

The Editor's Outlook

Some of Our

Fiction Writers



Elizabeth Payne



Evelyn Van Buren



Ellis Parker Butler



Will Irwin



Richard Wightman



Harris Dickson

ON DIFFERENT occasions we have said—and we meant it—that SUCCESS MAGAZINE was not as good as we hoped to make it. Perhaps it never will be. But we are looking forward to the twelve numbers of 1910 with a relative ease of mind never before experienced in this office.

Of the spirit and purpose of the magazine something is said on another page ("In the Editor's Confidence"). Here we propose to discuss its lighter side, the side of sheer entertainment and readability. That portion of the fight for progress and a higher standard of living and governing which we have undertaken calls for courage and steadiness of purpose. All the more reason, therefore, why we should laugh and love and live as we shoulder ahead. And so, a word about the fiction for the coming year. We never before have had such a rich collection of stories, or so many, on hand. We mention only a few.

A Group of Love Stories

"Baby-Grand," by John Luther Long, will appear shortly after the completion of "The Unjust Judge." Mr. Long is not a prolific writer. He works slowly and with patient care. That is one reason why "Baby-Grand" is as great a story as his immortal "Madame Butterfly." Another reason is that "Baby-Grand" is a flash of pure genius. More about it later on.

"The Things He Wrote To Her" is one of the most remarkable outpourings of human sentiment ever received in this office. Unless we mistake greatly it marks the appearance of a new and possibly great writer on the horizon of literature. Into a series of letters, which are charged with emotional ardor, the author has woven a striking philosophy of love.

"The Other Girl's Picture," by Louise Forsslund, author of that charming story, "Old Lady No. 31," will appear in an early number; as will also Mary Heaton Vorse's tale of American Life in Modern Italy, "The Well-Beloved."

Stories of Power and Pathos

"Through the Spirit of Iapi" is the title of a strong tale of the Northwestern Indians, by Hamlin Garland. "The Vision of Stiny Bolinski," by James Oppenheim, is a striking and powerful bit of work from one of the most promising of to-day's younger writers. It presents a faithful picture of life among the coal miners of Pennsylvania, as also does William Mailly's deeply moving story, "The Home-Coming of Katie Devlin." And "Casey and Todd's Little Girl," by our old friend, Porter Emerson Browne, is a vaudeville story of unusual interest.

Humorous Stories

We never before felt so sure that the magazine would be cheerful and good-humored. We have space here for only a few attractive titles, but they will serve as an earnest of others to follow.

"Who's Who In Nevada," by Barton Wood Currie, is one of the most riotously funny stories that we have ever published. "Mr. Raymond and their Majesties," is another of Evelyn Van Buren's whimsical and delightful cockney stories. In "Her Complexion," Mary Heaton Vorse is at her very best; and every reader knows what that means. Harris Dickson will contribute more of the funny and fascinating "Confidential Communications of a Liar"; and Joseph C. Lincoln has prepared in "Literature in Our Village" a delightful sketch of Cape Cod "Home Folks." Special announcements will be made later about Inez Haynes Gillmore and the stories of girlhood and boyhood which she is writing for us.

Serial Stories

"The Shears of Destiny," Leroy Scott's brilliant romance, grows more absorbing with every number. The letters we are receiving make it evident that our faith in the story is justified. Mr. Scott's heroine grows steadily more fascinating. "The Sky Man" will wind up its eventful course in the March number. After its conclusion, we shall begin publishing a fresh series of Charles N. Crewdson's "New Tales of the Road."

The stories will be illustrated by the best American artists, including: E. W. Kemble, James Montgomery Flagg, W. Herbert Dunton, Albert Levering, George Gibbs, B. Cory Kilvert, Herman Pfeifer, Horace Taylor, Dan Sayre Groesbeck, George Brehm, Hanson Booth, Robert Edwards, Vernon Howe Bailey, Vet Anderson, Arthur William Brown, and Alexander Popini.



Inez Haynes Gillmore



John Luther Long



Hamlin Garland



Louise Forsslund



Leroy Scott



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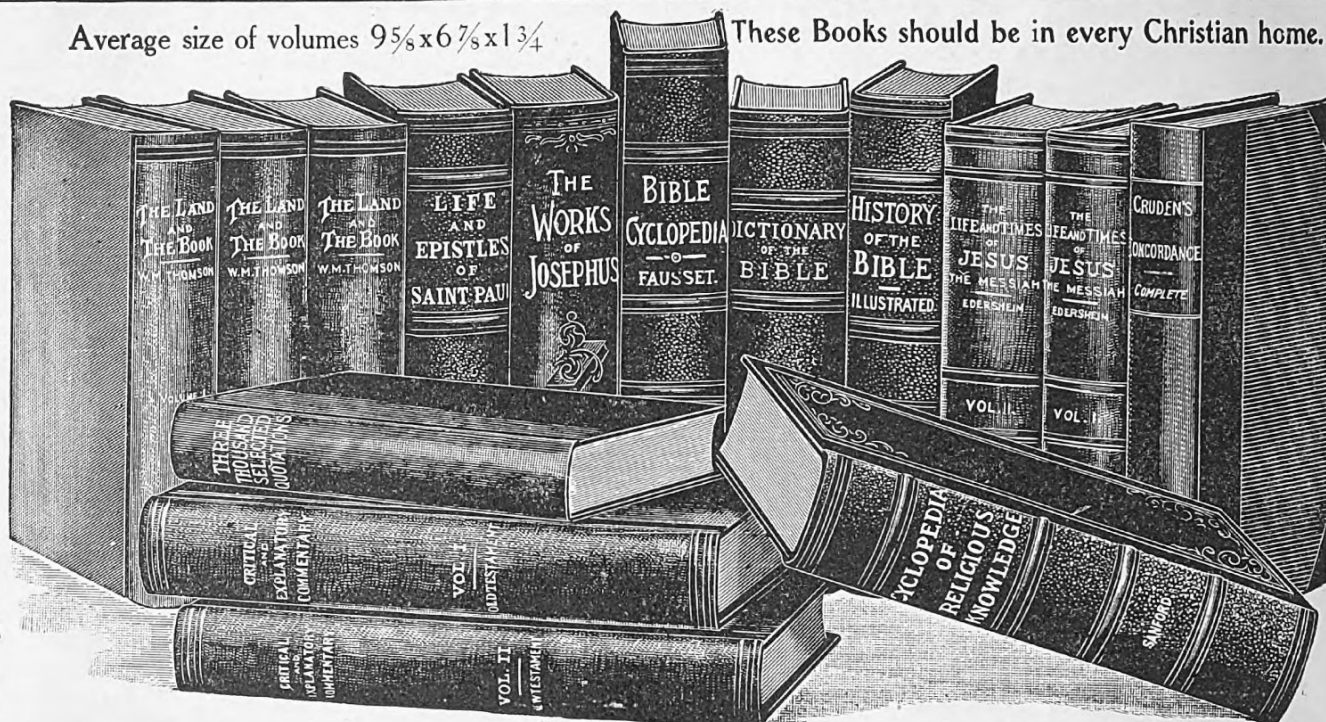
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In the Editor's Confidence

CANNONISM," at least in its more malignant phase, is about ended; a fact which brings to us of SUCCESS MAGAZINE deeper gratitude than can be readily expressed. It is not that we are guilty of any unkind feeling toward the unfortunate individual who has lately masqueraded under the rather attractive nickname of "Uncle Joe." Mr. Cannon is merely a misguided and unenlightened man who has succeeded for a brief time in standing between a great nation and the forward movement which that nation was, and is, determined to take. The nation will go on—will go over Mr. Cannon, since he has been unable to see the advisability of stepping aside.

It is less than a year since SUCCESS MAGAZINE led the fight for progress in national affairs, by centering its attack on the arch-obstructionist. It was a real attack. We fought as hard as we knew how. And now the dispatches in every day's newspapers make it apparent that the fight is so nearly won as to make ultimate victory certain.

Of the many things that crowd the editorial mind at this year-end, this fight and its approaching result stand out perhaps as the most prominent. But we have been identified with a good many other movements during the year. There were Walter Prichard Eaton's articles on the indecent stage, for example. We exposed that situation as effectively as we could. But the spirit of the magazine has roused us to fight only where fighting seemed urgently the thing. We don't want to fight all the time. There are finer things to do. For example, there were the articles by Robert Haven Schauffler on farm and country life which appeared during the summer months. They were truthful narratives of conditions as Schauffler found them in a journey that reached from Indiana to Kansas and Minnesota, and they made it plain that the "hayseed" is disappearing with amazing rapidity from the American countryside. Indeed, Schauffler's report, as given in "Elizabeth and Her American Farm," "The New West from a Postman's Cart," and "To Happiness by Trolley," was a stimulating chronicle of progress.

Of the Church articles it is hardly necessary to speak. So much has been said about them, so many hundreds of letters have been written, and the newspapers have so extensively reprinted them, that they are still an active factor in the discussion of the puzzling problem of the Church. During the course of this series (there were six articles in all) we raised our voice for two reforms—better support for underpaid preachers, and the bringing of the Church into a closer relation with the actual social conditions of to-day.

Then there were Charles Edward Russell's bold and illuminating series, "The Break-up of the Parties." By way of illustrating Mr. Russell's penetration, the two great parties promptly proceeded to break up before our eyes. Cannon and the Democrats combined to maintain the Republican Congressional machine. The Democrats carried Aldrich's protective tariff over the protest of the Republican insurgents. The Illinois Democrats sent Republican "Billy" Lorimer to the United States Senate. And so on.

And finally, the articles on municipal reforms by Mary Heaton Vorse and Franklin Clarkin; Harris Dickson's "Double-crossing the Bar"; the "straight talk" with stage-struck and opera-struck girls; the article on "The New Surgery" and "Hope for the Victims of Narcotics"; Bruce's "Marvelous Master Sidis," not to mention a score of others, all seem to us, as we indulge in this hour of retrospection, to have been suggestive and of some real value.

We are now facing another year, and we must prepare to answer the critical question: Will the magazine be better

in 1910 than it has been in 1909? Will its purpose be finer, its faith more abiding? Will it fight not only harder but more effectively against the things that are evil?

And will it grow in cheerfulness, in honesty, in vitality?

It is our belief that we can answer all these questions in the affirmative. A partial fiction announcement—much the strongest we have ever made—appears on another page. That list speaks for itself. Just a word here about a few of the articles, and we will cheerfully leave the magazine to its fate.

The new Russell series, beginning in this December number, will be in some ways the most extraordinary series we have ever published. "The Break-up of the Parties" was profoundly true, but it stopped just as it was growing most interesting. That series made it plain that the two old parties have become equally the slaves of the great business interests. Now Mr. Russell is taking a step forward. "The Power Behind the Republic" is new. It is bold. It is amazing yet surprisingly simple, and unquestionably true.

"The End of Cannonism" will be fully discussed in the January number, as also will be "The Negro's Idea of Marriage," by Harris Dickson, and "Fighting Faces of Our Senators," by Sloane Gordon and Vet Anderson. In this and later numbers a lavish variety of articles will be presented. Dr. Woods Hutchinson, who always provokes thought, is preparing a humorous but sensible paper on "Noses." H. Addington Bruce will continue his fascinating series on the mysterious borderland of dreams and personality. Louis Brownlow has just returned from China with a timely article, "America's Commercial Stake in the Far East." Cleveland Moffett will soon be ready with "The Luxury of American Women Abroad." Walter Weyl will follow up "The Problem of the Old" with "Old Age Pensions," and Franklin Clarkin will contribute another important article on the problem of our cities.

Dr. Marden, who has been the energizing spirit of SUCCESS MAGAZINE from the day of its birth, is preparing his twelve greatest editorial articles for 1910, and will present his "Editorial Chat" and other comment in every number. Dr. Marden's personality is known and felt wherever print is read, in practically every language in the world; but among us who work in close companionship with him, that extraordinary personality with its wholesomeness, vigor and indomitable perseverance is felt as it can hardly be felt outside, even by his closest readers. Every editorial and business associate, every advertising solicitor and subscription agent, has a healthy, courageous strand in the fiber of his being which would not be there had he never known this man.

Fifty other articles of great interest and importance will be announced in later issues, among them a new series of the greatest public importance and the most sensational reading value. And back of them all will be the wholesome, stimulating spirit of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, a quality more important than all the great features rolled together. A publication, like a man, or woman, must believe in something before it can express anything. We have our own peculiar faith, we men and women who are cooperating in the building of this magazine, a faith in something much finer and higher than ourselves. Let us quote a beautiful expression of this sort of spirit from the Philadelphia *North American*:

There are incorporeal things more powerful than all combined wickedness and wrong—faith in the simple honesty of the average American, fidelity to his rights, unswerving and unceasing antagonism to all who put the dollar above the common good, and the sympathy that strives for the betterment of mankind in that word's large sense.

There you have it! We stick to that. And because we believe it, we believe that we can make this publication of greater and greater service and a better and better magazine.

THE ROUND OF LIFE

A CHRISTMAS MUSING OF MAN-ALIVE

Set Down by RICHARD WIGHTMAN

TO LIFT, athirst, the brimming Glass of Life & drain it,
dregs & all, with smack of smiling lip & slap of knee;

TO BEND above the Stream of Trade and wrest from it
my gold, clean-handed, zestfully, as one who takes equiv-
alents — not more — for what he gives;

TO HEAR, attent, the silent cry of those who lack, di-
viding food and faggots and the couraged word;

TO LOOK well to my sowing knowing sure that each small
seed, by law immutable, begets its kind — & multiplied at that;

TO SHRINE my Woman high and touch her flesh with
prayer as well as passion;

TO FIND within the eyes of children that fine light which
guides the man to simpler ways again and nestles him
within the arms of this old Earth's vast motherhood;

TO SEARCH for peace within the lily-bell or 'neath
the verdant moss by forest ways, and, searching, find a
fuller meed than e'er was dreamed or guessed;

TO HAIL my friend with frankness — palm to palm and
eye to eye, with merge of heart & hope until we twain are
one and gianted for battle.

TO THINK things out in my own way and blast a
doctrine, when it bars my path, with rev'rent ruthlessness.

TO TAKE my God wherever I may find Him — in the
meeting-house or in the meadow, or where the liners
cleave the crests and fling their foam afar;

TO KNOW that Jesus lived for me to show me how
to live, and died for me to show me how to die, should
they assail my truth as they did his;

TO HOLD that love is lawful, all of it, or else it be
not love but something less;

THAT, SIR, SEEMS GOOD TO ME &
RIGHT & FAIR, & BY THE GRACE
OF EACH DAY'S SUN, AND VERVE
OF STARRY NIGHTS, I'LL FACE MY
YEARS WITH GLEE AS ONE WHO
DIES NOT, BUT WHO LIVES ALWAYS



"This very respectable company of his peers"

(In Two Parts)—Part One
ERRORS OF LAW

A

FTER the jury had brought in its verdict, Barlow was asked by the clerk quite formally (convicts seldom availed themselves of the customary privilege) whether he had anything to say why sentence of the law should not be passed upon him. Barlow rose, pale and unsteady, but with deep-burning fire in his eyes.

"Will I be permitted to say all that I wish?" he asked, to the glad surprise of the court.

"Certainly," interposed Judge Grind-er, settling back into his chair with gusto. "You have the last speech—then comes mine!"—an ancient judicial witticism. It was precisely this which gave Judge Grind-er his greatest pleasure in life—the baiting and ultimate sentencing of criminals, disposing of their futile objections to punishment by pure logic, a bit of humor, etc. It was as good as teasing caged animals.

"First," the convict began, "I would like to ask the jury a few questions."

The judge looked a trifle vexed, but did not interrupt Barlow. He had not expected this.

"Mr. Foreman, how many of you were for acquittal and how many for conviction on your first ballot?"

The foreman reddened and stammered, turning first to his associates, then to the judge, for relief.

"Stop!" said the judge, finally. "This—this is a very unusual thing to do or to permit. I supposed that you would rail at me."

"Is it against the law?" asked Barlow.

"I believe not," answered the judge, more amiably.

"But decidedly against public policy," interposed the district attorney, acidly.

"To permit me to know—me whom you are about to sentence to prison—how I was convicted?"

"What difference does it make?" from the judge.

"It is the verdict of the jury," from the district attorney, "right or wrong."

The
Unjust
Judge
by John Luther Long
Author of "Madame Butterfly," etc.
Illustrated by A. O. Fischer

"Delivered, admitted to be theirs, in open court," amplified the judge.

"Yes," echoed the prosecutor.

"As unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians," cumulated the judge, genially.

"Even this jury, which has just delivered its verdict, can not change it now. Once the words have passed their lips nothing on earth which they may do can recall them."

The district attorney waxed warm.

"It is true," smiled the judge, quizzically, "that there is a possible appeal to us to set aside the verdict or grant a new trial—"

"Upon errors of law only," almost shrieked the district attorney. "The facts of the trial are irrevocably decided. What is the use? What difference can it make?"

"Does it make no difference?" gasped the convict.

"It can not, possibly," said the judge.

"Is it true," asked Barlow, with awe, "that if this jury could, here and now, be convinced that it had made a mistake—is it true that it can not correct it?—within five minutes of making it?"

"Quite true," smiled the judge. "There is only an appeal to me. The power of the jury is spent."

"You—who had nothing to do with the finding of the jury?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Is that quite right?" asked Barlow again. "Ought not the appeal for a change in the judgment of this jury be made to the jury?"

"Argumentatively, in reason, it would seem so. But as matter of law it is not so. And I administer the law here—not—ahem—reason."

"Nothing you may say or do to or with this jury now can in the least affect their verdict," amplified the prosecuting attorney.

"Unless gross misconduct is alleged and proved," corrected the judge. "And even that, sir, must be brought before the court in an ancillary proceeding; and this jury would not be permitted, in that case, to judge its own acts. And I do not understand the prisoner to contend that this very respectable"—he first inspected the jury in some doubt—"company of his peers have been guilty of such misconduct in law as to nullify their finding."

"What," asked Barlow, "would you consider gross misconduct in law?"

The judge and the prosecutor laughed together quite aloud.

"You should have been a lawyer, Mr.—er—"

"Barlow," said the prisoner.

"The district attorney does n't think it quite proper in me to encourage you by giving a judicial opinion upon that subject. But, besides enjoying it, and since judges and courts are created to care for the liberty of the individual, I, for one, shall always encourage all citizens to inquire, as you are doing now, though it be too late, into the constitution and administration of their system of jurisprudence. For, after all, it is you—I take it that you were a reputable, voting citizen before you took to this unfortunate life of crime—after all, it is you who have given us this system to administer over you. Gross misconduct in the law which would vitiate the verdict of a jury is, sir, for instance, being influenced by bribes, or using the force or influence one has over a debtor to pay his debt in the finding of a verdict."

"And the finding of a verdict by such force as discomfort would not be sufficient to set it aside?"

The judicial and the prosecuting administrators of the law laughed together.

"Reason is one thing. Law is another," snapped the prosecuting officer. "And—"

"That," smiled the court, "is precisely the way in which verdicts were anciently brought about—by freezing, starving, tiring the jury; dragging them further and further from their wives and families. If they did not agree before the court left the point where the assize was held (the courts of oyer and terminer and general jail delivery were itinerant under the system we have inherited), the jury was carried from town to town in carts, without other raiment than they had on when taken from the court, no matter what the state of the weather, and they had to find such food as they could, as well as such accommodations at the inns as were possible in their crowded state, due to the sitting of the courts, and find their way home as best they might afterward. This, the elder lawgivers considered, was likely to clear sophistry from their minds and bring them to a prompt agreement."

"And not the evidence they had heard at the trial?"

"Ahem!" smiled the judge. "They were *exhorted* to decide upon the evidence alone. And their close juxtaposition was conducive to argument upon it. Certainly—certainly!"

"But their decision was brought about by their bodily privations, and not by the effect of the law and the evidence upon their minds?" asked Barlow.

"What's the difference?" blurted the district attorney. "It brought a verdict."

"To be frank," laughed the judge, "I fear so. But it is not so—ahem!—so much so any longer. And you must forget the rigors of a crude system which we have in this day and generation made so perfect that there is now no way known to human reason which more safely and surely and justly deals with human frailty than the jury system as we know it and practise it. As Coke upon Littleton observes, 'it is the well-considered judgment of twelve of one's equals found under the most favorable conditions with which modernity can surround a jury.' But, of course, the first requisite of stability of the system, is that once a verdict is delivered it is irrevocable. You can understand what confusion would result were it otherwise. And, how lightly the jury would deal with questions which they knew were not confided to them for an absolutely final decision. It is precisely that—the irrevocableness of what they do—which makes juries cautious—very cautious!—in their deliberations—that and the results of them. As the district attorney has wisely told you, this verdict has passed the lips of the jury, and is no longer theirs. It is the court's. Their great power has expired with that one breath and that one word, 'guilty,' and nothing on earth can ever revive it for them. They least of all. This jury is a 'spent bolt.'"

"Then, if it makes no difference," said Barlow, "I should like, for mere curiosity, to press my question to an answer."

The judge laughed aloud. It was not often that a criminal trial yielded so much amusement. He summoned the district attorney to the bar for a whispered conference.

"I think we'll let him do it," laughed the judge.

But the district attorney shook his head. "He will keep us here till four o'clock with his—"

"Oh, no! And the sooner we turn him loose on that jury the sooner he'll be through. They're a rum looking lot. Let's see what they have to say. That foreman looks as if he thought himself in danger of prison already!"

The district attorney now looked at the jury, and was so impressed by their evident discomfort that he, too, smiled, and nodded assent finally, resuming his seat.

"And, perhaps, it'll bring you better luck with your game," smiled the judge over the bench as his judicial officer sat down.

To the jury he said, "Gentlemen, you will answer the questions asked you. If any should be asked that are improper for you to answer the court will interpose."

Number nine said to the judge, thunderously, "Judge, I thought you said you were through with us?"

"Your power is spent," said the judge acidly, but not conclusively, though you are not yet discharged."



"Oh!" commented the juror, whimsically, "is that different?"

"Another such disrespectful word," threatened the judge, "I'll commit you for contempt."

Number nine winked to the man on the side away from the judge and once more went to sleep.

II

OF COURSE THE JURY HAS ITS SECRETS

"How many of you voted for my acquittal on the first ballot?" asked Barlow of the foreman.

"Eleven," answered the foreman, perspiringly.

"And only one for conviction?" asked Barlow, again.

"Yes."

"But, on the last ballot all of you voted for my conviction?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

The foreman looked more uncomfortable, but the highly amused court gave him no relief. On the contrary the judge smiled down upon them very genially, twirling his glasses, and said:

"Answer the prisoner's question."

"We had to. Your honor told us so."

"Or stay out all night," the third juror, a sour man with a smooth face, said. "It's time to adjourn now!"

"And," laughed the judge, "you have an engagement?"

"Yes," snapped the third juror.

"Proceed Mr.—er—" after consulting the record before him—Barlow."

"I am now going to ask each one of you how he voted on the last ballot and on the first—perhaps on each intermediate ballot—and ask each his reasons for doing so—each time he changed."

"Wait, wait!" cried the district attorney. "Does your honor see where this will lead?"

"Yes," nodded the smiling court.

"It will take an hour."

"Is there any law against it?" asked the prisoner again.

"None at all," said the judge, lightly. "Of course the jury room has its secrets made sacred by hundreds of years of acquiescence. But—that's for the jurors, not us. And—"

"Well, Mr. District Attorney, why should n't a prisoner know how he was convicted? Whether it was by tossing a coin, a game of cards, a turn of the dice, or"—he hid a smile beneath a white hand—"the evidence."

Again the vexed district attorney asked, "What difference will it make?"

"Ah," smiled the judge, "that's quite another matter."

"A verdict's a verdict!"

"As you say," agreed the judge, "a verdict's a verdict."

"It will waste our time—"

"Nothing is a waste of time, my dear Mr. Brownlee, which instructs or—" the judge leaned down toward his under-officer, and ended cryptically—"amuses."

"I'm not as susceptible to this sort of humor as your honor is, I am sorry to say," replied the district attorney, painfully subsiding.

"You are not too old to learn," laughed the judge; "and you may some day be where I am instead of where you are."

"But your honor is forgetting that sentence remains to be pronounced."

"I think you may trust to me," smiled the judge, knowingly. "I really think I have not failed in that respect, at least, during my incumbency, and it will not take long. Proceed, Mr.—er—" he looked at his record again—"Barlow."

"Mr. Foreman, how did you vote on the first ballot?"

"Acquittal," growled the foreman.

"And why did you change on the last?"

"I've had a toothache for several days. I stuck for you until the seventh ballot, and was the last to go over."

"Number two, how did you—" He leaped to meet the question.

"You ought to have seen the beds! Phew! I've got a nice bed at home. The tipstaff showed us the beds."

"Number three," said the convict—"no, you have answered; but I will ask number four—"

"Because I wanted to," shouted the juror, angrily.

Number five answered with an expansive German smile:

"Me? I wote de same vay all de times. I tink you guilty at fairst. I see it in de newspaper. I say you vas guilty, and your picture look so. Excuse."

Number six, perhaps learning from his fellows, said:

"I voted for your acquittal on the first ballot, but was convinced by the arguments of Mr.—er—number nine, there—he belongs to my lodge—that the evidence was clear against you, so I voted for conviction after the third ballot."

The convict turned to number nine who was scarcely awake, and recalled him as the juror who had to be awakened frequently during the trial.

"Well," cried the juror answering to the call of "number nine," with a spice of whimsical resentment, "I'm a traveling salesman, and while I am fooling here at a dollar and a half a day, another man has my route and is making fifty a day."

"Answer the question," commanded the judge.

"You won't commit me for contempt if I do?"

"N—no," laughed the judge, not ill-pleased at this turn upon him.

"Not if you get it?"

"Not even if I get it," smiled the judge, still better pleased.

"But the evidence," prompted the district attorney. "Remember that."

"Sure!"

"Well, my wife had a baby night before last, and I have n't slept—"

"The evidence," reminded the smiling judge. Nothing in his whole career had ever appealed to him as did this."

"Oh, that was dead ag'in' him—any one could see that."

"But," smiled the judge, "you did n't appear to think so on the first ballot."

"Oh, well, I was n't going ag'in' ten or eleven other good fellows. It would have lasted all night. That chap who voted for conviction is the most bull-headed devil I ever saw. I'm awake now. Some one ought to have smashed him at first—then things might have been different. It ain't law you want in a jury room, Judge, but a gun and license to shoot Dutchmen. Of course I voted for acquittal on the first ballot. I always do. It's not the first time I've been on a jury, but it's the last if I see the jury first. I always vote for acquittal on the first ballot. Give the poor devils a chance. God knows they don't get much with dumb foreigners on the jury, the district attorney and fifty detectives manufacturing glory out of convictions, and all the people's money they want to do it with, and the prisoner locked up, not able to see his counsel, if he has one, and mostly no money to pay lawyers nor git witnesses. Say, I've heard that some fellow over in France—I think it was a monsieur—said that if he was accused of stealing the steeple of a church he'd rush the first train to the State boundary. Just to make sure—see? Well, he's right. Yes, I know a thing or two about juries. I know their ways—especially if there's foreigners on who don't know any English—and if I'm wanted here any time for stealing a church or some little thing like that, I give you notice now that I departs quick for the boundary and it's 'ketch as ketch can.' I ain't taking any chances with any jury that ever was born—especially a Dutch one. I know 'em. I'm a traveling man."

The salesman was warming up and beginning to enjoy himself, too.

"I tell you, lawyers may think they like to work for nothin', but they don't, no more'n any one else. And witnesses want their fees before they'll come, and if you drag 'em into court against their will you can just about guess how pleased they'll feel to testify against you. I don't think it's a fair game, and that's the truth. I know it sounds anarchistic, but men with money ain't put into the pen where this chap is convicted. If they were, there wouldn't be so many millionaires. Why the devil did n't you steal a million instead of a measly couple of thousand. Then you'd have something to go and come on. By thunder, you'd have seventeen lawyers and a brain-storm here instead of being alone. And all paid out of their money. And you bet

they'd keep the whole bunch guessing—court and jury and the cat. You deserve what you're getting. I have n't any patience with a man who steals a couple of thousand, with millions to grab. That's one reason why I voted for conviction on the last ballot. I hate dam' fools, but don't mind great thieves."

The last of this had been addressed directly to Barlow. The district attorney, aghast at such sacrilege in the temple of justice (as he often called it in his addresses to juries, so that he sometimes really thought of it in that way), rose at two places in the drummer's philippic to stop him—even move his arrest for contempt—but on each occasion the interested court, for whom the piquancy of this unusual proceeding grew with what it fed upon, stopped him with a frowning gesture. Perhaps this encouraged the drummer, who, indeed, needed little encouragement. At all events, he now asked a question himself, taking a purely personal attitude.

"Say, have you got a wife?"

"Yes."

Barlow's voice broke a little.

"And children?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Two."

"How old?"

"One and three years."

"Boys?"

"One boy and one girl."

"That's bad. I wish I had known that. That is the trouble. If you had had money to pay a lawyer, he would have brought those facts out—had the kids and wife in court, crying. If I'd known that, damned if I'd have voted for your conviction if I'd seen you take the money. I've

got a wife and a couple of kids myself. It was two until yesterday. Now it's three. The cutest little she-devil you ever saw. I'm sorry. And I suppose you're as poor as the devil?"

"Yes," admitted Barlow.

"Nothing for her to go on with while you serve—"

The voice of the drummer trailed off huskily.

"Where is der money you shtole?" asked the German juror, innocently.

"Shut up!" admonished the drummer. "He did n't steal any. And you are the cause of the whole trouble. That is another thing—putting a jay like you and that Pole there on a jury and telling the man in the dock that you're his peers! That could n't have happened with Americans who understand the American language."

"I am an Amer'can citizen," blustered the German. "I have der papers."

"They're not hard to get—if you know the ward leader. I have a Scotch collie I'm going to have naturalized. I'll vote him, too. He'll vote as intelligently as you do."

The drummer, whom no thing or person could abash, here addressed the court upon familiar terms.

"Look here, Judge, this here's a mistake. I'd like to rectify my part in it. This man's blood is sort of upon my cocoa—at least one-twelfth of it is. I did n't know he had a wife and a bunch of kids. I did n't do much thinking till now. I was asleep. I only wanted to get home to my wife and young ones. But I'm awake and thinking good and hard now, you bet. Why, I'm ashamed of you as a fellow-man, Barlow!"

Turning again to the convict.

"If you'd done it right you'd be drinking champagne with your friends now, celebrating your 'vindication!' Hell! I've seen it done. I've helped. And no harm. But he'd taken enough! The district attorney was there, and the jury; the judge could n't come. We sent his share of the wine to his house. Yes! It's no lie—it's the real goods. What's good for the millionaire all the time is good for you and me once in a while. Honest, Judge, I was there!"

"I believe you," smiled the judge. "Go on, sir; you interest me. Free speech is one of our inalienable rights. Go on, sir."

The drummer did.

"Look here"—he turned again to the prisoner—"do you care for your wife?"

"Yes," said Barlow, with the worst constriction he had yet felt in his throat.

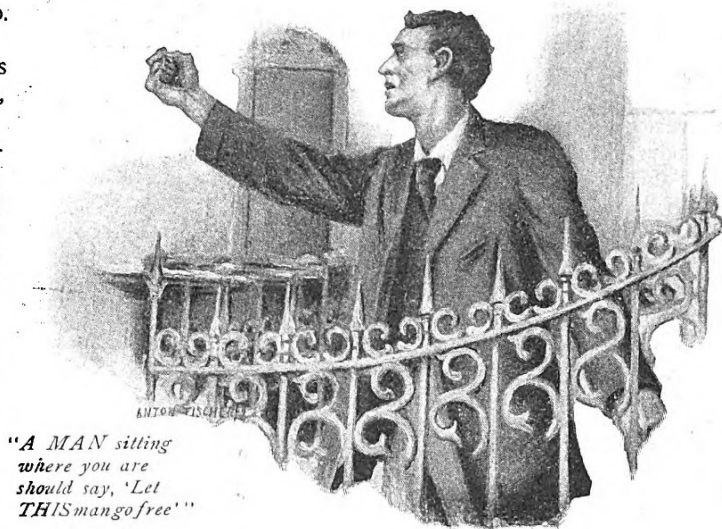
"An' she cares for you?"

"Yes."

"And the kids? You both care for them?"

"Yes."

"Say, Judge, you may know law more than me, but I know men more than you, because I travel all the time and see 'em all. You sit here on this bench and only know what's told you, which is often lies. But I'm right up against men all the time. I know the good and bad of 'em, you better bet. And, say, they're a thousand per cent. better than any one knows 'em to be—but me. They's mighty few men who, after their little failings, ain't got some good, big, honest purpose in life. Excuse me, Judge, you know law. But I know men. And I tell you



"A MAN sitting where you are should say, 'Let THIS mango free'"

they's not a man living with a wife and kids he likes, and who likes him, who'd go bad unless he had to. And if he had to—well, I'd ask him why, if I was you. He may have a good reason. And if he stole a thousand or two from some millionaire who stole all he had, I'll be damned if I'd send him to prison. There you are. And you've got the right, as I understand it, to sort of suspend sentence—which is slapping the jury's face—and that's what this jury deserves, including yours truly. Hindsight ain't no good when you've chucked away your foresight because a Dutch sausage-maker ast you to and happened to hit you when you was half dead with sleep and had a new baby and a crying wife at home. Why, say! Listen to this, Judge. Listen!

"He might be stealing back something that was stolen from him or his father or mother before him. I expect he's paid two street-car fares all his life where he ought to have paid only one, so that big dividends could be paid on watered stock which did n't cost the owner anything. Well, he's entitled to a little of it back. I expect that his road taxes have been doubled so that the roads might be made better for touring cars! Well, he's entitled to rip a wheel off a touring car now and then and sell the rubber and buy a nice juicy steak. Look at that Dutchman, Judge. Why, he's proud of this job. Do you really think he's got sense? He looks to me like a pudding. I did n't take much notice in the jury room. Another fellow and me played a game or two of cards while the rest was trying to beat a little sense into him. But it was n't no use, and I was n't going to be so impolite as to hold out against ten or eleven other men and keep 'em there all night from their wives and families after they'd give in to him. I got one of my own. Now, see what I've gone and done!"

"But," questioned the judge, smoothly, "was n't the first, and, for that matter, all the ballots, secret?"

"Sure," said the drummer.

"Then how did you know at that time that there were ten or eleven jurors voting the other way?"

"Oh, they let it out," said the salesman. "They was proud of it. They bragged of it."

"Is there anything more, Mr. Barlow?" asked the judge.

"If you'll let this proceeding be printed in the newspapers," said Barlow, quietly, "I will cheerfully serve my term. With this before them the people will correct such a system, and they will not forget those who suffered by it."

"No, no," smiled the judge. "The safety and security of justice lies, very largely, in its secrecy. This is a *quasi* star-chamber inquiry. It must not be published. You know, no man is a hero to his valet. So, no system of jurisprudence which loses its mystery and majesty to the people, in the familiar intimacy which the public prints would grant, could live. The unreasoning people would find in it—ahem!—small defects foul iniquities."

III

LOSING A DINNER AND A GAME OF GOLF—FOR BARLOW

The judge hid another smile behind his white hand.

"Proceed, Mr.—er—Barlow," he said.

"I think," said the prisoner, "we have gone far enough."

"I think so," snapped the district attorney.

"I insist upon each juror being catechised," smiled the judge.

"Even if—"

The district attorney stopped and glared at the court significantly.

"Even if," smiled the court, serenely, "the horrors of the jury room are exposed in all their nakedness."

"And you lose your dinner," snarled the lower officer.

After the judge had smiled behind his hand he added, "Perhaps the result will be better jury rooms, better beds, all the comforts of home, with wives and children handy, cigars and wine, games and physicians. And we may find out a few things we would like ourselves to know. Losing a game of golf or a dinner is worth it."

Number six was a Polish shoemaker who understood little English, and who stood up in his fervor to protest that he could not, would not, stand out against eleven such gentlemen as sat beside him. He was a gentleman himself, he said, as any one could see, and he knew what was due from one gentleman to another. The evidence? What was that?

And so on to the last futile man.

"Well?" questioned the genial judge, when the last man had answered that he had no time for such foolishness. Barlow did not hear or respond to him, but pressed the question.

"Do you remember your oath?" Not one of them did.

"It was an undertaking in the sight of God to decide upon the evidence alone."

"That is quite true, gentlemen. This catechism may do jurors good. They should attend strictly to the duty in hand. And sometimes they sleep." For the drummer was nodding.

Again the judge hid a smile.

"Or play cards, or indulge in ribald conversation, or don't take notice, or think of their families or beds. In the jury room every thought save those concerning the case in hand should be excluded. Go on, Mr. Barlow."

Said the convict: "Is there any one among you who would like to change his verdict?"

The good-natured drummer leaped up in his seat.

"Well, by thunder, you bet—"

"Stop! Stop!" shouted the district attorney. "With all due deference to the court, that has been closed, and it seems to me, sir, that this is degenerating into a confab. This verdict has been delivered and recorded. How can it be changed? The law says the word once out of the mouth can not be recalled, and that a record can not be changed except by a higher record—which the *viva voce* maundering of this jury is not."

"I am quite aware of the law as you quote it," smiled the court. "But I begin to suspect, after some forty years on the bench, that the law is not always, as we were taught as students, the perfection of reason. A man can change his word, his mind, and recall it legally in other matters, and there is no real reason, except that built up by precedent, why the law should not once in a while change its mind—why, in fact, jurors should not."

"Then," cried the district attorney, "we should have such scenes each day."

"And why not?" asked the judge.

"It would be absolutely fatal to the orderly administration of the law."

"But perhaps not of justice," smiled the judge.

"Well," perspired the officer of the law, "this is—this is terrible. You are reversing yourself, sir."

"Oh, be at peace, Mr. District Attorney," said the judge. "Mere speculations—mere fascinating speculations! I am too old, I suppose, and too thoroughly impregnated with the fictions of our profession to escape them now. It is a great pleasure to be bound by precedent. To put upon some one else—the further away and the more mouldy with antiquity the better—the perpetration of what often seems clear injustice. As I said before, you may trust the sentencing of this prisoner to me. I will revere the law as I have it in these books, and the opinions of my predecessors as I have them in these, but let us have a bit of enjoyment in thinking how it might be, and how we might do, if cases were not decided upon precedent, but much as this prisoner has decided his. I quite see that there is no lawful way in which the verdict of this jury, simply because it has passed out of their lying mouths, and just because a clerk happens to have written it down in a book—I quite see that there is no lawful way of changing it by the body best fitted to change it—themselves—but that it must stand and a new trial be moved and argued for and paid for, and then I and my fellow judges, who had nothing to do with finding the verdict, must either sustain it or set it aside—three months, six, a year hence—when we have all forgotten the facts. Well, well; that being the law, have you anything more to say, Mr. Barlow? I believe we are a bit tired—the district attorney and I."

"Only this," said Barlow; "I have shown you how this verdict was procured. It is not the verdict of twelve men acting unanimously, but that of one man acting, not under the obligation of his oath, but under the opinion of an irresponsible newspaper reporter and of a portrait of me that they printed. It is not a verdict upon the evidence, but upon the coercion of this one strong-willed man. It is a verdict procured by the fear of physical inconvenience. Some of the jurymen wanted to get home to their wives, others to their more profitable business, others feared the beds and the confinement, yet others thought this administration of justice foolishness. Not one decided upon the evidence. I would have stood a better chance, sir, if the court had tossed up a coin. Besides all this, I came here trusting in my innocence and the justice of this court, and in what I fancied the honesty of the law, without counsel, sure that the mistake made in my indictment would here be corrected. I had never before been in a court of what is mis-called justice."

"That," smiled the court, "to appear without counsel is never safe, no matter how innocent a man knows himself to be. He—"

The judge dropped his face behind his white hand in the way he had when a smile could not be prevented. He knows the tricks of the trade. He now looked up with proper gravity.

"Anything further, Mr.—er—Bowser?"

"Nothing, except that I say once more to you that I am absolutely innocent."

"In fact, perhaps, but not in law. I have a legal record of your conviction before me."

"Upon you be the responsibility. I have done, I will do, all that I can to bring about honest justice."

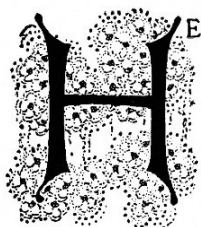
"But what am I to do?" queried the judge, in whimsical pretence of irritation. "All you have said is probably true in fact, but false in law, since there is a recorded verdict to that effect. And it is upon that verdict (and not upon your unsupported statement), found with all of what the law calls the law's solemnity, that I am obliged to pass my judgment. I have, it is true, discretion in the matter. It is in my power to set aside their verdict, which I now know to have been brought not through consideration of the evidence, but through the thickheadedness of one man and the selfishness of others. But if I suspended sentence in your case and pronounced you free I would be forming a precedent for myself which, at my age and with my reputation, I can not afford to form. The law says that a man must be tried by a jury of twelve of his peers, and that a duly appointed judge shall pronounce judgment on their findings. The jury has found you guilty, and if I

[Continued on page 835]



THE CHRISTMAS MIRACLE

Painted especially for SUCCESS MAGAZINE by C. CLYDE SQUIRES



HERE is an incident the like of which, with some variations, happens daily in New York City, and on some days happens many times. The dweller in the metropolis heeds it not and

looks with wonder upon such visitors as hold it worth the noting; from his youth up the native has gone to and fro among such scenes. Yet with no discredit he might every day ponder upon it, for like other things that we, seeing, see not, it is typical, and, under the surface, expressive of conditions—in this instance of a condition that must have puzzled us all.

One night last fall an old rattletrap building near Fifth Avenue took fire. A half-gale was blowing out of the north-west, the structure was mere tinder and had tinder for its neighbors; close at hand were stores filled with valuable goods; the nearest fire station was a quarter of a mile away; for some reason the fire had been tardily discovered and now roared up, a furnace of flames. In a space of time marvelously brief the engines came tearing up the street. It was to be noted that upon the very instant of their arrival the firemen leaped unerringly upon their work; without command each knew exactly what he must do; not a fraction of a second was lost from indecision, lack of knowledge or lack of skill. The engines began to cough, the streams of water to gush forth. In five minutes more the crowd was melting away; there was nothing to be seen but a thin curl of ascending smoke, the firemen coming leisurely down the ladders from the conquered enemy, and one engine dully pulsating.

Except in rare instances, and under conditions peculiarly adverse, this is the normal record of a fire in New York.

The fire department is a success here, as in most American cities; for years it has had a brilliant history. It is honest, skilful, efficient and most ably generalled.

Other departments of the city government are, by way of contrast, in varying degrees dishonest, bungling, inefficient and unably generalled.

Here, then, is the problem. Why should we give to the world this one conspicuous example of municipal efficiency and so many other examples of municipal failure?

To this, a question that has often assailed sociologists and other observers of current conditions, many answers have been proposed, chiefly according to the prejudices of the proponents. As thus:

Why the Fire Department is Efficient

The fire department is good because it is free from politics; because its officers are not elected; because it is not one of the perquisites of Tammany Hall; because it is not subject to sudden changes of management; because it is or is not under the inspiration of civil service reform; and because it has always, by some miracle, fallen into the hands of very good men, whereas other departments, except when our party happens to win at the polls, are always controlled by very bad men.

None of these explanations ever served to explain anything. Other departments have had at different times all of the blessings here enumerated and not one of them has thereby been vivified into either efficiency or righteousness. We have, for instance, eliminated politics from the police department, and had for the time being one of the worst police administrations in our history; we have provided for it officers that are not elected; we have preserved it from sudden changes; we have irradiated its darkest recesses with the holy light of reform, and the only possible discussion about it has concerned the degree of its badness.

Yet, in all these years the fire department, quite free from the attention of reformers, students and gentlemen with schemes of betterment, has kept the one course, doing its work with skill, honesty and thoroughness.

Lately, the real reason for this strange fact has begun to dawn upon us, and with it some light about other matters of government of still greater importance.

It has always been a habit of ours to seek in individual men the explanation of our fortune, whether good or bad.

Thus, the reason why government by Tammany Hall is bad is be-

The Power Behind ★ The Republic ★ By Charles Edward Russell Author of "The Break-Up of the Parties" I-Living a Governmental Lie.

THIS is the first article of the boldest and most extraordinary series Mr. Russell has ever written. In it he unfolds a new political philosophy which is at once surprising and simple. Business is our government, says Mr. Russell, in city, State and nation; but it is at present a half-secret power, ruling through such unintelligent and even dangerous agents as the Cannons and the Tim Sullivans. Since Business is the expression of actual American life, it is obvious that no reforms can be put into effect and made permanent which fail to recognize Business as the dominant force. Therefore, Mr. Russell proposes an entirely new method of bringing about better political conditions. No thoughtful citizen, man or woman, can afford to miss reading these articles.

was denounced by the moral guardians as an odiously bad man; one would have thought that never before had a "melon been cut;" no one would imagine that what Harriman did had been done many times by every great railroad magnate; that it was the inevitable condition of the railroad magnate's trade; that he must do these things if he will retain his place and his power. Yet such are the facts. But the trouble, in the minds of the moral guardians, was always with Mr. Harriman's character; something was wrong there. If he were a different kind of a man he would not do these things, and so we took it out of him accordingly.

Are We a Nation of Bad Men?

In truth, we seem to be affected on all sides with a plague of bad men—bad men in our public affairs, in our municipalities, and in our business. Bad men seem to be wonderfully numerous in America, and if it be true, as we are occasionally assured, that the product of one hundred and twenty-two years of our institutions is a race of men peculiarly and atrociously wicked, reared amid a shocking dearth of all public and private virtues, if this be really true, as a foreigner might conclude after reading some of our utterances, the only thing to do with our venture in human government is to sink it.

But, of course, every observer who, with any degree of attention, has gone about the world knows that everywhere people are about the same. The people of one country are morally not to be distinguished from the people of another country, and no country on earth raises a phenomenal product either of good men or of bad. It is only Chauvin and his tribe that hold faith in any geography of virtue. Conditions differ in different countries—that is true, and different conditions force men to adopt different methods; but the men remain about the same, and if we do not like the product, the place to lay our blame is on the conditions and not upon the men who are universally the victims of conditions.

I will give an illustration. When by a public scandal attention is called to the fact that a man in the conduct of his business has violated some law or police regulation, we think he has done wrong. It is wrong for him, in violation of the law, to obstruct the sidewalk, or in violation of the law to occupy space under the street, or to defy the building department; wrong for him to do these things, and wrong to pay aldermen and police captains for the illegal privilege of doing them. Of course, we are right in this thought. All these acts are wrong, but we overlook

the fact that they are what may be called capitalized wrongs; that is to say, they have become part and parcel of the conditions under which business may be done, not alone by this one man whom we condemn, but by all men. They are the established customs of his trade; they have become institutions more powerful than laws or police; we must bow to them. Neither wit nor will can stand against them. Suppose to the contrary. Suppose him to be of such moral fiber that he is able to stand alone and feel quite indifferent to the codes of his neighbors. Suppose him, therefore, to

THE truth is that Business has become the real ruler of our affairs, and the United States is the first country to set up a Business government; at present, very crude and unbalanced, but nevertheless a Business government. We have not admittedly done this, but it is the substance of our evolution, and all such changes become real long before they become acknowledged. Neither the Constitution, nor the Supreme Court, nor the President, nor Congress, nor Legislatures, nor votes, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, may avail to withstand the new Ruler.

say, "I will not use the space under the sidewalks, I will not obstruct the highways, I will not violate in the slightest particular the regulations of government." The only result would be that he would cease to do business. His own conscience, to be sure, will be free from any reflection that he has departed from the prescribed duty of the citizen, if such a reflection would cause him any pain, but this will in no wise help the public nor vindicate the law. The man who takes his place will obstruct the sidewalk, defy the building department, and pay blackmail to the wordman as inevitably as the sun shines. He will do these things, or things like them, or he in his turn will cease to do business. He may be at heart the best of men; most honest, upright, jealous of his good name and cherishing stern principles of civic duty, yet necessity will force him, against his will, to do the things that are done in his trade, law or no law. He must do them; there is no other way. And if by any chance he be exposed and arrested and ruined as a penalty for doing some one of these things, the man who succeeds him at the old stand will do them no less; and so will the man across the street and the man in the next block. For such are the conditions of the trade, and no law of man's making can change them.

Business and Sentiment Have Nothing in Common

Even for tax dodging something may be said, although it is the form of commercial tergiversation that works the most direct injury to the public. You can hardly expect a man in business to pay a tax on his business that all other men in the same business evade. Very often he can do so if he chooses, and still avoid ruin, but the obligation upon him will seem to him very slight.

The Government should collect the tax. His competitors evade the payment of it; why should he put himself at a disadvantage compared with them? Business is business, and business has nothing to do with sentiment. He will pay what his rivals pay, and no more. We know all this to be true. What I am urgently suggesting here is that we cease to pretend that it is not true.

I suppose that every discount bank in the city of New York habitually violates the law. The men who conduct these banks do not wish to violate the law; they do it, in fact, with some peril, because sometimes a bank goes to smash and then the gentlemen who have been transgressing the law face indictment and prison; but these are the conditions of the banking trade, and a bank can not change them. It can, of course, shut up shop and retire from the trade, leaving the gentlemen helmsmen quite free from any danger of imprisonment; but if it continue in the banking trade, these are the conditions it will follow. Nothing is ever gained for the law by sending such gentlemen to jail; jails can not change inexorable conditions. If to-day we were to send them all to jail their successors to-morrow would continue to conduct the banks in the same way and not in another; because in this way alone can banks be conducted. The character of the men who conduct banks has nothing to do with this matter. All bankers, of all shades of character, stand here in the same category. Let a man be as pure as the Chevalier Bayard and as disinterested as Washington, and if he conduct a bank he, too, will conduct it upon these lines.

The Well-behaved Insurance Investigation

We begin now to get a glimpse of a Force at work that is greater than laws and constitutions, greater than governments, and greater than the wills, inclinations or moral convictions of men. In the last few years some very impressive showings of this Force have been vouchsafed to us, so that now we begin to understand something of the evolution that is working throughout the world, and of the difference that has grown up between the form of our government, as of others, and its real substance.

