery and suffering which accompany the continuance of such a habit, and the mental and physical agony which the deprivation of their narcotic causes, could be foreseen, it would be sufficient to have prevented many an unfortunate from ever beginning. But the thoughtless beginnings give an indication of what the future has in store, and the pleasure and excitement of broader and unusual experiences are so deceptive that the narcotic has its fatal grip on the individual before there is a realization that he has gone so far and can not recede. The causes, which lead up to the morphine, cocaine or alcohol habit in certain respects are similar.

There is nearly always the weak and unstable mental equilibrium which has been bequeathed from neurotic, alcoholic, tuberculous, or otherwise diseased parents; or a sickly, ill-nourished childhood develops into a weakly adolescence; or the pampered, unrestrained child develops into a selfish and self-indulgent man who easily falls a victim to any narcotic which will give him temporary pleasure. Over-education for the position in life which must be occupied brings not infrequently heart burnings and a restless disappointment, which easily leads to narcotic indulgence. Disappointments and reverses soon discourage the weak, and they turn to some narcotic for forgetfulness. The neurasthenics

and those who are overworked feel that they must stimulate their flagging energies to tide over a crisis, and soon become dependent on their narcotic and continue its use long after the cause for its indulgence has ceased.

Various Drugs and Their Effects

All narcotics beget a desire for further indulgence, which is best allayed by a repetition of the same narcotic. One, however, may be substituted for another, as morphine will quiet the nervousness of overindulgence in alcohol or cocaine; alcohol will temporarily soothe the craving for morphine; cocaine will relieve the depression from morphine or alcohol or stimulate the languor from excessive tobacco smoking. This narcotic craving differs somewhat with each narcotic. The craving for morphine is described as a pain and hunger which must be satisfied; the craving for alcohol, at first beginning as a mental desire, goes on unceasingly until it becomes an obsession, displacing all other thoughts; the craving for cocaine begets a nervous restlessness which may go out into a furious maniacal passion that cocaine alone can quiet.

Each narcotic has its special causes for indulgence which are not uninteresting to consider separately. Pain is probably the most frequent cause for the opium or morphine addiction. The pain of acute disease must frequently be relieved by morphine, and after the disease has ceased, the patient, fearful lest the pain return, goes on in secret with what he knows to be a sure preventive of suffering. The long continued wearing pain of chronic disease often leads unwittingly to the formation of the morphine habit. Insomnia from worry, grief or disappointment has frequently led to the taking of laudanum, paregoric, or some other form of opium, and the habit has soon grown and become fixed. In the large cities, the dissolute of both sexes are very commonly morphinists, and they apparently indulge to overcome the aimless ennui of existence. When once they have the habit, they seem to endeavor to persuade every one they meet to join them in their indulgence.

Opium smoking as practiced in the East, and also to some extent in this country, is a social vice, as several individuals indulge together and chat and gossip between pipes. It thus differs from opium and morphine taking, which are solitary and secret vices. The opium smoker does not seek oblivion nor annulment of sensation, as the morphinist, nor the traditional slumber filled with fascinating dreams, but he seeks a dreamy wakefulness in which the mind is freed from the petty annoyances and cares of life. This form of narcotic addiction, outside the Chinese, is practically confined to the lower sporting elements of large cities. It seems to be a favorite resource of the petty thief to give the extra courage and increase the sly resourcefulness which is part of his business capital.

Physicians and Women Most Susceptible to Morphine

There is an old saying that among physicians and women are the greatest number of morphine addicts. This is in a great measure true. Rodet, in Paris, found that among 650 men addicted to morphine 40 per cent. were physicians, 3 per cent. students of medicine, 3 per cent. pharmacists, 15 per cent. idlers living on their incomes, 8 per cent. merchants, 7 per cent. army officers, 5 per cent. workmen, and the others were scattered through many occupations.

Among 350 women, 43 per cent. were without occupation, 14 per cent. were prostitutes, 13 per cent. were working women, 10 per cent. were wives of physicians, and the others were scattered through various employments.

Rodet in 304 cases found that 60 per cent. occurred between twenty-five and forty years of age, thus making useless the best years of life.

Morphinists, therefore, and, in fact, all those thoroughly addicted to narcotics, are an economic loss to the community and soon become an economic burden. The opium or morphine addict begins by carelessness in keeping engagements and promises. The memory is one of the faculties first affected, and, like senile dementia, names are the first to go, and as the addicts go on, they will forget events of the past week but remember and converse about events of their early life. Physicians will forget the names and dosage of the medicines with which they are familiar, and the scientific terms of their profession. Others will make such errors in their daily work that they lose their positions. The will is enfeebled, and while they reason clearly and sanely and appreciate the motive of action in others all motive and reasoning is sterile in them, as it fails to produce effective volition or action. Their sense of responsibility is wiped out and is replaced by the indifference of perfect egotism. Their characters are modified; they become peevish, discontented grumblers, or obstinately ugly, annoyed at trifles, quarreling without cause. Misanthropic and hypochondriacal, they seek solitude, realizing fully their condition and progressive degeneration, and, filled with remorse, they resent criticism about their habit. In the early stages they will always lie about their vice, because they have enough moral sense left to be ashamed and endeavor to hide it.

The Recent Spread of the Cocaine Habit

When, however, they are seeking help to be broken of the habit, they will speak truthfully about it, and if they have just had their morphine and are assured of enough to be comfortable, they do not necessarily lie about other matters. But when the craving for the drug is upon them, they are the most sly and resourceful creatures on earth, and will stoop to any means, deceitful, criminal or vile, to possess the drug and smother the irresistible craving. The early pleasurable stages of the morphine habit, in which they drift in happy contentment free from the troubles and cares of life, do not last long. De Quincey's beautiful dreams do not seem to occur among the western nations. No new thoughts arise; no new intellectual levels are reached, and it is extremely doubtful if, under the influence of opium or morphine, the mind is capable of more intellectual vigor. The morphinists wander in a dreamy selfishness.

Soon the morphinists must increase the dose

to obtain even this, and before long still more must be taken to prevent the pain and suffering of abstinence. Contrary to general belief, they do not sleep well. Their nights may become times of fear and terror and they may have gruesome hallucinations. Their bodily functions cease or become perverted, and this brings added suffering and misery. It will serve no useful purpose to go further into details. When once this habit has its grasp on them, few indeed are strong enough to free themselves. The pain and anguish of the unaided withdrawal of the drug are too intense to be suffered and they are forced to continue. There is no more pitiable object than the uncared-for morphinist deprived of his drug.

Cocaine is the most recent addition to the list of narcotics. This drug has long been known, for the Spaniards, when they conquered South America, found the Indians using as a stimulant the leaves of the erythroxylon coca to sustain their strength during fatiguing journeys and to alleviate the sense of hunger and thirst. The Incas treated coca with great reverence, employing it in their sacrifice to the Sun, the high priest chewing the leaves. The Indians chewed it alone or smoked it with tobacco. The Spaniards, not understanding the action of coca, regarded the belief that it gave strength, as a superstition of the Indians, and the Council of Bishops of Lima, in 1569, condemned the idea as a delusion of the devil. Kollem, in 1884, accidentally discovered the anesthetic properties of cocaine when applied to the eye, and since then its use medicinally has had wide-spread and valuable applications. At first it was considered harmless, but before long it was evident that its continued use brought with it a seductive addiction which was broken off with difficulty, and produced rapid and destructive effects. As soon as its tremendous stimulating effects were recognized, it was peddled in certain quack nostrums through various sections of the country and was fast becoming a curse. The Pure Food and Drugs Act and legislation in various States have done much to restrict its sale and have stopped to a gratifying degree the possibilities of this drug becoming a wide-spread curse. It is taken by snuffing up the nose, through the mouth, and by hypodermic injection. The pure cocaine addict is not so often met as a morphinist or alcoholic. There is no drug which gives such an exaggerated sense of well-being, such conviction of power and self-confidence, such a sense of being able to do all one hopes for or dreams of doing. The causes of its indulgence are found in the intense hurry and competition of modern life. Overworked and exhausted physicians, desiring to tide over some period of fatiguing strain, have frequently fallen victims. The neurotic and neurasthenic, the worn-out and failures in life, the tired-out and underfed poor fall victims of its seductive stimulations. It has frequently been taken to overcome the depression of morphinism and of alcoholic excesses. Cocainism and morphinism are very commonly combined.

Cocaine Will Demoralize a Man in Five Months

In the early stages of cocaine addiction there is a feeling of great exhilaration and of increased mental and muscular strength. Each sense seems to be greatly heightened. The pleasure of taste and the keenness of smell are increased. There is great activity, increased freedom of conversation, and, in short, a keen enjoyment in everything. All this, however, is of short duration. As one combined morphinist and cocaineist described it to me: "With cocaine, in five months one is in worse trouble than with morphine in five years."

When untreated and deprived of their drug the victims of cocaine develop an

[Continued on page 743]

The Individual

By RICHARD WIGHTMAN

I WILL obey my light
Though my light be night;
This is the only right.

I will declare my word
Though to the world absurd;
Thus only may I be heard.

I will live out my dream
Though it should folly seem,
And but for me the gleam.

I will pursue my way
Though no illumining ray
Eases the toilsome day.

Others may scout the plan,
Wise men my nature ban—
I will be my own man.

NEW TALES OF THE ROAD

LATE one evening a bunch of the boys of the road gathered around a table in the office of the hotel at Grangeville, Idaho, way out on the Camas prairie. They were playing freeze-out. Cold, and spattered with mud, in stalked a good-natured, lank, meat man. He had just driven in. He was so long the boys called him "Shorty."

"Hello, Shorty. What!—getting in this time of the night? Snow on the ground, too?" inquired one of the boys.

A Cold Drive in a Wheat-Field

"Well, I was n't exactly figuring on this," replied Shorty. "But here I am, just the same. I've had a peach of a time getting here, too. The livery man over at Cottonwood handed me out a pokey team, and it grew dark on me before I could get in. My partner and I have been wandering round for the last two hours trying to find our way outside of a wheat-field. This driving snow is blinding and, somehow, instead of keeping to the road, we got into a wheat-field, where the fence wires were down, and I'll bet we drove around that field seven times trying to find that same gap again, but we could n't get it. It's cold as the North Pole to-night, too, boys, and dark, but we unhitched and I took a single tree and tried to break the wires loose from the fence posts. Then I tried to stand on the wires and hold them down, so the horses could go over, but science is getting in its work a little too hard to-night. The cold has stretched the wires so tight that that plan would not work. One by one we filed those wires in two with the manicuring blades of our pocket-knives, and by mighty!—when we got out of that field we were into another! My partner said: 'Let's hitch and feel.'"

"We tied up our broncos, he starting one way, and I the other, and began to walk clear round that infernal wheat-field. I had n't gone more than seventy-five yards before I struck the place where we had come in."

"Well, Shorty, that is why you got there," remarked one of the boys, "You never quit."

This man had followed three failures in that territory and had built up a fine business for his meat firm.

The meat man fell into the game, but it was a harmless one. The man on the road has so much straight hustling to do during the daytime and as far into the night as the lamp burns in the store, that he does not spend as much time in recreation as he is accused of doing. When there is any work that can be done, the successful salesman is hard at it. The little recreation that the man on the road gets, he is certainly entitled to. For he never takes it if there is anything doing in the line of business. But this being Saturday evening and the boys being away off the railroad in an inland town where they could for once get a long sleep, they played their game until far into the night. Finally, however, they called it off. Nobody was ahead much because they were not playing for money.

Gambling Debts Charged to the Firm as "Doctoring for a Sick Horse"

The man who was stuck had to buy, and as there were half a dozen in the game it was six bits for a round every time a man lost. The expense accounts turned in for that week showed about how much the boys lost!

The grocery man worked in a livery bill for three dollars to a town, in which he took an order by telephone.

The candy man had a lock put on his sample



He was so long the boys called him "Shorty"

HARD LUCK

BY CHARLES N. CREWDSON

Illustrations by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

case for a dollar fifty. He had been stuck two.

The hardware man who was hit real hard broke a buggy wheel to the tune of seven dollars.

Shorty, the meat man, entered on his expense report: "Doctoring and medicine for a sick horse—four dollars."

You might just as well try to play a violin solo on a trombone as to keep tab on a salesman's expense account. There are a hundred and one items besides railroad fare, bus, baggage, bunk and grub that are necessary expenses. For a man on the road must be at least congenial, and this costs money.

A clothing man of the group, who had not lost a single game, asked the crowd to have a cigar on him. As they toasted their shins before a tearing fire, the clothing man remarked.

"Well, that hard luck experience of our friend here was not as bad as I once caught it down in Missouri. I was in Potosi and finished with my man late Saturday afternoon. My customer in Mineral City always wanted to buy on Sunday, and, as a man must hustle harder in season in the clothing business than in any other, I was always glad to get to this town on a Sunday and save a day. You know in my line, boys, that in six weeks, twice a year, a man must make his living for the entire twelve months. Every day in my business when I'm on the road is really four days. So when I can save twenty-four hours, I do it, and I don't think the good Lord will punish a fellow who works hard for his family even if he does work on Sunday."

"Well, to make a long story short, it was

nearly dusk when I started out with my team. I had five trunks that trip and none of them weighed less than the two hundred and fifty pound limit. The livery man in Potosi also had a stable in Mineral City, and as he was short a hand, I had to drive the team myself. But I had made the trip often and did n't mind this. I had figured on getting into Mineral City before dark, but my load was heavy, my horses lean, and the Missouri mud that gathered under the wheels of my wagon was so stiff that my team could only walk. It rained. There was no moon that night and not even a star squinted through the clouds. I didn't have a lantern, but I was having a lot of fun just the same. The rain pattering on my face brought back happy memories and I was not working near as hard as if I were trying to do business in a new town.

Helping a Clothier Out of a Narrow Pass

"It must have been nearly nine o'clock when, going round the bend of a road, I met a farmer driving a wagon heavily loaded with lumber. The road was so narrow we could n't pass on it. His load was so heavy he could n't turn out. If I had tried to do so my wagon would have turned over."

"The farmer said to me: 'The easiest way out of this mess is for us to take your trunks off and drive your wagon round mine.' I was willing to do anything to get out of the scrape, so off he helped me with my trunks. He drove by but never stopped. He left me there with my horses unhitched, mud a foot and a half deep, and my trunks, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds apiece, dumped on the roadside, fifty feet from my team. If I had had a gun I would have shot that farmer. I yelled to him to come back, but he said: 'Oh, you just try to make an honest living a little while!'"

"Well, how did you get your trunks back into the wagon?" asked one of the boys.

"Did n't get them back. I straightened them up as best I could, so they would shed water, left the wagon standing and led those horses down that mud road into Mineral City. It was one o'clock when I got there and the livery man cursed me for waking him up so late."

"I got a man to bring my trunks in the next morning. All the hard work I had done the night before was evened up, however, because my man was glad to see me and I sold a big easy bill. Those fellows who want to make railroad division towns only, can do so, but give me a good trade in the brush. It's a little harder to get to it, but it's easier to sell a man when you get to him, and he is n't always scratching round buying a stab from this man and a dab from another and having only a handout for me when I come. Somebody else can have the big towns if they want them, but, for my part, give me brush trade, even if I must now and then make a hard team trip."

"Boys, as you are all telling your hard luck stories, I'll give you one of mine," began the hardware man. He was a Virginian and spoke with a drawl. "I was traveling way out West here for a Louisville house. They went broke just about the time my expense money had run out. I knew I could get a good job with another firm, if I could only get back home. But you know I never like to borrow money on the road."

"There's a Screw Loose With the Man Who Borrows Money"

There's usually a screw loose somehow with a man on the road who borrows money, and he is n't held in very high esteem by his fellow

traveling men. I've often been touched, and I never expect to get back a cent when I am, but I never borrow anything myself. I had a ticket back to Louisville and just two dollars in my pocket when I left Seattle. It was a four nights' trip, but I made up my mind that I would rather do without a sleeping-car than to borrow a sou and I didn't want to tip my hand off to my friends in Louisville and let them know I was broke. I figured out that two dollars worth of sandwiches and sinkers would keep me alive until I could return again to the promised land.

"I did break that two dollar bill, however, to buy a sack of Bull Durham with cigarette papers attached.

"I heard the tourists talking about the enchanting scenery going over the cascades. I listened to them go into ecstasies over the rushing waters of Grete River and the wild flowers; but there was n't very much poetry in my soul when I had less than two bucks in my pocket and a four days' trip ahead of me. I never smoked cigarettes so short in my life.

"When we reached Ellensburg, where we changed engines, you know, I walked out on the platform. There I got a whiff of frying ham, and, my Lord! how hungry it made me! When the train started up I wandered out from the smoker back into the chair-car, and who do you think I saw standing on the front end of the diner? Why it was a darky who had belonged to our family. He used to play with me when I was a little boy. He was a cook on the diner. Yes, sir! I had n't seen him for fifteen years, and didn't know what had become of him, but I hollered, 'Great Scott! Is that you, Eph?'

"He literally hugged me. I never was so glad to see anybody in my life, and you can bet your life that clear into St. Paul I lived on the fat of the land, because I did n't mind telling Eph that I was broke.

A Man Should Save 75% of His Profits Before He Gets Married

"When I reached Louisville, I found a job waiting for me all right. But you may gamble your life that since that time I have always kept on hand a little private account. Most men on the road let their cash slip away from them too easily. It's the easiest way I know of to make a living, and if a man would only save his money, while he is making it, he'd soon be on Easy Street. Why, when the house is paying all our expenses, we ought to save seventy-five per cent. of all we make before we get married. But there's many an electric light to lure the traveling man, and there are few of us who don't either get our wings scratched or fall right into the globe of always being broke."

"But you did n't have as hard a time as one of the boys I once knew," spoke up the dry-goods man. "He was selling goods for a Cincinnati clothing house and had to go from Oregon clear east in a box car. He got on a bad souse and they had to fire him bodily."



I made myself solid with the mother and my namesake

"Well, I would n't call that hard luck," retorted Andrews, the shoe man. "All these hard luck stories you hear about either have booze, poker chips or laziness behind them, and there is no excuse for a man who wants to work not finding work. This hard luck business we hear about is all rot in most cases. A salesman who really is a salesman and wants work can get it.



The first thing I did was to sell the landlady some pictures for a meal ticket

Salesmen are so scarce that when a man is a good one his house will see him through all legitimate difficulties, no matter what it costs. The wise house will do everything possible before letting a good man escape; that I know.

"I was once stuck in New York City. I had had a first-class position in Chicago, but an offer to stay in Europe for a year, promoting a heavy proposition, had tempted me, and I took it. I felt that at any time I wished I could return to my old firm, so I had no fears. When I struck New York, after my foreign experience, I had less than ten dollars in my pocket and a wife and baby with very little more money settled in a London hotel. My old firm had covered the territory which I had previously

been in and could n't, of course, give me back my old position. I was n't very particular about going back into my old line, anyhow, and wished to try something else. I wrote a couple of my good old friends to let me draw on them for fifty. The luckiest thing that ever happened for me was that they turned me down. All at once I found myself in New York City, broke and out of a job. That was the plain truth of it, while the wife and baby were in big old London Town.

A Man Who Would n't Stay "Broke"

"But do you suppose I lost heart? Not on your tintype! I went to a firm that manufactures stereographs and got a job with them. I soaked my watch for twenty and bought a ticket for Chicago, and left there with just thirty-five cents in

my pockets and a bunch of pictures to sell. I spent ten cents for a shine, fifteen cents for a shave and gave the barber ten cents for a tip. I wanted to know just how it felt to be *dead broke* in a great big city—without a sou in my pocket, but with something to do. I spent that thirty-five cents deliberately, because when a man goes out to get business, the best backing he can have is a good front.

"The first thing I did was to go into a restaurant and sell the landlady some pictures for a meal ticket and four dollars in money. I next went into a tailor shop, and by nightfall—and it was Saturday—I was seventeen dollars to the good. I sent fifteen dollars to the wife in London and had two dollars left for a working capital.

Within a month I had four men working for me and was given a district by my firm.

"I used to travel down in Texas, where I had an old friend in business," said Stevens, the dry-goods man. "We went to school together when we were boys. Just before starting out on one of my trips I received a letter from him saying that a new baby had come to their house and that he had named him after me. Of course, having sold him before, and having a namesake in his home, I was sure of doing business. His town was up in the Panhandle country, away off the road. I telephoned over to him one Saturday that I would be over the next day and spend Sunday with him there. 'I want to see the little kid very much,' said I.

Slow Delivery Often Loses a Good Customer

"I spent seven dollars for a team to get over to his town and reached there so late Saturday night that he was closed up. The next morning he was down to the hotel before I got up and made me go up to the house for breakfast. They took me to church and out driving in the afternoon. That evening he had several of the neighbors come in. Of course, as I had a sure bill for the next day, I did n't say a word about business. I made myself solid with the mother and my namesake.

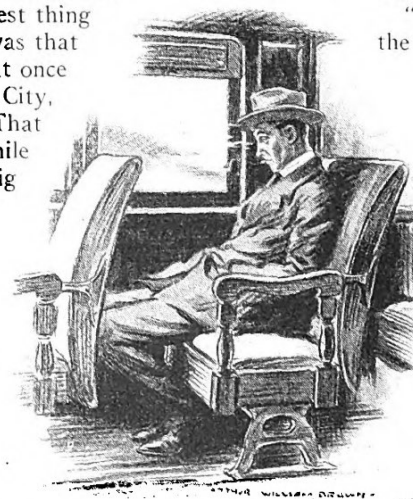
"The next morning I went up to the store. 'Well, Ed, I'm all opened up and ready for you whenever you're ready to go down,' said I.

"Well, I'll tell you, I like you mighty well, and you know that! But I don't like the way your house delivers goods, and I can't do any business with you, and I know that you are such a good friend of mine that you don't want me to buy goods of you when it is n't to my interest to do so."

"I felt like saying to him, 'Why the deuce did n't you say so over the telephone,' but with the grace to swallow things which a man on the road must learn, I only replied, 'Well, Ed, of course, I don't want you to do business with me if it is not to your advantage.'

"He should have known enough to tell me all of this before I took that long, hard trip. Many merchants are very kind about this, and most of those who overlook it do so because they don't stop to think."

[The editors are glad to announce that they have secured more "New Tales" from Mr. Crewdson. The next series will begin in one of the winter numbers.]



There wasn't very much poetry in my soul when I had less than two bucks in my pocket

CLEAR GRIT DID IT

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

A WELL-KNOWN New York lawyer, when a poor boy from the country, looking for a job, saw a sign hanging outside a store, "Boy Wanted." He took the sign down and walked boldly into the store. The proprietor, meeting him, indignantly asked what he meant by taking down that sign. "You won't need it any more," said the lad, "I'm going to take the job." And he took it.

The coveted goal of the centuries' quest has at last been reached, because two intrepid explorers took down the world's sign, "Wanted, A Man to Discover the North Pole," and determined it would no longer be needed; that they would find the Pole, if mortal man could find it, and—they found it.

Clear grit did it. This is always more than a match for any obstacle, and has achieved about all the great things in the world's history. It was clear grit that carried these two men through the perils and awful hardships of the Arctic seas, through all the dangers of the desolate, unknown ice-fields, in which they well knew hundreds of men who had gone on the same quest, men as brave, resourceful, and determined as they, had perished.

No one knew better than Peary and Cook what they were braving, the risks they were taking, for both had put their lives in jeopardy again and again, one of them six times, in trying to reach the coveted goal.

After each failure to find the Pole, scores of people pleaded with Peary, as they did with Cook, never to try it again, to give up this wild Pole dream, but it is useless to try to discourage men with such bulldog tenacity of purpose. You can not dishearten them. They laugh at your pictures of the dangers, hardships and insurmountable obstacles in their way. Nothing daunts such heroic spirits.

Six times before Peary had braved the horrors of the frozen North. Six times had he put his life in jeopardy. Almost a quarter of a century had he spent in pursuit of his one unwavering aim, before his final triumph, but never once did his faith or his determination waver, never once did his courage fail him.

The late Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbs) said that one secret of the American's success is that he is not afraid of failure, that he plunges into the thing he has set his heart on with all his might and enthusiasm, without even a thought of the possibility of failing, and that *if he does fail, he gets up with more determination than before and fights until he wins.*

It certainly speaks well for American pluck and grit that of the thousands of brave and sturdy men of all nationalities who attempted to reach the Pole, the only two who persisted until they accomplished the feat are Americans.

Tenacity of purpose is characteristic of all men who have accomplished great things. They may lack other desirable traits, may have all sorts of peculiarities, weaknesses, but the quality of persistence, clear grit, is never absent from the man who does things. Drudgery can not disgust him, labor can not weary him, hardships can not discourage him; he will persist no matter what comes or goes, because persistence is part of his nature.

Have you ever seen a man who had no give-up in him, who could never let go his grip whatever happened, who, every time he failed, would come up smiling and with greater determination than ever to push ahead? Have you ever seen a man who did not know the meaning of the word failure, who, like Grant, never knew when he was beaten, who had cut the words, "can't" and "impossible" from his vocabulary, the man whom no obstacles could down, no difficulty phase, who was not disheartened by any misfortune, any calamity? If you have, you have seen a real man, a conqueror, a king among men.

Fearlessness, boldness, has ever been characteristic of great achievers. Men who have no "dare" in their natures, who are afraid to take chances, and shrink from hardships, who can not forego their ease, postpone their desires, must be content with small achievement.

Boldness and grit characterized the late E. H. Harriman, the greatest railroad builder in history, the man who actually controlled 65,000 miles of road.

Whatever criticisms may be made of the man's methods, there can be no doubt as to his great ability, his qualities of leadership. If Harriman had hesitated, had lacked the courage and grit to act at any great crisis in his career; if he had wavered, doubted his ability, he would never have become the colossal power that he was in the railroad world. But he never doubted himself; he had confidence in his judgment, he never wavered or hesitated when he had once made his plans. Nor could hard times, panics, lack of capital, discouraged associates, anything, shake his confidence in the great future of the railroads of this country. He had that courage which dares to take risks when others weaken,

doubt, hesitate, the grit to push on after others had given up.

Poor boys who complain that they have "no chance," that they have no one to help them, no influential friends to push them along, ought to read the story of Mr. Harriman's remarkable career. Supposing young Harriman had said to himself, as thousands of American boys are saying to-day, "What chance have I, a poor country boy, with no rich relatives to push me along, no way to get an education, to do anything great? My father is only a poor country clergyman with \$200 a year salary. What opportunity is there for me to rise in the world?"

But young Harriman was made of the stuff that wins. At fourteen, with very little education, he went to work with nothing to back him but a vigorous resolve to improve his condition, a desperate determination to get on, to be somebody in the world. These constituted his only capital. He began as an office-boy, and through sheer grit and bulldog tenacity of purpose, climbed, step by step, until he became a power to be reckoned with in the railroad world.

His reorganization of the Union Pacific road was one of the most colossal feats ever attempted by a business man. The road had long been in the Government receiver's hands. There was a general belief that it was hopelessly in debt. Its equipment was wrecked. It was losing money rapidly. There had been a great railroad slump in different parts of the country. Many roads had gone to the wall. Congress had failed to furnish a remedy for the Union Pacific situation, J. Pierpont Morgan's syndicate had attempted to do so, but failed. Then Harriman stepped into the breach. All this time his penetrating mind

had been studying the intricate problem, and, all at once, when the outlook was most discouraging, an astounding proposition reached the Government, an offer to pay \$58,000,000 in cash for the wrecked road and an additional \$27,000,000 to the holders of the first mortgage bonds. This was in February, 1898, and the man who had made J. Pierpont Morgan wonder, and the other great financiers open their eyes, swung into the world's vision as a coming railroad giant.

With his rare faculty for making people believe in him, Harriman so won the confidence of the Union Pacific directors that they gave him practically unlimited authority, the power to raise as much money as he possibly could, with permission to expend it in any way he saw fit.

It was the saving of this great road, for there were times when Harriman was obliged to act almost wholly upon his own judgment in matters involving many millions of dollars, but he never hesitated. He was an optimist, and his faith in the future of the great West was unbounded. He knew that a good road, well equipped, and ably managed, passing through a country of such vast resources as that through which the Union Pacific passes, must ultimately make a great deal of money. The result was that within three or four years from the ending of the Government receivership, the once despised "streak of rust stretching from Omaha to Ogden" was paying dividends.

Grit is the master key which unlocks all difficulties. What has it not accomplished? It has paid the mortgage on the farm in innumerable cases; it has enabled delicate women to save the home for the family; it has stood in the gap and saved thousands of men from destruction in disasters and great emergencies, in hard times and business panics; it has enabled poor boys and girls to pay their way through college and to make places for themselves in the world; it has given cripples strength to support aged and invalid parents. It is more than a match for any handicap; it has tunneled mountains, bridged rivers, joined continents with cables and spanned them with railroads; it has discovered continents and won the greatest battles in history.

No substitute has ever been discovered for tenacity of purpose. Nothing can take the place of clear grit. An education can not, a rich father, influential "pulls," can not, nor can any advantage of birth or fortune.

After a friend of a New York merchant had named a number of good qualities in recommending a boy for a position, the merchant said, "Does he keep at it? That is the principal thing. Does he have staying qualities?"

Yes, that is your life-interrogation. "Do you keep at it?" "Have you staying qualities?" "Can you stick by your proposition?" "Can you persevere after failure?" "Have you grit—grit enough to hold on, to stick and hang, in spite of the most disheartening obstacles?"

On every hand we see people who have turned back for want of grit, people who had pluck enough to begin things with enthusiasm, but did not have grit enough to carry them to a finish.

The point at which you are tempted to turn back, the point when

[Continued on page 751]

Then Cayley
fired twice

The SKY MAN

BY HENRY KITCHELL
WEBSTER

Illustrations by DAN SMITH



CHAPTER XIII

CAPTAIN FIELDING'S GOSPEL

"I'M ABOUT famished," she said, as they began their meal; "at least that duck smells perfectly irresistible. It's done to a turn, I think. In a way it's rather a joke that we should begin our Arctic privations with a roast duck."

He carved it dexterously enough with his sheath-knife, but for eating it there was nothing, of course, but their fingers.

"If you'll treat the revelation as confidential," said the girl, "I'll admit that I always like to eat like this, especially when I'm hungry. If anything looks good, I want to take it up in my fingers and pop it into my mouth without waiting to have it put decorously before me on a plate. I suppose, though," she added, "I shall be entirely reconciled to forks before I get a chance to eat with another. Will you make me one out of a walrus tusk, or an old tin can, or something? Why, what are you thinking about?"

"There's something queer about that hut," he replied; "something that gets queerer the more I think about it. Why do you suppose the *Walrus* people abandoned it? Or, rather, do you suppose they did abandon it?"

"I don't see exactly what you mean. Of course it is abandoned—utterly. We know that."

He shook his head. "I'm not sure. But put the question the other way: Why did they? What possible reason could there have been for such a move?"

"They might have found it unhealthy or unsafe."

The girl answered absently, for half of her mind was exploring for the drift of Cayley's, and did not find it.

"Your father lived here for years," he went on, "and the *Walrus* people must have continued living here for a good while—afterwards. For certainly the place has n't been abandoned very long."

"Perhaps," she hazarded, "they had given up hope of a rescue, and so did n't care to stay on the beach. They might have found some more convenient place in the interior."

"That's what I supposed," he said, "but the theory won't work—for just this reason. They could n't have built another house without dismantling this one. There are no trees on this land to furnish timber, and there certainly is n't any hardware store where they could have bought nails, bolts and hinges. But those doors swung on hinges last night, and the bolt worked, and, more or less, the walls and roof kept out the gale. For this style of architecture it's in pretty good repair."

The girl was only half convinced.

"That great heap of stones there," she began, "does n't look like good repair or recent habitation."

"No, it does n't," he rejoined. "It's been made to look as little that way as possible. It would n't have got into that condition otherwise in a hundred years. Come, let's have a look. It's something to hope for, at any rate."

She followed him, a little perplexed.

"To hope for?" she repeated, questioningly.

He had already entered the hut, and did not at once volunteer any further explanation, but from the shine of excitement she could see in his eyes it was evident that he contemplated something better than merely holding death at arm's length for a little while.

The girl stood in the doorway watching him. He had been sweeping the walls, roof and floor in a general survey. Now, abruptly, he went over to the heap of stones, picked up one of them, rubbed his thumb over it, and scrutinized, with an air of considerable interest, the black smear it left.

"That would account for the driftwood," he said, absently.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

PHILIP CAYLEY had learned to soar like a bird, with silken wings. He liked to sail in the Arctic air best; and one day he saw some men struggling across the ice, and the leader fell dead into a crevasse. When the party had gone, Cayley picked up a curious weapon. Later he saw a yacht, and alighting on the ice near by he encountered Jeanne Fielding, who told him that the *Aurora's* party had come in search of Captain Fielding, an explorer. She did not know that the *Walrus*, with a burly brute, Roscoe, and eleven men, had been wrecked near her father; had learned from him of rich gold deposits; that the explorer and his men had disappeared; that Roscoe had just killed Hunter of the *Aurora's* crew and hoped to take the yacht and escape with a fortune in gold. Fanshaw, alone on the yacht, was knocked out by Roscoe. Meanwhile Jeanne had rowed ashore and found in a deserted cabin a box containing her father's journal. Roscoe, seeking the same, found her, but Cayley descended through the fog on hearing her cry, and Roscoe fled, terrified. Jeanne and Cayley read Fielding's journal that night, and in the morning the yacht was gone, having been blown from her moorings. Finding themselves alone, and winter setting in, they think of immediate death, but decide in favor of life and love.

At that he might have seen in the girl's face a look of half-amused impatience, but his abstraction was too deep for him to notice it.

He walked over to one of the side walls, pulled open what proved to be a big solid shutter, revealing a glazed window, and, for a long while, stood there, unconscious of the look the girl turned on him, unconscious of his present surroundings.

"Yes, something to hope for, certainly." He turned away from the window as he said it, and smiled at her. "A good hope—a good fighting hope that when the relief comes back next summer they'll find you here alive."

"If you say so I'll believe it," said the girl, "because you told me the truth before. But do you mind telling me why?"

"I should have thought of it sooner. I should have noticed it last night. My guess was right, that's all. This is not an abandoned hut. Don't you see it's in almost perfect repair? The hinges on this shutter work, although if you look closely you can see that some one gave a tug at them not long ago in an attempt to pull them out. And that patch on the wall was put on within a month. The men who wrecked this place worked hastily and showed no great degree of imagination. They had n't much time, you see, because they could n't have begun until they caught their first glimpse of the yacht. They had finished before the yacht could send a party ashore."

"But why in the world should they do such a thing?" the girl protested.

He shook his head. "I have n't worked that out yet, not fully, at any rate. After all, it's not the question that concerns us."

"I'm still in a maze about it. What did you mean about the driftwood?"

"Why, the soot on these stones showed me that. They have n't been burning driftwood in this fireplace. They've been burning coal—or oil, perhaps. I had n't thought of that. That's why the driftwood collected again out there on the falus. You remember your father speaks of having used it all? There have been a dozen men living here ever since, and they did n't need it. So they must have had some other sort of fuel."

"You mean they've got a supply somewhere, hidden?"

He nodded. "Not only a supply of fuel, but of food, too. You remember your father also speaks of having his larder completely stocked for the winter at this time? Well, these fellows were n't expecting any relief. They must have stocked their larder, too. Of course," he went on a moment later, "I realized vaguely all along that there must be stores somewhere here on the land, because men were living here, but on the theory that they had abandoned the beach and were

living in some part of the undiscovered mainland, our chance of finding these stores was almost nothing at all. Finding them would be like trying to find Point Barrow in a fog. But, you see, if they kept them here in these huts, and then hid them when they caught sight of the yacht, while they may be well hidden, they can't be far away. There would n't have been time to move them far; certainly not over the glacier and into the interior there. It must all be hidden somewhere here on the coast. When we find the hiding-place we shall probably find all the stores we need for the winter."

"Then I suppose the next thing for us to do is to go out and find it."

"Not quite the next thing. Unless we have exceptional luck we can hardly hope to find it for several days; it may take a fortnight, and we must have some temporary security first. In the meantime there is no telling what sort of weather we will have. It's rather late for these beautiful, mild days, I fancy. No, the first thing to do is to rebuild this fireplace and bring in a lot of driftwood and all those birds that were killed last night by flying against the cliff. When we have made this hut habitable against a spell of forty below zero weather, such as we're likely to have at any time, and have accumulated stores of fuel and food for a few days, then we'll begin our search. And if you'll forego the holiday I promised you, I think we had better get to work at once. I think I can rebuild this fireplace by myself. Will you go and begin carrying in firewood and as many of those ducks and geese and loons as you can find there along the talus?"

She nodded, and left the hut.

