

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

FOUNDED BY
ORISON SWETT MARDEN

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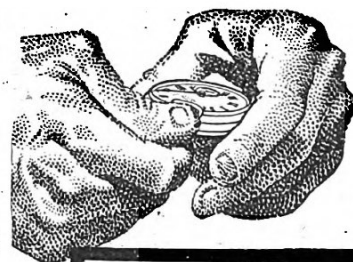
Our Advertisements

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

Expirations and Renewals

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

Subscriptions to begin with this issue should be received by March 15; to begin with April should be received by April 15. Subscription price: \$1 a year; in Canada \$1.50; foreign countries, \$2 a year; all invariably in advance. On sale at all news-stands for 15c. a copy.



Fifteen Million Human Hands

wind
Ingersoll Watches
every night

Many, many sorts of hands! The firm hand of the business man, the delicate hand of the artist, the calloused hand of the farmer, the gnarled hand of the forester, the nimble hand of the stenographer, the little hand of the school-child, the grimy hand of the miner, the weathered hand of the sailor, the hand white with the bleach of the North, the hand browned by the suns of the tropics—these are the hands, fifteen millions of them—which nightly hold and wind the Ingersoll watches which have earned a worthy fame throughout the country.

Ingersoll watches are of two general types or grades: first, those for which you pay but \$1.00, \$1.50 or \$2.00; second, those whose price is \$5.00, \$7.00 or \$9.00. Both grades are durable and accurate time-keepers, every watch being guaranteed. The watches of the cheaper grade (\$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00, in nickel cases), are known as *Ingersolls*. Including the famous Dollar Watch they are the ones which made the Ingersoll business the world's largest and most important watch industry.

The higher-grade watches (\$5.00, nickel; \$7.00, 10-year gold-filled; \$9.00, 20-year gold-filled), bear the name *Ingersoll-Trenton*. These are finely jeweled—elite watches for critical users. You can buy either grade with perfect confidence.

All Ingersoll and Ingersoll-Trenton watches are truthful timers and stand the wear of years. Twelve thousand of them are sold every day. This means that twenty-four thousand human hands will wind these honest watches to-night for the first time. And to-morrow and the day after it will be the same. Are not these facts enough to make you buy an Ingersoll or an Ingersoll-Trenton and carry it with warrantable pride?

60,000 dealers sell Ingersoll watches. 6,000 jewelers sell Ingersoll-Trenton watches. Ask for them anywhere.

We have published a little book, bound in an embossed cover. It contains five facts worth five dollars to any one who is ever going to buy another watch. The title of this book is "How to Judge a Watch." What is your address? We would like to send you a copy with our compliments.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.
30 Frankel Building New York City



Greatest Offer in Real Estate History

NEW YORK CITY LOTS



NEW YORK CITY

is made up of five Boroughs

MANHATTAN BROOKLYN
BRONX QUEENS
RICHMOND
SOUTH NEW YORK
is in the Borough of Richmond

"Few large fortunes can now be made in any part of the world except from one cause—the rise in the value of REAL ESTATE."

From Andrew Carnegie's Book, "The Empire of Business."

THERE seems to be a sort of magic about the ownership of New York City real estate. In no other city are values so high—nowhere else are they advancing so fast. New York City real estate increases in value according to the growth of population. Each year we add a city as big as Denver or Toledo; each five years as big as St. Louis or Boston. New York is at the gateway of the continent—Staten Island is at the gateway of New York. No one questions the desirability of owning New York City real estate. To buy and hold is to amass wealth—if you buy right.

"Buy cheap land near dear land" is the maxim of the shrewdest investors. The dearest land in the country is at Wall Street and Broadway. The cheapest land in New York City, distance, improvements and transportation considered, is on Staten Island—45 minutes from Wall Street—at South New York. \$5 starts you, and the balance can be paid in easy monthly payments of \$5 and upwards.

The Staten Island movement has only just begun. Will you get aboard now, or wait?

OUR NEW BUREAU OF MANAGEMENT

Every responsibility taken from owners. Every interest safeguarded. Makes New York real estate as readily controlled as a piece of property in your own town. Charge—\$1.00.