Take some of these object-lessons and consider them. We can not yet have forgotten the outburst of popular indignation that four years ago followed the life-insurance scandals. Here was shown to us a condition too grave and too far-reaching, we said, to be ignored. Insurance is the first of our interests; it comes home to our families; the security of our wives and children depends upon it. Millions of men were vitally

SINCE we have government by Business, let us say so honestly and let Business have its way without these degrading disguises. Whatever laws Business finds are hostile to its welfare ought to be abolished; to keep them on the statute books while Business by devious means secures their nullification, is intolerable. If there are laws that Business needs to have enacted, let us try to arrange our affairs so that Business can secure such laws without maintaining Timothy Sullivan at Albany and Joseph Cannon at Washington.

concerned in these disclosures and many millions of saved dollars were believed to be in peril; the economies and earned treasures of toiling men in all parts of the world had been cast about like pebbles or used illegally to build private fortunes, to influence public opinion and buy public servants, to corrupt Government and make us ashamed of our country. We said we must know all there was to know about these things; we must go to the bottom, no matter who might be hurt.

So we prepared to go to the bottom. We secured at Albany a committee of legislators sworn to do their duty, and this committee, having employed as its counsel or probe a very skilful attorney, began to investigate the insurance companies. And every time the investigation threatened really to uncover any vital fact, some mysterious power reached out an invisible hand and stayed the search. Again and again this happened. The things that the public already knew, it was allowed to know more of; the men already smirched were allowed to be still more blackened; the parts of the machine already disclosed to view were further illuminated. The hidden parts, the men who manipulated them,

and the methods of the manipulation were never once uncovered. Again and again it looked as if the curtain that hid all these things would be lifted, but every time the mysterious power put forth a hand and the investigator turned another way. Mr. Ryan was examined at length; he knew the secrets of the hidden machine; not a question was asked of him that could show to the world the turning of a single wheel. Mr. Harriman was examined at length; nothing was asked of him that the public did not already know. Sometimes the revelation seemed so imminent that men on the inside must have held their breath for fear; always the investigation glided gracefully away from the danger-point, as a good skater glides from an air-hole, and the world learned nothing.

There was also a committee of the Governors of States, one of the most imposing bodies of the kind ever formed in this or any other country, and the determination that the old, wasteful, irresponsible methods of insurance

should be abolished forever was supported on all sides by an aroused public opinion.

Yet all this came to naught. The sum total of the investigation was a great published volume of testimony, an utterly fatuous law, and the founding of a new political career. The sum total of all the attempts at reform was the insurance business conducted on the old lines, in the old way, and chiefly by the old hands. There could have been, in fact, no other result.

A Moral Upheaval that Came to Nothing

Two years later there came upon New York a similar moral upheaval caused by the traction situation. It had been made quite plain to the common intelligence that the privileges of the public streets, wrongfully bestowed, had been used to gather enormous fortunes at public expense. Some of the operations of the men who had made these fortunes had been of a gravely illegal nature. For their own sole benefit they had so loaded the traction system with interest-bearing securities that it had broken down, and a long period of very bad public service had culminated in a receivership. The injury to the community was great and genuine, and the general disgust called forth a memorable investigation.

This proceeded until it brought to light a transaction that startled even a public not wholly unsophisticated about such things, and to the rest of the country seemed like a national scandal. It appeared that the gentlemen in control of the traction system had, for a small price, possessed themselves of a certain paper railroad, and had then sold it for a very great price to the system they controlled, dividing the plunder among themselves.

At this moment the mysterious power reached out its hand as before, and the investigation ceased. Those that knew the facts repeatedly called the attention of the investigators to a mass of still more astounding evidence that was easily available. They pointed out, for instance, that the same gentlemen who had bought and sold the paper railroad before mentioned had performed a similar operation no fewer than four times, always dividing the plunder; they showed that these transactions could readily be established, that they were only a part of the general policy that had wrecked one of the finest properties in the country, and created, by dishonest means, some of the largest fortunes.

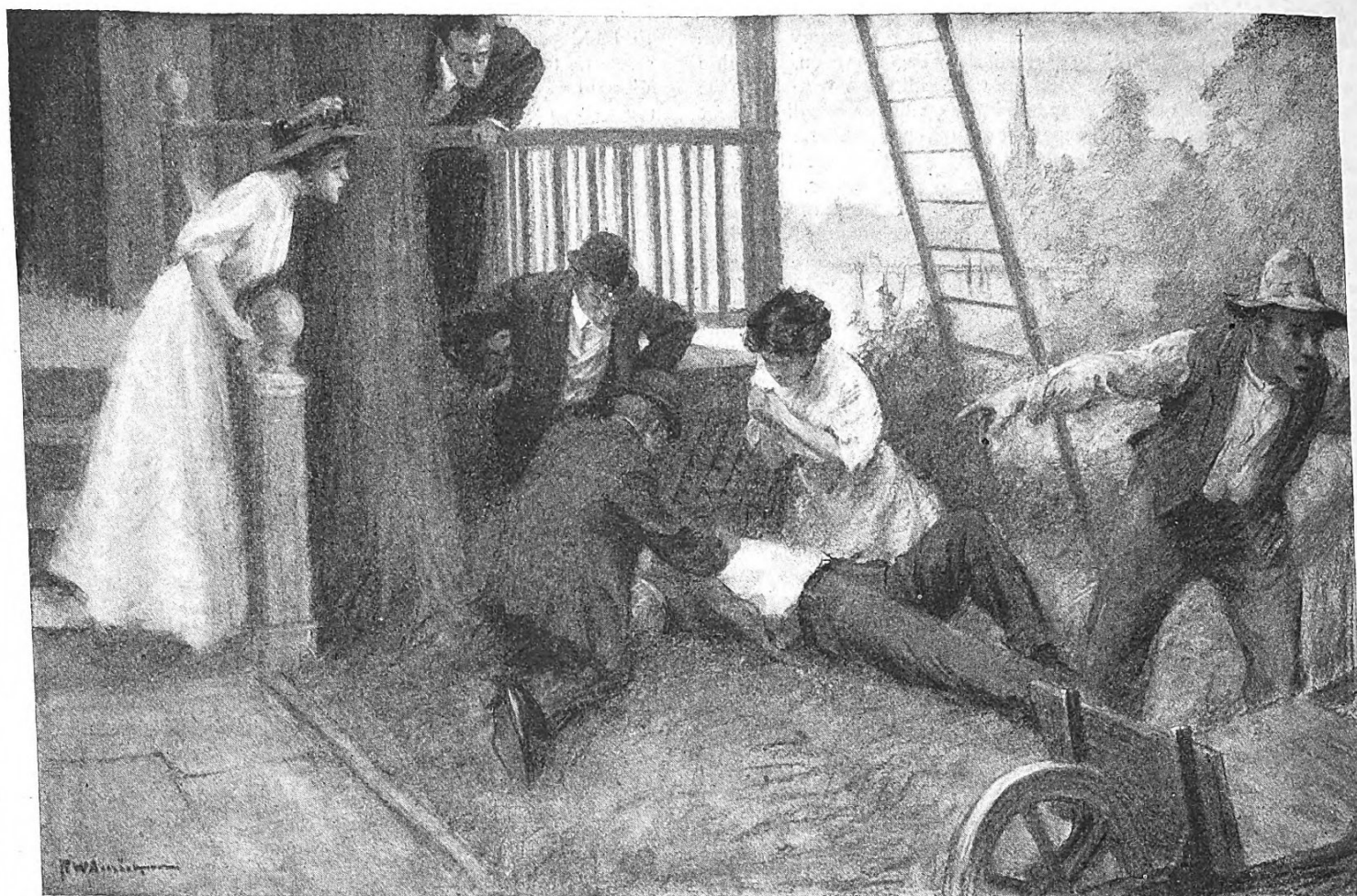
The Public is Futile Against the Invisible Force

All of these representations were pushed aside by the Public Service Commission. The investigation came to an abrupt and wholly futile end, and notwithstanding the absurd figure it cut and the perfectly patent fact that its work had scarcely begun, no protest availed to continue it. The Force had exerted itself; no other power could equal that.

There arose next a demand for a different kind of investigation.

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SINCE we have a government by Business, Business must assume all the consequences of our government, and the only conclusion is, that since Business could adjust the laws in any way it might see fit, their present condition is due either to the neglect or to the desire of Business. Either conclusion is enough to raise genuine concern. For its own interests Business must do better than this if it is to continue to govern, for should this be a fair sample of its attitude toward its dependants it will in time have nothing worth governing and likewise nothing to produce profits.



He slipped and fell, and landed on the back of his head and neck, right at his wife's feet



IN appearance Leonard Grove once described himself as "Enthusiastically tall." But in moments of dejection he would aver that of all men born to misery he most resembled the *Salix Babylonica*, or weeping willow. And, indeed, during sorrow and discouragement he actually did seem to hang over upon himself on all sides, whereas in times of joy he was the most alertly erect and swift moving of mischief-makers. He had the Irish temperament by birth and by preference—a vivid rogue's eye of gray, now gay, now sad, always beguiling. He could talk you into the loan of your last dollar in less than a minute; he would compel you to borrow from him when you had neither the need nor the inclination. One day he despised the whole race of women, the next he had seen a face at the window of a passing car; and then it was as if the romance of a whole lifetime was at last beginning to play havoc with him. He had kissed the "Blarney stone;" he could coax, cajole, flatter and make irresistible bulls. And one day it would seem to him that there was nothing usual in the world; while the next he would not have lifted his eyes to the most ravishing maiden or sunrise.

In particular, the days on which he had to recite in mathematics plunged him deep in melancholy; and his theory that it was not what you said that mattered but the beautiful way in which you said it, was on such days thrown down with particular flatness. It was a wonder to the whole class that he succeeded in taking a degree. I think he owed it to the Blarney stone; or the authorities may have believed that he would one day be a reflection of honor upon the university. Or it is just barely possible that, by fair means or foul, he answered enough questions in mathematics to be passed. And of course the high stand that he always maintained in languages and literature helped. The professors of English swore by him, the professors of mathematics swore at him; but the great Dean sat in his stiff-backed chair, and smiled, when nobody was looking, and admired the invariably varied composition-man; and stowed the name, the Irish face, the "enthusiastic" height of Leonard Grove in his memory, in a handy place, for easy reference.

"Have you heard about that Grove?" Professor G— of the German department once asked the Dean, in reference to some unusually vigorous escapade.

The Double-Barrelled Author by Gouverneur Morris Illustrated by R.W. A. Mick

"No," the Dean had answered, for he was always looking ahead, "but I shall."

Shortly after his graduation Leonard Grove began to publish stories and verses in the best magazines; but under the name of Robert Moore, which his intimates were sworn to keep secret. And to the credit of the half-dozen thus trusted the secret was darkly and perfectly kept.

But the stories of this his best period—"Evadne," "The Goose," "Plimpton Sands," "Matter," "The Porringer," "Blue Roses," "Left Over," and, perhaps,

"Sevenoaks," are not yet popular. It is against them, of course, that they are particular and not universal stories; that the English of them, beautiful as it is, makes no appeal to the uncultivated; and is, indeed, so full of fanciful turns and deft involutions, that it is probably Greek to the girl behind the counter. Personally, fond as I am of caviar, it is a cultivated taste with me, and when I am really hungry I prefer bread and butter. Furthermore, the subject-matter of these tales is involved and fanciful. The psychology, the human nature of them, seems to me admirable; but you are kept guessing—wrong. The average reader loves to guess, and likes to be surprised. But he does not like to be fooled. And these stories fool the reader from start to finish, from the fact that whatever ought to happen in them—whatever actually would happen in real life—actually does happen. The effect of this on the lover of caviar, in the right appetite, is delightful; but when he hungers for bread it is as a stone to him. The fact, however, that this trick of his—you may call it that—has now its dozens of imitators should eventually place these stories high in popular consideration. Should it not, they will at least continue to remain the first and probably the best of their kind—a constant and provoking theme for critics and men of letters.

One day I had stepped into the Holland House to buy an evening paper, and came face to face with Leonard in his most drooping *Salix Babylonica* mood. There was upon him the suicidal gloom of a child who has been rightfully punished, and it was there for all the world to see.

"Why don't you talk to me?" he said, after a silence. "Can't you see that I'm down and out, and need cheering up?"

"It is some face," I said, "that you've seen, and are panic struck to think you may never see again!"

"A face!" he exclaimed, his own brightening; "what do you know about faces? The face I've seen I'll always see."

He was no longer *Salix Babylonica*, but a proper willow with stick-

outable branches, and with his next remark his whole face flashed with a smile, and he became suddenly his better "enthusiastically tall" self.

"It's the first face I ever saw," he said. "It's the last face I shall ever see." And he pulled his head over to one side, and drew from his pocket a leather case, which he handed to me open. "That is the face," he said.

I will attempt no description. Even photographically viewed, you smiled right back at those eyes, and were glad to be alive. And she was so young that you found yourself suddenly full of valiant tenderness and chivalry.

"And she's so young," he said, "and so little."

"Don't," I said, "in another minute you will begin to moo like a cow." I returned the photograph.

"Leonard," I said, "have you the right to carry that about with you?"

"Even if I had n't—" he began.

I offered to shake hands. He wriggled, blushed, and then accepted the offer with a nervous strength and power that brought tears to my eyes.

"Then why," I said, "were you so gloomy?"

"Why," he said, smiling very tenderly, "she has a touch of tonsillitis, and I get thinking what would happen if anything happened to her. And I could n't stand thinking about it. That's all."

I smiled to myself. For almost the first time in my experience of him Leonard was talking rapidly and using the first words that came into his head. So the right face must ever affect even the most persistent amateur of language.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"Did n't you see for yourself," he said, indignantly. "She's a rose in the desert; she's a fairy story come true; she's—"

"She has parents, I suppose," I said.

"On the contrary," said Leonard, "she has not. She was a pansy in a border of pansies, and she turned into a girl. But of course she has human sponsors. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Grey pass themselves off as her parents. After she stopped being a pansy she went to their house to live."

"My boy," I said, "you are making a pretty well-feathered connection."

"I know," he said, "and the funny part is I don't seem to care a blim. They have given me her, and they can throw in all the money they like. I can't seem to notice it one way or the other. Anyway, I have a little."

"But, of course," I said, "you'll go the way of the rich now. You'll write more and more to please yourself, until you stop writing to please yourself. Yes," I said, "you're done for. In a year or two there'll be nothing ahead of you but former promises. You'll get mired in the money till you can't move a step—and from the bottom of my heart I congratulate you. When is it to be?"

"It's to be a Christmas wedding in the country," he said, "and"—he looked very quizzical and absurd—"the engagement is n't out yet, and that's why I have n't written even to you; but of course if you feel up to self-deception and to deceiving others, I count on you to pass yourself off as the best man."

"In other words," I said, "you are merely asking me to stand up before men and be myself. It will give me great pleasure. And, Len," I said, "I've always thought that you would ask me to do this for you some day. And if you had n't, old man, I'd have felt like the devil. So, thanks!"

Whatever Leonard's private resolutions for the future may have been, he did no work between that meeting in the Holland House and the day of his wedding. Nor did I blame him for this—after I had been presented to little Miss Grey. I can not deny that I wanted her for myself; but not, of course, in the way with which you desire a thing that you might possibly get. I knew a man who sometimes affected to suffer because he was not descended from George Washington; he admitted, of course, that there was nothing he could do about it, but said that it was a pity, a great pity, as it would have meant so very much to him. I coveted little Miss Grey as a traveler in India may covet the Taj Mahal, or the Pearl Mosque. Or perhaps I did not cover her so much as the wonderful power of loving which she represented. The expression in her great eyes when she turned them on Leonard, either in earnestness or in laughter, was the most beautiful, adoring and touching thing that I ever saw. So many girls, when they have engaged themselves to a man, affect to take him as a matter of course, as a useful, perhaps valuable, but unbreakable asset to be steered here and there by the nose. Many girls, I am afraid, are ashamed to ap-



Stories flowed from him

pear in love with their man either before marriage or after. But little Miss Grey was not like that. If he had to absent himself from her she grieved openly, almost tearfully, and unabashed; not because she was pettily piqued and jealous, but because by his going the whole of her world was darkened for her. Nor was Leonard far behind in the unabashed brazenness of his adoration. They wore their loves for each other openly like beautiful jewels of which they were proud. But you could never see them together for more than a minute or two. Let them be as kind and as friendly to you as possible; let them, even for a space, actually keep from looking at each other—still you had to get out. It was not they who expelled you—far from it. But nature, and Eden, and the whir of the angel's wing.

Even on the day of the wedding, the bride's father, Mr. Stuart Grey, must have known that his affairs were in a Gordian tangle. So that the gaiety and high spirits which he evinced on that happily arranged and gloriously weathered occasion were perhaps the finest manifestation of the desire to give to others pleasure regardless of cost, of his whole career. But his ruin, when it did come, was neither dishonorable to him, nor complete. He was able to meet his creditors, and to save enough income-producing capital to live on quietly but well. He could

not, however, continue to play Fairy Prince to the young Groves; and in the midst of planning a very large country house of brick they were obliged to change to a very simple cottage of shingles. And Leonard, who refused to look upon the crash as anything but a joke, would look ruefully at his father-in-law and say, "I don't see why you did it, just as I was getting used to the idea of being handsomely supported and comfortably spoiled. I have to go way back to story-writing in order to go on supplying your daughter with the abandoned luxuries to which you have accustomed her." Little Mrs. Grove has often told me that nothing but her husband's refusing to let the subject drop or to regard it as anything but a huge joke saved her father from despondency and perhaps worse.

Leonard nearly persuaded him that he had failed on purpose, as the most beneficial thing that he could do for the most people. He was more humorously intimate with his parents-in-law than a son could have been; and he had a true and tender affection for them. And their affection for him got to be a joke. They did not even refer to the little house that he and his wife were building as "my daughter's new house in the country," but as "my son's."

The little house, when it began to get itself built, furnished a number of people with pleasant picnics, and unusual amusements. The Groves gave picnic luncheons, and made their guests pay for them in misguided manual labor. I myself spent a whole May afternoon moving a big flat stone, which was to be the kitchen doorstep, with a crowbar; and more skilful friends were given hammers and pocketfuls of nails, and put to work alongside and under the supervision of genuine union carpenters. Those with a taste for gardening were allowed to contribute plants and to plant them in a fine stone-walled old pigsty that was to be the walled garden. The garden paths bore the names of friends, as did the shrubs that began to border them. For instance, you entered Trotter walk between the Gillespie mulberry and the Van Schuyck lilac; and the result was that the Groves's friends took a personal and affectionate interest in the Groves's building operations and improvements. As for the Groves themselves, they were as eager to get that house built as are a pair of robins to finish their nest in the spring. And it was owing to this beatific and touching eagerness that Leonard met with his accident.

It had been raining, and he had ascended a skeleton wing of the house to help his carpenters set the ridge pole. Why he slipped, or how, nobody knows, of course. Anyway, he slipped and fell, and landed on the back of his head and neck, right at his wife's feet; and so lay, unconscious, breathing in awful gasps.

They got him to the Greys' house, and there he lay for weeks and weeks unconscious, relapsing often for hours to the point of death, and returning thence to the shattered functions of life. At length he showed unmistakable signs of returning strength, and the doctors said that he would get well. But there was a mystery about his recovery. I called at the Greys' every day while he was still in danger, and very often after the danger was passed. Usually I saw some member of the family, often Mrs. Grove herself, but although they spoke enthusiastically of his gains of strength, etc., they evinced a singular reticence about him as a personality.

[Continued on page 838]



She had looked so alone, and so brave

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WHAT does all this talk mean, about an insurrection in the Senate? Who are the *insurrectos*, and what have they accomplished? More important still, what are they likely to accomplish in future? Against whom and what are they insurgent?

And, above all, why should there be an insurrection in the Senate?

Revolution always begins with rebellion, but rebellion does not by any means always end with revolution. Right now the whole country is asking whether this Senatorial insurgency promises to lead to revolution. It is too early to give a confident answer to the question. But this much can be said:

The rebellion of seven Republican Senators against the old-time leadership of their party has caused a development of public interest which is giving color to the entire nation's opinion of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill.

The Seven Republican Insurgents

Those seven men, who voted against the final passage of the bill, were Beveridge of Indiana, Bristow of Kansas, Clapp of Minnesota, Cummins of Iowa, Dolliver of Iowa, La Follette of Wisconsin, and Nelson of Minnesota. There were not half enough of them to make their little rebellion a revolution. The bill passed, after the conference changes, by a vote of forty-seven to thirty-one, so that it would have required a change of nine more to the insurrectionary column to defeat the bill.

In immediate, substantial results, therefore, these first vigorous pulsings of the New Blood have little to show. Yet it is still true that the protest voiced by these irreconcilables was of the greatest significance. Declaim all you will that the tariff ought not to be a party question; insist as you please that it should be considered for what it is—a great business affair outside the domain of politics; the fact remains that it is traditionally political, settled by party divisions, and laden with party responsibilities as is almost no other legislative issue.

Whence the tremendous initial significance of having seven Republicans break away from their party on the vote which placed a new tariff law on the statute books, for which their party must be responsible.

But still more important than this is the fact that these seven Senators were, after all, voting not only against a particular set of schedules, but against a system.

A system of what?

A system of tariff making? Yes; but still more than this. They were voting against a system of controlling the Senate, by which entrenched minorities have been able to wield the power of majorities.

Under this system, Privilege has come to rule the Senate, the Senate has grown to be the controlling power in legislation, and thus Congress has become the too willing servitor of special business interests. Not all the undesirable distinction of this service is to be attributed to the Senate; but the Senate is the real workshop. The

House is too big and cumbersome and unwieldy to be adapted to the purpose, so it is just quietly gagged and converted into an echo of the Senate's conclusions. The Senate does the real business, the House endorses it.

In the beginnings the Senate was modeled vaguely after the House of Lords. But in the processes of development, the Chamber of the Peers continues to have hereditary membership, while the Senate has merely hereditary leadership.

Hereditary Leadership in the Senate

The eldest son is the Senatorial heir apparent. When Allison died he was leader by right of seniority; he was the oldest Senator of the majority party. The leadership he wielded was more or less nominal in some ways; but its power was very great. From his dying hand it passed to that of Hale, the eldest surviving son—the veteran Republican Senator after Allison. In the Senatorial scheme of things the senior Senator of the dominant party is chairman of the majority caucus. He names the Committee on Committees. That committee assigns the Senators to service on committees which do the real business of legislation. "Let me name the committees and I care not who writes the messages of the executive, or what policies are endorsed by the national platforms or demanded by the people." Thus might Hale well summarize a statement of the power which his hereditary leadership brings him.

Now, if you will remember that Hale and Aldrich represent the same view of public questions; that they are as one in essentials; that Aldrich is in line shortly for the nominal and hereditary as well as the actual leadership; and that, through this control of the committees' make-up, it is always possible to keep the "right kind of men" in control, you will understand the general structure of the system of parliamentary control against which the Senate insurgents are fighting.

How much progress have they made? When La Follette, a few weeks ago, was voicing protest against conditions, he declared that from the beginning of his service in the upper chamber he had persisted in opposition to these things.

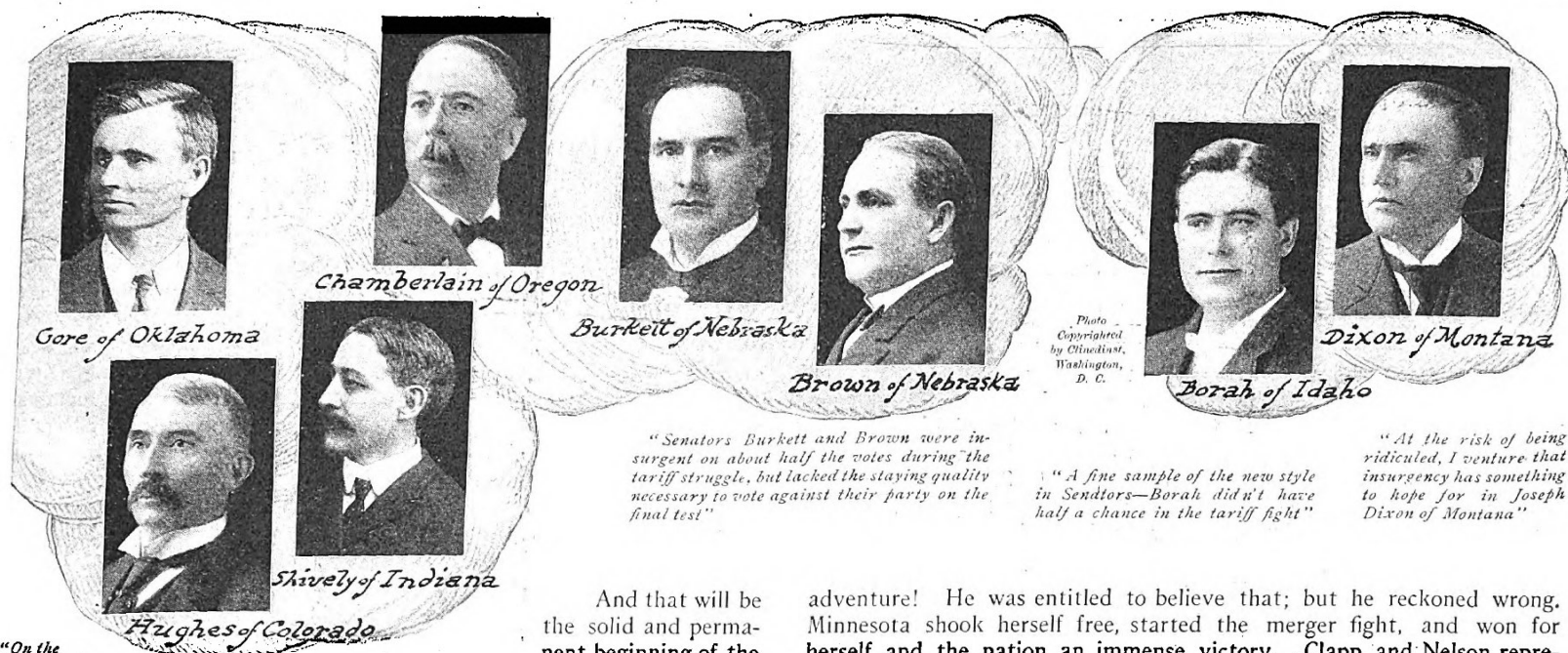
"And with what results?" sneeringly demanded a Senator of the old guard.

"With the result," promptly replied La Follette, his mane bristling into a fearsome shock, "that whereas in the beginning I stood alone, to-day there are some half score members committed to the same protest which I have voiced."

And seven of them marched right up under the frowning front of Aldrichism, braved the formal pronouncement of excommunication and voted against the masterpiece of partisan legislation.

That is a tremendous measure of progress.

If they live through it; if their people endorse and return them; if they are permitted to prove in their careers hereafter that one may be a Senator and yet be His Own Man—then they will have destroyed the terrors of the ancient and awesome superstition about party regularity.



"On the Democratic side, there are four men at least whose coming to the Senate is notable because they have brought vigorous new blood to Democratic veins"

"Senators Burkett and Brown were insurgent on about half the votes during the tariff struggle, but lacked the staying quality necessary to vote against their party on the final test"

"A fine sample of the new style in Senators—Borah didn't have half a chance in the tariff fight"

"At the risk of being ridiculed, I venture that insurgency has something to hope for in Joseph Dixon of Montana"

to all other reforms—parliamentary reform. The Senate must be subjected to it, and so must the House. Aldrichism must be routed in one body, Cannonism must be destroyed in the other. Not Aldrich and Cannon, but the system of control which chances to make them its titular agents for a little time, to wield its power in the behoof of Privilege.

That is the end toward which we squint along the gun-barrel of this tariff bill insurrection.

Let us see whether these insurgents are the kind of men to make parliamentary revolutions. What do they represent, for whom do they speak, with how much security of backing at home, and with how firm a tone of confidence in their cause and their star?

In the first place, these men represent what we speak about as the Middle West. That is almost as much a political as a geographic term nowadays. It means a state of mind almost as much as it does a region. Every one of these men—every one—represents the smashing of a fine old political machine. That statement is worth getting a grasp of right here. It really tells the whole story of what these men stand for in the Senate, and why they are so confident that their folks back home are going to stay with them.

Take Indiana. Do you recollect "floaters" in "blocks of five"? Do you mind the fine old machine of Dudley and Fairbanks, and the old-time "practical men" of Indiana? Later they passed it on to Hemenway, and then, last year, the people jumped on it and smashed it into something so fine that smithereens—whatever they are—would look like mountains by comparison. Out of that smashing of the Indiana machine survives Beveridge. He survives because he was always independent of the machine; he happened without its consent, he has existed without its approval, and now he is surviving despite its undoing. From all indications he will continue the head of the chastened Republican organization in Indiana for a long time. Indiana endorses his course because Indiana is no longer a machine-governed State.

The Real Insurgents Are All Fighters

And look at Wisconsin. The name suggests scrappy politics. There was n't a more perfectly appointed political machine in the union than the one in Wisconsin which La Follette smashed. He had absolutely nothing with which to smash it except the People. But, after following him through the dozen years of that fight, are his people likely to desert La Follette because he has got mixed up in a disagreement with a machine off at Washington?

And Iowa. It never had any political history that anybody knew about until Cummins started trouble. His complaint was that a limited group of railroad lawyers ruled the State. They were not even first-class railroad men; just understrappers for bosses who lived in Chicago, who in turn were agents for greater bosses in New York. They had a splendid system of control, but it was "busted" completely because the people were tired of it; and Cummins is the fruit of that fight. Dolliver is a by-product, so to say; he will go along because his life business is representing his people, and he has the brains to understand what they want and the nerve to do it.

And Bristow, who won the fight everybody thought was impossible against the old Kansas machine. Is he going to be afraid to fight a Senatorial machine? Or are the people who put him where he is going to desert him because he is doing precisely what he promised them he would do?

Then look at Clapp and Nelson of Minnesota. It is only a few years since James J. Hill took his merger off to Minnesota for a domicile, because Hill knew he could control Minnesota politics beyond per-

adventure! He was entitled to believe that; but he reckoned wrong. Minnesota shook herself free, started the merger fight, and won for herself and the nation an immense victory. Clapp and Nelson represent the New Idea that has been fructifying in Minnesota since about that time.

There are the home records of your seven insurgent Senators. Every one of them stands for a fight made and won in the cause of emancipation. Every one of them is a veteran who has come up from the ranks to leadership. They know what war is. They are able to take care of themselves. They know their people.

Look at the list again. Every name in it is fairly odorous of the smoke of the political battle-field; battle-fields, too, on which they have been volunteers, not conscripts. Read the list, and then, out of all the catalogue of public men in the nation, make a list, if you can, of seven other men who can lay claim to more experience, more demonstrated sincerity, more courage, more brilliant capacity to defend themselves and their cause before the public. The truth is that you will be hard put to it to pick seven men whom you would back against these veterans of insurgency.

The Insurgents Are All Relatively Young

They are relatively young men; Nelson, the oldest, is barely sixty; the average age of the seven is less than fifty-four years. They are pitted against a group of men whose very claim to leadership consists in their age. Physically and intellectually alike, it is a pitifully unequal contest. These young veterans ought to have everything in their favor, and the truth is that they have. Just as surely as they remain firm in the faith of their fight, their ranks will swell with new recruits. There are Burkett and Brown of Nebraska who were insurgent on about half the votes during the tariff struggle, but lacked the staying quality necessary to vote against their party on the final test. There was Crawford of South Dakota, whose people have been lecturing him ever since because he was n't a better insurgent, and who, together with his colleague, Gamble, has been given to understand that political health will be served by a larger demonstration of sympathy in future with whatever insurgency is going.

These men, except, probably, Gamble, whose case seems utterly hopeless, are going to be found more often with the rebels.

Borah of Idaho, a fine sample of the new style in Senators— young, able, eloquent, independent, and a graduate of the Kansas State University—did n't have half a chance in the tariff fight because home interests forced him to keep step, in the main, with Organization. But Borah chafed, and at times broke away. He will not stay hitched for another session. He will be one of the most determined and effective insurgents on all issues involving regulation of carriers and corporations and on every test of strength of whether the old order or a newer and more enlightened one shall dominate the Senate. It will be excellent politics to keep an eye on this young man in all calculations on the future of insurgency in the Senate. He is one of the most vigorous injections of the New Blood that the Senate has been needing.

At the risk of being ridiculed, I venture that insurgency has something to hope for in Joseph Dixon of Montana. Inasmuch as Dixon voted more than a hundred times with Aldrich during the tariff session and only three times against Aldrich, such a prediction may seem to require fortification of that faith which moves mountains. The faith is there. Dixon of Montana and Smith of Michigan are two remarkable illustrations of the operation of what may be called the superstition of the tariff. They are young men who grew up on that superstition, absorbed it at every intellectual pore, succeeded in gathering in a maximum of prejudice and a minimum of information, and simply could n't



SENATOR BURTON

"For whom high hopes were entertained. Thus far, he has been devoted to Organization"

believe that a lower duty could possibly be so desirable as a higher one. That was the summary of their whole conviction on the tariff question. If a duty is good, a high duty must be better, and a still higher one must be better yet! In truth, that is about the logic of most of the men whose votes determine the most important fiscal policy of the country. For Dixon and Smith, in view of the fact that that they are not so superstitious about anything else on earth as about the tariff, and of the further fact that both have demonstrated courage, sincerity, right purpose and independence in other relations, are bespoken the prayers of folk who would like to see Senatorial insurgency become Senatorial revolution.

The Spaniel and the Bulldog in Politics

There is some hope, at least, in men like Dixon and Smith. But what shall be said of Major William Warner of Missouri, Senator by accident, who pledged himself to support the policies of Roosevelt in the most literal way, and who lived up to that pledge as faithfully as a spaniel bringing back a stick tossed into a pond! So long as the lode-star of the Roosevelt personality shone, Warner was true to it. When that guidance was withdrawn, Warner was lost. How genuine was his devotion to the essence of Rooseveltism may be judged from the fact that in the tariff session he turned squarely about-face and voted as regularly for Aldrich as he had previously voted for Roosevelt! In the whole tariff session he voted just once against Aldrich; and there were one hundred and twenty-nine recorded votes in the Senate during that session! Warner and Gamble were pledged to progressivism. They are fine samples of the sort of progressives from whom the cause should pray deliverance. In the fight that is ahead they will be found, almost certainly, standing with the Aldrich-Hale organization in its struggle to maintain mastery, absolutely misrepresenting their people and betraying their pledges.

This Senatorial New Blood has brought in some sad infusions of disappointment. There is Burton of Ohio, for whom high hopes were entertained. He had been big enough in the House to command a very respectable following as a speakership quantity. But thus far, in the Senate, he has shown himself the devoted follower of Organization.

No sadder case of misplaced confidence can be found than that of Martin Johnson, Senator from North Dakota since March 4th last. North Dakota was so "dead set" to have a real, indubitable, dyed-in-the-wool progressive that it managed to defeat two better men in order to make Johnson Senator. Johnson was just a common or garden variety of gold brick. He won mainly through the support of people who thought they were getting the most radical thing possible. They got, instead, the most highly concentrated essence of toryism that ever masqueraded under a misleading label without invoking prosecution under the food and drugs law! The case of Johnson, I ween, will get prompt and effective attention at the hands of his people six years hence; it can't get it sooner, more's the pity.

And right along with Johnson must be found place for Wesley Jones of Washington. They seem to go in pairs, these illustrations of the freakishness of political fate. Jones broke in by convincing Washington that he was preferable to Levi Ankeny, as devout and unintelligent a Tory as ever believed in the divine right of kings. Well, Jones certainly did look like an improvement; but if Ankeny had been there he could not possibly have given more consistent or ardent support to the Elder Statesmen of the Organization than did Jones during the tariff session. Wherefore the tears of those who had rejoiced to see Jones win his fight against Ankeny. Maybe Jones will do better later on, when he does not have to worry about the duty on Washington's lumber; but thus far, it

must be said in candor, he has shown symptoms of nothing more than ingrowing and virulent regularity. And regularity is a habit which, acquired in the adolescence of a Senatorial career, becomes ossified in the system, with marvelous rapidity.

Senator Gore and Other Democrats

On the Democratic side there are four men, at least, whose coming to the Senate is notable because they have brought vigorous New Blood to Democratic veins. They are Gore of Oklahoma, Hughes of Colorado, Chamberlain of Oregon, and Shively of Indiana. Gore is the most brilliant, popular and spectacular figure in the group. He would be that, even if he were not blind, and even if his rise to a Senatorial seat were not such a marvelous tale of persistence, sacrifice and final triumph over seemingly impossible objects. He stands for the new, broad, unpartisan treatment of national problems, just as does Chamberlain, a Democrat nominated by a Republican electorate and formally chosen by a Republican Legislature. Hughes came up from Colorado, where he had been attorney for a great aggregation of "interests." He was set down as an assured "interest" Senator. But thus far he has not panned out that way. He has demonstrated, so far as he has gone, the highest ability as

lawyer, orator and debater, and he has not failed to indicate, beyond all this, that he stands for everything that the most progressive wing of Democracy represents. When that much is said about a man, it puts him pretty nearly in a class with the group of insurgent Republicans, for it requires the microscope and the acid test to determine the real difference—underneath the label—between your real "progressive Democrat" and your genuine, tested "progressive Republican."

So much for the New Blood in the Senate. If I am accused of overlooking some of it, the reply is that it is not of a strong enough crimson to attract attention very far away.

Now, what is this new Senate movement going to do? Is it merely a temporary ebullition, a local rash which will yield to treatment, a casual disorder that will be suppressed? I do not think so. The men on whom the future of the movement depends are not enlisted for a skirmish. They

have started in for a war. They have resources of public confidence at their back. Their credit is going to be good at the bank of community opinion, in their various States, just so long as they keep on fighting in good faith. It is not apparent how they can turn back. They have nothing to gain at Washington, and everything to lose at home, by giving up the struggle. And anyhow, they are not quitters. Not one of them.

President Taft and the Possibilities of a Revolution

They will gain recruits, and they will win some victories, in the coming session. They will require more and more to be reckoned with. They will not revolutionize Senate procedure very soon. They probably don't expect to do that. But they are in the way of very early convincing the ancient leadership that it must take account of the public opinion these insurgents represent; and that will be revolution in all but form.

If President Taft, as is very possible, shall find during the next year or two that he can not hope for assistance at the hands of the old régime, and if then he shall frankly invite alliance with the New Blood for the furtherance of real progressive policies, the ancient order will be overturned and a new era opened in the Senate. Methods will not be so radically changed, but ideals will be. The Senatorial attitude of mind will be made over. Public opinion will not be so often referred to as "unthinking clamor." It will be recognized for just what it is, and it will "get action" in legislation. A peaceful parliamentary revolution will have been achieved.

Romance

By Edna Valentine Trapnell

OVER the hills Romance we follow,
In youth—ah, youth—ere dreams pass by.
O years, flit on with the swift-winged swallow—
Behind your bounds her barriers lie.
We fain would hear her horn and follow
And know Romance before we die.

STILL in our age the Search we follow,
'Til back on the hills her horn winds high;
And the sound of it echoeth dim and hollow,
And we strain our ears for its fleeting sigh.
Others may hear her horn and follow—
When we knew it not Romance passed by.

"THE END OF CANNONISM," an authoritative and powerful article summing up the remarkable development of the insurgent movement in the House of Representatives since the opening of the last session, will appear in the January number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

History has been making fast since the remarkable fight last March, in which you, our readers, played such a significant part. The revolt against the House machine was then far from strong. The attempt to crush it brought Cannon, Aldrich, President Taft, Tammany Hall, and nearly all the cabinet officers and Senators together in an extraordinary alliance. Ever since that critical period, the movement has been gaining strength. Cannon and his machine appear to be doomed. The whole inside story of these recent developments, with a forecast of the progress in national affairs which may be made under an intelligent Speaker, will appear in this January article.—EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

A Five Thousand Dollar Christmas

by George Fitch

Illustrated by Howard V. Brown



WHEN Mrs. Maggie Mulcahey, widow, entered the great 5 and 10 cent emporium of Dimesworth & Co. she had a dollar. It was tied in the corner of a handkerchief, safe-

ly cached in the pocket of her cloak and it represented a surplus over and above the Mulcahey liabilities which had not been equaled in size since long before Patrick Mulcahey's great thirst had been mercifully removed from the sorrowing family midst by means of a premature blast two years before.

The surplus in itself would have accounted for the beatific look which had spread itself over the somewhat vast expanse of face possessed by Mrs. Mulcahey. But what had extended the look still further into the outlying districts and had lighted her up until you could tell even by looking at her from behind that she was unusually pleased with the world was the fact that to-morrow was Christmas and that there wasn't a thing in the world to do with the dollar except to spend it on the children. There were seven of these, all healthy and with good appetites—to satisfy which appetites required the proceeds from an almost incredible number of washings and ironings per week.

The store of Dimesworth & Co. is a most attractive place in which one may buy for five or ten cents anything from a toy automobile to a peach-basket hat, not more than two weeks behind the latest exuberance. The casual explorer in the store is filled with awe at the purchasing power of a dime among its endless counters.

The Dimesworth Company has 111 stores scattered over the country, each exactly alike, even to the hideous red and yellow store fronts. I believe the managers of the various stores are allowed some little latitude in the matter of whiskers and neckties, but otherwise any store could be substituted for any other store without making any noticeable difference. On the same day each store will sell for a dime an alarm clock that will almost go and which costs the company in train-load lots seventeen cents apiece. It does not seem possible that much money can be made from such a bargain. Yet so impressed is the purchaser of the alarm clock with the cheapness of everything that she will go on and buy in blind faith towels at ten cents which cost the company two-and-a-third cents apiece, and handkerchiefs with lace edging on which the company makes a clear profit of six cents. Thus it is that the owner of the 111 Dimesworth stores rides in an automobile of the greatest possible snort-power and pays his fines with the same haughty indifference which characterizes the captains of trade who have only one store but who sell eleven-hundred dollar fur cloaks for eighteen hundred dollars apiece.

The Dimesworth stores achieve their greatest triumphs at Christmas-time when the counters are young Himalayas of wonder. There is no toy which can not be purchased there in a cheap replica which breaks in as interesting a manner as if it cost ten times as much. When Mrs. Mulcahey had battered her way through the mob of purchasers to the street, an hour after entering the store, her arms were so full of bundles that her smile was almost completely eclipsed. But behind the topmost package of all—a miniature Christmas tree—it shone more resplendent than ever. She had bought her entire Christmas celebration and was carrying it home.

Her shopping had been a phenomenal success. She had bought for ten cents one of the before mentioned alarm clocks for Martin,

aged twelve, who was about to get a job. For Anastasia, aged nine, there was a doll at least a foot long and more beautiful in complexion than some of the ladies one sees while delivering washing. For Michael, aged eight, there was a book called Robinson Crusoe, in a red-and-green cover, which was worth the price alone.

For James, aged six, there was an actual and entire sled. For Patrick, aged five, as fine a pair of mittens as one ever put thumb into. For Thomas, aged three, there was half a peck of tin soldiers; and the baby, aged two, was about to become the possessor of a remarkably fine rattle at five cents, and a set of blocks on which the paint was guaranteed to be unusually nutritious. Even this collection did not exhaust the dollar. In fact, after Mrs. Mulcahey had added a two-foot Christmas tree at ten cents, half a pound of candy at ten cents, and five cents worth of wax candles, she still had a nickel left. At this point, wearied of plowing through struggling mobs at every counter, Mrs. Mulcahey paused and reflected over the disposition of the remaining nickel. An idea so reckless that it made her laugh aloud rose up within her.

"Be the powers, I'll do it," she said, gaily. "I'll give meself a present. I'll ride home on the car."

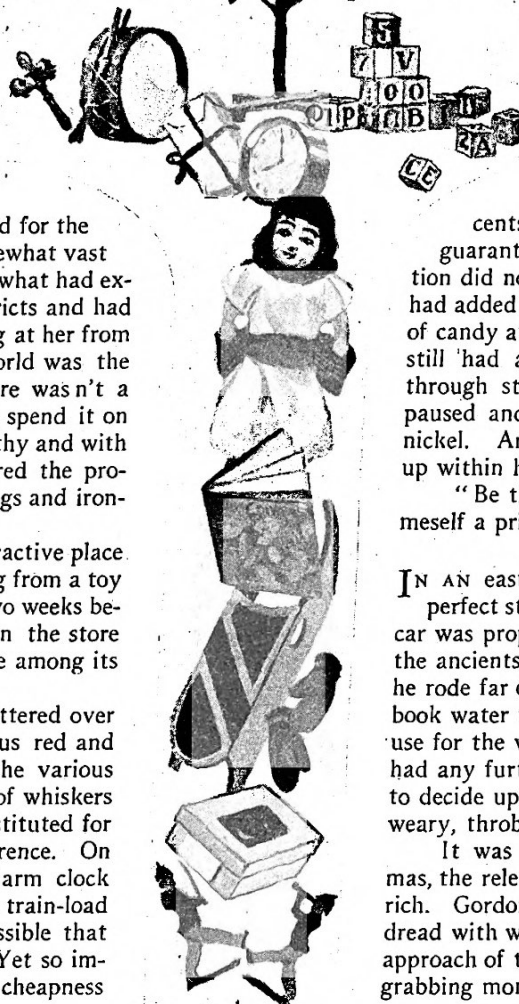
II

IN AN east side street-car sat Gordon Moore surrounded by perfect strangers with perfectly strange manners. The street-car was propelled by a horse in a style which was popular with the ancients in smaller cities, and Moore had a dim idea that if he rode far enough in it he would find a dock with dark, story-book water underneath it. He was not sure that he had any use for the water; on the other hand he was not sure that he had any further use for the world. He had gotten on the car to decide upon his choice. The task seemed too much for his weary, throbbing brain.

It was the night before Christmas. Accursed is Christmas, the relentless monster which feeds upon the vitals of the rich. Gordon Moore had watched its slow approach with the dread with which the early Christian martyr once watched the approach of the lean lion. For years he had been frantically grabbing money out of the surcharged New York atmosphere with one hand and passing it on with the other to Mrs. Moore, the Misses Moore, Mr. Schuyler Moore and Master Gordon Moore, Jr. Sometimes it reminded him of the bucket brigade in the town of his boyhood in which a man could pass uncounted pails of water on toward the fire and return home at day-break weary and dead with thirst. He

had a town house above 59th Street, a country house up the Hudson, a summer place on the coast, and a steam yacht down on the river. His family had individual automobiles and always went over on the new steamers to try them out as connoisseurs of ocean travel. His oldest son had broken the spending record in Harvard the year before, and his two lovely daughters knew about everything in the world that cost over three figures. Socially, the Moores were swarming upward. As for finances, by staying strictly at work for the last five years and denying himself all vacations, Moore had managed to get only a little farther behind each year.

This year the approach of Christmas was positively ominous. The market had been worse than dead. It was petrified. Money had been as scarce as whales in the Hudson. Turn where he would he could not find any which was attached to its owner loosely enough to be obtained. And so it happened that in spite of his despairing efforts he had arrived at the



"Let me hold them for you"

day before Christmas with only five thousand dollars with which to buy Christmas presents for his family.

The thought filled him with terror. For years he had been growing more and more afraid of his family. They were so superior. They had had more advantages than he. Sometimes he felt that they respected him, but at other times he was not at all sure that he belonged in their set. Hitherto he had preserved his self-respect before his family by mighty feats with the check-book. Now he was a pauper with five thousand to spend for presents! It was a mere trickle of cash. He knew that up in the country home his wife awaited a pearl necklace; his daughters, sets of furs; his son's automobile was a year old and a disgrace. His young son had hinted rather plainly the last time he saw him that any pa worth the name would buy a fast motor-boat for his little boy in October without waiting for Christmas. He knew that these presents were his admission price to the family circle. He felt only too keenly that in buying the miserable trinkets he would have to buy he would be considered as crawling in under the tent.

He had gone hopelessly out in the evening, his wrongs crushing him. With his miserable little five thousand he had tried timidly to do a little shopping in the magnificent shops where they rob you while you wait. Yesterday's cash counts for nothing in those places. He was jostled by scores of shoppers all richer than he was that night. They were laughing and gleeful. He was thinking of the Polar country in which he was going to venture the next day with his arms full of bargain-counter gifts. He looked at a pearl necklace and almost timidly asked the magnificent clerk behind the counter for the price.

"Seventy-five hundred," was the answer.

"Have n't you anything for about a thousand?" asked Moore, timidly.

"Not in *this* store," said the serenity, coldly.

Then it was that Gordon Moore took a street-car ride to decide momentous questions.

III

A HUGE mass of packages, propelled evidently by a woman, sank into the seat beside him. The top of a Christmas miniature tree of a wonderful shade of green, tickled his nose. A bundle trickled off into his lap. A red and smiling face emerged from the remainder of the pile.

"Excuse me, sor," it said. "Them packages do be har-rd to handle. Wud ye mind putting that wan on me lap. I hov a nickel, conductor, if I can only lave go of these bundles a minute."

"Let me hold them for you," said Gordon Moore. Being in a foreign land, and not knowing the habits of the denizens, he felt inclined to be conciliatory.

"Thanks," said Mrs. Mulcahey, when she had disinterred the nickel and reinterred herself. "It do be the bother to lug these prisints home. But dear knows the childer'll enjoy them. Ye have childer yourself?"

"Yes," said Moore, gasping a little at the sociability of the region, "four."

"Bless th' childer," said Mrs. Mulcahey. "I've siven 'nd ivry wan a jewel. I do be br-ringin' prisints home for them. Ain't Christmas th' grand time, though?"

"Yes," said Gordon Moore.

"And this is the bist of all," continued Mrs. Mulcahey, ecstatically; "it do bate the Dutch how chape things is. An' me with a dollar to spend! Think of it!"

"One dollar for seven?" asked Gordon Moore.

"Not a cint less," said Mrs. Mulcahey, impressively. "An' the gr-rand things I got 'ud war-rm your heart. And I spint a nickel on meself, too," she giggled, joyously. "That's why I'm ridin' home like a nabob. Ain't it fun buyin' prisints, though?"

"Yes," said Gordon Moore.



The car disgorged Gordon Moore concealed in bundles

"An' th' way the childer'll dance in th' mornin'," sighed Mrs. Mulcahey. "I've ivrything they've wanted, bless their hear-rts. Ain't it th' purty sight to see th' little dears lapin' fer joy and tearin' their bundles open be main stringth they're that excited."

"Yes," said Gordon Moore.