It was late in the afternoon before Philip completed his task. Rebuilding the fireplace was a more complicated job than he had imagined it would be. Buried beneath the stones he had found an iron oven and a firebox, besides a badly battered iron hood and an iron pipe about three inches in diameter. The stones were evidently to be built up into a table about four feet long, and roughly, half as high and broad, incasing both the oven and the firebox. The firebox was open at the top, and directly above it must hang the hood, much like that over a blacksmith's forge, only in this case, of course, it was intended to radiate as much heat as possible, instead of as little. All the iron had been badly bent and otherwise damaged in the process of tearing it down, and it had cost him a long, laborious hour or more, pounding it between unhandily shaped stones, to get it into condition to be put up again.

When he finally got it rebuilt in a temporary fashion which he thought would serve till greater leisure should allow him to perfect it, he stepped outside the hut and looked, first down and then up the shore in search of her, and was disappointed at finding her nowhere in sight.

The afternoon was well advanced, and the pitiless, blinding white light of midday was already submitting to refraction by the ice crystals, which filled the lower strata of the atmosphere, into the amazing debauch of colors which marks an Arctic evening. The sun had dipped below the crest of coast hills and cliff. Their precipitous sides in the shadow glowed with the blue of pure sapphire; the icy sands of the beach, sloping gradually off to the sea, with lighter, slightly striated, bluish-green of the turquoise. Out behind the cliffhead, westward, the horizon was lost in golden vapor. The ice was golden, and the little lanes of troubled water, between its heaving masses, molten gold.

If Philip could have caught sight of Jeanne anywhere in the picture he would have enjoyed the glory of it as a frame and background to herself; but since she was not there to enjoy it with him nor to make a part of his enjoyment of it, it struck him only as a good effect of nature stupidly wasted.

The pile of driftwood here beside the door

and the feathered spoil which she had brought in from the talus meant more to him, as the mute evidence of her share in the partnership, and gave him a thrill of keener emotion than all the sunsets in the world.

She must be dreadfully tired, he thought, and with that thought he decided to set out to find her. First, however, he transferred the remnants of the fire from the flat stone before the hut to his newly constructed hearth, heaped on more wood, and noted, with satisfaction, that his makeshift chimney drew well and did not smoke intolerably. He had discovered an empty cask under a heap of rubbish in the storeroom, and this he filled with chunks of ice and set it by the fire to melt.

Five minutes later he was just a whirling, glinting, sun-bathed speck in the amber air, the thrilling, pringling, winelike air. He had taken to his wings, upon leaving the hut, simply because they afforded him the quickest, easiest way of finding Jeanne. But the substitution of the delightful, easy exercise of his power of flight for the grubby toil at which he had spent the day, the change from the damp, the dark, the confinement of the hut to the full glow of the sunshine and the freedom of the sky's wide spaces, half intoxicated him.

It was an impulse, not a controlled intention that took him aloft, higher and higher, and then higher still in that sharp spiral, until he lay, panting with the exertion, rocking gently upon his golden wings, a quarter of a mile up in the sky.

Yes, it was a potent drug, that strange anesthetic of the upper air. His surface faculties were not dulled by it. Sight and hearing attuned themselves to a higher pitch than normal. The whole periphery of his body was more acutely alive to every passing sensation; but the depth of him, the inner self, the soul so recently awakened and thrilled to life by a girl's faith, her courage, her tragedy, sank back, under the influence of the old drug, to sleep again.

The old round earth, in its shroud of golden vapor down below, became once more, for him, a remote thing in which he had no part. There it spun, in its endless, futile way, no more to him, with all its load of souls, of griefs and joys and hopes, than a top just freed by the snap of a boy's string.

So he lay there, breathing deep, keeping his place in the unstable sky with hardly more motion than a skilled swimmer needs to keep afloat.

And then, suddenly, he was flying downward as fast as gravity and his great wings could take him. Drenched with the sweat of a sudden terror, cleaving the air so fast that the sound of its whining through his taut rigging rose to a scream, down he slanted, seaward a little, past the end of the great headland. Then, with the sudden exertion of all his strength upon one lowered wing, the other flashing high like the stroke of a scimitar in the curve of the shortest possible arc, he shot landward, pounced, checked, and alighted not far from the girl.

She had been seated upon a broken ledge of rock when he had first caught sight of her. She was in the act of getting to her feet when he alighted, not a half dozen paces away.

She had been pale, but her color had come

back now in a sudden surge. She was breathing unsteadily and her hands were clasped against her breast. "You—you must n't fly like that," she said. "If you had been an eagle, the way you wheeled and came rushing down out of the sky would have terrified me. I shut my eyes in order not to see you killed."

He did not answer her at once, and she, looking intently into his face, went on. "You know it was dangerous. You thought yourself that you were going to be killed. I can see the horror of it in your eyes."

Then he got his breath. "You're safe?" he questioned, unsteadily. "You were in danger, sudden danger, and in terror of it. That was what frightened me—that sudden knowledge. I came down fearing I should be too late."

"I had a fright," she admitted, "but I don't see how you could know. I'm sure I did n't cry out."

"No, I heard nothing, no sound at all. I just knew, and so I came to you as fast as I could. What was it that frightened you?"

"Nothing at all, I imagine. I was sitting here on the ledge, looking at that wonderful sky, and all at once I found I was growing afraid. I did n't know what it was about, at all. I suppose it was just because I was a little tired and had begun to realize that I was a long way from—from home. I had come around the headland, not really to look for more firewood, but in the hope that I might happen to find a clue to where the stores are hidden; and, as I said, suddenly it seemed a long way back and I began to find myself afraid. And then, being afraid, I—well, I thought I saw something moving up there behind the rocks—something big, bigger than a man, and whitish-yellow."

His eyes followed the direction in which she had pointed, but could make out nothing in the deep, vibrant blue shadows.

"That's likely enough," he told her. "It was probably a bear. If it was, we're in luck. I'll come back by and by and go hunting for him. But first I'm going to take you—home."

She had used the word before, but in what sense he was not entirely sure; and she had undoubtedly used it not more than half consciously. At any rate, when he said it now she flushed a little, and so did he, and their eyes, meeting, brightened suddenly.

Silently he turned away from her and began furling up his wings, and she helped him, as she had helped him that other time when he had tried to convince her that he was not a dream.

When it was done they set out slowly, in the deepening twilight, for the hut.

"It's very good of you to walk down here with me," she said—"you who could fly."

CHAPTER XIV

THE RED-BOUND BOOK

BY THE time they had rounded the headland the whole beach before them was enveloped in the sapphire shadow of the cliff, and the little cluster of huts toward which they were trudging was hardly distinguishable. It was not until they had halved the distance that the girl made out the little plume of rose-colored smoke that floated above Philip's newly constructed chimney:

But the next instant he laid a hand upon her arm, and with the other pointed imperatively down the beach toward the hut. "Whether you saw him before or not," he said, with a short, grim laugh, "you can see him now."

Looking where he pointed, she saw a big, yellowish-white, ungainly thing come lumbering round the corner of the hut, upon all fours.

"A bear," he said, "and a good big one. You're not to be afraid. This is really unmerited good luck."

"Are n't they dangerous, these polar bears?" she asked.

In his answering laugh she heard the ring of rising excitement. "I won't deny," he said, "that if I had my way about it I'd have you

The Lesson

By MADISON CAWEIN

THIS is the lesson I have learned of Beauty:
Who gathers flowers finds that flowers fade;
Who sets love in his heart above his duty
Misses the part for which that love was made.

Than passion, haply, there is nothing madder;
Who plucks its red rose plucks with it a thorn;
More than soul's pain what hurt can make us sadder?

Yet of this hurt immortal things are born.

safely shut up inside the hut there before I tried conclusions with him. Give me the revolver, and take care to keep out of the line of fire. If you see a chance to slip inside the hut, do it. And don't assume that he's dead until I tell you so. These polar bears have no nerves at all. You can't shock them. They don't stop until you have put their locomotor facilities completely out of business."

She was smiling when she handed him the revolver. "Here's luck!" she said. "Don't be afraid for me."

Cayley smiled, too. "Keep behind me, but not so far that you're in any danger of getting cut off in case I have to dance around him a little. There, he's winded us already."

Even at that distance and in the fading light the girl saw the monster bristle and throw up his lolling head with suddenly arrested attention. Then, to her intense astonishment, instead of the snarl she expected, she heard a venomous, voiceless hiss. There was something dreadful about the sound, something which, combined with the weird, insufficient light and the shape of the beast which loomed ghostly through it, gave her a sensation of dread wholly unrelated to the actual physical danger in which they stood.

Cayley turned for a last look at her. He had slipped his bundled wings from his back and laid them on the ice. He was still smiling, but somewhat ironically. "I'm half afraid he'll run away," he said, "and half afraid he won't."

But the next instant all doubt on that head was set at rest. The monster hissed again and came lumbering toward them, pretty rapidly, across the ice.

Cayley advanced slowly to meet him, but not in a direct line. Instead, he bore off in a curve to the left. The girl understood the maneuver instantly, and herself set out landward at a brisk pace, moving in the arc of a circle parallel to his, but larger, in such a way as to keep the bear, Philip and herself, as all three moved in different directions, in a straight line.

They quartered round in this way, the bear swerving in well toward Philip, until all three were in a line about equidistant from the hut. Philip and the bear were perhaps a dozen paces apart. Without turning, he called over his shoulder to her, "Now run for it—for the hut. I'll keep him amused out here."

At the sound of his voice the bear rushed him. The girl had never in her life found anything so hard to do as to obey orders now. But she did obey, and was running at top speed toward the open door of the hut when she heard Cayley fire for the first time. Just as she reached it she heard his second shot. When she turned about, panting, to observe the result of it, the two seemed to her to be at horribly close quarters. The bear, reared up on his hind legs, had just lunged forward.

A bear's motions are wonderfully and most deceptively quick. Ungainly to the eye, he can spring and strike with the dazzling swiftness of a leopard. But in this case the man was gifted with superhuman quickness, too. Probably without that power of instantaneous coordination of muscular effort he would never have learned to fly. In the course of learning to fly, during those five uninterrupted years at Sandoval, and during those last three months which he had spent almost entirely in the air, he had developed the quality still further.

He sprang back clear of the flashing, scythe-like cut of those terrible claws. Then, a little to the girl's surprise and considerably to her alarm, he turned and went sprinting up the beach toward the talus at full speed, the bear, wounded but not in the least disabled, lumbering after him.

It takes a fast runner to outrun a bear, but Cayley did it. When he reached the foot of the talus the bear was twenty paces behind him. Then she saw him stop short, whirl round again and face his pursuer with a shout.

The bear also checked his speed and reared up once more, towering, upon its hind legs. Then Cayley fired twice, the shots coming so closely together as to be hardly distinguishable. One or both of them took instantaneous effect. The great yellowish-white mass tottered forward and collapsed in a heap only a pace or two from where Philip was standing.

When Cayley entered the hut he found that Jeanne had taken off her cap and the heavy fur coat which had cumbered her shoulders all day

and hung them upon a convenient wooden peg in the wall. She was standing near the fireplace now, warming her cold fingers at the blaze.

Cayley started a little at sight of her, for now she was transformed, too. Standing there, silhouetted against the blaze, in her gray cardigan jacket and moleskins, she looked like a young boy. He had discovered before this that there was not a grain of false modesty about her; nevertheless, it pleased him when, with a certain

[Continued on page 735]

• LOST FOR LOVE •

• • BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS • •

• • Illustrations by FORRES GORDON DINGWALL • •

THIS is to be a tale of love and business. Ten years ago love and business did not gibe, but we writers have changed all that. Nowadays a plain love story comes back to the writer so often that the postman is almost ashamed to deliver it. But let a man take a little love and Jack it up with plenty of what used to be thought dry business details, and he has something that can not help selling. This is because we Americans have been waked up to the literary side of business by our good friends, the muckrakers, and now even the women sit up late to find out how Harley Opdyke closed the deal with the Amalgamated Mouse-Trap Trust, and effected a corner in steel rat-traps that brought housekeepers to their knees the world over.

"There is no other way to do it, my boy," said old Samuel Sniftuh, absent-mindedly cutting holes in the mosaic top of his thousand-dollar desk; "Jabez Muggins scorns mere millions. Do you think that a man who uses hundred-dollar bills for shaving-papers is going to be awed by a mere triple millionaire like myself? But if you can contrive to marry his daughter and worm yourself into the old fellow's affections through her, I believe the deal will go through, and I shall realize my ambition to puff up and down John Street, where I looked in

vain for a job thirty years ago—to puff up and down John Street, I say, in an automobile of pure gold. That would make some of the old mossbacks who are still there open their eyes."

"Yes, father," said Harry Sniftuh, looking at the gold Seth Thomas on the wall and changing his spats, it being on the stroke of the hour. "I think I saw Gladolyn Muggins at the horse show once, and she has all the peaches in Delaware frost-bitten two weeks earlier than usual, but I would think twice before I married her. You married for love—"

"Yes, and what luck had I? My first wife died. It was not until I married your mother for her money that I knew what happiness was. Take my word for it, if you marry Gladolyn, you will never regret it, and the name of Sniftuh will be found over the portals of some kind of temple in every city in the Union. I think I'll make it opera-houses. Music needs a boost."

"Father, I guess you're right; but how can I gain access to the daughter. He made his pile in the seventies and you never knew what money was until the late nineties. I can never be of her grade socially."

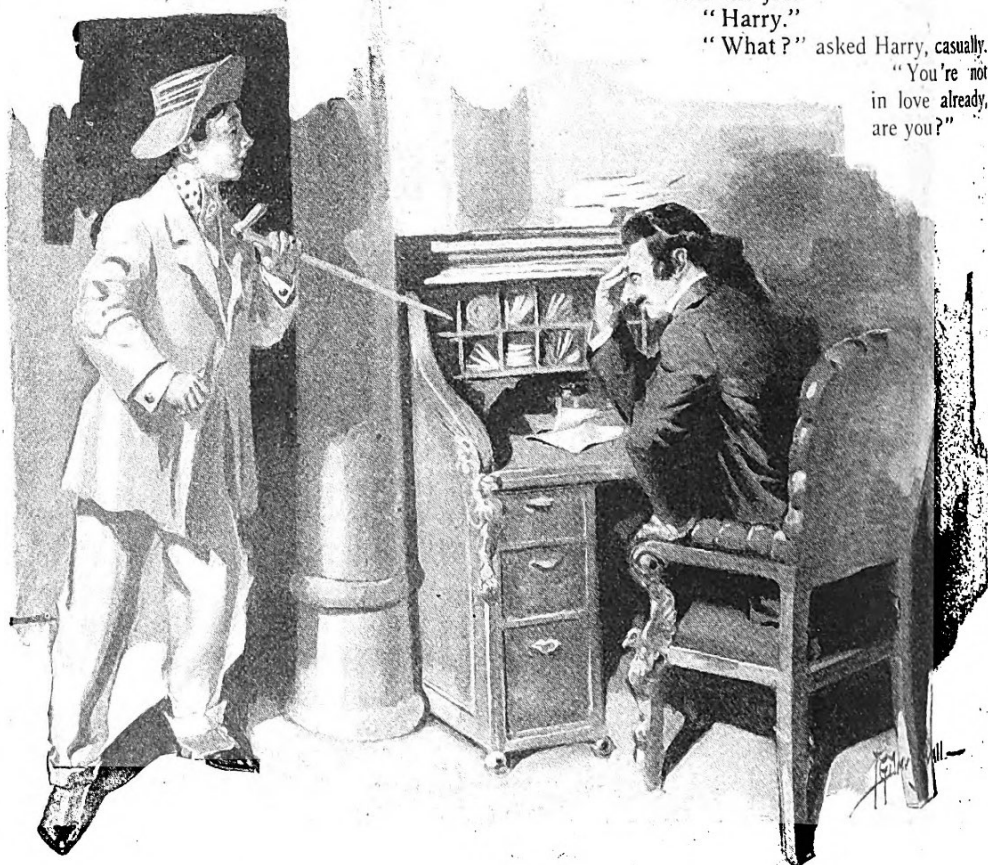
"My boy, it's up to you. Draw on me for any amount and also accept the responsibility. If this deal does n't go through I disinherit you."

"Oh, very well," said Harry, "I dare say I can do it somehow, but I don't like the job."

"Harry."

"What?" asked Harry, casually.

"You're not in love already, are you?"



Harry and his father belonged to that order of beings that makes money its god

"Father, how can you? Of course not. Marry first, love afterward."

It will be seen that both Harry and his father belonged to that order of beings that makes money, its god, and to whom woman is a mere pawn in the game. There are many such; alas that I should have to write it in a story that may be read by members of Sinclair's four hundred.

It did not take Harry long to make up his mind what to do. In front of Jabez Muggins's porphyry palace stood a twenty thousand-dollar touring-car, waiting to carry Glad-olyn to a bridge contest, where she stood ready to lose enough to have comfortably supported one thousand couples of the lower middle American class in comparative luxury until the end of a long honeymoon.

Harry went up to the chauffeur.

"Are you satisfied with your wages?" said he.

"No," answered the chauffeur in a surly tone.

"How much do you get a day?" asked Harry.

"A miserly fifty dollars."

"Good, then you are not above being bought?"

"No, I'm beneath it."

"Good again. If you will step into the café on the corner and change clothes with me, enabling

me to pass myself off as the chauffeur, I will give you ten hundred-dollar bills and guarantee you a position if you lose this."

"We do look something alike," said the chauffeur, conceitedly.

"Luckily, yes. But, quick!—there is no time to lose. I have found through telephoning that Miss Muggins will be out in twenty minutes, and that she was due at her appointment a half hour ago. She will naturally be in a hurry when she comes and will not notice the change."

"But why tell me all this?" asked the chauffeur.

Of course it will be seen that the real reason Harry explained this was so that the reader could readily understand what was going on. These things are sometimes done in dialogue, sometimes left undone—to the consequent perplexity of the reader.

A moment later and the chauffeur and Harry had disappeared within the swing doors of a café.

By the way, it is almost time that we got up a respectable word for café. In old times they were called "rum-holes." Then men who wished to patronize them, but did not care to incur the social obloquy that in those times resulted from a too-frequent frequency of them, called them "saloons."

This went very well for a time. A husband could speak of meeting a man in a "saloon" and the fond wife did not think of it as out of the way until it began to be bruited abroad that a "saloon" was really a "rum-hole."

To the next generation a "saloon" was a place where no decent man could be seen (unless you went in and found him there), and the husband realized that it was necessary to invent a new word. "Café" had an un-postum-like sound, so that was the reason.

Now "café" in its turn is coming to connote a "saloon" or "rum-hole," and it is time that a new word was coined. Loiter-house would sound kind of innocent.

While I have been rattling off this little essay on cafés, Harry and the chauffeur have been changing costumes, and they now emerge. The chauffeur looks as much like a real gentleman as Harry had looked, but that has nothing to do with the story. He walks out of the narrative at this point with the ten hundred in his breast pocket.

Harry made a bewitching chauffeur, and so the young lady thought who in less than thirty minutes made her way down the onyx steps of the palace and languidly sank into the tonneau, he having opened the door with professional alacrity.

"Where, miss?" asked Harry, touching his cap.

"Anywhere," said the beautiful girl, and Harry began going there at once at a gait that threatened to land him in the fining-house and the next morning's paper.

But if he speeded, it was for a purpose, and when he had reached the leafy lanes of Westchester County, he stopped the machine, turned around in his seat, and looked deliberately at the beautiful and handsomely dressed woman he had just transported thirty odd miles in an even forty minutes.

No sooner did he look her in the face then he

fell in love with her. He, Harry Sniftuh, who had never known love before, was bowled over at sight of this queenly creature. And she was visibly agitated at his gaze and asked herself, "Is this love? Am I in love with a mere chauffeur?"

She answered herself promptly, "I am."

"I am a man of few words," said Harry, with a determination that made its impression on the girl.

"I am a good listener," said the girl, "and I pardon your insolence for the sake of the novelty of the situation. What do you wish to say?"

"Five minutes ago, or four miles back, we passed a church. I know the rector of that church."

"This would be speedy, even in a novel of the day," said the girl, calmly. "Go on, but don't exceed the speed limit, or I may arrest you."

"You have arrested me. I am before you as an offender, and I know that I deserve the full penalty of the law, but I hope you will be lenient. I love you."

"That's easily said," said the girl, rubbing the kid on her glove until a diamond cut its way through. "I can say that myself, but I do not wish to appear bold."

"What is boldness?" cried Harry, impetuously. "It is generally the telling of the truth. If you love me, for heaven's sake tell me so, and we will visit the rector and get married. If you talk of money, I have not as much as you—"

The girl gave a start as if she had heard real news.

"If you talk of blood, my great-grandfather was drummed out of the Continental Army for cowardice, so that shows I am no new American fresh from Europe." He smiled on her in a way that made him seem even handsomer than he really was.

"Not one kiss until after the ceremony," said

[Continued on page 757]



"Darling!" said Harry, folding her in his arms



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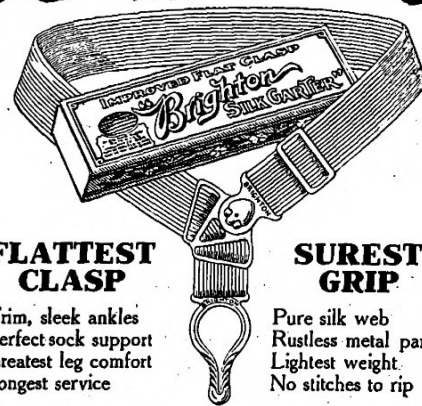
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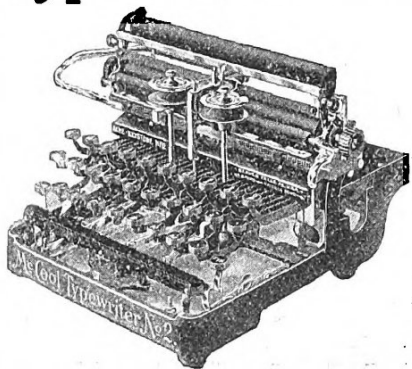
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The World in The MONTH in AMERICA

PRESIDENT TAFT in the course of his Western tour has been everywhere kindly and enthusiastically received. Whether he was attending a baseball game in Chicago or opening an irrigation tunnel in Colorado the people have turned out in large numbers to welcome their Chief Executive.

Taft in the West

The President's speeches, however, have not met with unanimous approval, especially in the land of the insurgents. His defense of the tariff bill in the Winona speech and his unstinted eulogy of Senator Aldrich have been read with amazement. His censure of the Republicans who insisted upon a redemption of Republican pledges, and his statement that party solidarity is more important than a reduction of tariff duties have awakened open hostility. The people of the trans-Mississippi States do not propose to allow their Representatives and Senators to be read out of the party for their refusal to support the Aldrich-Cannon tariff bill, and the indications are that the insurgent Congressmen will receive from their constituents an even more enthusiastic support than ever. The insurgents themselves, while regretting that they do not have the approval of the head of their party, are none the less determined to continue the fight.

WHILE the President has thus disappointed many earnest men who wish to support him, he has at the same time outlined a program of policy, which if carried out, will bring him the approbation of the American people. Mr. Taft promises to stand by the Roosevelt policies. He urges a postal savings bank, the passage of drastic inheritance taxes to correct swollen fortunes, the reform of the Hepburn interstate commerce law to expedite trials and give the Commission power over railroad classifications, and the granting to the Commission of the right to prevent railroads from uttering excessive issues of stocks and bonds. President Taft further advocates the limitation of preliminary injunctions in labor disputes and the passage of a law requiring the use of additional safety devices by interstate railways. Besides these reforms the Chief Executive promises to work for the removal of delays in the federal courts, and he places himself firmly on the planks of the conservation of natural resources, the reclamation of arid lands, the preservation of forests, the deepening of waterways and the entire reorganization of the public land system.

This is a splendid program, and one which will meet with the earnest approval of the American people. We do not, however, believe that this vast scheme of betterment can be carried out against the opposition of Aldrich, Cannon and their backers without more aggressive statesmanship than the President has yet seen fit to exercise. We are still hoping for aggressive statesmanship.

A LEGISLATIVE committee from New York is unwillingly learning a great deal about Direct Primaries. The legislative committee does not wish to report favorably, for that would help Governor Hughes and would injure all the big and little bosses of New York State. So the committee is keeping one eye and both ears tightly shut, and its brain is hermetically sealed.

Direct Primaries

In Chicago, the committee examined Professor C. Edward Merriam. "Now, Professor," said one committeeman after a brief conference, "in Wisconsin under the direct primary, the people elected to the Senate a millionaire eighty-two years of age. In New York under the old system the legislature elected to the Senate, Elihu Root."

"Yes," retorted Professor Merriam, "but the primary system in Wisconsin gave that State Senator La Follette and the old system in New York gave that State Senator Platt."

It is not on record that the committeeman gave Professor Merriam further instruction. Had he read the professor's recent book on primary elections, he might have learned that direct primaries are only one of many necessary reforms, that nominations, like elections, must be safeguarded from bribery by corrupt practices acts and must be defended, like all reforms, by the vigilance of the people. He might also have learned that the

direct primary in some form is already in force in one half the States, and that from the beginning reform in nominations and elections has taken no backward steps.

A committee convinced against its will is of the same opinion still. One of the committeemen, the Honorable Robert S. Conklin, sums up his recently acquired wisdom in the phrase, "Direct nominations is the greatest gold brick that was ever handed to a confiding people."

THE newspapers report that a young lady of New Brunswick has been poisoned by handling money. It does not appear whether or not this money was ever owned by an octopus trust. It seems just like other money, green and dirty and pleasant to look at.

Poisonous Money

Up to date there has been no marked tendency to leave money alone, and the filthy greenback still preserves its popularity.

UNCLE SAM is debating whether he shall make of himself a savings bank. While he is considering the question, the industrious aliens of Kansas City have been making of him a savings bank without his knowledge.

The Italians and Poles of this country do not trust the little banks of their fellow-countrymen, and they are wise in their decision.

Involuntary Postal Savings

As there has been no savings bank in the country with the backing of Government, they have sent over their petty savings to the postal savings banks of their own country, losing not a little in the transmission. Finally, an ingenious alien in Kansas City hit upon the plan of buying money orders made out to himself. He was willing, in order to have the security of the Government, not only to forego all interest but to pay thirty cents per hundred dollars. Others of his compatriots did likewise, so that at present it is believed that the involuntary postal savings bank carries \$250,000 of deposits.

The Italians and Poles of Kansas City have pointed the way for the American people. There are many men in this country whose fathers and grandfathers were born here, who are as much in need of having their savings protected as are the aliens who toil on our streets.

ACCORDING to James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, the seventy lean years are approaching. There is an increased tendency, says Mr. Hill, among the rural population, to abandon agriculture and flock to the cities. "We

Famine and Farming

have almost reached a point where, owing to increased population without increased production per acre, our home supply will be insufficient for our own needs; within ten years, possibly less, we are likely to become a wheat importing nation." The decline of agriculture, thinks Mr. Hill, means disaster to American society.

The words of Mr. Hill have found an echo in America and Europe, where men speak of the profligacy of our Republic and the manner in which the prosperity of unborn generations is being mortgaged for the needs of the present. All this is true. Still we do not believe that the agricultural resources of the country have been more than touched. We need more farming and better farming, and to obtain these we must have agricultural education and profits big enough to get and keep good men in the business. The more profitable and scientific farming is, the more good farmers we shall have.

Already we have put our hands to the plough and are revolutionizing our agriculture. We are rotating crops, using better and more machinery and draft animals and doing the work more scientifically. Forty years ago Pennsylvania raised 13.3 bushels of wheat to the acre; now she raises 16.6 bushels. Nebraska has increased her yield from 12.4 bushels to 17.8 bushels, and Ohio, Indiana and Illinois show similar gains.

It all depends on method and intelligence. If we do not make progress in agriculture we shall have to import food before our population reaches 110,000,000. If we use science we shall have plenty of food for 200,000,000 or even 300,000,000 Americans.

a Nutshell

THE North Pole controversy has not produced any results, according to our latest information, except universal fatigue. As we go to press Dr. Cook has not as yet produced any proofs that he has discovered the Pole. On the other hand Lieutenant Peary has not publicly presented the evidence which he alleges will forever silence his rival.

Quarreling About the Pole

The public has thus been left to form its opinion unprejudiced by facts, and for the most part that opinion has been friendly to Dr. Cook.

For whatever Commander Peary's merits as an explorer may be, as a debater he leaves much to be desired. Even his lifelong quest of the North Pole and his final triumph can not justify the vehemence of his attack upon Dr. Cook. A man who has devoted a lifetime to the attainment of an object may be pardoned for disappointment at having the prize snatched from under his hand, but Peary would much better have expressed his doubts calmly and let the scientists judge.

The American people are fond of controversies within reasonable bounds; they form their likes and dislikes and enjoy them hugely. But in the end they are essentially fair and neither Peary nor Cook need fear an unjust verdict.

WILBUR WRIGHT's feat of flying in his aeroplane from Governors Island in New York City up the Hudson River to Grant's Tomb and back again, while establishing no new records in aeronautics, constitutes a most important step in the conquest of the air.

The Hudson Conquered Again

The flight was made in a stiff breeze, over a river crowded with traffic, over the mighty war fleet assembled in honor of the Hudson-Fulton celebration, and in the midst of the treacherous air currents of the city of skyscrapers. This flight of twenty miles in thirty-three minutes is perhaps the most spectacular and daring that has yet been made. It gave our greatest city and its hundreds of thousands of holiday guests an inspiring example of man's latest achievement. By it the Statue of Liberty, the only silent witness of Wright's exploit, is given a new and broader significance.

It is especially fitting that New York State's celebration in commemoration of the discovery and conquest of the Hudson River should be marked by so great a step in the conquest of the air. Perhaps the nations of the earth will gather again in the year 2009 in a patriotic Hudson-Fulton-Wright celebration.

THEY who believe that America is losing religion will get little support from the recent census bulletin upon religious denominations. We hear constantly of the decline in religious faith, and yet, while the population of the country increased only 33.8 per cent. from 1890 to 1906, the number of church edifices increased 35.3 per cent., the number of communicants, or churchgoers, 60.4 per cent., and the value of church property 85.1 per cent. The Bulletin shows that in 1906 there were 32,936,445 churchgoers. During each day of the last sixteen years eight new churches were built.

A Religious Nation

A clever French traveler has said that American sects "may be innumerable, but they are alike." In a good sense this is true. We no longer witness the fierce bickerings of a century ago. We have lost our taste for polemics. But the differences between a Roman Catholic cathedral, a Christian Science tabernacle, a Methodist church, a Mormon temple, a Quaker meeting-house, a negro revival, a Salvation Army service, and an orthodox synagogue, all of which abound in America, are enough to show that we are wide enough apart in our religious observances and beliefs. There are one hundred and eighty-six religious denominations in the United States, and one thousand and seventy-nine independent churches. If a believer can not worship God according to the dictates of his conscience in any of these, he may found a Church of his own. In America religion is, and has always been, absolutely free and untrammelled.

The American has separated Church and State. This separation has always been admitted to be good for the State. The census bulletin shows that it has also been good for the Church.

SOMEBODY has stopped drinking! According to a recent statement compiled from official statistics by National Chairman Jones of the Prohibition Party there was a falling off from 1907 to 1909 in the production of alcoholic beverages of 2,142,614 barrels of beer and 14,657,329 gallons of whiskey, or in all of 2,045,987,685 drinks.

Somebody Has Stopped Drinking

Is it possible after all that prohibition does prohibit?

PROFESSOR MUENSTERBERG of Harvard says that there is no reason for our being nervous. Life, he says, is less strained to-day than it was a generation ago. The desk telephone saves us trouble, the hall elevator ditto, the Subway express and the Pullman car ditto, ditto. We have better light to read by, better food to eat, and better dentists to cure another great cause of nervousness.

Are We Growing Nervous?

Dr. Muensterberg comes, therefore, to the conclusion that the only thing the matter with our nerves is our nervous fear of nervousness.

This theory of Dr. Muensterberg is one of those half truths that are more false than a complete falsehood. We do have a telephone, but we talk to ten people now instead of one. We do have the hall-elevator, but we work on the twentieth floor instead of on the second; we do have a subway express, but we live ten miles away instead of one. Dr. Muensterberg makes a great deal of the fact that we have asphalt and macadam streets instead of cobblestones, but the traffic on the new streets is much greater and more confusing. It makes even a brave man nervous to cross some city streets, the wear and tear of hanging on a car strap is worse than that of a two hours' walk, while the worry of making both ends meet in these days of trusts is not what Dr. Muensterberg calls an "illusory idea." It may not be a nervous world for the man in the automobile, but it is decidedly a nerve-racking one for the man who dodges it.

OUR fellow-citizen in Nairobi, East Africa, is becoming embarrassed by the volume and character of his correspondence. Every day upon his return from a forty-mile tramp or a hippopotamus hunt, this private citizen runs plump into a regiment of dark-skinned letter carriers, bearing missives from his admiring but not-to-be-forgotten fellow-citizens at home. Mr. Roosevelt is asked his opinion about the tariff, the Battle of Boston, and the relative chances of Pirates and Tigers. And he is urgently requested to attend to several little commissions.

The Uses of an ex-President

Among the various trifles which the mighty hunter is requested to bring home with him are an assortment of living wild animals, a number of skins, a few large snakes, some birds' eggs, the teeth and claws of a dozen lions and tigers, a hot-house full of plants, a little pickled meat, and a few illustrated postal cards, giving us all an idea of the attractions of British East Africa. He is assured that if he will make the necessary outlay he will be reimbursed upon his return to America.

The President of the United States is the servant of the people. Is an ex-President also a servant?

THESE are great days for everybody and everything except the Atlantic Ocean. The latest indignity that has been heaped upon this once prominent feature of our geography is that of a four-day steamship.

Europe Four Days Away

The *Lusitania* has been something of a thorn in old Atlantic's side ever since she made her maiden voyage. But when, the other day, she landed passengers in New York on Thursday evening, after having given them their last glimpse of the green Irish hills on Sunday noon, she became for the first time a four-day boat. With this victory the old ocean which used to be an impassable barrier and a hungry monster and an undesirable citizen generally has come to be a sort of adjunct to the Cunard Steamship Company.

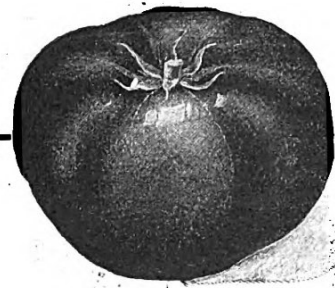
Now, with the new landing-place at Fishguard, Wales, a New Yorker can go to London, get tired of the place, and come back, all within a two-weeks' vacation.

IT used to be said of a certain great hotel in New York, that it secured exclusiveness to the masses. It looks now as though the progress of the automobile industry will soon place a motor-car at the disposal of the humblest—as though even the professional beggar will be able to use this means of locomotion in his business.

Automobiles for the Poor

The progress has been enormous. According to a statement of the American Motor-car Manufacturers' Association, there were only twelve hundred automobiles in the United States in 1898, while to-day (1909), there are one hundred and sixty thousand, or one to each one hundred American families. In the State of New York alone, sixty-nine thousand automobiles are registered.

Notwithstanding the one hundred and sixty thousand automobiles, the death rate is decreasing.



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The World in a Nutshell

THE operations of the late Edward H. Harriman were so stupendous, his character was so full of contradictions, the good that he did was so mixed with evil, that time alone will enable us to form a judgment upon this strange, quiet man.

The Napoleon of Railroads

At his death, Harriman was said to control or at least influence railroads with a capital valued at three billions of dollars. So supreme was his power that during his last illness stocks fluctuated with his pulse and temperature. One might have thought from looking at newspaper headlines that this great country depended upon the life and health of one financier.

As a stock manipulator, Harriman may go down in history as the last great figure in a passing era of industrial piracy. His audacity in the use of other people's money, his political and financial unscrupulousness, his flagrant disregard of the rights of the people stand out even now in the hour of his passing.

Yet Harriman was not all pirate. He was a constructive genius, a man who had faith in America, if not in Americans, a great railroad doctor who could make a broken down chain of weak lines into a vigorous and life-giving system. Although unscrupulous, Harriman built and did not wreck. He has left the country materially richer, even though he did not contribute to our spiritual wealth.

Harriman has been called our Napoleon of Railroads. His small physical frame, his indomitable energy, his realized and yet unrealized ambition were those of the great little Corsican. In the end Napoleon was a failure. Was Harriman also?

THE Metropolitan Life Insurance Company with 9,301,001 policy-holders has discovered that it is losing enormous sums through the ravages of consumption. Every thirty-two minutes of the day and night, a Metropolitan policy-holder dies of consumption. Over two hundred thousand Americans die of the disease every year. Of all deaths between the ages of twenty

Profitable Life-Saving

and thirty-five one half are from tuberculosis. The disease costs the country \$330,000,000 annually.