"Sometimes I think it's a har-rd life and a stony road-troo it," said Mrs. Mulcahey, rescuing the sled which had slipped off the pile. "Washin's a back br-reakin' job and it do bate all how siven childer'll be nadin' shoes an' coats ivry tin minutes. But Christmas always puts the hear-rt back in me fer another six months. Bless the kids. They'll all be givin' me prisints in the mornin'. I do be knowin' that Stacy's been savin' three pennies fer a month an' her perishin' fer candy, th' dear. I dunno where Michael gets his nickels for me prisints. Maybe I'm glad I don't. Don't it most make ye cry to think of th' darlins savin' money fer your prisints and them wantin' t' spind it all th' time?"

"Yes," said Gordon Moore.

"Things is gettin' asier, anyhow," said Mrs. Mulcahey, skilfully disengaging the Christmas tree from a set of Yiddish whiskers to her left. "There's Michael. He do be ta-akin' a job after Christmas. T'ree dollars a wake, and ivry cint comes home to his mother. Och, it's th' gran' Christmas this year. Ye've no prisints yet?" she said, suddenly.

"No," said Gordon Moore, "I've got to go back and get mine. That is"—he stopped a minute and looked as if something had struck him hard from within—"that is, unless you'll sell me yours," he continued.

"Phwat!" said Mrs. Mulcahey, staring; "sell you these prisints that I most tore th' clothes from me back to git? And a foine Christmas mornin' I'd be havin' wid no prisints for the childer. Are ye crazy, man?"

"Perfectly crazy," said Gordon Moore, nodding his head. "I'll prove it to you by giving you five thousand dollars for your presents."

"Lave me get out o' this," said Mrs. Mulcahey, struggling upward.

"No," said Gordon Moore, eagerly, "I'm harmless. I just want those presents of yours. I never could find any myself that would make any one happy. Five thousand does n't mean anything to me just now. But it would mean a lot to you. I dare say it would keep your family for a year. Here's a ten dollar bill. Take a cab and buy yourself some more presents."

"But they ain't worth ut—" said Mrs. Mulcahey, fearfully.

"They are to me," said Gordon Moore. "See, I've written you a check for the five thousand. Take that to the Steenth National Bank the day after Christmas. They'll cash it for you. Thanks, awfully. It tickles me to death to get rid of it. I was going to throw it in the river. You've plenty of time to go back for more presents to-night. Good-by—Merry Christmas."

The car disgorged Gordon Moore concealed in bundles, and took away Mrs. Mulcahey dazed and very uncomfortable in mind.

IV

LATE that night Gordon Moore sat in his club. There was a large package by his side, done up ready for the express office, and he had just finished writing a letter to Mrs. Gordon Moore.



—and took away Mrs. Mulcahey dazed and very uncomfortable in mind

"Dear Mary," it read; "I am sending you the family's Christmas presents for this year. I paid five thousand dollars for them. The five thousand was n't worth anything to me, because the best I could have bought with it would have made you all mad and I didn't have any more. I got this bunch from an Irish washer-woman who paid a dollar for the whole collection and was going to make seven people uproariously happy with it. It would have taken me fifty thousand dollars to make you and the children, as happy. Don't you think we are getting to be pretty poor bargainners? I suppose you think I am an awful fool, but I somehow think I am less of a fool to-night than I have been for several years. I have spent two million dollars in five years on my family and I don't know to-night whether they love me or not. I am coming up to-morrow afternoon to find out."

"Yours affectionately,

GORDON."

"P. S.—I am going to sell the yacht."

"P. S.—Give these trinkets to some one who will enjoy them—except the alarm clock; Schuyler might appreciate that. He is going to work with me next summer and will probably have to rise at seven."

The Singers By MABEL HARTRIDGE WILSON

HO, THE Wind and the Rain ran a race to-day,
And the world 'tween the two of them's drear and gray.
But I've joy—singing joy—in my heart and brain,
And what do I care for the Wind and the Rain!

THEY are two rare singers, the Wind and the Rain,
And my heart beats time to their old refrain:
Ho, Wind on the hillside and Rain on the lea—
"I love my love and my love loves me!"

READERS of my previous article on "The Meaning of Dreams," published in the October issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, will remember that it emphasized the important part played by dreams in the affairs of every-day life, as revealed by the painstaking researches of modern men of science, and impressively confirming the ancient belief that dreams have a meaning and that their correct interpretation is often of vital significance to the dreamer.

There is another and no less interesting phase of dream life, on which I did not then touch but concerning which modern investigation has similarly brought to light much that is novel and startling. It has to do not with the affairs of every-day life but with the life of the hereafter.

Are Dreams Proof of the Survival of the Soul

Of recent years, or since dreams began to be really looked into, there has been an increasing tendency among students of the subject—who include some of the most eminent of living scientists—to believe that there are dreams in which the dead communicate with the living, and that consequently dreams may be said to afford positive proof of that survival of the soul after the death of the body which most of us are content to believe in on faith alone, on the strength of the teachings of religion and the Bible.

In a quiet little English town, a few years ago, the wife of a reputable merchant named Thomas Green, beheld in a dream, with painful vividness, the working out of a singular and tragic scene.

"I saw," she wrote to a friend who felt that a permanent record ought to be made of the dream, "two respectably dressed females driving alone in a vehicle like a mineral-water cart. Their horse stopped at a water to drink; but as there was no footing, he lost his balance, and in trying to recover it, he plunged right in.

"With the shock, the women stood up and shouted for help, and their hats rose off their heads, and as all were going down I turned away crying, and saying, 'was there no one at all to help them?' Upon which I awoke and my husband asked me what was the matter. I related my dream to him, and he asked me if I knew them. I said I did not, and thought I had never seen either of them. The impression of the dream and the trouble it brought was over me all day."

Three months afterward Mrs. Green received from her brother in Australia a letter announcing the death of his daughter, who, together with a girl friend, had been drowned, at the very time of the dream, while attempting to water their horse at a dam. With the letter was enclosed a newspaper clipping giving the particulars of the tragedy, of which nothing had been known, it appeared, until a passer-by discovered the spring-cart and horse under the water, and two women's hats floating on the surface.

Mrs. Green had never seen her niece, which would account for her failure to recognize either of the women whose sudden death in Australia had been so mysteriously revealed to her while asleep in England.

Do Spirit Messengers Guide Our Dreams?

Still more remarkable, and apparently pointing even more directly to the presence of a spirit messenger conveying to the dreamer the news of a distant tragedy, is an experience reported by Mrs. John Storie, the wife of an English clergyman. In this case the victim of the tragedy was Mrs. Storie's twin brother, William Hunter.

Dreams and the Future Life,

by H. Addington Bruce

At the time Mrs. Storie was living in Hobart Town, Tasmania, and her brother was traveling in Australia.

"On the evening of July 18th," says Mrs. Storie, "I felt unusually nervous. This seemed to begin about half-past eight o'clock. When I went to my room I even felt as if some one was there. I fancied, as I stepped into bed, that some one *in thought* tried to stop me. At two o'clock I woke from the following dream:

"It seemed like dissolving views. In a twinkling of light I saw a railway, and the puff of the engine. I thought, 'What's going on up there? Traveling? I wonder if any of us are traveling and I dreaming of it?' Some one, unseen by me, answered, 'No—something quite different, something wrong.' 'I don't like to look at these things,' I said.

"Then I saw behind and above my head William's upper half reclining, eyes and mouth half shut; his chest moved forward convulsively, and he raised his right arm. Then he bent forward, saying, 'I suppose I should move out of this.' Then I saw him lying, eyes shut, on the ground, flat. The chimney of an engine was near his head.

"I called in excitement, 'That will strike him!' The 'some one' answered, 'Yes—well, here's what it was,' and immediately I saw William sitting in the open air—faint moonlight—on a raised place, sideways. He raised his right arm, shuddered, and said, 'I can't go on or back.' Then he seemed lying flat. I cried out, 'Oh! oh!' and others seemed to echo, 'Oh! oh!'

"He seemed then upon his elbow, saying, 'Now it comes.' Then, as if struggling to rise, turned twice round quickly, saying, 'Is it the train? the train?' His right shoulder reverberated, as if struck from behind. A huge dark object came between us like paneling of wood, and in the dark something rolled over, and like an arm was thrown up, and the whole thing went away with a *swish*. Close beside me on the ground there seemed a long dark object. I called out, 'They've left something behind; it's like a man.' It then raised its shoulders and head, and fell down again. The same 'some one' answered 'Yes,' sadly.

"After a moment I seemed called on to look up, and said, 'Is that thing not away yet?' It answered, 'No.' And in front, in light, there was a railway compartment in which sat Rev. Mr. Johnstone, of Echuca. A railway porter went up to the window, asking, 'Have you seen any of—' I caught no more, but I thought he referred to the thing left behind. Mr. Johnstone seemed to answer, 'No;' and the man went quickly away—I thought to look for it."

A Detailed Dream Which Was Fully Confirmed

A week later the news of her brother's death reached Mrs. Storie from Australia. He had been killed by being struck by a train about half-past nine o'clock the night of her dream.

He had been walking along the track, had sat down to rest, and must have fallen asleep. He

was not on the track but close enough to it to be struck by a car-step, which bruised his right shoulder, hit the right side of his head, and killed him instantly.

The Rev. Mr. Johnstone, a friend of the Stories, was actually on the train that caused the fatal accident. In reporting it he said that at the place at which it occurred there was but one line of rails on a slight embankment, precisely like that seen by Mrs. Storie in her dream, raised about two feet above the level of the ground.

Moreover, in describing the dream to her husband, whose corroboration is on file among the records of the English Society for Psychical Research, Mrs. Storie stated that the smoke-stack of the dream locomotive was of a peculiar shape which she had not before seen. It was learned that smoke-stacks of that shape had just been adopted on the engines running over the railroad on which her brother was killed.

The voice answering her in the dream seemed, she said, to come always from a point above the figure of her brother. "And when I was shown the compartment with Mr. Johnstone, the 'some one' seemed on a line between me and it—above me." It was her firm belief that the 'some one' was her brother's spirit, revealing to her the circumstances attending his death, and seeking to prove to her that although his body was dead his soul still lived.

It has been suggested, however, by Frederic Myers, the famous English psychical researcher, who was undoubtedly one of the most brilliant men of the brilliant Victorian era, that quite possibly some other spirit than that of her brother was also concerned in the communication—that, to quote his exact language, "the deceased brother, aided by some other dimly discerned spirit, was endeavoring to present to Mrs. Storie a series of pictures representing his death."

A Dream Which Told of Death

Very much the same suggestion has been made by Professor James H. Hyslop, president of the American Institute for Scientific Research, in the case of a peculiar dream experience of my own.

At the time I was living in Montclair, N. J. In the dream I seemed to be at a club or hotel in New York, where some sort of social function was in progress. A messenger entered and announced that I was wanted up-stairs.

In an upper room I found a family, whom I will call Dale, residents of a small town in Canada, my native land. In my boyhood two of the sons, Edward and Archie, had been close friends of mine, but I had not heard from any members of the family for years, and, in my dream, was naturally delighted to see them.

I noticed that the father was not present, but this made no impression on me, as I knew he had died since my departure from Canada. I was somewhat surprised, however, at the absence of the younger of the two sons, Archie, and at once inquired for him.

"Oh, he's here," somebody answered.

"Where?" I asked. "I don't see him."

"Over in the corner."

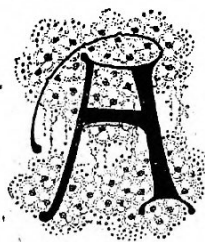
I then saw, in one corner of the room, a young man, smooth-shaven, with light hair and a prominent gold-filled front tooth, who did not in the slightest resemble the friend of my boyhood. I crossed to where he was sitting, and said to him:

"You're not Archie."

"Yes I am," he replied.

"You're not Archie Dale," I insisted.

[Continued on page 831]



GREAT prima donna is a monument to the sacrifice of many lives. She herself pays in tremendous, self-denying endurance. The glamour of her career is daily overdrawn; its hard details are glossed over or left out. To look below the surface, not in a spirit of pessimism but of common reason, is to find the truth of this.

The beginning of it all is frequently in some remote town, at a school exhibition; presently, the young singer gives a solo at a church social, and from that gravitates naturally to the choir. Before she is out of short dresses, she has many friendly adherents who joy in the beauty of her voice.

When "Career" Becomes a Household Word

Her mother begins to shield her from little domestic duties that fall to the share of other daughters of the house; she is dressed better than they because she is the center of a wider observation. Her father sees her little triumphs with a quiet pride.

The awakening of her destiny comes suddenly; some visiting musician hears her, and impulsively declares her future place to be in the operatic world. The mother, ambitious with a mother's love, takes the words to heart; the daughter, finding in them the expression of her own secret hopes, concurs with all the rush of enthusiasm that youth affords.

If the parents are keen sighted, they seek further advice in the nearest city, and hearing the beauty of the voice confirmed, place her for training there. Often, however, forgetting that many of the greater American singers have gained an important part of their schooling in their own land, they decide on Europe as the one spot in which to prepare her for a brilliant future.

All this costs many pangs and wakeful nights, first to the mother in whom keener ambition is perhaps rife, then, after the "talking over" process, to the father, who must provide a way. The young singer sees only the delight of change; the first fluttering of the wings of desire to do something, to be something, in the world. We have nearly all felt it, lived through it; this awakening of desire to wing out like young birds from the nest.

The Family is Sacrificed to Her "Art"

The breaking of home ties comes with a rush, only later to be fully realized. The mother goes forth with the daughter into this new, strange life; the future of the two becomes bound and interdependent. The eldest daughter, taken out of school, is left in charge of the house, which in the true sense is scarcely longer home. The younger boys and girls look on their new mentor as a usurper less able to dictate than themselves; the strong-willed defiantly follow their own minds, the weaker, envying them, secretly pursue the same course. The father, immersed more deeply than ever in business because of this new drain on his resources, feels these things but dimly; home without his wife seems so barren to him that he is inclined almost to avoid it.

Paris, where so many Americans with the same aims have gone before them, is the Mecca of the absent ones; Paris, with its five thousand vocal teachers, most of

The Price of

them incompetent and many of them unscrupulous. There is no sadder sight in that gay city, where sadness, outwardly, should seem to find no place, than the middle-aged woman suddenly transplanted there, and ignorant of French. For the mother, there is no more running in with her sewing for a neighborly chat on long afternoons; no welcoming of friendly faces around her own table; only strangers, speaking a strange tongue.

In the *pension* where they are stopping there are indeed many Americans, but they have lived long in the French capital and have adopted the ways of those about them, chatting a jargon that seems to her as opaque as French. They, too, have daughters, wonderful beings, all studying Art in some form or other; all designed to startle the world, but nearly all destined to return, disappointed, to forgetfulness.

The two, clinging together in this strangely new, indifferent circle, begin to search for a teacher. One



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FARRAR



EMMY DESTINN



EMMA EAMES



MME. SEMBRICH

Prima Donna Fame

By William Armstrong

and all shower them with compliments; the voice is the most exquisitely beautiful they have heard, but it must be trained by them at five dollars a lesson, before people of cultivation will want to listen to it.

One, the most complimentary of them all, is finally chosen. The mother of a gifted daughter who is bound to be Patti's successor, has told them that this special one is the greatest instructor in Europe. They take her word for it.

Teachers spring up now from the very paving-stones under their feet; there is the French teacher, the Italian teacher, the teacher of diction, the dramatic teacher, the teacher of dancing, and the accompanist. All are necessities and expensive ones to a prima donna's training.

Loneliness Becomes the Mother's Portion

Loneliness, bigger than ever, settles down in the mother's heart; if the daughter would master French, so all-important, she must be with native friends wherever she may find them. As chaperon she lives an endless routine of hurrying from one fount

of knowledge to another, or listens at home to meaningless splutterings of which she grasps only a word here and there.

Presently there is a ruction. The girl who will succeed Patti has been listened to by a great singer to whom she had letters, and told that she is being taught wrongly. To mother and daughter this news comes as a shock; in Paris, they had fancied, all teachers must be supremely excellent.

For a year after this awakening, things are kaleidoscopic; one singing teacher follows another until six have been tried and found wanting. Sometimes the change is made on the advice of friends; again, the girl herself takes the initiative. Her voice is not as good as when she left America; often her throat aches in a way strangely new.

The seventh singing teacher, who should properly have been the first, is finally consulted. She has trained many singers recognized in America as really great. Her advice is frankly plain: "Your voice is in such bad condition from wrong teaching that now I can do nothing for you. Stop singing entirely for six months, then come back, and I will tell you whether it is ruined or not."

To her two listeners an abyss seems opening at their feet. To economize, they leave the *pension* where they first took quarters, and rent furnished rooms yet more modest; there they set up housekeeping in a way that, at home, would have been looked on as pitiable.

The days of waiting are sad enough for the daughter because of threatened life hopes that have grown to mean her reason for existence, and for the mother, because she bears her child's troubles in addition to her own, while always present with her is an unconquerable, yearning loneliness for those she has left at home. Probation ended, the voice slowly recovers its normal state under skilful direction. Then, all the old lesson routine in languages and the rest begins anew.

The Great Day of the Paris Debut

There were three long, toiling years of this, with scant time for pleasure or amusement, full of discouragements, back-sets, nettle-stinging disappointments and always the counting of every penny spent, for all those lessons cost dearly. The mother, quiet with the self-containment of middle years, bore all in silence, at first weeping the long nights through, until even that relief failed. With an interest fierce in its energy she attended every lesson that her daughter took, listened to every tone, watched every gesture with a hungry eagerness; that one life in its narrow orbit had grown to mean the whole revolving world to her. Everything else, imperceptibly, had slipped away and lost its place in the focus of things.

Good words came thicker and outside interest waxed in that fourth year of study; the girl had grown marvelously in her art; her beauty had increased, and one day her teacher took her to sing for a celebrated composer. He grasped her possibilities as the heroine of his new opera, and he himself set out to coach her in the rôle.

Girl and mother both knew, for they had now learned much, what had been escaped by this chance of a Paris début. It was one chance in a thousand and meant release from season after season in the provinces or in remote cities, isolated, beating ahead in the hope that some day, somehow, a manager of note might hear of her.

It is the common lot, in these Continental appearances, to learn what courage means. In America, disapproval of a singer takes the form of dignified



silence. In Europe it is another thing. There the prima donna learns to regard certain cities, among them the great capitals, as a general regards a battle; to be won or lost, but inevitably to be fought.

In Madrid the American prima donna, Madame Marie Engle of the Grau régime in New York, faced one of the most trying ordeals that has befallen a singer. Retiring at the height of her career to devote her life to the good of others, she is able now to look back on the episode with equanimity.

Continental Audiences Are a Bit Excitable

Her first appearance at the Madrid Royal Opera was made shortly prior to the Spanish-American War. The opera was Thomas's "Hamlet." During the first act all went calmly. At the outset of the second some one called "American!" From then on until its end, howls and hisses drowned her voice. She came out for the second act enraged to the point of not caring what happened. Perhaps because of her determined manner, they were compelled to listen, and in listening were driven to turn hisses into applause.

A worse experience was in store for her during that same engagement. Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" was given. The tenor, an Italian, was very near-sighted, and having discarded his glasses for appearance sake on the night of the first performance, he failed to find his way about on the stage. Noting his uncertainty, which became momentarily more apparent, the galleries first hissed, then howled, then worked wooden rattles kept in reserve for such occasions, filling the theater with ear-splitting din. Even the orchestra could not be heard. An aunt of the Queen Regent stood up in the royal box and shook her fist at the rioters. "The tenor! The tenor!" they howled back. Those on the stage sang during intermittent lulls, but *Romeo* and *Juliet* sat through their farewell scene in silence, as the outburst had grown to a frenzy. The orchestra played ahead, and the singers pluckily stood to their posts, determined not to give in to the mob. In the dimly lighted tomb scene *Romeo* could not find *Juliet*, and she had to step from her bier, take him by the hand and lead him to where he should be.

With an American audience only hilarity would have resulted. In Madrid benches were smashed, people fought those who tried to quiet them, and the peace-loving fled wildly for safety. It was two o'clock in the morning before Madame Engle, the innocent victim of a near-sighted tenor's misfortune, dared leave the theater, where an enraged mob was awaiting *Romeo* at the stage door.

Many instances could be cited in which singers have shown a courage approaching heroism. Self-command is their very first requirement; they learn it in the hard school of endurance. The young singer who by her Paris début had escaped the long struggle for attention in the provinces, had, nevertheless, already suffered in this same hard school.

Money, Money and More Money Needed

The first year abroad had been a total loss to our prima donna. Owing to her's and her mother's inexperience in those foreign surroundings, their outlay had been double its actual requirement. In the three years following, save and scrimp as they might, money had melted like snow in sunny places. The father, toiling in his office overtime, stinting in the home, selling a lot or two, an earlier investment that old age might be less bleak, sent all to feed demands that seemed insatiate.

With the prospective début there came fresh demands and bigger ones. Costumes must be bought, and better gowns were needed for rehearsals than the shabby makeshifts that their wardrobes furnished. The two walked miles and bargained endlessly, only to return to the first shop visited, after vain search for that elusive being, the reasonable Paris dressmaker.

This début rôle was but a single one; with a longer engagement in several operas, ten or a dozen gowns would be needed, some of them demanding reckless outlay. The salary on which she was engaged to sing at the foremost institution of its kind in France, the Grand Opera, was thirty dollars a month. Not to meet the situation meant the sacrifice of everything that had gone before, and at the very doorway of achievement.

In her ecstatic hopefulness for good things near at hand, the mother grew impatient at pessimistic complaints from home. Even the house had been mortgaged to supply them with funds. What of it! Thousands, tens of thousands, were just ahead! Every day brought new and wilder encouragement to ambitions.

From dawn to night the two women worked. After a scant dinner of soup and a bit of boiled meat, eaten in a chill room that served as parlor and kitchen, they dropped into bed, too tired to sleep. The great night came, the girl trembling, choking at the ordeal before her, the mother in an agony of sudden realization that all was staked on the outcome; the

slender reliance of a voice would make or end it in futility. The hour before the curtain rose counted as years that aged the hearts of both.

The girl triumphed; the papers told of it next morning; the cables sped it to America—a sensational success. She was on the brink of a great career, perhaps a phenomenal one.

And what, at that moment, did total results mean? Twenty dollars in bank and the offer of a few performances in St. Petersburg two months later. The stipend was modest, the singer was young, attractive, had made a successful début, but she was inexperienced, and such chances came to few. A good slice of the sum advanced by the impresario went as commission to the agent who had secured her the engagement, and for more costumes.

A Difficult Crisis for the Mother

In the midst of it came a letter from home. A few tear-blotted, half recriminating words, written after the tense ordeal of years. The father was dead. The home, if such it could be called, would vanish with him. Those who once claimed its protection would be scattered before another letter was written, unless—and here bitterness crept in—the sister, of whose glowing success they had just read, would cable money to save them.

Half stunned, the mother's first instinct was to return and take up her place as sole protector of her brood. But what outlook had she to return to? How could she even get there, when she had barely money enough to take her as far on the way as Havre? Hopelessness and inability engulfed her.

The one course possible lay in the self-imposed mission on which she had embarked. This new career on which her daughter had launched so nobly was at a point when a mother's protecting care was more necessary than it had been at any other time. Continental men do not regard unprotected women as would the men at home.

To St. Petersburg they journeyed, the daughter singing and winning, the mother watching, parrying, fencing, keeping at arm's length the very people who could have been most helpful. Back to Paris they went, rewarded with the joyful outcome of success—an American contract for the new prima donna whose name now verged on fame.

But what a different home-coming than that the elder woman had dreamed of! Home swept away, children scattered among relatives who could ill afford the burden, one daughter badly married, hopes of further education for the others ended. The circle not only of home but of the entire connection, was paying individually a price for the making of a prima donna.

Housed at one of the most expensive hotels in New York as custom demanded, gowned exquisitely as custom required, the two had reached another step in a successful operatic life.

The first season went limpingly forward; there was no kindly overlooking of the defects of inexperience, as in Europe. In New York only the best is demanded; only the best accepted. The two grew to fear unfolding a newspaper; it bared too many defects to be overcome; it told too many unpleasant truths relentlessly.

Three years of this followed—narrow, hard-working, strenuous years; always in a disquieting atmosphere of rush, rehearsals, new rôles, performances, anxieties and travel.

Then another era opened; a new tone had crept into the newspapers which they now dared read. Society, of the kind that gets vast incomes from questionable and unquestionable sources, that has its names in the papers in questionable and unquestionable connections, began to pay the singer court. Old friends, by whose good words and works the past had been so largely helped, were dropped. Distinguished new connections made them undesirable.

Mounting Fame Makes Its Own Demands

Both were now obliged to live up to the new importance thrust upon them; more elaborate toilettes, more reckless investment in jewels that the singer might appear as other women did, and more expensive hotels on the Continent when the inevitable spring flight from America was effected. The arduous routine of society must now be added to the arduous routine of the opera; celebrity grows only in proportion to the toil which pays for it.

From time to time the mother saw her other children. On both sides there was a barrier of reserve; from time to time presents and such small sums as could be spared were doled out to them. For the rest, she watched her singing daughter's health, her food, kept draughts from her, received the undesirables, conferred with the personal press agent, superintended the home maid and the theater maid, sat in a close, dingy dressing-room at the opera two or three nights a week, answered letters, kept engagement lists, gave invitations and fed on compliments to her daughter's voice, treasuring each fresh triumph to dilate upon to ready or

[Continued on page 825]

Age and Youth

By John Kendrick Bangs

YOUTH takes its joys from hopeful dreams
Of future prizes to be won,
Of voyages on unknown streams
In realms beyond the rising sun.

BUT Age, reflective Age, delights
E'en in the twilight's dying rays
In turning to the joyous sights
Of unforgotten Yesterdays.

I KNOW not which more joy imparts,
Which hath the sweeter taste, the page
That tells of Hope in youthful hearts,
Or tender memories of age.



"One Woman - Or Two?"



CHAPTER VII

THE THIRD INSTALLMENT of LEROY SCOTT'S

GREAT SERIAL ROMANCE

The SHEARS OF DESTINY

With Illustrations by ALEXANDER POPINI

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. In seeking her, Drexel falls into the hands of Ivan and Nicolai, revolutionists, who hold him prisoner by an order of "The White One." "Mary" visits him in the garb of a working girl. He makes an avowal of love and is refused.

IT WAS a dull room, Drexel's prison, and Drexel's presence did not brighten it. To have met and loved and lost a girl all within the space of twenty-four hours was hardly an experience to make a man enlivening company. Most of the time he lay on the old sofa, gruffly refusing Ivan when with the purpose of easing the tedium he drew out the cards, paying no heed to the chatter of the young fellows and no heed to their going and their coming. He was filled with the dull ache of loss, an ache that he felt never leave him.

And added to that pain was the bitterness of humiliation. Brought up as one among the most powerful, he could not escape a pride in his position, nor escape the knowledge that in Chicago he was considered by far-seeing mothers the catch of the city. Yet he had been refused by an unknown girl, a girl whose rich clothes, doubtless the only good ones she had ever worn, had been admittedly supplied her as a disguise. And more, this girl he loved with all his being had scorned him in scathing words—him and his great projects. Certainly enough to gloom any man. But Drexel had still a further cause for biting despair. Many a man, refused, even scorned as he had been, had stuck grimly to his suit and in the end won her he loved. But, in faith, how was a wooer stubbornly to persevere when there was no girl against whom to direct his perseverance? Ah, that was the worst of it all—he was never again to see her!

Four days Drexel lived in this gloomy aloofness, and during this time Ivan and Nicolai settled into a routine management of their task; one would sleep and the other guard, and on two occasions one or the other had left the house for his off-duty period. During these days, though there was no abatement of the ache, Drexel thought often of the utter uselessness of his being held a prisoner. What intention had he of giving the slightest aid toward the capture of Sonya? Would she not be just as safe if he were free?

Plans for escape haunted his mind. But escape was not so easy. True, the one hundred and thirty pounds of either of his captors would have been nothing to his one hundred and ninety, but Ivan, or Nicolai, whichever it was, always had the black pistol in readiness, and always had his quick eyes upon him. Before he could leap upon them there

would be a deadly bullet in him, and also before he could burst the window and leap out or shout for the police. Besides, leaping from the window, even should he escape the bullet, would probably mean serious injury, upon the cobblestones below; and shouting for help would mean his capture, and the capture of Ivan and Nicolai. He did not wish to get them into trouble, for he liked the queer pair. And, moreover, this move might endanger the safety of Sonya. No, if he escaped, his escape had to be an escape from the police as well.

In the end his escape proved to be a comparatively simple matter. In the afternoon of the fifth day of his captivity, Nicolai turned over the watch to Ivan and sallied forth. It had been part of Drexel's craft to lie upon his couch, appearing to nap much of the time, thinking that thus he could best watch his jail-

own confinement.

"Excuse me, comrade," said he, looking down at his late captor, "but I did n't want to impose upon your hospitality any longer, and I did n't see any other way to leave. I really am sorry if I hurt you—for I like you, Ivan."

As he slipped into his big coat, Ivan tugged impotently at his bonds. "Well—good-by, my lad," said he. "And tell your people they have nothing in the world to fear from me. I'm as safe outside as I would be in here with your guns against my chest."

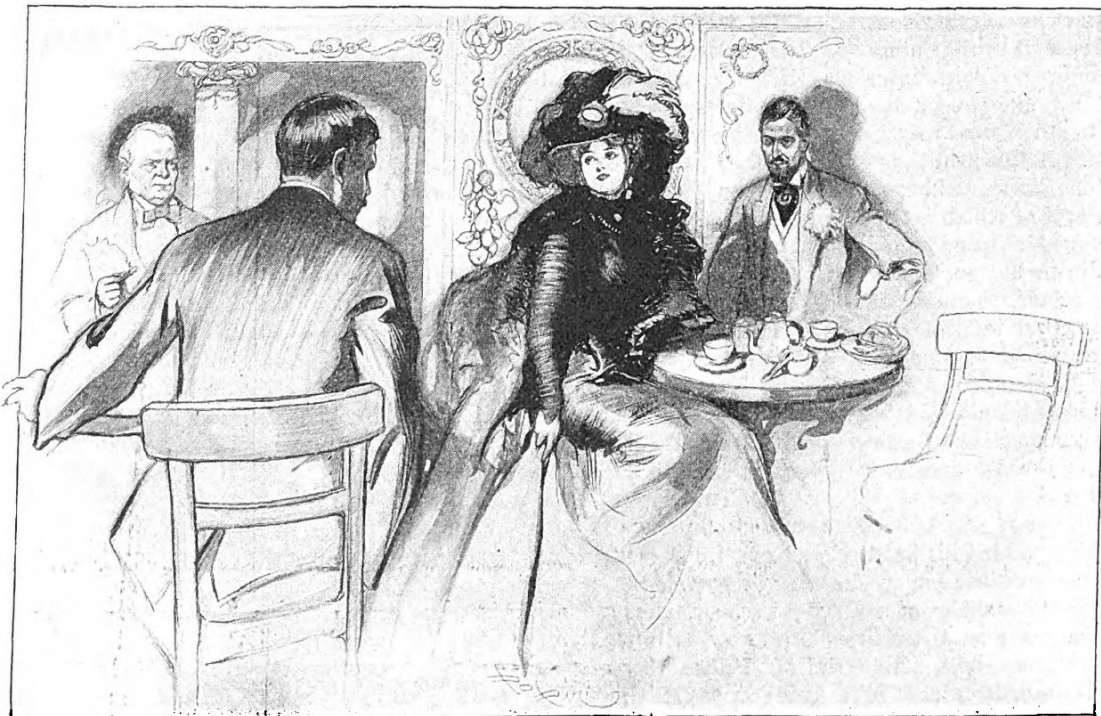
He stooped and picked up his Browning and was putting it in his pocket when he caught Ivan's mute look of longing. He laid the pistol on the table.

"Keep it as a little souvenir," he said, and with a friendly wave of the hand he unlocked the door and went out of the room.

But misfortune was not yet done with him. As he started to creep softly down the stairs, the boarding-house keeper chanced to come into the hall and sighted him. "The devil!" he ejaculated, and barred the foot of the stairs with his powerful body.

"Hey—Ivan!—Nicolai!" he shouted.

For an instant Drexel regretted the pistol he had given Ivan, but there was no time to return for it. He plunged down at his big antagonist; the man set his body, and as Drexel reached he last step, opened his arms to grapple with him. But Drexel was not minded to



"Countess Kurovskaya. She's a widow—her husband was killed in the Japanese war"

get into that detaining clutch. He sent his fist into the other's chest; the boarding-house keeper, true Russian that he was, knew nothing of the science of fists, and in the instant that he gasped and floundered Drexel drove a blow into his unguarded solar plexus. He went down in a heap, and Drexel sprang by him and out into the court.

Ahead of him was danger from arrest by the police. But he knew that if he could once get back to his hotel he would be safe, for no police official would dream of identifying the hunted American with the cousin-to-be of Prince Berloff. Though it was but little after three, night had already fallen. The darkness was an aid, and with the shawl collar of his shuba turned up so that only nose and eyes were visible, he slipped across and out of the court, and hailed the first swift-looking sleigh he met. Into this he quickly stepped, offered the driver double fare, the driver laid on his whip, and half an hour later he walked nonchalantly into the official filled Hotel Europe.

He found his uncle had arrived from America only that morning. The old man was overjoyed to see him, and Drexel could have felt a pleasure no less than his uncle's, had it not been for the dull pain of his love.

John Howard was a sturdy, upstanding old man of close upon seventy, with a shaggy-browed, clean-shaven face, and shrewd gray eyes that could twinkle humorously or glint like steel; a man feared and admired by his friends, feared and hated by his enemies. He had made his great fortune as America's great fortunes have been made, by his superior might, by thinking solely of his own gain, and thinking little or none about such matters as law, or ethics, or the other fellow, or the public; and he believed his methods just and proper. There was no surface suavity about him, no hypocritical pretense; he was bluff and outspoken—he was just what he was.

Mrs. Howard and Alice were out making a call, so uncle and nephew went down to the café together. Mr. Howard was full of the great Traction Deal—the deal that was to be his climacteric exit, and Drexel's triumphant entrance as a great financial figure—and he rapidly sketched a summary of the developments of the three months that Drexel had been in Russia. They had practically got control of all the street-railway franchises of Chicago for a long term; and had got control so quietly that the city had not a guess of what was going on. They expected to break up the system into separate lines, and discontinue the transfers, and thus get millions of extra nickels a year from the people; and to reorganize, and in that process to net some fifteen million dollars from unsophisticated investors by the every-day miracle of turning water into stock; and to perform some of the other feats of financial legerdemain by which kings of finance win and maintain their sovereignty. All of which astute and mighty brigandage seemed as proper and legitimate to Drexel as it did to his uncle; one was a founder of a business school, the other an apt pupil; and the fundamental idea of that school was that one's business concerned no one but one's self.

"Now tell me about things here," said his uncle. "I've talked with your aunt, but I want to hear from you. You've quite got over that—eh—little feeling for Alice?"

"Quite," said Drexel.

"I knew you would!" He nodded his head. "And Alice? When the news of the engagement came to us in Chicago, you spoke of an affair, not like yours, but a real one, between her and Jack Hammond. Has she been acting much like a young lady with a broken heart?"

Visions of his pretty cousin rose before Drexel's mind—at balls glittering with brilliant

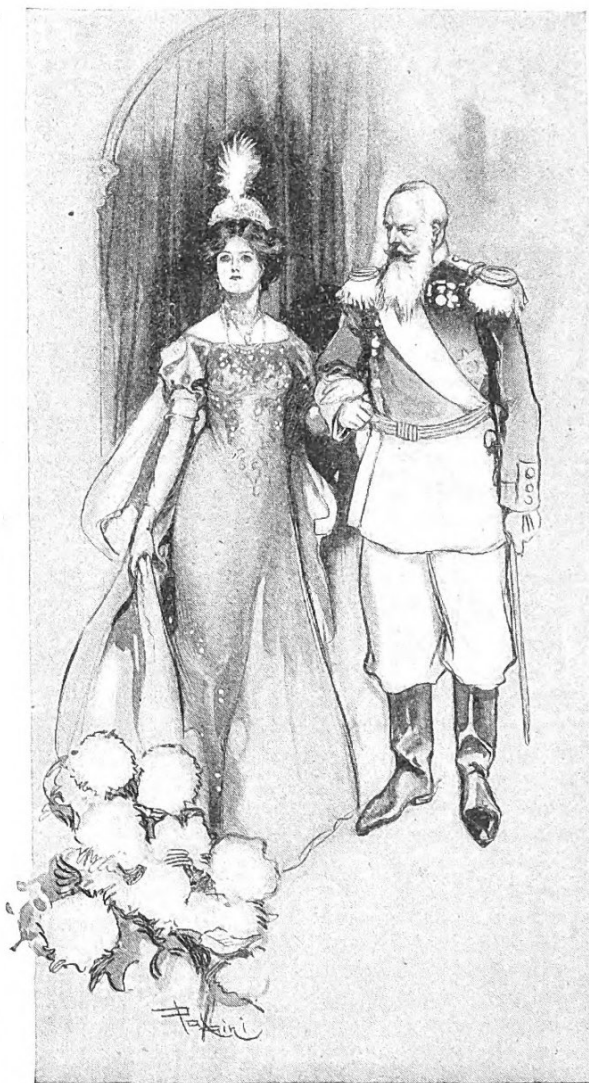
uniforms and beautiful gowns; at grand dinners where sat none but those of proud and noble lineage; and at all he saw Alice dazzled, happy—exulting with girlish pride—that her place was soon to be among the highest of these.

"Much of a heart-break?" persisted the old man.

"I must admit," Drexel acknowledged, slowly, "that thoughts of Jack Hammond don't seem to trouble her much."

"Just as I told you it would be!"

They were silent a moment, during which Drexel bowed to a woman sitting at a near-by table; and he gave an inward start as he saw the tall, well-dressed man with a smart Mephis-



Upon the arm of the gray, erect Prince Kuratoff

tophelian handsomeness, who sat at table with her. It was Freeman, the terrorist.

Mr. Howard's sharp eyes had followed his nephew's glance. "Say, but she's a stunner!" he ejaculated.

And she was—a superb compromise between blond and brunette, in the first fulness of womanhood, with the ease and grace and rather confident smile of the acknowledged beauty, and gowned in a green robe that had all the richness and distinction that the Parisian modistes of French St. Petersburg could give it.

"Who is she?" Mr. Howard asked.

"Countess Kurovskaya. She's a widow—her husband was killed in the Japanese war."

Mr. Howard looked the young man straight in the face with his searching eyes. "Bevare o' vidders, my boy," he said, solemnly.

"Don't worry—nothing doing there," Drexel returned; but he did not see fit to add that it was not from lack of encouragement on the widow's part.

"Yes, sir, a stunner!" his uncle repeated. "And now, tell me, Henry—what do you think of our Prince?"

"You have n't seen him yet?"

"No—he had told an audience with the Czar to-day, Alice told me. How do you size him up?"

Drexel's eyes fell to the cloth and he hesitated. "As a prince?—or as a man?"

"Both. First as a prince. O.K., isn't he? You remember that as soon as your aunt cabled me from Paris about the engagement, I cabled the proper parties to investigate him. They said he was the real thing."

"Oh, he's the real thing all right. He belongs to the highest nobility—has n't played the deuce with his fortune, like most noblemen offered in the American market—is a man of great political power."

"Good! Agrees exactly with the reports I got. Just what sort of an official is he?"

"There you've got me."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I don't know."

"Don't know! And been knocking around with him for three months?"

"Oh, I've asked him, once or twice. But he answered he did n't exactly know himself. He said he guessed he was a sort of consulting attorney at large. He is frequently closeted with this general and that governor, with the minister of this and the minister of that, and is summoned out to Peterhof every now and then to see the Czar. That's all I know, and the few other people I've discreetly quizzed about him seem to know no more."

"A sort of mystery, eh?"

"In a way—yes; though he makes light of there being anything mysterious in his position. He says he really has no official status at all, that he is no more than a private gentleman. In fact if he were an official he'd have to be in Petersburg more than he is; most of his time he spends on an estate about fifty miles away."

"Yes, Alice spoke of that estate, said we were going out there to a house-party day after to-morrow. The prince part of him sounds all right. How about the man?"

"He'll doubtless call when he returns from the Czar. That'll answer your question."

The shrewd old eye looked deep. "I see you don't like him."

"Put it the other way."

"Don't like you—eh? Why?"

"I can only give you a guess."

"Your guess is as good as most men's certainties. Go on."

"Well—the fact is, he's found out about—about Alice and me, you know."

The Uncle nodded. "And he's a little suspicious—jealous. That's one reason. What else?"

"Well, you know of course what he's marrying Alice for. Money. Not that he's hard up. But he's ambitious—terrifically ambitious. He dreams of becoming the greatest man in the empire, next to the Czar. He—"

"Say, it sounds to me like we'd picked out a good one!" broke in his uncle.

"He knows that in this poverty-stricken country nothing will help him forward like money—for he already has birth and brains. Well, he's learned from Aunt about the arrangement you've been so good as to make for me—about your intention of giving me a part of your fortune, and your plan to leave the management of the rest, even when it's Alice's, in my hands. He wants entire control of it as soon as he can get it; the use of the lump sum will forward his plans much better than the use of the income alone. So he looks upon me as an obstacle between him and his ambition. That's the other reason for his not loving me."

"Anything else?"

"That's enough, isn't it?"

"Well, then—why don't you like him? Not just because he's marrying Alice?"

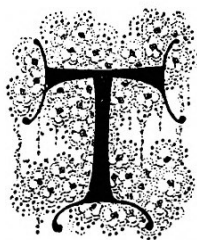
"I would n't stop liking Jack Hammond if Alice were to marry Jack."

"What is the reason, then?"

[Continued on page 816]

The Good-Will Habit

By Orison Swett Marden



THE story is told of a great king who had one little son whom he worshiped. The boy had everything he desired, all that wealth and love could give; no wish was ungratified, but he was not happy. His face was always disfigured by a scowl of discontent. One day a great magician came to the palace of the king, and told him that he could make his son happy and turn his scowls into smiles. "If you can do this," said the king, "I will give you whatever you ask." The magician took the boy into a private chamber and wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. He gave the paper to the boy and told him to go into a darkened room and hold a lighted candle under it and see what would happen. Then the magician went away. The young prince did as he was instructed, and the white letters, illuminated by the light from beneath, turned into a beautiful blue, and formed the words: "Do a kindness to some one every day." The prince followed the magician's advice and soon became the happiest boy in his father's kingdom.

No life is really happy until it is helpful, is really successful until it is radiant with joy and gladness, the gladness of good cheer, of good will toward everybody, of the spirit of brotherhood toward all men. Only by giving ourselves can we hold what we have, can we grow.

Like that wonderful substance radium, which flings off itself millions of particles every second, yet never seems to lose anything, never grows smaller, no matter how much we give of ourselves, how much we fling off of helpfulness, of good cheer and encouragement, there is not only no diminution of our supply, but, on the contrary, the more we give, the more we have; the more we fling out of life, the more helpfulness, inspiration, encouragement and hope come back to us.

Yet there is a strange weakness of human nature which blinds many of us to the good in others and which delights in making us say unkind things about them, hurting them instead of helping them.

We have all met the habitual belittler, who never sees any good in anything which does not immediately concern himself, advance his interests, the man who is always flinging out his sarcasms, sticking a knife into other people's backs, making light of others' motives, finding faults and defects in their characters, and implying that they are not what they ought to be or pretend to be.

It is positively painful to the small soul to hear a competitor complimented or spoken well of. He always tries to minimize the virtue and quality of the praise of another by a malicious "if" or "but," or endeavors in some way to throw doubt upon the character of the person praised.

The habit of belittling is a confession of weakness, of inferiority, of a small, jealous, envious nature; a confession that one's life is not well poised, well balanced. The large, magnanimous soul has no room for jealousy, for the belittling spirit. It magnifies the good and minimizes the bad.

A spirit of generosity and kindness is an indication of greatness of soul. Jealousy, envy, a disposition to keep from others the credit which belongs to them, are marks of a small nature, a pinched mentality. A kindly spirit always accompanies largeness of nature, breadth of character. The man who belittles a competitor, who maintains a mean silence when he should praise, only exhibits to the world his own narrowness and stinginess of soul. A man with a really large nature is generous, charitable, even to his worst enemy.

The belittler does not realize that in disparaging others, in discounting the achievements of competitors, he is exposing the limitations of his own soul, the smallness of his nature, and not only that, but all the time is making the person he is talking to think less of him. We little imagine that when we draw a picture of others we draw one of ourselves. A small, mean soul sees only small, mean things in another. A really great nature sees only the good qualities of others.

Unfortunately, men of great ability who have been distinguished for brilliant intellectual gifts, often unusual courage and tenacity of purpose, men who have really done big things, have frequently been insanely jealous and envious of others, especially those in the same profession or business as themselves.

Many singers and actors, and, I am sorry to say, some clergymen, suffer from professional jealousy. They are pained by hearing others in their profession praised. This jealousy is perhaps more characteristic of professional people generally than of business people.

I know a clergyman who would be very popular and successful if he were only large enough to see the good in his brother clergymen, but he is not. He is always emphasizing their faults and weaknesses, especially those of men who are gaining in popularity. If any one praises another clergyman, "Yes," he will say, "he is a pretty good man, but he is not always absolutely accurate, reliable, in his statements;" or, "He is very free in his use of other preachers' sermons; he is a great borrower of ideas;" or he will make some other nasty belittling remark.

One reason why we get such stingy results from our life-work is because we are not more generous givers of ourselves, our sympathy and encouragement. We must give more in order to get more. He who is stingy of his sympathy, of his helpfulness, of his praise and appreciation, pinches, starves and strangles his own nature.

It is the generous giving of ourselves that produces the generous harvest. Many people are so stingy of their sympathies, their praise and appreciation, are so afraid of giving away something, they are so shut in—the shutters of their lives so tightly closed—that their natures are stunted and starved for the lack of sunshine and air.

It is astonishing how rapidly a person will develop when he opens up his nature and flings out his life with all his might in the service of others. There is nothing which will do so much for the life as the early forming of the good-will habit, the kindly habit, the habit of saying pleasant things about others. To radiate helpfulness, a friendly feeling toward everybody, has a powerful influence upon the character. It lifts the mind above petty jealousies and weaknesses. It enriches and enlarges the personality, broadens and ennobles the whole life.

A philosopher once asked his pupils, "What is the most desirable thing in the world?" After many answers had been given, one finally said, "A good heart." "True," said the philosopher, "thou hast comprehended in two words all that the rest have said, for he that hath a good heart will be contented, a good companion, a good neighbor, and will easily see what is fit to be done by him."

A good heart, a kindly disposition, a frank, cordial, open, generous nature are riches beside which the fortune of a multi-millionaire shrinks into insignificance. The man who has these, though he have not a cent to give away, may do as much good as any multi-millionaire, be he ever so generous with his money.

"My office is in the Exchange; come in and see me," said Jesse Goodrich to John B. Gough, the great temperance lecturer, the morning after the latter had signed the pledge. "I shall be happy to make your acquaintance," he added, cordially. "I thought I would just call in and tell you to keep up a brave heart. Good-by; God bless you; don't forget to call."

"It would be impossible to describe how this little act of kindness cheered me," Gough used to say. "'Yes, now I can fight,' I said to myself; and I did fight, six days and nights, encouraged and helped by a few words of sympathy. And, so encouraged, I fought on, with not one hour of healthful sleep, not one particle of food passing my lips for six days and nights."

A few words of kindly sympathy, of loving encouragement, helped him to recover his manhood and become a great power for good in the world.

The habit of saying kind things to others and about them, of always looking for the good in them, savors of Heaven.

We can not help admiring and loving those who hold such a mental attitude toward us. Whole communities are often lighted up and cheered by one of these happiness radiators. Oh, what riches live in a sweet, sunny soul, what a blessed heritage is a sunny face, a sweet disposition; what joy to be able to fling out sunshine wherever one goes, to scatter shadows and lighten sorrow-laden hearts!

The trouble with us is that we misunderstand, misjudge one another. We judge people too much by their mean traits, their mistakes, their shortcomings, their peculiarities. How quickly the millennium would come if we could only realize the truth that there is a God in the meanest of men, a philanthropist in the stingiest miser, a hero in the biggest coward, which an emergency great enough would call out.