The Metropolitan is not a philanthropic organization, and it is interested in the cost of tuberculosis, not to the country but to itself. It has come to the conclusion that an ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure and costs less. The company has therefore printed and issued 3,500,000 copies of a pamphlet to go to the homes of its policy-holders. This pamphlet explains the principal facts about tuberculosis, and how it may be prevented and cured. The Metropolitan is also instructing its agents to explain to policy-holders the best methods of combating the disease and to report all cases to the officials. It is sending out physicians and nurses to urgent cases, and, as soon as the consent of the State of New York can be obtained, the company intends to establish a large sanitarium in which consumption can be gratuitously cured.

The project of the Metropolitan is philanthropy on a large scale, and, best of all, it is *philanthropy which pays*.

An Important American Novel

IT HAS not been our custom to enter here into the discussion of recent books, but when a work adequately presents some vital phase of American life, it seems worthy of mention. Such a book is "A Certain Rich Man," by William Allen White, the editor of the *Emporia Gazette*. While the whole story is one of unusual interest, Mr. White's most worthy achievement is the creation of a character, John Barclay, the villain as well as the hero of the story.

Barclay is an ordinary, likeable boy of the Civil War period who grows up into a money-worshipping young man. In his progress toward wealth he stops at no form of refined robbery, and he sacrifices everybody to what he hypocritically calls the "larger good." By these methods he becomes one of the country's trust magnates, and yet, throughout, the essentially human qualities of the man are retained, and the final repentance and redemption seem to come naturally and inevitably.

"A Certain Rich Man" is a biography not only of a person, but also of a city. The great conflict between idealism and materialism is waged in the growing middle Western town just as it is in John Barclay's soul.

EARLY in August, Bradstreet's reported that prices were steadily mounting. In September the same paper proves that "prices, speaking of them collectively, still continue on an upward grade." By its fruits we shall know "revision downwards."

Lo, the Ultimate Consumer

ALL mankind is divided into two parts; the one, people who are afraid of getting fat; the other, those who are afraid they won't. Of these the seekers after slenderness are probably in the majority, since the corpulent man's ample form is the better target for ridicule. Somebody has gone so far as to say that "Nobody loves the fat man."

Beware of Leanness

But if we are to credit an article in *Good Health* it is leanness, not obesity, we should strive to avoid, for fatness may be only a result of over-eating, while excessive slenderness is a disease.

Modern investigation seems to show that chronic emaciation is produced by an intestinal disease which may have dangerous consequences. The writer of the article referred to, declares that meat is the poorest possible diet for a thin person, who should eat largely of fruit, nuts, cereals and all starch foods and should avoid acids.

Perhaps after all Shakespeare's Caesar was right when he insisted upon being surrounded by fat men. Maybe history would have been different if the lean and hungry Cassius had not been a sufferer from auto intoxication and defective nutrition.

WHEN these United States shall have run their course; when, in some distant age, the New Zealander will sit upon the ruins of the Statue of Liberty and survey the great departed Republic, one striking trait will illuminate and explain the whole tangled history of America. That trait is the American's passion for education.

Philanthropy Old and New

It began at the beginning. The Puritans brought their schoolmasters with them. In 1630, the General Court of Massachusetts agreed to "give Four Hundred Pounds towards a School or College." The money was not forthcoming, but a few years later a dissenting clergyman named John Harvard bequeathed for a college half his estate, and his entire library of two hundred and sixty books. Other benefactions poured in: a number of sheep; a quantity of cotton cloth with an additional nine shillings; "a pewter flagon worth ten shillings;" "a fine dish;" "a sugar-spoon;" "a silver tipped jug;" and from other philanthropists, "one great salt, and one small trencher salt." Thus Harvard College was built—and other colleges.

To-day John D. Rockefeller gives a new ten millions of dollars to education, making his total of gifts no less than one hundred and twelve millions. It is a wise benefaction, nobly bestowed, and the dollars will bless boys and girls and children still unborn. The interest on this sum for a single hour is greater than many of the early gifts to education. Yet the spirit is the same, of the oil king and of the man who gave the "pewter flagon, worth ten shillings."

IN THE matter of canals we have always been at sea.

We have 26,400 miles of navigable rivers, but they are unrelated and do not speak as they pass by. We have built 4,500 miles of canals, but more than one half, costing over eighty million dollars, have been abandoned.

Future Waterways

While our railroad and ocean and lake traffic have been developing enormously, our shallow-water traffic has been decreasing. In 1855 the Erie Canal carried two hundred per cent. as much traffic as did the railroads of the State; in 1872, it carried less than thirty-three per cent.; in 1908, less than three per cent. Germany, France, England and Holland have developed their waterways but we with our hundreds of millions of tons of coal and iron ore and grain and building materials to carry have been neglecting our wonderful opportunities.

We are about to reform. A Congressional committee, composed of strong men and specialists, is now in Europe studying the question. This commission will investigate the traffic of the Elbe, Danube, Moldau, Rhine and Thames; it will look at the natural and artificial waterways of France, Belgium and Holland; at the Manchester Ship Canal, and the great harbors of London, Liverpool, Antwerp and Hamburg. It will study the relations between rail and water ways and all the technical and engineering problems involved in transportation by water.

The appointment of this commission marks, we hope, the beginning of a new era in our transportation problem. If we build up our waterways, not here and there by a system of log rolling, but universally and systematically, we shall be able to carry on the big business of the American people more economically and more efficiently. A good American inland water system would mean cheaper railroad rates and cheaper prices generally, for the river and canal can not be monopolized. We have railroad "Kings" but if we build our own internal waterways, we shall never have "Canal" Magnates.

The World in a Nutshell

The MONTH ABROAD

THE earnest men who are fighting in the British Parliament for just taxation for rich and poor have been greatly aided by the opposition of the English dukes. That rich but honest class have screamed most shrilly at the prospect of having to pay a heavy death duty on inheritances of a million dollars and over, and a peer who owns a million acres in the tight little island of Britain complains of the rapacity of the poor, who wish to tax this unused and monopolized land. Finally Lord Rosebery, once Liberal Premier of England, comes to the aid of the dukes.

Lord Rosebery and the British Vulture

Lord Rosebery in a brilliant speech denounced all taxation of the rich as socialism, which is, to use his eloquent words, "the end of all, the negation of faith, of family, of property, of the monarchy and empire." He shows that if a man without relatives dies possessed of \$3,750,000 and leaves it to a friend, and that friend dies without relatives and leaves the estate to another friend, the third friend will receive a bare \$2,500,000, which, says Rosebery, is "not taxation, but sequestration." He further accuses the Government of ingratitude in its collection of inheritance taxes, for, says he, instead of consecrating the memories of its dead South African heroes, the State waited on their corpses "like a vulture" to see if they had left any effects behind them.

Before Lord Rosebery reproached the British vulture he should have made sure who that interesting political fowl was. It has now been proved that the man by whom the death duties during the South African War were established was none other than Lord Rosebery himself. The noble lord has not helped the dukes, and the dukes have not helped themselves, and the budget goes on irresistibly. When the bill is reported to the House of Lords, it may be thrown out. If this happens, that august body may quietly drop out of the British Constitution. An English peer may be one of the noblest works of God, but he is more ornamental at an afternoon tea than in the solemn councils of the nation.

POOR old China is having a terrific time suppressing the use of opium. The habit has become so deeply rooted among all classes of Chinese that the Government's efforts to abate the vice are bringing small results.

China's Opium Troubles

The first enthusiasm for opium reform having worn off, there is a tendency in some quarters to become indifferent to the Government decree. There has been only a slight reduction in the opium crop, and many smokers have taken to opium and morphine eating, a habit that is said to be even more serious in its consequences.

The *North China News* of Shanghai, however, praises the Government's crusade as sincere and zealous, and regards it as one of the most hopeful signs of the awakening of the Yellow Race. Sir Alexander Hosie in an official British report also takes an optimistic view of the agitation.

One great drawback, says the *London Chronicle* is that the cooperation of the Anglo-Indian Government has not been thorough. The *Chronicle* calls upon the United States Government, which initiated the International Opium Conference last year, to take up the matter again and to come to the rescue of the Chinese Empire.

THE International Peace Conference in its recent meeting at Stockholm debated the question of a political union of the civilized world. It was proposed that a permanent legislative body composed of representatives from all the nations meet and pass laws which, when adopted by the several nations, would become binding on all. Such a body would be somewhat similar to the temporary Hague conferences, and in an administrative way to the International Postal Union, which includes all the important countries of the world.

A Federation of the World

How soon such an international legislature will be created can not be predicted, but, sooner or later, it is inevitable. Even men who believe in war are beginning to see that there are many subjects upon which the various nations can agree. The peace advocates—the men who are fighting for peace—find in such federation the next step in the resistless advance of man from a bloody age of tooth and claw to an era of peace on earth and good will to all men.

MEXICO is on the verge of a crisis, possibly of a revolution, because two men wish to become Vice-President. In the United States we are more likely to have men running away from that office. In Mexico, it is different and the reason is as follows:

The Crisis in Mexico

The President and Vice-President are elected for a term of six years. General Porfirio Diaz, the despot of Mexico, is now serving his seventh term, which will end on November 30, 1910. There is no doubt of his reelection, if he decides to run, for in Mexico it is not safe to vote against Diaz. But Diaz is seventy-nine years old to-day and will be eighty-six if he survives a new term. The man who is elected Vice-President next year will in human probability succeed to the Presidency through the death of Diaz.

There are two candidates; the present Vice-President, Ramon Corral, who is the administration's choice, and General Bernardo Reyes, the greatest soldier in Mexico after Diaz. Reyes is a brave man, or he would not dare run for President against the wishes of Diaz. He is called a revolutionist because he is appealing to the masses. He does not believe in peonage nor in the oppression of the people. The friends of law and order, principally the foreign investors and foreign bond holders, are in favor of Diaz and Diaz's man.

There are ugly rumors about Diaz and Mexico, rumors which will not down. It is claimed that the so-called Republic is really a brutal despotism founded on the robbery of a wretched and ignorant population, and in Yucatan and other Southern districts on chattel slavery. They do not call it slavery there, but enforced labor for debt. The truth, however, remains that thousands of men are bought and sold, lashed and tortured and even killed.

General Porfirio Diaz and his coadjutors have done much for Mexico's peace and prosperity, but the question remains: What have they done for Mexico's abject laborers and slaves? It is time for the world to know.

FOR hundreds of years the barefooted and empty-stomached poor of Guanajirato, Mexico, have been living in houses of gold. They were not Fifth Avenue mansions copied from Florence and Sienna, but just plain windowless huts made out of adobe or the mud of the Guanajirato gold district. A hundred of these huts had to be torn down to permit the construction of a railroad, and some man got the idea of analyzing the debris. The houses have now yielded fifty thousand dollars in gold to the possessors, and many a poor Guanajiratan who last year did not know where his next cigarette was coming from now revels in the prospect of sombreros and pulque and hot tamales for life.

Houses of Gold

New houses are being put up, but they are not mansions of gold. The latest building material in Guanajirato is plain, unsterilized common or garden mud.

THE bull-fight of Spain is doomed. It is not proposed to abolish it by law because such an enactment might cause a revolution, but restrictions are being imposed, and a new law forbids introducing into the ring for the second time a bull which has once killed or injured a matador. Bull-fighting has come to be a dangerous trade, and since it is manifestly impossible to prescribe rules of etiquette for a bull while he is being slaughtered, it is evident that the "noble sport" has reached the beginning of the end.

Anyway, if we are to believe a writer who describes the sport in a Paris magazine, bull-fighting is not what it was in the good old days. The profession of sticking rapiers into wild bulls is sadly degenerating, the fine traditions of the past are vanishing. Formerly bull-fighters had a pride in their work; they were miracles of dexterity, they were "Napoleons of tauromachy." Now every village lad thinks he is a mute, inglorious toreador and the fatalities are becoming more numerous than on the Spanish railways.

We suggest to our Spanish neighbors, if they must have their bull-fights, that the animal have his front legs tied together and his horns covered with plush, while the matador be armed with a gatling gun and a fuse of nitro-glycerine. With proper precaution bull-fighting may be made a safe and pleasant diversion for young and old.

The Effete Toreador

Exploded Theory—

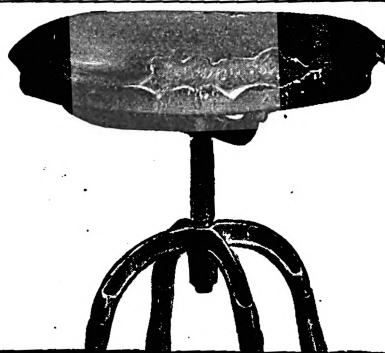
There was once a "theory" that coffee was a cause of dyspepsia, palpitation, etc., but it has ceased being a theory and is now an established fact.

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The World in a Nutshell

WOMEN EVERYWHERE

IF NATURE has not given you an engaging smile, the Shop Girls' University will.

The shopkeepers of Paris are becoming discouraged by the falling off in the national stock of amiability.

The Shop Girls' University

Formerly a French shopgirl smiled on you as though she had been working all these years just in the hope of your coming to the shop. Now her smile has come off, and she does not seem to care whether you buy an opera cloak or a paper of pins or merely ask her the time of day. Upon the smile of the Paris shopgirl depends the future of the French nation. Therefore the enterprising shopkeepers are about to open a school in which the shopgirls shall learn to do by rule what they once did by instinct.

The principal course in the Shop Girls' University will be in smiling. It seems easy to smile, but try it ten hours a day for six days in the week. Try it with an empty stomach and a tired brain. Try it when the professional shopper keeps you showing your wares for an hour and then sidles off from the counter without spending a sou or saying thank you. The graduate of the new school is going to smile as naturally as the waves break on the shore. She is going to have the patience of an angel and the manners of a feminine Beau Brummel. She is going to be an adept at practical psychology and at mercantile mesmerism, and she will be able to wheedle the purchaser into ruinous expenditures while leaving her under the impression that the impulse to buy comes from within. The new Paris shopgirl will be as wise as the serpent, as patient as the spider and as gentle as the cooing dove.

SOME one with a passion for genuine antique scandals has been poking into the private lives of classical English writers and finds among them a distressing proportion of celibates and of unhappily mated persons.

Unhappy Literary Homes

For the benefit of book-loving gossips he has prepared a list of the foremost British authors with a short description of their domestic relations. The list is so full of matrimonial wrecks that the compiler is forced to wonder whether cheesemongers, stock-brokers and the rest of us have as poor a chance at domestic happiness as poets and playwrights.

No fewer than twenty-five out of sixty-eight well-known authors never were married at all. A number including Milton, Bunyan, Southey and Hazlitt made several matrimonial ventures. Of the rest Shakespeare, Dryden, Addison, Coleridge, Carlyle, Ruskin and Dickens are the most notable of a long list of those who were unhappily married.

Why should the production of literature be apparently so incompatible with a happy domestic life? Are literary men less capable than lawyers and plumbers of choosing congenial mates? The truth seems to be that the writer husband is at home so much of the time that he becomes as familiar an object there as the old cane-bottomed chair. Two persons who can survive twenty-four hours of each other's society per day without jars are happily married indeed.

"I have only one thing to ask you," said the wise young bride-to-be to the prospective husband, "and that is that you will promise not to be in to lunch."

A FRENCHMAN has invented a machine called an anti-spire by the use of which bread may be made without flour—or at least what ordinarily goes under that name. The process is that of "direct panification."

Flourless Bread

The wheat, after soaking in tepid water, is put into a machine which completely pulverizes it, husk and all. It is mixed with yeast and salt and comes out in the form of dough ready for the oven. The result is said to be a very palatable bread with the healthful qualities supposed to lie in whole wheat bread, and with a considerable gain in economy.

This machine is designed for household use. If it ever becomes practicable, the housewife will have her wheat brought in from the barn or delivered at the door together with the other groceries. The sound of the "antispire" will be as familiar in the home as that of the coffee mill, and expert panification will be regarded as an asset for prospective brides.

At last reports the millers of the country had not awakened to the impending danger.

THE Republicans of New Haven are having a hard time finding a suitable candidate for mayor and the difficulty all lies with the women. Some time ago the party leaders are said to have offered the position to ex-Governor Woodruff.

The Unwilling Wives

"I should like to run," replied the ex-governor, wistfully, "but my wife won't let me." One Eli Whitney was next approached, but after a hasty trip home he also declined with thanks.

Finally the honor was offered to Judge Mathewson and his decision was favorable. That night, however, much to the politicians' dismay, the Superior Court presided over by Mrs. Mathewson reversed the judge's decision. When last seen, the party was still without a candidate, but was making a vigorous search among middle-aged bachelors.

THE State of Washington, which has made progress along so many reform lines, has taken another step forward by promoting a woman to the important office of Assistant Commissioner of Labor. This office, created by the legislature of 1909,

A Woman Labor Commissioner

has been filled by the appointment of Mrs. Blanche H. Mason, who for several years was factory inspector in Michigan. Mrs. Mason's new duties, for which it is claimed she is preeminently fitted, will embrace the inspection of mercantile and factory establishments and the collection of statistical information on wages and health.

Upon the work of the labor commissioners of the States depend the health and happiness of many hundreds of thousands of working women and children. The appointment of women to these positions seems therefore to be in harmony with the highest interest of this important service.

WE ARE hearing a great deal about Americans not owning the houses they live in, and there is much truth in the claim. The modern man is anxious to own property, but he does not care as much as his father or grandfather did whether that property is the actual house wherein he has his being. In fact, many people intentionally rent instead of owning their houses, so that they

Two Million Home-Seekers

may find it easier to move. Yet the old home-seeking instinct is not dead, as was shown by a recent meeting in Philadelphia of the United States League of Local Building and Loan Associations. There are 5,600 such associations at present in the United States, with almost two million members and eight hundred million dollars in assets. The membership, moreover, is constantly increasing.

In his welcoming address to the convention Mayor Reyburn spoke of the good accomplished by these organizations in enabling the people to own their homes and in developing habits of thrift.

EASTWARD the course of the emancipation of woman takes its way. America was the first land to accord to woman a dignified position coequal with man, to open the universities and schools and professions to her, to accord her equal legal rights, and even in certain States to accord her the full right of the suffrage. From America the emancipation of women spread to Western Europe, then to Eastern Europe and finally to the far East of Asia.

The Asiatic Woman

Writing in the *Chicago Interior*, the East Indian Saint Nihal Singh speaks of the great advancement of the Asian woman. The Oriental man and the Oriental woman are looking at each other with new eyes and the shackles of feminine slavery are falling off. In Japan the progress is very rapid; in Hindustan hardly less so. In India the old tribal family life is breaking down, and the newly married girl wants to live with her own husband, untrammelled by her mother, grandmother and great-grandmother-in-law. The education of Indian women is being agitated, and schools for girls are being established in all parts of Hindustan. Women are beginning to ask for professional training, and the Hindu widow, who, because of her patience, acute perception and faithfulness, has been called "the most valuable asset India possesses to-day," has determined to be more than a widow and to become a self-supporting woman, leading a free, economic life.

The door has been opened for the Asiatic woman.

The door has been opened for the Asiatic woman.

The World in a Nutshell

If she shows the greatness of so many historic representatives of her sex and continent, the new movement will mean an incalculable uplift to future hundreds of millions of our fellow humans.

WHAT are the physical proportions of the perfect woman?

A London theatrical newspaper contains an advertisement offering five hundred pounds sterling to "a really classical beauty. She must possess a really perfect face and figure; minimum height, five feet seven inches."

"A Perfect Lady"

Most of us believe that there are many types of beautiful women, but the English advertiser is more exacting. He is willing, he says, to pay even a thousand pounds if he can engage a perfect woman with the specifications he demands. These specifications, which are as exact as the plan and elevation of a tenement house, show what a physically perfect woman is to the English vaudeville proprietor.

This perfect woman must be just five inches below six feet. There must be seventeen inches from shoulder to elbow, and ten inches from elbow to waist. The upper arm must be twelve inches around, bust 38 inches, waist 30 inches, hips 42 inches, forearm 9½ inches, wrist 6 inches, ankle 8½ inches, instep 9½ inches, length of the foot 9 inches.

Many women have applied for this £500 job as a perfect lady, but none, so far, has been accepted.

PERSONS of the MOMENT

THE NEW DIRECTOR OF THE MINT is Professor A. Piatt Andrew, a Princeton and Harvard man. He is only thirty-six years old, but he is said to know more about money and finance than most people twice his age.

THE CONVICTION OF POLICE INSPECTOR McCANN for grafting on vice has given Chicago a sensation that she has not enjoyed for several years. It is generally regarded as the first battle in State's Attorney Wayman's war upon official corruption.

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF of the Grand Army of the Republic is Samuel R. Van Sant. He is a native of Illinois and served in the Ninth Illinois Cavalry. His later life has been spent in Minnesota, of which State he was Governor from 1901 to 1905.

AMONG THOSE WHO "ALSO FLEW" at the Hudson-Fulton celebration was Glenn Hammond Curtiss. Weather conditions prevented Mr. Curtiss from making his official flight and engagements elsewhere made it impossible for him to wait for favorable winds.

A FRENCH PHYSIOLOGIST, PROFESSOR CHARLES RICHTER, has invented an apparatus for purifying the air in rooms. It is an electric ventilator which drives the air through a spray of glycerine and robs it of its germs. The new contrivance is expected to be an excellent substitute for the open window.

A NEW PRESIDENT WAS INSTALLED AT HARVARD ON October sixth, in the presence of some of the most distinguished educators of America and Europe. In his inauguration speech Dr. Abbott Lawrence Lowell promised to devote himself to remedying some of the evils of undergraduate life.

FRANCES SQUIRE POTTER has resigned a professorship in the University of Minnesota to take an active part in the equal suffrage movement. Mrs. Potter is an effective speaker and writer and her principal work will be in the National Woman's Suffrage Association and the College Equal Suffrage League.

IN ANNOUNCING a decision by the Supreme Court of Oklahoma, Judge Furman recently dealt a hard blow to legal quibbling. He annunciated the principle that law cases should be decided on their merits and not upon technicalities. No verdict, he says, should be set aside because of a harmless error.

MISS MARY HARRIMAN, daughter of the late financier, is to have charge of the great 14,000 acre estate, Arden, and of all the work and improvement that is going on there. The activities include truck farming and an immense dairy, and there is a great deal of roadmaking and landscape gardening to be done.

THE INTERNATIONAL BALLOON RACE WAS WON BY Edgar W. Mix of Columbus, Ohio. Mix was the only American entered in the contest and his victory brings next year's races to America. He flew from Zurich 695 miles in 38 hours and landed in Poland where he was promptly arrested by the Russian police.

IF THE POSITION of master of America's railroads can be transmitted, it will be held in future by Robert Scott Lovett. "Judge" Lovett was Harriman's legal adviser and upon his capable shoulders falls the management of the Harriman railroad interests. Those who know him say that he is equal to the task.

FEW PERSONS in recent years have been more widely or more sincerely mourned than John A. Johnson. There seems to have been something in the character of Minnesota's Governor that strongly suggested Abraham Lincoln. His early life of bitter poverty, his simple, rugged honesty and his lovable nature, all justify the comparison.

GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT recently acted as grand marshal to the greatest temperance parade Chicago ever saw. It is estimated that twenty-five thousand people took part in the procession which occupied Chicago's business district for an entire afternoon. It was a tremendous outpouring of the enemies of the liquor traffic.

CHARLES R. CRANE, the newly appointed minister to Peking, has been summoned to Washington and has been compelled to delay his departure for China. The reason given was further information and instruction. The appointment of Mr. Crane is regarded as an excellent one, and it is hoped that nothing will prevent his taking this important post.

FRED CLARKE AND HUGHEY JENNINGS are names to conjure with in baseball circles. As managers of the Pittsburgh and Detroit teams, respectively, pennant winners of the National and American Leagues, they occupy conspicuous places in the baseball fan's Hall of Fame. The statues of Frank Chance and John J. McGraw have been considerably damaged.

THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT OF APPEALS has upheld the conviction of John R. Walsh, the well-known Chicago banker, for misapplication of funds. Nothing now stands between the banker and a prison sentence except a possible reversal by the Supreme Court. Walsh has been one of the "dizziest" financiers of the Western metropolis.

IN THE EFFORT TO PREVENT A CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS in England, King Edward has intervened in the budget situation with the hope of bringing about a compromise between the House of Commons and the Lords. It is very unusual for the king to take part in domestic politics, and it seems doubtful whether even the royal influence can force the Commons to retreat.

A METHODIST EVANGELIST, REV. A. W. MARSHALL, recently issued a challenge from his pulpit in Germantown, Pennsylvania, to all drinking men to meet him in ten athletic contests which would test strength, agility and endurance. Dr. Marshall is a very muscular minister of the Gospel, and as yet none of Germantown's alcoholic champions have accepted the challenge.

AN UNWILLING, but apparently a very competent witness in the North Pole controversy is Harry Whitney, the millionaire sportsman who spends a lot of spare time in the Arctic regions. Whitney was at Etah when Dr. Cook arrived there with the news of the big discovery, and he took charge of Cook's things. As to the Pole itself, Whitney refuses to commit himself except to deny that he, himself, discovered it.

THE MOVEMENT HEADED BY WALTER S. DICKEY to revive steam traffic upon the Missouri River is making marked progress. The business men of Kansas City have subscribed liberally to a boat-line company which will operate fast modern ships upon the river. Kansas City, which has enjoyed a most amazing growth, will not be satisfied until she has supplemented her railroad facilities with cheap, rapid river transportation.

ONE OF THE BROADEST GRINS IN MINNESOTA is that worn by James A. Tawney. Congressman Tawney was the only member of the Minnesota delegation to vote for the tariff bill and he was not any the more popular for the distinction. President Taft's Winona speech was a vindication of Tawney and a great smile compeller. There are Minnesotans, however, who declare that Tawney's smile is not of the hard and fast variety.

ARTHUR E. STILWELL, president of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway, which is being pushed through rapidly to Topolobampo on the west coast of Mexico, is one of the most vigorous of our railroad men. After several disastrous experiences with prominent financiers, Mr. Stilwell decided to build his road without the help of Wall Street. By the aid of English capital he succeeded, and his railroad which will be completed within two years' time will constitute, in connection with the Hawley system, the first ocean to ocean route.

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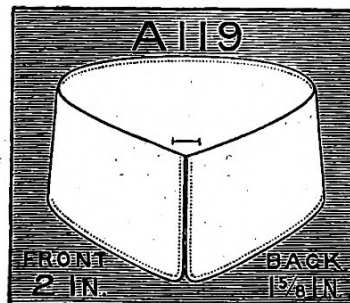
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EDITORIAL CHAT

The Poor Boy Who Made Good

THE recent death of Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, recalls to the American people a wonderful story of what clear grit can do for a poor American boy. Born in poverty, hemmed in on every hand by seemingly insurmountable obstacles, without friends, or opportunity for education or advancement of any sort, with a drunken father in the almshouse, who had left to him and his sturdy Scandinavian mother the task of supporting the family of seven, John A. Johnson has added one more name to the glorious roll of American boys with "no chance" who have conquered adversity and risen to distinction.

When young Johnson was fourteen, he got a position in a store at \$2.50 a week. The weather was biting, the mercury being often far below zero in that Northern winter. Although the boy had only a thin summer alpaca coat, he absolutely refused to buy an overcoat, and turned every cent he earned over to his mother. His employer offered to sell him a coat on credit, but he could not be persuaded to run in debt; besides, he said, with great emphasis, that his underclothes were "awfully warm."

He got a chance, later, to make a little extra money by working evenings, inking the roller for a hand-printing press, pumping bellows in a blacksmith's shop, and carrying mail to houses outside the postal delivery route. In this way he earned enough to buy a cheap coat.

The boy's great ambition was to make something of himself, to stand for something, and he left no stone unturned to effect his object. He tried for months to get a place in the village drug-store, because he thought he could learn so much from the politicians who gathered there in the evening. Many times the proprietor told him he had no place for him, but when he found that the boy would not be turned down he gave him a position at a very small salary.

How can you keep down a boy with such grit after he has once learned the alphabet? While thousands of boys and girls in Minnesota were complaining that they had "no chance" to get an education or a start in the world, this poor boy managed to find a way to get both, even while struggling to carry the burden which his drunken father had dropped on the shoulders of his mother and himself. Where other boys saw only mediocrity and humdrum lives, he saw the opportunity for great things. What did a boy with such grit care for obstacles! He felt he was ready for anything that should get in his way. A chance was all he wanted, and he did not wait for this to come to him—he made it. In spite of heavy handicaps, which would have crushed a less resolute soul, young Johnson climbed steadily upward until he was finally nominated for governor of his great State—Minnesota.

And here his grit and manhood were put to a terrible test. His enemies tried to kill him politically by posting placards in every conceivable place throughout the State, abusing his foreign antecedents, and urging people to vote against John A. Johnson, because "his father was a drunken loafer" and his mother took in washing. Transparencies of the same character were carried in parades in many parts of the State. A copy of the certificate of his father's death in the poorhouse was also circulated far and wide in an effort to discredit his candidacy, but in spite of all these contemptible subterfuges of his enemies to defeat him he was elected governor by an overwhelming majority. More than that, he was twice reelected to the office by popular vote, tens of thousands of men of the opposite political party voting for him.

In his days of poverty and stress in St. Peter, young Johnson never said to himself, "There are no opportunities in this little backwoods village. If I am ever to amount to anything, I must go to a great city where the opportunities are." He resolved to make good at home, right where he was born.

"My ambition," said Governor Johnson, after his first election to the governorship, "was to make good in the town where I was born, make good for myself and the folks—and I did."

You Can Realize Your Heart's Desire

THE mere habit of vigorously claiming as our own, as a vivid reality, that which we long for, yearn to attain, has a tremendous magnetic power. Persistent, unyielding faith that the thing we desire will come to us will tend to bring it, will help us to realize it.

There is a divinity in an honest desire. Our legitimate longings are evidences that there are realities to match them. Faith is not only the substance of things

hoped for, it is the substance which indicates that there is a reality to correspond with them.

We can not understand how the inventors, the discoverers, the achievers, can bear up under years of poverty, suffering, and the torture of being misunderstood and denounced by those dearest to them, but it is because their faith opens up a beautiful vista and gives them a peep into the promised land of fulfillment.

Faith is a great sustainer, because it sees ahead, beyond the clouds and the fogs. It is constantly assuring its possessor that what he longs for, yearns for, struggles for, shall sometime be realized; that what he is seeking with all his heart is seeking him, and that the desire, and the reality shall sometime come together.

Live mentally the life you would like to live in reality, the life you desire, long for, and you will tend to draw it to yourself. The mental picture and the reality attract each other because they belong together—they are kin.

If you are poor, vigorously send out the thought that it is right for you to have plenty, that abundance is your birthright, and you mean to have it. Hold persistently the suggestion of opulence, of prosperity, and you will draw it to you. We tend to realize that which dominates in the thought, and if we hold a poverty thought, if we think poverty, we shut the door to supply.

If you are out of a position, do not get panicky and terror-stricken lest you may not find one, and come to want. Just believe that you are going to get a position, and a good one; that there is just the right place for you somewhere—the one that is fitting your capacity and preparation, and that you are going to get it. Keep doubt out of your mind, for it is a great handicap. It strangles more success possibilities than almost anything else. The victims of doubt, of self-depreciation, of fear, are everywhere. Never for a moment allow yourself to doubt that what you are honestly, earnestly striving for with all your might will come to you. An attitude of confidence, assurance, expectation of the reward of your earnest endeavor is the mental attitude that will help you to realize your hope.

There is a tremendous power in focusing the mind constantly, vigorously, persistently, upon the goal. I have always noticed that difficulties look much more formidable at a distance than they do at near range. When we get close to an obstacle we are often surprised to find how easily it is overcome, how quickly it dissolves, when confronted by a determined mind.

Supposing that the way does look dark to you; that you see no light, no opening; do not take it for granted that there is no way out for you; that you will have no way to express what God has locked up in you just because you happen to be temporarily tied to an iron environment and see no way of getting away from it. Wait, and work, and have faith. The closing of one door always means the opening of another.

The right mental attitude is a powerful magnet, and whatever you desire to have or to be, you should affirm constantly to yourself that you have that thing, that you are what you long to be. If you wish to be well and strong, if you wish to have vigorous health, to have plenty instead of poverty, constantly say to yourself, "I am well; I live in abundance; there can be no lack, no poverty, no want, in my life; I am wealth because I am principle."

The habit of thinking and asserting that things are as we would like to have them, as they ought to be, holding tenaciously the mental picture of ourselves as we want to be, thinking and asserting our own wholeness, completeness, and that we can not lack anything, because we are one with the All-Good, one with the Principle that made us, not alone helps us to realize our desires, but also gives us a marvelous sense of serenity, of content.

The life follows the thought. When the mind dwells upon a certain line of thought for a long time, it tends to bring the whole life into harmony with it. The constant contemplation of good things, of pure, holy things, incites to the doing of them. The constant dwelling upon and contemplating the beautiful, sublime, noble and true, and the effort to incorporate them into the life, make the character beautiful. Our longings, our desires, are out-pictured in our lives. The desire is the pattern the life processes tend to reproduce.

The Influence of the Mind Upon Digestion

WHILE it is true that overeating, irregular eating, and eating incompatible things which should never be taken into the stomach at the same time, cause chemical changes in the system which generate poison,

yet most changes in the system can be traced to mental causes.

We all know how quickly our digestion is affected by our moods, by our mental processes, our mental attitude. A sudden shock caused by a telegram or letter containing bad news will often completely arrest the entire digestive processes, which will not be resumed until the mind is again in comparative harmony. Discordant thoughts, fits of anger, jealousy, despondency, unpleasant sensations of every kind, seriously affect the digestion.

The finding of a hair or any disgusting thing in our food will often so affect our stomachs that we can not eat anything for some time after. Our sensation of hunger departs instantly and the very thought of food nauseates us. Just think of the tremendous power thought must have to cause this instantaneous revulsion and the complete cessation of all the digestive processes!

If we could examine the stomach after a severe mental shock from bad news, we should find the natural flow of digestive fluids from the digestive follicles suspended. The follicles would be parched and for the time absolutely deprived of their digestive power.

Since physicians the world over now admit that dyspepsia is a mental disease, it is clear that if you persist in holding the cheerful, harmonious, healthful thought, instead of the despondent, inharmonious unhealthy thought, which upsets and demoralizes digestion, you will be able to overcome dyspepsia, as well as many other physical ills that result from wrong thought.

The digestive processes follow the mental processes. They coincide with them. If we persistently, habitually, hold thoughts which are always working in us for health, the joy thoughts, the contentment thoughts, the good-will thoughts, which produce harmony, serenity and poise, we tend to establish mental health, and when this is done, the body will fall into line, because every thought tends to out-picture itself in the bodily condition. On the other hand, discordant, inharmonious thoughts will manifest themselves in various forms in the body, now rheumatism, now dyspepsia, headaches, or some other form of ill health.

The Increasing Demand for Relaxation

THE tremendous strain of modern life has created a great demand for the kind of amusement and literature which affords complete relaxation, an entire unbending of the mind. The mental faculties are severely exercised during the working hours of the day, and, like the always-bent bow, if the strain is not occasionally relaxed, they will lose their spring, their projectile force. People feel compelled to seek light, silly amusement in order to preserve the physical and mental balance which nature demands, and which is jeopardized in the perpetual strain of business cares.

The great success of the drama in its lower forms—the light and superficial, the sickly sentimental, the melodramatic or sensational plays, as compared with its frequent failure in its higher forms; plays that contain strength or uplift—is due largely to the overwhelming demand for complete relaxation, an entire change from the exhausting stress of business or professional life.

The same thing is true of the vapid, trashy novel. It is not so much due to their admiration for such stuff as to their craving for relaxation, for brain rest, nature's compensation for overstrain, that people read such literature.

As there seems to be no hope in the present tendency of the times of stopping the deadly pace at which we are going, a pace which is dwarfing and unpoising the human race, the only remedy seems to lie in the indulgence in healthy, uplifting recreation of all kinds, recreation that will be a tonic for the mind as well as for the body, instead of the enervating and demoralizing amusements and relaxation in which so many people now indulge.