During an epidemic of yellow fever at Memphis it was almost impossible to get enough watchers and nurses to attend the stricken. One day a man with coarse features, closely cropped hair, and shuffling gait, went to one of the attending physicians, and said, "I want to nurse." The doctor, looking him over critically, said, curtly, "You are not needed." "But I wish to nurse," persisted the man. "Try me for a

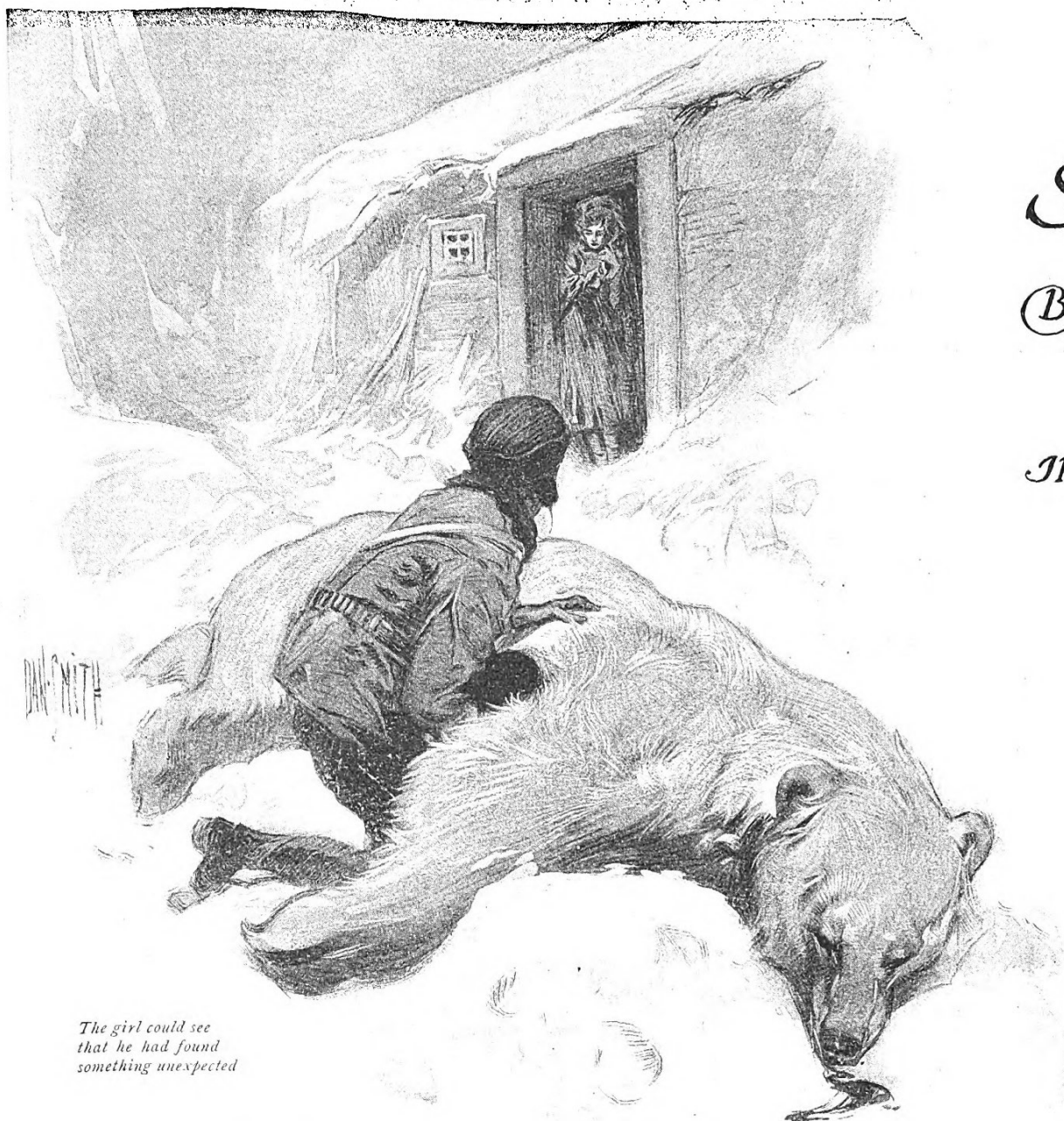
[Continued on page 814]

The Sky Man

By Henry Kitchell
Webster

Illustration

by Dan Smith



The girl could see
that he had found
something unexpected

CHAPTER XVI A STATE OF SIEGE

THAT discovery of Cayley's furnished the last element of the drama which was to play itself out that winter upon this stage which had been so strangely set for it. It was just three days since, flying slowly northward before a mild southerly breeze, the ice-pack below him, he had caught his first glimpse of the unknown land where Captain Fielding had met his tragic fate so many years before. Three days since he had witnessed, from aloft, the murder of a man he might have saved; the man to whom, had he saved him, he might have turned for exoneration from a stain upon his name which was now ineradicable.

Three days ago he had thought his world was empty, swept clean of human concern and human affection. Three days ago he had not known that Jeanne Fielding existed.

During those three days there had been hardly an hour which had not produced a revolutionary situation of one sort or another. Even since the disappearance of the yacht, the hours that Cayley and Jeanne had spent together had been a procession of poignant and highly diverse emotions. Happiness and love and dread and despair had alternated with each other, as one revelation after another had changed the face of the world for them.

But this discovery of Cayley's was the last. They did not instantly take in the full meaning of it; indeed, it was not until they had

talked out half the night that they comprehended fully what their situation was. And even then there were mysteries, questions, to which the only answers they could make were strangely fantastic surmises.

But this elemental fact was clear. They had to reckon, not only with cold and hunger and privation and despair, not alone with the savage tenacity of a black Arctic winter, but with human hatred and malice and cruelty as well. Whether their enemy was one or a dozen, they

did not know. Yesterday the solitude of this icy land had been one of its terrors, but to-day that solitude had given place to a more active terror. As to the identity of the monster who had left the proof of his existence in those tracks which Philip had discovered in the snow, they had no certain knowledge; nevertheless, they entertained but little doubt that he was Roscoe himself. The footprints were immense, Cayley said, and their distance apart bespoke the stride of a giant.

If it were Roscoe who had been crouching there behind the boulder, it seemed unlikely that he was here alone; unlikely that he had not at least two or three of his crew with him.

That idea, when it first occurred to them, brought little terror with it. The person of the monstrous, murderous ruffian who was the chief, dwarfed his subordinates to pigmies. Yet when they came to think over their situation reasonably, this uncertainty as to the number of their enemy proved a very vital element in it. It put an unequivocal veto upon Cayley's first plan, which was to start out at once and take the aggressive against their enemy, before he should have time to move against them.

There was no question, of course, of anything like a truce. What they had seen put down in black and white in Captain Fielding's journal was enough to render an idea like that perfectly fatuous. They must live in mortal peril so long as a single member of the *Walrus* crew remained alive to share their frozen solitude.

But this doubt as to the number of their enemy made Cayley's plan for an aggressive campaign quite impracticable. They had only one weapon between them, Cayley's revolver. So it was clear that they could not separate without leaving one of them defenseless. Even though the sky man, with the advantage of his wings, might be able to discover the whereabouts of the enemy who had lurked behind the boulder upon the beach that day, he would not dare go in pursuit of him for fear of what his possible confederates might do to Jeanne in his absence.

Very reluctantly he came to the conclusion that the only thing for them to do was to remain strictly upon the defensive. Jeanne agreed in the conclusion, but she accepted it much less reluctantly. In spite of all they

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. One day he saw some men struggling across the ice, and the leader fall 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. They made themselves comfortable, and discovered stores of food and a secret passage to an observatory.

knew of Roscoe, and the practical certainty that he had murdered her father, his indubitable murder of Perry Hunter and the diabolical plot he had all but succeeded in carrying out against the *Aurora's* people—in spite of all that, the idea of deliberately seeking him out and killing him in cold blood before he had made an overt move against them, was very repugnant to her.

Cayley had no such feeling. To him Roscoe was simply a more dangerous sort of wild beast. To him, at first glance, the idea of merely waiting for their enemy to attack them at his leisure was well-nigh intolerable, and seemed hopeless into the bargain. But when he saw that it was the only thing they could do, when he began really to study out the strategic possibilities of the position they held, the outlook brightened considerably.

In the first place, this bit of beach where the hut stood was practically fortified. The cliff behind it was absolutely sheer, and was capped with deep, perpetual snow. Half a mile to the westward was the promontory, and about half a mile up the beach from the hut, to the eastward, the glacier projected its ice masses in a long floe out to seaward. This glacier provided the only practicable means of entrance to the interior valley and the ledge where the gold was.

By means of a large scale map, Cayley pointed out to Jeanne this advantage of their position. "So long as we stick to this bit of beach," he said, "we can't be rushed nor surprised. No one can attack us without either coming down the glacier at one end, or around the promontory at the other. From either direction they've got to approach without cover. Of course, if there are a lot of them, we sha'n't have any chance. But it may be there's only one, and it's likely that there are not more than three."

"But at night," said the girl, "at night there'll be nothing to prevent their coming as close as they please. They may be out there now, not a dozen yards away."

"They're not doing much if they are. We're securely barricaded here, and they can't attempt to break in without giving us fair warning. Unless there are too many of them we should beat them at that game. No, the time to look out for them is when we're outside the hut, out on the beach doing the things we'll have to do—bringing in fire-wood, looking for more game, and so on."

"Shall we have to do that? Can't we just stay in here, safe?"

"The daylight will answer that question for me," he said. "We must make the most of it. A month from now, there'll be but little. We mustn't make prisoners of ourselves until the winter does it for us. There is one thing, though," he added, thoughtfully, after a little silence, "one thing that I must do at once, and that is to destroy these sheds where they kept their stores. They would furnish a cover, as good a cover as any enemy could ask for. They hinder our view up the beach."

"How long do you suppose it will last?" she asked, in a voice that shook a little. "How long can it last? How long can we live like that, even supposing that our watch is effective and that they are n't able to surprise us?" She clasped her hands with a shudder, and gripped them between her knees. "Oh, if it would only happen soon," she went on, "whatever it is!"

"What I don't understand," said Cayley, "is why they have n't attacked us already. Why have they waited until we are fortified and secure? Why did n't they attack us yesterday morning when they would have found us helpless?"

"Or yesterday afternoon," she supplemented, "down the beach around the promontory, then, when we know he must have been so near. That's rather horrible all by itself, just the fact that he did n't."

What the girl said was perfectly true. Cayley

felt it himself as sharply as she did. Aside from that one element in it, their situation, though terrible, was real—was the sort of situation, that a sufficiently determined courage and a sufficiently alert wariness could cope with.

But their immunity from attack during all those hours when the enemy must have been close at hand, and when opportunity for attacking had been so plentiful, had something uncanny about it; and gave to this terrible adventure of theirs something of a horror.

"Of course," said Cayley, "there must be a perfectly valid explanation of it, and it may be one that we can discover for ourselves, if we set about it."

So, as sanely and as logically as possible, dismissing as far as they could the nameless, dreadful terror that surrounded the situation, they began to reconstruct the story of the member, or members, of the *Walrus* party who had not been aboard the *Aurora* when the gale drove her out to sea.

"We both slept late that morning," said Cayley. "The yacht was gone when we came out of the hut and first looked seaward. I expected at that time to find part of the *Walrus* party camped near by. I opened the hut door cautiously on that account, and my reason for assuming that none of them were left here, was the idea that they'd have been here on the beach near the hut, if they'd been anywhere. Well, we know now that that assumption was wrong. There was some one here anyway. It's probable that with the very first return of the light he discovered the fact that the *Aurora* had been blown out to sea; hours before we did."

"Yet no one came near the hut all day, and I take that to mean that they, or he, avoided it. It would have been an obvious place to come. It's hard to see why they avoided it, unless because they knew that we were here. If they knew, they certainly had plenty of opportunities to attack us, because we were often separated that day. I was in the hut and you were out on the beach gathering fire-wood."

"Surely," said Jeanne, "he could n't have hoped for a better opportunity to attack me than he had when I was alone there in the twilight, before you came flying down out of the sky; and you said he was quite near. Why do you suppose he did n't? Why do you suppose he waited?"

"And even after I came down," said Cayley, "I was helpless for a minute while I was getting clear of my planes. Yes, that was his chance, and yet he waited. And after we had gone, he apparently scaled the cliff, for his tracks led right up to it, and then disappeared. It's not quite so precipitously steep there as it is here, but I would hardly have dreamed that a human being could climb it."

"He's afraid," said Jeanne, after a little thoughtful silence, "simply afraid. But if he's the man we think he is, it would n't be a human fear. It must be superstitious in some way. It would n't be wonderful if he felt that, after the two glimpses he had of you. I remember how I felt at first when you alighted on the floe beside me. He's seen you twice, remember. The first time at night in the fog; the second time in broad day, with the sun on your wings. No, it is n't strange if he thinks of you, not as a man at all, but as a sort of terrible angel keeping guard over me. When I go very long without seeing you, or when I see you in flight, I get to thinking of you in that way myself."

"If that's the way he thinks of me," said Cayley, "we'll try not to disabuse him. A belief like that is an item on our side of the ledger, certainly. And we haven't any such balance in our favor that we can afford to throw an advantage away, even a small one."

Really the balance of advantage between them and their enemy was amazingly even. They had the hut, the enemy the stores.

[Continued on page 821]



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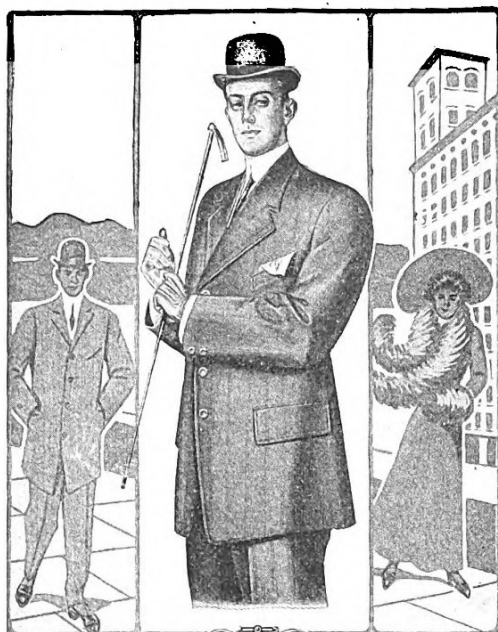
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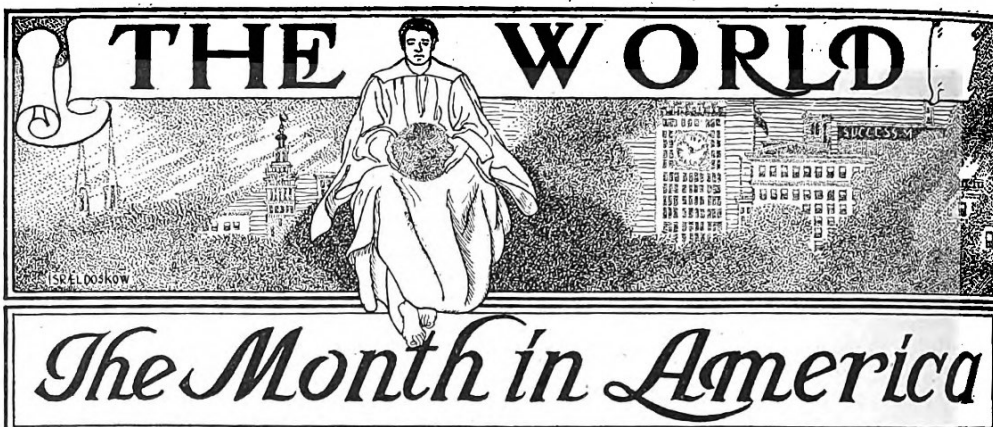
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The Month in America

AS PRESIDENT TAFT approaches the end of his trip the hope that he will say something of real comfort to his perplexed people flickers and grows dim. He has been throughout a gracious guest among friendly, respectful hosts; he has proposed needed reforms and outlined a progressive program. But he has nullified all possibilities for good of this trip by his Boston and

Eight Months of Failure

Winona speeches, by his eulogy of Aldrich, his praise of the tariff bill and his censure of the insurgent Congressmen whose only crime was an honest effort to carry out Taft's own promises.

What President Taft has already *done* during his eight months of office speaks so loudly that it is difficult to hear what Taft proposes to do. To begin with, there was the appointment of a cabinet of the Knox-Wickersham-Ballinger type, perplexing enough to friends of progress, though not necessarily fatal. Scarcely had Theodore Roosevelt bidden farewell to Washington when the new President was found making peace with his predecessor's enemies, using the prestige of his office to maintain the power of Joseph G. Cannon. Then came the unnecessarily harsh treatment of the people of Porto Rico. Finally, after a belated, ineffectual and largely unsuccessful fight President Taft signed the iniquitous tariff bill.

During all this time we were asked by patient friends of the President to suspend judgment. "The President is not a fighter," they said; "he will do things in his own way." What happened? He humiliated Gifford Pinchot, crippled the Forester's working force and then gave him his blessing. He exonerated Ballinger, whose very presence in the cabinet is a source of aid and comfort to the enemies of conservation. Finally he wound up eight months of blundering with the important Pekin appointment by dismissing Crane.

How much longer will the people be asked to suspend judgment? Is not a state of constantly suspended judgment very close to a state of not thinking at all?

We shall be found in the future as we have been found in the past advocating President Taft's progressive policies, hoping always that he will throw off the Aldrich-Cannon incubus and ally himself with the people. We sincerely hope that Taft may yet prove a great President, but there has been little in the first eight months of his administration to justify that hope.

IN SPITE of all that President Taft says in defense of the regulars, the revolt continues to spread and Cannonism is doomed. Scarcely a day passes now that we do not hear of further disaffection from the ranks of the House oligarchy. Congressman Fowler's attack on Speaker Cannon made a lasting impression upon the public mind. Congressman Herbert Parsons has given the disgraceful details of Cannon's deal with Tammany Hall last spring to save the House rules from defeat. From the States where the insurgents grow comes the gratifying news that the people propose to defeat the organization men now in Congress and to send to the next Congress either progressive Republicans or Democrats, pledged to renounce Cannon and all his works. There is every indication that the movement to which this magazine and its readers gave assistance in its early stages is soon to culminate in sweeping out of power not only Cannon but his whole crew of obstructionists and corruptionists.

Why is it necessary that the progressive people of the country direct united opposition against one unhappy, narrow, bitter old man? It is not because he is Cannon but because of the big thing in the dark, which he represents; the effort of great corrupting organizations to keep hold of the government, and throttle all the democratic strivings of the people. The most vital moving force in America to-day, however, is the desire of the people to be properly represented in their Government. The marvelous growth of the direct nominations idea is an indication of this; the fact that thirty-one legislatures have declared for popular election of Senators is a significant phase of it. The spread of the commission government idea, the initiative, referendum and recall, all indicate the same thing. And the people have come to realize that they are not represented in Congress so long as Cannon,

representing a dangerous hidden oligarchy, is entrenched behind impregnable rules and blocks legislation.

The marvelous growth of the country demands legislation along grander, freer lines than anything we have yet conceived. We must make our great corporations servants of the people, not dictators. We must go into irrigation on a great national scale, and provide homes for millions of new people. We must conserve our forests and our waterways, reform our court procedure, our tariff system and our currency. Against all these things Cannon stands opposed. He must be removed, not painlessly, but violently enough to clear the passage way. The coming session of Congress will show inroads upon his power. The election, less than a year away, will mark his complete annihilation.

AN ENGLISH physician whose practise is not so great as to prevent his writing articles for the papers has come out in defense of profanity. There is a sound physiological reason, he says, for the swearing habit, and man ought to use this safety valve in order to preserve his health. Animals and birds have a natural cry of anger which does very well

Useful Profanity

for such a low order of beings, but man needs swearing, kicking or smashing things to prevent blood poisoning. Constant suppression of the temper, he says, puts a great strain on the brain.

No doubt the author of these sentiments occupies a higher position in the world of science than in ecclesiastical circles, though perhaps there is something in what he says. But how about the wives, clerks and servants of the gentlemen who are subjects of fits of temper. Will it be necessary to fit up our offices and residences with swear-proof walls and kick-proof furniture to keep the lords of creation in good health?

RECENT visitors to the Southern California coast have been impressed with the growth of a new and interesting industry—that of conducting visitors on a sightseeing tour of the bottom of the ocean. In the neighborhood of Santa Catalina the business has grown almost to the dimensions of the "rubber neck wagon" industry of our large cities. The secret lies in the use of glass

bottom boats through which the visitors may gaze through the clearest of water at the fauna and flora of the Pacific Ocean. The submarine scenery, which may be viewed either at close range in small boats or with a sort of aeronautic effect in the deeper waters, is said to be particularly attractive. In addition, there is a collection of the most surprisingly beautiful and impossibly ugly sea animals that may be found anywhere.

THE remarkable treatment for narcotic addiction which Dr. Alexander Lambert announced in the November issue of this magazine has aroused widespread interest and discussion. Newspapers the country over have commented upon the matter editorially, and physicians have clamored for more information. Dr. Lambert's high reputation in the world of medicine has caused this

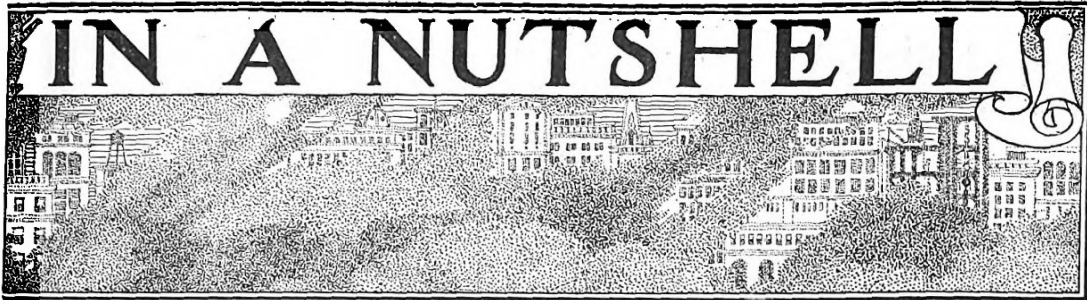
The Treatment for Narcotics

treatment to be taken at its face value as the first on record that really eliminates the craving for opium, alcohol and tobacco.

Since the publication of the announcement, Dr. Lambert, Mr. Towns who gave this treatment to the world, and the editors of SUCCESS MAGAZINE have all been besieged with letters—pathetic, desperate letters, many of them, grasping at the hope of being freed from slavery to some narcotic. Communications by the hundreds have come in, the mere answering of which has necessitated the employment of extra clerical help.

Unfortunately it is not possible to administer this cure at a distance, and it may be long before physicians of the country will have mastered the complicated details of the treatment. The reception with which this discovery has met proves, if proof is necessary, what a desperate need there is for it.

What a long road we have traveled since the day when it was thought sinful to relieve man of the logical consequences of his own mistakes.



THE municipal political machines, Republican and Democratic, which are doing their worst to stem the rising tide of popular government, need not be dissatisfied with the results of the recent elections. In Philadelphia the Republican ring, perhaps the most corrupt in America, decisively defeated Gibboney for the office of district attorney and elected their own man, pledged to keep both eyes shut. Despite the hostility of President Taft to Boss Cox's infamous machine in Cincinnati, that organization won out. The Fingy Connors machine in Buffalo was victorious, as was also the Barnes machine in Albany. The men who have backed Heney in his graft investigations in San Francisco were badly beaten, and Mayor Tom L. Johnson, who has fought ten years for three cent fares in Cleveland, has been crushed by a Republican majority. In Jersey City the "New Idea" ex-mayor, Mark Fagan, has been defeated, and Atlantic City, which Governor Fort was trying to keep at least half-dry, has gone "wet" by a large majority. In New York City Gaynor, the Tammany candidate for mayor, has been elected by a large majority.

The Machine Triumphant

THERE are, however, certain large crumbs of consolation. The Tammany victory in New York City is only apparent. The Wigwam chiefs took Gaynor, not because they liked him, but because they believed that he would pull their city and county tickets through. The city and county tickets, however, have been overwhelmingly defeated.

Large Crumbs of Comfort

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment, which is the real ruling body in New York, and which will, during the next four years, have the spending of a billion dollars of public money, has gone anti-Tammany in the proportion of thirteen votes to three. The Controller, the President of the Board of Aldermen, all the borough presidents, the district attorney, the city judges, in fact all the real power and patronage have gone to the anti-Tammany forces. Mayor-elect Gaynor himself is expected to be against the corrupt organization which nominated him. The people of New York are satisfied with Tammany's smashing defeat. They now look forward to four years of progressive development, which will set a standard that no future Tammany administration, even if it gets the chance, will dare to lower.

The election seems also to mean a victory for Governor Hughes and direct nominations. Some of the men who opposed this reform last year found it extremely difficult to win back their seats even with greatly reduced majorities. Last year, Governor Hughes had only twenty-eight assemblymen to support his measure. To-day forty-five are pledged.

The election in Massachusetts is regarded as a rebuke to the tariff policy of the stand-patters. In 1908 the Republican governor was elected by sixty thousand; to-day the Republicans have hardly been able to scrape through. Their majority has been reduced to less than ten thousand.

A final crumb of comfort is found in the fact that with each year our elections are conducted more fairly, with less intimidation, chicanery and violence, and the results are accepted without murmur by victors and vanquished alike.

THIS past summer seven to eight million people made twenty million trips to Coney Island. They spent there forty-five million dollars, mostly in nickels and dimes, and the total sum was three times what this nation paid to Napoleon for Louisiana, or six times what we paid Russia for Alaska.

The Island of Nickels and Dimes

There are in Coney Island, peanut stands, the size of a broad top desk, which rent for fifteen hundred dollars a season. The men who sell "frankfurters" pay enormous sums for the right to stand where they do, and they get their money back in the nickels of the twenty millions.

On week-days the attendance is large, but on Sundays and holidays it rises to a point where each visitor has room only to be happy standing still. On the Fourth of July, four hundred thousand people crowded into the little island, bathed, shot the chutes, were photographed and ate "red hots." It was believed then that Coney would not hold a single additional visitor, but on August 15th a new hundred thousand came, making half a million in one day.

It is a wonderful business—this Coney Island—but a very risky one. The nine hundred million nickels depend upon the weather. When the mercury drops, profits fall to nothing. If a plague should break out and the Island be quarantined, boats would stop running and the people would stay in their city homes. The Coney Island farmer must harvest his crop of nickels while the sun shines.

ALASKANS are complaining because President Taft will not let them have a legislature. We know of several States that would be willing to part with theirs and take payment in second-hand tomato cans.

THE Philadelphia *North-American* has directed attention to the significant fact that the legislatures of thirty-one States have adopted resolutions favoring the election of the United States Senators by direct vote, and calling upon Congress to take the necessary steps to amend the Constitution.

A Request Becomes a Demand

To most people it will come as a big surprise that two-thirds of the States have declared for direct elections. The States are Alabama, Arkansas, California, Minnesota, Utah, Kansas, Texas, Illinois, Indiana, South Dakota, Idaho, Washington, North Carolina, Tennessee, Montana, Wyoming, Nevada, Michigan, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa, Oregon, Louisiana, Colorado, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Oklahoma, New Jersey, North Dakota and Ohio.

Twenty-seven of these States have made direct application to Congress for a constitutional convention. In the case of the remaining four, the resolutions, while distinctly favorable, are somewhat vague, and they may give our patriots at Washington an excuse for not conforming with the obvious wish of the people. This objection may be met if four or more States promptly adopt the resolution. Florida, Mississippi and South Carolina are expected to do so as soon as their legislatures meet.

This action of the States represents a step toward progress which is of tremendous importance. It means that it is within the realm of possibility for the United States Senate to be made really representative. Congress will find it difficult to refuse to grant this request, although there is no power except public opinion which can force our lawmakers to carry out this provision of the Constitution.

At the proper time it will be the duty of the friends of progress to bring this pressure upon Congress.

SENATOR PENROSE urged the Philadelphia electorate to support the disreputable Republican gang in that city in order to uphold the heaven-born principle of protection. This device is entitled to respect only because of its extreme age.

A THIRTY-SECOND degree optimist with an economical turn of mind has made a list of so-called weeds which are good for table use. The homely dandelion has of course long been used as food, and some have found it quite palatable. Wild chicory, which has always been more or less of a nuisance about the place, makes a tender and wholesome salad if properly brought up. Wild mustard, another of the farmer's pet aversions, is widely used in France in soup making, as is also pokeweed. Dock, which we have always found incorrigible, is a table vegetable in good standing in Europe. The thrifty Scotch make use of nettles as greens. Purslane can be eaten if concealed among other vegetables, and the troublesome sorrel has been put to work and does duty as a salad. To cap the climax, the milkweed is used not only for medicinal purposes but also as food in countries where, being foreigners, the people don't know any better.

Weed Food

In these days of constantly rising prices, the value of weeds as food is a sweet and comforting thought. We have always regarded the farmer who let the weeds grow as more or less shiftless; perhaps he was only in advance of his time.

One can't help wondering whether the Paynes and Aldriches of the future will be imposing a duty on burdock to protect our infant industry from the pauper burdock of Europe. We shudder at the possibility of a milkweed trust.

DURING SLEEP Nature Repairs the Human Engine.

The activities of the day cause more or less waste of tissues in the human engine, which is repaired at night during sleep.

The man or woman who can sleep well at night, is sure of the necessary repairs, other things being right, to make each day a time of usefulness and living a real joy.

But let insomnia get hold of you, and the struggle begins, of trying to work with a machine out of repair. A Nebr. woman's experience with coffee as a producer of insomnia is interesting. She says:

"I used to be a coffee drinker and was so nervous I could not sleep at night before about 12 o'clock, unless I would take some medicine. I was under the doctor's care for about 5 years and my weight got down to 82 lbs.

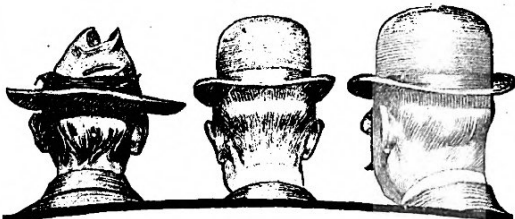
"The doctor said I would have to quit drinking coffee. Then my father got me to try Postum which he said had done wonders for him. I am past 43 and before I quit drinking coffee, my heart would jump and flutter at times, miss a beat, then beat so fast I could hardly breathe in enough air and I would get smothered.

"My tongue would get so stiff I could not talk and I could not hold a glass to drink from. Since I have been drinking Postum, in place of coffee, I can sleep sound any time I lie down, and I feel I owe everything to Postum Food Coffee. I now weigh 120 lbs. and am well."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

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



SOME HEADS And What They Earn

Statistics show that of 3542 men in various positions, 2803 earn only about \$15.00 a week; 586 earn between that and \$5000 a year; 117 between \$5000 and \$10,000; 36 from \$10,000 to \$15,000.

The better qualified the man, the higher the salary.

To command the right salary you must have the right training. If you lack the right training the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton will impart it to you in your spare time. If you have a liking for some special line of work the I. C. S. will make you an expert in that particular line. You will not have to leave home or buy any books while qualifying. The only preliminary schooling required is the ability to read and write.

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International Correspondence Schools, Box 1172, SCRANTON, PA.

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Illustrator
Designer & Craftsman
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer

Mechanical Draftsman
Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Plumber & Steam Fitter
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
Architect
Structural Engineer
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THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

AS THE Cook-Peary controversy proceeds, it does not
increase in popularity. The long expected state-
ment of Commander Peary reports the cross-examina-
tion at Etah of the two young Esquimaux who went
with Dr. Cook on his hazardous trip. These youths
were questioned separately, and
each traced on a map the course
pursued, while both admitted that
they did not go near the Pole.

Up to Cook

Then came an affidavit of Edward M. Barrill, Dr.
Cook's guide to Mt. McKinley. Mr. Barrill swears that
instead of reaching the top of the great Alaskan moun-
tain, he and Dr. Cook merely ascended a minor peak
and "faked" photographs and diaries to suit. Other
men have made affidavits that for the last three years
Barrill has at various times made confession of fraud.
On the other hand, a letter is now published by Knud
Rasmussen, a Danish traveler in Greenland, saying
that the Esquimaux whom he has met in the frozen
north believe that Dr. Cook actually did reach the
North Pole, and that he himself believes so.

It is time for an end of all these charges, asseverations,
affidavits and counter-affidavits. Dr. Cook is accused
of two of the meanest and most deliberate frauds ever
attempted by a vulgar rogue. Men assert, not only
that he did not reach the Pole or the summit of Mt.
McKinley, but that he knows that he did not reach
them. Circumstantial evidence piles up against Dr.
Cook. Mistakes are indicated, improbabilities demon-
strated, and the very possibility of even undertaking
such a Polar trip with his limited supply of food is
gravely questioned by Arctic experts. If Dr. Cook is
maligned, he has been very badly treated and he should
not only prove his case but seek his final justification
in the courts.

Mr. Peary has submitted his material and has been
sustained. It is now up to Dr. Cook.

OF ONE hundred and sixty-six Yale, Harvard and
Princeton students who were sons of the rich—
whose family names appeared in New York's "Social
Register"—only one during five successive years took
an honor of the first class. Only
one in four of these gilded youth
received honorable mention or won
any kind of a prize. These and
similar facts lead Professor Paul

Spoiling the Rich Boys

Van Dyke, writing in *Scribner's*, to enquire, whether we
are not spoiling the boys who otherwise would have
the best chance in life.

This all-around uselessness of the patricians is not so
marked in the more democratic western colleges, but
the tendency is everywhere the same. It is the boy of
humble circumstances who appreciates the advantages
of a college education and reaps its benefits. It is the
exception anywhere for a boy of wealth and position
to be an able student.

It is not an easy thing to spoil an American boy; the
example of his father or some great countryman and
the competition of his fellows are apt to be healthful
influences. But our swollen fortunes, which are so all-
powerful, seem equal even to the task of changing an
amiable American boy of ordinary intelligence into a
shirking snob who has a contempt for learning and
whose only accomplishment is spending large sums of
money correctly.

THAT interesting boy who was characterized in the
September number of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* as "Mar-
velous Master Sidis" has entered Harvard at the age of
thirteen. He could have met the entrance require-
ments at any time during the past
three years but he has been refused
admission heretofore because of
his extreme youth.

Young Sidis Enters Harvard

His entrance at thirteen has
been widely heralded as a very remarkable event and
has given rise to the discussion of the question, is there
something vitally wrong with our method of educating
the young?

The case of William James Sidis is suggestive in the
extreme. He is not, his parents assure us, an infant
phenomenon. Yet so thoughtful and patient was his
education at the hands of his father and mother that he
could read the English language passably at two, was
well versed in arithmetic at four and was at ten so con-
versant with higher mathematics, science, history and
ancient and modern languages that he was fitted to
enter one of our great universities. The wonder of it
all is that he has remained throughout a normal, healthy
child with a love of outdoor sports and a wholesome
dislike of school discipline.

Has the civilized world erred in assuming that a child
must have six or seven years of playtime before he
acquires the rudiments of an education?

Perhaps young Sidis will pardon us if we scrutinize
his career closely; for he represents a new idea in
education.

THOSE of our people who have been lying awake
nights worrying over Halley's Comet, have been
greatly relieved to learn that it has been sighted in the
offing and may be expected to arrive approximately on
time. Of course Halley's is only
one of a stupendous number of
comets which are pursuing their
foolish and irrational ways about
the sun, but none of these has
ever received a more cordial welcome than that which
is coming to Halley's next year.

Our Most Famous Comet

Dr. Max Wolf of Heidelberg University in Germany
was the first to see and photograph the comet on this
trip, and to assure the scientific world that its time-table
is correct.

According to present indications, based on past per-
formances, the comet will achieve the period of its
greatest brilliancy toward the end of next May, when
it will be within a beggarly ten million miles of the
earth. It will be possible, then, the astronomers tell
us, to see the comet with the naked eye in the Western
sky shortly after sunset. This will be the first appear-
ance of Halley's Comet in these parts since 1836. The
many friends it made on its last visit may be depended
upon to give it a hearty welcome.

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER has been regarded always as a
more or less legitimate target for the country's
jokeshooters. New York's self-satisfied provincialism,
the excessive cost of living within its sacred precincts,
its ridiculous government and de-
crepit horse-cars have kept many a
paraphraser from starvation. Now
at last the metropolis has a defen-
der, self-appointed, bearing the

New York's Defender

ambitious name, "The Association for New York." Its
object is to challenge indiscriminate abuse and criticism
of New York City. One of its ideas was to make it a
misdemeanor to speak ill of the city, but a lack of pub-
lic enthusiasm caused an abandonment of that plan.
And so the association decided to erect a statue.

It did. It is a monster plaster female thirty feet
high, entitled "Purity," and located amid glittering
champagne electric signs on upper Broadway. The
lady bears a shield labelled "Our City," and on the
pedestal among numerous other inscriptions is the
legend, "Death to Slander."

The statue is ugly and gaudy and it was not finished
in time for the Hudson-Fulton celebration as was
planned. Thus it unintentionally illustrated several of
New York's typical defects.

New Yorkers are easily satisfied, but there are two
privileges which they insist upon—that of living in
New York and that of poking fun at it. The statue,
intended to appeal to their sense of civic pride, aroused
only their sense of humor.

The association's little booklet setting forth the
physical and commercial greatness of New York gives
facts of which not only New Yorkers, but Americans
generally should feel proud. The association is better
at writing books than at making statues.

THE total importation of Turkish leaf tobacco last year
was two hundred and forty pounds. The question,
what are our "Turkish cigarettes" made out of re-
mains as far as ever from solution.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad is constantly introducing
improvements into its passenger carrying service that
represent a very enlightened regard for the public welfare.
This gigantic corporation was one of the first to realize
that such a policy is the shortest
road to prosperity.

A Public Serving Railroad

The eighteen-hour train between
New York and Chicago, dupli-
cating the New York Central's
achievement, has long been the Pennsylvania's most
spectacular performance. This is now supplemented
by a twenty-four hour train between New York
and St. Louis. In thus pandering to the depraved
taste of those who wish to be in St. Louis as early as
possible (or who do not know enough to stay there)
this enterprising corporation has reduced materially
the running time between the metropolis and the
important cities of the Southwest.

But the Pennsylvania Railroad is about to present to
the world a still more important achievement. It
opens in December a wonderful new railroad station in
New York City, with a still more wonderful system of
tunnels, and this constitutes a most tremendous monu-
ment to American energy and brains. The improve-
ment is said to represent an investment of about ninety
million dollars. It makes one more connecting link
between New York City and the United States of
America. It will make it increasingly possible for one
to live in the latter and do business in the former, an
arrangement which a larger number of people every
year find feasible.

THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

The Month Abroad

TUESDAY, October the 12th, will go down into history as the day on which Professor Francesco Ferrer was shot by order of the Spanish Government.

The charge against Professor Ferrer, who was the Director of the Modern School at Barcelona and one of the greatest educators of Spain, was complicity in the revolt that took place in that city against the drafting of troops to Morocco. Professor

Ferrer was a Radical and a Republican, and it may be fair to say that in his philosophy he was an anarchist. We know of no evidence, however, that he was in any way connected with the revolt, and if any truth exists as to his having incited the uprising it has not been made public. The trial was secret. Depositions against him were presented to the military court which tried him, but no testimony was given in his presence, and he had no opportunity to cross-examine witnesses. Despite vigorous protests against the sentence, despite the pathetic intercession of Ferrer's daughter, the execution was hurried on, and the victim was taken from prison to a ditch under the shadow of a wall, where he faced a firing squad of twelve men and fell on the first volley.

The news of Ferrer's assassination—for that is exactly what it was—was received by the civilized world with horror and execration. Indignation meetings were held in France, Italy, England and even throughout South America. Riots broke out in many cities, and the Spanish embassies in various countries were saved only by the vigorous intervention of the police. In Paris, there was a peaceful protest parade of one hundred thousand men. In England, France and Italy steps have been taken to boycott all Spanish goods, the city of Rome has been draped in black, the Paris Municipal Council has decided to name a street after the martyr, and it has been proposed in Rome to change the name of the historic *Piazza de Spania* to *Piazza Ferrer*.

Even in Spain the horror at this judicial murder has reached such a point that the responsible minister, the reactionary Maura, has resigned. The Liberals in the Spanish Chamber of Deputies refused to vote or even to discuss the most urgent measures until the despised Maura and all his Cabinet had surrendered their portfolios. In the eyes of these Liberals, as of the advanced thought of all the world, the day of secret trials and hasty executions of unjust sentences is forever past.

The vengeful judicial assassination of their chief opponent has reacted against the Spanish Bourbons, and Ferrer dead is a more invincible enemy than Ferrer alive. The hurried execution was more than a crime. It was a blunder.

THE Czar of Russia was given what is described as an enthusiastic reception upon his recent visit to Italy. By this phrase the correspondent evidently meant that none of the soldiers who lined his entire route through the country so far forgot himself as to shoot.

COMMUNICATION with the dead is getting down to a business-like basis. Of course there are independent concerns still working along in their own crude, competitive way on obscure side streets, taking your

A Central Spirit's Exchange

dollar and filling some musty, dingy old parlor with whirling wings and foolish talk, but the independent producer is doomed. Mr. Stead has established a sort of central office in London—a Borderland Library, he calls it—where subscribers may drop in and get connected with the other world. It's all open and above board. If one medium can't get hold of the departed, the librarian will try another. If all fail, if the spirits are too busy or uninterested, you get your money back—and just as much obliged. It's no trouble whatever to show goods.

"Julia" is a spiritual frequenter of Mr. Stead's new establishment, which is sometimes known as "Julia's Bureau." It is comfortably fitted up and will attract both terrestrial and heavenly visitors. One can scarcely blame spirits for not leaving blissful homes in the skies to come down to the third-class establishments which mediums so often set up. Julia's Bureau should attract the patronage of a very superior class of spooks; in fact, Mr. Stead announces that the late W. E. Gladstone dropped in recently and gave his views upon the English political situation. Vulgar doubters, it is true, point out the close similarity of these views and Mr. Stead's own, but every one will admit the value of a business-like system of communicating with the other world—or almost every one.

REVOLUTIONS do not always mean iron and blood; sometimes they are merely changes in opinions and votes.

Next year there may be a revolution in England as important as the granting of the Magna Charta or the Bill of Rights. The English people are seriously thinking about getting rid of their House of Lords. The "Lords

Spiritual and Temporal" are Tories almost to a man, and they have been mutilating the laws passed by the Liberal House of Commons, so that the Liberals are asking, "What is the use of passing laws at all, if an unelected and unrepresentative House of Lords can undo the patient works of months?" The people, they say, must choose between their own representatives and the highly respectable and ornamental "Lords Spiritual and Temporal."

The House of Commons has passed the budget on its third reading by a decisive majority.

If the Lords reject the budget, as they now threaten to do, the crisis will come fast and hard. Parliament will then say, "We, the faithful Commons have voted supplies to our king, and the Lords have prevented us, contrary to our unwritten Constitution, from furnishing this needed money to our gracious sovereign." An election will then decide whether the Lords shall have the right to amend or reject revenue bills, or, in fact, any bills at all. The Lords will obey such a mandate. If they do not, the king, acting on the advice of his faithful Commons, will create enough new Lords to swamp that noble House and make it vote the way the people wish.

The Lords, and their backers, the brewers, will do well not to push matters too far. With a single vote the British people can end the Lords, and, for that matter, the gracious sovereign also. For the sake of his crown, the king has sought to intervene between the angry Lords, Spiritual and Temporal, and the determined Commons. Perhaps wisdom will prevail and the House of Lords will retreat while there is yet time. In any case the elections in England which are expected early next year will determine how far the British people have progressed toward democratic self-rule.

THE representatives of the Chinese Government have just signed a contract calling for the installation of two ten-thousand-line telephone switchboards for Peking. It is the beginning of the "hello girl" in China. It is believed that the invention will "take," and that the pigtailed Celestials will acquire the habit of ordering their rice and birds' nests over the telephone. If

The Telephone in China

during the next twenty years only one telephone is put in for every one hundred Chinese, there will be four hundred thousand telephones installed, at an expenditure of a billion dollars. What a triumph it will be for the telephone if it withstands the constant assaults of the barbarous Chinese language!

THE recent assassination of Prince Ito of Japan by a group of Korean patriots brings forward again the question whether political assassination is ever justifiable. The old Greeks used to argue about tyrannicide, and even to-day, after twenty-five

Assassination—Does it Pay?

centuries of argument, men are still not a unit on the subject. In Russia, where the Czar and his Grand Dukes were murdering their thousands, without even the pretense of a fair trial, the desperate revolutionists resorted to counter-assassination. They claimed that since they could not vote or speak or write freely, political murder was the only way in which to express the will of the people. The Koreans who killed Prince Ito believed that only in this manner could they bring the intolerable grievances of their nation to the attention of the civilized world.

It is a terrible commentary on political assassination, however, that it usually kills the wrong man or the man at the wrong time, and often puts back the progress of civilization for many decades. Alexander the Second, Czar of Russia, was assassinated in 1881, just as he was about to grant his people a constitution; the assassination of other rulers has often had the effect of intensifying and aggravating the very evils which the man with the bomb is trying to cure. Sometimes a Charlotte Corday slays an infamous Marat, but on the other hand a Booth may murder an Abraham Lincoln. One can not speak for all climes and all ages, but in general the cure of our political evils is not the pistol.

The policy of Japan in Korea did not depend on the life of Ito. It will not be changed by the death of Ito.

CAREFUL DOCTOR

Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation.

"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y.—and as a last hope, sent for him.

"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more.

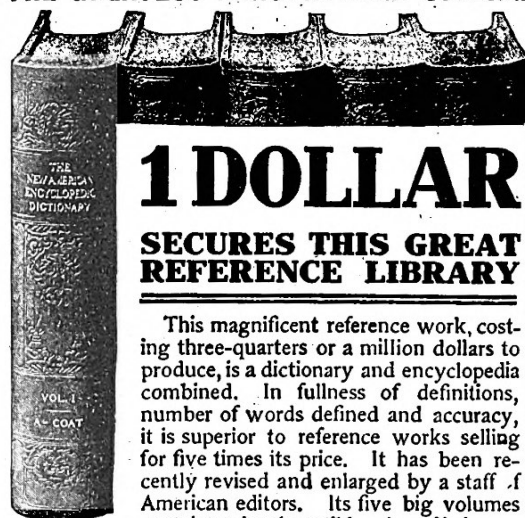
"I kept at it and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonfuls. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.

"Now after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a reason."

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

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THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

THE sudden demission of Charles R. Crane, American Minister to China, leaves Americans in a state of general bewilderment. Why the man who was so popular a month ago is so unpopular to-day, why a diplomat can not talk after he has been instructed to "give it to them red hot," what's the matter with Knox and who is behind him, the Steel Trust or the Emperor of

The Dismissal of Crane

Japan, are questions which every one is asking and no one is answering. Rumors are about, there is talk of an after-statement by Mr. Crane but no one seems to know anything.

The situation in China, whither Crane was to have gone, is equally dubious. A few months ago Japan and China were glaring at each other, showing teeth and fists. Now they have signed a convention and are as friendly as Knox and Crane were a few months ago. But Europe is alarmed. The white men fear a coalition of the Mongolians that may drive Russia beyond the Ural Mountains. According to a German newspaper, "the two powers will unite in an attack upon Russia in the near future."

Such an event might be bad for Russia's pretensions in Asia. Japan is stronger than she was in 1904. She is raising new regiments, building vast food magazines, and laboring feverishly at the improvement of her military equipment. To-day moreover she has her fleets on the Pacific and her feet on the Continent. China, too, is waking up. It is reported that the Celestial Empire is about to spend two hundred million dollars

in the rehabilitation of her army and navy. With a population of four hundred million to draw upon, and with Japan to aid her, China may make the trip over the trans-Siberian railroad very unpopular in Russia. China may in time become even more than a match for little Japan.

The nations of Europe in their Chinese policy are playing with gunpowder. They may grab ports, squabble over mining and railroad concessions, and quarrel as to which shall lend China money. Sooner or later, however, China will decide these matters for herself. The trend of the times seems to be "Asia for the Asiatics."

A CONTEMPORARY who pretends to be interested in such matters announces that Uruguay with only one million inhabitants has used \$1,224,500 worth of perfumery in the last fifteen years. Uruguay, apparently, by any other name would smell as sweet.

ENGLISH astronomers have advanced the theory that Mars has turned yellow. That statement is evidence that England, in chagrin over losing the North Pole, is trying to steal a planet which we have always regarded as an American possession.

THE King of Italy is about to publish a book on the history of numismatics. Perhaps there is light here on the eternal question, what shall we do with our kings?

Women Everywhere

MRS. AUGUSTA STETSON, one-time leader of the New York First Church of Christ, Scientist, has been deposed for witchcraft. It was not called witchcraft, because since the Salem witches were burned, the word has gone out of fashion. But the charge, "malicious animal magnetism" seems very much the same thing, and the evidence recalls the good old days when

witches rode through the air on brooms, and wretched old hags muttered their incantations over the waxen figures of their enemies, spreading fearful mortality among the enemies.

Judging from her photograph, Mrs. Stetson is no witch. She is a good-looking, well-dressed and apparently intelligent woman. Nevertheless it is gravely charged that she seated herself for hours daily in a darkened room in New York and by means of thought currents deliberately aimed at a Mr. McClellan in Boston, surely but slowly began the work of his effacement. Had not bold Mr. McClellan discovered the plot, he would have soon succumbed to the diabolical thought waves, which seemed to preserve their destructive power even in the frigid atmosphere of Boston.

It is a little discouraging to people who don't believe in witches that there are still so many who do. We do not believe, however, that a sect which comprises so large and so intelligent a body of people as does Christian Science, will long continue to countenance faith in witchcraft even under a modern high-sounding name.

HAVE women a right to beat up policemen and break windows in the struggle for equal suffrage? Is it dignified or womanly for them to do so?

It is to defend the course of the strenuous English suffragettes that Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, leader of the movement, has come to America. It must be admitted that Mrs. Pankhurst makes out a very good case for the militant methods.

"We'll go as far as we are driven by the Government," she said to the immense mass meeting which greeted her in New York. Every step the suffragettes have taken, she says, is in response to some move of the Government. When they are denied the fundamental English right of petition they make a noisy vocal petition in the Houses of Parliament. When they are refused access to political meetings, they wrap their messages around stones and send them through the window. These methods are not at all dignified, she admits, but, like the Boston Tea Party of which Americans are so proud, they are of inestimable value in concentrating public opinion upon the question.

The logic is all with the suffragists. Women are taxed like men, punished like men; fully half of the political questions of the day bear directly upon the home or the child. There is nothing essentially unwomanly in being interested in homes and children.

THE old answer to this question was, "When she can." The modern answer is, "Not until she is ready."

A few weeks ago there was a wedding at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and the bride was fifteen years old. At an age when most girls, physically and intellectually immature, are thinking of going to the high school, this young Uniontown child entered upon the arduous responsibilities of wifehood and perhaps motherhood.

A century ago the Uniontown event would not have been honored with even a newspaper paragraph. Early marriages were then the rule, and an unmarried girl of twenty-five was considered an irredeemable spinster. To-day fortunately the early marriage is an exception and a girl of thirty-five is younger than a girl of twenty-two a century ago. In 1864 the average age of all Massachusetts maids at marriage was twenty years and eight months; in 1901 it was twenty-four years and seven months. In Rhode Island forty years ago over a fifth of all brides and grooms signing the marriage register were under twenty; to-day less than one tenth were under twenty. In England, France, Germany, Austria and other European countries the average age at which girls marry is constantly increasing.

There is a danger in this; for too many unmarried people of a marriageable age are not good for the health, happiness and morality of the community. But there is a good side that is even greater. The later age of marriage allows both the high contracting parties, especially the women, to develop, to learn the duties and obligations of matrimony, and to enter the married state with an equipment of body and mind that will mean better children.

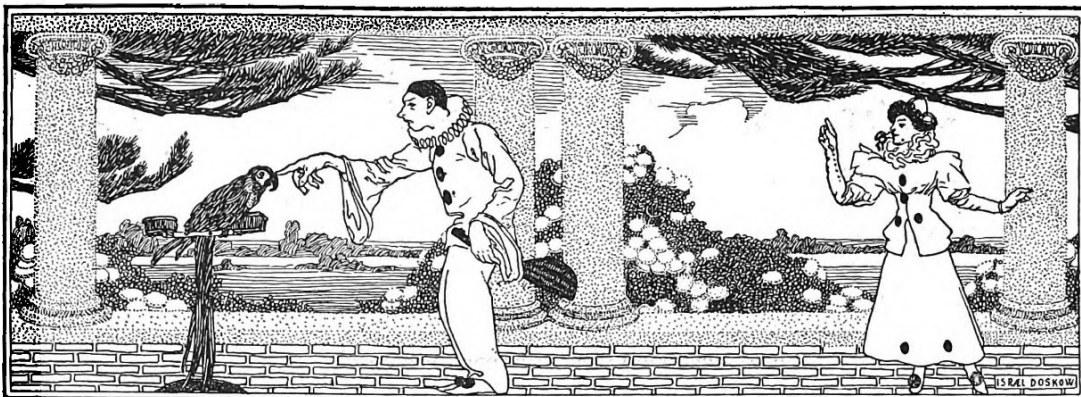
ONE of our consuls in Turkey reports a growing demand there for American soda-fountains. This is the first real evidence that the Turkish women have laid aside the veil.

ACCORDING to Professor Pozzi, the distinguished French surgeon, America is the paradise of the trained nurse. Writing in the *Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette*, he praises our hospitals and our medical service in general, but finds that the crowning glory of it all is the American nurse.

The Happy American Nurse

A head nurse in Paris receives sixteen dollars a month; in the United States a nurse with a diploma may receive \$100 to \$120 a month, together with her lodging, food and laundering. The nurse is in many cases a woman of education and culture equal to that of the family in which she is employed, or the highly paid specialists whom she assists.

Professor Pozzi is very much interested in the fact that in so many American households the nurse eats at the family table and sometimes ends by marrying the patient. We believe that the patient might do worse.



POINT & PLEASANTRY

No Use for Numbers

THE school census taker stopped at a little hut in the mountains of Kentucky, and addressing the mother of an unusually large flock of children, said:

"Madam, I am taking the school census. How many children have you between the ages of six and—"

"Lemme see," she broke in; "there's Katy an' Mary an' Annie an' Lucy an' Carrie an' Rob an' Jake an' Will an' Harry an' Jim an'—". She paused for a breath and her caller made haste to say:

"Now, madam, if you could just give me the number—"

"Number?" she snapped; "number? We ain't commenced numberin' yit, thank ye. We ain't run out o' names."—WADE H. LAIL.

His Claim to Prominence

AT a social gathering in New York City a certain man, intent on knowing every one and his business, was introduced to Senator Julius C. Burrows of Michigan.

"The name Burrows is very familiar to me," he said. "I am certain that you are a man of some prominence."

"Yes," replied Senator Burrows, "I am the man that 'died at first' just before Casey came to bat in that celebrated ball game at Mudville."—WALTER S. CREECH.

Rapid Transit

IN RESPONSE to a growing demand in his home, Henry Kitchell Webster, author of "The Sky Man," once went to his father's house, borrowed the family high-chair and started taking it home by hand. Not only did he have to wait long for his car, but when it finally came its conductor was a humorist.

"Are n't you pretty big for that chair?" that official ventured.

"Yes," admitted Webster, wearily, "I grew up while waiting for the car."

The Clock Stuttered Too

A DROLL sort of a fellow, given to stuttering, met an old college chum on the street. They had some hours together and other things. As the tardy one stealthily ascended the stairs on reaching home, out of the darkness came his wife's voice.

"What time is it?" she asked, sternly.

"It is j-j-j-j-just one," he stammered.

The words were scarcely uttered when the old-fashioned clock on the landing gave four laborious strokes.

"Do you here that?" she asked, sharply.

"But my d-d-dear," he rejoined, pleasantly, "y-you mustn't mind that k-k-clock. It's l-l-l-l-like me."

Some Christmas Thoughts

A FAT Christmas maketh a lean New Year.

Better a candied apple on a stick than a jeweler's bill on the way.

Be tactful in filling another's stocking lest you put your foot in it.

Forgive your enemy to-day, even if you have to start a new quarrel to-morrow.

Let your gifts go into the hands of a receiver, but don't get into his clutches yourself.

A ton of coal in the cellar is worth two baby grand pianos in the creditors' schedule.

Let the baby beat the drum and Willie toot the horn. That is their idea of peace on earth.

It is a mean father who won't lend his baby his golf stockings to hang up on Christmas Eve.

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.

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

Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

Not That Kind

AUNT EMILY, an old colored woman, was given two Maltese kittens, and asked the neighbors to help her name them. Uncle Eph, who lived across the street, shuffled over with a suggestion that they be named Cook and Peary. "Look a yere, Eph," replied Aunt

Emily, "does you want to 'sult those animals of mine? Why, them ain't polecats."—HARVEY PEAKE.

The Hot Air Furnace

THERE was a young publisher who made a sudden fortune by appealing to that largely neglected class, which we call Society. Gaining riches, the young publisher retired and was seen less and less in his old haunts.

"Where's Lawrence?" some one asked of "Mr. Dooley."

Dooley answered, "Oh, he's up-town now, warming his hands at the Social Register."—FRANKLIN J. CLARKIN.

An Annual Luxury

AN ENGLISH boy went to visit his two Scotch cousins during his summer vacation. His breakfast every morning consisted of plain oatmeal, and he got very tired of it. "Say, Jack," he said, "don't you ever have milk with your porridge?"

Jack turned to his brother. "Eh, Tom," he said, "the lad thinks it's Christmas."—H. O. LEACH.

The Troubles of a Dramatist

HERE'S an advertisement taken from a morning paper that shows to what a pass genius may come in a great city:

"WANTED: A collaborator, by a young playwright. The play is already written; collaborator to furnish board and bed until play is produced."

The New Obsession

OH, IT'S motoring here and it's motoring there, It's motoring, motoring, everywhere.

The babies in motoring carriages go,
The kids soon will coast on the silvery snow
In automobobs up steep automoslides
In wildly hilarious automorides.

Our dancers are dancing gay automojigs,
Our doctors drive round in their automogigs;
And those who would perch on fame's highest bars
Now hitch up their wagons to automostars.

THE farmer is smiling his harvest to gain
When loading his hay on his automowain,
Or scarring the earth with his automoplow,
Or milking his gasoline automocow;
Or sending the choreman with automolegs
To gather each morn the fresh automoeeggs
'Neath the automohens in the automocoop,
To the tune of the rooster's shrill automowhoop,
While he who plays golf will rejoice at the call
Of the automocaddy who chases his ball.

THE automocamel will soon lead the van
From Automosheba to Automodan,
And down in the kitchen, by hook or by crook,
Some day we'll rejoice in an automocook
Who more than a week in the household will stop
To joy in the jests of the automocop.
Yes, it's motors by day and it's motors by night;
Wherever we look there's a motor in sight.
All over the land they are quite the fromage
And every old barn has become a garage!

HORACE DODD GASTIT.



In all the World
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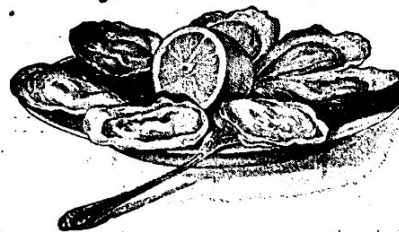
Made after an old-fashion "Kitchen Recipe" from ripe tomatoes, sound and red to the core.

Absolutely free from chemical preservatives or artificial coloring.

So good and deliciously flavored that it has won its own way since the first bottle was made—

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Get a bottle from Grocer and try an
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Recipe

Two tablespoonfuls Snider Catsup, one teaspoonful finely grated horse-radish, a pinch of salt, and Cayenne pepper to taste.

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Upon receipt of 2 Snider Pork & Beans tins, we will send you one of our beautiful 50-piece jig-saw Picture Puzzles.

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WINTER sports—outdoor recreation of any kind—call for a muffler—and a good one.

The Phoenix is the muffler without imperfections—and it's really easier to get than the ordinary kinds—the heavy, inconvenient, tired-looking affairs that stretch out of shape—grow raglike. Good stores everywhere sell the Phoenix in collar sizes for men, women and children at 50 cents—more for the better grades.

THE PHOENIX

The One Perfect Fitting Muffler

It never loses its shape or its exquisite silky lustre. The Phoenix patent stitch insures permanent elasticity just as the Phoenix secret process of mercerizing insures permanence of the richly-beautiful finish. Neither constant wear nor frequent washing can affect the splendid quality of the Phoenix in any way.

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Packed singly in dainty gift boxes, Phoenix Mufflers make especially appropriate holiday gifts. They're made in all fashionable weaves and shades for women, children and men.

Just a snap of the patent fastener at the throat and the Phoenix fits snugly close over the neck and chest, protecting the linen from snow and sleet, keeping the wind from whistling down the back and safeguarding throat and lungs from the cold, raw winds and chilly damp of winter.

The smooth-fitting Phoenix is cozy warm, yet light—neat and smartly stylish—in good taste everywhere at any time.

Phoenix Mufflers

At good stores everywhere 50 cents

To be sure of getting the genuine, look for the label. If you are offered anything else, write direct to us stating collar size, colors and style.

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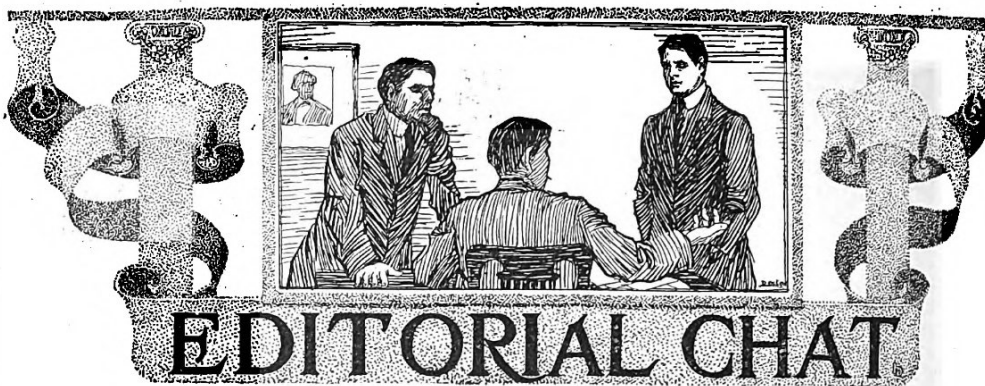
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EDITORIAL CHAT

An Expectant Attitude as An Asset

Most successful men I have known had the habit of expecting things to turn out right. No matter how black or discouraging the outlook, they held tenaciously to their faith in the final outcome. This habit of holding an expectant attitude, in some mysterious way, unknown to us, attracts the thing we long for, just as though our own were always seeking us when we were seeking it.

Our faculties work under orders, and they tend to do or produce what is expected of them. If we expect a great deal, make a great demand of them, insist on them helping us to carry out our ambition, they fall into line and proceed to help us. On the other hand, if we do not have confidence enough to make a vigorous demand, a strenuous effort, if we waver or are in doubt, they lose their courage and their effort will be perfunctory, will lack efficiency.

Mental faculties are very dependent upon the courage and confidence of their leader. They will give up all they have to the dominating will which governs them. But if their leader wavers, hesitates, they waver and hesitate. Self-confidence is not a separate faculty any more than courage is. It is a part of all the mental faculties, and when it is weak there is a corresponding lack of their efficiency, and vice versa.

I know of no other habit which would bring so much of value to our lives as the habit of always expecting that the best will happen to us instead of the worst, of taking it for granted that we are going to win out in whatever we undertake.

Many people queer their success at the very outset by expecting that they are going to fail, that the chances are against them. In other words, their mental attitude is not favorable to the success which they are after. It attracts failure. Success is achieved mentally first. If the mental attitude is one of doubt, lack of faith, the results will correspond. There must be persistent faith, continuous confidence in order to win. A wavering, doubting mind brings wavering, doubting results.

There are many people who are habitually successful. Everything they touch seems to turn out well because they start out with the expectation of succeeding, with full, complete confidence that they are going to win, and they do. It is the doubting, vacillating mind that fails. The firm, resolute, determined soul wins out.

One reason why so many fail, or plod along in mediocrity, is because they see so many obstacles and difficulties. These loom up so threateningly that they lose heart to win. They see so many difficulties that they are in a discouraged condition much of the time, and this mental attitude is fatal to achievement, for it makes the mind negative, non-creative. It is confidence and hope that call out the faculties and multiply their creative, producing power.

The habit of dwelling on difficulties and magnifying them weakens the character and paralyzes the initiative in such a way as to hinder one from ever daring to undertake great things. The man who sees the obstacles more clearly than anything else is not the man to attempt or do any great thing. The man who does things is the man who sees the end and defies the obstacles.

Napoleon did not see the Alps, which seemed impassable to his generals; that is, his confidence that he could take his army over these mountains into Italy was so great that the difficulties which seemed overwhelming to others had no power to discourage him. If the Alps had looked so formidable to Napoleon as they did to his advisers and other people he would never have crossed them in midwinter.

I have never known a person who magnifies difficulties, who talks a great deal about obstacles, to do great things. It is the man who persists in seeing his ideal, who ignores obstacles, absolutely refuses to see failure; who clings to his confidence in victory, success, that wins out in whatever he undertakes.

The Renewing Power of Nature

MAN uncovers his head and bows in reverence when he enters the sacred cathedrals of Europe, but how lifeless these cold stone piles are in comparison with the living, throbbing, creative processes which thrill us in

the country! No matter how jaded or melancholy or discordant we may be when we go into God's great cathedral—the country—our mood changes; we feel as though we were drinking in the nectar of the gods. Every breath is a tonic and every sight a rest for the weary mind.

There is a spirit in Nature which finds kin in us, to which we respond. The things which God's thought expresses in flowers, in grasses, in plants, in trees, in meadows, in rivers, in mountains, in sunsets, in the song of birds, touches our very soul, puts us in tune with the Infinite, brings us into harmony with the great Spirit which pervades the universe. There is a magical restoring power in the spirit which breathes through Nature, a healing balm for the wounded heart, a powerful refresher for the jaded, weary soul.

Who has not felt the magic of that wonderful, refreshing, rejuvenating, recreating, process going on within him when walking about in the country? We can actually feel ourselves being made over, we can actually sense the renewing process going on within us when we are in the world of Nature.

Who has not gone into the country when the worries, frictions and discords of the strenuous life have well-nigh wrecked his nervous system and felt the magic, recuperative touch of the nature spirit?

How insignificant the things which yesterday forced us well-nigh to distraction seem when we are drinking in Nature's healing power at every pore!

After a day in God's garden we feel as though we had taken a new lease of life, as though we had bathed in nectar and drunk the wine of life.

The man who comes back from a vacation spent amid the beauties of Nature is often a much better man than the one who went away. I have seen the most nervous, harassed business men so completely transformed by a few weeks in the country that they did not seem to be the same men that they had been before. They had an entirely different outlook on business, on life. The things that irritated and worried them before the vacation, they did not notice when they returned. They were new creatures, born again.

There is no doubt that this feeling of refreshment, this sense of rejuvenation, comes from the consciousness of the great creative Presence, the balm for all the hurts of the world. The swelling buds, the opening flowers, the throbbing life everywhere make us feel that we are standing in the very Holy of Holies, that we actually feel and witness the creative act.

Great minds have ever felt the peculiar healing power of Nature; the divine currents of life in the country have ever been a balm for their wounds, a panacea for all their ills.

Mental Influence Upon the Bodily Functions

THE different organs are especially susceptible to certain kinds of mental influence. Intense hatred, outbursts of hot temper, violent fits of anger, and some forms of worry have a very irritating influence upon the kidneys and materially aggravate certain forms of kidney disease.

Excessive selfishness and envy seriously affect the liver, while liver and spleen are strongly influenced by jealousy, especially chronic jealousy.

It is well known that violent, long-continued jealousy affects the heart's action most injuriously, as do all sorts of mental discord, such as worry, anxiety, fear, anger, especially where they become chronic. Multitudes of people have died from heart trouble induced by the explosive passions.

Jaundice often follows great mental shocks and violent outbursts of temper. People are frequently made bilious by long-continued despondency, fear and worry.

A physician says, "I have been surprised to find how often the cause of cancer of the liver has been traced to protracted grief or anxiety." Dr. Snow, an eminent English authority, says that the vast majority of the cases of cancer, especially cancer of the breast and uterine cancer, are due to anxiety and worry.

Sir B. W. Richardson says that irritations on the skin will follow excessive mental strain. "It is remarkable," this great physician says, "how little the question of the origin of physical diseases from mental influence has been studied."

These structural changes in the different organs are due to chemical changes in the development of

poisonous substances in the tissues through mental influence.

As the entire body for all practical purposes is one mass of cells closely bound together, every thought that enters the mind, every change in the mental attitude, is almost instantly conveyed to every cell in the body, which is affected according to the nature of the thought. We are nothing but a mass of cells, brain, nerve and other tissue cells, and the whole mass is very sensitive to every mental process.

In a sense, the body is an extended brain, and every thought, every mood, every emotion is transmitted instantly to the remotest cell. If the thought is discordant, if the emotion is vicious, it will carry its poison to the farthest cells.

Many people so poison their entire system by habitual melancholy, worry, fear and other discordant phases of thought that they ultimately wreck the physical body.

Love is the normal law of our being, and any departure from the love thought must result in anarchy of the physical economy, because the law of our being has been violated.

But every one can rid themselves of their pernicious thought-enemies, enemies of the mind and body, if they will take the trouble to do so.

It is not difficult to shut out all poisonous thoughts from the mind. All you need do is to substitute the opposite thought to that which produces the fatal poison. It will always furnish the antidote of the latter. Discord can not exist in the presence of harmony. The charitable thought, the love thought, will very quickly kill the jealousy, the hate, the revenge thought. If we force pleasant, cheerful pictures into the mind, the gloomy, the "blue" thoughts will have to get out.

When we shall have learned to shut out all the enemies of our health, of our digestion, of our assimilation, the enemies which poison our blood and other secretions; when we shall have learned how to keep the imagination clean, the thought pure, the ideals bright; when we shall have learned the tremendous power of a great life-purpose to systematize and purify the life, then we shall know how to live. When we shall have learned to antidote the hate thought, the jealousy thought, the envy thought, the revenge thought with the love, the charity thought; when we shall have grasped the secret of antidoting all discordant thoughts with the harmony thought; when we shall have learned the mighty life-giving power in the holding of the right mental attitude and the awful tragedy and suffering which come from holding the wrong mental attitude, then shall civilization go forward by leaps and bounds.

Conscious Unity With the Divine

WHEN one feels that his hand is gripped by the Omnipotent hand he knows that no harm can come to him from any finite source. To feel that we are held always, everywhere, by this Divine hand, protected by Omnipotent Wisdom, steadies the life wonderfully and gives a poise and confidence that nothing else can possibly give.

When we become fully conscious of a real, vital connection between ourselves and our Maker, we shall be self-assured, calm, confident of protection from all possible harm. No financial storms or domestic tempests, no trials or temptations or difficulties that can come into our lives will disturb our poise.

When we feel that the Divine creative Principle is not something which is outside of us, but something which permeates us, that is a part of the truth of our being, of our reality; when we are conscious of this unity with Principle, that the divine idea, the God principle is circulating through our very being, then shall we not think of ourselves as weak, human, but as part of the divine Principle which pulsates through the entire universe. When we are conscious of our union with the Divine, all fear will go out of our lives, because we shall know that we are God-protected, God-defended. When we realize our oneness with God, we can not be weak or unhappy.

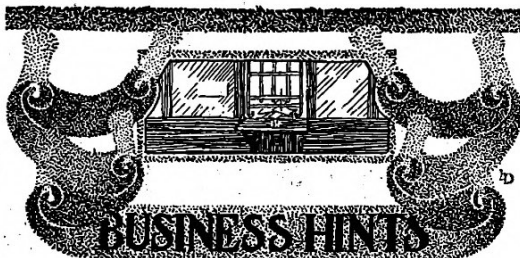
Every time we do wrong, every time we depart from the truth, every time we commit a dishonest, unworthy act, do a mean, contemptible thing, we lessen the Omnipotent grip upon us, and then we become a prey to all sorts of fears, apprehensions, dreads and doubts. Separated from the divine Power, we feel as helpless as a little child left alone in the dark.

Living Omnibuses

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES compared a man to a living omnibus in which he carries all his ancestors. Most of us are copies of those who have gone before us. We take up into our lives their traits and characteristics. We are hampered by their faults, helped by their virtues. Our progress is accelerated or handicapped by what we have received from our ancestors.

Making a Life

MANY a man has made a good living who has made a poor life. Some men have made splendid lives who have made very moderate and even scanty livings.



"Capable of Coping With Antagonism"

IN ADVERTISING for a man for a responsible position, a firm stated, among other qualifications, that he must be "capable of coping with antagonism."

Evidently, what this firm wanted was a young man with backbone and grit and stamina, who was not easily discouraged; one who would not stop or give up when obstacles confronted him.

Many men who are giants when everything goes smoothly are completely paralyzed when they meet with antagonism or friction. When everything goes their way, when there is no trouble or hitch anywhere, they are strong, resourceful, inventive; they impress you with their power, but the moment they strike a snag, meet adverse conditions, their courage oozes out.

I have in mind a man who is a perfect whirlwind, who can accomplish marvels when everything is going smoothly in his business, but if one of his chief lieutenants sends in his resignation, or if he has differences with his partners, or his firm meets with any loss, he is immediately shorn of power and becomes a mere pigmy.

His mental processes are completely demoralized by the least bit of friction or discord. When there is trouble anywhere he is perfectly miserable; when harmony is restored he is a giant. I have never seen so strong a man rendered so completely helpless when he has any trouble whatever, or when things are going wrong anywhere. He does not seem to be himself when there is any discord about him. He is nervous and restless, uneasy, unhappy and weak, but when everything is going smoothly he has few equals as an executive leader.

He is a type of a large class of men who can do wonders when everything favors them, but are no good when things go against them.

Now, the really strong man, the man who is made of the right kind of stuff, the man of grit, braces up, rises to the occasion in proportion to the difficulties to be overcome.

I was recently talking with a young man of this kind who occupies a high position in a large firm, and he told me that he never allowed himself to go to the proprietor with his troubles, with any difficulty, however great, unless it was one which might seriously affect the firm's revenues. He considered that he was paid for solving the business problems that presented themselves, and that he must fight them out alone whenever possible.

That is the kind of employee that is wanted everywhere—the man who can solve his own problems, fight his own battles without running to his superior with every little difficulty that confronts him.

It Pays to Be Accommodating

WHATEVER YOUR business, the way to hold your customers is to treat them as well as you know how, to accommodate them in every way possible, to be courteous, considerate, obliging.

Many large jobbing concerns now find that it pays them to look after their customers, to assist them, if necessary, financially and in other ways. It pays a big jobbing house to assist good customers when in trouble, to do them a good turn. I recently heard the manager of a large concern say that they had just helped a customer to get a thirty thousand dollar mortgage on his property. He was n't able to get the accommodation at the banks or on a strictly business basis, but through their influence he was enabled to raise the money.

Large concerns, more and more, are finding it to their advantage to help customers in every possible way. A great many small houses, especially in the West, have come to look upon the jobbing houses they trade with as real friends, and whenever they are hard pushed for money, the jobbers are the first people they go to. Hundreds of Western concerns owe their prosperity today to the jobbing houses which carried them through droughts and hard times, when they really could not have secured the accommodation they needed upon purely business grounds. But usually a customer accommodated in this way remains a life customer and is a perpetual advertisement for the concern which has helped him, always saying a good word for them when he can.

Clothes doan'd make der man, but dey makes udder men dink he is, so der odds is der difference.

Some mens go through dis world on der brincible dot der more noise dey make der more salary dey vas vorth py pay day on.

Der man mit plendy of money has friends to burn, und ven he goes proke he is sorry he burned dem.
Dinkelspiel.



MADE only from selected tomatoes, picked at their prime and cooked ever so lightly to hold the natural flavor, combined with purest spices—in kitchens of spotless cleanliness.

The kind that keeps after it is opened

Not artificially colored.

Not artificially flavored.

Not loaded with acetic acid.

Contains only those ingredients

Recognized and Endorsed
by the
U. S. Government

Not only our ketchup, but *all* our products—soups, canned fruits, vegetables and meats, jams, jellies, preserves, etc.—are pure and unadulterated and the acknowledged standard of quality and delicious flavor.

Insist upon goods bearing
our name.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO.
Rochester, N. Y.



BEST & Co

LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR



Infants' Dress of Fine Nainsook, very pretty, yoke of embroidery, tucks and hand-featherstitching; lace on neck and sleeves; skirt has tucks and embroidered ruffle... **\$3.75**

The Deft Touches—the Quality materials, give Our Babywear Daintiness, Character and Distinction

It is the expert designing and skilful workmanship that create the individual effects for which our Babywear is noted.

We originate more styles in Infants' Attire and import more exclusive novelties than any other firm.

The variety, extent and superiority of our Babywear are appreciated by an ever widening circle of practical mothers, who, in many cases, have sent us their orders through the recommendation of a satisfied friend.

You will always find dainty and appropriate Babywear here, at prices as inexpensive as you please, or as costly as you desire, and always *Best* value for your money.

Young Mothers,

and others, entrusted with the clothing of Infants and Children are invited to avail themselves of the expert knowledge of our experienced Women House Shoppers, freely at their service through our Correspondence Department.

The BEST guarantee makes it safe to trade with us, regardless of distance, for it assures entire satisfaction or the return of the purchase price.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of infants' and Childrens' Winter Fashions, and see how thoroughly and economically we supply the clothing needs of the young.

Address Department 27

60-62 West 23d St., New York

Fine-Form
TRADE MARK
MATERNITY SKIRT
Registered in U.S. Pat. Office

of great interest to
Every Prospective Mother.

Something new—only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society.—Always drapes evenly in front and back—no bulkiness—no draw-strings—no lacing—no ripping or basting.—Can be worn the year round.

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

FREE Send for our Fine Illustrated Book—"Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"—It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and users. **10 Days Free Trial.** When you get our book, if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, wear it ten days, and if you don't find it exactly as represented, send it back and we will cheerfully refund every cent paid. **Other Skirts.** If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you—same guarantee—Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write to-day to

Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. D Buffalo, N. Y.

WARNING

To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the FINE-FORM MATERNITY SKIRT is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back—all substitutes offered will rise in front during development—a fault so repulsive to every woman of refined taste. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patent.

AGENTS:—IF I KNEW YOUR NAME, I would send you our \$2.10 sample outfit free this very minute. Let me start you in a profitable business. You do not need one cent of capital. Experience unnecessary. 50 per cent profit. Credit given. Premiums. Freight paid. Chance to win \$500 in gold extra. Every man and woman should write me for free outfit. **JAY BLACK, Pres., 7 Beverly Street, Boston, Mass.**



Mrs. CURTISS HOME CORNER

DEAR me, do you understand how hard it is to write anything new about Christmas? Editors demand it, readers expect it, and you feel as if it were the same old story told time and again. Still, as December days go hastening on toward the blessed 25th, there is something new. Even the holly and mistletoe have a delightful newness about them, there are tens of thousands of babies in the world to whom Christmas is new, there is new gladness and cheer for the poor and lonely, this blasé old world itself seems new to the children, and blessed be humanity everywhere, if, with childhood past, we can feel as children do. And yet, with all the romance and delight and love and generosity which seem to find their way to the toughest heart, once a year at least, Christmas has its queer as well as its gracious phases.

ONE day early in the year I happened to be in the storage room of a large department store where men were busily packing what seemed to me like tons of stuff. Fresh consignments arrived steadily from the elevator, and case after case was consigned to high shelves. As I watched, I thought I had never seen such a miscellany of trash in my life. There were packages of flashy stationery, tawdry fancy work, gaily decorated china, crazy knickknacks of every sort, bric-à-brac that would have made an aesthete gnash his teeth in dismay, flamboyant pictures, things lurid with tinsel and gilding, sham copper or brass, and rubbish painted by factory artists.

"What on earth is that stuff?" I asked of a man who was storing it away.

"Christmas goods," he answered. "They've sold all they can of it at reduced prices, and this is left over for another season."

"Why don't they get rid of it now?"

The man grinned. "Nobody will buy this truck except at Christmas."

What a travesty on Christmas giving. The packer knew his business and he was speaking the truth. No people on earth spend so much money at Christmas as Americans, and nowhere do you find such utterly useless, ugly trash as in American homes. I recently saw statistics of what our nation squandered last year on Christmas gifts. I can not remember the figures, but they ran far into the millions. It would be interesting if the statistics had gone a bit farther and told us what percentage of these millions went for rubbish that long before the arrival of another Christmas would be consigned to the dust heap.

I BELIEVE the spirit of good will, generosity and kindness is abroad everywhere at the holiday season, but somehow before gift-giving begins, people, women especially, seem to lose their heads almost as the multitude does in a fire or shipwreck. In throngs which pack a store to the doors on bargain day, the panic spirit prevails, and human beings crush and maul each other with neither mercy nor manners. The average woman, unless she is remarkably well balanced, goes shopping at Christmas-time with a reckless spirit foreign to her at any other time of the year. She leaves home in the morning with a purseful of money, a helterskelter shopping list and a bunch of bargain sale clippings, and wanders till she is ready to drop—buying, buying, buying. Before the last purchase has been made, she is almost irresponsible. She does not stop until every penny is gone, when she rushes home to take stock of the medley she has accumulated, and begins to portion it out on her gift list. While at work, it begins to dawn on her that she has not shopped wisely nor well, but at that late hour there is no use trying to change things or do better. She finishes with the grim determination that next Christmas she will begin her shopping early in the season, long before gifts have to be thought of. She may and she may not.

A FRIEND was telling me the other day of taking a small daughter for her first visit to New York. It was late when they arrived and the youngster was put early to bed. She was up with daylight and waked her mother by letting a blaze of sunshine into the chamber.

Just a Word or Two About Christmas and Present Giving

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

"Oh, dearie," remonstrated the sleepy parent, "why can't you lie still a while. What do you want?" "I'm dressed and ready to go out," pleaded the child. "Do get up and let us go down town." "What do you want to see first?" queried the mother. She was wondering whether the Natural History Museum, the Zoo, the Aquarium, the Bronx or the Metropolitan Museum would be first choice, as the youngster had been studying the wonderful sights of New York for weeks past. The child sat down and gazed at her mother with a smile of delightful anticipation. "Let us go down town just as soon as you are ready and spend money," she suggested.

That small girl was, as they say in Ireland, "A nut before cracking time." In her lay dormant the supreme delight of merely spending money. At Christmas-time this spirit breaks out in its most virulent form among the majority of women. Men are not so apt to succumb to it, unless there is a nursery full of little folks at home. In that case they are done for if they enter a toy-shop. There is no more delightful sight than a man in a toy-shop; the sort of man who never enters a store of any kind during the year except his tailor's or haberdasher's. He is delightfully unsophisticated as a shopper. He goes around buying trash that will be in the débris basket before Christmas night, because, for once, masculine wisdom and economy are thrown to the winds.

THE mother buys toys in an entirely different frame of mind. She is all forethought. She discards every bauble that means a mess and every instrument of noise that would be torture to her. She sees to it that as far as possible things are unbreakable and free of paint which can be sucked off. She also rejects everything inflammable or dangerous in any way. She has a special horror of sharp-edged weapons or anything in the shape of firearms. Nobody in a toy-shop is so responsible as a mother; nobody is so irresponsible as a father. A bald head, gray hairs and wrinkles are forgotten. He is a boy again. He stands fascinated with a toy-pistol in his hands, longing to hear it go bang! His heart warms at the sight of crazy looking jumping-jacks, iron trains and popguns. He picks out drums, the brassiest cornets, tin whistles, shrieking calliopes and concertinas, with a half-stifled grin of delight. If any instrument should prove balky he knows how to make it do its duty. He fingers strange creatures from a Noah's Ark with a queer feeling. It can not be that boyhood lies a quarter of a century behind. He joggles dappled hobby-horses simply to discover if they rock well. He breaks his thumb nail on a refractory jack-knife and loses himself for a minute or two when he opens a gaily illustrated Robinson Crusoe. He wanders about in a strangely bewildered fashion, however, when toys for his girls have to be chosen. He buys extravagantly enough, but with a bland deference to the clerk's advice which was unheeded when snare drums or whistling tops were discussed. He stands in dumb perplexity before toy tea sets and doll houses. I have never seen a man in a Christmas toy-shop take a decided stand on anything a small girl hankers for, except in one detail. The figures on a price tag make not a jot of difference to him. There is only one sort of doll he will accept—a flaxen-haired creature with china blue eyes. It may not be his ideal of woman's beauty, but it is his ideal in a doll.

IN A toy-shop, just before Christmas, I met an old army officer of my acquaintance. He stood bending over a counter, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, for he was making the acquaintance of a gorgeous regiment of tin soldiers.

"Have'n't you had enough of real war?" I asked.

He turned with a sheepish smile on his face, gathering up an armful of brown paper bundles that lay beside him on the counter. "I was trying to think of one more urchin who would like a present," he confessed.

"Who are the lucky ones on your list?" I queried.

"They're a miscellaneous lot," he answered, with a smile. "I do not possess even a nephew or a niece, to say nothing of a family of my own, so I buy things for

every boy I know. I give little girls purses with money in them. They love that—but the boys—well, there's our general's small grandson, there are a lot of jolly little urchins in our apartment, our janitor has a big family, my washerwoman has a most enticing son and heir, I even go round the club picking acquaintances with family men before Christmas, so I can have a few more boys for my list."

I laughed.
"I'll tell you confidentially," he went on. "It's a good deal like taking a boy to the circus. I'm having as much fun out of it as he is. And once a year, just once, mind you, along about Christmas-time, I get into a mood when club life and an old bachelor's freedom are not unalloyed bliss. When I go home at Christmas empty-handed, I envy every family man I meet. Last night a chap came into the car dragging a hobby-horse that took up as much room as a human being, and actually I was jealous enough to have taken his life. He sat grinning at us chaps who were reading our papers in a way that was almost demoniacal."

THE funny papers writhe in ecstasies over a wife's Christmas gifts to her husband—neckties, socks, cigars and such things. Having no women on their editorial staffs, you never hear the tragic stories that might be told by the other sex, for unless a man is of the "sissy" genus—a creature every woman despises from the bottom of her heart—he is terribly at sea when it comes to choosing her Christmas gifts, especially if they are in the line of attire. A pretty little woman I know, tells between tears and laughter of the first Christmas in her new home.

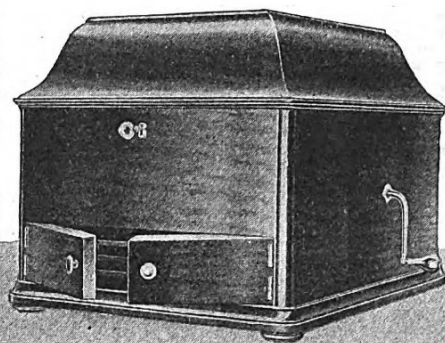
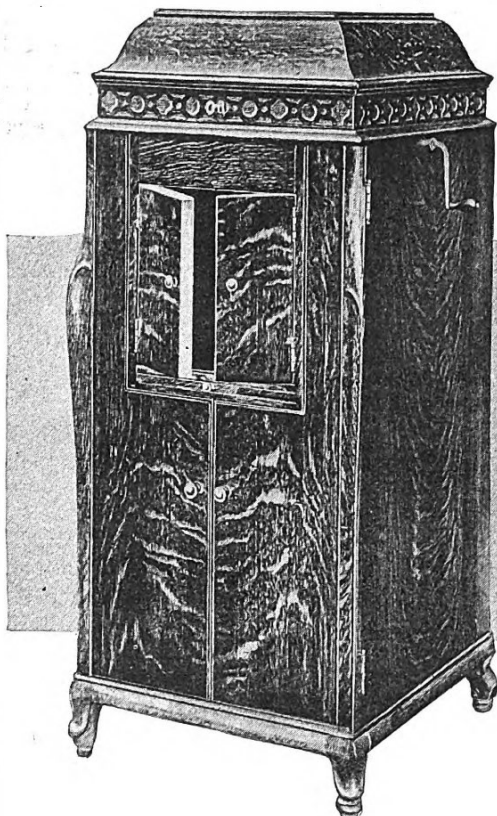
"I was married in June," she says, "and all through the fall and early winter I made my trousseau and old clothes do duty, because Jim was so eager to give me some pretty, new things for a Christmas gift. Gracious, how my heart sank as I opened bundle after bundle. There was a long boa and a pillow muf of fluffy black fox, just the sort of thing for an Amazonian who aspires to look majestic and formidable. I can not brag of even five feet, but that goose of a husband gazed at me admiringly in these dreadful furs and said they gave me a regal look. I told him with a sob that I looked about as regal as Queen Victoria and begged him to change them for moleskin, chinchilla, sealskin—anything that would not make a dot of a woman look like a freak. There were a lot of other things I changed that Christmas; a monstrosity of a hat, a plaid waist that was positively aggressive, and neckwear that made me hold my breath in dismay. I made all sorts of excuses for exchanging them, but the next Christmas it nearly broke my heart, when, instead of a lot of foolish bundles, I found a good-sized check to buy just what I wanted. That morning we straightened out the situation by an honest talk, and now our Christmas days are serene and happy. We never make important additions to each others' wardrobes unless one knows exactly what the other wants; besides, after a few years of companionship you get to learn each other's tastes."

ANOTHER woman tells a Christmas tale, which is almost tragic. "Year after year," she says, "my husband sends his sister to buy my gifts. She is a nice, kind, sensible woman and she takes no end of trouble when she goes shopping for me, but her tastes and mine are as far apart as the Poles. Oh, the dreadful, dreadful things in our home that have been Christmas gifts. Picture pillows which stare you out of countenance clear across a room—and a picture pillow of any sort is my pet aversion—a crazy looking lamp with a life-sized Cupid as its base, when I was longing for a dull green Tiffanyish sort of thing, an umbrella with a rooster's head for a handle, and a painting whose face I would love to turn to the wall. I simply endure each contribution and say nothing. I don't want a disruption in the family, but, oh dear, how I dread to unwrap the bundles!"

I SPENT Christmas once in a home where there was a complete overturning of tradition. At a family conclave one night where everybody but the heads of the house were present, a young daughter had her say. "I want to vote against something," she declared, "which I have always thought a rank imposition; that is, giving father and mother a lot of gifts which give us as much or more pleasure as they derive from them. Take our last year's presents, for instance. Don't we all gather round the library lamp we gave father, and eat with the silver soup spoons we gave mother? We all jab our umbrellas into the umbrella holder dear old dad declared was the nicest thing he received. Mother's big rocker is a dandy, but how often do you find her sitting bolt upright at work in her little sewing chair while one of us lounges in the rocker?"

At that house we celebrated on Christmas eve. The faces of the dear old couple beamed with delight over their bundles; each gift was purely individual. There were books they glanced through with happy anticipation, the solitary lap board mother had wanted so long, the pen father had searched for in vain, slippers that looked like solid comfort, a bit of jewelry and some fine lace to enhance mother's dainty loveliness, and all sorts of delightful knickknacks as well as useful things. There had never been such a satisfactory Christmas in that home.

Victrola



Victrola XII \$125
Figured mahogany

Victrola XVI \$200
Quartered oak

Mahogany \$200 Circassian walnut \$250

Music made loud or soft by opening or closing the small doors.

Beneath the lid are the turntable on which the Victor Record is placed, and the tapering arm which carries the tone waves down to the sounding-board surface.

Other styles of the Victor, \$10 to \$100.

Contains albums for 150 Victor Records and drawer for accessories.

The sweetest, most mellow tone ever known.

An instrument that in tone-quality ranks with a Stradivarius—but greater because it is all musical instruments and the perfect human voice.

An entirely new instrument, built on new lines, with new and exclusive patented features, including a sounding-board surface that amplifies and reflects the tone waves, and creates a new standard of tone quality.

The proof is in the hearing. Ask the nearest Victor dealer to play one of Farrar's newest records, "Vissi d'arte e d'amor" from Tosca (88192)—a beautiful record, and one that well illustrates the wonderful advances recently made in the art of Victor recording.

See that he uses an Improved Victor Needle to play this record—it produces a louder, clearer tone than any other.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month



Bar Soap

probably Kills as many Women as Bar-rooms do Men. Why isn't this Habit of Overwork at the Washtub—the most Unwomanly, Unnatural, Unhealthy kind of Labor—why isn't this Denounced like the Drink Habit? If you're opposed to needless Hard Work for Women, join PEARLINE'S crusade against it. First, use PEARLINE to help yourself. Then, having satisfied yourself as to the Ease—Quickness and Economy of PEARLINE'S Way, help others by getting them to use it.

PEARLINE Loosens all Dirt Without Rubbing
Lengthens the Life of all Fabrics

TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE BUY AND EAT Atwood Grape Fruit

First, those who want the most delicious grape fruit they ever tasted, the thin-skinned kind that is filled with luscious juice and has the genuine grape fruit flavor; the kind that has resulted from years of experimenting and the outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars; the kind that a prominent physician of New Haven prescribes for all his patients, telling them to "be sure to get the ATWOOD, for other grape fruit to the ATWOOD is as cider apples to pippins;"

Second, those who would increase their energy, clear their complexion, brighten their eyes, renew their youth, and rid themselves of rheumatism or gout. These eat ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT morning and evening.

The Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, in speaking of citric acid as found in grape fruit, says:

"It combines with certain bases and the resulting combinations in turn are transformed into carbonates, thus rendering an unduly acid urine alkaline."

All genuine Atwood Grape Fruit has the Atwood trade-mark on the wrapper, and may be purchased from high-class dealers by the box or dozen. Price per standard box, containing 54 or 64 or 80, Six Dollars.



Buy it by the box—it will keep for weeks.

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A mere "sled" won't do

Every live boy or girl wants a *Flexible Flyer*, the sled that beats them all. A simple pressure of your hand or foot on the steering-bar without dragging the feet steers it around every obstacle at full speed. No other sled can run you down or pass you. Get your children a

Flexible Flyer

"The sled that steers"

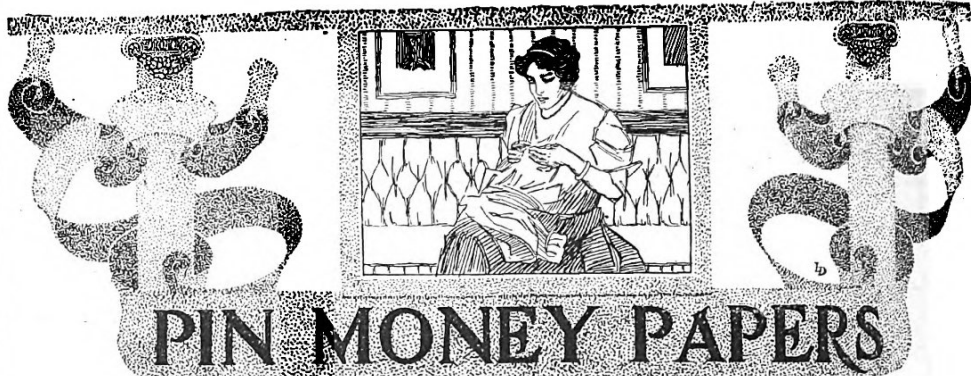
There's nothing like coasting to bring the ruddy glow of health and happiness to their cheeks.

The *Flexible Flyer* is the only sled for boys; the only safe sled for girls. It saves boots and shoes, prevents wet feet and doctors' bills, and outlasts three ordinary sleds.

Insist on a *Flexible Flyer*. And look for the name on the sled.

Boys! Girls! Write today for a free model of the *Flexible Flyer*, showing how it works. Also beautifully illustrated booklet. It's free.

S. L. Allen & Co., Box 1100W, Phila., Pa.



TO PROTECT YOUR CLOTHES, sew two of the long ends of two worn sheets together; on the other long ends sew brass rings about a foot apart. Hang this up in your clothesroom or wardrobe, slipping the rings over the hooks on the wall. Hang your clothes up over one side and bring the other long end up over the garments, slipping the rings over the hooks in available places. This protects them from the walls as well as from dust.—J. H. C.

WHEN WASHING LACES that have become soiled from perspiration, first wash in cold water and soap, and when stains are removed put into warm water.—Mrs. A. M. S.

MILK WILL EXTINGUISH THE FLAMES FROM GASOLINE or any form of petroleum quickly and effectually, since it forms an emulsion with the oil, whereas water only spreads it.—"PILGRIM."

TO CLEAN AN ENAMELED BATH TUB, wipe dry and go over it with a cloth dipped in turpentine and salt; then wash with clean warm water and dry, and the tub will look like new.—Mrs. C. G.

TO REMOVE IRON RUST from cotton or linen, squeeze a few drops of lemon on the rust spots and place the article in the sunlight. If the spots do not come out the first time, repeat the operation.—E. C. K.

FOR LAUNDERING SHIRT-WAISTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS I use corn-starch instead of the common starch. I find it is just as cheap and gives a finer gloss and a more finished appearance than the other.—M. B. G.

IF YOU HAVE NEVER TRIED IT BEFORE, put a little cooked starch in the rinsing water for your tablecloths, napkins and towels. It gives just stiffness enough to launder properly, and to old linens it gives the gloss and appearance of the brand-new article.—M. B. G.

WHEN HANGING OUT CLOTHES IN FREEZING WEATHER, dip the corners of towels, napkins, etc., in strong salt water so the pins will come off easily and the clothes will not be tightly frozen to the line. This will save many an article from getting spoiled by tearing.—M. E. H.

A SIMPLE WAY OF CLEANING SILVER is to place a quantity of sour milk in a shallow pan, lay the articles in the pan and let them remain until they are bright. Wash in warm water to which have been added a few drops of ammonia, and the silver will be beautifully clean.—Mrs. C. G.

FOR THE COMFORT OF THE SICK, especially those suffering with inflammatory rheumatism or other painful ailments, cut a barrel hoop in half and fasten a block to each end so that the hoop forms a semicircle over the blocks, which are used as standards. Place this in the bed over the sore limb, stomach, or other tender place of the sufferer. This lifts the covers from the invalid, raising the bedding just enough to free the sore member and not enough to give danger of cold. Have the blocks solid enough to keep the hoop from tipping.—D. E. C.

A PILLOW OF NATURAL COLORED LINEN CRASH had what appeared from across the room to be two broad bands of rich, bright Roman striped ribbon, one on either end, about three inches from the edge. It was so pretty that I crossed the room to examine it. The Roman stripe was made of strips of old satin ribbon in bright colors, carefully cleaned and harmoniously combined. The ribbons were folded in the middle lengthwise and sewed on the crash, so that each folded edge overlapped the edge of the next strip and concealed the seam. This process was continued until the Roman stripe was about four inches wide. The folded edges of the ribbon were blindstitched to the linen.—J. E. N.

Helpful and Practical Hints For Every Day From Our Women Readers

NOTHING WILL MAKE A KITCHEN LOOK CLEANER AND BRIGHTER than a coat of clear varnish on the linoleum. If put on when new and renewed where the wear of the floor is hardest it will preserve it to a great extent.

We have found it to be a saving to our floor coverings to use carpet felt under them.—Mrs. J. M. S.

WHEN CAKE IS TAKEN FROM THE OVEN set the tin at once on a wet cloth for a few seconds, then turn it out.—Mrs. A. M. S.

WHEN METAL TEAPOTS ARE PUT AWAY to stand for a time they are apt to take on a musty odor. The latter may be avoided if a lump of sugar is placed in the teapot.—M. B. G.

TO DISPEL THAT DISAGREEABLE ODOR which clings to dishes in which fish or onions have been cooked, set the dish, after washing, in a warm oven for ten or fifteen minutes.—Mrs. C. G.

CHICKEN OR OTHER MEATS THAT ARE TOUGH may be made tender by pouring a teaspoonful of alcohol in the water for boiling. It also imparts a delicious flavor to the broth.—M. B. G.

TO CURE THE MOST STUBBORN ACHING OR ULCERATING TOOTH make common ginger into plasters by sewing a little of the powder in a piece of cloth one inch square. This will positively effect the cure.—Mrs. H. F. H.

IF YOU WISH TO REMOVE INK FROM CARPET make a paste of buttermilk and starch and cover the spot with it. It should be left on three days, then rinsed off and left to dry. Renew the paste and keep repeating till all stains are removed.—M. B. G.

TO ELIMINATE THE "SLICK TASTE" IN SPINACH, cook it with mustard greens, about half and half. Cook the mustard with a small piece of pork for about two hours, or until perfectly tender, then add the spinach and cook twenty-five or thirty minutes longer.—S. S.

THE BEST SOLUTION FOR WASHING WINDOWS is composed of two quarts of strong soap-suds and one-quarter of a cup of kerosene. Go over the glass carefully and you will not be able to find the shadow of a streak, but you will have obtained a most desirable polish.—M. B. G.

AFTER THE RUGS OR CARPETS ARE CLEANED and laid on the floor the colors often look dingy. A solution made of bits of soap dissolved in a gallon of warm rain water and a tablespoonful of ammonia added, if applied a little at a time with a good scrubbing brush, will brighten the colors wonderfully. Only the top of the carpet gets wet, and in twelve hours the room is ready for use.—Mrs. J. M. S.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S LUNCH BASKETS we people who live "nine miles from a lemon" have to put our thinking-caps on many times in order to have appetizing dishes. They walk a distance to school and are gone from eight o'clock until five in the afternoon, and should have more than bread and butter and an apple. My children had tired of sandwiches, so I have given them a cup of baked beans and a prune turnover. For the turnovers, make a good biscuit crust and seed the prunes, which have been soaked overnight but not stewed. Cut in bits or put through the chopper, and add the grated rind of an orange. Cut the dough in pieces about as large as a biscuit and roll moderately thin. Add one tablespoonful of prunes and pinch the top close. A quart of flour makes twelve turnovers. Do not put them too close in the baking pan. Brush the tops with milk and bake about twenty minutes in quick oven. I never add sugar to prunes; the orange rind seems to be just what they need to take away the insipid taste.—Mrs. W. H. S.

I HAD A LOT OF FINE NASTURTIUM PLANTS with buds on them last fall when the first freeze came. I broke a lot of them and put them in water, and set in a sunny window in the house, and they bloomed for weeks and were beautiful.—M. M.

RELIEF FROM BEE STINGS may be obtained through any absorbent. Perhaps nothing is more effectual than lean, raw meat. The sting of a bee or wasp may be almost instantly relieved by it. It is said to cure the bite of a rattlesnake and also to relieve erysipelas.—W. G. D.