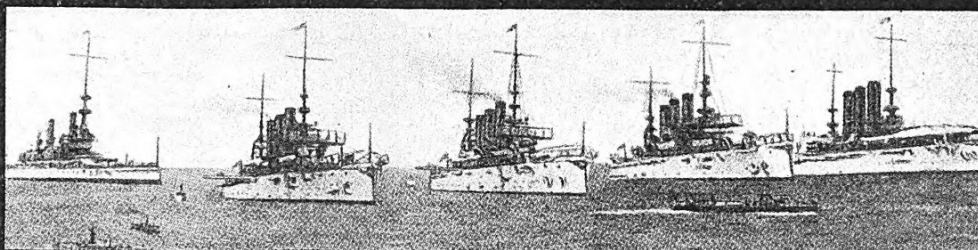
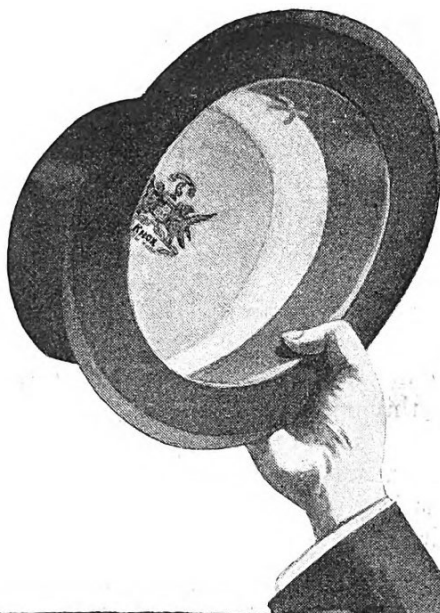
We Attract Our Affinities

THERE is something back of the rose which enables it to clothe itself with beauty, to call to itself a fragrance which intoxicates. It attracts its affinities—beauty, grace, sweetness—from the same surroundings from which another plant, close beside it, extracts deadly poisons and odors which disgust.

Two members of the same family, having the same parents, the same environment, and the same advantages, grow up diametrically opposite in every respect. One calls out of his environment a liberal education, fine culture, splendid opportunities, while the other grows in ignorance only, sees no opportunities, and, if he did, would not grasp or utilize them. Of the same stock, and in the same environment, one develops virtue, the other vice; one beauty and the other ugliness.

Everything but Love

EVERYWHERE we see people starving for love, famishing for affection, for some one to appreciate them. On every hand we see men and women possessing material comfort, luxury, all that can contribute to their physical well-being—they are able to gratify almost any wish—and yet they are hungry for love. They seem to have plenty of everything but affection. They have lands and houses, automobiles, yachts, horses, money—everything but love!



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530 murrain

fâte, fâr; mē, hēr; mine;

musk

complaint in a low, muttering voice—*v. i.* to utter a murmur; to grumble.—*n.* murmur.—*a.* murmur, making a low continuous noise.—*adv.* murmuringly.—*a.* murmurous, attended with murmurs: exciting murmur. [Fr.,—L.; imit.]

murrain, mur'ran, or -'rin, *n.* an infectious and fatal disease among cattle, esp. foot-and-mouth disease. [O. Fr. *morine*, a carcass—L. *mori*, to die.]

muscatel, mus'ka-tel, *n.* a rich, spicy, wine: also the grape producing it.—*n. pl.* muscatels, sun-dried raisins. [O. Fr.,—It. *moscadello*, dim. of *muscato*—L. *muscus*, musk.]

muscle, mus'tl, *n.* an animal tissue consisting of bundles of fibers through whose contractility bodily movement is effected.—*a.* muscled, supplied with muscles.—*ns.* muscula'tion, the arrangement of muscles of a body; musculosity.—*a.* musc'ulous, same as muscular. [Fr.,—L. *musculus*, dim. of *mus*, a mouse, a muscle.]

muscoïd, mus'koid, *a.* (bot.) moss-like.—*n.* a moss-like, flowerless plant.—*ns.* muscol'ogy, the part of botany which treats of mosses; muscosity, mossiness. [L. *muscus*, moss, Gr. *eidōs*, form.]

muscovado, mus-kō-vā'do, *n.* unrefined sugar. [Sp. *moscavado*.]

Muscovite, mus'co-vit, *n.* a native or an inhabitant of Moscow, or of Russia.—*a.* of or pertaining to Moscow or to Russia.

muscular, mus'kū-lar, *a.* pertaining to a muscle: consisting of muscles: having strong muscles: brawny: strong: vigorous.—*n.* muscularity, state of being muscular.—*adv.* musc'ularly. [See muscle.]

muse, mūz, *v. i.* to study in silence: to be absent-minded: to meditate.—*n.* deep thought: contemplation: absence of mind: the inspiring power, as of a poet.—*adv.* mus'ingly. [O. Fr. *muser*, to ponder, dream.]

Syn.—muse—consider, contemplate. Ant.—stir, act, move.

Muse, mūz, *n.* one of the nine goddesses of poetry, music, and the other liberal arts: a powerful poetic inspiration.—Names of the Muses:—Calliope, of epic poetry; Clio, of history; Erato, of amatory poetry; Euterpe, of lyric

poetry; Melpomene, of tragedy; Polyhymnia, of lyric poetry and eloquence; Terpsichore, of dancing; Thalia, of comedy; Urania, of astronomy. [Fr.,—L. *musa*—Gr. *mousa*.]

museum, mū-zē'um, *n.* a collection of natural, scientific, or other curiosities, or of works of art.—*ns.* museol'ogy, the science of arranging; museog'raphy, of describing, museums. [L.,—Gr. *museum*; cf. *Muse*.]

mush, mush, *n.* a meal boiler: esp. cornmeal: anything mushy, soft, pulpy.

mushroom, mush'



Mushrooms.

mos (Ger. *moos*, *n.*

music, mū'zik, *n.*

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Muse.)

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musk, musk, *n.* a

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fume with musk.—

name given to a nu

smell more or less strongly of musk;

musk'iness; musk'melon, the juicy ed

ible fruit of a trailing herb (*Cucumis*

melo), or the plant; musk'-ox, a rumin

nant of arctic America, with long,

smooth hair, exhaling a strong musky

smell; musk'rat, a North American

aquatic rodent yielding a valuable fur,

and secreting in its gland a substance

The large illustration is a full-size photographic reproduction of the Intercollegiate Dictionary, which is one-fourth the size of the ordinary dictionary.

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TO THE PROPOR-
TEACHER'S BIBLE

FLEXIBLE MOROCCO BINDING
RED EDGES—THUMB INDEX
THOS. H. RUSSELL, LL.B., EDITOR

muskallunge

môte, möve; müte; then.

mute 501

with a musky smell—also mus'quash.—
a. musky, having the odor of musk.
[Fr. *musc*—L. *musculus*, Gr. *moschos*—
Pers. *mus*—Sans. *mushka*, a testicle.]

muskallunge, mus'kul-lunj, n. a large
American pike, highly esteemed as a
game-fish and for food.—Also *maska-
longe*, *maskallonge*, *maskinonge*, *mus-
kellonge*, *muskalonge*, etc. (The spell-
ing preferred is that of the official re-
ports of the U. S. fisheries. The Can-
adical spelling is *maskinonge*.)
que allongé, *masque longue*, lit.
long; Algonkin *maskinonge*—mas,
long.

musket, mus'ket, n. any kind of
hand-gun.—ns. armed with a
musket in general:
a body of troops
O. Fr. *mousquet*,
wk—It. *mosquet*.

muslin, mus'lin, n. fine soft cotton
e in appearance,
it any looping of
a weft—generally
oric, printed with
cotton cloth for
Fr. *mousseline*—
sul in Mesopota-

mosquito, mos'quito, n. a scramble:
t. to throw into
[O. Fr. *mousche*,
wk—It. *mosquet*.

muscular, mus'cular, n. marine bivalve
—n. *mus'culite*,
ll. [A. S. *muscle*,
le; all from L.

muscular, mus'cular, n. shun, n. inartic-
g.—v. t. *mus-*

Muslim, mus'lim, n. a Moslem
or Mohammedan:—pl. *Muss'ulmans*
(-manz). [Turk. *musulman*—Ar. *mus-
lim*, *moslim*, Moslem.]

musky, mus'ky, a. disordered.—n. *mus-*
iness.

must, must, v. i. to be obliged physi-
cally or morally. [A. S. *mot*, *moste*;
Ger. *mussen*.]

must, must, n. wine pressed from the
grape, but not fermented: mustiness:

mold. [A. S. *must*—L. *mustus*, new,
fresh.]

mustache, *moustache*, mus-tash', n.
the hair upon the upper lip of men.—
adjs. *mustached*', *mustach'ioed*. [Fr.,
—Ger. *mustax*, the upper lip.]

mustang, mus'tang, n. the wild horse
of the prairies: a bronco. [Sp. *mesteno*,
wild.]

mustard, mus'tard, n. a plant of the
genus *Brassica*, hav-
ing a pungent taste:
the seed thereof
ground and used as
a seasoning for meat,
as a plaster, etc.—
wild mustard, the
charlock. [O. Fr.
mostarde (Fr. *mou-
tarde*)—L. *mustum*,
must.]

muster, mus'ter, v. t.
to assemble, as troops for duty or in-
spection: to gather, summon (with up).
—v. i. to be gathered together, as troops.
—n. an assembling of troops: a register
of troops *mustered*: assemblage: col-
lected show.—n. *mus'ter-roll*, a register
of the officers and men in each com-
pany, troop, or regiment present at the
time of muster.—pass *muster*, to pass
inspection uncensured. [O. Fr. *mostre*,
monstre—L. *monstrum*—*monere*, to
warn.]

musty, must'i, a. moldy: spoiled by
damp: sour: foul.—adv. *must'ily*.—n.
must'iness. [Doublet of *moisty*—L.
musteus, new.]

Syn.—musty—mildewed, stale, rotten,
sour, fetid, grimy. Ant.—fragrant, fresh.

mutable, mū'ta-bl, a. that may be
changed. subject to change: inconstant.
—ns. *mutabil'ity*, *mū'tableness*, state
or quality of being mutable.—adv. *mū'-
tably*.—v. t. *mū'tate*, to change a vowel-
sound by the influence of a vowel in the
following syllable.—n. *mū'tation*, change:
succession.—adjs. *mū'tative*, *mū'tatory*,
changing, mutable [Fr.—L. *mutabilis*
—*mutare*, -atum, to change—*movere*,
motum, to move.]

mute, mūt, a. incapable of speaking:
dumb: silent: unpronounced.—n. one
dumb, or remaining silent: a stopped
sound, formed by the shutting of the
mouth-organs, esp. the surds, t, p, k,
but also applied to the sonant or voiced



Mustard.

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Mrs. Curtis's Home Corner



The American Woman Traveler Leaves Her Good Manners At Home

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

WHEN one is a traveler out in the world, elbowing and being elbowed by a foreign nation, life puts on a different aspect from what it does to the stay-at-home. And you learn—oh, such a number of things!—the sort of things you wish you could put into an experience book and distribute gratuitously. If I were asked the most important thing in making a holiday abroad perfectly happy, I should put ahead of planning an itinerary or any other details that required careful consideration the choice of a traveling companion. Getting married is scarcely a more serious affair than choosing the somebody with whom you have to share a state-room, possibly a bedroom, and whom you have to eat with three times a day. Across the Atlantic it will be five times a day, for the English, Scotch and Welsh have twice the feeding capacity of our nation. Once I met, casually, a woman I thought very charming. For two weeks we traveled together, sharing expenses, and for days at a time we were wholly reliant on each other for society. Her charm wore off perceptibly, not day by day, but hour by hour. I began thinking her moderately selfish. Before our journey ended, I had sized her up as the most abnormally selfish creature I ever met in my life. If there were two chairs or two beds to choose between, she dived immediately for the most comfortable; if there was an unpleasant situation to be faced, she skipped. If by any possibility her own task could be laid on another pair of shoulders, it was done without a qualm of conscience.

call it "nerves," sometimes "feelings." Sooner or later some little mannerism or eccentricity (it is a trait we all possess) will begin to jar on you. It will more than jar; it will magnify itself into an actual sin, and you will grow to hate the companion you imagined you knew like a book.

It makes me think of the New England woman who sued for a divorce, giving no explicit reason for her change of heart.

"What is your objection to this man?" demanded the judge. "You acknowledge you loved him three years ago, when you were married."

"I did, your honor," pleaded the wife; "only then I had never seen him suck an orange. He has one for breakfast every morning, and he sucks it audibly."

I don't remember whether she was set free or not, to eat breakfast alone the rest of her life. But such ridiculous little habits—often no bigger than this—filing away on the nerves of a whimsical woman, have many a time caused divorce between traveling companions before the end of a journey. Perhaps I have said more about the traveling companion than the question deserves. But possessing now a fellow traveler whose every trait is a joy, I contrast the happiness of one journey with others I have taken which might have been of equal delight if the company had been different.

SOMETIME ago in an English magazine I read a vigorous protest against the American woman who goes flaunting through Britain. She was described as flamboyant, loud voiced, independent to an unwomanly degree, extravagant and slangy. English girls who had heard and read of the smart American girl looked upon her as a creature men worshiped; then they set to work to copy her, and it proved so poor a copy that an Englishman raised his voice indignantly. His own daughter was trying to Americanize herself. If she had found the right sort of example—one of our thousands of sweet, gracious, beautiful, refined girls—no protest could have been made, for a touch of real Americanism would have added to the charm of the quiet English girl; only she got hold of the wrong type. Wherever you go, up and down this little island, you see so many American women whom you wish with all your heart might be kept at home. Girls who put on ridiculous little airs of smart aggressiveness are bad enough, but the matronly women—horror! When the English meet a woman who is gaudily gowned, lavishly bejeweled, loud of voice, obtrusive of manner, and with little regard for another's feelings, she is set down as an American, no matter what may be her nationality. Quiet, refined Americans—and you see multitudes of them abroad—are scarcely noticed. Possibly the English claim them as their own.

On our steamer was a type of female one would scorn to claim nationality with in the most foreign port. She was going abroad to chaperone a group of girls whom you wondered about. If I said they looked like waitresses in a cheap American restaurant, I would do an injustice to waitresses. They walked the deck with any man who would speak to them, made their corner of the steamer-chair row a place to be avoided, they read letters aloud for the delectation of everybody far and near, waved American flags and hummed American songs in the face of every quiet English passenger aboard. The chaperone was several degrees worse than the girls who had been—Heaven help them!—entrusted to her care. Her voice was her worst sin. It echoed as unpleasantly as the fog-horn when she called her party around her. She handed her card to anybody who would accept it. One corner of it informed you that she held office in five clubs. The occupant of every steamer chair twenty feet away knew her business before we were two days out; they learned that she was acquainted with all sorts of rich or prominent people, they heard her itinerary, which included a stop at "swell" hotels everywhere, they knew what she meant to buy and where she intended to shop. She tried to pierce a chilly armor in many a case. She invited the captain or doctor to a chair beside her every time they passed, but before the end of the voyage she found herself almost deserted. At the Saturday night concert her name was on the bill. Her entertainment occupied a quarter of an hour, which, in a college class, a club, or a little home circle, might have been allowable. It was a string of stupid and very personal grinds. Quiet young couples going abroad for their honeymoon

THERE are such a lot of characteristics you want eliminated from a fellow traveler. Even the woman who is fairly just at the beginning of the trip becomes more or less selfish, without realizing it, before one reaches home. She gets pretty tired and begins to look out assiduously for number one. Then there is the woman who cares for entirely different things than you do. Imagine touring cathedral towns with a female whose one interest is shops! I remember once lingering in the beautiful old cathedral at Hereford, almost wafted to a wonderful new world by the marvelous sweetness of boy voices and the harmony of a great organ, when a woman in our party came in, knelt beside me, and began a whispered story of how she "jewed" a dealer in antiques down to fifteen shillings for a brass warming-pan which would have cost eight dollars in America. At the time I was far too exasperated to see the funny side of it.

DON'T tie up with a traveling companion who has considerably more money than you have, or a more magnificent wardrobe, unless there is a perfect, thoroughly outspoken understanding. Such an understanding can only be acquired through real love, long acquaintance and a goodly share of common sense on both sides. If this is lacking there will be one of two things: either continuous heart-burning, or a letting down of the bars of independence and self-respect. If you have to economize while seeing the world, do it with some one whose finances are about on a par with your own, or—go it alone.

Back to my memory flashes this verse from an old German song:

On foot I gaily take my way,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
O'er mountain bare and meadows gay;
But he who is not of my mind
Another traveling mate may find—
He cannot go with me.
No snail-paced friend I want, not I,
At every step to pause and sigh;
No gloomy man to scowl and groan
Or over other's sins to moan—
I'd rather trudge alone.

It is so true. Half the joy of a journey is in the society of one who views comfortably hapless things which will occur somewhere on every trip, and make the best of it. She must be able to forget the cares or worry of home affairs and simply enjoy life. My last advice is, know thoroughly, with years of close acquaintance, if possible, the woman with whom you go traveling. Mild friendliness and a few similar tastes are not enough. There is a strange, unexplored, inexplicable part of every human nature. Sometimes we

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endured jokes worse than any rice or confetti which had showered them. She told of flirtations in shady corners of the boat; she had unearthed the business taking some people to England. Scarcely a soul aboard escaped having his name appended to some ridiculously personal remark. One by one the audience began to leave the saloon. Next morning she discovered that, instead of having achieved such popularity as she courted, the thermometer had dropped to the freezing-point. Americans resented her gridiron treatment hotly; the English were appalled, disgusted; it was such a breach of manners as would never be tolerated in the home country. There were scores of them aboard, chaperoning refined and scholarly people. Imagine the story they carried into homes all over their country. One vulgar woman became representative of a nation. It was grossly unfair.

I WONDER sometimes that the English accord to Americans such gracious courtesy as they do. We meet it everywhere. We do not think it is given personally, but as a nation. You receive it from train officials, hotel employees, clerks in stores, policemen, boys on the street, or the gentle people one meets in traveling. Their one endeavor seems to be to make a stranger feel welcome, to direct him to the best to be had, or to the places worthy of seeing. Whether it is a youngster pointing the way in a strange city or a scholarly young churchman guiding you about a splendid cathedral, the service is given with a graciousness that makes it a joy to the recipient. An American on his own soil is friendly enough to a stranger, as a rule, but the friendliness has often a brusque, hurried touch about it. The English take life in a more leisurely spirit; their courtesy is leisurely.

I SEE one thing done constantly by Americans abroad that makes me wonder more than ever at the courtesy they receive. It is the constant comparison of everything British with things American. And, of course, America comes off every time with flying colors. A nation has its feelings as well as the individual. The Scotchman does not take kindly to the suggestion that he grows fins and web feet because he lives in such a wet country. The English don't enjoy gibes about our Boston Tea Party whenever a teapot makes its appearance, and that is half a dozen times a day. If he brings up his progeny in the nursery, keeping them in bibs till they are fifteen; if he wears clothes and caps we think outrageously funny; if he lives from year's end to year's end on "jints" and mutton chops; if he builds a wall around his garden and shuts his home life away from the sight of his neighbor; if he chooses to warm himself in front of a grate fire instead of over a register; if he prefers gooseberry tart and rice pudding to mince pie and ice-cream; if he takes cold baths in a thing like a milk pan instead of hot baths in a tub like a coffin, he is perfectly right to think it is none of our business.

The British look on aghast at the way we do some things, but if they criticize us their remarks are made among themselves. They do a lot of thinking on the subject of child-training, for they have some pretty stern theories that are put into practise. For instance, an English youngster with "thruppence" a week of pocket money thinks himself a young Vanderbilt. He does not speak up in company unless he is invited to, and he receives such an invitation very seldom. He is fed on plain, wholesome victuals, with sweets religiously cut out, and he is nearly in his twenties before he is allowed to sit up till ten o'clock. The English look on with astonishment at the endurance of an American woman who goes sightseeing. One evening in a hotel parlor I heard a young Californian tell of her adventures during three weeks. She had shopped in Paris, climbed Alpine passes, coached through Wales, seen Venice from a gondola and Ireland from a jaunting-car, sailed down the Rhine, and yachted through the Mediterranean.

"Fancy," said a placid-faced English lady; "I should think the poor thing would be worn out. And she says she is to be 'on the go' for two months more. Somebody ought to try to make her take a few days' rest."

We took that remark about a few days' rest to heart and broke in time and again on our itinerary for a sojourn at some quiet, sleepy little place where there is absolutely nothing to tempt one except seashore rambles or country walks. You can stand just so much of famous cathedrals, ruined abbeys, decrepit castles, picture galleries, "antique" shops, walled cities, and museums; then nerves and body call for a rest. Try it when tripping anywhere—in your own land or abroad. We gave it a test. It pays.

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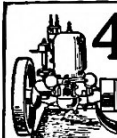
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POINT



The Wisdom of Silence

THE late Judge Silas Bryan, the father of William J. Bryan, once had several hams stolen from his smoke-house. He missed them at once, but said nothing about it to any one. A few days later a neighbor came to him.

"Say, Judge," he said, "I hear'd yew had some hams stole t'other night." "Yes," replied the Judge, "very confidentially," but don't tell any one. You and I are the only ones who know it."—EDWIN WOODWARD.

A Good Reason for Marrying

A YOUNG couple developed such incompatibility of temper that six years after marriage they carried their difficulties to the divorce court. Their little Cherry was very much concerned through all the trouble.

"Well," she said, thoughtfully, "when I grow up I should never marry if it was n't that I want a father for my children."—MISS LUCIA RICHARDSON.

Realism

DURING one of his presidential trips, Mr. Cleveland, accompanied by Secretary Olney, arrived at a town in a heavy storm, and they were driven from the station with hailstones rattling on the roof of their carriage. A brass band, undismayed by the weather, bravely stuck to its post and played the welcoming airs.

"That is the most realistic music I have ever heard," remarked Mr. Cleveland.

"What are they playing?" asked the Secretary of State.

"Hail to the Chief," with real hail."—MYRTLE MAXWELL.



"Francois Villon"

[Inspired by Eugene Field's poem and SUCCESS MAGAZINE's offer.]

IF I were Francois Villon and Francois Villon I, I'd mock the minions of the law and government I'd guy, While he would have to worry half the night and all the day

To keep the seedy, needy, greedy grocer man at bay. Surrounded by my Margot and a dozen other girls, I'd sonnetize their ankles and I'd balladize their curls; Rejection slips would fail to make me heave a deep, down sigh—

If I were Francois Villon and Francois Villon I.

If I were Francois Villon and Francois Villon I, I'd let the landlord whistle and I'd frisk the passer-by; My butcher and my baker and my tailor could go hang, And I should surely tell them so in my poetic slang. While he would pound out piffle on his typewriter machine,

And try to sell the product to a monthly magazine. He'd have to write his Christmas poems sometime in July—

If I were Francois Villon and Francois Villon I.

If I were Francois Villon and Francois Villon I, I would n't ever worry for a theme to versify. While he would peddle poetry at ten *centimes* a word, I'd fly around in Paris as free as any bird. In simplest Anglo-Saxon he would couch his fluent rhymes,

And every morning he would earn a thousand silver dimes. How sure would be my fame, but how his wealth would multiply—

If I were Francois Villon and Francois Villon I.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

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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Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

What Robbie Wanted to Know

HE ASKED so many questions that day that he finally wore out his mother's patience.

"Robert," she cried, "if you ask me another question I shall put you to bed without your supper."

Robert promptly asked another and was packed off to bed. Later his mother repented. After all, asking questions was the only way he could acquire knowledge; so she tiptoed up-stairs, knelt beside Robert's bed, and told him she was sorry.

"Now, dear," she said, "if you want to ask one more question before you go to sleep, ask it now and I will try to answer."

Robert thought for a moment, then said, "Mother, how far can a cat spit?"—ROBERT H. HANNUM.

A Cure for Insomnia

YESTERDAY a friend who had heard that I sometimes suffered from insomnia told me of a sure cure. "Eat a quart of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed," said he, "and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour."

I did as he suggested, and now, for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia, I feel it to be my duty to report what happened, so far as I am able this morning to recall the details. First let me say my friend was right. I *did* go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him, when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in mid-air. While I was considering how to get down, a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the well and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him.

So, as I was sliding down the mountainside, the brakeman came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station. "We passed your station four hundred and fifty years ago," he said, calmly folding up the train and slipping it into his vest pocket.

At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the center pole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people in it up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above.

Then I awoke and found that I had been asleep almost ten minutes.—H. A. BARND.

The Kind of Critter He Was

IT WAS at the Cliff Dwellers, Chicago's literary club, and one of the members had just made a terrible, irremediable break about another—made it in his presence and that of several other members.

"What ought I do now?" asked the break-maker, much embarrassed.

"If I were you," suggested Fred Richardson, the artist, who had heard the whole proceeding, "I should go out and wiggle my ears and eat another thistle."

The Philosophy of Jugs

"HEY, yo' Gid! What fo' yo' want to look in dat jug so? Can't you get the cork out?"

"Tain't no cork in. Say, Mingo," broke off Gid, perplexedly, "how ebber can the darkness in this yah jug keep the light from going in at the hole?"

"Taint that way," was the knowing reply; "it is the light what keeps the darkness from shinin' out."—D. H. RUMMEL.

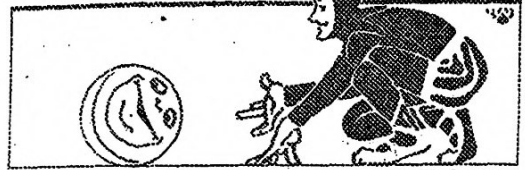
De Quincey Not In It

TEDDY, after having a drink of plain soda water, was asked how he liked it.

"Not very well," he replied. "It tastes too much as though my foot had gone asleep in my mouth."

GEORGE IRVING.

PLEASANTRY



10-Cent-a-Word Department

Savings Banks

AN Irishman was explaining American institutions to a green countryman.

"A savings bank," he said, "is a place where you can deposit money to-day and draw it out to-morrow by giving a week's notice."—JACOB SMITH.

A Literal Distinction

BISHOP POTTER was known as quite a wit, and often took delight in turning his humor loose on his associates, but here is an instance where the joke, although quite unintentional, was on the bishop. He was to preach at a certain parish in the West in the evening, and the congregation was not a little amused at the somewhat ambiguous announcement of their worthy pastor, who said:

"Remember our special service next Sunday afternoon. The Lord will be with us during the morning services, and Bishop Potter in the evening."

R. M. WINANS.

A Painless Death

A TEACHER in the factory district of a New Jersey town had been giving the children earnest lectures upon the poisonousness of dirt.

One morning a little girl raised her hand excitedly and pointed to a boy who seldom had clean hands.

"Teacher," she said, "look quick! Jimmie's committin' suicide! He's suckin' his thumb."

Saved by a Mother's Love

"YOUR whole future life depends upon it."

The mother, her face tinged with sympathy which we must ever feel in the presence of an immaturity that is hesitating between right and wrong, laid her hand over that of her beautiful daughter.

"Yes, dear," she continued, "into every life there comes at one time or another a supreme temptation. If the crisis is passed, all is safe, but if you yield at the fatal moment, you can not retrace your steps. You are then committed to a fatal policy."

"But, mother, father says he can not afford it."

"Exactly. Fathers, from time immemorial, have always said that. It is their way of imposing on youth and innocence. Go forth at once and buy the gown. Do not forget that I am with you, that I will stand back of you with all the feeble strength I can command."

So saying, the proud woman folded into her arms the weak creature, who even then, if it had not been for her timely rescue, would have been betrayed into a humiliating and shameful surrender.—THOMAS L. MASSON.

Father was an Invalid

IT HAD been a hard day in the field and father and son were very hungry. The only things eatable on the table were twelve very large apple dumplings. The father had consumed ten while the boy was eating one, and then both reached for the one remaining.

"Son," pleaded the farmer, "you wouldn't take the last apple dumpling from your poor sick pa, would you?"—EUGENE HENRY.

Mind over Matter

"MUCH may be done," said the Acute Observer, "by an authoritative voice. Now, if a man says to a dog, 'Come here!' with a note of absolute authority in his voice, the dog comes immediately."

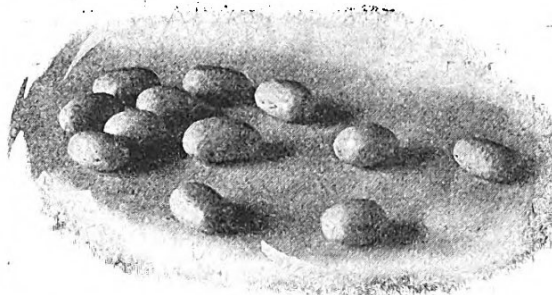
"Yes," said the Traveler, "I've noticed it. And it is especially marked in Oriental peoples. Why, when I was in Khalisandjharo, I heard a man say, with that authoritative note in his tone, 'Oh, King, live forever!' and immediately the King lived forever."

CAROLYN WELLS.

What It Does n't Do

THOUGH money talks, 'tis safe to bet, Whate'er it has to say, It never has been known, as yet, To give itself away.

A. R. SMITH.



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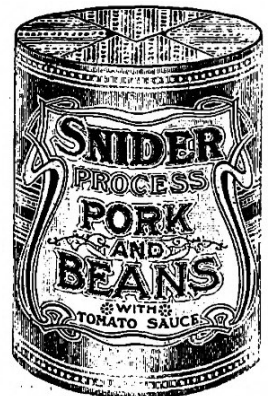
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**IRRIGATION IN THE
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Many Forms of Bonds the Investor's Safeguards

Down in the blistering hot Colorado Desert a water-

By MONTGOMERY ROLLINS

Public lands were originally taken up from the Government

tank tender stood contemplating the cacti and the shifting sands. It was 123 degrees on the shady side of the disabled box car which had been "cut out" on the siding. Soon the eyes of the man in his loneliness rested upon some grain which had rattled out through the cracks of the car and fallen beneath the drip from the tank. He smiled as he thought of the uselessness of any such planting. The soil down there seemed to him just sand; common, hot, parched sand. No one imagined anything would grow in it.

But the days wore on, and the grain and the leaking water fraternized, and rank, green grain stalks sprang up. The tank tender took notice, and tried a few melon seeds, and some of the vegetable kind, and before long had news to tell. It spread, as gossip might, and soon water was ditched in from the Colorado River.

Thus the famous Imperial Valley, with its marvelous fertility, was thrown open to the world. Water—wondrous servant—was all that was needed to touch off the immense productivity of this once desolate, thirsty, scorching waste.

Twenty-five Millions of People Have Settled "Arid Lands"

Yet, this is but what has been and is being done to millions of acres of the "Arid Lands" of the vast West. The intelligent application of water changes the face of nature, as if it were touched by the wand of a magician. More than a million square miles of desolate plains—the erstwhile home of the jack-rabbit and howling coyote; land where the hardy bunch-grass and sage-bush have grown for ages in the rich soil, supplying pasture for the buffalo—have been converted into a country populated by more than twenty-five millions of people. Besides this, the productivity of thousands of acres in the semi-arid sections has been doubled and trebled, and all due to irrigation.

Irrigation is by no means a modern idea. It has been successfully carried on in this country for fully forty years, and in Bible times the waters of the Nile were continually drawn upon for the same purpose. In Asia, irrigation was practised by the Chinese and many of the other Orientals, and we also find traces of it in Central America and Mexico.

But its value to the United States may be well appreciated when we find that sixteen States and Territories are embraced in what is known as the arid region; in other words, where the rainfall is not sufficient during the growing season for the raising of the crops. As a great deal of the rest of the West is known as the semi-arid region, where irrigation is used to help out, it will at once be seen that, looking to the future, the feeding of this rapidly growing nation is overwhelmingly dependent upon the wise conservation and distribution of water.

The benefits of irrigation are not generally understood. It is not merely watering one's crop from time to time, but it is watering it at the right time. The old hit-or-miss idea of trusting to Providence had no certainty whatsoever about it. The farmer had to take the rain when it came, whether he wanted it or not. Under the irrigation plan, he applies it during the ripening process. He can utilize it for certain crops, and restrain it from others. Without irrigation, the farmer is at the mercy of the water. It makes or breaks him. With irrigation he controls his own crop growth. He is his own weather man.

Irrigation Conserves the Chemical Elements of the Soil

Many of the valuable chemicals have been washed out of the soil in the rainfall district by the torrential rains of ages, whereas the stimulating mineral ingredients of which the deep Western soil is composed—created by the wash of countless centuries of the best soils from the mountains—are not removed by the gradual soaking in of the water from irrigating ditches, but rather added to by the depositing of still more of the natural fertilizers brought down from the higher slopes and mountains.

The almost perpetual sunshine and dryness of the air, by increasing the evaporation from plant life, increases the circulation of the sap, which is beneficial to rapid growth. The average soil is of great depth, and thus almost inexhaustible.

A good illustration of this is in the ability of a small irrigated area to support a farmer, which area is often as small as forty acres, and sometimes less, as compared with the much larger area necessary for the maintenance of the man dependent upon the good will of the clouds.

at the rate of \$1.25 an acre. When benefited by the bringing of irrigating canals, they have advanced to very high values. Five hundred dollars an acre is not at all uncommon for land covered with good orchard crops, and two thousand dollars an acre is by no means rare in certain sections.

But not all the land in the arid region can be successfully irrigated, for it is not only dependent upon the water supply, but also upon the climatic conditions and the topography of the country. For, unless power is used for pumping purposes, the contour of the land must permit of the running of ditches, so, therefore, all irrigated land must be below the sources of supply and so situated that it may be reached by a system of gravity flowing canals. From the main canals, ditches of gradually diminishing size are run, and from these miniature ditches or furrows but a foot or two apart, until the land bearing the crops is thoroughly soaked. Consequently, it is possible, where the surface, for instance, is rolling prairie, that a portion of the farm may be under irrigation and the balance high and dry. These canals are regulated by proper head gates, through which each farmer gets the flow to which he is entitled, and at intervals of time according to his rights.

The Presence of Rivers Does Not Insure Real Irrigation

The mere fact that a farmer's land is located so as to conveniently take water from some stream by no means insures successful irrigation, for the Western rivers often at the season of greatest need are but meager streams. So the storage of water during the flood times—"Save the flood waters," an axiom of the West—is a vital factor entering into the continued economical food supply of the nation.

The backbone of any country is its food supply. General Grant appreciated this when he made his endless efforts to break into the Shenandoah Valley, one of the gardens of the South, and which, in turn, the Confederacy so persistently defended.

So far this article might, with more propriety, be for a farmers' weekly, but a reasonable understanding of the system of irrigation and the wonderful results attributable thereto is needed for an appreciation of the merits of irrigation securities.

Irrigation bonds are of several classes. Probably the earliest kind, now not so much in vogue, were those issued by corporations formed either by the farmers themselves mutually banding together for the purpose of supplying their land with water, or by other local interests acting for profitable ends. Bonds of this class were nothing more than the direct obligation of the corporation issuing the same, looking for their security to the value of the water rights, canals, and the income from the water delivered and sold to the farmers. These issues have not met with unblemished success and are not very generally encountered to-day, as better methods of financing have come into vogue.

There is another class which differs from the last one in the fact that the corporations obligating themselves for the securities owned the land fertilized by the water, which land was sold at a profit to the settlers. As it was originally included in the mortgage it gave greater security. As it was sold and paid for, it was released through a sinking fund provision, and then the proceeds applied to the reduction of the indebtedness. This form of bond is somewhat superior to the first.

Other Forms of Irrigation Bonds

Next to be considered are those bonds issued by municipal irrigation districts, presenting many of the features of municipal bonds. These may be called "quasi-municipal" issues.

The plan works this way: A certain section of a State is set off as a district. The proceedings whereby the voters authorize the issuance of bonds must be approved and affirmed by the district court, but the bonds when issued take precedence over any mortgage claims, no matter how long standing, against any of the lands included in the district. The county commissioners fix the tax levy necessary for the payment of the running expenses, as well as the interest and principal of the bonds. It is sometimes customary to levy an annual tax of fifteen per cent. in excess of the estimated annual requirements, so as to provide for any possible delinquencies. The county treasurer acts as treasurer in the irrigation district, he collecting the taxes levied in the same manner and at the same time as when collecting the other taxes.

Theoretically, this is the most desirable irrigation security, because the construction is done at cost, and

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assessments collected in the form of taxes. But the chief danger lies in the lack of skilled organizers among the farmers, and their ability to properly supervise construction, and afterwards manage the works. A favorable report of an experienced and well-known engineer will go far to remove such risks, however.

Now come the "Carey Act"—so called—bonds. The State of Wyoming through Senator Carey is responsible for this Act, which was originally passed through Congress in 1894, but which has been variously amended since. In order that the Government might assist in the reclamation work, it gave to each State where public lands are located the right to select one million acres within its borders and control their irrigation and cultivation.

To benefit by this, a corporation must first be formed which selects a certain tract of Government land, and then applies to the State for permission to divert sufficient unappropriated waters from certain streams with which to irrigate the lands. After the State Board of Land Commissioners is satisfied that the plans are feasible, and the company able to carry out its contracts and plans, and numerous other details have been complied with, then the Board applies to the Secretary of the Interior, that the public lands embraced in the application may be segregated under the Carey Act from the Government holdings. Upon the Government granting the request of the State for segregation, the latter enters into a contract with the company for its faithful performance of all these agreements, and the work proceeds under the State Engineer's personal supervision.

After the lands have been segregated, the State gives the corporation a first lien—the land is now State property—so that none of the land may be sold to settlers until the purchaser has obtained from the corporation, at a fixed price, the necessary water rights, sufficient for the proper irrigation of his land. Under this scheme, payment is made by a certain amount of cash down and the balance from year to year, the settler giving his promissory note secured by his land, which, in other words, is mortgaged to the corporation.

Do These Safeguards Protect All Parties?

It would appear that all these safeguards would contribute to the protection of all parties concerned.

The strength of this plan lies largely in the fact that not only the irrigation system, but the lands themselves, are security for the bonds issued. The mortgages secured by the corporation are deposited in a Trust Company to about twenty-five per cent. additional to the actual amount of bonds issued. The average indebtedness thus created, as represented by the bonds, is usually about twenty-five dollars per acre.

A slight variation from the above plan, but one still coming under the Carey Act, is a form of indebtedness which, instead of including the mortgages upon the lands as sold to the settlers, merely includes the State lien granted the corporation, which has been referred to above. This, the writer assumes, is where the bonds are issued before any appreciable amount of the land has been taken up by settlers.

It is not necessary here to consider at any length the irrigation projects which have been carried out under what is known as the "United States Reclamation Act," passed in 1902, by which large storage reservoirs have been and are being constructed at Government expense. For the law provides that the money accruing to the Government from the sale of public lands in the Western States may be used for this purpose. The settlers, as they take up the lands under these projects, obtain the water rights from the Government, to be paid for over a series of years without interest, and, consequently, no bonds are issued.

Let us now consider irrigation bonds as a whole. Much has been said of their good points, but, as no class of securities is without its financial perils, it must not be supposed that one may blindly reach out for the first irrigation bond at hand, and live happily upon the income.

While recognizing that the recent legislation, both State and national, is a great forward step toward financial safety, the fact should be emphasized that it is yet too early to definitely set the seal of approval upon all bonds of this class. One should move with extreme care in selecting an investment banker through which to negotiate his purchase of this class of security.

Some of our best bond houses are participating in the financing plans of our large irrigation projects, and it would seem that this class of security could be purchased with the protection afforded by our high-class investment banking houses.

This condition rather suggests a possibility of marketability, which of course is a point in favor, and is interesting to all investors.

Among the things to be considered are a thoroughly competent attorney's opinion in proof of the legality of the issue; then a satisfactory investigation, showing that the corporation appears able to meet its obligations. If it is an irrigation district, the same questions arise as would enter into the safety of a school, county or other municipal security. Climatic conditions, the character of the soil, nearness to market, transportation facilities, kinds of crop, and the class and density of the population of the locality must always be considered.

In the West the expression "Water is life," means much more now than Easterners know. "Stored

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North Dakota Farm Mortgages are particularly adapted to the requirements of those desiring to secure the highest rate of income that an investment of absolute safety can pay.

These mortgages are secured by the most fertile farms in a rich and growing country where values have increased 50 per cent in four years.

They pay 6 per cent interest, almost twice that paid by Eastern investments of equal safety.

I have written a book for the benefit of my customers, present and prospective. This book was written after 27 years' experience. It gives the facts about North Dakota and that most attractive class of securities, the North Dakota Farm Mortgage.

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[5]

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water is stored wealth." Water, its sufficiency, its proper storage and the rights of the users to it are all-important. In the old days, the early settler needing water, built a ditch, as he conveniently could, along the hill or mountain slopes, and took the water. His claims were usually good claims, for he was first upon the land.

Care is Taken Not to Encroach on Prior Rights

When water rights are allotted to corporations by the proper authorities, great care must be exercised not to encroach upon prior rights, and also to be sure that in seasons of drought there shall be sufficient water to take care of the last allotment after providing for those above, and here is where the expert engineer's advice is all-important. Real estate is no more property than the right to divert water from a stream. The first canal constructed on any stream has the prior claim to the water from that stream up to the full capacity of the canal as originally constructed. The next canal has the same right, always subject to that of the first canal, and so on. The United States Government, in its reclamation work, has no better water rights than it is entitled to by its order of appropriation.

There has been much litigation in the past over such matters, but as the earlier crude laws are being replaced by more perfect ones, there is less likelihood of this in the future.

It has been definitely decided by the courts that the State through which water first flows has the prior right to its use. This was settled in a long and tedious controversy of Nebraska vs. Colorado, in fighting for the waters of the Arkansas.

Rivers flowing across the border, being international property, present problems of some difficulty, but these matters are being gradually worked out.

In water-power propositions, the corporation is obliged to own the water rights above its own works, because it only temporarily uses the water, as it is again restored to the stream bed below, but in irrigation, one has, theoretically, to own the right to what he uses clear to the ocean, because the water when diverted upon the land is so largely lost through evaporation, and other ways, that but little seeps back into the original stream. In the former case, the water may be used over and over again, but not so in the latter.

The Dam is the Keystone of the Irrigation Proposition

When a large dam is built for the storage of water for the purpose of generating electricity by water-power, no engineer seems too good for the purpose of supervising its construction. The permanency of a dam for the storage of irrigation water is just as important as in the case just cited, and the character, therefore, of the construction work must be carefully looked to. In this connection, it must be remembered that much of the water used for purposes of irrigation comes rather from the melting of the snows upon the mountains than from rainfall. Lakes are very scarce in the great West. There are probably more in the State of Maine than in the greater part of the whole arid section; so little advantage can be taken of the existing natural reservoirs, irrigation being dependent almost always upon artificially created ones. But the high mountainous valleys offer admirable opportunities for flooding large areas by the building of comparatively small dams. This is well set forth in a remark made in connection with the building of one of the big reclamation dams, that "God did ninety per cent. of the work when he created the reservoir site."

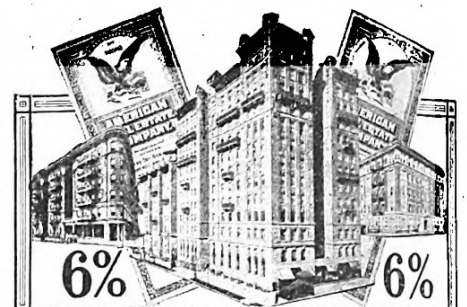
The almost universal method of serial redemption, under which irrigation bonds are issued, calling for their actual payment rather than their replacement later by refunding issues, is much in their favor. Furthermore, the bankers are heeding the demands of the small investor, and are providing one hundred and five hundred dollar bonds in the majority of cases. The interest rate is fairly high and attractive, due, probably, to the pioneering work which investment houses are undertaking in educating the public to securities of this kind.

If the land values continue on the increase, and the bonds based thereon have been legally issued, and sufficiency of water and permanency of storage works properly safeguarded, it would appear that the longer maturities should have increased security on account thereof.

The Patron of Wilbur Wright

WITHOUT wishing to lessen the glory of Wilbur Wright's achievements, some of the reflected honor should be given to the man who made his experiments possible. This man is Lazere Weiller. Mr. Weiller was the first to form a society for the promotion of aerial navigation, its object being to buy up successful inventions.

When Wilbur Wright made his flight at Andoon, France, science put its stamp of approval on his flying machine. On that same occasion Mr. Wright fulfilled the terms of his contract with Lazere Weiller for the sale of his patents in France for one hundred thousand dollars. This opened the avenue to a new industry. A plant for the manufacture of aeroplanes will be built near Dunkerque, and the work of manufacture will be under the direction of Mr. Weiller.



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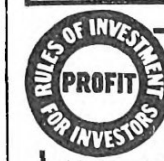
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The Sky Man

[Continued from page 724]

charming, frank simplicity, she called attention to her costume.

"It's a lucky thing," she observed, "that I dressed for a scramble over the ice before coming ashore with Uncle Jerry and Mr. Scales. And lucky, too, that I didn't change back when we returned to the *Aurora*. I left it the second time with no other idea than of pulling about for a while in the dingey. I'd have done that just the same if I had dressed for dinner that night, as I usually did."

"Yes," he said, "a skirt would have been a pretty serious matter to people in our situation."

"Show me the rest of our house," she commanded, presently. "This is the only room I've seen."

The subdivision of the hut was accomplished by an L-shaped partition seven feet or so from the outer wall around two sides of it. It yielded two tiny, cubical bedrooms (that was the purpose which the wooden bunk in each of them indicated); and a third room of the same width (about seven feet), but running the entire length of the side of the hut nearest the cliff. This room had evidently served for stores and for a kitchen, since part of the reconstructed fireplace projected into it. It was in this last room where the greater part of what the searchers from the *Aurora* had dismissed as "rubbish" was accumulated.

Cayley did as the girl commanded, and showed her every nook and cupboard which the four walls of the hut contained. When they returned to the living-room where the fire was, she dropped down on one of the bunks with a little sigh of fatigue.

He was about to remonstrate with her, but she forestalled him. "There was something I wanted to say to you; I hope I have n't forgotten it. Oh, I know. We needn't wait for to-morrow to begin the search for the stores. We can begin to-night, with father's maps and journals. Don't you think they might give us a hint?"

"That suggestion is worth more than my whole day's work. I'll go at it as soon as we've finished supper."

"Why didn't you say 'we'? I shall work as long as you do."

He hesitated. "You're too tired already." Then he assented, with a laugh. "All right," he said. "So long as you can keep awake. But the first time I catch you nodding—"

So when the supper was cleared away they went at it, the girl with the red-bound book, Cayley with the maps. For an hour he worked steadily. At the end of it he looked up, an exclamation of triumph on his lips. But at sight of her it died out in a smile. She had slipped down upon the sleeping-bag, her head cradled in the crook of one arm, and she was fast asleep.

CHAPTER XV DISCOVERIES

SHE had her revenge next morning, however, for when he awakened, after having worked half the night, he found she had breakfast already waiting for him. Half through the meal she leaned forward a little and shook her head at him with a tantalizing air of triumph.

"You didn't find the thing you were looking for last night in father's journal—the place where they hid the stores, I mean."

"Oh, but I did!" he cried. "I only waited to give you time to eat a necessary and sensible breakfast before I spoke of it. I had it on the tip of my tongue to suggest that we set about finding it in good earnest when I saw, in your eyes, that you had a mystery of your own."

It was evident from the look in those eyes now that she was both surprised and puzzled.

"You found it last night!" she exclaimed. "Found it in the journal, and then never went to look at it!"

"Why, I found an unmistakable reference to it, and though the exact location was n't given, it was plain that three or four hours' exploring by daylight would enable us to find it. But even if I hadn't minded leaving you asleep here, unprotected, in the hut, I doubt very much if I could have found it at night. But what's the mystery you were about to reveal to me?"

"No," she said; "tell me more about your discovery first. What was the reference in the journal?"

He rose and took from the shelf the big leather-bound volume which was proving itself, with every hour, their greatest treasure.

"It's over here, toward the end," he said, "in that last winter, when the *Walrus* came. Oh, here we are."

He seated himself on the bunk beside her and began to read.

"March 10th.—We have just spent an arduous and fearful week upon the task of unloading the wreck of the whaler. The weather has been severe—bitterly cold (10 deg. F. being the mildest)—and three-quarters of a gale blowing most of the time. The men are inclined to be rebellious over my driving them out to work in such weather, but I dared not wait for it to moderate."

"When the ice opens round the whaler she will go down like a plummet; and if that event should have

Why Irrigation Bonds Are So Popular

The most popular bonds that we handle now are Irrigation Bonds. They have displaced, with a large share of our customers, Municipal, Corporation and Public Utility bonds which pay a lower rate.

When rightly conducted, Irrigation projects now involve no uncertainty. The Government itself is spending tens of millions of dollars in reclaiming this arid land.

The demand for irrigated land exceeds the supply, because of its enormous fertility. And because an unfailing water supply, under constant control, insures one against crop failures.

The most productive and costly farm lands in America are now in the irrigated sections.

Carefully Guarded

The projects which we finance are carefully guarded. Our own engineers and attorneys pass on every feature. An officer of our Company, residing in the West, keeps constantly in touch with every project until the whole work is completed.

We have our pick of these projects, because we are known as the leading dealers in Irrigation bonds. The projects we finance are always well located.

In the past 15 years we have sold 71 separate issues of Reclamation bonds—Drainage and Irrigation—without a dollar of loss to any investor.

The Security

Irrigation bonds are secured by farm liens, given by individual owners in payment for water rights.

These liens are conservative—more so than the usual farm mortgage. They are often for less than one-fourth the land's value.

The first crop from the land is frequently sufficient to pay the whole lien—often by several times over.

In addition, the bonds are secured by a first mortgage on all the property which the Irrigation Company owns—the property which the proceeds of the bonds help to build.

Some of these bonds are municipal obligations, issued, like School bonds, by organized districts. Such bonds are tax liens on all the real property in the district.

Some of these bonds are issued subject to the provisions of the Federal law known as the "Carey Act."

The security in all our projects is ideal and ample. It is hard to conceive of anything better.

Six Per Cent

Irrigation bonds pay six per cent interest—a higher rate than can now be obtained on any large class of bonds based on equal security.

The reason is this: Irrigation projects are profitable. There are few undertakings where such amounts of money can be used to equal advantage.

The demand for irrigated land is now overwhelming. And there is a great demand for money that will help to supply it. So the bonds pay this liberal rate.

\$100—\$500—\$1,000

Irrigation bonds are issued in series, usually payable all the way from two to twelve years. One may make long-time or short-time investments. Every bond paid off increases the security back of the rest.

They are issued in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 so they appeal to both small investors and large.

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We have written a book on Irrigation bonds which every investor small and large, should read. It is based on our intimate knowledge of the facts, gained by 15 years of experience.

Please send this coupon to-day for it. It will enable you to judge if Irrigation bonds form the sort of investment you seek. (4)

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This issue is secured by—

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The land upon which this issue is based is a part of the famous Twin Falls Country, Idaho. The controlling interest in this company is owned by the American Water Works & Guarantee Company, whose successful record in handling water works and irrigation companies guarantees full protection to the bond holders. The Twin Falls Oakley Land & Water Company is one of several conspicuously successful irrigation projects which this company has brought out. These include the Twin Falls Salmon River and the Twin Falls North Side Land & Water Companies, the success of which is well known.

The apportionment in low denominations—\$500 and \$100—affords excellent opportunity for small investments.

We recommend these bonds for conservative investment. Send to our Department A for circulars and descriptive matter.

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merce and building. Figures tell! Population in 1900, 50,761;
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happened before we unloaded her of her stores our
plight would have been utterly desperate. Of stores
in the ordinarily accepted sense she had but a scanty
supply, and those of a miserably inferior description;
but she contained half a cargo of whale oil in barrels,
which, now that it is landed, will settle the problem
of fuel for us for as long as the last survivor of our
company can hope to remain alive. And fuel is, after
all, the only necessity which the land itself does not
supply us with. Of course, we shall have to forego
the delights of bear steak when our ammunition gives
out, but walrus we can kill with harpoons. And
with these and scurvy-grass, which we gather in the
valley every summer, there is no danger of actual star-
vation.

"We hoisted the barrels of blubber out of the whaler's
hold with a hand tackle, sledged them ashore along the
floe and the crown of the glacier to Moseley's cave,
which seemed to be the most convenient place to store
them temporarily."

Cayley laid down the book, and turned to the girl.
"That's the place; I'm perfectly sure," he said. "It
evidently faces the glacier, but it must be very near the
beach, for they wouldn't have hauled those barrels
any further than necessary."

"Is that all he says about it?"
"It's all he says directly, but there's a reference just
a little further along which made me all the surer I was
right—let's see."

He opened the book again and ran his eye down the
page. "—A hundred weight or so of spermaceti
and two barrels of sperm oil we took directly to the
hut. Here, this is what I was looking for."

"The knowledge we get by experience often comes
too late to be of any great service to us. I made some
mistakes in stripping the *Phanix*, which I should not
repeat now. For instance, carrying her pilot house,
with infinite labor, up to the cliff-head for an observ-
atory. It is thoroughly impracticable for this purpose.
I doubt if I have visited it three times since Mr. Moseley's
death."

"He was the astronomer and botanist of father's
expedition," said the girl.

Cayley read on: "But now that I have learned my
lesson, I have but little to apply the knowledge to.
The *Walrus* is, I believe, the most utterly wretched
hulk that ever sailed the seas—ill found, detestably
dirty and literally rotting to pieces. We shall, how-
ever, get enough planks and timbers out of her to build
a shed or two near the hut, for the more convenient
storage of our supplies."

Again he closed the book. "That's what I was
looking for," he said. "You see they brought that
stuff down from the cave to these sheds; so the cave
would be almost inevitably the first hiding-place they
would think of when the sight of the *Aurora* drove
them to hustle everything out of sight."

"Whereabout on the cliff is the observatory,
Philip?"

"I was wondering about that. I've flown across
the cliff a number of times, but have never seen any-
thing of it. He may have wrecked it; taken it down
and used it for some other purpose."

"No," she said; "he'd hardly have had time for
that. There weren't many more pages to write in the
journal when he made that entry."

She fell then into a little abstracted silence, which
the man did not know how to break. But presently
she roused herself and came fully back to the present,
back to him.

"Did you succeed in accounting for the thing you
asked me about last night, the mark on the map right
here where they built the hut afterwards?"

"I didn't find anything about it in the journal, but
this morning, before breakfast, when I went outside
the hut, one glance at the face of the cliff accounted
for it fully. The cliff is split right here, from top to
bottom, by a deep, narrow fissure. The fissure is full
of ice, which I suppose has n't melted for a thousand
years. No summer that they could have in a high
latitude like this would ever melt it, certainly."

The girl laughed and rose from her place at the rude
table.

"Well," she asked, "are you ready for my discovery
now?"

She took down his pocket electric bull's-eye from the
shelf behind her, held out a hand to him and, on tip-
toe, led him, with a burlesque exaggeration of mystery,
out into the storeroom. As completely mystified in
reality as she playfully pretended to want him to be,
Cayley followed.

She went straight across the storeroom to the rear
wall of the hut, the wall that backed squarely against
the sheer surface of the cliff, flashed on the bull's-eye
for a second, apparently to make sure that she had
chosen the right point in the wall, then, letting go his
hand she stooped and picked up a stick of firewood
which lay at her feet. With this she struck pretty
hard upon the planking. The sound which the blow
gave forth was as hollow as a drum.

Cayley started. "A cave!" he exclaimed. "A
cave here. Oh, I see. It's a cold cellar they made by
cutting a hole in the ice that filled the fissure. And
why do you suppose they boarded it up?"

The girl laughed delightedly. Evidently she had
not, as yet, developed the whole of her discovery.
She flashed the light again.

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"Look!" she commanded.

In the center of a little circle of wall which the bull's-eye now illuminated Cayley saw the barrel of a rusty hinge.

"You see," she went on, "it's a door, and they only nailed it up the other day. There's a nail-head somewhere here that's quite bright. I caught the glint of it while I was rummaging before breakfast, and that made me look."

Cayley darted back into the living-room, returning almost instantly with the broken-handled pick.

In less than a minute, with a protesting squeak, the rude door swung open, and they saw before them just what Cayley had predicted. A rather high, but narrow cavity, the sides of which were the naked rock of the cliff, but the floor and ceiling solid ice.

That was all, or they thought it was, but just as they were about to retrace their steps to the hut, Cayley happened to glance up. The roof of the cave was not very much higher than it had to be to permit him to stand erect in it, something under seven feet; but here at the further end of it he saw a circular, chimney-like hole, about two feet in diameter, leading straight upward through the solid ice in the fissure.

Nature had nothing to do with the formation of it, so much was clear enough. It had been cut out by hand, and evidently with infinite labor.

Flashing his bull's-eye over it did not enable him to see the end of it, but it did reveal a series of notches running straight up the two opposite surfaces. The only purpose they would serve would be to make possible the ascent of the chimney.

Jeanne followed his gaze, and then the two looked at each other, completely puzzled.

"Some one must have made it," she said; "and it must have been frightfully hard to make a tunnel right up through the ice like that. But what in the world can they have made it for?"

"I've no idea in the world," he confessed, "but it goes somewhere, and I mean to find out where."

"Don't follow it too far," she cautioned. "It would only need one foot-slip off one of those icy notches to bring about a dreadfully ugly fall."

"One could n't fall far down a tube of that diameter, unless he had completely lost his nerve, for there's always a chance to catch one's self. And you're to remember that I'm used to falling. No, I'll be as safe up there as I would be on a turnpike. Yes, really."

With that and a nod of reassurance he scrambled up into the mouth of the long chimney. He had taken his bull's-eye with him, so the girl was left in the dark. She dropped down on a heap of bearskins to wait for him.

She had no means of measuring the time, and it seemed a perfectly interminable while before she heard Cayley returning down the ice chimney. Had she known how long it really was she would have been justified in feeling seriously worried about him, but not knowing, she attributed the seeming duration of his delay to the tedium of sitting in the dark with nothing to do. Even at that, she was conscious of a feeling of relief when she heard him call out to her once more, cheerfully, albeit somewhat hollowly, from the chimney's mouth:

"Jeanne, where are you?"

"Here, just where you left me."

"Here! All the while? You must be half frozen."

"I've been gone the better part of an hour."

"I did n't know how long it was, and I kept thinking you'd be back any minute. But where in the world have you been?"

By the time she asked that question they had groped their way back into the storeroom and thence into the living-room of the hut, and by now she was looking at him in the full light of day.

He dropped down, with a rather explosive sigh, upon one of the bunks and poked tentatively at his thighs and shoulders, as if they were numb with fatigue.

"I think, by a reasonable estimate," he said, "that chimney is five miles high. I kept going and going and going, till I began to believe that there was n't any end to it, or that, by some magic or other, I slipped down a yard as often as I went up one. But I did get to the end at last, and I'll give you a thousand guesses as to what I found there."

"The observatory," she hazarded. "Oh, but not really? I did not mean that for an honest guess at all. It was just the first thing that came into my head. But how could they pull the pilot-house of the *Phanix* up through that little hole in the ice?"

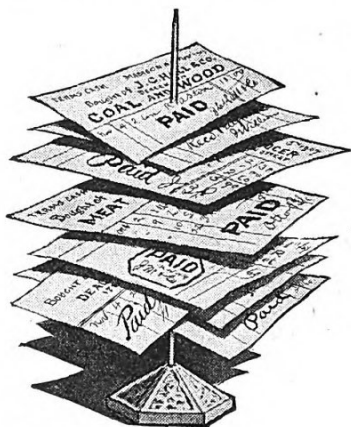
"Well, to tell the truth, I don't believe they did," he answered, with mocking seriousness. "It's more likely that they took it to pieces and then rigged a boom and tackle up at the cliff-head and hauled it up outside. But when they got it up there they put it together again right across the fissure and then tunneled down, or up, the whole depth of the cliff. It must have taken them weeks to do it, and when it was done they had an inside connection between it and the hut, so that they were quite independent of the weather. And it must have been a great place to make observations from."

"Have been!" she echoed, questioningly. "Is n't it now?"

"No, because it's all snowed and frozen in. It's buried, I don't know how many feet deep by this time, and dark, of course, as a pocket. But everything inside

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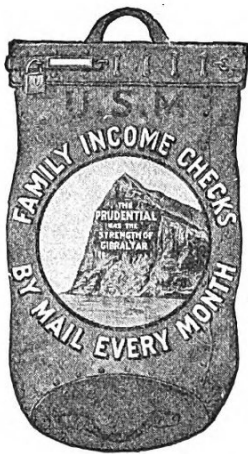
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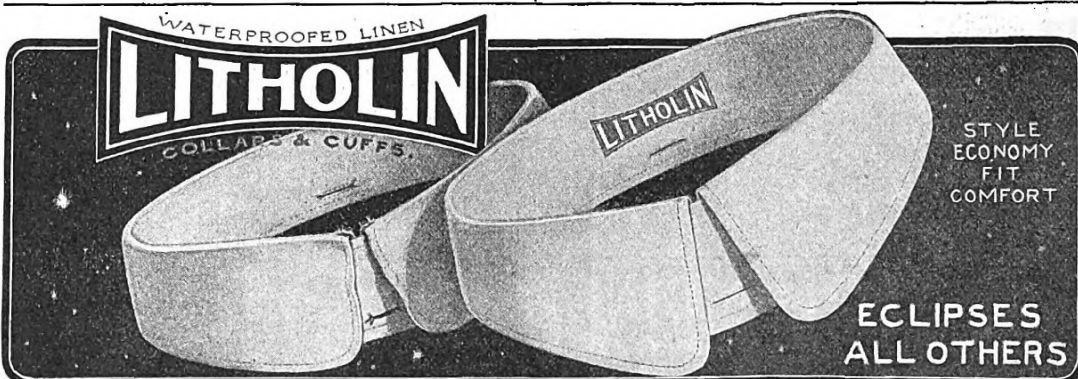
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J. FRANK CULLEN, San Diego, Cal.

is quite undisturbed. I doubt if a single member of the *Walrus's* crew ever saw it, or even suspected that such a place existed."

"I wish I'd gone with you," she said. "Do you suppose I could have got up there?"

"Oh, if it were a matter of necessity, yes. I could make fast a line around you, and then I could go ahead as a safeguard in case of slips. But I should n't advise you to try it for fun."

She acquiesced regretfully: "I suppose, if it tired you out like that, you are so strong and tireless. But it sounds inviting, somehow—the pilot-house of the *Phoenix* perched away up there on the cliff, and all buried in snow. I was there for a few minutes once, the day father sailed;" then, after a moment's silence, "you say everything was left apparently undisturbed. What is there up there?"

He unbuttoned his jacket and took from an inner pocket a scrap of paper.

"Being a methodical person," he explained, "I made an inventory. It's really quite a respectable list."

She seated herself beside him on the bunk as if to read the paper.

"I imagine you will need an interpreter," he said. "I've half forgotten what these tracks mean myself. My hands were so stiff with the cold it wasn't very easy to write. But that first word is telescope. And there are the meteorological instruments, barometers, thermometer and so on, and the *Phoenix's* compass, sextant and chronometer, a microscope, a paraffin oven and a big chunk of paraffin, an oil lamp, a five-gallon can about half full of oil and a small stove. There was a providential treasure for me in the form of a razor, which they used, I suppose, for cutting microscopic sections with. I'm glad they hadn't a microtone to do it properly."

"You didn't find a comb for me, did you?" she asked. "Because, unless you did, or until you do, you won't be allowed to use the razor."

"I suppose I could make one, or a sort of one. It would be genuine ivory, anyway."

He had come apparently to the end of the list.

"Well," she said, "I suppose we might find something to do with almost any of these things; some of them will be useful, certainly. And it's pleasant, somehow, to think of our little pilot-house, all snowed in, up there on the cliff-head, and of our secret inside passage leading up to it."

"That's quite true," he said. "I suppose it's all romantic nonsense, but it does give one a certain feeling of security. However," he went on, "we're not reduced as yet to anything as intangible as that as a subject for giving thanks. You haven't seen the whole of my list yet. I've saved the best till the last."

He turned the paper over in his hand as he spoke. She did not attempt to read what he had written, but sat there beside him, her hands clasped about one knee, her eyes upon the booted foot which was poised across the other, and waited rather tensely for him to tell her.

"It's not so very much, but it will mean an immense lot to us. What people die of in the Arctic is not so often disease or accident, or even, directly, cold or starvation. They die more often of disgust and weariness and exhaustion. Your father knew that, and he set apart from his general stores some luxuries and delicacies, or things that would seem to be such to men in their plight, to be used against emergency. I'm sure that's why he took them up there and hid them away. Part of them are lost. I wish he could have known to whom they were going to be of use. There's a little cask with brandy in it, a good sized pot nearly full of beef extract, a jar of dried eggs, three tins of condensed milk, a big ten-pound box of Albert biscuit and a big plum-pudding, in a tin, you know—Cross & Blackwell's. There it was, waiting, I suppose, to lend some sort of an air of festivity to their next Christmas."

The girl rose from her seat beside him, and going over to the window, stood for a while gazing up at the beach.

When she turned back, he saw that her eyes had dimmed a little, but the tone in which she addressed him was steady.

"Well, shall we go to look for our other cave, where the real stores are? There won't be anything heart-rending about that, at all events."

Cayley did not rise when she did, but remained, looking rather thoughtful, just where he was. The girl misinterpreted his hesitation.

"I forgot how tired you must be," she said. "Of course we'll wait."

"No, that's not it. I was only thinking. I believe we could live through the winter on what we've got right here—the bear, the birds and what stores we found in the observatory. They wouldn't more than last till the winter was over, but I think with a little good economy they would do that."

"You don't mean not to try to find the other cave?"

"No. It was simply a question of making what we have got safe and shipshape first—spending as much of this fine day as is necessary getting in more wood, the rest of those birds, and skinning and butchering that bear we killed last night—before we go out on an exploring expedition that may prove unavailing."

"I see," she assented, thoughtfully. "You mean what Tom would call playing it safe."

"That's a fine day out there," Cayley went on, "but what weather-wisdom I have gained up in this

part of the world makes me suspicious that we're about to have a change."

The girl sighed somewhat ruefully. "You are horribly reasonable," she said.

The thought of going back to yesterday's drudgery her muscles were still stiff from, instead of setting out along that sparkling beach with Cayley, in search for their *Alladin's* cave, was one that took some courage to face. Nevertheless, her hesitation was only momentary.

"Aye, aye, captain," she said, holding out her hand to him. "What do you want me to do?"

He left her provided with a jack-knife he had in his pocket and the task of skinning and dressing the rest of the birds they had brought in from the talus the day before. Those he had already prepared were to be hung up with these in their cold storage cellar back of the hut.

He himself, with his sheath-knife and an ax head he had discovered, fitted into the broken handle of the pick for a cleaver, set out down the beach to fense the great bear which he had killed the night before. The bear was a colossal specimen, and this fact, together with Cayley's inexperience and lack of tools, made the job a long and arduous one. But it was accomplished finally, and the forequarters of the huge carcass hung up in the storage cellar, while the immense white pelt, which had been scrubbed with sand and wet wood ashes from their fireplace, was stretched behind it to dry.

Jeanne had worked steadily all day at the task Cayley had assigned her, and by a constant repetition had already grown quite expert at it. The amount she had accomplished surprised him greatly; but she declined to allow him to make a merit either of her application or of her skill, and did not take kindly to Cayley's suggestion that she had done what would pass for a day's work.

"When you stop, I will," she told him.

So they effected a compromise. Cayley was to go out and bring in a load or two of firewood while she cooked supper.

Long before she expected him back she saw him, not moving slowly with his burden, but running—running at his top speed, like a man in fear of something.

Instinctively she moved forward to meet him, and this move of hers enabled him to see her. He slackened his pace instantly, and waved her back toward the hut. She obeyed that imperative gesture of his without hesitation, but still remained in the doorway, watching him as he rapidly drew nearer.

When he had got near enough so that she could see his face and read, more or less, what she saw there, she again moved forward to meet him, and this time he did not wave her back. When he came within arm's reach of her he caught her and held her tight in his two hands.

"What is it, Philip?" she asked, searching the depth of his eyes and trying to plumb the horror she saw in them. "What happened out there?"

"Nothing—happened. But I saw something there that made me anxious for your safety. It's all right, now you're safe. Nothing has happened here, has there, while I've been gone?"

"Nothing. What could have happened, Philip? It can't be anything that you're afraid to tell me," she went on, for he had not answered her. "There can't be anything you'd be afraid to tell me now, after yesterday."

"Oh, no, it's not so bad as that, but I saw that I had been wrong to leave you, even for that little while. You see, the sight of the place brought back to my mind what you had told me yesterday of the terror you had felt there, and of the thing that you saw in the twilight. And so I looked about and—Jeanne, it was no baseless terror, no product of the twilight and the fact that you were far from home. There was something there, slipping along from the shelter of one boulder to that of another. I found the tracks in the snow. They weren't more than ten paces away from you when I came down out of the sky."

"Was it the bear?" she asked. "That was what you thought it might have been at the time." But he could see in her eyes that this was not the answer she expected.

He shook his head. That told her enough.

[Continued in the December number]

Poise

A WEALTHY man once invited a famous humorist to a dinner given to friends because he thought he would make them laugh. The humorist came from the bedside of a dying friend. He ate his dinner in silence and abstraction.

Finally the exasperated host could not stand it any longer, and he said, "Dear Mr. — won't you tell us something funny?"

The humorist threw off his gloom and did cheer up the guests, because he was able, for the time, to antidote the sorrow thought which was weighing so heavily upon his soul, with the opposite suggestion.

Little minds are interested in the extraordinary; great minds in the commonplace.—Hubbard.

PIN - MONEY PAPERS

A DELICIOUS FRESH FRUIT DAINTY is made of the juice and grated rind of three lemons, juice and grated rinds of three oranges, three bananas and three peaches (fresh or canned) pressed through a sieve, three cups of sugar and three cups of water. Stir all together, dissolving the sugar well, pour in the cylinder—one of small diameter is preferable—of freezer and pack with ice and salt. Use no crank. Let it stand until it begins to freeze on the sides, then scrape down and repeat in ten minutes. If properly packed it should be ready to serve in one hour. If frozen hard it serves prettily in slices.—G. A. S.

WHEN CLEANING KNIVES, POTS OR KETTLES, a cork is an excellent thing to use with scouring soap.—A. L. G.

TO CURE FEET BLISTERED from long walking, on going to bed rub the feet with spirits mixed with tallow. W. G. D.

FOR CLEANING WINDOWS a mixture of equal parts of water and kerosene is excellent. Afterwards polish with a newspaper.—C. F. H.

IF TURNIPS ARE STRONG (OR BITTER), the changing of water two or three times will eliminate the bitter taste and make them sweet and palatable.—N. A. S.

WHEN WASHING EGGS TO SEND TO MARKET, the worst stained and discolored eggs may be made perfectly clean if rinsed in strong vinegar.—B. M.

WHEN YOU WANT YOUR KITCHEN FLOOR CLEANED, cover with sawdust or clean white sand, and in a day or two it will be as clean as if it had been washed.—M. M.

TO STOP HICCUGHS QUICKLY, dip a small lump of sugar in vinegar, allow it to dissolve slowly in the mouth, and immediate relief is usually afforded. LUCIA NOBLE.

IN MAKING CORN MEAL MUSH it is well to wet the meal before adding it to the boiling salted water. This will prevent it becoming lumpy, as it is apt to, when sifted in dry.—Q. A. M.

DO NOT LEAVE YOUR CANNING until fruit is poor and cheap. By all means buy the first good ripe fruit you can get. It will pay in the end, even if it does cost a little more at the time.—E. F.

WHEN I WAS PRESERVING FRUIT, I found that I had not sufficient rubber rings for my jars; so I cut some rings out of blotting pads. I put two rings on each jar. The fruit in the improvised ring jars kept well, although it was strawberries.—F. L. V.

HERE IS A REFRESHING DISINFECTANT for a sick-room or anywhere you find an unpleasant odor. Put ground coffee in a saucer, and in the center place a small piece of camphor gum; light it with a match. As the gum burns, allow the coffee to consume with it.—G. J. P.

A SPLENDID FLOOR STAIN is made of linseed oil colored with ground burnt umber. If rubbed well into the floor with a flannel rag, and next day polished with beeswax and turpentine, it goes right into the wood and is very durable, and makes a pretty finish for a floor. MRS. F. G. B.

WHEN YOU WANT A QUICK, HOT FIRE, and the wood is wet, put in an old ham (or shoulder) bone. In this way you can get rid of it at a great saving of wood, as one will burn much longer than a stove full of wood. If the meat has been cut judiciously, there will not be enough to justify cooking the bone.—MRS. R. M. H.

A CONVENIENT JELLY BAG is made by cutting a square of cheese-cloth and fastening it in an embroidery hoop. Clip the corners and fasten a stout cord at opposite points on the hoop. This can be made as large or as small as one wants by allowing the cheese-cloth to sag down or draw up. It can be hung on a nail, and is easily made and washed.—I. G. WHITMAN.

Helpful Household Hints From Our Women Readers

Edited by
ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

I WAS TOLD TO EAT PLENTY OF GRAPES for sick headaches, last fall, by my physician. It worked splendidly, but this winter, after grapes were gone, one morning I felt a headache coming on. I wondered what to do. An inspiration said, "try raisins." I ate a handful, chewing well, and my headache did not materialize. Since then I have done this and I find it prevents the headache if taken right on the start.—E. A. W.

TO REMOVE WHITE SPOTS FROM FURNITURE, rub with camphorated oil.—MRS. E. A. A.

IF YOU TRIM THE EDGE OF YOUR EMBROIDERED PIECE after washing and ironing, instead of before, you will be much better pleased with the newly finished article.—L. M. M.

TO PEEL TOMATOES WITHOUT USING HOT WATER, rub the tomato with the back of the knife and the skin will peel off as easily as if it had been scalded.—E. F.

A RAW IRISH POTATO WILL REMOVE MUD SPOTS from black clothes, if rubbed on carefully, and will clean them nicely.—MRS. F. G. B.