TO PRESERVE THE COLOR IN LINEN DRESSES I take a half pailful of bran and pour scalding water over it; let stand for half an hour and then pour the water off. In this I wash my colored linen dresses, using no soap or starch, and rinse them in two weaker waters. The dresses iron beautifully.—C. B. H.

A SPLENDID WASH FOR THE HAIR, and one which will prevent the hair from falling, is made as follows: one ounce of castile soap powder, one tablespoonful of powdered borax, one ounce of alcohol, yolk of egg, one pint of water. Mix powder and borax together, add alcohol, then egg, and lastly water. Rub thoroughly into scalp and rinse well. Try it.—Mrs. E. A. C.

SOFT COAL SOOT FROM A FAULTY CHIMNEY badly soiled a carpet. Dry corn meal was generously sprinkled on the floor for a few feet near the door and swept up with the soot. Then a space farther in was treated in like manner and so on till the whole floor had been gone over and no footprints made in the soot. Another dose of meal all over the floor took up the remaining grime and no soot streaks were left.—H. C. F.

TO TRANSFER EMBROIDERED DESIGNS, take a piece of cloth you wish to have the design on and place it smoothly on a well-padded ironing board; now dampen the embroidered piece thoroughly and place it smoothly upon the linen or cloth, right side down. Place a thin cloth over all, and press firmly until dry. The padding on the board should be thick. When the piece is removed a correct impression will be on the cloth, and by tracing the outlines with a pencil you have your design.—J. H. C.

EMPTY YOUR PIECE BAG of woolen dress-goods; press out wrinkles and trim raveled edges. If you have a moth-eaten or worn blanket, baste the pieces as they happen to be shaped—squares, triangles, or strips—all over the blanket. The effect will be better if the pieces are of equal size, but diversity in shape is desired. Cat-stitch them to the blanket with yellow crewel. Treat both sides of the blanket alike, being careful not to let the stitches go through. This makes a fine rug for a buggy or couch. The edge may be buttonholed with crewels or bound with bias woolen bands.—Miss LIPPINCOTT.

WHY DON'T WE AMERICANS DEMAND common-sense names that we can understand for every-day food? We need no key for pork and beans or spareribs. But—leaving out French names—now many of us could classify off-hand, "Angels on Horseback," "Scotch Woodcock," "Pigs in Blankets," "Toad in the Hole," "Bird's Nests," "Real Birds," "Devil's Food," "Cape Cod Tit-Bits," "Golden Bucks," "Jerusalem Wonders," "Queen Mabs," or "Rhode Island Rocks?" These are a few dishes I enumerate from a cook book at my elbow. If I were up against the question of what to choose, I doubt if I would be much wiser than the country girl who turned down Welsh rabbit because she didn't like wild game of any sort.—MARCIA PROCITY.

THAT THERE IS A CHANCE FOR A SMALL EXPLOSION if one places a can of any sort of food to heat on top of the stove or in the oven, is not known by a good many housewives. The only way to warm food before you open the can is to set it in hot water. This bit of knowledge I acquired by bitter experience. I placed a can of corn on top of the stove, never thinking how steam might generate, with no chance for escape. Fortunately I was in the next room when the explosion occurred, like a small blast of dynamite. The can, which flew across the kitchen, broke the face of the clock and demolished the hands. As for the corn, most of it decorated the ceiling. My husband's description of the kitchen was less elegant than graphic. He said it looked as if somebody had been "sick upside down."—MRS. ARTHUR PRICE.

THAT A MAN WHO KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT COOKERY or housewifery is a flubby-dubby is the prevailing opinion among women. He is, when he is that sort of man, but I know one wife who thanks Providence for such a husband. She is a frail little creature. He is strong as a horse, and has an extensive knowledge of cooking and housework, having spent years of his life in a lumber-camp, where a man had to cook or starve. He does not disdain, on his return home at night, to help with any housework. He bakes bread, scrubs, washes dishes, or sweeps, and does it all in such a cheerful, manly, capable fashion that, in one case, at least, a man can turn houseworker without becoming a "Miss Nancy." Another good point about it, he realizes, because he has done it himself, just how hard and tiresome is a woman's daily toil.—MRS. BENTON.

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Caring for your Securities

By Montgomery Rollins

SO INTENSE WAS the fear in Boston during our "great and glorious war" with Spain that that redoubted enemy would shell the city and raze it to the ground as in days of yore, that owners of precious documents, stocks, bonds and the like grew uneasy as to their safety. Casting about for some place out of gun-shot, many sought Worcester, Lowell and other near-by inland cities, and it was currently reported that safe deposit companies in those places did a flourishing business. One marvels now to think how bedeviled with fear part of the community became; it expected to see an armada of piratical plunderers descend upon the coast at any moment. The panic even reached possessors of wool, cotton and such like commodities. One large warehouse, full of the former, was vacated for an old unused mill well away from the coast, which proceeded to burn down, wool and all, the day after the removal. As the retreating patriot had failed to transfer his insurance, he fared as badly as if his whole stock had been seized to make socks for the fearfully anticipated Spanish invaders.

If those who already had their valuables in security vaults especially constructed for such a purpose were nervous and distraught, what should have been the feelings of the ones who then, as now, had plodded along in the good old shiftless way, and had selected the proverbial old stocking, the under side of a loose brick in the hearth, the center of a mattress or similar places where burglars and fire alike could get in their work?

Keep Your Securities in a Proper Place

The ordinary house, store or office safe invites the expert cracksmen, or even the novice, for it offers but little resistance to modern safe-cracking methods. In fact, it is a time-saving device for the gimlet-eyed, enterprising burglar, for he knows at once where the wares of his choice are concealed, and thus saves precious moments spent in hunting elsewhere.

Possibly there are some who can still remember the panic of about two years ago, although one would hardly think so by the rapidity with which most of the lessons taught by that financial upheaval are now being disregarded. No one seems to care to reason from experience. Those who lost confidence in financial institutions, and it may be said that a lack of faith in banks in general was a great factor in that panic, and withdrew their money and concealed it in other places, often regretted it. One man in Indiana who had conceived a crazy and impracticable scheme for concealment, had five hundred dollars eaten up by his hogs, and when recovered—to the discomfort of the swine—the money was in a somewhat masticated condition. A woman's handbag containing two thousand dollars in cash, which she was taking to a place of concealment, was seized from her in a street-car, and lost irretrievably. A New Jersey farmer who had hidden six hundred dollars in bills in his attic had them taken by some squirrels for nest building, and a woman in Massachusetts, who had money concealed in her house, found the building on fire when she returned from an errand, and nearly perished in an endeavor to rescue her life's savings. There were countless cases of this kind. In truth, so much money disappeared into secret hoarding-places that it not only became vulnerable to thieves and fire, but was withdrawn from circulation so that it entailed great hardships upon the community. As an Indiana poet said, "Coin was getting to be so scarce that babies were cutting their teeth upon certified checks."

In the West, where gold and silver coin predominate, some of the "traveling men" have rather a canny way of protecting themselves from thievery when domiciled for the night in a hotel of a nature suggesting possible robbery. They leave a little coin in some pocket where it may easily be found; the balance is simply jettisoned into the water pitcher, where the water conceals it from view and muffles the possible sound of its clinking.

The idea of hiding things of value is as natural to man as it is to many of the animals to bury or otherwise conceal their food, and is probably a direct inheritance from our savage forefathers. The prehistoric man was much like the animal in that he probably valued food the most, and undoubtedly hid it in tree trunks and caves or crannies in the rocks. The country child, with imagination unfettered by modern society ideas, will occasionally hark back to this same custom, and have a hiding-place for good things and treasures. So, down through the ages, as man has developed and advanced, this idea of hiding things has improved and kept pace with his increased intelligence, but always some sort of protection, fancied or real, has been sought for his hoardings. The first safe deposit vaults in the world were the pyramids of the old Egyptian kings, but they were available only to the nobility, so the

great mass of inhabitants of the Valley of the Nile, that their valuable possessions might escape spoliation, sought refuge for them underground, and continue so to do to this day.

Safe Deposit Vaults Not a Modern Idea

But it was really Rome which organized, on the cooperative basis, the first safe deposit vault, for when the Romans brought into Italy the wealth of their conquests, an imperative need for this protection was evident. An association of wealthy Romans built vaults of stone, with the interior divided into small rooms or compartments, for the use of the several owners. This structure actually was named "The Roman Safe Deposit Vault." Its method of protection was somewhat unique, for a guard of the most trustworthy slaves was stationed within the entrance, while they, in turn, were locked in, and the whole structure itself was sentinelled by a relief guard of other slaves, day and night. All this was of no avail, however, for the victorious hordes of barbarian Goths and savage Huns soon left only a crumbling mass of ruins as a monument to their loot.

For centuries afterward, people still continued to seek some better method of protection than a mere place of concealment, and the iron chest was the outgrowth of those times. From this grew the modern safe and the safe deposit vaults, so that, in effect, the so-called burglar-proof safe is nothing more or less than the evolution from the old Saxon strong-box. The first safe deposit company in America came into being less than fifty years ago.

There are three factors which probably enter into this suicidal policy which the vast majority of people pursue in failing to properly secure their valuable papers in a well-constructed fire and burglar proof safe deposit vault. The first is pure, unadulterated ignorance, the second, penuriousness, the third, laziness—the wish to save the exertion entailed by necessary periodic visits to a safe deposit company. They are the same elements, to a certain extent, which influence so many people to do without fire insurance. However, it is idle to suppose that people predisposed to this kind of recklessness will not go on encumbering the earth until the crack of doom, for they will, and all advice is wasted upon them.

There is no recorded instance of an effort to break into a modern safe deposit vault. The mechanical construction is such that the physical obstacles offered are too great. As safe deposit boxes may be had at prices ranging from a very few dollars a year up, according to the size, there is no one, even with but a few hundred dollars invested in securities, who does not need protection of this class.

On the subject of safes, there have been many occasions where safes have been found in the ruins of fires in an almost red-hot condition. In their haste to ascertain if the contents were intact, the owners had opened them before they had been allowed to cool off, and instantly the contents had burst into flames, due to their coming into contact with fresh oxygen. In case of fire, safes should be allowed to wait for days before being opened. As long as they are air tight, it often happens that papers of the most inflammable kind will weather a fire with but little injury.

Wherever your securities are kept, in a safe deposit vault, or even in the "any old place" fashion, be sure to have a complete list, which must be kept in a different place—a building remote from that in which the papers themselves are located—so that the fire which, by chance, may destroy the one, will not reach the other. Such a list is, of course, immensely more important where improper hiding-places are used than in the case of the better advised method of security protection.

Keep a Correct List of All Securities

For bonds retain the following data: The number, date of issue, par value and maturity of the principal and coupons, where each is payable, and from whom purchased.

For mortgages, substantially the same information should be retained, and for stocks, the certificate number, its date of issue, the number of shares represented, par value and from whom purchased. It would be wise, also, to include the date of purchase, and any special memoranda which would be valuable for purposes of reference.

Not all the above is needed to identify a security in case of loss, but information of this class at hand may save numerous trips to one's safe deposit vault to obtain data regarding some particular security which may be wanted for such reasons as that certain bonds have been called for payment, and it is necessary to know if one holds any of the particular numbers to be redeemed. Ordinary stationers, or those dealing in financial publications, can furnish small books which are in common use, having ruled pages with blank

Irrigation Bonds

¶ Ten years ago the average investor was satisfied if he obtained a return of from 3½ to 4 per cent. on his money, and yet today there is a growing and insistent demand for investment securities yielding from 5 to 6 per cent.

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spaces and printed headings, by the aid of which the investor will be guided in retaining proper facts.

When a security is lost, by theft or otherwise, the owner is frequently ignorant as to his proper course of procedure. With a correct description of the lost paper at hand, the corporation or municipality issuing the same should be notified immediately, that payment may be stopped. Next, notify the banker from whom it was purchased. After this is done, in course of time, a duplicate certificate, bond, or whatever it may be, will usually be issued, but only after sufficient proof of the loss has been submitted to the municipality or corporation, which will also require a bond of indemnity, usually from some Guarantee and Indemnity Insurance Company. This is a form of guarantee protecting the issuer in the event of presentation, at some future time, of the security for which satisfactory proof of loss has been submitted, and where a new security had been issued in place of the original. Companies furnishing indemnity of this class will do so upon satisfactory evidence that the security has been lost or destroyed. A reasonable charge is made for the risk which is thus taken.

Protection against loss of this kind was formerly obtained by getting one or more private individuals to "go on the bond," but as it was a distinct favor on the part of one's friends or acquaintances to do this, it became a disagreeable request to make. The signer usually undertook the risk against his better judgment, and he very seldom obtained any pecuniary return for the act. It gradually became more and more difficult to get these signatures, and as the insurance feature enters into it so largely, properly organized companies have taken over this work.

It is well for one suffering a loss such as the foregoing, to obtain from the particular municipality or corporation its exact requirements for the issuance of a duplicate security, as the conditions to be fulfilled vary more or less in different cases. If a United States Government bond be lost, there is much red tape to be complied with. Banking houses which make a specialty of our national issues can furnish the requisite details, or application may be made directly to the Secretary of the Treasury for printed matter covering this point. But it must be remembered that the Treasury Department will not stop payment on lost coupon bonds, or on the coupons themselves, for all such will be paid to the party presenting them to the Department, no attention whatsoever being given to notices to the contrary from the legitimate owners. The Government stands almost alone in this custom.

Collection of Coupons

To the average person without property, the expression, "cutting coupons," has been the synonym of all that is delightful, but to the man with his millions invested in bonds, the periodic coupon cutting days soon became tedious and wearing. So much so that this work is often very soon given over in all, or part, to clerks. The seeming pleasure of coupon cutting is not all that we are led to believe. It is but one of the many cares accompanying excessive wealth. A man of great discernment, frequently accustomed to visit a place on the Hudson where have congregated a large number of enormously wealthy persons, humorously remarked that when he passed a little bit of a wizened-up, care-worn, dyspeptic, frozen-looking man all huddled up in the corner of his carriage or automobile, he knew that he was disgustingly rich. But when he passed a corpulent gentlemen, with the flaps of his coat thrown back, a cigar tilted out of the corner of his mouth, and his face wreathed in smiles, he knew that he was not burdened with the cares of wealth, and probably even owed for his last tailor's bill.

It is amazing how often investors detach coupons due in the wrong year, or in the wrong month of the same year. This is something that should be given practical consideration. Some of those who visit at infrequent intervals the strongholds or places of concealment in which their securities are lodged, have the habit of clipping off the two or more next maturing coupons, thus lessening the number of journeys of a similar nature. These coupons will be retained at home, threatened with possible loss or destruction. It is not only the ordinary risks, such as burglars and fires—which in themselves should be sufficient reasons for not pursuing so supine a course—for there are other perils which will be suggested by the relation of this actual happening:

A woman had placed a valuable collection of coupons of future maturities near an open window. A sudden gust of wind swept these out of doors, and they went fluttering over the landscape in every direction. Some few were never recovered, although the family and neighbors made a desert of the dooryard in their persistent search. The value of the lost coupons was eventually obtained after laborious efforts. For time out of mind careless people of this kind have existed, and will continue to exist. It would seem that they almost prefer to live in a perpetual state of turmoil.

It often comes to pass that a bond is sold from which the coupons have been cut off prior to their maturity, and attached thereto by means of pins, or some other similar feminine device. This is more or less objectionable for many reasons, and not permissible at all on bonds to be delivered in London, for in this event, unmaturing, cut-off coupons must be re-attached by means of gummed paper.

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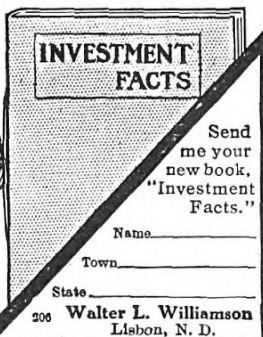
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THE question with many investors who bought securities when prices were much lower is WHEN TO SELL AND WHAT TO DO WITH THE PROCEEDS.

The advice of experienced bankers should be of assistance. A conservative and comprehensive consideration of the general situation as it bears upon the price of securities is given each week in

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Advice by correspondence to individual investors

The little rooms which the Safe Deposit Companies, already so often referred to, have for the convenience of their customers, are also equipped with numerous helpful things, such as envelopes with printed blanks upon the outside in which coupons for collection may be inserted. Those from each class of bonds should be enclosed in a separate envelope if they are to be deposited for collection at different places.

As relates to the actual collection of the coupons themselves, most of the investment bankers have a regular department at which their customers may deposit coupons on bonds purchased through that particular house, free of charge. This fact not uncommonly appears in the circulars and advertisements. If the customer is a valuable one, or one who seems to be doing much of his business at the time through a given house, there would be no great objection to his making collections through that house to a limited extent even on securities purchased elsewhere, so long as he did not seem to abuse the privilege. In many of the large banks, the work is so subdivided that there is a coupon clerk especially for the purpose of attending to the collection of coupons and securities, whether such are among the bank's deposits, or left by its customers for collection. This coupon clerk may have other work to do, as in a small bank, or the work may be sufficient to warrant taking his whole time and that of numerous assistants, as in some of the very large metropolitan banking institutions.

Carelessness With Coupons is Risky Business

Remember that coupons are almost always made payable to bearer, and like a ten-dollar bill, are good in anybody's hands. This necessarily calls for care in their shipment. The simplest method of collection is to present the coupon about a week before its actual maturity to one's usual bank of deposit, requesting the bank to attend to the collection and credit the proceeds to the depositor's account, or it may be deposited for remittance to the owner as soon as collected, if so requested. A charge may or may not be made for this service, according to the custom and rule of the bank, depending upon the place at which the collection must

be made. Coupons are treated exactly the same as checks in this regard. The owner of the coupon or coupons may request a receipt, but must not be surprised if the bank gives a receipt describing the coupon, and stating that same is taken "for collection." It is not always customary for banks to give receipts, but if coupons are sent in by mail, they are usually acknowledged by letter. Any one accepting securities for collection should be careful not to give a receipt which would in any way guarantee their payment.

Those wishing to send their coupons to some other point may use the registered mail in the usual method, although express companies offer very good facilities for banking matters of this kind. In fact, the express companies are offering more and more conveniences to the public in matters financial. The writer, however, feels a good deal of loyalty to the United States, and considers himself a business partner, to a very limited extent, in its Post Office and other departments, and at times, perhaps, leans over backward in sending business by mail, rather than turning it over to corporations in which he has no interest, financial or patriotic.

Any one accustomed to habitually shipping coupons amounting to a considerable sum would do well to further safeguard his transaction by making arrangements with an insurance company, for there are such, that makes a specialty of this kind of insurance, so that with each shipment a description of the same will be mailed to the company in question, on blanks furnished for the purpose. Shipments, however, must be made either by registered mail or express, and not sent by ordinary letter mail, for instance. The companies expect the shipper to take reasonable precautions.

The charge made for service of this kind is very moderate, but varies according to the distance. From New York to points in New England, it would be about ten cents for each one thousand dollars in value; from this up to thirty cents per thousand to more distant points in the United States, and about fifty cents per thousand for shipments to Europe. A bill will be received in due course, based upon the value and the destination of the coupons. This class of insurance is in almost universal use among the investment bankers.

The Good-Will Habit

[Continued from
page 797]

week. If you don't like me then, dismiss me; if you do, pay me my wages." "Very well," said the doctor, "I'll take you," adding, mentally, "I'll keep my eye on you."

The uncouth volunteer became one of the most valuable nurses on the staff. He was tireless and self-denying. Wherever the pestilence raged most fiercely he was, also, and worked the hardest. The sufferers adored him. To them his rough face was as the face of an angel. Not only did he nurse them with the care and devotion that a mother gives to her children, but it was found afterward that he put every cent of his earnings into a relief box for the benefit of the plague-stricken.

When "John the nurse," the name he was known by, later sickened and died of the fever, those who prepared him for burial found on his body a livid mark—the brand of a convicted felon!

Many of us are so blinded by the blighting greed of gain, by the marbeizing usages and cold laws of trade which encrust our hearts with selfishness, that we do not see the good in people. When we learn to look for the good in them instead of the bad, we shall bring out the good instead of the bad, for our estimate of others helps to form their estimate of themselves; and no one can bring out the best when he believes and sees only the worst of himself. If we held charitable, helpful views of one another our attitude would revolutionize civilization.

A Cleveland paper tells of a tramp who came to the back door of a residence and begged for shoes. The mistress of the house gave him a good pair, and said to him, "There, put these on, and if you want to show your gratitude, just happen around here some morning after a snow-storm and clean off our sidewalk."

Sometime after, the lady was awakened early one morning by some one scraping the sidewalk in front of the house. Looking out she found that there had been quite a heavy fall of snow, and there she beheld the tramp to whom she had given the shoes, clearing away the snow from the sidewalk with an old broken shovel. When he caught sight of his benefactress at the window, he raised his tattered hat to her, and his self-imposed task finished, went away without saying a word or even asking for anything to eat. Three times, the same thing happened during the winter, but the man never asked for compensation or food.

A New York woman once invited a ragged, dirty beggar into her house, and after he had had a comfortable meal and some clean clothing, she sent him away with words of encouragement, telling him that he was made for something better than tramping; that it was a shame for a man of his apparent intelligence and good health to be getting a living in such a disgraceful way.

A year afterward, when she had forgotten all about the tramp she had befriended, this lady became embarrassed financially and was in sore need of money. She asked a friend if he knew where she could borrow five hundred dollars, but he could not accommodate her, nor did he know of any one who could. Next day, to her great astonishment, a man, a total stranger, as

she thought, called at her house and told her that he had heard she was pressed for money, and that he had come to lend her the amount she needed. With growing surprise she asked how it was that a complete stranger, whom she had never seen, was willing to trust her. The man then explained that he was the tramp whom, a year before, she had taken to her home and treated like a brother, that her kindness on that occasion had been the turning-point in his career, had made a man of him again; that he had prospered beyond his deserts, and that ever since he had gotten on his feet he had been wishing for an opportunity to show his appreciation of what she had done for him.

"No man has come to true greatness," says Phillips Brooks, "who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him, He gives him for mankind."

Yet one would think by the way in which many of us push, drive, elbow and trample one another in our mad rush for the dollar, that there were no ties of humanity binding us together, that we were natural enemies instead of brothers. Everywhere we see men in distress, whom we are amply able to assist and do not. We see them go to ruin financially when we might save them, because "it is none of our affairs."

There is nothing so brutal, so hard-hearted as the man who is swallowed up in his own selfishness, who has allowed greed to eat out of his heart all of its nobler instincts, whose nature has become so hard that he can see no good in his fellow man.

Cultivate an open nature, a kindly manner, a generous spirit. Do not be stingy with your cordiality, your praise, your helpfulness. Fling out your best to everybody, every time. Learn to say pleasant things to people, and about them, to do generous things, and you will be surprised to see how your life will enlarge, your soul expand, and your whole nature become enriched and ennobled.

The persistent effort to give everybody a lift when possible, to make everybody we come in contact with a little better off, to radiate sunshine, cheer, hope, good will, to scatter flowers as we go along, not only brings light and joy to other hearts, but opens wide the door to our own happiness.

There is no habit which will give more satisfaction, that will enrich you more than that of doing a good turn for others at every opportunity. If you can not give material help, if you have no money to give, you can always help by a cheerful spirit, by cordial words of sympathy, kindness and encouragement. There are more hearts hungering for love and sympathy than for money, and these you can always give.

A poor foreigner, who could speak very little English, was recently accosted in Central Park, New York, by a kind-hearted man who saw that he looked dejected, and thought that he might be in need. To his offer of assistance, however, the foreigner replied that he didn't need money, but that he was lonely, and "just hungry for a handshake."

We all like the person who flings the door of his heart wide open and bids us welcome with a warm grasp of the hand and a cordial good fellowship, who sees a brother in every man he meets, instead of a rival, a competitor, a possible enemy.

The whole-souled, large-hearted, open-minded, kindly-disposed person has an infinite advantage over the narrow, pinched, clam-like nature that repels instead of attracting. Cultivate an open nature, do not be afraid of speaking to strangers, letting yourself out, of giving your best to everybody you meet. Do not draw within yourself and shut up like a clam whenever you approach any one you have not been introduced to.

The cultivation of a helpful spirit of cordiality, of large-mindedness, a broad, generous way of looking at things, is of inestimable advantage, not only to the growth of character, but also to getting on in the world. So much of one's success depends on the personal equation, so much upon the possession of attractive qualities, upon the personality, that the importance of those things can not be overestimated. There is nothing else, for instance, which creates a good first impression so quickly, and calls out such a feeling of good will, as a frank, cordial manner—a manner that is perfectly transparent, that conceals no guile, covers no malice; while there is nothing else that will freeze a person so quickly as an icy, formal, suspicious manner.

I have sat down at table in a hotel or restaurant with a cold, repellent personality, when it has been positively depressing to sit there, even without speaking to the man; for his whole manner forbade one to look at him. On the other hand, I have sat at table with foreigners who could not speak a word of our language, and yet their cordial, gracious salute as I sat down warmed me for the rest of the day. Their manner spoke a language all nationalities understood. It was the language of brotherhood, of good will.

While traveling through New Mexico and Arizona, sometime ago, in hot weather, there was a young Southerner on the train who seemed to get acquainted with his fellow-travelers without effort, and who made the hot, dry, dusty and otherwise dreary trip a real pleasure because of his sunshine. His face was so radiant and he was so full of animal spirits and simple, kindly good nature that it did one good to look at him. He seemed eager to give himself out, to help everyone and to tell all he knew about the country we were passing through.

That young man's cheerfulness and cordial manner will win him a welcome wherever he goes.

In some sections of the country, especially where the climate is severe, the soil poor, and the conditions hard, the people seem to partake of the nature of their environment. They act as if they were afraid that they might cast their pearls before swine. They are not quite sure that they want to make friends with the people they meet; there is a cold reserve, a hesitancy in giving the hand, in opening the heart. They feel that they must take every step with the greatest caution; that they must investigate one's character, one's standing, before they dare to give themselves out without reserve; that they must not be too generous with their cordiality, or it may cost them dear later.

Contrast this stinginess of generosity, this lack of brotherly feeling, with the cordial, whole-hearted manner of those from more genial, hospitable environments. A typical Southerner or Westerner will grasp your hand upon first introduction as warmly as though he had known you for years. He gives you his heart, his confidence, with his hand. There is no stingy, suspicious reserve, no narrow critical scrutiny of your person lest he make a mistake, or say something, make some friendly advance which he will regret later. He just gives himself to you generously, broadly, magnanimously, gives you his best wishes, and makes you feel at home, as if you had met a brother.

Some people have a faculty for touching the wrong keys; from the finest instrument they extract only discord. All their songs are in a minor key. They sound the note of pessimism everywhere. The shadows predominate in all their pictures. Their outlook is always gloomy; times are always hard and money tight. Everything in them seems to be contracting; nothing expanding or growing in their lives.

With others it is just the reverse. They cast no shadows. They radiate sunshine. Every bud they touch opens its petals and flings out its fragrance and beauty. They never approach you but to cheer; they never speak to you but to inspire. They scatter flowers wherever they go. They have that happy alchemy which turns prose to poetry, ugliness to beauty, discord to melody. They see the best in people and say pleasant and helpful things about them.

Let us open up our natures, throw wide the doors of our heart and let in the sunshine of good will and kindness; let us be at least as generous in judging others as we are in judging ourselves, as tolerant of their weaknesses. Let us throw away all animosities, forgive all of our enemies—if we have any—and try to be large enough and grand enough at this Christmas-time to see the God in the meanest man.



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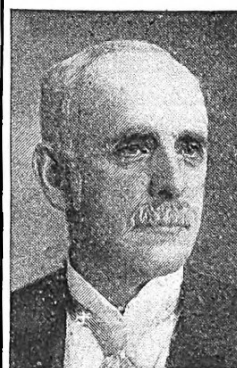
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The Shears of Destiny

[Continued from page 796]

Drexel hesitated. "I can't explain. Nothing definite. He's rather cold, and formal, and distant—but that is n't it. It's just a sort of uneasy feeling that I have when with him. I guess that's really all. In fact—There he comes now."

CHAPTER VIII

BUT first came Alice. Snow was upon her light fluffy hair and her long coat, and her cheeks were pink with the cold and her eyes bright with the excitement of this first meeting between father and fiancé. Next came her mother, her matronly figure amplified by her thick Russian coat, exultant satisfaction on her proud face—the sense of having triumphantly done the thing she had started out to do. And behind them came the prince, whom the two had met at the entrance of the hotel.

The great financier took the slender gloved hand of his ancient-blooded son-in-law. He looked him keenly over, all the while the words of getting acquainted were being exchanged—looked him over with growing satisfaction. The prince was a man, despite his forty years, who well might capture a young girl's fancy. He was straight, with the easy grace of a courtier, and wore a gold-braided, sky-blue uniform of the Czar's Guards, with a furry dolman over one shoulder and high patent-leather boots. He was the acme of ancient lineage and of high breeding; his face was pale, lips and nostrils thin, his black mustache had just the proper upward lift, his slight baldness only made more suggestive of power a forehead naturally large, and the great scar on his left cheek (a Heidelberg scar) that might have disfigured a coarser man only added to his distinguished air. Diplomat, soldier, art connoisseur, student, it was said of him that the Czar's domain held no more polished gentleman. No wonder Alice admired and her father was satisfied; this was no mere hang-lipped, chaffless, stuttering, penniless title.

The prince had nodded with cool civility to Drexel, and Drexel had nodded with cool civility to the prince. Mr. Howard noted the greeting, and for an instant wondered what would happen should there be a clash between this powerful polished nobleman and the quiet young American.

After the formal words natural to the situation had all been said, the talk ran to other matters—first to the house-party the prince was giving in the Howards' honor, and then to a ball which they all expected to attend that night at the palace of Prince Kuratoff.

Alice turned to Drexel. "You're fortunate, Henry, to get back in time to meet Princess Kuratoff."

"I think I shall not go," he returned. Only one woman interested him, and she was of a sort far different from this great lady.

"Not go?" cried his aunt. "You must n't miss meeting the princess!"

"No," added Alice, darting a quick look at the prince, "you must n't fail to meet the Princess Kuratoff."

"And what's so wonderful about this Princess Kuratoff?" put in Mr. Howard.

"She's the handsomest young woman in St. Petersburg—so they say," returned Alice, with a sceptical toss of her head. "We've heard nothing but Princess Kuratoff ever since we entered Russia."

Again she darted a look at Berloff. He knew well the meaning of this glance; it was an open secret that he had been a suitor for the princess, and she had refused him; but he met Alice's challenging look with an impassive smile.

"Also she is my cousin," said he to Mr. Howard. But he did not add, cousin on his mother's side, and so of far older stock than he.

"Her father is the military governor of St. Petersburg," added Mrs. Howard. "They say she's the proudest, haughtiest young—I beg your pardon, Prince, but that's just what people say." She looked at her husband. "We haven't met her yet. She's been traveling in France, Italy and Germany, and she got back only to-day!"

"I saw her," Alice announced.
"You were at her house?" asked the prince.
"No. I was out driving this morning and I chanced to go near the Warsaw Station just after the Berlin Express had arrived. She had just come in from Berlin. I saw her drive by."

"Was she as beautiful as people say?" Drexel asked, mechanically.

Alice sniffed. "Oh, I suppose some men might think her moderately pretty. Judge for yourself when you see her to-night."

"You will have an even better chance to meet her day after to-morrow," said the prince. "She has just written that she is coming to the house-party."

At this moment Countess Kurovskaya, sweeping past, bowed to the group. "And you are coming, too, Countess," added the prince.

She paused. "Coming to what?"

"To my house-party."

"Of course. Your parties, Prince, are the sort one can not afford to refuse."

They asked her to join the group, and as Freeman at this moment came up with her coat upon his arm, they could not include him in the invitation. Drexel felt a shiver as the lean, dark correspondent sat down among them; and he wondered what these women would think, what the prince would think, if they knew what he knew. Drexel watched him covertly in fearful fascination; the lean, lithe grace of his figure, the reposeful alertness of his gleaming eyes, the cool indifference with which he met the prince's thinly-hid disdain—all these bore it in upon him again that here was a man who respected no one, who feared no one.

It was not long ere these qualities had exemplification. The three women presently withdrew, and Mr. Howard began to question the prince about Russia's political situation. The prince answered that the Czar was kindly, that he loved his people and did only what was best for

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them; but like a father with an unruly son, he had to chastise where he loved. As for the trouble, that was all made by the country's scum—and it would be best for the country if it were exterminated.

Freeman's eyes had begun to blaze. "Your last statement, Prince, is quite true," he said, quietly. "Yet it is altogether misleading."

"Misleading?" the prince queried, coldly.

"Yes. You neglected to inform Mr. Howard that the trouble-making scum, whose extermination would so benefit the country, is where the scum always is—at the top."

"You mean?" said the prince.

"I mean the officials, the nobility—and royalty, if you please."

The prince gave a start and slowly wet his thin lips. Drexel held his breath, and waited what should come next. He knew what temper of a man was the terrorist; and he knew that a man who had merely refused to rise when the Czar had been toasted in a restaurant had been shot dead in his chair by an officer opposite—and the officer had been acquitted.

"Don't you think," said the prince, with a steel-like edge to his voice, "that you are speaking a little rashly, considering you are in Russia?"

The terrorist was leaning insouciantly back in his chair, but his eyes were flaming. "An American, sir," said he, "is not afraid to speak the truth, no matter in what tyrant's land he finds himself."

The prince's face darkened. He again wet his lips, his long interlocked hands tightened and his eyes gleamed back into the terrorist's.

"My advice to you, sir," and there was an ominous threat in his voice, "and to all other foreign scribblers, is to keep a quieter tongue in your head!"

"You think you can cow me!" said Freeman, a contemptuous, defiant sneer upon his lips. "You can kill me—yes. But let me tell you, all you blood-sucking officials, all you nation-crushing aristocrats, you, and your sniveling, cowardly, blood-drenched little Czar—"

Berloff sprang to his feet. "What, you insult the Czar!" and like the dart of a serpent his hand flashed across the table and struck Freeman full in the mouth.

Freeman shot up like a released spring, his dark face livid, and made to hurl himself upon the prince. Drexel seized an arm; his tense muscles were like steel wire, and it flung him aside with one violent sweep, and again the terrorist made for the prince. For an instant Drexel feared for Berloff's life; but officers from an adjoining table threw themselves upon the terrorist, and a moment later he was securely held by gendarmes. He struggled and hurled fierce defiance at the prince, who stood erect and impassive, with just the faintest tinge in his white cheeks.

"You'll remember this!" cried the terrorist, darkly. Berloff did not answer—gazed at him with cold contempt as he was bundled out. Perhaps he did remember—perhaps not. But afterward Drexel remembered—and remembered well!

This sudden flare-up of passion drew upon them the curious stare of the dozens of people in the café; and the terrorist had not been five minutes gone before the other three withdrew, the prince going to the apartment he maintained for his occasional St. Petersburg visits, and Drexel and his uncle mounting to their rooms above. His uncle asked about Freeman, and Drexel told what was common knowledge, holding back the sinister information he had gained in Three Saints' Court; for he had decided to say nothing, for the present at least, of his adventure with the young woman and the experiences into which it had led him.

They had just finished dinner—at which the prince had joined them—when a card was handed to Drexel. He looked at it—gave a start—and for a moment hesitated.

"I'll see him," he said to the servant. "Have him shown to my room."

He excused himself for a few minutes and left the Howards' apartment for his own quarters.

He paced the room excitedly. Perhaps here was a clue through which he might find the young woman! But he was cool enough when his visitor entered.

"Will you be seated, Mr. Freeman," said he, calmly.

"Thank you," said the correspondent, taking the indicated chair. "I dare say you are surprised to see me at liberty, after what just happened. Were I a Russian I should not be; but Russia is careful how she treats citizens of powerful foreign countries."

He shrugged his shoulders. "But enough of that. I have come on what I hope will prove an acceptable matter of business to you, on what is to me a matter of humanity and—but we'll pass my motives. May I have two minutes?"

"You may," said Drexel.

Freeman drew his chair nearer. "I must begin by taking you into my confidence, a confidence I know you will respect. My real purpose in Russia is actively to help the revolutionists in their struggle. Perhaps you wonder at my confiding in a person who is to be the cousin of Prince Berloff. But I believe I am shrewd enough to have seen at a glance that no love is lost between Prince Berloff and you. Am I right?"

"Go on," said Drexel.

"Well, then—let me tell you that I am in close touch with the revolutionaries. The revolution is bound to succeed—but what it needs just now is money—money for arms. To gain liberty for their country the revolutionists can afford to pay a hundred per cent.—yes, a thousand per cent. Now to come right to the point: would you consider undertaking to secure some large sum for the revolutionists in return for which an authorized committee would bind themselves to give you certain business privileges and properties now controlled by the present Government—land, railroads, mines and such? Would you consider it?"

A week before, had Drexel seen certain prospects of the revolutionists' success, he would have leaped at this as a wonderful business opportunity. But it was quite another influence that now determined his answer. Freeman had been in conference with Sonya and her friends; he was going to be in further conference with them; to enter into this plan, even if he chose not to carry it out, would mean that somehow he would again come into contact with Sonya.

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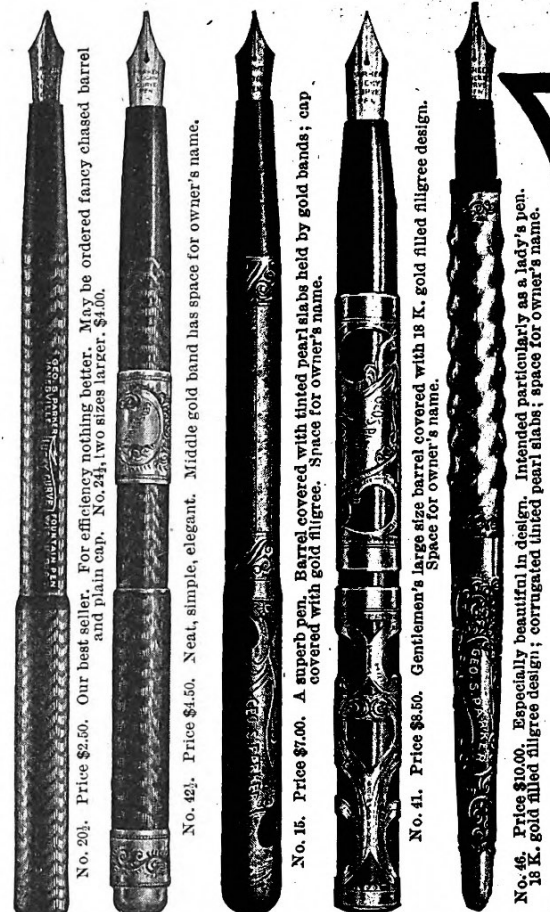
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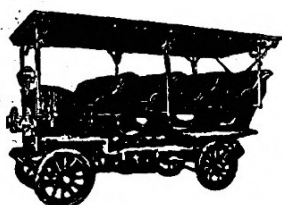
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"I would consider it," he answered.
"Would you meet with a duly authorized committee to talk it over?"

"Yes." He thought of the meeting he had witnessed four nights since, and he wondered if he would come before the same group. "Meet where?" he asked.

"I'm supposed not to give the address, and I'd rather not."

"As you like," Drexel returned, stiffly. "But either I know where I'm going, or I do not go."

"Oh, very well," and Freeman gave the address of the house in Three Saints' Court. He rose. "This of course has been only a preliminary talk. I'll see you again in the course of three or four days. Good-night."

Drexel, preoccupied with this new chance for finding again the girl he loved, returned to the Howards' apartment, and found them prepared to start to the ball at Prince Kuratoff's. In his present mood he shrank from that brilliant show; he preferred to remain at home, kept company by thoughts of a beautiful, spirited young woman in the coarse, bundle-like clothes of a factory girl. He tried to beg off, but Alice would not hear of losing a convenient cavalier of whom she might have need—and his uncle demanded to know with whom he could talk, with nobody around him except people who spoke only French and this fizz and pin-wheel business that they called Russian! So Drexel could do nothing but consent and follow to the carriage.

They drove by the Winter Palace, empty of royalty—for the Czar, in fear of those he ruled, dared not trust his person there—past huge grand-ducal palaces, and presently they entered a great mansion that looked forth upon the ice-bound Neva. Drexel was well accustomed to the luxury of the rich Russian nobility, but even he, with his double reason for being dull to impressions, realized that he had been in no house so rich as this. And he recognized that, save for the Czar and his immediate family, there were none prouder and higher in all the empire than these haughty men whose breasts were a blaze of orders and these haughty women who seemed to walk amid a moving fire of jewels. And of them all, he well knew, none had lineage older, nobler, than the Princess Kuratoff.

Drexel did not see the princess upon his entry, for interest in the famed beauty, long absent abroad, was high, and she had been swept aside into one of the drawing-rooms by an admiring group and was there the prisoner of her guests. Drexel ascended to the brilliant ball-room. A little later, while he was standing with his uncle and Prince Berloff, General Kuratoff, recognizing Berloff, paused a moment beside them. He was straight, gray-haired, gray-bearded, a splendid figure of a soldier-statesman at sixty-five, his bearing and every feature marked with that pride which unbegs only to equals, with strength, decision, dominance. There was also that in his face and bearing which suggested that his character was fibered with pitiless severity—with that despotic severity which becomes a mere matter of course after a long lifetime of service to the most autocratic and cruel of Christian governments.

"You would n't think to look at him, would you," said Drexel, after the General had passed on, taking Berloff with him, "that he loves his daughter more than he does his life. Yet that's what people say."

Mr. Howard followed the straight, proud figure. "He looks to me more like that old Roman party—what do you call him, Brutus—who ordered his own son executed. The girl must be a wonder."

"They say half the best young nobility of Russia have proposed to her—and been refused."

"A sort of queen of hearts—eh?"

"You guessed close, uncle, to what they call her. She's known as 'The Princess of Hearts.'"

"Well," grumbled his uncle, "I wish she'd step lively. I'm getting anxious to see her."

And so was Drexel, a little, even if his heart did belong to a woman of quite a different station.

But they had not long to wait. Of a sudden there fell a hush, as through the wide entrance at the farther end of the room, upon the arm of the gray, erect Prince Kuratoff, there swept a tall, slender young woman in a shimmering, lacy gown, with gems twinkling from her corsage, from her throat, from the tiara on her high-domed hair. Her chin was held high, her eyes swept the room with cold hauteur, in her every movement was knowledge of her ancient princely blood and of her peerless beauty.

"Well, well!" whispered Mr. Howard. "The Princess of Hearts—I should say so!"

The sudden clutch of Drexel's hand made him turn.

"Hello, there—what's wrong?"
Drexel, suddenly cold, stood with eyes fixed upon her. For, four nights before she had worn a factory-girl's quilted jacket, and he had told her that he loved her!

CHAPTER IX

AND so this famous beauty, this proud daughter of Russia's proudest nobility, was the unknown girl of his strange adventure, was the working girl who had talked so passionately of liberty! Now, in this almost royal circle, she was cold and haughty and disdainful, her manner as lofty toward all beneath her as could have been the loftiest of French noblewomen's in the days before the Revolution overwhelmed France with its cataclysm—and yet, how she had flamed forth in her love of the people! How it could all be was almost too much for Drexel's reeling brain; but that wonderful grace, those wonderful eyes, that wonderful face—Russia held not their duplicate!

Till this moment it had not occurred to him that there had been anything unworthy in his proposal. But now, swift after the first blow of his astonishment, he grew hot with shame through all his body. He had, in high-born, lofty fashion offered to lift her out of her poverty and give her wealth; he whose wealth was all yet to be made, to her, one of Russia's richest heiresses! He had boasted of his birth, and had offered her position and family; he who barely knew the name of his grandfather's father, to her, whose forebears were great nobles when the Norsemen made their storied voyage to America; whose lines went back and back even to the mighty Rurik, and then disappeared into the mist of legend that hangs over all things Russian before the ninth century.

But there were too many stirring puzzles here for even shame to dominate him long. He had been with her in this same St. Petersburg in her role of working girl but five evenings before, yet how was it that to-day she had arrived in State from abroad? And why had she caused him to be held a prisoner? And what would be the effect on her, who thought him safe under guard, suddenly to face him?

But the questions that rushed into his mind had no time to finish themselves, much less to find answers, for the princess had crossed the ballroom and was now but a few yards distant. He was certain she had not seen him, and he turned his back to avoid her for a double reason; because, in his shame he shrunk from the meeting, and because he feared seeing him there unexpectedly might deeply startle her and even be her betrayal. But a hand fell upon his arm, and a voice in French—Prince Berloff's voice—fell upon his ears:

"Drexel, here is my cousin, Princess Kuratoff; I want you to meet her."

He would have spared her this public show of her dismay if he could, but now he could not. Hating himself that it fell to his part thus to be her undoing, he turned and looked her in the face.

But there was no falling back on her part, no consternation, not so much as a start. She gave him a straight, cold look, in which there was not the faintest recognition of a previous meeting.

So surprised was he by her self-command that he could only mumble his way through the introduction, and he only vaguely heard her express in composed, formal phrases her pleasure at meeting one who was in a manner to be a relative. Then the others who had surrounded her were for a moment swept away, and they two were left alone, face to face.

The few sentences they had exchanged had been in French. "Princess, I want to apologize—yes, a thousand times," Drexel said, hurriedly in English, "for the cadish way I spoke to you five nights ago."

Her answer was to gaze at him with a puzzled, blank expression.

"I can't tell you how ashamed I am," Drexel hurried on. "And I want to assure you"—this barely above a whisper and with all his earnestness—"that I shall never breathe a word of your secret."

Still the puzzled, blank expression.

"Won't you—after a time—forgive me? And won't you trust me?"

Still she wore the same non-understanding look.

Suddenly a dazzling idea flashed into him. "Perhaps—you do not speak English? he asked in French.

She smiled faintly, in amused bewilderment. "Yes—a vair leetle," she said, in anything but Sonya's pure and fluent English. "I understand Meester Drexel's words. But what he means—" She shook her head. "I think you make some mistake."

She was swept away from him before he could speak again, giving him a half-friendly nod from her imperious head. After all, had he made a mistake? After all, was it possible that she was not Sonya? Could it be that he was the witness and victim of one of those strange caprices of nature which now and again casts two unrelated persons, perhaps from the extremes of the social scale, in the same mould? Could it be that Sonya was just the double of Princess Kuratoff? Or was this merely an unparalleled exhibition of nerve on the princess's part—a marvelous bit of acting?

The following afternoon he drove to the Princess Kuratoff's. On the way he gave a look over his shoulder. A block behind in a sleigh he saw two men wrapped to the eyes, yet not so bundled up but that he recognized Ivan and Nicolai; and near them in another sleigh were two other men whom he instinctively felt to be their confederates.

Before his ring at the palace of the Kuratoffs had been answered, he saw the two sleighs draw up across the street half a block ahead. Once admitted, he had not long to wait, but was ushered up a broad stairway into a great front drawing-room. He had hoped to find the princess alone; judge his disappointment when he found himself with four gorgeous young officers and three women, all centering about her.

Without rising she gave him her hand, and smiled with distant, condescending friendship. "Ah—the American who is almost my relative," she said in French; and, with imperious languor introduced him to her guests.

She smiled amusedly into his face, and then about at the others. "He thinks, my almost relative"—with a little gesture toward him—"that he met me a few days ago here in St. Petersburg. And that—how, he has not said—he misconducted himself on that occasion. And that he shares some great secret of mine."

Drexel fairly gasped. She had flung away her secret—and there she sat, easy, unconcerned, smiling!

"But, impossible!" cried one of the officers. "The princess has been abroad since August."

"Why, it's absurd, monsieur," said a stupid-looking, richly dressed woman. "You remember, Olga—" this to the princess—"it's only two weeks since you and I heard 'Tannhäuser' together in Berlin. Ugh—what a wretched *Brunhilde* she was! And we came back from Berlin on the same train!"

"Yes," returned the princess, smiling her slight, amused smile at Drexel. "But still I would not think of disputing the matter with Monsieur Drexel. Americans are so clever, you know."

They all laughed at this. Drexel felt his conclusion going all to pieces, felt himself plunged again into the old uncertainty.

"Just a stupid mistake on my part, of course," he said, rather doggedly. "I hope the princess will pardon me."

After that the talk ran back to its subject before Drexel had entered—welcome to the princess—gossip about this person and that—chat about functions to come. Drexel was left quite out of the conversation, but this gave him time to form a determination to outstay all the others and have it out with the princess in private. This plan, however, was not so easy of achievement; the others, to be sure, took their leave in ones and pairs, but more callers came in their stead. He got a polite glance from the princess now and then, which, being interpreted, meant that he had far exceeded the limits of a call. But he sat grimly on.

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At length he had his reward. But he was certain of having her to himself for no more than a moment, so the instant the last back was out of the door he drew his chair before her, leaned forward, and looked her squarely in the face.

"Princess," said he in English, "you have the makings of the greatest poker player in the world."

"Pokair playair!" returned she in her halting English. Her face was puzzled. "I not understand."

"Do you know what a 'bluffer' is?"

"Bluffer?" Yes, I know: A vair American word. "Well, you could make the biggest bluffer in America seem a naive child."

"Excuse"—with a shrug. "What you mean?"

He spoke with sharp decision. "Your pretending not to know me, and all the rest, is what we would call a bluff. You are the woman I met on the railroad train a week ago. You are the woman I talked with six nights ago. I know! There's no use denying it!"

Her eyes did not flinch from his determined gaze; rather they took on a bored look.

"Pardon me," said she, quietly, "perhaps Meester Drexel is one—what you call it?—one bluffer?"

Drexel was n't at all certain he was n't just that. But his face showed none of his doubt.

"You're afraid of me, because chance revealed to me your secret," he went on. "Now I have come here to tell you that you have no reason to fear me. To tell you that you can trust me."

She rose and looked at him coldly, haughtily. "You carry your amusement too far," she said, lapsing into French. "I am tired. I beg that you will excuse me."

She started to sweep out of the room, but Drexel quickly blocked her way.

"I have come to tell you," he went on doggedly, "that to relieve you of any sense of danger from me, I am willing, this minute, to yield myself your prisoner, to be held as long as you desire."

"Will you let me pass?" said she.

"As soon as you have answered me."

Her lips curled with contempt. "Even if I were what you say, even if I might wish to take you prisoner, how could I take and hold you in this house? Again you must excuse me."

He blocked her way once more. "At least, you will cross with me to the window?"

"If you will then be so kind—"

"Yes—I will then go, Princess. Come."