SHOULD YOU HAPPEN TO SCORCH WHITE GOODS, wet the scorched place with hot water and iron again immediately. You will find that the stain has vanished. G. J. P.

FOR IVY POISONING, a simple and effectual remedy is sweet spirits of niter. Bathe the affected parts two or three times during the day, and the next morning scarcely any trace of the poison will remain.—W. G. D.

FOR A TIGHT, HOARSE COUGH, where phlegm is not rising, take hot water often, as hot as can be sipped. This will be found to give immediate and permanent relief.—W. C. D.

A WINTER JELLY. When the winter store of apples decays rapidly, cut out the good parts of the speckled ones and make apple-jelly. Vary the flavor, by using part cranberry juice, or try grandmother's way of placing a rose geranium leaf in some of the glasses.—G. H. F.

TO MAKE MEXICAN SARSA, take four green chilli peppers, remove skin and seeds, one large dried onion, six large red tomatoes, peeled; chop all very fine. Add salt and black pepper and a tablespoon of vinegar. This is the genuine Mexican Sarsa.—E. H. R.

TO TAKE THE SKIN FROM CHILLI PEPPERS, fry the pepper in boiling fat until it is blistered, then throw it in cold water and remove the skin; or hold over the flame of a gas stove and then throw into water as above.—MRS. E. H. R.

I SOAK EMPTY SCREW-TOP talcum powder boxes in hot water for half an hour. I then pry off the tops and with sandsoap scrub off all printed matter. Beneath is a white paint on which I print the names of different ground spices with which I fill them. They make splendid sifters, and the screw tops keep spices fresh. MRS. R. JONES.

VINEGAR IS VERY USEFUL IN SOURING MILK OR CREAM. Put about two tablespoonfuls in a quart of milk and set it in a warm place and you will soon have a nice basin of sour milk; and cream may be served the same way if you want sour cream for biscuit or cake. If you have put in a little too much soda by mistake, the error may be easily overcome by putting in a small amount of vinegar.—M. R.

TO WASH KNITTED SHAWLS use naptha soap and water from which the chill has been removed. Do not rub, but squeeze gently in the suds, and rinse in water of the same temperature. Never hang up an article of this kind to dry it, as that will make it stringy, but fold it, being careful to have the edges straight and even, and lay on a clean sheet in a sunny place, and it will be as fluffy as when new.—MRS. B.



(For copies of this 1910 "Pompeian Beauty" Poster Calendar, 3 feet high, lavender and gold, see below)

Astonished Her

Here's a beauty receipt: Take a pinch of Pompeian; rub it on your moistened face and well into the pores. A few more moments of massaging—and lo! out comes the cream many shades darker than when applied. You are astonished! You never suspected that so much deadly dirt could stay in your skin, despite soap and water scrubbing.

A glance in your mirror further astonishes you. The old sallow "dead skin" appearance has gone, and in place of that drawn, tired-looking skin is one that has the freshness and smoothness of perfect health and youth. "When first I used Pompeian," wrote a woman, "I was as astonished as at my first Turkish bath." The pore-dirt that comes out will astonish you as it did her.

Pompeian Massage Cream

"Beautifies by cleansing"

Beauty comes from skin health. Pompeian keeps the pores clean, and thus promotes skin health. Resolve today to preserve and promote your beauty.

1910 Poster-Calendar of "Pompeian Beauty" sent to any address for 10c in coin or stamps. The above picture gives but a faint idea of the exquisite detail of color and costume of "Pompeian Beauty," really wonderful in her 8 foot length of lavender and gold. No advertisement on face of calendar, only the artist's name plate. Order now. Supply limited. Trial Jar of Pompeian Massage Cream for 6c in coin or stamps. Send 15c today for calendar and trial jar. You will be more than pleased. Write today for either or both.

The Pompeian Manufacturing Company
40 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

A LIVING FROM POULTRY

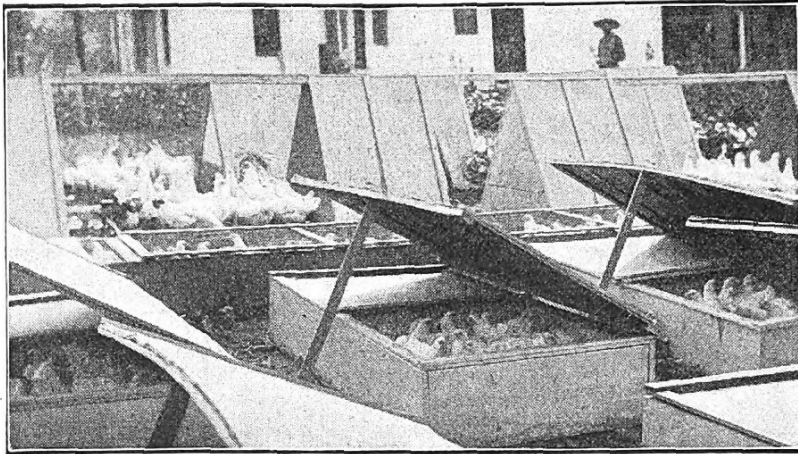
\$1,500.00 FROM 60 HENS IN TEN MONTHS

ON A CITY LOT 40 FEET SQUARE

TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible and when we tell you that we have actually done a \$1,500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden 40 feet wide by 40 feet long we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it is an easy matter when the new

PHILO SYSTEM

is adopted.



THE PHILO SYSTEM IS UNLIKE ALL OTHER WAYS OF KEEPING POULTRY

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

THE NEW SYSTEM COVERS ALL BRANCHES OF THE WORK NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

TWO POUND BROILERS IN EIGHT WEEKS

are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler without any loss, and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here three cents per pound above the highest market price.

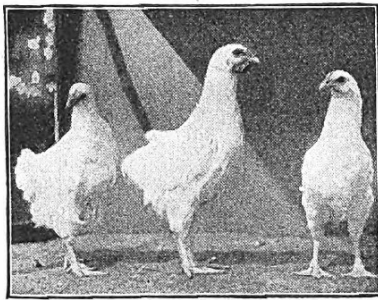
OUR SIX-MONTHS-OLD PULLETS ARE LAYING AT THE RATE OF 24 EGGS EACH PER MONTH

in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book, the PHILO SYSTEM OF POULTRY KEEPING, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, with simple, easy-to-understand directions that are right to the point, and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

DON'T LET THE CHICKS DIE IN THE SHELL

One of our secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.



THREE POUND ROASTERS TEN WEEKS OLD

South Britain, Conn., Apr. 14, 1909

Mr. E. R. Philo, Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I have followed your system as close as I could; the result is a complete success. If there can be any improvement on nature, your brooder is it. The first experience I had with your system was last December. I hatched 17 chicks under two hens, put them as soon as hatched in one of your brooders out of doors and at the age of three months I sold them at 35c a pound. They then averaged 2 1/2 lbs. each, and the man I sold them to said they were the finest he ever saw, and he wants all I can spare this season. Yours truly

A. E. Nelson

Send \$1.00 direct to the publisher and a copy of the latest revised edition of the book will be sent you by return mail.

E. R. PHILO, PUBLISHER, 154 THIRD ST., ELMIRA, N. Y.

CHICKEN FEED AT 15 CENTS A BUSHEL

Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

OUR NEW BROODER SAVES 2 CENTS ON EACH CHICKEN

No lamp required. No danger of chilling, over-heating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep all the lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on them when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

TESTIMONIALS

Bellefontaine, Ohio, June 7, '09

Mr. E. R. Philo, Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I just want to tell you of the success I have had with the Philo system. In January, 1909, I purchased one of your Philo System books and I commenced to hatch chickens. On the third day of February, 1909, I succeeded in hatching ten chicks. I put them in one of your fireless brooders and we had zero weather. We succeeded in bringing through nine—one got killed by accident. On June 1, one of the pullets laid her first egg, and the most remarkable thing is she has laid every day since up to the present time.

Yours truly, R. S. LaRue.

205 S. Clinton St., Baltimore, Md., May 28, 1909

E. R. Philo, Publisher, Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I have embarked in the poultry business on a small scale (Philo System) and am having the best of success so far, sixty-eight per cent. of eggs hatched by hens, all chicks alive and healthy at this writing; they are now three weeks old. Mr. Philo is a public benefactor and I don't believe his system can be improved upon and so I am now looking for more yard room, having but 15 x 80 where I am now. Yours truly,

C. H. Leach.

Osakis, Minn., June 7, '09

Mr. E. R. Philo, Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—You certainly have the greatest system the world has ever known. I have had experience with poultry, but I know you have the system that brings the real profits. Yours,

Jesse Underwood

Brookport, N. Y., Sept. 12, 1908

Mr. E. R. Philo, Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I have had perfect success brooding chickens your way. I think your method will raise stronger, healthier chicks than the old way of using lamps and besides it saves so much work and risk.

Yours respectfully,

M. S. Gooding

Man—As Woman Sees Him

[Continued from page 708]

Mr. Barrie, who alone has discovered what every woman knows, meant to fableize his own sex in "Peter Pan." Perhaps the Never-Never Land symbolizes that wonderful masculine world which no man ever leaves and no woman ever enters. At any rate, Adam's mother would not permit him to grow up. And Adam's wife instinctively carries on the work. And Eve, come at last to that kingdom of motherhood in which Adam can reign only as prince-consort, adopts him as another of her child-subjects, learns tenderly to pet, indulge, wheedle, cajole, captivate him; learns more tenderly still to laugh at him.

Two Must Play the Game to Satisfy Both

At Adam's minor weaknesses, then, Eve laughs. There are a few for which she despises him. In her secret heart she has a contempt for the creature she has fooled. In her secret heart she has a contempt for the creature who does not understand the rudiments of the only game she knows.

For women are born lovers. They play the love-drama with a magnificent expertness. Their work is full of a thousand colors, nuances, overtones, which men do not understand, do not even perceive. In the course of their courtship, every woman treats every man to a little Maeterlinckian drama which is surcharged with a charming sentiment, with poetic imagination. And every woman sighs as she sees insensate masculinity stalking, unheeding as a bull, through the delicate web of her finesses and subtleties.

And in addition to Adam's minor faults he has faults of quite a different character—major faults that inspire Eve with a blind terror. He is the slave of stimulants. His promiscuousness is the devastating sirocco of her life. The thing that he says oftenest is that beauty is only skin deep. The thing that he proves oftenest is that a pretty face can do anything with him. In every other relation of life, Eve trusts his word absolutely. On his sex-side, she judges him never by what he says, but always by what he does. For as far as women are concerned, he has, as Matthew Arnold says of Shelley, "a superhuman power of self-deception." Shielded on one side by this habit of self-deception; and on the other by that convenient luxury the gentleman's code, he remains, as far as the history of his heart is concerned, a complete mystery. Poor Eve can only peer and peep and furtively piece the dropped remark of yesterday to the conjecture of to-day and both to the unconscious hint of to-morrow.

The gravest criticism that men bring against women is that they distrust each other, that there is no sex-cooperation. But how can there be cooperation in a world so woefully mismanaged that a woman's success depends, even as the Man from Mars said, on the accidental possession of beauty or charm? Not only does beauty fade in an hour, but, at its very height, it may stale on a fickle Adam. It is man's promiscuousness that has compelled Eve to play her desperate cut-throat game. The golden curls of her neighbor's daughter may prove the *ignis fatuus* which leads Adam into the swamp of social ruin. The brown eyes of her neighbor's wife may set the spark that burns her happiness to pieces.

Why Does Eve Hold to Adam?

Why is it then, if Eve finds so much to despise or fear in Adam, that she still clings to him, at her best a limpet, at her worst a mollusc? Because though his large, self-centered, masculine egotism absorbs her, as yet he is her only dramatic possibility. He is the road to romance, to adventure. She can achieve little social value apart from him. He gives her devotion,

Learn to Make Poultry Pay.

We teach poultry keeping in all its branches, by mail, or by demonstration at the greatest poultry institute in the world. The home of the

PHILO SYSTEM.

Fresh laid eggs are considered the most perfect food and any one can learn to produce them at a profit, with the improved methods taught in our schools.

A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS AND GOOD LIVING

may be had on a city lot or a small lot of ground in suburbs or in the country. Poultry keeping is really a science. To get the greatest returns all branches of the work must be thoroughly understood. A short course is all that is necessary to make the business a success and to avoid the mistakes so common with those who do not understand the work.

WE CAN TEACH YOU SCIENTIFIC POULTRY KEEPING

by mail or at our National Poultry Institute where thousands of the finest birds are raised annually. With our improved methods it is possible to handle the business with a very small capital, or students can get employment at good salaries. Write for full information about our course of instruction in methods of poultry keeping.

PHILO NATIONAL POULTRY INSTITUTE,

1600 LAKE ST., ELMIRA, N. Y.

support, position—everything that constitutes her weak feminized ideal of success.

And on the other hand, Adam has much to stir her wonder, her admiration, her envy.

To contrast with her underdeveloped, etiolated feminine virtues, he has initiative, dash, audacity, originality, creative impulse. She stands the angel at the gate, guarding the home with a flaming sword. He dares the secrets of the abyss to spy.

She envies Adam his world of men—their magnanimity and generosity, their complete freedom from pettiness, social sensitiveness, suspicion and the horrors of gossip; above all their perfect faith in each other as far as she is concerned. To be sure, sometimes the suspicion crosses her mind that the reason why Adam trusts his fellow Adam so perfectly is because it has never occurred to him that the man lives who could cut him out. She sees him wandering freely through this world, pursuing a jolly, jolly, drinking, smoking, care-free life, illuminated to the last detail by the delicious masculine humor. She has a pathetic, wondering admiration for the superb creature who can afford a personal code, who always plays the long game, who always takes the big risks, who will, at the drop of the hat, abandon a mediocre certainty for a brilliant uncertainty, who never explains nor apologizes, and *who has never had to economize*. In short, Adam dares to be himself. Not furtive as she must be, he goes naked and unashamed. Last, he actually thinks. She, poor dear, has always had to walk in the murky light of her emotions. Here is a godlike being who is guided by the white light of reason.

Eve is always a little jealous of this mysterious masculine world. If she be a small woman, she is always trying to cut him off from it. If she be a big woman, she tries to understand it, to identify herself with it.

Woman—What Will She Be?

But in the last generation, a change has come over the spirit of Eve's dream. She is beginning to ask questions, questions about Adam, questions about herself. Is it necessary because things have always been one way that they must be forever so? Is there any reason why Adam should always have the open life and she the closed one? Why does he continually beg her to be an inspiration to him and yet continually withhold the chances of development from her? Ought he to be the final judge, anyway, in matters that concern herself? And touching this matter of the so-called masculine virtues—are they really Adam's sole property? Is there after all any sex in virtue or vice? Is Adam omniscient? Has he not always patted her on the head for the possession of what was only negative virtue anyway? Has he not always praised her for the absence of vices that she has never had any opportunity to develop? Adam tells that women are naturally good because—well, because goodness is a womanly virtue. But in her secret heart Eve knows that she is no more "good" in that old sense, or in any new sense, than Adam. In fact, she is beginning to suspect that it is a very subtle business finding out what is "good" or "bad" anyway.

Suppose Eve should find that virtue and vice, abstract qualities of all kinds, are sexless? Suppose Eve should come to the conclusion that there is no sex in originality, inventiveness, creative impulse, perception of beauty? Suppose she should find out that Adam maintains the monopoly of these star-qualities only because he lives in an Adam-managed world? Suppose she were to find out that circumstance, not sex, develops them? Suppose it occurs to her to compel similar circumstance for her own growth? Suppose—

What was it the Man from Mars said? "It will not surprise me when she emerges from the vase, if she turn out not a dwarf, but a genie."



We speak of the *good* old days—the charming graces and courtly ways. But do we forget that they did not know

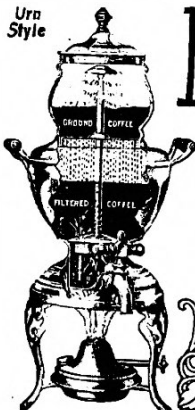
Uneeda Biscuit

The Soda Cracker that is the delight of this day and generation.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

2 lb and 5 lb Boxes! • Best Sugar for Tea and Coffee! • By Grocers Everywhere!



Manning-Bowman "METEOR" Coffee Percolator



—For making coffee as it *should* be made—with *all* the coffee aroma, flavor and goodness and *none* of the harmful element.

The grounds *cannot* steep or boil as in the old-fashioned coffee pot—*because they are kept above the liquid*. The boiling water is *sprayed over them*, carrying off only the enjoyable part. No uncertainty—no failures—coffee always right—always appetizing—always healthful.

Made in Urn Style with alcohol burner for table use, and in Coffee-Pot Style for stove use. Very strong and handsome—real MANNING-BOWMAN QUALITY. Over 100 styles and sizes. All leading dealers. Write for booklet "L-29."

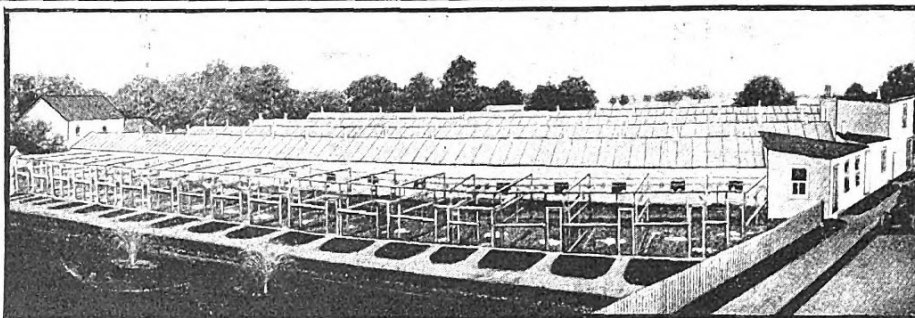
MANNING, BOWMAN & CO., Meriden, Conn.

(Makers of Manning-Bowman Denatured Alcohol Gas Stoves and "Eclipse" Bread Mixers)

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in your own Home for Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing or Mandolin. One lesson weekly. Beginners or advanced pupils. Your only expense is for postage and music, which averages about 2 cents a day. Established 1898. Thousands of pupils all over the world write: "Wish I had known of you before." Booklet and free tuition offer sent free. Address: U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 4, 225 Fifth Avenue New York City.

Amatite ROOFING



DOUGLASSVILLE SQUAB CO., DOUGLASSVILLE, PA.

After Five Years

THE success of any article depends upon the repeat orders, the orders which come because the article has "made good."

No manufacturer can succeed without these.

Here is the kind of letters which we are constantly receiving regarding Amatite roofing:

Gentlemen:

Five years ago we put our first roofs of Amatite on. Since that time we have roofed four other buildings with Amatite.

We wish to say in appreciation of your roofing that we never thought it was possible to procure a roofing of such quality for so little money.

Amatite is all you claim for it, and in our opinion the best of modern roofing materials.

Very truly yours,

DOUGLASSVILLE SQUAB CO.

The success of Amatite is due en-

tirely to the well-known fact that it *always* proves satisfactory. The reasons are that it is made of Coal Tar Pitch — the *greatest waterproofing compound known*, and that it has a *real mineral surface which needs no painting*.

You have no further expense or bother after Amatite is once laid. This means a great saving. A ready roofing which requires painting every two years will cost after a while as much for *paint* as for the *original roofing*.

Free Sample

The best argument we can offer in favor of Amatite is a sample of the goods themselves. When a practical man takes a piece of Amatite in his hand he recognizes at once that it is thicker, heavier, stronger and more durable than the common kinds.

Address our nearest office.

Barrett Manufacturing Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston Cleveland St. Louis
Minneapolis Pittsburgh Cincinnati New Orleans Kansas City



More Than Chicago, Boston And Philadelphia Combined

Figures recently given out by the Public Service Commission show that the passenger traffic on the New York City roads is greater than that of Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston put together.

The figures are staggering. And while we hate to paint the lily—we ask to be allowed to make one dab:

If you can reach more passengers in a year in New York City than you can reach in Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston combined—what is your advertising decision?

And remember, it is the most liberal-spending public on earth—right here in New York City.

We have the exclusive control of all advertising space in the NEW YORK CITY SURFACE CARS—Boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx, Richmond and in the Fifth Avenue Auto-Busses.

No patent medicine, or "cure" advertising accepted. Study the cards—we have a standard. Dealings direct with principals only.

New York City Car Advertising Company
225 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

The New Problem of the Old

[Continued from page 713]

interests slip from his enfeebled, useless fingers.

Finally, in Germany, in Denmark, in Australasia, and now in England, a new policy has been adopted toward the old. The pall of fear which has hung over the hungry, naked old men for centuries is lifted. To every man who has labored in his lifetime a pension is granted, and whether he contributes to this pension directly and compulsorily, as in Germany, or indirectly through his labor, as in England, he receives in his old age a fixed weekly stipend which is not dishonoring or rooted in charity. The pension paid by the German or English State to its old is as much a reward of labor as is the wage which is found in the weekly pay-envelope.

Old-age pensions are not the end, but the beginning of the problem. A pension is a good thing, but it is not so good as the chance to work. When by preventing child-labor, industrial accidents, remediable illness, stock-watering, and other wholesale spoliation not only of city workmen, but of farmers, professional men, and men and women of small property, we shall have struck at the root of much of our senile poverty, we shall have made the drawing of old-age pensions a universal right which will be only occasionally exercised. The pension will be opened to all who need it, but the need will be less. If our civilization is to be worth while, the solution of the problem of poverty in old age will eventually be found in prevention quite as much as in cure.

Honoring Our Fathers and Our Mothers

In both prevention and cure America has lagged behind. We are, it is true, reforming our almshouses and establishing homes for the aged; we are, through our railroad and industrial corporations, providing voluntarily for certain old employees; our cities are to a certain extent giving pensions to policemen, firemen, and school-teachers; while the Federal Government of this unmilitary nation is expending far more than all military nations combined in pensions to men who have risked their lives on the field of battle. We are not niggardly, and we do not lack humanity, but, nevertheless, we have been too unscientific, too haphazard, too timorous in our approach to this grave human problem. We have been slow to diagnose our case. We have been like the sick man who will not admit that he is sick; like the old man who does not know that he is old.

In its final analysis, Society must be gauged by its attitude toward the poor or sick or helpless, toward children, untrained women and displaced old people, even the least of these. The efforts of Society must be directed to the task of removing poverty in old age and the abysmal dread of it, to the end that every well-intentioned man and woman in the community may look forward with confidence to a serene and untroubled age in a land which honors its fathers and its mothers.

NOTE.—Another article by Mr. Weyl, discussing old-age pensions and other partial solutions of the old-age problem, will be published in an early number.



The Matches of the Future

"WHERE will our matches come from?" is the question asked on all sides in view of the rapid spoliation of our forests.

There is a factory in operation at Sholapur, India, where Surya-grass is cut into two-inch lengths, winnowed and screened (to assure uniformity of size), boiled a few minutes in paraffin, and dried. They are then shaken through a sifter, placed in layers, and the ends are dipped in phosphorus. Twenty-four pounds of paraffin coats seven-thousand boxes of matches. All the materials used in the operation are so inexpensive that boxes of these matches can be profitably sold for twenty-six cents per gross.

Hope for the Victims of Narcotics

[Continued from page 718]

uncontrollable restlessness. Their nervousness is distressing to witness. The mental agony is so great that their minds often become unbalanced. Even after the symptoms of withdrawal have ceased the delusional insanity if present is apt to persist for several months before it wears away.

The causes and effects of alcoholism form a vast subject about which much truth and many falsehoods have been written. The falsehoods have done more than a passing harm, for they have caused in the minds of the ignorant a disbelief in the truth, and the strict truth displays a terrible picture. The use of alcohol is the most common and wide-spread of all the narcotics, and unlike morphine and cocaine it may be indulged in modestly without ever being taken to excess; but, also unlike morphine and cocaine, when used even in moderation it may cause pathologic changes in the body, and when taken to excess invariably produces degenerative changes in the various viscera.

Alcohol has a curious selective action, and as individuals react differently to equal doses, so, too, do individuals show different pathologic changes from equal indulgence. The brain and central nervous system, or the heart and arteries, or the liver and kidneys, may each separately bear the brunt of the alcoholic poison. Thus the brain and nervous system may entirely escape the poison, and the individual die of cardiac or other visceral degenerations; or the brain and nervous system may become early degenerated and the viscera escape, and the chronic alcoholic live long years, a nuisance and a curse to his community. Unfortunately, when alcoholic excesses are committed in the youthful, formative period of life, the brain and nervous system are the more prone to be affected. The man who indulges in alcoholic excesses is like a man who recklessly signs sight drafts which he never expects to be cashed in, but when overtaken with acute disease or accident these drafts are cashed in with pitiless insistence. The effects of alcohol do not always remain confined to the generation which commits the over-indulgence, since idiocy, epilepsy, moral degeneracy and weakened, unstable mentality are more often found in the children of alcoholic parents than in those of non-alcoholic parentage. The actual thirst or craving is not inherited, but the weaker moral character which is bequeathed easily gives way to any temptation and quickly forms habits of excessive indulgence.

Alcoholism is the Hardest to Cure

It will surprise many that alcohol is here spoken of as a narcotic and not as a stimulant, the so-called stimulating action by which the mind seems to act more quickly is in reality only the beginning of the narcotic action by which the judgment and self-restraint is beginning to be inhibited and which steadily goes on with further dosage to a paralysis of the higher mental functions. It is difficult or impossible for the poor to realize a substance which gives them pleasure, and is one of their few luxuries, can be harmful. The ease with which a small amount will relieve the sense of grinding and poverty and the monotonous drudgery of existence prevents them from realizing the dangers of overindulgence. Custom and example of the elders lead the younger generation into early habits of indulgence which often rapidly develop into overindulgence. Social treating, with the obligations considered customary, increase the amount taken in any given group of men. For when the false sense of obligation is removed by consent, the amount consumed noticeably diminishes in that same group. The wine connoisseur seldom becomes a drunkard, as he drinks for the taste, and excess spoils the keen enjoyment of his taste. Most men who drink only in moderation do so to relieve the sense of nervous fatigue from work, and when that sense of relief is obtained they stop. When more than moderation is taken it is for the full narcotic effect, and when the battle of overindulgence is formed, men drink to become drunk and oblivious to their thoughts and environment. The drunkard does not become drunk from accidentally drinking, but deliberately drinks to quiet the narcotic craving and obtain the oblivion of drunkenness.

As was stated in the beginning of this article, there is no claim made of an infallible cure. No drugs can cause a man to be physically born again and generate a strong nervous system in the mentally weak. No drugs can strengthen a weak character. No drugs can undo the physical lesions of degeneration produced by alcohol, though a cessation of the poisoning, and hygienic living, will do much to retard the growth of these morbid processes. No drugs can change a man's environment nor alter the sociologic conditions of his life and free him from temptation. The cure of the habit will therefore depend on factors within and around the individual; but this treatment will eliminate the poison from him and obliterate the craving for his narcotics and place him, as near as it is possible to do so, in the state he was in before he began his narcotic indulgence.

The chances of relapse are worth considering. The opium and morphine addict will probably not relapse, the cocaine addict may not, and the majority of

The Comfort of the Telephone



The Bell System has become the nervous system of the business and social world.

The comfort it affords the women in the homes of America cannot be measured.

Do you measure it in considering the value of your Bell telephone?

The mother of children can find out where they are at any particular hour of the day—and how they are—even though their visits carry them to the country village or the city hundreds of miles away.

The husband on a trip talks from his hotel room to his wife at home.

There is a world of comfort in the knowledge that you can talk together at a moment's notice, wherever you may be.

The Bell Long Distance service offers, ready recruited for your call, the largest body of active business men in the world. If you have a telephone, avail yourself of its long distance possibilities.

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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\$3000 TO \$10,000 A YEAR

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We will teach you by mail the Real Estate, General Brokerage and Insurance Business, and appoint you

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of the oldest and largest co-operative real estate and brokerage company in America. Representatives are making \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year without any investment of capital. Excellent opportunities open to YOU. By our system you can make money in a few weeks without interfering with your present occupation. Our co-operative department will give you more choice, salable property to handle than any other institution in the world. Get your name on your own Real Estate Signs—big money in it. A Thorough Commercial Law Course FREE to Each Representative. Write for 62-page book, Free.

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ON ARISING TAKE 1/2 GLASS OF
Hunyadi János
THE BEST NATURAL LAXATIVE WATER

A bottle of HUNYADI JANOS should be in every bathroom, ready for use when needed. It is the most perfect Natural Laxative known—biliousness, torpid liver, sick headache and similar disorders are strangers to those who use it.



Chafing Dish Cooking

Many dainty dishes can be prepared in a chafing dish.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

adds a piquant flavor indispensable to good chafing dish cooking.



Fish, Shrimps, Oysters, Clams and Lobsters; Frogs' Legs and Welsh Rarebit are given an appetizing and delicate relish by its use.

Imitated but Never equalled.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
Agents, N. Y.

alcoholics probably will relapse. By far the greatest number of those addicted to opium and morphine wish to be freed from their habit. The pleasures obtained from the use of the drug have long ceased and have been replaced by misery and suffering. They keenly feel their progressive deterioration, and if given the opportunity to be free will gladly grasp it. After the obliteration of their craving has occurred the memory of their former misery is too keen for them to yield easily to the temptation to relapse. As soon as they realize fully that they can go on in comfort without the drug they usually do so. Fortunately morphine leaves no lesions from its use. In the cocaineist there may or may not be the desire to be free. If taken before the cocaine insanity has developed they usually desire to be rid of the habit. After the insanity has developed they do not so often express their desire to give up their narcotic. When the craving has ceased and they go on without the drug, if within a year they become mentally or physically exhausted the vivid memory of their former seductive stimulation is apt to be too much, and they are prone to relapse. If they show their insanity after they are free from the drug they must be treated as acutely and curably insane.

Most alcoholics do not wish to stop their drinking. It is difficult to break through their dense self-conceit and rouse them from their selfish egotism. They resent the idea that they are not as strong as other men to resist excessive indulgence, and are angered by the idea that they can not do as they see others doing. If they realize the growing force of their habit and voluntarily come for treatment when the craving has been obliterated there is the best chance of a successful cessation. The "game must be worth the candle" to them to give up forever all further drinking of alcohol, no matter in what form it is offered to them. Unfortunately most men who habitually drink to excess have begun to deteriorate before they begin to stop. It is often impossible to gauge how far the mental deterioration has progressed in a given individual, and it is therefore impossible to say whether or not any treatment will help him. It is equally impossible to say that he can not be helped, and therefore one should always try. Often the alcoholic has lost his employment, and when put on his feet by removing his craving, he must seek employment. He is met with distrust, and hence discouragement; he is forced into idleness, and is often subject to unwise lecturing and nagging, and the forced return to a harmful environment, all combine to break down a weak resistance, and he again seeks forgetfulness in alcohol. There is usually too much moral condemnation and too little physical care given to the alcoholic who is trying to free himself from his addiction.

Setting Broken-down Human Beings on Their Feet

If the narcotic addicts are an economic loss to the community and often a burden, they dearly pay the price in their suffering and misery, and if they fail to break away from their addiction at their first trial they should be helped again and not be condemned and driven out. A first failure is sometimes followed by a later success. Not long ago a patient came into Bellevue Hospital to be treated for the combined addiction of morphine and cocaine. He was taking sixty grains a day of each hypodermically. He had been taking the drugs for ten years and had been previously in twenty-two different institutions to be broken of the habit, but unsuccessfully. After taking the treatment, though he declared he no longer desired morphine and was not secretly using it, there were evidences that he had secreted some somewhere, and it soon became evident that he had stolen the morphine bottle while the nurse's back was turned. He went out of the hospital and immediately went back to his excessive use of the drugs. After a couple of weeks he begged to be given another chance, and he again went into the hospital and was given the treatment. This time there was no possible chance of surreptitious use of the drugs and he went through the treatment successfully, and in three days ceased the use of the drugs. But like many cocaine addicts he became delirious for ten days and then came to himself. He acknowledged that the craving was obliterated. He went into the country to recuperate his health. Being a physician, he could write prescriptions for his drugs, but wishing to prevent all chances of relapse, he walked to the nearest village, and, going into a drug store, wrote a prescription for morphine and cocaine and signed his name to it. He then forbade the druggist to fill any prescription in his handwriting or with his signature which had any morphine, opium or cocaine in it. When last heard from he was rapidly improving in general health, and acknowledged that he had not the slightest desire for either of his narcotics. And his demeanor and improvement show that he is not now using either of the drugs.

For the successful treatment of narcotic addicts the variations seen in the different individuals must be carefully considered, and each individual treated according to his separate needs. During years of service in the alcoholic wards of Bellevue Hospital I have tried many drugs and many methods of treatment to obliterate the craving for morphine, cocaine and alcohol, and many times failed of success. The treatment here referred to is the first I have found which successfully obliterates the cravings for narcotics. Methods should be judged like men, more by what they do than what they fail to do. It is not the failures, but the successes which count.

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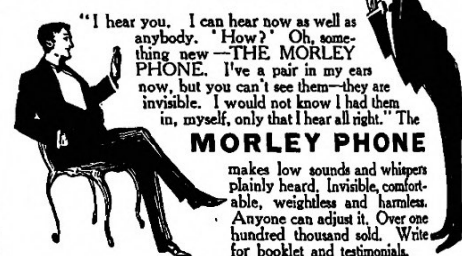
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The King and the Beggar Maid

[Continued from page 711]

not be the act of an isolated individual, but the act of a great organization that stands ready to repeat it."

"That sanction we will not give you."

"But if I could make the proposal direct to The White One, I'm sure he would see the matter differently. Can't you take me to him?"

"As I have told you on other occasions, we are not allowed to do so."

An angry look flamed into the terrorist's lean, dark face. "Then you don't trust me!" he burst out. "We may differ in methods, but have n't I proved my devotion to your cause?"

"Don't take this refusal as a personal matter, Mr. Freeman. The circumstances are such that we are not allowed to reveal The White One's identity to any one. We are under oath."

The terrorist was too keen a man not to see that some slight doubt of him was lurking in their minds. However, he silently swallowed his mortification, and took his double rebuff with a philosophic shrug. He said he would abandon for the present his plan against the military governor's life, begged to be considered a willing co-operator in whatever activity they might devise, and then took his leave. To Drexel, on the outside of one door, it was a great relief when that sinister figure was on the outside of the other.

"To think of his proposing to us to kill Prince Kuratoff!" said Razoff, laughing grimly.

"But he may undertake the plan himself," said the woman, with concern.

"If he does," returned Razoff, "we'll warn the governor ourselves."

All this while the woman had been seated, her back to Drexel; but now she rose and went around the table to snuff the spluttering candle. At the graceful ease of her walk, which even her shapeless garments could not obliterate, a sudden thrill went through Drexel; and when the candle-light fell upon her face, though forehead and chin and cheeks were hidden by the binding shawl, the thrill had an even more electric keenness. For nose, mouth, eyes, were the same!

She snuffed the candle. "Excuse me for a few minutes," she said to the men, and crossed straight toward Drexel's door.

CHAPTER VI

IN FRANTIC haste Drexel slipped down and was back at the table when the lock grated and she entered. She closed the door, and stood looking a moment at him, and he gazed back at her. Despite those beauty-murdering clothes, the spell of her personality was more sovereign even than yesterday-night.

She crossed the room, and was the first to speak. "I have come," said she in that low rich voice that set his every nerve vibrating, "to thank you and to apologize."

He could only incline his head.

"To thank you for what you so gallantly did for me last night."

Drexel found his voice, but he could not keep a little irony out of his words. "And yet your thanks seem rather oddly expressed." He motioned about the imprisoning room.

"It is for that I would apologize. I am sorry. But it seemed to us necessary."

"Necessary! Why?"

She looked him straight in the face. "Because I did not wholly trust you."

"Not trust me?"

"You had seen me—you guessed what I had done—you could have identified me had you seen me again, and turned me over to the police. That would possibly have meant my death; certainly the destruction of all my plans."

"Then you really tried to shoot Prince Berloff?"

"I did not. He fired the shots; so that, if caught, he could say I fired and bring against me the charge of attempted assassination."

"But," said Drexel, going back, "you seemed to trust me at first."

"Yes."

"And then you did not?"

"Frankly—no."

"You feared me as much as you did the police. Why?"

She did not answer.

"I am completely at a loss," said he. "Come, tell me—why didn't you trust me?"

"That," said she steadily, "I cannot tell."

He rubbed his forehead. "Well, of all situations a sane man ever got into!" he muttered, and looked at her stupidly. "At least," he drawled, with a touch of irony in his voice, "would it be considered an intrusion into matters which are none of my concern, if I asked what is going to happen to me?"