He crossed the drawing-room, parted the curtain at one of the windows, and pointed down to where along the river-wall, through the falling twilight, could be seen the two sleighs.

"In those sleighs, Princess," said he, "Ivan and Nicolai—you know them—followed me here. They and two others. See that man lounging across the street; that is Ivan, waiting for me to come out. I propose that you shall have no fear of me. So I am going over there to deliver myself back into their hands. I will send a note to my people saying I have been called to Moscow on business for an indefinite time. That is all. I wish you good-afternoon."

With that he bowed, and without waiting for a reply strode from the room. Two minutes later he was across the street and beside one of the sleighs.

"Hello, comrades!" he cried, with a reckless laugh. "Get in. I'm going with you."

Nicolai and Ivan eyed this move of his with silent suspicion, but they crawled in, one on either side.

"Now, comrades," he went on, as they were pulling the robes high about them, "as I'm going to be a guest at that hotel of yours for some time, let's stop along the way and get a mattress that isn't paved with cobblestones. I don't exactly fancy—Hello! What's that?"

A blunt object had suddenly been thrust against the middle of his back.

"That," explained Ivan, "is the muzzle of your Browning."

"If you're going to return my property," said Drexel, "I wish you'd give it back by some less direct route. You might hand it around me, for instance."

The horse started up. But before it had fairly swung into a trot, some one running behind cried out, Wait!

They drew up, and a man thrust a piece of paper into Nicolai's hand and immediately turned back. Nicolai opened the paper and glanced at it.

"Of all strange things!" he cried, and turned the paper over to Ivan.

"The devil!" exclaimed Ivan. "Where did it come from?"

"The man who brought it looks like a servant," said Nicolai, who was peering over his shoulder. "He is entering that great house."

"More wonderful still!" cried Ivan. "But the writing is certainly hers!"

"And the signature! And an order is an order."

"Yes."

"See here, boys," spoke up the mystified Drexel. "What does all this mean?"

"I don't know," said Nicolai, as he threw open the robes. "But the order says you are to go back to the person you were talking to."

Drexel sprang from the sleigh. "Good-by," he shouted, and made for the Kuratoff door.

The footman ushered him up past the drawing-room, where he had so lately sat and in which he glimpsed several new guests, and on back into a small rear drawing-room. Here an open fire was blazing, and beside it stood the tall, slender figure of the princess, the same haughty, magnificent pride in her bearing. She did not look at Drexel. He paused within the door, wondering.

"Andrei," said she to the footman, "give my excuses to any persons waiting and any who may come, and say that I am engaged."

"Yes, Princess."

"And, Andrei—shut the door."

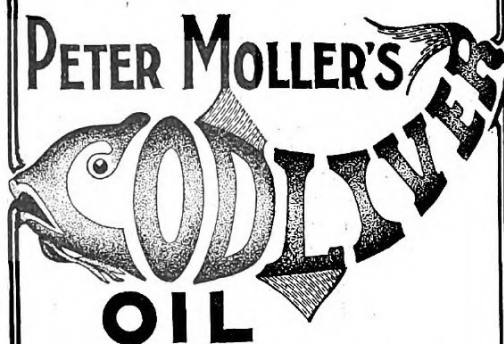
"Yes, Princess."

As the door closed the pride and hauteur suddenly faded out of her, and there she was smiling at him brightly, half-mischievously.

"Well, John—" said she, in easy English.

[Continued in the January number]

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The Sky Man

[Continued from page 799]

They had Captain Fielding's journal, their enemy the experience and practical knowledge of the country. They were two, with but a single weapon between them. Their enemy, for aught they knew, might be one or half a dozen; and how armed, they did not know.

Fortunately, no prophetic vision enabled them to anticipate, on that first evening, the length of time that that precarious life and death balance would maintain itself. They had agreed, Philip and Jeanne, that the only thing to do was to wait and to maintain an unwinking vigilance. But both of them thought of the duration of this wait in terms of hours, or, at most, days. Had they foreseen that it would stretch itself out into weeks and months, they might well have despaired.

There were two things that kept them from succumbing to despair. The first was that they never really permitted themselves to hope, to indulge in any thoughts of a summer's day when their horizon should be cut by the spars and funnels of a ship bringing relief. They were simply going to live one day at a time. For every day that they could snatch out of the hand of death, they would give thanks. It was the only attitude possible for people in their condition.

And the thing that helped them to maintain it was the abundance of necessary routine occupation. They divided their day into watches. Cayley slept from four o'clock in the afternoon until midnight and then kept watch alone, as the girl had done, until eight. During that period they remained inside the hut. The day, from eight until four, they spent out of doors, when the condition of the weather made this possible, either at work or merely tramping up and down for exercise.

At first there was a good deal of work to do. Tearing down the sheds which clustered about the hut, and reducing their frames and planking to fire wood was an arduous task, but Cayley worked at it until it was done, Jeanne standing sentinel all the time.

When it was done, they were practically secure against surprise, for from their windows, with the aid of a field-glass which Cayley had found in the observatory, they were able to sweep the whole beach absolutely clean in both directions.

And almost every day while the light lasted, with Jeanne, armed with the revolver, keeping watch before the hut, Cayley took to his wings and patrolled the beach from the glacier to the promontory, high up above the level of the crest of the cliff. His flight was always along the same track. He never winged his way inland nor out to sea. There were two reasons for this. He dared not go so far away from Jeanne that a flash and a swoop would not bring him to her side. The other reason was, that if a superstitious fear of this great man-bird were really what deterred their enemy from attacking them, it was well to let him believe that immunity from this portent could be secured by keeping away from this particular stretch of beach.

As the shortening days sped by and began to get themselves reckoned into weeks, the conviction grew upon Philip and Jeanne that their securest protection lay in his wings, in the terrorizing effect upon their invisible, silent enemy of the majestic winged apparition which was so often seen soaring in mid-sky above the hut and the little stretch of beach surrounding it. Something was protecting them, manifestly. Almost every week brought some evidence, not only of the existence but of the nearness of their enemy. They never actually caught sight or sound of him, but sometimes when the wind blew from the right quarter they could make out with their field-glass a wrack of brownish smoke, such as would be given off by burning whale oil, drifting down from somewhere along the glacier, and made visible by the dazzling whiteness of that background.

And sometimes they saw tracks in the newly fallen snow, never coming very near the hut, but trespassing a little way, either down from the glacier or up from the headland, upon the stretch of beach they were defending. They never found the tracks of more than a single man, and these were always the same. So that they came to believe, although they could not know, that they had but one man to deal with.

They sometimes speculated on the question whether he was Roscoe or some other member of the *Walrus* crew; really, in fact, they found it impossible to hope that it was any other than he.

They got proof of his identity, or what amounted to it, along toward the end of October. Cayley's keen eyes caught, one day, from up aloft where he was soaring, the glint of something on the beach near the foot of the headland. He circled down in a long swoop, caught it up without alighting and mounted into the air, a trick of aeronautics which made Jeanne, accustomed as she was by now to seeing him in flight, catch her breath a little.

When he descended and alighted beside her a few moments later, he showed her a sheath-knife, the haft of which was a rudely carved walrus tusk. The hand of the last user of it had had blood upon it, and its imprint upon the surface of the ivory was plainly to be seen. The lines in the palm were traceable, and lengthwise, along the side of the handle, was the print of an immense thumb.



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(Broad Exchange Bldg.)	Hotel.)
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"You see," said Cayley, quietly, "he was using this knife left-handed."

The girl paled a little as she handed the weapon back to him, but she spoke quietly enough.

"It's good to know," she said; "almost a relief."

CHAPTER XVII

AN ATTACK

THE fact that their enemy was alone and that he was Roscoe himself was responsible for the conviction that Cayley's wings were all that stood between them and an attack. No terror attributable to human causes would have held back that solitary and altogether desperate outcast.

The thing in the situation which caused Cayley the most uneasiness was the fear that some time, or other, Roscoe would solve the mystery, would see him in the very act of taking to the air. This fear suggested an expedient to him one day as he was flying along near the snow-crested edge of the cliff.

"I don't know why I never thought of it before," he said to Jeanne as he alighted beside her a moment or two afterward; "but I've got it now—the way to prevent Roscoe from ever solving the mystery of your guardian angel. I thought of it when I saw the mound up on the cliff-head that is formed by the observatory. It can't be buried so very deep in the snow because the mound is n't so very big. I'm going up there now to dig it out, enough, at least, so that I can take wing from there."

"You never can dig out enough snow to get a running start up there," she objected.

"I shan't have to. I'll just dive off the cliff."

"Philip, you shan't!"

"Why not?"

"You know what you told me yourself. That none of the big birds can take to the air without a running start; and about taking pelicans and birds like that up into high buildings and throwing them out of windows, and how they are always killed."

"That's because they've only got instinct instead of intelligence. None of their family had ever been thrown out of windows before, and they didn't know what to do. But I can get my start quite as safely that way as any other. Oh, yes, I've done it. Do you imagine, Jeanne, dear, that I'd take an unnecessary risk so long as my life is the only possible protection there is for yours?"

He spent the rest of the day tunneling out from the observatory. He did not dig in the snow, he simply packed it, gradually enlarging the space from a section the size of the pilot house door to a space at the cliff's edge wide enough for the full spread of his wings.

Jeanne was watching on the beach when he made his first flight from this aerie, and in spite of her confidence in his powers she endured a horrible moment or two. For he came hurtling down, head first, at an angle of sixty degrees; and he had traversed two-thirds of the distance to the beach, before his line deflected outward and began curving up toward the horizontal.

When she saw that he was safe, that he had really done the thing he had said he could, she dropped down upon a bearskin, which was spread before the hut, and shut her eyes, for what she had seen had turned her a bit giddy.

That feeling passed in a moment. She opened her eyes and lay, stretched at full length, upon the bearskin, watching him as he wheeled and dipped, then towered aloft again in that fading violet sky, supremely masterful, majestically dominant of the unstable element he had conquered.

Seeing him thus, even though it was an almost daily experience with her now, always excited in her a mixed emotion, in which she did not know whether joy or pain was predominant. The power, the perfection of grace, the free, wide sweep of the performance never failed to thrill her. Whatever he might be to her when his wings were furled, when he labored at their common tasks, or walked with her upon the icy beach—whatever he might be then, when he took to the air he became, at once, almost as unreal as he had been on that first night of all when he had descended upon the floe beside her. She had not been exaggerating when she told him that when she saw him in flight he did not seem a man to her at all, but a great winged guardian spirit.

There was a thrill of joy in that feeling, too, although it added to her sense of loneliness. But the pain came with the thought, which she never could dismiss further than the background of her mind, that she had chained that spirit to the earth, she with her human limitations and necessities. She did her best to keep Cayley from suspecting the existence of this feeling. She never referred to it during the long hours they spent in conversation together, and she tried as well as she could to dismiss it utterly from her own thoughts. But this last was impossible. It was always hidden there, somewhere, and when she saw him in flight it was always the thing she was most acutely conscious of. There were times when she could not bear to watch him at all, and it was always a relief when the wings were furled and put away and he was just a man once more, and a comrade.

Comrade, at least, was the word she had settled upon to designate the relation that existed between them. It did not altogether cover the ground, to be sure, but tentatively, and for temporary purposes it was, perhaps,

more comfortable than a word or phrase would have been that possessed the merit of greater accuracy. And yet when alone, as she was now, she indulged in speculation as to how she would frame that more accurate phrase, should necessity arise for doing so.

As if to make up for the kaleidoscopic character of those three first incredible days of her acquaintance with Cayley, days which had changed the meaning and the value of all that had entered into her life before—as if to compensate for that experience, the weeks which had passed since then had slipped away in an almost unbroken routine. There were occasional reminders of Roscoe's existence and a few unimportant discoveries of articles of use, either in the cave or observatory. A furious snow-storm had raged for a week, and had kept them imprisoned in their hut for as long again. These were the only incidents to break the routine.

They still divided their days as they had set out to do upon Cayley's discovery of the tracks of an unknown man in the snow. They kept "watch and watch," as the sailors say, the two of them never sleeping at the same time.

But if the time had gone monotonously, it had slipped away wonderfully fast. She had not been bored nor melancholy. Indeed, she and Cayley had both been too busy for that forlorn indulgence. There were an incredible number of things to do, things which would make such a difference to their comfort and security, that what they had to resist was a feverish haste and an attempt to get everything done at once. And she was generally so tired when it came time to call Cayley at midnight, for the beginning of his watch, that she slept like a child until eight o'clock the next morning, when another day's work began.

There was always something delicious about that part of the day. The fact that she and Cayley were together only for those eight hours made it possible to condense their companionship to a rather higher tension than is ordinarily possible for people who are always in each other's company.

But still, she said to herself, as she lay there on the bearskin, gazing up, lazily, at the soaring creature that seemed so unrelated to the man who was the subject of her thoughts, but still, companionship was the word for it. He had not made love to her; he had never repeated the declaration that he had made to her that morning on the beach when she had discovered that the yacht had gone and what its absence meant. Once in a while he had used some caressing little word of endearment in speaking to her, and, more rarely still—much more rarely—had offered her the caress of his hands or of an arm across her shoulders.

But that had happened almost never at all lately. It rather noticeably had not happened. Her own expressions of affection were rather impulsively demonstrative, and she had noticed, once or twice, that he had seemed to shrink away from them.

That was the way she reviewed the situation in her own mind. So far, at least, there was no reason for quarreling with the designation "comrade," but she knew perfectly well that she had only reviewed one side of it.

On the other side, to begin with, was the great luminous fact that here, upon this frozen Arctic land alone, amid privations she would once have thought intolerable, and in daily peril of death, she and Cayley had been unfeignedly and delightedly happy—she and this man whom she never saw until two days before that amazing conjunction of circumstances that had thrown them thus together. They two, strangers as the world reckons such matters, had been living for weeks within the confines of an enforced intimacy, which would have become irksome with any other person, her father excepted, perhaps, that she had ever known. But it was not irksome to them. They began the eight hours they called their day together with the high spirits of a pair of children, and they ended them with reluctance, tempered only by the anticipation of another to-morrow.

There was more than comradeship in that, certainly. She and Tom Fanshaw had been comrades and, as she had told him, she loved him very much, but at the thought of spending an Arctic winter with him she smiled rather wryly.

Was she quite honest, after all, in telling herself that Cayley had not made love to her? He had put nothing of the sort into words, to be sure, and he had sought none, not even the most easily granted, of a lover's privileges; had even, as she had noticed, shrunk away a little from those she had half-unconsciously offered him. Jeanne was a woman, but she was still enough of a girl to wonder a little why he did that.

But this was a digression from the main theme. After all, no matter what he was saying or doing, there was something in his eyes and something in his voice that made love to her every day. Perhaps it was that something which gave a new exciting deliciousness to each of the shortening days that passed. There was never the cadence of finality about it. It was like a long suspended harmony in music. But she knew all the while that some day or other that suspension would be resolved. That first day on the beach when he had told her that he loved her, that her warmth, her faith, her fragrance were, indeed, the very soul of him, he had said she need make no answer, need come to no decision.

He had never asked for her answer since, and yet she knew that some day he would take up that scene

where he had left it. It might be on a day when the coming of the relief would open the world to them again, the old world which seemed as if it might be concerned with another planet altogether, it was so far away; or it might be upon a darker day, the last of that precious little string of days that they had stolen, one at a time, out of the palm of death. But one or the other of those days would come; she felt sure of that.

She sat up suddenly, erect, upon the bearskin, with the realization that it was nearly dark. Their hours of daylight were getting very scanty now. To-day's allowance was gone, although it was not yet three in the afternoon.

She looked aloft for Cayley, but could not see him. Then, the next moment, she heard the whine of the air through his rigging, and he sailed down on a long slant and alighted beside her.

He got clear of his planes with an unaccountable air of haste. Then held out both hands to help her rise.

"What do we do with sentinels who go to sleep on duty?" he questioned, with a laugh.

"I was n't asleep," she said, contritely, "but it was just about as bad, as I was thinking—" she paused there, then added, "about you. What's the sentence of the court?"

Already he had his wings folded up and was handing them to her.

"The sentence is that you shall be frightened with a bear story. There's a big one coming down the beach after you this very moment, and you're to surrender the revolver to me and stay under arrest in the hut until I have killed him."

She did not need to be told that he was in earnest, in spite of the smile that went with his words. She turned about quickly and looked up the beach, sighting along Cayley's arm as he pointed. Even in the deep twilight she could already make out the shambling figure that was coming along toward them on all fours.

"Why does he move in that queer sort of way?" she whispered.

They had shrunk back into the shadow of the hut, the girl actually inside of the vestibule and Cayley on the door-step.

"He's been wounded. When I was overhead I could make out the blood stains on his side, and he was leaving a track on the ice."

"Wounded in a fight with another bear?"

"No, that's not likely."

She asked no further explanation, but slipped into the hut. The next moment she was back with the field-glasses.

"While you're attending to the bear," she said in a whisper, "I'll just keep watch up the beach for—for any one else."

The past weeks had made one difference in her attitude toward Cayley which she was now aware of, as she contrasted her sensations on seeing Philip step forward, out of the shelter of the hut, to confront the bear, with those she had experienced when he had set out on a similar errand once before. She knew him now, and she had no fear for him. The feeling that thrilled her now was nearer akin to pride than anything else.

Cayley fully justified her confidence. The course the bear was taking would have brought him within twenty yards of their door-step. When he first caught sight of Cayley he stopped, in two minds, apparently, whether to be hunted or to do the hunting himself. Then, as Cayley advanced upon him rather slowly, he decided, hissed at him venomously and reared up.

He was already badly enough wounded to have taken all the fight out of any other sort of animal, but half alive as he was he cost Cayley four cartridges. Three of those shots Cayley was reasonably sure must have entered a vital spot. The first one took the bear between the eyes as he was rising. The second was fired into his open mouth. The third was probably deflected by the massive fore paw which he was holding across his body, in the attitude of a boxer. The fourth shot, however, penetrated his throat and probably smashed one of the two first vertebrae, for it seemed to bring the monster down all in a heap, where he finally lay still. Cayley could have reached him with his foot.

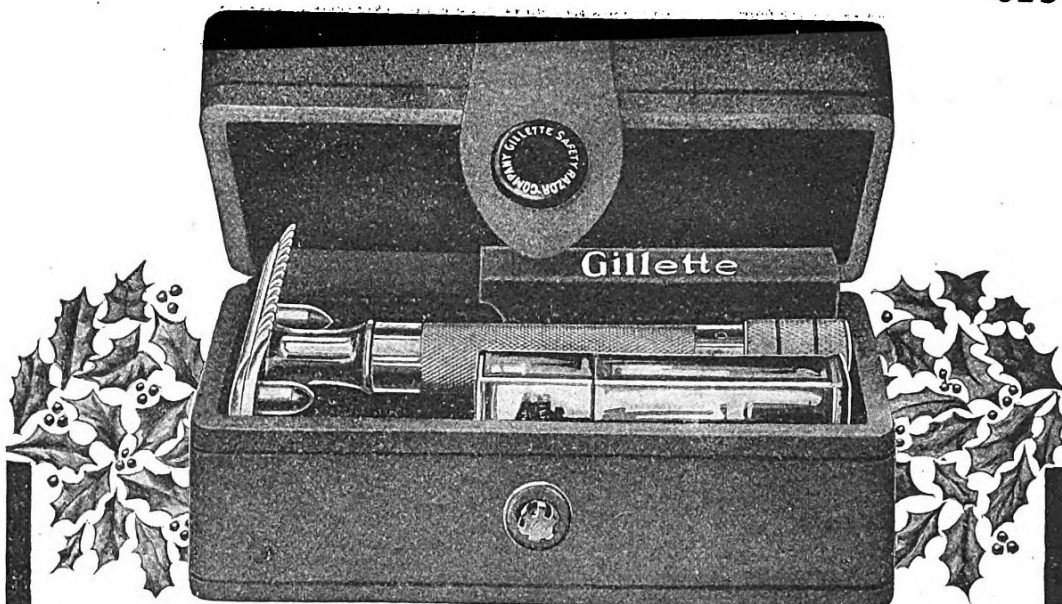
"Good shooting," said the girl quietly from the little vestibule.

He reloaded the revolver, letting the empty shells drop unheeded on the ice at his feet. Then he gave the weapon back to the girl, and bent over the bear.

"I'm less interested in what I did to him," he said, "than in what he got from the enemy who first attacked him."

The light was almost gone, so that all he could see were two or three irregular dark stains upon the white fur. A wound in the flank, which none of Cayley's shots could have accounted for, he explored with practised hand.

Watching him as he did so, the girl could see that he had found something unexpected, something which surprised him greatly. And there was more than surprise. There was alarmed urgency in his voice when he spoke to her. He offered no explanation; merely told her to go into the hut and make fast the solid wooden shutters over the windows. He would come in and would tell her what it was all about in a moment.



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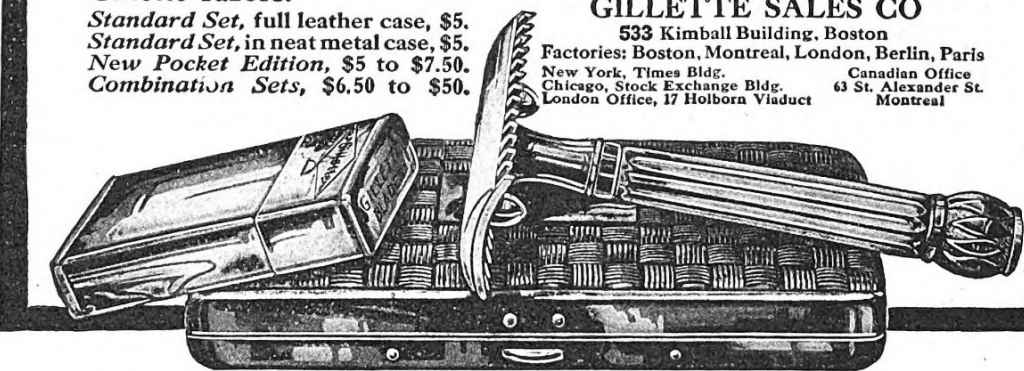
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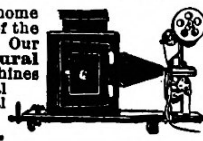
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The girl had hardly finished the task he had given her when he came in. In his blood-stained hand he was holding out something for her inspection.

Conquering a feeling of repugnance, she bent over the hand, cast one glance at the thing it contained and then started up and gazed, wide-eyed, into his face.

"A bullet!" she said. "But—but we thought that Roscoe was n't armed—not with firearms, I mean."

Cayley nodded. "But this seems to be pretty good evidence that he is. That's why I sent you into the hut. It occurred to me that he might be following the bear, and that the lighted windows might give him a chance for a shot at one of us. No matter what superstitious fear he has, he could hardly be too much afraid to fire at us from a safe distance, if we happened to offer a fair mark."

"But we must have offered him that a hundred times in the last weeks; that is, if his rifle had anything like a modern range."

"That bullet is certainly a modern piece of ordnance," said Cayley. "It's soft-nosed and steel-jacketed."

He laid it down on a shelf and went into the store-room to wash the stains of the encounter from his hands.

"After all," he said, "it's only one more mystery, and I don't know that one more can make any great difference. Not in our way of life, certainly."

They both tried to stick to that view of it and, for the present, to dismiss conjecture upon the new topic from their minds, but they did not succeed very well. The idea that forced itself upon them, in spite of their attempts to discredit it, was that Roscoe's acquisition of a modern, long-range weapon with ammunition to match did not date back to the murder of Captain Fielding, nor to the disappearance of the *Aurora*, but that he had found the weapon, by some strange chance, only very recently, perhaps within a day or two. It was a very disquieting thought at the best.

It was time for Cayley to turn in and for Jeanne to begin her evening watch alone, but before that happened they paid an extra amount of attention to the security of their doors and windows.

During the first week or two after the establishment of this routine, the girl had found this period of lonely watching difficult and almost intolerable. She had started in terror at noises, some of them imaginary and others insignificant. The timbers of the hut creaked in the frosty air like an old wooden ship. The great ice masses of floor and glacier were always splitting off with reports that varied in intensity from the sound of a pistol shot up to that of the explosion of heavy ordnance.

During the first ten days she had repeatedly roused Cayley on one false alarm after another, but her lately acquired knowledge and experience, together with a better tuned set of nerves, had conquered these fears so completely that she had almost forgotten them.

Consequently, she was irritated and pretty thoroughly disgusted with herself to find the whole pack of these forgotten alarms besetting her again to-night. She started at every sound she heard, and sounds of one sort or another were almost incessant. Half a dozen times she was on the point of waking Philip, but the memory of those former useless invasions of his much needed repose checked her.

It was a little before eleven o'clock when Cayley came out of a deep sleep to find her bending over him, shaking him by the shoulder and crying out his name.

"Get up quickly!" she said, when she saw that he was awake. "Philip, the hut's on fire!"

[To be continued in January]



To Some Philadelphia Sparrows

By Jeannette Marks

MEN say unfriendly words of you, poor birds!

And I? I praise you for your saucy joy
On dusty streets; I love you for your twitter
In vines that cling to heated city walls;
Your noisy congregations on the trees;
Unchurchly ways of saying this and that
About your brother men; your gaities
In parks near by a fountain's dripping brim.

MEN say your manners are not fine. And, too,

They call you scavengers, they call you thief
And enemy to other prettier birds.
Perhaps we are one feather, you and I!
I would not hold it any grief to be
Your brother bird upon the city street.

I LOVE you chatters! Yet I have heard
The lark in other lands, the thrush in this.
Dull many a day had been without your din,
Your wrangles under foot, your shameless ways.

MEN say unfriendly words of you. Of me
They speak unkindly, too. Yet see how gay
We are! Ah, well, we are one feather, you
And I! We have the city streets for plunder,
The eaves for wonder, and above there is
The sky!

The Price of Prima Donna Fame

[Continued from page 794]

unready ears, and dropped into bed at night wondering how the next day could be gotten through.

With the singer's ever mounting fame came more supreme exactions. Her health, always of prime importance, grew all-engrossing. Pleasures were cut down. The Voice, always the Voice, must be considered. It seemed the one thing in a world whose revolutions hinged on it. The prima donna was now living solely for her Art. To make a reputation had been herculean work; to live up to what she had achieved was as the straining of Atlas bearing the globe upon his shoulders.

The Prima Donna's Flexible Temper

This absorbing care of self, this singing at all times and under all conditions is an ordeal common to every prima donna. Miss Mary Garden, as a case in point, was in Rome perfecting her Italian; a telegram came from the king of England commanding her to sing in a State concert at Windsor Castle for the King of Greece, his guest, who especially desired it. The opportunity meant much to her. From Rome to Windsor Miss Garden journeyed, sang successfully, and then went to bed in her evening gown, too tired to take it off. Meanwhile, an incident still more trying had intervened. While waiting in an anteroom just before appearing, when to give way to nervousness and anger would have meant defeat of the very object she had set out to win, a rival singer took the opportunity to attack her for some fancied grievance.

Though not accredited with it, the prima donna generally commands her temper, for the reason that if she habitually give way to it, she will not sing long. No one knows this better than Madame Nordica. One night at the Metropolitan, "Tristan and Isolde" was announced to begin at half-past seven o'clock. She had remonstrated with Mr. Grau when that hour, instead of the usual one, was named, but by six she was in her dressing-room ready to begin preparations. Then a calamity confronted her. Her theater maid had brought the *Elsa* costumes for "Lohengrin" instead of those of *Isolde*. Back to the hotel she was hurried, and Madame Nordica sat down to watch the minutes fly, using all her self-command to stifle nervousness. The stage was set, the other singers in their places, the orchestra ready to begin, and still no costumes. At last they came! With breathless haste she dressed and hurried to the bearskin covered couch where *Isolde* is disclosed on the rising of the curtain. Already the orchestra was playing the prelude. Then Mr. Grau came.

"I hear you have purposely delayed the performance because you did not wish it to begin so early," he began.

"Leave my presence! Leave my presence!" exclaimed Madame Nordica.

She remembered what he, misinformed by some meddler, had forgotten in his anger. The great singer knew too well that to give way to argument and temper in such a moment would have a serious effect on her voice, on which the night's performance so largely depended for success. Catching the import of it all, Mr. Grau wheeled and left, to await the proper moment to settle his grievance, which, after all, was lacking in just foundation.

Like ordeals, and not infrequent ones, added to the stress of the young prima donna's life here chronicled, for, like Madame Nordica, Miss Garden and the rest, she was to learn that fame brings stings with it.

Fame Does Not Spell Happiness

When at the zenith of her career, enthusiasm, which for years had swept her irresistibly, cooled in the hum-drum of routine, and the knowledge of her loneliness in a busy, ambition filled, straining world crept daily more convincingly upon her. Men, in numberless varieties, she had known and liked, but not one, at least of the desirables, had seemed inclined toward matrimony with a prima donna whose life must remain active in her art. One tenor, three baritones and several basses had paid her violent homage, but all subsequently married women whose eyes had never beheld a drop-curtain.

Men of important social position had dined and fêted her, bombarded her with flowers, wreaths and articles of more intrinsic value. They too had married elsewhere. The one constant, ever-present type was the prima donna vassal; handsome, immaculately dressed, without occupation, and with nothing but freedom of a doubtful variety to lay at her feet. All had complimented her, still complimented her, adored her, flattered; she did all things well; her voice surpassed every other in the world. Wherever she traveled a circle sprang up to confirm anew the truth of such opinion.

Loneliness grew until one fine day, on their annual pilgrimage to London, a playwright of great promise, repeating the formula of admiration, now a trite commonplace, backed up his protestations with an offer of marriage. The ceremony at St. George's, Hanover Square, took columns to describe; royalty sent rings and bracelets; her colleagues gave her a silver

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dinner-service which was promptly sent to storage; her compatriots, or rather the society section of them, sent her a tiara. At the end of all this a little package arrived from her godmother, who had kept trace of her through the newspapers. After unwrapping many coverings, the prima donna came upon a knitted teapot holder, of the kind still extant in rural districts where ebony handles are not on all teapots, where women still welcome their husbands home at the front gate and rock their own babies to sleep. For a long time the prima donna sat with this latest gift in her hand. She may have been wondering what her life would have been had she stayed where the teapot holder came from.

Year followed year. Each held for her two seasons, one in which she hurried away to the opera in New York, the other in which she hurried away to the opera in London. Between these periods of singing there was a brief respite, when she took a "cure" at Marienbad to reduce her constantly increasing flesh. Having no time for exercise like commoner mortals, rarely daring to touch her feet to the pavement for months at a stretch, Marienbad had grown a tiresome preliminary to the scarcely less tiresome one of ordering a stock of new gowns in Paris each September.

The Making of an Operatic Husband

The husband, meanwhile, had fallen into a new life-mission. At first he had sturdily rebelled against forsaking his profession, which had already yielded a success promising distinction. During the honeymoon the days took an objectless course as a natural conclusion, but when time swept by with no chance for thought or work in all the whirl in which his wife's career enveloped him, it grew irksome. He chafed violently, then intermittently, then not at all. He had given up all to become a prima donna's husband—something between a lady's maid and a financial agent. His duties were to spare her unpleasantness, to get the right rooms at hotels, to keep off draughts, have wraps in readiness for change in temperature, and to collect her salary.

The mother, thus largely supplanted, was left at odd times in that hotel in which they last stopped in one country before sailing for another. Her bills were paid, she had a liberal allowance, but her mission was done and she had leisure in which to make inventory of the fame she had helped bring. Still trying to reconcile the debit with the credit side she died alone.

Offers for concert tours in America were next in order. The prima donna's life was now divided between a private car and driving to halls in which she sang what seemed to her an interminable program every night before strange faces. Applause and flowers swept up to her, the manager smiled as he "counted up," and they drove back to the car again to rumble along the night through-or to pass it sleeplessly on a side track in the "yards," with steam from neighboring engines wheezing an obligato.

Money flowed in like the shore-set tide, and a new motive, to earn, earn, earn until a great fortune was piled up, grew to be the craze of greed. Vast sums were spent for what she had grown to regard as necessities for one in her position, but much more was left, and that found its way quickly and surely into investments, all of Midas promise. Earlier, she had exercised caution in placing her money, but now Wall Street, inventors and promoters grew her solicitous financial engines, working overtime in her behalf. For four years the gold tide flowed shoreward; the close of each season brought an exhaustion from which it was increasingly harder to rally.

Fame, Wealth and Glory—What Are They Worth?

Then, overnight, it seemed, a catastrophe sprang at her from out the unseen. It had come to other prima donnas, this inevitable terror, but to her it had seemed so many years away that she had no need even to think of it. Her day was done. The critics chanted it in varying phrases, caustic, eulogistic; the public refused longer to come to hear her. She felt as a queen whose armies and subjects had turned from her. Pride had grown so big with her that only a flout such as this would have convinced her that the voice was finished.

A tour of the outlying towns that knew her only by name, that last stand of the ended prima donna, was undertaken. A second was ventured, to close prematurely in disaster, and all was over.

Then she had free time, at last. Time, too, in which to foot up the reckoning. Home she had none; she had never had time to make one. Children she had none. A husband on whose arm she could lean was not hers; she had unmade him into what he was. Her mother's vigilant love remained only a memory; her kith and kin, at first resentful, had grown to look with a certain pride on her zenith. The cause for this casual interest was now removed; new names took the place of hers in the cast lists; society found new idols to invite to its functions; old friends that these new ones had supplanted were vanished out of her life.

A pile of papers represented all that her life-work had brought her financially. Self-interested advisers and unwise investments made the sum total of their contents dwindle. She had fought a hard fight of tremendous endurance and self-denial; many lives had been sacrificed that she might win it. The net result was a competence, and glorious memories of songs gloriously sung. In musical biographies her career as a great prima donna would be gloriously recorded.

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The Power Behind the Republic

(Continued from page 783)

This likewise came to nothing. Yet the plain fact remained that the system had been looted of many million dollars, and that the public must pay many times for the loot. Here are evidently only specific manifestations of a general condition. For instance, if we turn to national affairs, shall we suppose that Speaker Cannon, holding his place against the will of the country, triumphs for any reason of superior endowments? This dull and commonplace man, without mental resources, without tactical ability, wit, cleverness, dignity, fitness for his position, without even the ability to express himself becomingly; at all times a sorry figure as Speaker, how does he come to occupy so high a place and to retain it year after year? It is admitted that he has no magnetism to charm men and no judicial attributes to win their admiration. No one in the House of Representatives really wants this man to be Speaker, and yet when his own party wearies of his methods and his obvious alliances, the Force reaches out a hand and enough Democrats vote for him to prolong his ungracious career.

We may believe likewise that in spite of its condition as a rotten borough, and of a prevalent corruption often depressing to contemplate, the people of Rhode Island do not of themselves support nor even tolerate Aldrich. If they were left to their own unhampered choice, not a handful of the citizens of the State would ever vote for him. Why should they? Clearly, he has nothing to commend himself to any intelligent citizen. Even the authority that in ways so objectionable he exercises in the United States Senate owes nothing to his intellectual gifts or personal equipment, but is imposed upon him solely by the power that compels his election and puts into his hands, as its faithful, willing, unquestioning servitor, the care of its interests.

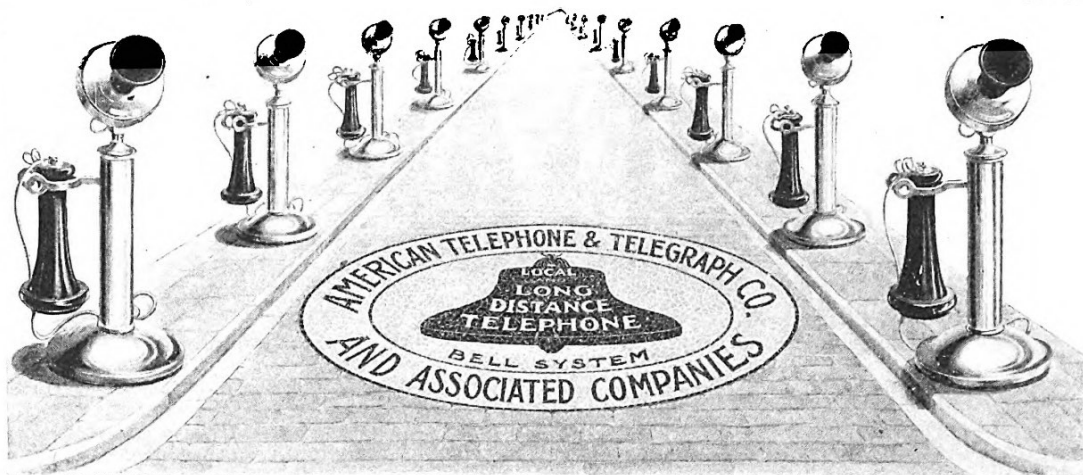
These men are not accidents, and they do not represent the nation's moral decline; they are, like Tammany Hall, the product of conditions and the surface indications of very great changes in the methods and ideals of government.

In our country we have been accustomed to regard some of the manifestations of the new Force as originating in the power of the great corporations, and this view is quite correct so far as it goes. The corporations have interfered with all our affairs and in ways fatal to all previous ideals of free government. Beyond doubt they have been a huge agency of corruption and of reversionary practises. Yet the great and corrupt public service corporation is, like the corrupt ring in municipal government, only a passing sign of the times, and, however deplorable, is more of a symptom than a cause.

Obstacles Are Interpreted Out of the Way

The truth is that Business has become the real ruler of our affairs, and the United States is the first country to set up a Business Government; at present very crude and unbalanced, but nevertheless a Business Government. We have not admittedly done this, but it is the substance of our evolution, and all such changes become real long before they become acknowledged. As in the case of Rome under the emperor, the old forms and names of things are retained but are no longer potent nor have the old significance. Neither the Constitution nor the Supreme Court, nor the President, nor Congress, nor Legislatures, nor votes, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, may avail to withstand the new Ruler. If the Constitution be an obstacle, it is interpreted out of the way; no less an authority than Elihu Root, that moral guide and eminent philosopher, says so. If the Supreme Court decides in favor of an income tax, Business reaches out and compels it, almost overnight, to reverse its decision. If a law be passed obnoxious to Business, not all the clamors of people nor all the uproar of a strenuous President shall secure the law's enforcement.

On the whole, it seems strange that these facts, so self-evident, should never have been more explicitly admitted, but it must be borne in mind that the new dispensation has not really come without our notice and some effect upon our nomenclature and manners. We habitually say that a thing is "good for Business," or "bad for Business," and in one case we can give no higher tribute and in the other utter no deeper curse. The thing that is "bad for Business" represents at once to all minds a condition intolerable. That it is "bad for Business" is a fact admitting of no palliation; it must be abolished. To make Business good is the chief end of legislation and the one goal of statesmanship; as a rule, nothing else is now considered in the councils of government. We have seen, indeed, very singular obsessions in regard to the functions and powers of different men to affect Business; that one, for instance, by his mere presence in the White House can make Business good and another by some occult charm or incantation has the effect of making Business bad; and in regard to these men either assertion was with a great many of us sufficient and final. And to seek no further for an illustration than the common daily press affords it can hardly have escaped notice



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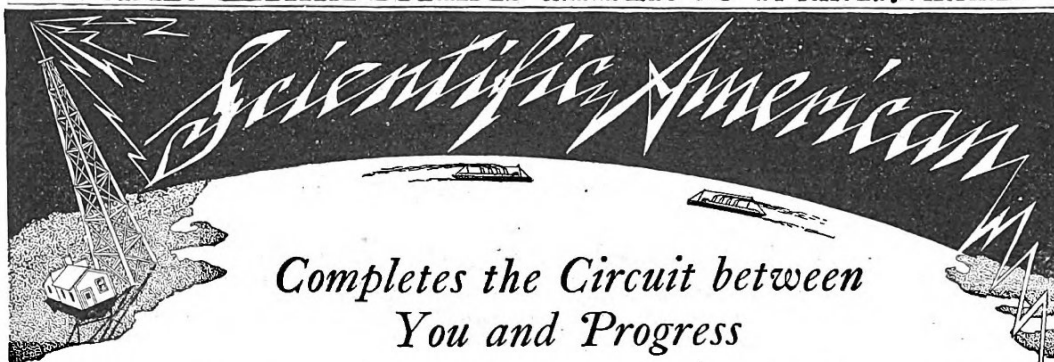
A. F. A. King, A. M., M. D., Prof. of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and children in the Medical Department of Columbia University, Washington, D. C., and in the University of Vermont; Ex-President Washington Obstetrical and Gynecological Society; Fellow of the British Gynecological and of the American Gynecological Societies, etc., etc., in the eighth edition of his Manual of Obstetrics recommends **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** as a diuretic in diseases of the Kidney and Bladder.

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State

that the only truly admirable condition in the view of our editors is one in which Business is always good.

Business Wants Good Firemen and Bad Police

If we come back, then, to the significant incident with which we started, it will appear that the real reason why our fire departments are honest, efficient and capably managed is because Business has willed that they shall be so. Destruction by fire is an evil directly threatening disaster upon Business most palpable and imminent. This disaster Business is determined to avoid. Therefore Business decrees that the fire department shall be so conducted as to minimize the danger of such loss. The other departments of the city government are less honest, less efficient and less capably managed because in them Business has less interest, and the degree of departmental efficiency under the forms of government hitherto existing in our cities is in proportion to the degree of vital interest that Business has in such a department.

The substance of the situation in most of our cities is merely this: that Business, not having the time nor the impulse nor the sufficient reason to bother with the details, has made arrangements with a gang of politicians whereby the city departments, except the fire department, are delivered over to the politicians on the condition that the machine shall continue to run in some fashion and that Business shall not be disturbed. Business does not care how much grafting may be done in the departments providing the grafting does not affect Business; it does not care whether appropriations be honestly expended, the streets cleaned, the pavements repaired, the water supply kept pure, and the functions of office faithfully performed, so long as Business is not harassed or impeded. Business does not care how the health department may be managed until it discovers, as in 1892, that it is suffering injury from a cholera scare; then it issues a decree that the facts about cholera shall be suppressed, and the health department suppresses them. In the conduct of the police force Business insists that Business shall not be robbed, that its goods shall be protected from thieves; that burglars shall not drill the safes of its banks, that criminals of the coarser sort shall not be allowed in Wall Street, that it shall not be subjected to loss from preventable depredations originating out of its own circle. It insists upon this protection and secures it. For more than this it does not care, and the police force proceeds in profitable and open alliance with vice and with forms of crime that are not attacks upon Business.

The Welfare of Business Demands a Wide-Open Town

Under these conditions gambling in various forms, pool-rooms, policy shops, gambling houses, the social evil and law-breaking saloons flourish by virtue of a police license paid for in blackmail, and the corruption is so manifest that the name of the city becomes a synonym for misgovernment.

After a time the gang of politicians becomes too bold or too careless and a revolt ensues. Then such part of Business as has idealistic or emotional tendencies joins hands with other elements that are moved toward reform. Money is contributed, a campaign for purity inaugurated, and at the next election the present gang of politicians is routed and another gang installed. Presently the discovery is made that the methods of the new gang are not good for Business; the welfare of Business demands that the town shall be what is called "wide open;" Business suffers under Puritanism, but would be revived by the application of more liberal ideas—a phrase that, being interpreted, means that vice shall be encouraged and police blackmail be ample. Whereupon the original gang of politicians resumes its contract with Business and all essential conditions are restored to what may be held to be the normal basis. Tammany is once more in control.

Government by Business may in itself be good or bad; we have not yet proceeded far enough with it to be able to say. But with perfect confidence two things may be asserted of it:

First, government by Business that pretends to be something else, as ours pretends, is most certainly bad. It is bad because hypocrisy, cant and false pretenses are always unprofitable, and still more because these false pretenses are the parents of almost illimitable corruption, hurtful to us all and often in unsuspected ways costly to Business.

Thus, because we maintain the pretense of a form of government that, practically speaking, no longer exists, Business is driven to secure by the purchase of legislators, or the bribing of police, the ends that it must have. In the case we have already considered of the man whose trade conditions compel him to violate the law concerning land under the sidewalks, a government of pretense maintains this law upon its statute books, and Business, that it may maintain undisturbed the conditions essential to it, pays a public officer to condone the law's violation. Business, finding it necessary to seize the public highways and to deprive the people of their rights therein, resorts, under the government of pretense, to the city council, whose members it bribes into compliance with its wishes. Business under the government of pretense, being threatened with adverse legislation, proceeds to the State Capitol and there deals out wholesale corruption upon the

representatives of the people. Business, having a purpose to achieve at Washington, uses these influences and methods imposed upon it by the government of pretense, and these influences and methods degrade the dignity of the nation. Business, having need that one Presidential candidate shall be defeated and another shall be elected, pours out millions of dollars for the purchase of votes and leaves a pregnant source of evil to curse us for many years to come. Business, having need of the assistance of a majority of the Senators, goes into the States and buys their election, to the infinite scandal and injury of our good name.

It appears, therefore, as a proposition not open to dispute, that if we are to have government by Business we should have it frankly, honestly, without reservation, acknowledging the facts, conducting ourselves accordingly, and we should do away forever with the pretense that we have a government of any other kind. Then if the necessities of trade compel business men to occupy land under the sidewalks, Business will abolish the law that forbids such occupancy and thereby abolish the corruption that the law entails. If Business finds that the presence of any man in the Senate is necessary to its purposes, it will announce the fact and choose the man without resorting to the purchase of a legislature. Whatever Business wants in a government conducted frankly and fairly by Business will be had without deception or cant.

Poverty Means Destruction of National Stamina

The other respect in which government by Business is clearly bad is its effect upon the masses of people who are outside of business. Vast and steadily increasing populations that are insufficiently nourished and badly housed, like many artisans, most toilers in factories, the dwellers in tenements and the people generally who are below the medium line of comfort, can have little concern in the governmental operations of Business. To them it can mean nothing that Business chooses this or that officer or decrees this or that law. Their interest is not in profits, but that they may have enough to eat and some tolerable place of shelter. Unluckily, concern for the welfare of these is not a matter of sentiment, as Business invariably assumes. Those who go down to the slums in the cohorts of emotional sympathy do, indeed, present at times to the practical a spectacle not wholly serious, but for two reasons Business should take heed of the underlying problem involved. In the first place, if the masses of people become too much impoverished, the national stamina is destroyed, which would be exceedingly bad for Business in case Business should plunge us into war. In the second place, since poverty produces a steady decline in physical and mental capacity if it goes too far, there is a lack of hands to do the work of Business and a lack of healthy stomachs to consume some of its most important products.

For these reasons, a government for Profits, like ours, incurs certain deadly perils, unless it be properly informed and broadly enlightened.

Something of the truth of this has already been perceived by the astute gentlemen who steer the fortunes of the Standard Oil Company, a concern that in many respects may be considered the foremost present type of Business in government. One of the rules of the Standard Oil Company is to pay good wages to its employees, and to see that they are comfortable and contented. As a result of this policy the Standard Oil Company is seldom bothered with strikes, and most of its employees have no connection with labor unions, do not listen to muck-rakers and other vile breeders of social discontent, and are quite satisfied with their little round of duties and their secure prospects in life. True, they will never be other than hired men of the company, and, true, their condition induces a kind of mental sloth and sleek inertia; but so long as they do their work they are certain of a well-filled trough and a warm cover to sleep in; and that to men looking out upon the mad battle-field of competition has not an unreasonable charm.

Unless Business recognizes quite fully the wisdom of similar arrangements for its employees, Business government will in the end fall of its own weight. To have an immense and capable purchasing power in the country is as important to Business as to have a local administration that lets it alone, or a Senate that it can control. All the Cannons and Aldriches in the world can not insure profits when the masses of people are too poor to buy products.

We must also note that besides afflicting us with what may be called a limited market, poverty really works mischief for Business on the expense side of the ledger. Poverty means ignorance, because the poor, being imminently beset at all times by want, must send their children, to work instead of sending them to school. Ignorance, in turn, combined with the terrible and irresistible temptations that are the fruit of poverty, produces crime. Crime causes government the heaviest of its expenses. Because of crime, a huge, costly machinery of police, detectives, prosecutors, courts and prisons must be maintained. Poverty also means disease, and disease again is not only bad for Business, but is no respecter of persons. An epidemic started in the back alley of a slum may at any time invade Fifth Avenue. Against this peril the profits of the fortunate are no protection, and the fact seems to be that on every ground slums do not pay.

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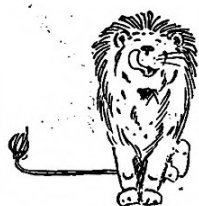
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Therefore the next two facts become of immense importance: first, that at present the slums and the amount of poverty in this country are steadily increasing; and second, that under a Business government the whole subject of poverty is likely to be much neglected. The probability of such neglect under a Business government is clearly to be seen from present conditions in this country, where Business has attained to a greater degree of power than elsewhere. For instance, in no other country with any pretense to civilization—not in Turkey, if I am correctly advised—certainly not in Russia, Spain, Egypt and other backward countries, are the laws for the protection of labor so barbarous as in the United States. Without the slightest prejudice or feeling in the matter, one may say that the life of an American working man is one of the cheapest commodities in the world. In some States there is no restriction upon any dangerous employment and no responsibility rests upon any employer, and in no State is there anything approaching an adequate protection or adequate responsibility. Since we have a government by Business, Business must assume all the consequences of our government, and the only conclusion is that, since Business could adjust these laws in any way it might see fit, their present condition is due either to the neglect or to the desire of Business. Either conclusion is enough to raise genuine concern. For its own interests Business must do better than this if it is to continue to govern, for should this be a fair sample of its attitude toward its dependents it will in time have nothing worth governing and likewise nothing to produce profits.

To sum up, the efficiency of the fire department, wherewith we started, is not a wholly reassuring fact. Business insists upon and obtains efficiency in this branch of the public service. It could as easily insist upon and obtain the like efficiency in any other department or in all departments. Because fire is an obvious and immediate danger, Business limits its demand to an efficient fire department. This indicates a view too narrow and restricted. With more breadth of vision Business might see that efficiency elsewhere would likewise be to its interest. One might think, therefore, that unenlightened Business government would prove a dubious experiment.

Why Not Face the Facts

But in any case we ought to play fair and be honest. Since we have government by Business, let us say so honestly, and let Business have its way without these degrading disguises. Whatever laws Business finds are hostile to its welfare ought to be abolished; to keep them on the statute books while Business, by devious means, secures their nullification is intolerable. If there are any laws that Business needs to have enacted, let us try to arrange our affairs so that Business can secure such laws without maintaining Timothy Sullivan at Albany and Joseph Cannon at Washington. We are a Business nation; we have the first Business government in the world; let us say so frankly and squarely, play the game to the limit, and see what the results will be. And let us have no more pretense that we mean anything else.

Origin of "The Big Stick"

THE first association of Theodore Roosevelt with the phrase, "the big stick," dates from a speech delivered by him at Chicago in 1902. On that occasion he said: "There is a homely old adage which runs, 'Speak softly and carry a big stick, and you will go far.'"

Mr. Roosevelt quoted from Ben Franklin, who used the same phrase in his "Poor Richard" writings. The New York World, in an editorial published September 29, 1904 (nearly two years after this phrase had been used), revived the speech, contrasting it, in parallel columns, with Roosevelt's pacific speech to the delegates of the Interparliamentary Peace Union, September 24, 1904.

The first cartoon embodying the "big stick" idea was published in the World of October 12, 1904. It represented Roosevelt mounted on a fiery steed throwing a lasso around the flying Angel of Peace and carrying a cudgel bearing the words "big stick" upon it. The caption under this cartoon, which was drawn by G. G. Bush, is: "The Angel of Peace: Help! Help!"

It is interesting to notice the varying changes in cartoons in the character of this stick. At first it was simply a long round stick of uniform thickness. It later changed to the knotted club or bludgeon type, and now it is often seen with a spear protruding from the large end. This latter form was derived from Roosevelt's expression "My spear knows no brother." A marked contrast is shown in Roosevelt's emblem and the "mailed fist" of Emperor William. William's symbol became current from a speech made by him when Prince Henry set sail for the East. It typified Power and Force—nothing else. Roosevelt's "big stick," although formidable, means peace—but peace backed up by the "big stick."

"Let no man know more of your specialty than you do yourself."

You can fool udder peoples some of der time, but you can fool yourself all der time.

Dreams and the Future Life

[Continued from page 791]

"Oh, no," said he, "I'm Archie Condon."
"Where is Archie Dale then?"
"Why, he's gone."

I remember that, in the dream, this answer seemed quite satisfactory to me. I did not ask where he had gone, or why, or when, but left the young man and rejoined the family, who told me that they were passing through New York on their way home from England, and learning that I was in the same building had sent for me. After a few minutes conversation I left them and returned to my friends down-stairs.

The whole dream was so coherent, so logical, and so clear-cut, that on awaking in the morning I mentioned it to Mrs. Bruce, saying that I felt sure something had happened to Archie Dale.

Afterward I ascertained that about, or shortly before, the time of the dream he had died at his home in Canada.

According to Professor Hyslop's theory, given to me in private conversation, the "Archie Condon" of my vision may have been no mere dream image but the spirit of some friend of Archie Dale's, who had died before he did and acted as an intermediary to convey to me the news of his death.

A Message From the Dead

In a case reported by Professor Romanes, the distinguished scientist, who vouched for the trustworthiness of the dreamer, a young man saw in a dream the figure of an old lady, who entered a drawing-room where he seemed to be seated reading. She quietly took a chair and gazed at him intently, finally saying: "John! Don't you know who I am? I am your grandmother."

After which she rose, embraced him, and vanished; while he awoke and immediately jotted down in a note-book the date and time of the dream, believing, as he said, "that it foreboded bad tidings."

Within less than a week he received a letter announcing the sudden death of his grandmother, whom he had not seen for fourteen years, on the very night and hour of his dream.

His curiosity aroused, he asked for particulars as to her appearance and learned that both in face and figure she bore a marvelous resemblance to the old lady who had come to him in his dream. He had noticed that the hair of the latter was very white while her eyebrows were dark. This was a conspicuous feature in his grandmother. He had also observed that the dream woman kept nervously touching her cap-strings, as though to make sure that they were in place. His grandmother, he was told, had been extremely fussy in the arrangement of her cap.

Another Dream-warning Verified

During an outbreak in Borneo, an Englishman named Wellington was captured and beheaded by the natives, who mistook him for the son of the Rajah of Sarawak, Sir James Brooke, against whom they felt particularly vindictive. Wellington's body was burned, and his head carried away in triumph, but the following day it was surrendered and buried in a coffin by his friends.

One night, long before news of his death could reach England, the cable net then being in existence, Wellington's sister, Mrs. N. T. Menneer, awoke her husband and told him that she had just had a terrible dream.

She seemed to see, at the foot of the bed, a coffin with her brother's head lying in it. Beside the coffin stood his headless body.

Mr. Menneer did his best to pacify her, and after a time she again fell asleep, but soon awoke once more, crying out in fright.

She had had an exact repetition of the dream.

Sometimes the seeming visitation from the dead does not occur until long after the death of the person seen in the dream. A good example of this type of vision is found in an experience related by the well-known American physicist, Professor A. E. Dolbear. It occurred while Professor Dolbear was visiting Greenacre, Maine, on a brief lecturing trip.

Having to wait until morning for a train he accepted an invitation to pass the night at the home of Miss Sarah Farmer, daughter of the electrician, Moses F. Farmer, who had died the year before. Professor Dolbear had been acquainted with Mr. Farmer, but not at all intimately, having in fact seen him only two or three times.

"During the night," he wrote, in reporting his dream to Dr. Richard Hodgson, then secretary of the American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research, "I dreamed that Mr. Farmer was in the room and talked with me, though I could not see him. I said to him, 'How shall I know it is you, and not some one else?' He replied, 'I'll show you my hand;' so his left hand was extended to me, and I took hold of it.

A Visitation and a Finger Trick

"It was very cold, and made me so shudder that I was at once awakened. I found myself uneasy, and turned over in bed to ease my uncomfortableness.

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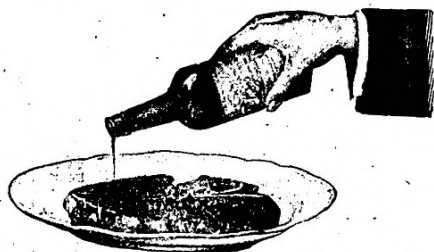
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Directly I slept again, and dreamed over the same occurrence. When Farmer showed his hand, I asked him how I should know it to be his hand. He replied, 'I'll move my fingers so,' and he straightened out his first and third fingers, while the second and fourth were bent in a very uncommon way. I can not move my fingers in such positions without the aid of the other hand.

"After that the séance ended, and I forgot all about it till the next morning at breakfast with Miss Farmer I chanced to recall it, and told her I had dreamed of her father, and I related the above to her. When I came to the finger business she dropped her fork, and with much earnestness said, 'that was one of his tricks. He could get the fingers of his left hand into uncommon positions, and for the amusement of visitors and intimate acquaintances would do it.'

"I never knew he had any such trick."

In this case the sole object of the dream visitor appears to have been to convince Professor Dolbear of his identity. Certainly, so far as Professor Dolbear's report indicates, he did not come to give any information that would be helpful to him in his profession. Vastly different in this respect was an experience occurring to another American scholar, Professor H. V. Hilprecht, the famous archaeologist.

Professor Hilprecht had for weeks been endeavoring to decipher the inscriptions on two small fragments of agate, found in the ruins of the temple of Bel at Nippur and supposed to be parts of the finger-rings of some Babylonian. One night, after poring over them for hours without coming to any definite conclusion, he went to bed about midnight, thoroughly exhausted, and was soon in a deep sleep.

He had not been long asleep when, in a dream, he saw a tall, thin, venerable-looking old man, dressed in a robe which, from his archaeological knowledge, Professor Hilprecht recognized as the garb worn by the priests of ancient Nippur. The old man, taking him by the hand, led him to the treasure-chamber of the temple of Bel, and thence to a small room, without windows, in which there was a large wooden chest. There he said to him:

Had This Man Been Dead 3,200 Years?

"The two fragments that perplex you belong together, are not finger-rings, and their history is as follows:

"King Kurigalzu (who reigned about 1300 B.C.) once sent to the temple of Bel an inscribed votive cylinder of agate. Then we priests suddenly received a command to make for the statue of the god Nirieb a pair of earrings of agate.

"We were in great dismay, since there was no agate at hand. In order to execute the command there was nothing for us to do but cut the votive cylinder into three parts, thus making three rings, each of which contained a portion of the original inscription.

"The first two rings served as earrings for the statue of the god, and the two fragments which have given you so much trouble are portions of them. If you will put the two together you will have confirmation of my words. But the third ring you have not yet found in the course of your excavations, and you will never find it."

The priest then disappeared, and Professor Hilprecht, awaking, at once told the dream to his wife, so that he would be sure not to forget it. In the morning he again examined the fragments, and to his astonishment found that they confirmed what the priest of his dream had told him, the inscription on them, when pieced together, reading:

"To the god Nirieb, son of Bel, his lord, has Kurigalzu, pontifex of Bel, presented this."

With the single exception of my own dream, all the foregoing have been taken from the records of the Society for Psychical Research, which, for the past quarter of a century, has been industriously collecting and examining similar dreams and other evidence purporting to afford proof of the future life.

Some Great Men who Are Trying to Prove the Soul Immortal

The society's membership includes such eminent scientists and scholars as Professor James, Professor Stanley Hall, Professor Pickering, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Alfred Russel Wallace, the co-discoverer with Darwin of the law of evolution; and among European savants Professor Lombroso, Janet, Beaunis, Dessoir, Ribot, and Schrenck-Notzing. The presence of these distinguished men in the society is of itself a guarantee that it has been carrying on its work in a truly scientific spirit.

And, in fact, its members rigidly scrutinize all evidence offered to them, and place on record only that which they consider well authenticated.

Thus there can be no doubt of the genuineness of the dreams I have cited, which are but specimens selected from a vast collection in the society's archives.

Whatever their explanation they can not be dismissed as fabrications, nor can it be said of those which coincide with the death of the person seen in a dream that they merely "chanced" to occur.

Apart from the fact that in many cases—as in the dreams of Mrs. Green and Mrs. Storie—the death scenes are pictured in too minute detail to admit of an explanation on the theory of chance, this theory is rendered

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inadmissible by the great number of dreams of this character collected by the society and by independent investigators.

It is therefore not at all surprising to find that, as was stated at the beginning of my article, many competent inquirers are convinced that the dead do communicate with the living in dreams, and that we consequently obtain through dreams proof positive that the soul is not blotted out with the death of the body.

This view would undoubtedly be more generally accepted were it not for one thing—the possibility that the dream messages announcing death emanate not from the “spirit” of the dead person but from his living mind, either at the moment of death or shortly before it.

That such a theory—the theory of telepathy or the communication of thoughts from mind to mind without passing through the ordinary channels of sensation—is perfectly valid has been demonstrated both by experiments and by the collection of thousands of cases of spontaneous occurrence.

It has even been found possible to “telepath” dreams—that is to say, to cause a sleeper to dream of the person experimenting on him, or any other person whom the experimenter may wish to make him see in a dream.

Remarkable Evidences of Telepathy

A noteworthy series of experiments of this sort is reported by a German investigator named Wesermann. On one occasion when about to visit a friend who lived at a distance of five miles, he thought he would try to notify him of the intended visit “by presenting my form to him in his sleep, through the force of my will.” The next day, on arriving at his friend's house, he learned that the latter had actually seen him in a dream the night before.

Another time he tried to communicate to a lady, while she was asleep, a conversation that he had had with two other people, and on visiting her three days later she told him all that had been said, and expressed great astonishment at what she called a “remarkable dream.”

In a third experiment he succeeded in making another lady see in a dream the funeral procession of a mutual friend, who had been buried that day.

Once he was the unwitting cause of a full-blown apparition. He was trying at the time to make a friend, a military officer, dream of a young woman who had been five years dead. He waited until late at night to make the experiment, supposing that his friend would then be in bed and asleep. Instead, he was sitting up talking to a brother officer.

Nevertheless, both the friend and his companion saw the image of the dead woman. While they gazed, in mingled amazement and fear, the door seemed to open, she walked in, bowed in a friendly manner to them, and then silently glided out again. A sentinel, on guard near the door, assured them that nobody had gone either in or out.

Other experiments have obtained similar results, causing the appearance of apparitions of themselves and other people, seen sometimes in broad daylight.

Furthermore, it has been found that telepathic messages are frequently delayed in their receipt by the person to whom they are sent. This is technically known as “deferred percipience.” The supposition is that the message really reaches the recipient “on time,” but remains buried in the depths of his “subconscious mind” until some favoring condition—as when he is asleep, fatigued or “nervous”—allows it to emerge in the form of a dream or of a hallucination. To give an example:

An English clergyman, the Rev. Clarence Godfrey, on retiring one night at a quarter to eleven o'clock, determined that he would try to “telepath” a phantasm of himself to a parishioner, a lady living in another part of the city. For about ten minutes he endeavored, in thought, to appear to her and attract her attention. At the end of that time he fell asleep.

About four hours later the lady on whom he had been “exerting his will” awoke with an impression that she had heard a curious sound. She felt nervous and uneasy, and thought that if she went down-stairs and took a drink of soda-water it might have a quieting effect.

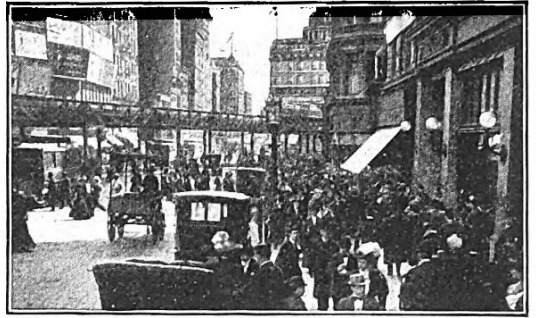
Coming back she was astounded to see the form of Mr. Godfrey standing on the staircase. He was dressed, she afterward related, in his usual garb, and seemed to be looking intently on her. He remained standing there for three or four seconds, while she stared at him in horrified amazement. Then, as she approached the staircase, he disappeared.

Had Mr. Godfrey died that night his parishioner might well have believed that she had seen his ghost.

Telepathy is a Function of the Subconscious Mind

It has also been ascertained that it is by no means necessary for the sender to think consciously of the person to whom he conveys a telepathic message. Indeed, one of the few facts known definitely about telepathy is that it is primarily a function of the “subconscious mind,” or the “subliminal self,” as it has otherwise been called; and that except in experimental telepathy the “conscious mind,” the mind which we use in every-day life, has little of anything to do with its operation.

Again let me make my meaning clear by an illustration or two.



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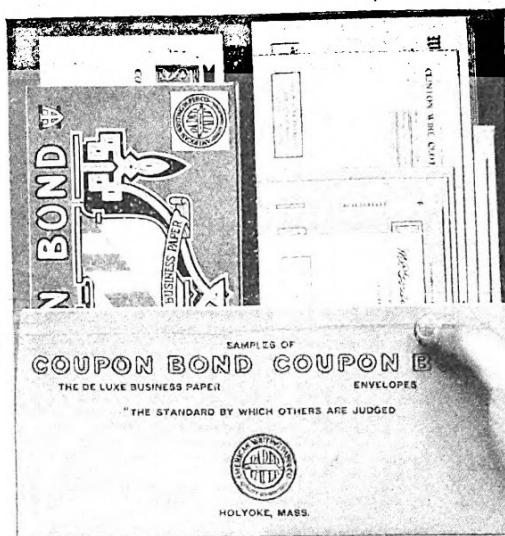
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Richard Searle, a lawyer, was sitting one afternoon in his office in London, working over some papers in an important case. Suddenly, he distinctly saw, through the lower pane of a window, the head and face of his wife, her eyes closed and her face white and bloodless.

Almost instantly the vision vanished. He sprang to the window and looked out, but could only see the dingy walls of the opposite building. Being a cool, level-headed man he decided that his eyes had played him an odd trick, and calmly went on with his work.

That evening, however, his wife told him that shortly after luncheon their little girl had had a bad fall, cutting her face, the sight of the blood so alarming Mrs. Searle that she fainted.

It was two o'clock when the accident happened, and it was just about that time when Mr. Searle saw the face in the window.

In another case the recipient of the telepathic message was walking along a country road when he seemed to see ahead of him a room which he recognized as a bedroom at his home known as the white room. On the floor lay the figure of his mother, to all appearance dead.

A Vision Which Averted Death

"The vision," he says, "must have remained some minutes, during which my real surroundings appeared to pale and die out; but as the vision faded, the actual surroundings came back, at first dimly and then clearly.

"I could not doubt that what I had seen was real, so, instead of going home, I went at once to the house of our medical man and found him at home. He at once set out with me for my home, on the way putting questions I could not answer, as my mother seemed quite well when I left home.

"I led the doctor straight to the white room, where we found my mother actually lying as in my vision. This was true even to minute details. She had been seized suddenly by an attack at the heart, and would soon have breathed her last but for the doctor's timely advent."

Besides illustrating the subconscious nature of the telepathic process, these cases illustrate another interesting circumstance connected with telepathy—namely, that it seems to operate most freely between persons bound together by ties of blood or friendship, and that it chiefly comes into play at critical moments of crisis.

Now, there can be no more critical moment than the approach of death, and, in view of all the foregoing facts, it is believed by many students of psychical research, that the dream-visions seen at, or shortly before, the time of death are caused telepathically before death by the subconscious mind of the dying person or by the subconscious mind of some one having knowledge of his condition.

In the case of my dream of Archie Dale, for instance, in order to explain it on the telepathic hypothesis—which, I may say, I believe affords an entirely adequate explanation—it is only necessary to assume that while he lay dying he subconsciously thought of me and of the happy days we had spent together in our boyhood. Thence might arise a conscious or subconscious desire to send me a farewell message, and at once the telepathy process would be set in operation, flashing the news of his death to my subconscious mind, by which it would later be transmitted to my conscious mind in the form of a symbolic dream.

Or the message might have originated in the subconscious mind of his brother Edward, who was present at his death-bed and with whom I had been on terms of warmer friendship than with Archie.

Telepathic Connection is Sometimes Hard to Trace

Sometimes, it is true, the telepathic connection is hard to trace, as in the dream-picture seen by Mrs. Storie. Yet even here it does not seem straining a point to suppose that the noise made by the approaching train awoke her brother, though too late to allow him to escape; and that his subconscious mind grasped the details of the scene afterward worked out with such picturesque imagery in Mrs. Storie's dream. The presence of Mr. Johnstone on the train may have been a mere coincidence; or it may be that, being a friend of the victim of the accident, his subconscious mind first apprehended the picture of the death and then transmitted it to Mrs. Storie's subconsciousness.

Nor is it always necessary to invoke telepathy as the explanation of seemingly supernatural dreams of the dead. The Hilprecht dream, in which a ghostly priest interpreted the inscription on the broken fragments of agate, bears a striking resemblance to these dreams, mentioned in the previous article, in which mathematical and other problems are solved during sleep.

Professor Hilprecht, as we know, had long been engaged in trying to decipher the fragments. He went to bed with his mind engrossed in the problem. Subconsciously he had doubtless acquired, through long study of the lines and tracings on the fragments, the data necessary to their correct interpretation, which his subconscious mind that night rendered to him in dream, the figure of the ancient priest being only a fanciful interpolation.

If, in the last analysis, such dreams as those described above fail to give absolutely decisive proof of the future life, they nevertheless do go far to confirm and reinforce the traditional faith of mankind.

The Unjust Judge

[Continued from page 780]

were to set the verdict aside and, using my discretion, let you go free, it would be a clear case of your being tried by one man—which you have just declared to be the case, and against which you have protested. I choose to follow precedent, as I have always done, and to act upon the verdict, and not on my personal opinion. You are convicted, and you must suffer in prison. There is, however, always the board of pardons—"

"Send an innocent man suing for a pardon?"

"Oh, oh! We must not mince words. What matter is it if you go free?"

"You falsely imprison me and then talk that way of your own act?"

"Oh," laughed the judge, "you must do as you like, and I must use such of my powers as I see fit. If you are innocent, it is a pity that you should not be pardoned, though it seems a contradiction in terms to pardon an innocent man. It is perhaps the easiest way for you."

"You, who would take no way but the sternest, advise me to stultify my conscience by admitting I am guilty, and then, from behind prison bars, where you have sent me, with all that disadvantage, put me on my knees, begging an indifferent half dozen gentlemen, after a full dinner, to set me free! Have them treat a man, perhaps more upright than any of them, with the condescension of the pardoning board to a confessed felon! Stop and observe that all this injustice which you are advising me how to reverse, you are about to create and perpetrate. Is your conscience easy with that thought? You might as well give me the tools to break out, tell me that I am innocent, advise me of the best way to the State line, and then sentence me."

"My dear sir," said the judge, very patiently, "let me say once more that my mind has no concern with what we are about to do. The jury has found a fact. I am no more responsible for that than I am for the thunder from the clouds. Upon that fact, however found, I am obliged, by my reverence for precedent, to announce certain consequences. That I do. I do not now, and I never have let my personal bias be considered. I am simply a machine. I register a certain effect. This effect is to be produced upon you in this instance. That is all. Do you, now, understand?"

IV

THE MAXIMUM JUDGE

"You mean to send an innocent man to prison and then trust him to the accident of two other tribunals as unrighteous as this one—who will know nothing of what we know here to-day?"

"That is just what I mean."

"And if they, as you, find themselves bound in the clutches of precedent by what you have done?"

"They may—they are, in fact, likely to. I would be."

"Then they are almost certain to sustain the unrighteous verdict of this jury?"

"Men bred to the law would be likely to."

"And if I should in the end—many years—I know it will take that at least—prove that it was a mistake, and my sentence unjust—who is to pay, and what is the price? Who will restore to me my good name? Who will give me back the years I shall spend out of the world—wasted? Who will restore my wife and children to me, their happiness to them?"

"Ah," smiled the judge, "mere speculations!"

"You are now going to pronounce my sentence?"

"Oh, certainly," nodded the judge, reaching for the book once more where Barlow's crime was defined.

"Then," and Barlow smiled, too, "I have yet another word to say. You have taught me here, during this trial, a great deal about crime. Out there where you are about to send me, I shall, I have no doubt, learn more. Well, I will justify you, and what you call the law's, teaching. I will become a criminal and a jail-bird. There will be nothing else left for me. As you have perhaps observed, I am a man of some intelligence. I think I shall make a criminal whom you will hear from—as, I have no doubt, you would have heard of me in happier lines but for what is happening here to-day. I will not take the chances of the law's delay for my freedom. They are nine in ten against me, and I can not afford the time. I will enter my criminal life now. It is you and the law who are in the position of robbing me, and of a million times more than I am falsely accused of robbing. You are taking that priceless thing called liberty. But I shall soon have that back. It is my wife's, my children's happiness which you to-day take away forever—for which I will exact stupendous payment. You may be sure, sir, that my price will be greater than any punishment you can inflict—larger than yours. Make that as severe as you like—"

"The maximum," nodded the judge, with his genial smile.

The prisoner nodded in return.

"It makes no difference whatever."

"You will be my—ahem!—guest so much the longer, I hope," said the judge.

"I hope not. I know I shall not be."

"Ah!"

"Precisely!"

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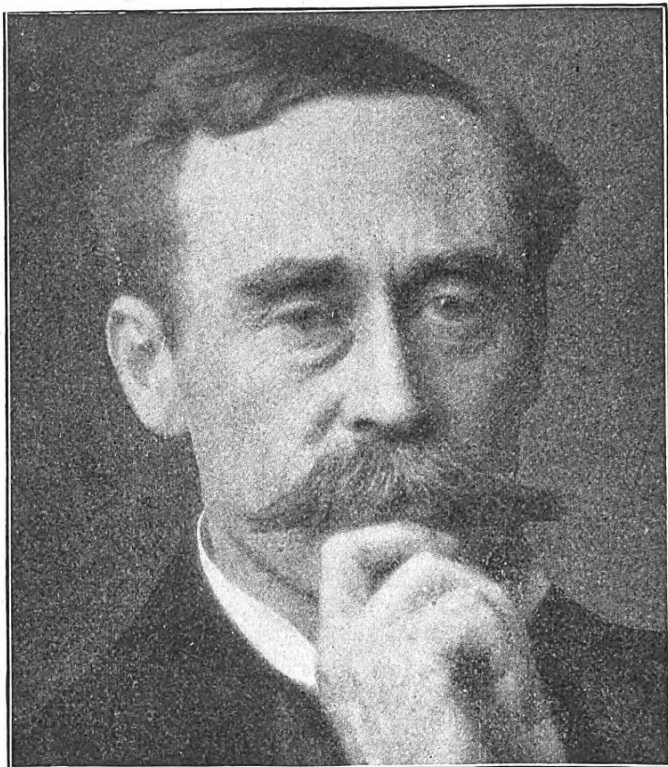
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"I shall make a note of that on the bill for the instruction of the warden," and he wrote leisurely for a moment.

"Dangerous; threatens to break out."

"Yes," admitted Barlow. "Then, be sure, sir, that I shall not neglect you. You shall be robbed, be sure of that, and of the things you love best, as you, under your false color of law, rob me here to-day. You say that my quarrel is not with you, bound by the shackles of bad laws and worse interpretations. In precisely the same irresponsible way I shall make you suffer, and you may do what you leave me to do to-day—find the thing or person who is responsible and make him right you—if you can. Boards of pardon! Appeals! You will simply have to look into your mirror."

The judge and the district attorney nodded at his palpable hit. Barlow went on.

"I reject absolutely and entirely this false pretense of yours, that you can do nothing but what you are about to do. If you have been enslaved by the constrictions of your calling, you are still a man, and a man sitting where you are should say, 'Let this man go free.' It is your right, and it is mine—and I would walk out of that door, even then, with a debt against you and your system of law because of this false arrest and detention among all the vileness this experience has discovered."

"Why, sir," smiled the judge, "for such an arbitrary ruling, in view of the written records of this case, I would be liable to impeachment. My plea that I had accepted your word in the matter would be subject for ridicule."

"You are speaking an untruth," said Barlow, calmly. "This is too solemn an occasion for me to mince words with you. There is nothing but a fancied fealty to what you have confessed to be a vicious system which binds you to this course. I hold you, you alone, responsible now, and shall in the end. And, at this time, I want you to consider the end. I think you have a son. Think of him now. I have one; think of the two."

"Well," smiled the judge, "I do. What then?"

"Remember! Remember!" said Barlow, solemnly. "This is a more momentous occasion for you than for me, I solemnly believe. Suppose your son stood here where I stand now! I say it is a momentous occasion for you!"

"There have been many of them," grinned the judge.

"I've been on the bench forty years. In that time I've tried fifteen thousand cases. I have often been threatened in this way. Maledictions of all kinds have been called down upon me. I have been threatened with the visitation in the night of all the souls of all the criminals I have sent to prison and out of the world in these forty years. They are to come, a vast, wailing horde, to take me with them to trial and sentence as the unjust judge before my God." The judge laughed.

"What is their sentence to be?" asked Barlow.

"Oh, death," laughed the judge, "death in its most horrid form. Do you suppose that they would be satisfied with anything less?"

"I shall be satisfied only with something much more."

"And what might that be?" asked the judge, with an instant of surprise.

"Torture, first," answered Barlow.

"Oh," laughed the judge, indifferently; "of course; I had forgotten that they always want to torture me first."

"I will surely do it," persisted Barlow.

"For many years I have looked for that army of criminals I have sentenced, for that array of murderers I have sent out of the world, for the wails of their wives and orphans, for the curses of the maimed and halt and blind they have left behind—but they have not come back. Some have escaped from prison; yes, but they have been too glad to get away to stay, and not return to bother me."

The judge laughed widely. "And I think most of them were pretty sure that if they came before me a second time it would perhaps be a little worse for them than the first time. Once has usually been enough for them, and me. Go in peace, Mr. Barlow."

The judge laughed.

"The fact is," said Barlow, "you are proud of your sobriquet, 'The Maximum Judge.'"

"Very. It is a way of saying that I do my whole duty fearlessly."

"And duty, to you, means 'Let no guilty man escape.'"

"Is n't that about right?"

Barlow did not answer the question.

"Did you ever hear that it is better that ten guilty men escape punishment than that one suffer innocently?"

"Yes," smiled the judge. "They do. You need not fear that. And twenty of them, too."

"You believe, I suppose, that every man is guilty of something he ought to be punished for?"

"Undoubtedly."

"What is the crime for which you are not being punished?"

Grinder laughed aloud. "Am I expected to inform upon myself, try myself, convict myself, and punish myself?"

"Then, to your sense, crime is only crime when it exposes itself."

"There is something in that view. We punish to

deter. A crime that is unknown, save to the doer of it, can make no proselytes to it. It therefore lacks one of the elements for punishment—contamination."

"How many men have you sentenced to be hanged?" asked the prisoner.

"I do not know," answered the genial judge. "When my duty is complete I dismiss the case absolutely from my mind and never think of it again."

"You will think of this one again," said Barlow, with what sounded a bit like pity.

"Perhaps," smiled the judge. "It has been very unusual, in an unusual administration of this office. I permit convicts to talk freely. I gain much information for their punishment in that way. But in all my experience none has been permitted such freedom as you. Nevertheless, it is right, and I have enjoyed it."

"And how many homes have you wrecked—sent the head to a prison and left the rest to be scattered through the world in fragments—to make one criminal and breed ten more?"

"I have no idea," said the judge.

"Do not their ghosts visit you at night?"

"No. I thought *that* would come."

"Don't you ever think of them?"

"Never."

"Their ghosts shall visit you hereafter. And you shall think of them. Then you will no longer be so debonair upon this bench."

"Thank you," smiled the judge. "It is the old, old threat."

"I shall take it upon myself that they shall. And then I shall avenge them all upon you. I shall first torture, then destroy you. The latter should have been done long ago. But you also deserve the former. Then, perhaps, some one who will administer the law with humanity and mercy will follow you and profit by your terrible example. You are not human. There is no blood in your veins. There is no speculation in your eyes. You are a machine, yes, as you say, for registering the will of another. You have none of your own."

"When I finally sentence you, you may change your mind," laughed the judge.

"In a certain sense you are a fiend—as much as a fiend can be made out of steel and iron. As a relentless engine which crushes men in its path and goes on and neither sees nor remembers, so are you."

"Proceed with my sentence. You may be sure that there will be no motion for a new trial, nor any appeal to the board of pardons. There is a swifter and surer way."

"Under all the circumstances of the case," smiled the judge, winking slyly down at the district attorney, "I shall not satisfy the district attorney, I fear, unless I give you the full extent of the law as a lesson to this and other juries."

"It makes no difference," smiled Barlow.

"Then let us say"—he wrote it slowly on the back of the bill of indictment—"let us say thirty years at hard labor in the Eastern Penitentiary."

The happy judge smiled at Barlow, and Barlow bowed and smiled back at him.

Note.—The second and concluding part of "The Unjust Judge" will be published in January.

A Houseful of Reasons

BISHOP MALLALIEU, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, always stood as a strong opponent to the inconsiderable, and often inconsistent, salaries that are paid the pastor by some congregations amply able to pay more liberally. He told the following personal reminiscence at a recent conference:

"I once knew an excellent young man who married shortly after he entered the ministry. He was on a small salary but he seemed contented and happy."

"Some twelve or fifteen years went by after I last met him, and I had rather lost sight of him—forgotten him, as we will do sometimes—when unexpectedly I met him in Boston, well dressed, but not at all clerically."

"We shook hands. He said he was doing excellently."

"What church?" I asked.

"Oh," said he, "no church—the wholesale hat business."

"But why did you leave the Church?" I inquired, solicitously.

"For seven reasons," he replied.

"And what were they?" said I.

"A wife," he answered, "and six children."

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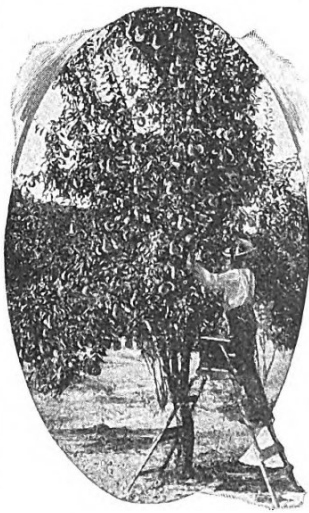
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The Double-Barrelled Author

[Continued from page 785]

"How is he to-day?" I would ask, for instance.

"Well, he really seems stronger to-day."

"And how does he seem?"

This was after he had ceased to be unconscious.

"Oh, he seems better—really better."

"Is he strong enough to talk?"

"Oh, yes, quite strong enough—how good it is of you to come day after day; I can't tell you how we appreciate it," etc., etc.

"If he should express a desire to see me at any time you'll let me know, won't you? Even if it were the middle of the night."

"Indeed, yes."

But he never sent for me, and although the bulletins grew more and more favorable, there seemed to be no end to his illness. The whole family behaved, shall I say, as if they were ashamed about something.

And then, one day, just as I was being turned off with the same old phrases, that meant so little, little Mrs. Grove kept me from going, and in a sudden burst of frankness lifted the veil. After that confidence I became as a member of the family, spending whole days, and sometimes a number of days with them.

"John," she said, "I can't bear to see you so perplexed and troubled about Len, any more. Bodily he's just as strong and well as you are. But he does n't know anybody, or anything. It's—it's just as if we had a brand new baby in the house."

To a casual medical man Leonard's case must have been intensely interesting, but to us who loved him it was very terrible. He was exactly like a new baby, with all of a baby's charm left out. He was still six feet four long; he still looked like a man; and yet he would cry and fret, and scold, and smile, and grow playful, and make inarticulate sounds. When he got used to you he would put out his arms to you, just as a baby does when it wants to be taken up; and you could amuse him with bells, and the ticking of watches. The saving clause, of course, was this—that he was not an imbecile baby. As babies go, he was bright and quick to learn; indeed very much more so than most babies. I suppose this was because he had a large and well-developed brain to start with. He could learn, for instance, in a day or two, tricks that it takes the average baby weeks to learn. And of course we kept at him, teaching and teaching. It seemed the only chance, and, when we gathered to note progress, a very good chance. He got so that he could sit up in bed, without losing his balance; he learned to crawl; and one thrilling day he rose suddenly to his feet, and so remained, tottering and crowing with joy. With each thing learned his latent power for development increased by leaps and bounds. So he learned to talk, as you might express it, before he was six months old, and within a year and a half he had learned to read and print as well as an intelligent child of seven or eight. So that we now felt that it was a sure thing that we should end by making him a grown man again. But would he develop along the old lines into the old Leonard Grove?

The Irish characteristics began to crop out, which was an encouraging sign; but it was discouraging that the books which had been his favorites in his first childhood, did not appeal to him in his second. In the family circle, if I may include myself, we read aloud to him "The Last of the Mohicans," "Midshipman Easy," and "David Copperfield," upon which he had originally been brought up, but he no longer liked them. He liked stories about railroad trains better, and stories about boys who play with pieces of wire and grow up to be famous inventors. "The Lady of the Lake" had lost

her charm, it seemed; "Julius Cæsar" bored him. He wanted only modern stories about modern things.

At arithmetic he was better in his new childhood than he had ever been before; and in less radical ways he promised to have a better balanced mind, though certainly a less phenomenal one. Of his former life and craft he remembered not a jot; and sometimes, after consultations with his own parents, we would conclude that we must soon try to make him understand; but the time never seemed quite ripe for this and the difficulties were enough to stagger the most resolved. Could you, for instance, make the average bright boy of eight believe that he had ever been a famous author, under a pseudonym? That he had loved with all his heart and married the girl who has recently been reading aloud to him from the "Boys Own Handy Book"? The doctors said, wait. They said they had known similar cases in which memory had made its own return. So we kept diligently about his education and his future, and left the past to take care of itself. His progress was to that of a normal child in the ratio of about five to one.

One thing of prime, and perhaps tragic, importance had as yet occurred only to his wife. But one day, during Leonard's afternoon nap, she took me for a long walk back on the hills and spoke frankly of the complications which she must soon face.

"What," she said, "is my attitude to Len to be—when he grows up? He's fond of me just as he is of every one who is with him constantly, and who plays with him, and reads to him and corrects him; but that's all. He doesn't care for me the way he did. He doesn't even realize that there is such a thing in the world as caring. Am I to claim him when he grows up again as belonging to me, or am I to disappear, or stand aside and just let him go?"

"But," I said, "my dear child, you're his wife, and I don't see how you can stand aside and let him go?"

"Oh, I know," she answered, "that I am his wife according to law. But not according to anything else. I love him; but that does not seem to matter. He is not the lad that married me, is he?"

I shook my head.

"When he grows up," she said, with a pathetic quaver in her voice, "and begins to think about such things, suppose he falls in love with somebody else?"

"All things are possible," I said. "So what is to prevent him from falling in love with you?"

"Oh," she said, tragically, "he could not fall in love with me twice!"

"In a good many ways," I said, "he is going to be like his former self; he's going to have a slightly different twist of mind, but something of the old, impulsive, delightful Irish nature. I don't see why he should not have sense enough to see for the second time that the world contains at the most but one girl. Have I," I said, indignantly, "even thought of marrying since you married Len? Is not the world filled with reluctant but determined bachelors—of your making. No. If you weren't you, I would not dare prophesy a happy end of this matter. But in your power of making a given man love you, I believe as I believe in spring and blue weather."

"But," she said, "if he does not fall in love with me?" And she smiled, for she was pleased to have been told pleasant things about herself, even though she was unhappy. "There's no use talking about a good ending. That would take care of itself. But in case it begins to look as if there were going to be a bad ending—oughtn't we to be ready with a plan? To have just the right thing to do about it—up our sleeves?"

"Maybe you've already thought of some plan," I suggested.

"Maybe I have," said she, "and I've lain awake all of nights thinking about it, and sometimes crying about it; because it seems so awful to me, and yet so utterly and absolutely the best thing to do. But I'm afraid—"

"Why?" I said.

"I'm afraid you'll all be against me. I'm afraid you'll all storm at me and tell me I'm a fool."

I smiled.

"Aren't you also afraid," I said, "that after I, in particular, had stormed my fill at you, that I should also strike you?"

She laughed a little; and then turned her beseeching eyes, full of tragedy, to me.

"I have decided to divorce him," she said, "and go away."

"I see," I said, gravely.

"And then to come back when he has grown up, and try, and try to make him fall in love with me again."

At first little Mrs. Grove's plan seemed very cold-blooded, appalling and unnecessary to us; but better reasoning prevailed. What she proposed was safest for all concerned and had, perhaps, the best chance of ultimate success. When Leonard should be old enough to think of marriage she would come back. Meanwhile he would forget the mother, nurse and playmate of his second childhood, and all of her wonderful and lovely ways.

She sailed for Europe all alone, looking very little, and very sad and lovely, as she leaned from the rail of a very big steamer and called her good-bys and messages to her father and me. She had not cried, except just a little at first, just after she had looked in at Len

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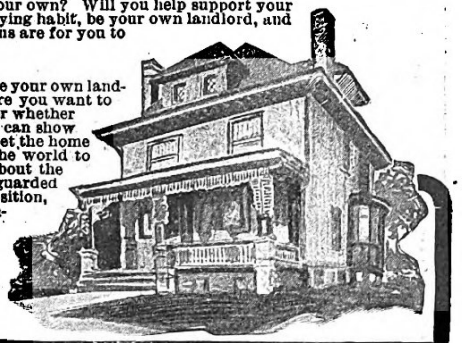
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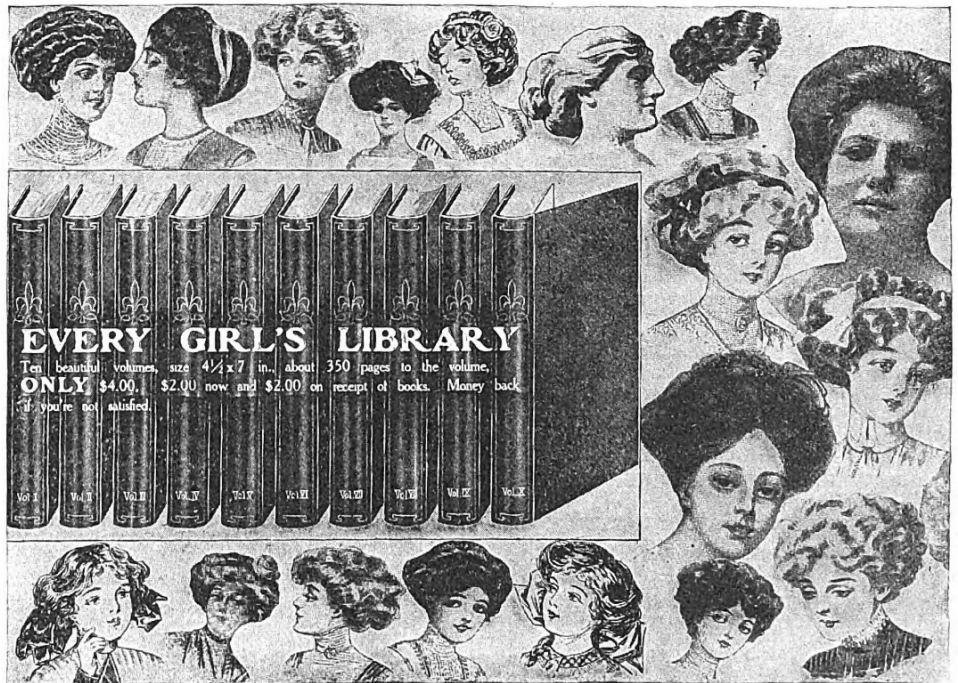
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asleep on his bed. But when she could no longer see them, two grown men cried like a pair of schoolgirls, openly and without shame. You could n't help crying, because on that very big ship she had looked so alone, and so brave, and so little.

At Christmas I decided to try an experiment on him. He had of late begun to take an almost startling interest in literature of the most modern kind, and especially in the short story. He had reached the critical age somewhat prematurely, and sometimes fooled for an hour or so at a time with original composition. The need of writing, then, had survived, and was beginning to manifest itself in mild but ever increasing impulses. So I took him, for a Christmas present, a volume of stories, not brand-new, but very excellent in their way, written in the best period of his authorship, by one Robert Moore. And these stories were such creations of a rare genius as "Evdane," "The Goose," "Plimpton Sands," "Matter," "The Porringer," "Blue Roses," "Left Over," and "Sevenoaks."

I had no sooner made him a present of this volume, together with my affectionate regards and hopes that the season would prove a merry one, than I was seized with fear at what I had done. For it was just possible that the stories into which he had once put so much time and heart and labor might prove the shock that should give him back his memory of former times. I felt that I ought not to have given him the book upon no sager advice than my own. I feared the effect that returning memory might have if it began to come upon him when he was alone and unprepared. I told Mr. Grey what I had done, and he did not approve. But he said that as long as the milk had been spilled—for Leonard had carried the book off to his room and was already at it—there was no use trying to scoop it up and put it back in the can. We might have spared ourselves.

I received from Len, the very next day, a charmingly misspelled note thanking me for the book and expressing it as his frank opinion that the stories in it were so much rot. "You said," he wrote, "that it's Moore's last book of yarns. If he's still alive, he ought to be proud that he stopped when he did. I suppose you'll say I don't know what I'm talking about; but if I could n't write better stories than these without half trying, I'd kick myself."

I made an issue with him of this boast, and defied him to write any kind of a story, let alone a story that was better than those he had been reading. The dare appealed to him; he shut himself up for a number of mornings and spoiled a great many sheets of paper. He came to me with a frank confession of failure.

"I know what they ought to be like when they're done," he said, "but I don't seem to know how to do 'em. I guess it's like anything else; you've got to learn how. But that fellow Moore learned how to do the wrong thing—that's the trouble with him. I believe I'd like to write stories better than to eat, and I'm going to learn how, but I'm going to begin right, if I begin at all."

"As how?" I asked.

"Why," he said "I'll study the stories that the most people read, and learn how to write others like them. What's the use of giving people what they don't want? Look at Edison—don't you suppose it would have been just as easy for him to invent silly complicated things that were n't any good to anybody, except maybe to surprise them a little?"

"In other words," I said, "you believe in writing what the reader wants to read; not what the writer wants to write?"

"Why, of course," he said, "don't you?"

I had once heard the man who now stood before me, a frank and eager youth, I had once heard him from the summit of his mastery lay down contrary precepts anent public and authors and art. But I wondered; I wondered if, perhaps, there was not more wisdom in the youth than ever there had been in the master.

However that may be, the determination grew upon Leonard to become deliberately, and by premeditation, a popular author. His first period was one of study and incubation; a systematized effort (and here was something of the old Leonard with a new application) to learn what not to do; and he made for himself a short and valuable list of "don'ts." I suppose when it came to actual composition and setting motives in order, the immense practise that his brain had once gone through must have helped. Be that as it may, his progress toward the goal of popularity was rapid and sure. He brought me one day a finished story, and asked my opinion. I read the thing.

"Len," I said, "this April I have read a dozen stories in the May and June magazines exactly like this. It is neither better nor worse; the reticent touch of pathos at the end is very pretty and tender; but as your name is not known to the editors I don't see why they should buy from you. They have old stand-bys who make these stories for them—of course I don't want to discourage; suppose you try —'s."

But he was not discouraged, and instead of humble —'s he tried his effort on a high and mighty. He received shortly a most courteous letter from the editor-in-chief with an acceptance of that particular story, a check, and a request for more. "You have," wrote the editor, "a future before you; you have the rare faculty of writing what people want to read."

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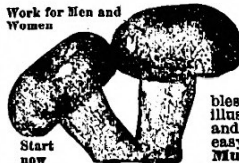
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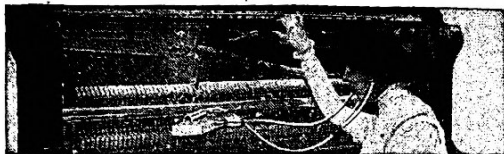


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when you expected it, an artfully couched touch of reticent but guilty pathos. Along the same lines he produced a long story that was published as a book and became a best seller, and was dramatized into an unspeakably stupid and awkward play—which is still running. He was not a writer, but a manufacturer. He gloried in it. "What my customers want," was his slogan, "that they shall have."

And he laughed with delight and conceit of himself. But he worked just as hard and painstakingly as ever before his accident; only toward different ideals. He did not write for money, though he loved it because it proved that in his chosen purpose he was making good. He wrote to please others—the most others that could be pleased at one time by one thing. And he succeeded beyond the dreams of those who thunder from pulpits or strive in slums.

One day we were coming down Broadway; and suddenly Len came to a full stop, oblivious to everything, and every one, but what was immediately occupying his mind. I followed his gaze.

"Well?" I said, and again, "well?"
"By George," he answered slowly, "she was pretty!"

At the next telegraph office we came to I said, "I've got to send a wire; wait, will you?" And I went in, and cabled to his wife:

"Len has grown up. Better come home."

Two weeks later he received an invitation from the Trotters—wise and discreet old friends from the old days—to visit them at Newport. We had the deuce of a time to make him accept. He said: "It's spring in New York, and it's good; all the women have new hats and they look lovely. I don't want to go until the flowers in the window-boxes begin to get sun-burned." But we told him the Trotters were rich old friends, and so fond of him, and that they would feel hurt if he didn't go to them; he need only stay a day or two. Furthermore, many houses were now open in Newport, and there were pretty girls there already; there were surely pretty girls at the Trotters. But when at last he did agree to go, it was grudgingly, as a personal favor to me.

He came back in just a week, with the most radiant expression I ever saw on a man. He burst into my rooms—almost literally.

"John—John," he said, "I had to come straight to you. The most wonderful thing has happened. It's all owing to you. My God, man, the minute I saw her I wanted to kill myself. I knew I had n't a chance; And I knew I'd be unhappy all the rest of my born days. And—oh, John—I was all wrong. Because she says it was the same with her, right from the beginning." He paused, out of breath.

"Some little fool," I said, "with a pretty face."
He flew into a royal rage.
"I would n't take that from any man but you," he cried, and then relenting, and argumentative, and exalted, all at once.

"A pretty face!" he said. "John, it's the face, it's the only face in the world. It's the first face I have ever seen. It's the last face I shall ever see! But you'll help us, won't you?"

"Help you?" I said. "How? What's up?"
"She's down-stairs," he said, "in a hansom. We've run away. Isn't it splendid?"

I picked up my hat and gloves and we went down-stairs. But when little Mrs. Grove saw the expression on my face, and when I saw the expression on hers, it was all we could do not to burst out laughing. We felt so happy—and so deceitful.

"My son," I whispered to Len, "You have not lied to me—thank God!"

And I looked at little Mrs. Grove and she looked at me. And I thought of a passage in Kipling that runs: "And the Mugger knew that the Jackal knew that the Mugger knew, and so there was peace between them."

Only the other day I was talking with Leonard, or being talked to by him, and he said, out of a clear sky, "Have you any idea what a curious and wonderful thing love is?"

I shook my head.
"It makes you absolutely happy to begin with, but it does funny things to your mind. Do you know, sometimes I'm just as sure that my wife and I loved each other, and belonged to each other in some former life, as I am of anything—back in Babylon, or Eden, I suppose, when the world was young."

"That must be a wonderful belief to have," I said, "but if you're happy in your present life, why that seems to be all that's necessary."

He shook his head impatiently.
"You don't get the point," he said. "The service says, 'until death do you part,' but there's nothing in that. If we belonged before, and belong now, shan't we meet again after death in some future life, and belong again? Those are the important things—what's now, and what's to come—not what was."

"Well," I said, "there is nothing the gods can give that is too good for you two, but"—and I looked about my little sitting-room, which is n't any too pretty or homelike—"I don't quite see where I come in."
"Oh," he cried, enthusiastically, "don't you see it will be just the same as now. She and I will give up all thought of a future life," he said, "unless you'll promise to be living just around the corner."

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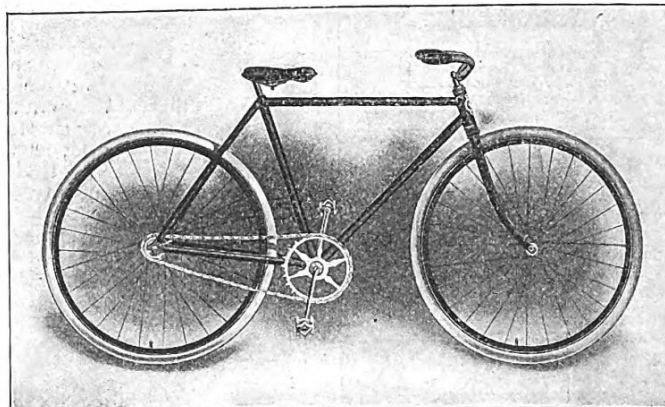
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