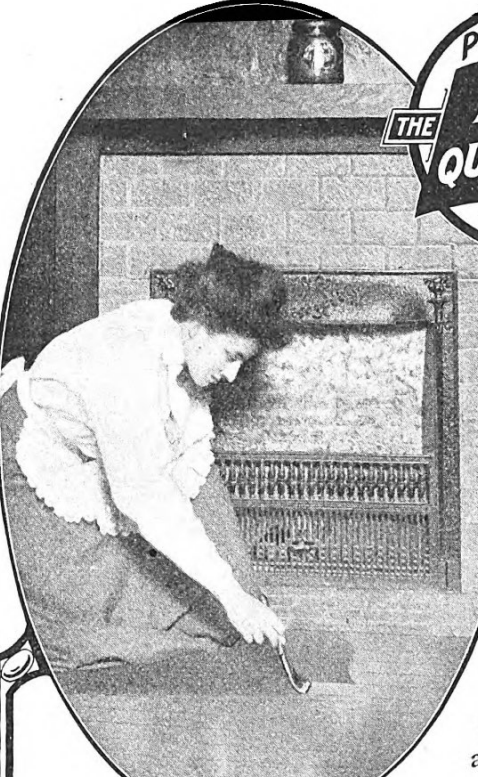
"You will merely be detained, and treated courteously, till we feel it is safe to release you. Ivan and Nicolai are treating you all right? We had to act instantly, and they were the only persons we could upon the instant command."

"Oh, they're nice boys, I guess," said Drexel. "But

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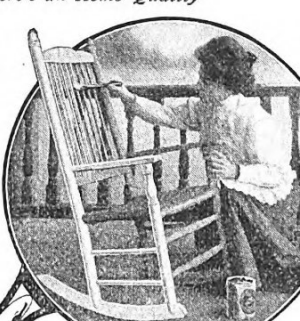
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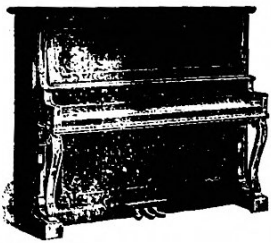
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I wish they lived at a better hotel. The janitor here does n't know it's winter yet and keeps the steam-heat turned off; that sofa is upholstered with soft coal and soup-bones; and the chef—well, the chef's repertoire is limited to tea and bologna. But I guess it's all right."

She smiled slightly, but the smile was instantly gone. "Your inconvenience is being suffered to render more secure a great cause."

"And to render more secure your life?"

"And my life." She held out her hand. "Again, thank you. Good-by."

"You're not going!" cried Drexel—but he did not miss the opportunity of taking her hand. "Not yet—please! There's something I wanted to ask you."

"Yes?"

He looked straight into her eyes, and held the hand tight. "It's this: Who are you?"

She drew her hand away. "You do not need to know."

"Perhaps not," said he "But I desire to."

"Well, I'm one of a thousand girls"—there came a flush into her face and a ring into her voice—"ten thousand girls, yes a hundred thousand! who are doing the same work."

"Yes, I know that you are a revolutionist. But who are you personally?"

"Any one of the hundred thousand."

"But you are not just any one," he persisted.

"That's plain. You are educated, refined, have had advantages far above the ordinary."

"Don't you know"—and her voice swelled with a more vibrant ring—"that our universities are filled with poor obscure young women—poor, yet great souls just the same!—who starve themselves, literally starve themselves, that they may gain an education, that they may become broad, cultured women, that they may bring light and help and hope to their down-trodden people!"

But Drexel was seeing her as she appeared upon the train. "That may be so—but you are not of that kind," he said, confidently. "That kind does n't look as you did last night."

"But how do you know," she cried, stretching wide her arms, the better to display her clumsy garments, "that last night's clothes are any truer index of my station than to-night's?"

She saw the question struck home. "We revolutionists work in hourly danger from the police. Safety compels us to assume disguises, and we fit our disguises to our missions. My yesterday's mission required that I should seem what you call a lady."

"You mean that your yesterday's clothes were only a disguise?"

"Only a disguise." He thought a moment. No, a woman of position, which he half guessed her to be, would have no reason for discontent; no reason for risking comfort, wealth, life even, in this struggle for better conditions. After all she was probably one of those rarely beautiful, rare-spirited women who flower from among the common people.

"Then this is all I am to know?" he asked, slowly.

"That I'm just one of the hundred thousand—that is all!"

She started toward the door.

"Wait!" he cried. "Wait! Surely I'll see you again?"

She shook her head. "You are not to be released till after my mission has been accomplished. By that time I shall have disappeared. This is the last time we shall meet. Good-by."

Her hand was on the knob, when Drexel sprang forward and threw himself between her and the door, and his body quivered in every limb.

"No! No! No!" his words broke out, "I can't lose you forever like this! I can't! I can't!"

She drew back and gazed at him with a flashing, imperious manner. "What does this mean?" she demanded.

"It means I love you!" he cried, brokenly. "It means I don't care who you are—what you are. I love you. I love you! With all my heart—with all my soul!"

At sight of his big, strong, quivering body, his tense, agonized face, the hauteur all slipped out of her bearing. "You are in earnest?" she asked slowly, in amazement.

"God strike me dead if I am not! And as never before in all my life!"

"I am sorry—sorry," she said, with true sympathy.

"But even if I cared—it could not be. The liberty of my country has first place in my heart. That is my husband."

"Then you refuse me?" cried Drexel.

"I must."

"And this is final?"

"It is."

"No! No! No!" he cried, inflamed with love and the danger of the loved one's eternal loss, and seizing at every argument. "Listen!" He stepped nearer her. "Listen, before you speak finally. I can take you out of this poverty, this turmoil, this oppression! I can give you peace, and comfort, and position!"

"Ah!" she breathed. "The king stoops again to the beggar maid."

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"Yes!" cried he, and he glowed dominantly down upon her. "You shall have everything! Everything! You and I, side by side, we will go breast to breast with the foremost, and none an inch ahead! I tell you, with your beauty, you shall queen it over every woman in Chicago. For I can give you position!"

He had not noted the strange, quiet look that had come into her face. "You are of an old family, then?"

"Yes! As old as Chicago!"

"Seventy years," said she.

"Come!" he went on with the mighty rush of his schemes. "Mine is going to be no trifling million-dollar success. I do not mean to boast—but I feel the power in me! No young man in America has a chance like mine! I shall become one of the first business men of America! It's sure—sure as that the years roll round. I shall become the master of railroads, of mines, of factories. All—all—are going to yield me their wealth. Vast wealth. And that means power—and even greater position. And this wealth, this power, this position shall all be yours!"

As he spoke she had slowly unwound the shawl that tightly bound her head; and the beauty of her face, with its ebon crown of soft, rich hair, was before him unobscured, unconfined. She had drawn herself up, her breath was coming and going with slow tensility, and her eyes—those wonderful blue eyes!—were blazing full upon him. But she did not speak.

"Well?" said Drexel.

"I think," said she, and her words came with slow, sharp distinctness, "that you are the most despicable man I ever met!"

"What!" he cried. And he stepped back against the door, as though she had struck him in the face.

The eyes still blazed with awful contempt into his own, and the slow words went on.

"You are a man of great power—I see that. Genius, maybe—perhaps great genius. And doubtless you will achieve all you say. But for a man with divine gifts, to turn those divine gifts to his selfish gain, which means to the loss, to the misery, of his fellows—I repeat, such a man is the most despicable man I ever met!"

The paleness of Drexel's face began to light with anger.

"I see," said he grimly, "that you are one of these socialists."

"Perhaps," said she, steadily.

"Yes"—between his angry clenched teeth. "There are some of your kind even in my country. Disappointed, sniveling failures, snarling at people who have succeeded!" His anger blazed fiercer. "Let me tell you this, young lady. You would n't be so contemptuous of people with position, if you had some position yourself! Nor of wealth, if you had ever tasted some of wealth's comforts!"

But she did not quail before his fire. "Perhaps not," she returned, quietly.

There was a moment of silence between the two.

"And now, will you please allow me to pass," she said.

Her words sent all the anger out of him.

"But," he besought, desperately, "surely sometime I may meet you again?"

"This is the last time," said she with quiet finality.

"Forever?"

"Forever."

He leaned against the door and stared at her with dizzy pain; till she recalled him by repeating,

"Will you please allow me to pass."

He dumbly stood aside and opened the door. She hesitated, then gave him her hand.

"Thank you once more. Good-by."

"Good-by," said he.

She passed out. And the door closed and the bolt rasped into place.

[To be continued. The December instalment will be entitled, "One Woman—Or Two?"]



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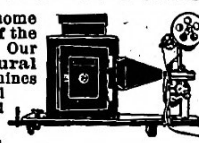
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Young Mrs. Royce

[Continued from page 706]

There was the soft thud of Miss Sarah's broad shoes down the hall, the distant closing of a door. They had gone to dinner, they and the boy—and they didn't want her.

She dragged back to the window and stood looking out. Then one by one she took off the sparkling rings. Slowly she slipped from the rose-colored gown and shook down around her shoulders the pale-brown hair. A wave of loneliness swept over her.

"I shall go to-morrow," she muttered.

When Miss Myra tiptoed into the room to take away the dinner tray and say good-night, she saw the outline of a long figure lying on the bed. She spoke and received no answer. She tiptoed out and reported to Miss Sarah that Mrs. Grahame was asleep.

"Good enough," announced Bob. "Now we three can have a comfy evening. Come out on the porch, old dears, while I smoke my after-dinner."

"After-dinner?" queried one of the "old dears."

"He means his cigar," explained the other. "You go with him while I run up-stairs and get our shawls."

As the cigar glowed and waned on the porch below, Cornelia sat at her window, shivering nervously, and listened, shamelessly listened. And later, when the boyish voice declared, between frank yawns, that its owner was going to turn in, Cornelia rose from her chair and leaned against her door till the sound of his footsteps came, passed, and ceased. Then she crept to her bed and stared hungrily out into the darkness.

V

"AND so," continued Miss Myra, "when Doctor Murray wrote and asked if we could have her here for a while, sister and I said, it is 'Providential.'"

"But it seemed as though Providence had not willed it so, after all," Miss Sarah broke in, gently.

"No," agreed Miss Myra. "It is probably best."

"But if you wanted Mrs. Royce, the boy's mother, why have you not written in all these years?"

"My dear! If you had seen the letter! Sister, would it do any harm to show Mrs. Grahame the letter? Just think! She had given him to us. She has never wanted to see him in all this time. She married in less than two years after our nephew died. Oh, no, we did not really want to see her. Only as sister said when Doctor Murray wrote, 'if the hand of Providence is in this, we must not attempt to thwart it.'"

"And after all Providence had nothing to do with it?" Cornelia's voice grated with its cynicism after the old ladies' soft tones.

"My dear, we do not say that, we do not think it; all we thought was that Providence did not intend Robert to know his mother."

Young Mrs. Royce, she is called," Miss Myra spoke with more sharpness than her kind tongue usually gave utterance to.

"Sister!" reproved Miss Sarah. "Robert was only a boy when he married, and she was only a girl. We both remember," she went on to Cornelia, "the night they came. We were going away. We lent them Green Hills for their honeymoon. We greeted them at the steps outside and left in the same carriage that brought them. We had just a glimpse of her young, pretty face. How pretty she was, sister!"

"I have forgotten," said Sister Myra, unsmilingly.

Cornelia rose from her chair. It was the day after Robert's arrival, and they were gathered in her room with their needlework. But the needles and thimbles had been laid aside as the story of Robert became more absorbing. Cornelia went to the window and looked out.

"It is very—interesting," she said.

"I don't know why we have told you so fully, except that we thought of asking your advice."

"My advice?" Cornelia looked around, startled.

"It is very difficult for us to decide. Perhaps you had better get the letter, Sarah."

Miss Sarah went noiselessly out of the room. Miss Myra leaned forward in her chair.

"I think," she almost whispered, "I think it is best to show him the letter." She nodded. "Then he will get over this strange idea that he has."

Cornelia sat down on the window seat. "I'm afraid I can't advise you," she stammered. "But why show him the letter?"

"He has an idea that we have been hard on his mother. We told him that she had married again. When he went away to school, we were afraid it would reach his ears, so we told him; up to that time he had believed her dead."

"Here is the letter, sister."

Miss Sarah had returned. Miss Myra took from her hand an envelope and carried it to Cornelia. With the old ladies' eyes upon her, she forced her hands to slip the sheet of paper from its cover. Staring up at her were her own words, her own sprawling handwriting.

"Dear Aunts:

"I am sending you the baby. You do not say anything about legal adoption, but I should advise it. I do not want him. I never shall. If you have not money enough you can have some of mine. I suppose it is only right that Robert's money should educate him. Very truly yours,

"Cornelia."

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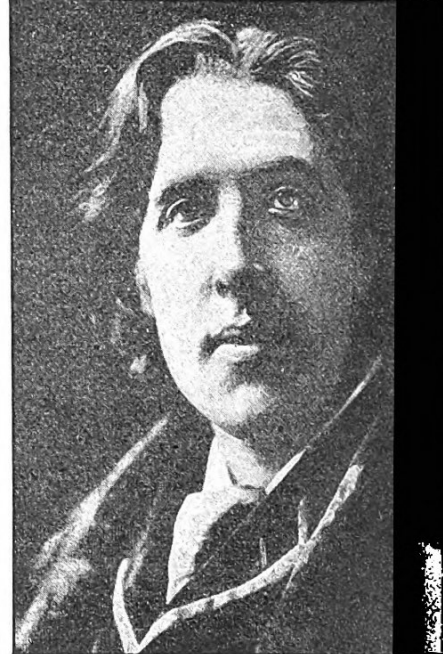
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"You see if we show him that," Miss Myra was saying, "he will give up the idea of finding his mother, and asking her if she wants him now."

"What?"

"He has a notion that she may need him. He says he does not wonder now he is older that she married. 'Poor little thing,' he calls her. You see we have always spoken most kindly of her to him."

"And insists," put in Miss Sarah, "that he was probably a 'squalling brat of a child'—his very words, sister. But I do not approve of showing him the letter, it will only destroy his ideal."

"Ideal! He can't have any ideal of the woman who wrote this letter." Cornelia held out a shaking hand, clasping the envelope.

"Robert is very like his father. He has very chivalrous notions. He thinks his mother may have almost forgotten she has a child."

"He could n't forgive that."

Miss Sarah solemnly shook her head.

"He says all he wants is to see her. But he has given us his word not to attempt it till we give our consent. He owes us that, he says."

"Indeed he does." Cornelia looked at the old ladies with a wan countenance. Fast and thick emotions were crowding. She had wanted love, loyalty, devotion, and here was the man-child she had brought into the world, her own flesh and blood that she had given away, ready to come to her, to judge her gently, to find reasons, excuses. Her face worked; pity for herself and a longing intolerable to know, to see, to hear him speak to her, possessed her.

"He must not see the letter," she cried.

A sob of relief escaped Miss Sarah. "That's what I wanted thee to say. Oh, Mrs. Grahame. Thee sees it clearly, does n't thee?"

But on Miss Myra's face a gray look had come. "I think he must," she said, firmly. "I can't agree. He must know—and then decide."

"He sha'n't see it." Cornelia ran to the fireplace. In the grate a tiny remnant of her morning fire lingered. She thrust the envelope into the smouldering log, pressed it to the faint glow with her naked hand, and turned with a white face.

"He shall never see it. Do you think I would let my son know his mother for a fiend, a cold-blooded wretch who flung him to the first bidder?"

The old ladies stood still in horror. Then Miss Sarah sank to a chair.

"Thee are Cornelia Vane, my nephew Robert's wife," she said slowly. "The eyes, the forehead—once seeing, how did I forget?"

But Miss Myra glared at her. "Out of this house!" she cried. "Out of this house! Who are thee to pose as Mrs. Grahame; and enter our home? Thee shall never tell the boy. If thee does I will tell him—" she leaned forward and hissed—"thee lies!" She shook with the strength of the righteous wrath that made it possible to say the words.

Miss Sarah broke into sobbing. "Sister! Sister!" she wailed.

Cornelia came to them. "She is right"—she spoke calmly. "She is right. I will go away. I will not let him know. For a moment it seemed as though a miracle had happened. My life seemed to blossom like a rose. My son, my boy, whom I did not want, coming to the defense and protection of his mother! It couldn't be. Of course, it could not. Show him the letter! Oh! I have burned it! Well, I will write another, word for word—they are seared on my soul—I shall remember them. And I will go."

"What is the matter?"

Robert Vane stood in the doorway. "Why are you crying, Aunt Sarah? Aunt Myra, what has hurt her?"

He crossed the room quickly and knelt by the trembling little gray figure.

"It is nothing, dear boy," she whispered. "I shall be quite composed in a minute."

He turned his head and his eyes looked straight into wide imploring ones, the eyes of the boarder the dear old aunts had taken—to help pay his expenses.

"I made her cry," said a low, shaking voice, "but I am sorry, oh, so sorry! You will never know how sorry I am. And I am going away—now—in a little while. Won't you say—just say you—forgive me—for making her cry?"

The boy rose to his feet. He seemed very tall and stern. His young face looked accusingly at them all. "There is something here I don't understand," he said. His voice was firm, but with a fear underlying. "It is nothing, Robert." Aunt Myra tried to speak with authority. "Let us go down-stairs—and leave Mrs. Grahame."

"We will go," said the boy, and he bent down to the little aunt in the low chair. "Come, dear," he lifted her gently.

Aunt Myra moved to the door. Aunt Sarah looked back dumbly. A groan broke from Cornelia. Her tall, slim, graceful figure swayed for a moment and fell, as a sapling falls, to the soft rug by her bed.

The boy dropped his aunt's arm, and ran back. He stooped over the prostrate form.

"Bring some water," he commanded. "Quick!"

He loosened her dress at the throat and laid her head more comfortably. A bit of lace was fastened tight over her breast and he pulled it loose to ease its strain.

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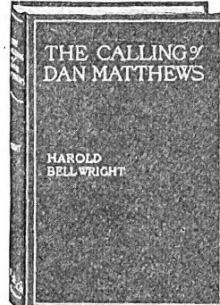
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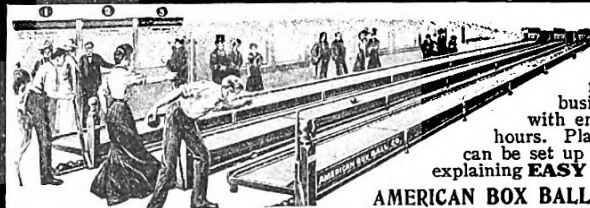
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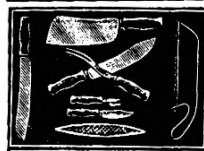
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Something warm and soft curled and clung about his hand, and fell to the floor as he shook it free.

"What is that?" he cried, sharply.

A yellow curl tied with blue ribbon—a curl and a blue ribbon that he had seen more times than he could count. "My topknot," he had often jokingly called it to his loving aunts.

His face set, but he steadily bathed with water the forehead of the woman who lay there.

Not till Cornelia opened her eyes did he speak again. "Why is she here—like this?" he asked. "Would you not acknowledge her? Would you not let me know my mother?"

The cruelty of it! The old aunts trembled with the shock.

Cornelia raised herself weakly to her elbow. "I will go."

"Yes, and I will go with you. You came for me, mother. I understand. I have always known you would; I have been ready—and waiting."

He put his arms under her and lifted her to the bed. A wild light of joy came for an instant into Cornelia's eyes, then was drenched in an agony of despair.

She turned her head away. "Go with them—go now. They will tell you—I can't. But it is true, oh, my boy, it is true."

"Mother!"

She turned her head and looked at him.

"Don't you want me?"

With a cry Cornelia sat up and threw her arms about his neck. "Don't I want you? Oh, my boy—my son!" She drew his head to her breast and pressed her face to his hair. All the baby names her lips had never known poured forth in choked, half-intelligible sounds, that hurt and burned and blessed. "My baby! Look at me. Look at mother."

The boy's wet eyes looked up for an instant, then his head fell again to her breast. His shoulders shook.

"I knew you'd want me sometime. I knew you would."

Miss Myra and Miss Sarah crept from the room. They got as far as the stairs and sank to the top step, weeping.

"I am glad," moaned Miss Myra. "I am glad. It hurts, but I am glad."

"We mustn't let it hurt, sister. Think of what we've had and what she has missed! Poor soul! Poor soul!"

Thus these gentle souls left the two together and eased their own hurt with loving sympathy. It was the way of Providence, and past their finding out, but it was well.

Robert knelt by the bed and held his mother's hand. There was much to tell, much to forgive, but the miracle had been wrought. In the desert of her selfish, grasping life Cornelia Royce had found a wonderful river, and the waters thereof had made glad her heart.

Edison's Predictions

THOMAS A. EDISON predicts that within the next twenty years the art of molding concrete will reach a marvelous degree of perfection in architecture. This will not be achieved by great expenditure of money; it will be accomplished by labor-saving appliances which will so cheapen the cost of production that, twenty years hence, the poor will have more beautiful homes than the rich can now aspire to.

Mr. Edison predicts that moving-picture machines will be so perfected that the characters will move and speak, and other stage accessories will make the illusion perfect. Such entertainments, he says, can be provided for five cents, and will give the millions of working people a chance to be amused and improved. The result will be a hard blow to the saloon.

Locomotives will pass out of existence, and all railroads be operated by electricity. This prophecy seems very evident of fulfillment. An artist searching for a model of a steam locomotive found out the other day that to see an old-fashioned engine he would have to go to Jersey City, as electricity operates all roads running into New York proper.

The water power of our brooks and rivers will be utilized by electricity to an extent now undreamed of.

A new fertilizer will spring into existence containing nitrogen in large quantities. Electricity will draw this from the air, and will greatly increase the arability of our land. This is done to a large extent to-day in Sweden.

Aerial navigation will be firmly established, and will be on a sound, practical working basis in twenty years.

Our bodies will be fortified against the ravages of disease by the use of serums, so that man will live much longer than now and suffer far less pain. The present fight against cancer and tuberculosis will be carried to a successful finish, and both these dreadful scourges will be as rare as smallpox.

Our coal supply will be much better understood, and ninety per cent. of its efficiency will not be thrown away as it is to-day.

A new force in nature will be discovered, by which things now dubbed "psychic" will be well understood. Mental phenomena will then seem no more wonderful than physical phenomena do now. We now have but five senses. If we knew more we would have at least eight.

Clear Grit Did It

[Continued from page 721]

your grit leaves you, will measure your achievement power. Your ability to go on, to continue after everybody else has turned back, is a pretty good measure of your grit, of your possible success.

The late Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, whose whole life was an example of grit, after being defeated twice in his race for the State Senate, said, "I think I get along because it doesn't hurt me to get licked. I can chum with the man who beats me. There is nothing like knowing when not to quit."

When Grant was at Shiloh, he said, "I thought I was going to fail, but I kept right on." It was this keeping right on that made him the greatest military figure of his age. After his defeat at the first battle of Shiloh, nearly every newspaper of both parties in the North, and most of the members of Congress, demanded his removal. Friends of the President pleaded with him to give the command to some one else, but Lincoln simply replied, to all appeals and delegations, "I can't spare this man. He fights. He's got the grip of a bulldog, and when he once gets his teeth in, nothing can shake him off."

There is no other quality which stands so near genius as persistency. It has won many a battle after the other qualities have surrendered, when even judgment had given up, and hope had been abandoned. The youth who has the faculty of holding on, though he may be stupid in school, and dull of comprehension, is likely to win out in the end. A boy is more likely to succeed in life if he has this one quality, even if he is lacking in all other success qualities, than if he possess great brilliancy without it.

The man who is bound to win is the sort of a man Mr. Roosevelt admires so much, the man "who does not shrink back from temporary defeat in life, but who comes up again and again and wrests triumph from defeat."

What the world wants is men made of the gritty material that Peary and Cook are made of, the material which comes up again and again and wrests triumph from defeat.

Six times did Peary try to realize his North Pole vision. How many men are there in this country who would have tried the seventh time? Not one in thousands would have attempted it even the second time.

Twice before had Cook tried to reach the North Pole and once the South Pole, but neither failure, suffering, nor the pleadings of friends could wean him from his North Pole vision. A man who had the grit when a boy to peddle milk and do all sorts of things in order to earn money to study medicine and become a doctor, a man who had bulldog grit and a dreamer's willingness to take chances, could not easily be turned back. It is ever the man who can not be weaned from his aim that makes history.

The real test of character is what a man does after he fails. What will he do next? What resources, what inventiveness, will his failure arouse in him? Will it discover new sources of power, will it bring out reserves, double his determination, or will it dishearten him?

This is the test of your manhood. How much is there left in you after you have failed in your undertaking and have lost everything outside of yourself? If you lie down then, throw up your hands, acknowledge yourself beaten, you are not made of the stuff that wins.

There are varying degrees of persistency. Some men start out with great zeal, but turn back at their first defeat, while failures only enhearten others, call out their reserves, and make them all the more resolute, determined, to win. For some men every defeat is a Waterloo, but there is no Waterloo for the man who has clear grit, for the man who persists, who never knows when he is beaten. Those who are bound to win never think of defeat as final. They look upon it as a mere slip. They get up after each failure with new resolution, more determination than ever to go on until they win.

Six failures, six times putting his life in jeopardy, each time knowing he might never see his home or family again, did not shake Peary's determination to find the North Pole.

The great miracles of civilization have been wrought by men who had so set their hearts on their aims that nothing could keep them from pressing on. What can you do with a man who is willing to stake all his future, his property, his reputation, everything he possesses, even life itself, upon the fulfillment of his heart's desire? There isn't much you can do with such a man, but let him go ahead.

The world makes way for the determined man. Everybody believes in the man who persists, sticks, hangs on, when others let go. Tenacity of purpose gives confidence. If you stick to your purpose through thick and thin, if you have the genius of persistence, you have the first qualification of an achiever.

A shrewd New York brewer recently said, "The Church people can down us when they try, and we know it. Our hope is in working after they get tired, and continuing to work three hundred and sixty-five days in the year." This man knows the power of persistency to wear out opposition, the miracle of keeping everlastingly at it.



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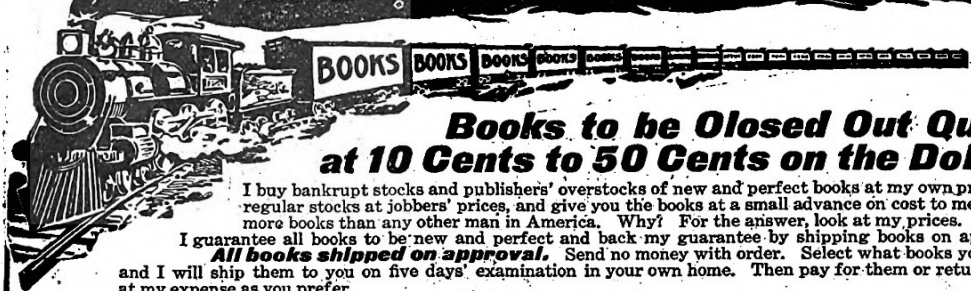
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The Trouble Seeker

THERE is always a cloud on his face, because he is constantly expecting that something unfavorable is going to happen. There is going to be a slump in business, or he is going to have a loss, or somebody is stealing from him or trying to undermine him; or he is worried about his health, or fears his children will be sick or go wrong or be killed.

In other words, although he has achieved quite a remarkable success, yet he has never really had a happy day in his life. All his life this man has been chasing rainbows—thinking if he could only get a little further on, a little higher up, if he could only achieve this or that, he would be happy; but he is just as far from it as when a boy.

I believe this condition has all come from the habit of unhappiness which he formed during his hard boyhood, and which he has never been able to overcome. He has learned to look for trouble, to expect it, and he gets it.

I have been his guest many a time. He has a beautiful home, a very charming wife, a most delightful family; but there is always the same cloud on his face, the same expression of anxiety, of unhappiness, of foreboding. He always looks as though he expected trouble right away.

A little properly directed training in his boyhood would have changed his whole career, and he would have been a happy, joyous, harmonious man, instead of being discordant and unhappy.

There is everything in starting right. What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life.

Nerve is that which enables a person to hang on.

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Business Popularity

COMPETITION has become so keen, and the bid for public patronage so insistent, that it is a matter of the first importance for the business institution which would succeed to-day to be popular, to have the good will of its patrons.

The officers of a bank, for instance, know that they must win and hold the favor of the public or go to the wall. They know that they can not snub their customers to-day, as they once could when there were fewer banks, without losing business. With a score of banks soliciting his business, and offering every possible inducement to secure it, it does not require a very keen insight into human nature to know that, other things equal, the business man will patronize the bank that has the most pleasing, the most agreeable officers and clerks. It is human nature to like to be treated with courtesy, with consideration. I have known a rich New York man, who carried a very large balance at his bank, to change his account because of a little incivility of the receiving teller. One warm day when transacting business at the bank, the man removed his hat and put it on the shelf in front of the teller's window. The teller ordered him harshly to remove his hat. "Yes," was the quick reply, "I will, and I will remove my account, too," which he proceeded to do. This was a little thing, you may say, but it is just these little things that influence customers.

Bank officials often wonder why Mr. So-and-So has withdrawn his patronage, and they will probably never know that it turned upon a hasty remark of a teller, a little disposition on the part of some official to be unaccommodating.

On the other hand, men often go out of their way quite a distance in order to deposit at a bank where the cashier or tellers have been courteous, kind to them, have always shown a disposition to accommodate.

The late President Williams, of the Chemical National Bank, New York, demonstrated the power of politeness, of good manners, in building up a great financial institution. The fact that the original one hundred dollar shares of the bank's stock were worth nearly five thousand at the time of President Williams's death was due largely to the uniform courtesy of the institution to its patrons, which he always insisted upon from the highest bank official down to the office boy. Many another bank in this country can testify to the fact that politeness pays.

It pays in every business institution. Human nature is so constituted that people will often put themselves to great inconvenience, will even put up with an inferior article or with discomforts, rather than patronize houses that treat their customers rudely, with discourtesy.

The time was when human hogs could do business, provided they had the goods and could deliver them; but all this has changed. Competition to-day is so sharp, rivalry so keen, that every art that can influence trade is brought into requisition to secure patronage.

Even twenty-five years ago men were employed largely because of their ability in certain lines, without regard to their personality or manner. Now manliness, a pleasant personality, an attractive manner, are very great factors in the choice of employees who are to be constantly in contact with the public.

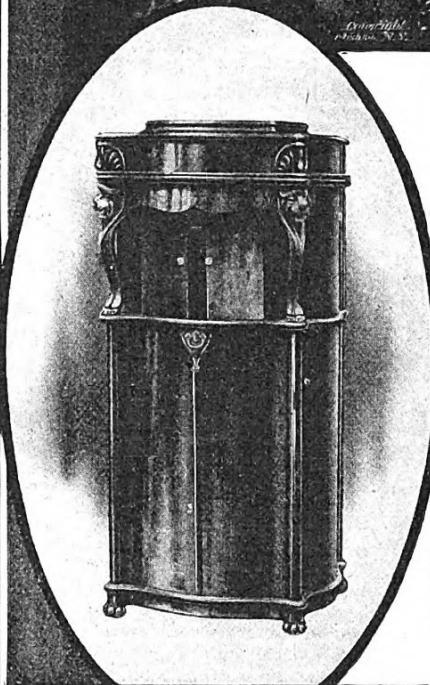
To-day, ability to make friends and hold them, agreeable social qualities, are regarded as very valuable assets in an employee, for employers know that surly, impudent, careless, indifferent or snobbish employees can drive away a great deal of custom. They want clerks who are so polite and attentive, obliging, agreeable, that people will go blocks out of their way to be served by them.

Some railroads in this country have built up enormous patronage and have made millions of money by insisting on uniform courtesy from their employees to patrons of their roads, while parallel roads have been unsuccessful and have gone into the hands of receivers because of the lack of courtesy of their employees.

A great many otherwise good hotel men have failed, or met with very indifferent success, because they lacked the qualities that would make themselves or their houses popular. They may keep good hotels, but customers go to poorer houses, where the proprietors are more genial and kindly, the employees more courteous and agreeable.

Some hotel clerks are so sunny and obliging, so anxious to please, that people go a long distance out of their way to patronize their hotel. They may not know the proprietor at all; they may have no desire whatever to give their patronage to that particular hotel, but they like the clerk. He is genial and always looks out for them, and this goes a great way with men who are away from home, whose only substitute for the home is the hotel.

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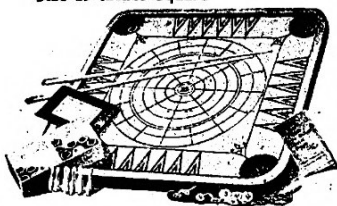
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National American Music

By ARTHUR FARWELL

IF ONE happens to live in any one of the great American cities, the quickest way to learn Stephen Foster's place in the hearts of the people is to go into a crowded and noisy café, slip half a dollar into the hand of the leader of the little orchestra, and ask him to play "Suwanee River." The effect is magical. Something queer happens in the heart of every one present, and as the busy noise of the latest light opera tune gives place to this broad, dreamlike, upsoaring melody, there is a noticeable quieting of the room; many of the people at the gay tables drop their chatter and go through an almost instinctive process of attuning their inner selves to the benediction lurking in the great calm rhythm of this song. Never was the "popular note," in its best sense, struck with a more masterly stroke than by Stephen Foster in the "Suwanee River." Nor do we have to go farther from home than the life of this man to find an epitome of the eternal tragedy of great but somewhat unbalanced genius. And when we stop long enough to think that the composer of "Suwanee River" composed also both the words and music of "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground"; "My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night"; "Old Black Joe"; "Camptown Races"; "Old Uncle Ned"; "O Sanna"; "Old Dog Tray"; "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming"; "Nelly Bly"; and most of the other songs we were brought up on, we may well begin to ask a little more closely what sort of man was this Foster.

The Work of Stephen Foster

If it is a surprise to us to learn how many of the imperishable old-time songs were written by Stephen Foster, it may be that we have a still greater surprise in store for us when we shall learn just how far Foster is responsible for the myriad new-time songs which constitute our American popular music to-day. Did you ever stop to think who made our kind of popular music? Where did it come from? What makes it so distinctive and original and different from the popular music of other lands? That is "another story," but one which can not be told without paying a large measure of homage to the genius of this rare man.

To-day marks the psychological moment of a great change in Stephen Foster's reputation. The past half century has gladly recognized him as the winner of enduring popularity, not only at home but across the seas. But only to-day, nearly fifty years after his death, has he wrested the prize of fame from a tardy world; only to-day has he been proclaimed a great man. What has brought about this great change? Simply the awakening of American composers and their determination to do something really American. A higher musical art is only a cultivation of primitive music. A symphony is only a song with a college education. If we are to have a musical art that is American, it is as simple as two and two makes four that it will not be an imitation of European musical art, but a development of the primitive music on our own soil, of tunes that have an American tang to them. Therefore an inquiry was recently begun into that doubtful and elusive thing, the "American folk-song." This inquiry resulted in our discovering that we have in America, Negro folk-song, Indian folk-song, Spanish-Californian, Cowboy, Creole, etc., and—Stephen Foster. As all these, with the exception of Foster (however important their future place in American music), are American only in a partial sense, as we commonly understand the term American, this leaves Foster alone in his might as the one original, unchallenged creator of American folk-song. He has at last been discovered and recognized and exalted to his rightful place, and so, characteristically, we begin to search for facts of his life and personality.

What We Give to the Negro Minstrel

Stephen Foster was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, July 4, 1826, the same day that Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died. His father was a prosperous farmer who educated him well. The degree of Foster's culture has come rather as a revelation to those who have of late begun to look up the facts of his life. Because of the sordid condition of his latter years—a perhaps over-advertised epoch of his life—and because of the simple, almost primitive nature of his songs, it has been commonly thought that he was a rough, untutored fellow. On the contrary, he was not only well educated, but studious by nature; he knew both French and German, was gifted as a painter, was the poet of all his best songs, and, what has been least supposed, studied music scientifically and knew well his Beethoven, Mozart, and Weber. As to the simple nature of his songs, far from being a matter of ignorance, it was Foster's philosophy—his very religion. He knew precisely what he was doing; he discussed this matter theoretically and strove for truth to Nature in her simplest and most childlike moods. The very genius of the man lay in a childlike warmth and purity of heart

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so great that it swallowed up and dissolved, even while using, his scientific musical knowledge.

But where and what would Foster have been, for all his genius, without the timely intervention of that great American institution, the Negro Minstrels! It drew forth his powers, it spread his songs far and wide, it paid for his food, clothing and shelter. Foster and "negro minstrels" are two halves of one idea, they are unthinkable separately, at least since 1845; each, as it were, made the other. The fortune and much of the fame of Christy's famous minstrels, and of Christy himself, was made by the two songs, "Old Uncle Ned" and "O Susanna." For these two songs Foster received one hundred dollars outright, his first money for his songs. The publisher made ten thousand dollars out of them. Foster was then nineteen, and working as a bookkeeper in Cincinnati. At twenty-four he was back in Pittsburgh studying music. There he married Jane McDowell and moved to New York, where he immortalized lodgings in Green Street by composing there the most famous of all his songs, "Old Folks at Home." Christy paid Foster five hundred dollars for allowing himself to appear as the author and composer on the first published edition of this song. Foster, however, retained the royalty right, and received fifteen thousand dollars in royalties from his New York publishers, largely upon this song alone.

The Sad End of Stephen Foster

The negro minstrel idea had made an auspicious start fifteen years earlier in Pittsburgh, when a man named Rice made a sensation by doing the first negro stage "stunt," blacking up and singing "Jump, Jim Crow!" in costume. This costume, by the way, was borrowed from a negro porter, Cuff by name, who waited willingly in *deshabille* in the wings until he heard the whistle of a steamboat he was expected to meet. Then—"Massa Rice, must have my close—steamboat's comin'!" he called out to the applause-intoxicated minstrel. "Gimme nigger's close! Mars' Griffit wants 'em—Steamboat's comin'!" In despair he rushed upon the stage and, grappling with Rice, took measures to recover his clothes without delay. The result was an immense hit, and Rice followed it up, making successes subsequently with "Clar de Kitchen" and "Lucy Long." But the negro minstrels soon degenerated into vulgar jesting and crude burlesque and fell into ill repute.

Then it was, in a dingy, second-floor ice-cream parlor in Pittsburgh, in 1845, that the event took place which at a single stroke wedded Foster to negro minstrelsy, began the regeneration of the latter, and determined Foster's career. The proprietors of this establishment hired Rice's famous successor, Nelson Kneass, to sing for his patrons, and also offered a prize of a silver cup for the best original negro song. Foster sent in a song, "Way Down South Whar de Corn Grows." It carried the audience with it, and Foster's genius and its practical application were established. Christy soon succeeded Kneass, and Foster's songs were carried from one end of the land to the other.

Foster received letters appreciative of his genius from many noted men of the day; one, long treasured, came from Washington Irving. Such famous musicians as Ole Bull and Thalberg became his friends. Applications from publishers poured in, and Foster knew at last the delights of prosperity. But it was not to last long. Separated from his wife, vanquished in a hard-fought struggle against a craving for liquor, this master singer spent the last wretched years of a brief career lounging about a dingy grocery barroom in the Bowery, in seedy clothes and shabby cap, while his songs were sung from the Mississippi to the pyramids of Egypt. He died in January, 1864, like his brother in misfortune, Edgar Allan Poe, under circumstances somewhat obscure and unexplained. But his songs have not died, and can not while our race and nation thrive, for they are made out of the very heart-throbs of the American people.

Dan Emmett and "Dixie"

"Dixie"—that wonderful song that stirred the hearts of brave men fighting against great odds a generation ago, and that still arouses an outburst of enthusiasm wherever Americans of any section are assembled—who was its author, what was its origin, and what the cause of its wonderful popularity? There have been many answers given. Here are the facts.

In the dim, distant vista of bygone days, we took little thought of passing events, and things that are now historical and rare were then to us commonplace. The writer was born in a musical atmosphere and inclined to adventure, and when a small boy was actuated with the hope of all boys to be either a circus man or an Indian fighter. When young we all fondly expected, if God spared our lives, to be either one or the other of the above, or at least a genial highwayman or pirate. So it was an easy matter for me to improve the first chance to run away with a circus.

It was in the year 1859 that I joined L. B. Lent's circus as a musician and also as an acrobat. There were with this circus several men who afterwards attained a national reputation. There were "Billy" Birch, "Dave" Wambold, "Charley" Bachus, "Cool" Burgess, "Pony" Moore, and "Dan" D. Emmett, an Ohio man. These artists (then called "nigger singers") were attached to the side show and did all sorts of "stunts" around the big show. All were good singers, but, as I remember,

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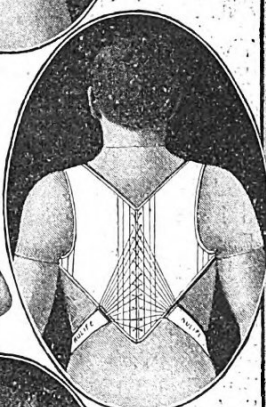
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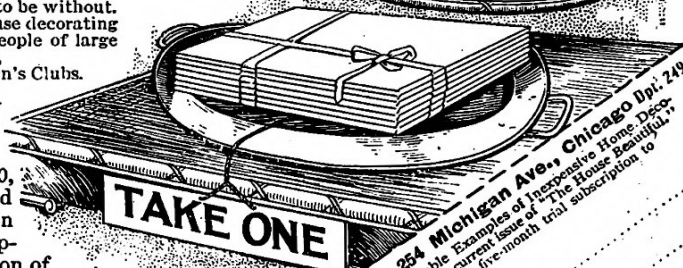
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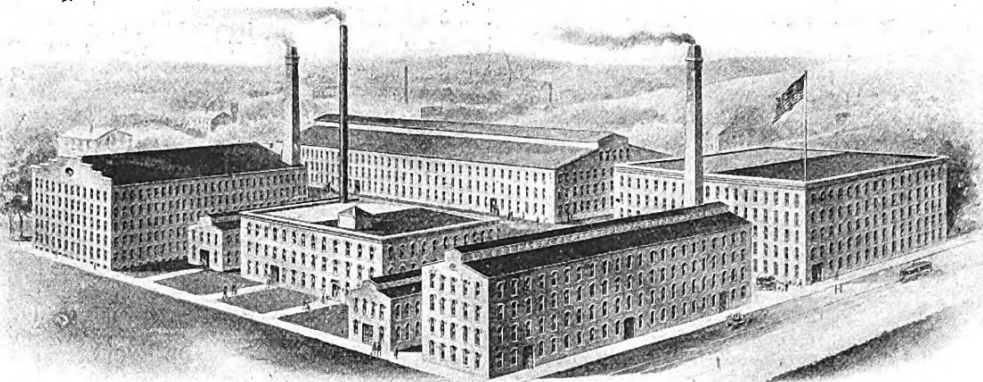


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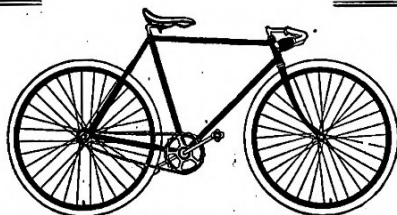
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none of them could read notes or write them, that part of their education having been omitted; and to this day very few minstrels or circus men have a musical education.

Dan Emmett was singing "Dixie" in the side show. He had sung it the winter before in Bryant's Minstrel in New York. Our orchestra had no notes of this tune, but, as was usual in those days, played by ear; or "vamped" the tune and accompaniment. One day Dan Emmett came to Edward Kendall, a celebrated English key bugler, who was the nominal leader of the band, and asked him to arrange "Dixie" for the band. The old man laughed at him and swore that he would not touch such a trifling thing. Dan took this very much to heart. It was indeed a simple melody, and hardly worth the attention of such a man as "Ned" Kendall, who had played before the Queen of England and all the crowned heads of Europe. He could hardly be expected to take kindly to a plantation ditty or pay much attention to a "nigger singer."

"Dixie" Was Written in the North

Although Dan Emmett was a grown man and I was a boy more than twenty years younger, we were good friends, as Dan had often taken my part when some of the older ones had tried to impose on me. I told Dan that I would arrange it for him, and after a little work wrote out a simple arrangement for the twenty-piece band, and also composed the jig usually played with the tune. The present arrangement is now played is practically the same as my original score. Of course with its variations, it is more elaborate now, but the parts were as "stiff" as most musicians could tackle successfully in those days. Our band played it often and it made a big hit. We used to allow the band leaders in the different towns where we stopped to copy our music if they cared to do so, as there was very little band music published those days; so by the time the Civil War began nearly every band leader in the country had my arrangement of Dan Emmett's "Dixie," and the bands were all playing it. It also became popular as a song—the music was catchy and the words memory-haunting—and the anti-slavery agitation made it more so. I also wrote the piano part for Emmett, but he sold it to a music publishing company in New York for what would now be a trifling sum and Dan never got rich out of his song. But for over forty-five years it has probably been played more than any song that ever emanated from the brain of any person, living or dead, and has made the name of Daniel Decatur Emmett immortal.

In 1861, the Southern bands and the whole South had a good hold of the tune, and the Southern people adopted the Ohio man's refrain as theirs. It confronted the Northern soldier singers of patriotic songs as they swept south to join issue with the Confederates. "Dixie" was sung by the Southern hosts from the triumphant beginning of the war until at last the boys of the Confederacy, overpowered by numbers, and with hearts bowed down with crushing defeat, wended their way from Appomattox to their desolate homes, comforted only by the assurance that they had done what they believed to be their duty. These men took "Dixie" home with them, and it has cheered them as they toiled, and helped to bring them and the Southland back to prosperity.

The Music of Our Own Land

What a flood of memories the grand old melody brings back to us! "Away Down South, in Dixie!" I can look back many years and see Dan Emmett singing the refrain to the crowds who thronged the side shows. I can see the glittering pageant with its gorgeous band chariot as it made the grand parade through the principal streets of the towns, with the sidewalks lined with the entire population of the neighborhood; I can hear the crash of the grand *entrée* as the bespangled riders on their spotted horses swung around the sawdust-covered ring to the tune of "Dixie."

The scene changes, and I see the sun setting below the Virginia hills, nestling below the clouds to make room for the golden twilight. I can see the army of men in blue weary after the fighting of the day, reclining around the camp fire, filled with thoughts of home and friends in the far-away Northland; and in fancy I see the same beyond the hills over the river, where the boys in gray are assembled.

Then a hush comes over the armed hosts, and the Federal bands commence to serenade, playing "The Star Spangled Banner." Anon from the brazen throats of the Confederate bands "Dixie" rings out in the evening air, and is wafted over to our camps. Sometimes our bands would take up the refrain and play it in unison with them. As a defiance the Confederates would dash off "The Bonnie Blue Flag," which would be answered by "Yankee Doodle." These tunes would be cheered by both sides, as they seemed to fit their cause. All the bands would close the concert with "Home, Sweet Home," and before the minds of both Federals and Confederates would pass in review that "dearest spot on earth," and the loved ones waiting sadly and lonely for their return.



Paresis is often caused by the perpetual strain of little worries, little anxieties.

Lost for Love

[Continued from page 725]

the girl, mindful of the proprieties even at that moment. Harry reached the full length of the car and caught her hand in both of his. "God bless you!" said he. Then he turned the car and raced for the rector's.

Both mumbled their answers, and the rector was hard of hearing, but it was not long before they were legally married, and then Harry called up his father on the long-distance and said:

"Father, bless me. I am now Mrs. Gladolyn Sniftuh—I mean Miss Gladolyn Muggins that was is now Mrs. Harry Sniftuh that is."

"What's that? Hold the wire—there's some mistake. I think your mother is receiving a call at this moment from—hold the wire."

Mrs. Sniftuh the second who stood near the telephone changed color at this, but stood her ground bravely.

"Hello, Harry!"

Even over the wire the sound of old Mr. Sniftuh's voice was hot and sizzling.

"Yes, father," said Harry, instinctively reaching out behind him to grasp a hand that came to him.

"You are the prize lunkhead of New York City."

"How so, father? I am quite sure that I can get next to the old gentleman and the deal—"

"Hang the deal! Find out who the lady is that you have so carelessly married. Miss Gladolyn Muggins is at the present moment calling on your mother and we have climbed several rungs, but no thanks to you. Just find out for curiosity's sake who your wife was before she married you for your money—"

"What?"

"Yes, for your money!" yelled the old man, almost beside himself with rage.

Harry turned and faced his wife, his right hand still in hers. He hung up the receiver with a gesture of disdain.

"I did not catch your name at the altar because I was thinking of the deal, but you were Gladolyn Muggins, were you not?"

"No, Harry," said the beautiful woman, proudly. "I am no one in particular; and I thought you were a chauffeur until I heard your name at the altar, but I love you. When you opened the door of the car I stepped in and love followed me. Oh, pity me, for I am but a humble manicure-girl, and I had just been dressing Miss Gladolyn's nails. Do not desert me, for you are a great catch and I love you."

"Darling!" said Harry, and folded her in his arms; love, real love, having taken possession of his heart and all thought of deals being forgotten.

"My dear, I am disinherited," said he, "but my mother long ago settled something on me and I will buy this car as soon as I can get Mr. Muggins on the long distance and we will go on a wedding tour in it."

An oriole sang a love song, a chipmunk winked his eye saucily, and Mabelle Mawson, manicurist a short hour ago, kissed the downturned face of her husband, Harry Sniftuh, disinherited but happy.

A Stairs-Climbing Automobile

THE world has grown accustomed to the use of automobiles for purposes of transportation, pleasure, or racing, but it remained for an automobile in Washington, D. C., the other day, to make the public more than "sit up and take notice." As every one knows, a wide flight of steps extends from the portico of the capitol building to the ground. These steps are two hundred in number, and are arranged in three tiers with generous landings between. The distance covered from the street line to the main entrance of the building is one hundred feet. To successfully drive up these steps was without doubt as severe a test as a motor had been put to heretofore. It was, however, done. The car used was an ordinary twenty-horsepower machine. The engine was set at low gear and a "flying start" was made. The machine began its upward climb steadily and successfully, never stopping until it reached the portico entrance. The auto gained sufficient momentum on the landing surmounting each flight of steps to prevent the elevation and resistance of the steps from stopping its motion.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

IN a home where the mother is somewhat aggressive and the father good natured and peace loving, a child's estimate of home conditions was tersely expressed the other day. While dressing, the mother paused in the act of putting on her shoes and said, "I certainly am easy on shoes. I have worn these for four months. I don't know what you would do, John, if I were not. I am easy on everything." The little girl looked up from her dolls and remarked: "Except father."

An employer wants people about him who have a lot of workable material, are not borish, and have a lot of reserve; who still have possibilities in them.

Substantial Elegance

Suggested by the

Material

Style

Finish

of

Derby Office Furniture

secures for us the business of Captains of Industry. They appreciate that **Derby Office Furniture** indicates Standing and Responsibility and reflects Character behind the business. They know that an investment in **Derby Office Furniture** pays good dividends.

We Guarantee Derby Office Furniture

not to shrink, warp, crack or split, because the quality of the Material, Construction and Workmanship justify our guarantee.

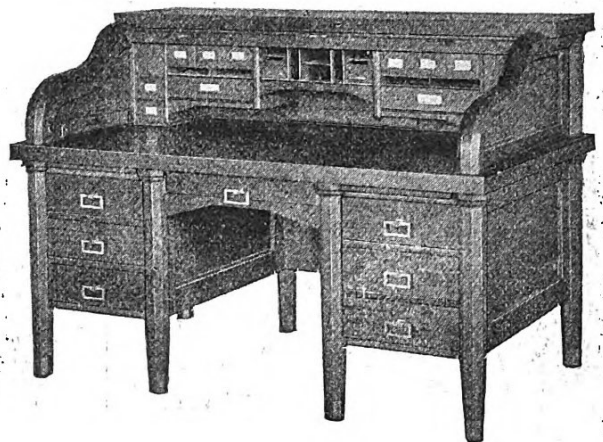
Five-ply cross-bound writing beds, Three-ply panels, Drawer bottoms three-ply, paneled in, Drawer corners (front and back) dove-tailed, Four and eight-piece dove-tailed legs.

A perfect desk costs more to build, but a perfect desk stays perfect, and is a continual inspiration to the user.

Specialty, choice mahogany, but our full lines meet every taste and purse.

DERBY DESK COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

Agencies in principal cities. Catalog 2901 and name of nearest dealer on request.



BENTON RANCH, TEXAS, OFFERS YOU INDEPENDENCE—\$5 SECURES A FARM

Texas is the land of Big Opportunities. The eyes of the world are now turned toward the wonderfully fertile Benton Ranch Farms which until now have been withheld from the public. Texas is the State where Nature is your friend and ally, where farming is a continuous performance, where the climate is ideal and one can secure more than abundant compensation for his work. On Benton Ranch Nature works for the farmer—never against him. The marvelously rich soil, sunshine and boundless water supply makes farming a pleasure and from 5 to 8 crops are possible each year in return for a minimum of labor.

LOCATION OF BENTON RANCH

The famous Benton Ranch lies 140 miles South of San Antonio, within 30 miles of Corpus Christi and the Gulf of Mexico. The thriving town of Alice, 8,000 population, with schools, churches, stores, etc., is less than an hour's drive away. The Tex-Mex Railroad runs directly through the Ranch. Benton Ranch lies

been tried and found to be as rich and productive as any tract of land in all America.

CLIMATE AND HEALTH CONDITIONS

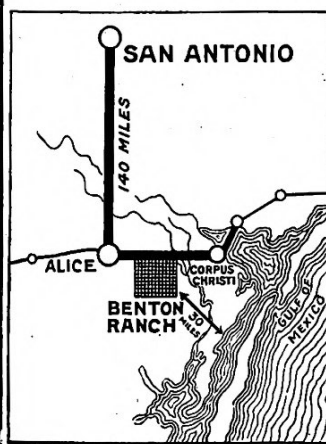
The climate of this section is as nearly ideal as anywhere in the United States. The altitude is such as to make malaria and fevers absolutely unknown.

TRANSPORTATION AND MARKETS

Facilities for rushing crops to ready markets are ideal. The demand for crops of all kinds is met within a radius of 800 miles of Benton Ranch.

BIG MONEY CROPS

Crops that thrive best are Hay, Alfalfa, Corn, Cotton, Potatoes, Melons, Beets, Cabbages, Celery, Tomatoes and all garden truck, grapes, oranges, figs, etc. Bees and Chickens have produced most fabulous returns. The Benton Ranch is one of the best tracts of land in Nueces County.



WHY YOU SHOULD INVEST

On a Benton Ranch Farm you can soon make yourself independent. Your savings will net far greater returns here than through any other investment.

PRICES AND TERMS

Benton Ranch Farms are now offered at prices within reach of every one. \$5.00 down and \$5.00 per month until \$200.00 has been paid, buys a 6-acre farm. No interest will be charged and there are no taxes to pay until you have paid for your farm. In case of death, we will issue to whomever you designate, a clear title to your Benton Ranch Farm, without further payments.

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It isn't a question "can you" but WILL YOU avail yourself of this unusual opportunity? There's not a chance in the world to lose on this investment. Sign the coupon and get booklets, maps, testimonials and full information.

C. S. FOWLER & BRO.

206-7-8 Frost Building, San Antonio, Texas

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

I have read this announcement and desire further information about your Benton Ranch Farm. Please send me a booklet, map, testimonials and proof of richness of these choice farming lands.

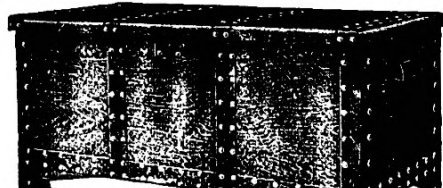
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Red Cedar Colonial Treasure Chest

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Selling "WEAR-EVER" Aluminum Specialties

Half of these men had no previous experience. Work made pleasant by our 175 page instruction Book. No door-to-door canvassing. Let us show you what others have done. Address

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co., Desk 27, Pittsburg, Pa. Opportunity knocks but don't expect the door to be kicked in.

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Highest Award, Chicago World's Fair, 1893. Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904

Success Magazine carefully edits its advertising columns

STARTLING



The world's masterpiece of watch manufacture now sold direct!

The most amazing offer ever made in the whole history of the watch industry—an offer which has absolutely PARALYZED competition—the offer of the genuine Burlington Special direct to the public at the rock-bottom NO-TRUST PRICE, without middlemen's profits.

The Fight is On!

We will not be bound by any system of price-boosting contracts with dealers. We will not submit to any "high profit" selling scheme. We will not be dictated to by ANY Trust.

NO MATTER WHAT IT COSTS, we are determined to push our independent line even if we should have to fight a combination of all the Watch Manufacturers of the country!

And so we are making this offer—the most sweeping, astounding offer ever made on a high-grade watch. The famous Burlington direct and at the same price WHOLESALE Jewelers must pay.

And in order to make the proposition doubly easy for the public we will even allow this rock-bottom price, if desired, on terms of **\$2.50 a Month**. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer. Sign and mail coupon now. rock-bottom, no-trust price, whether you buy for cash or time.

POST YOURSELF!

Be sure to get posted on watches and watch values, trust-method prices and no-trust prices before you buy a watch. Learn to judge watch values!

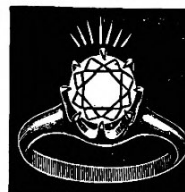
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FREE WATCH BOOK

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BURLINGTON WATCH CO.
Dept. 1528,
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Our new Rhodesian Diamonds from Rhodesia, S. Africa, are mined, cut and polished the same as real diamonds, retain the same beautiful hard brilliancy, and stand all tests of a genuine diamond. Surpass the best imitation stones on the market. Sold loose, or mounted in solid 14K. gold. Also a large assortment of genuine diamonds at wholesale prices. All goods subject to examination and approval, backed by an absolute guarantee to be as represented. Write at once for beautiful illustrated free catalog containing many designs of precious stones and fine watches.

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For anyone with a set of Arithmetic Help. Any and all examples and problems in arithmetic, from the easiest to the hardest, are worked out and explained so anyone can understand. For the student or business man. Easy and simple. 2 volumes; 680 pages; over 200 illustrations and color plates; bound in red & black cloth. Most complete ever published. A \$2 bill brings a set prepaid anywhere. Send for a set. If not pleased return at our expense and get your money back. Order to-day.

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"I MADE \$2400.00 IN ABOUT 2 MONTHS"

writes one man a few months after becoming my representative in my big CO-OPERATIVE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS. No experience necessary: this man had none. I will teach you the business by mail and appoint you my Special Representative. You can work all or part of the time. A splendid opportunity for men without capital to become independent. Let me explain my offer and send you my FREE BOOK. H. D. RUDOLPH, Pres. Gray Realty Co., 423 Reliance Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



LET PREMIUM MACHINES work for you day and night. One operator writes: "Kindly accept thanks for introducing me to a gold mine." Write Premium Vending Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

Those Miserable Air-Ships

It's a lucky thing for some people that they're dying now, for if they lived they'd be killed by air-ships—either out of or in them. Of course the air-ship has come to stay, just as the automobile came to stay. There were lots of people who made faces at the automobile when it first came and stamped their feet at it and told it to run home, but it did n't run home. It went on staying at an ever faster rate per hour, until at length the oldest foggy going realized that it did n't do any good to run down a thing that could retaliate in kind.

The automobile came, saw, and conquered, and now we would n't go back if we could. Many people love to froth at the mouth and nothing gives them better opportunity for mouth frothing than automobiles. They rail at its speed until they are in one, and then they rail at its slowness. That's human nature.

When I was a boy bicycles came into vogue. The high ones with a big wheel in front and a little wheel behind whose only use was to follow after and enable the rider to make a better stab at equilibrium.

When the first "safeties" came and rendered life unsafe to passers-by there was the same insensate wrath on the part of all who were not in the saddle. When I learned to ride I wondered that there could be any person left who hated such a reasonable machine, but I was just as ready to hate the automobile, when it came whizzing along, until one day a friend took me out to ride in one.

"Let us run over some one," said I. "Some one who doesn't amount to much. Let us find a man who is bent on suicide, run him down for nothing, and he will never know what hit him." Luckily my friend was a phlegmatic man who only used a machine in order to get about, and he would not hear of running any one down. All we ran over that day was a hen. But I was all for speed while I was in the machine.

Now when the air-ship comes we are going to hear just the same hue and cry from people who are likely to be injured by them. And that it has come to stay we know for a certainty when we read that Herr Krupp is investing money in an air-ship company.

There will be sunny days in the weeks to come when lights will have to be lighted at noontime in offices because a fleet of air-ships is passing overhead, bound for some convention in Denver or Chicago; and on such days prudent people will stay in doors unless they want to get a piano-stool in the neck.

Some one asks, why a piano-stool? Why, my dear unimaginative fellow, didn't you know that the air-ship of the future is going to have all the modern conveniences, and that there are nights in store for you when you will be waked up by what you suppose is the music of the spheres, but which will turn out to be a band of roysterers "up all night" and singing the latest success while grouped around a piano a thousand feet in air? Of course when air-ships careen they are apt to drop something, and many a church steeple is doomed to topple when a "baby grand" attempts to slide to earth by way of it.

The subway for me until people get used to running the new contraptions. Down-town in New York they are already negotiating for nets to be spread over the streets at a height of ten or fifteen stories so that those who fall will not damage pedestrians in the streets.

It used to be that a man who was twenty stories up had no fear that any kind of steam engine would run in and break his plate glass and upset his office furniture; but when the steam aeroplanes are in working order it will not be an uncommon thing for one to come slanting down from a mile in air and end up (perhaps) in the office of a man who is at work on the model of an improvement in fliers. That would be poetic justice.

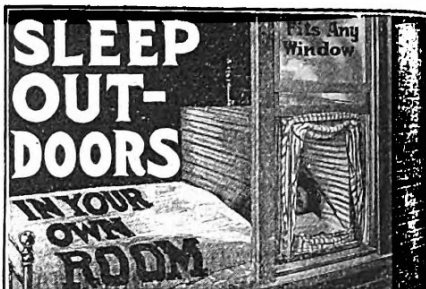
Do you suppose it is going to be very pleasant when some man who is spending the summer up in the air, and whose cook attempts to light the kitchen stove in his house-air-boat, or air-house-boat, uses kerosene, sets the whole thing alight and brings it down on my summer house where we are all oversleeping, and we wake up to find that a man from another State is burning his summer house and ours at the same time?

Such things are not agreeable to, anticipate and yet, just so sure as man conquers the air, just so sure are all these accidents going to happen. And advertisers are going to make use of air-ships. You mark my words. If you visit Mont Blanc in the summer of 1910, you will find hovering round and round the apex of the noble peak an air-ship bearing hideous signs that call your attention to somebody's portable bathtub.

Life is going to be something unlivable when persons people the air. There will be floating cities, too, with select neighborhoods, and those not so select, and slum sections—when air-ships become cheap. People will go up and contrive to remain stationary. And then professional slum visitors will go around to look at the poor, dirty citizens living twenty in one small air-ship—oh, I know how it will be; everything that has happened on earth happening in the air, with the law of gravitation responsible for some of the most awful and irritating accidents that ever took place.

Which is more fun—to drop a thousand feet out of a rickety air-ship when you're on a slumming expedition to the Italian colony in Air City, U. S. A., or be the man on which a slum family drops?

No, I'm down on air-ships. But then, I never went up on one.



We want to show you how practical it is to receive all the benefits of out-of-door sleeping—with the face, only, coming in contact with the crisp, out-door air—enjoying the comforts of a warm room, protected from drafts, storms, colds and insects—by using a

Walsh Window Tent

Has an awning to protect sleeper—no nails or screws to mar the woodwork—can be instantly adjusted to any window. Write for free booklet, "What Fresh Air Will Do," and full particulars of our 30-day free trial offer. Recommended by Eminent Physicians Everywhere. Cabinet Mfg. Co., 331 Maine St., Quincy, Ill. Manufacturers of Superior Bath Cabinets for Turkish and Vapor Baths.

You CAN MAKE FROM \$5 TO \$15 A DAY.

operating a Daydark Photo Postcard Machine. 3 Photo Postcard Cards of any object made and delivered on the spot in 10 minutes. No experience required—no dark room necessary. All work done in the machine in open day. Establish a profitable business at home by opening a Daydark Photo Postcard Machine and Make Good Money.

Big money maker on the street, at fairs, etc. Send at once for free catalog and sample postcard showing fine work the machine does. Address 500-E Temple Building

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PORTABLE VACUUM CLEANER



"BEST BY EVERY TEST" The THURMAN PORTABLE VACUUM Cleans everything in the home.

YOU NEED IT NOW.

Made by the pioneer manufacturers of all kind of vacuum cleaning machines, including Portable Vacuums, Stationary Plants, and Hand Power Machines.

We are the oldest and largest Company of its kind in the World. Write for particulars.

General Compressed Air & Vacuum Mach'y Co.
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Do You Want to Be a Traveling Salesman?

Real Salesmen are Made, Not Born

We have made hundreds of America's most successful salesmen, and placed hundreds of men in good positions. If you want to know how to become a first class salesman by a simple yet perfect system, and afterward secure a position befitting your ability, write to-day for absolute proof of what we have done. It is yours for the asking.

At it eight years. BRADSTREET SYSTEM, Dept. F. ROCHESTER, N. Y.



Makes and burns its own gas and produces a pure white, steady, safe, 100-candle-power light. No wick, smoke, dirt, grease or odor.

Lighted instantly. Overcoastly. Agents wanted. Write for catalog THE BEST LIGHT CO. 76 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

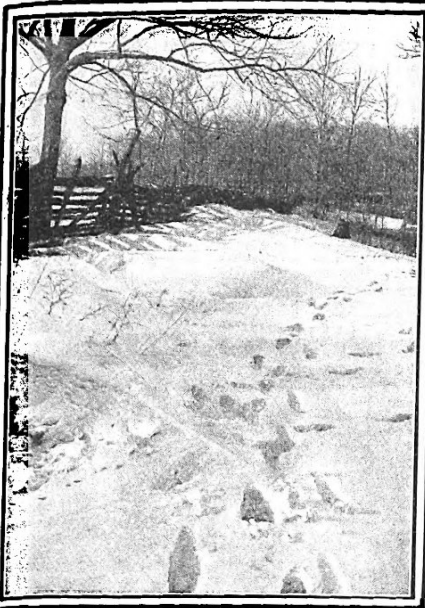


Vest Pocket Opera Glass

The newest and most ingenious pocket companion. Everybody wants one. A high powered combination magnifying and opera glass in one to fit in vest pocket. Fine adjustable lenses. Send for catalog, also FREE our Big Catalogue No. 1 of over 1000 Toy Games and Novelties. The N. Y. News Company Dept. 19, 15 Warren Street, New York.



They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, granite, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; it may save face; three million in use. Send for sample pkg. 10c. Complete package assorted sizes, 25c. postpaid. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Box 112, Amsterdam, N. Y.



SUCCESS MAGAZINE

FOUNDED BY
ORISON SWETT MARDEN

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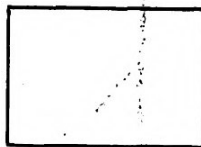
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We guarantee our subscribers (of record) against loss due to fraudulent misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue, provided that mention of SUCCESS MAGAZINE is made when ordering. This guaranty does not cover fluctuations of market 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 (December) issue; if a red pencil cross, it expires with the next (January) issue.

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



Things Are Evened Up Here

THIS December number reaches you with an unusually large amount of advertising. This is correspondingly true of the text-matter. It is a big book—our Editors say, the best ever produced. Our Advertising Department is equally proud of its columns. Anyway, we have all done the best we could. Here it is, passed on to you with the thought that it is impossible for us to do better until we know more.

A suggestion of knowledge leaks out here. You at once connect it with our Editorial staff, and we don't want you to think otherwise, but we want to acquaint you with the fact that as much care, thought, patience and all-around knowledge of the things that go to make up the average life of our American citizen are exercised in selecting our advertising as are necessary in selecting our text-matter.

This has an idealistic ring to it, but read our advertising columns as you do the others; just as thoroughly and carefully. This may not convince you, but should you be in need of any of the advertised articles, buy through these columns. The value and force of all we have said will then be apparent to you.

You know we guarantee every advertiser in this and all issues of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and we can not afford to take chances—we don't. This guarantee does not mean that we are continually having to pay back to our subscribers money they have sent to our advertisers and for which they have not received full value. It merely means that we must be careful not to sell space to the advertiser who is unbusinesslike enough to allow it.

Many of our friends have been much concerned over our guarantee. Lawyers have suggested other forms, but it is so simple. We merely send back the orders for space from advertisers who are not deserving of an introduction to our readers. Of course, we are human, and therefore not infallible, but when we make mistakes we pay for them.

ADVERTISING EDITOR.

THE LAND of FLOWING WELLS

OWN a Texas Truck Farm

Raise vegetables and oranges in mid-winter. Ship them to Northern markets. You know what enormous prices they bring. FALFURRIAS, Texas, truck raisers are getting rich. YOU CAN DO THE SAME. Experience is unnecessary.

10 ACRES WILL PAY YOU \$1500 A YEAR

Live in an ideal climate where snow and cold weather are unknown; where flowers bloom and vegetables grow all winter. BE YOUR OWN BOSS.

\$1750 FROM FIVE ACRES OF POTATOES

After paying for planting, gathering and shipping charges to Denver, Colo., Mr. Edw. Schlake, of Falfurrias, Texas, put \$1740 in the bank.

\$3133 FROM TEN ACRES OF ONIONS

Mr. Jno. Donohue, of Falfurrias, Texas, received \$905 a car for his onions. After deducting cost of planting, crating and marketing, they netted him \$313.33 an acre.

BUY NOW WHILE YOU CAN SECURE FIVE ACRES FOR \$200 \$12.50 CASH AND \$12.50 PER MONTH

Falfurrias is located 184 miles South of San Antonio, a little west and south of Corpus Christi. It is in the very heart of the famous Gulf Coast Country. No town in Texas has ever experienced such rapid growth. Three years ago Falfurrias wasn't on the map. To-day it has a population of 3300 people; 16,000 acres under cultivation; a water works, an electric light and ice plant; three hotels, five churches, three lumber yards, twenty-one stores, which did a business of over \$600,000 last year, and people are pouring in every day. The land that we are offering is a part of the famous King Ranch. It is only two miles and a half from the Falfurrias depot. Flowing Artesian Water can be found on any part of this land. In the very center we are establishing an ideal new town—"FLOWELLA." With every ten acres a 50x140 foot lot will be given free. As to our reliability, we gladly refer you to:

OUR REFERENCES

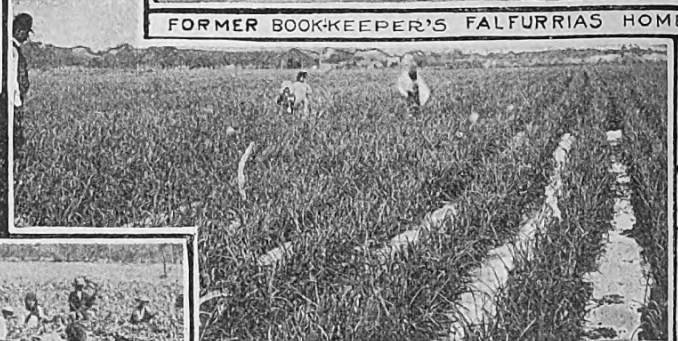
State Bank & Trust Company,
San Antonio, Texas
American Bank & Trust Company,
San Antonio, Texas
Union Trust Company,
San Antonio, Texas
Falfurrias State Bank, Falfurrias, Texas
Union Trust Company,
Aransas Pass, Texas
First National Bank,
Rockport, Texas
Karnes County National Bank,
Karnes City, Texas

AGENTS WANTED

We want more men who will do and say for us just what we would do and say, if we were in their places; hustlers with best of reference.



FORMER BOOKKEEPER'S FALFURRIAS HOME



\$313.33 PER ACRE PROFIT FROM ONIONS



\$66. PROFIT PER ACRE FROM BEANS



FALFURRIAS ORANGES AND LEMONS



\$1,760 FROM 11 ACRES OF LETTUCE

SPECIAL—\$1.00 SECURES FIVE ACRES

Applications for these tracts are pouring in every day. Naturally the very best tracts are going to those whose applications are received first. YOU have the opportunity RIGHT NOW of securing some of the very best. The price of each five acre truck farm is \$200, payable \$12.50 cash and \$12.50 per month. It will be quite a few days before you can possibly receive our literature, and in the meantime these farms are being picked up rapidly. If you sign the \$1.00 Reservation Coupon and attach one dollar for each five acre farm desired, we will select the very best unsold and hold them for you for ten days. If, after receiving the literature and plat, showing location of tracts selected, you are not perfectly satisfied, we will refund your money. (As to our reliability, note our references.)

We can select much better tracts for you to-day than we can two weeks hence. Don't fail to send in \$1.00. You run no risk whatever, and it will mean a much better farm than if you wait. Send for the literature anyway. Read about this wonderful country.

BURTON & DANFORTH
601 GIBBS BLDG.
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

\$1.00 COUPON FOR RESERVATION

BURTON & DANFORTH,
601 Gibbs Bldg.,
San Antonio, Texas.

Enclosed find \$..... (\$1 for each tract.)

for which reserve..... tracts for me. You to refund the same if I am not satisfied after receiving literature.

NAME

ADDRESS

COUPON FOR LITERATURE

BURTON & DANFORTH,
601 Gibbs Bldg.,
San Antonio, Texas

FREE

Send me your illustrated booklet, "The Land of Flowing Wells," map of Texas and plats.

NAME

ADDRESS