COUPON

Enclosed find \$... for best lot at South New York, in accordance with the guarantees in this advertisement in Success, March, 1910.

OUR REFERENCES

Bradstreet's and Dun's rate us higher than any real estate concern in the world. For further information, apply to any commercial agency, bank, or trust company in the U. S. as to our reliability and financial standing.

Name

Address

Now, won't you sit down and give us a chance of telling you our story? We will send you some astonishing facts about New York and its marvelous growth that will interest you. You don't object to getting this, do you? All right. Sit right down now—not to-morrow—to-morrow ruined Napoleon. To-day—now—this minute. A pen full of ink—a postal card—a minute's time—may bring you a fortune. Isn't it worth while?

Remember, our offer also carries a free deed in case of death, high-class improvements free, a free round trip (railroad fare) to New York—east of Chicago or like distance.

Send us your name to-day for full particulars, getting best choice by sending us the first payment of \$5 per lot upon the distinct understanding that if you are not satisfied with our selection, we will return your \$5.

Only about 10% of our properties are offered to out-of-town buyers; the rest have already been sold to New York people.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

COME TO NEW YORK at any time within a year after you purchase; visit our properties; keep what you have if you think it is the best bargain in our \$10,000,000 holdings; change to any other lot if you will, or go to our cashier's desk and get back every dollar you have paid us. It is all the same to us.

We would prefer to have you a good friend and not a customer, rather than a customer and not a good friend.

This offer applies to all purchases made within 60 days from the date of this magazine.

Wood, Harmon & Co.

Dept. F 6, 261 Broadway, New York

The Publishers' Outlook

An Explanation—and an Apology

It is not often—unfortunately—that the periodical publishers of the country have such an enormous and unexpected inflow of business, even in December and January (the usually congested subscription months of the year), as to completely choke their subscription-handling organizations. But this is exactly what has happened this season. For some unexplained reason—possibly because of the agitation for higher postage rates and the fear of a consequent increase in subscription prices—the American people as a whole seems to have determined to take fullest possible advantage of the present low prices for periodicals and to have rushed in its subscriptions in December and January to an extent never before known.

The result has been a congestion of business in the offices of nearly all the popular periodicals and the quick exhaustion of editions of the winter numbers. We, of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*, find ourselves, therefore, in the position of being obliged to apologize not only for shortcomings of our own, but also for those of other periodicals whose subscriptions we have accepted from our own subscribers—forwarded promptly to the other publishing offices—only to experience delays in the filling of such subscriptions, owing partly to overwhelmed office organizations and partly to the fact that first copies could not be sent instantly on receipt of our orders because editions were "sold out."

Let us speak first of our own "troubles."

Of our December and January issues, we printed 10,000 extra copies beyond our usual requirement, being somewhat forewarned of the coming flood. By December 15 not a single copy of the December issue was in stock, and by January 8 not a single copy of our January issue was left. At the time of this writing (February 5), our February issue is not only completely exhausted, but we have already received orders for many thousand copies more than we can supply.

Such an avalanche of subscriptions and orders being wholly unexpected, we can only express, on the one hand, our gratitude to our friends for their appreciative patronage, and, on the other, our apologies for the disappointments which we must inflict upon them in our inability to supply this unusual demand. We are largely increasing the edition of our March issue and expect to be able to fill all orders from now on.

What has happened to us of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* has happened, as we know, to other publishers in similar measure, and in spite of the fact that our Subscription Department has handled promptly and with great accuracy the subscriptions for periodicals other than *SUCCESS* with which we have been entrusted, there has come to us an extraordinary number of complaints from our friends who have not received the first copies of all the magazines which they ordered through us. The same conditions are found in the offices of subscription agencies and other publishers, and is due to the great influx of business just described rather than to faults in the offices of those who have handled the first orders.

We desire to express, therefore, our apologies for other publishers as well as for ourselves, and we promise our friends, first, that the orders which they have placed with us have been entered promptly and correctly in the proportion of at least ninety-eight per cent. (as shown by our experience in investigating complaints), and, secondly, that we shall try very hard not to again underestimate the generously responsive goodwill of those who have been kind enough to favor us with their patronage.

Nine Cents a Pound

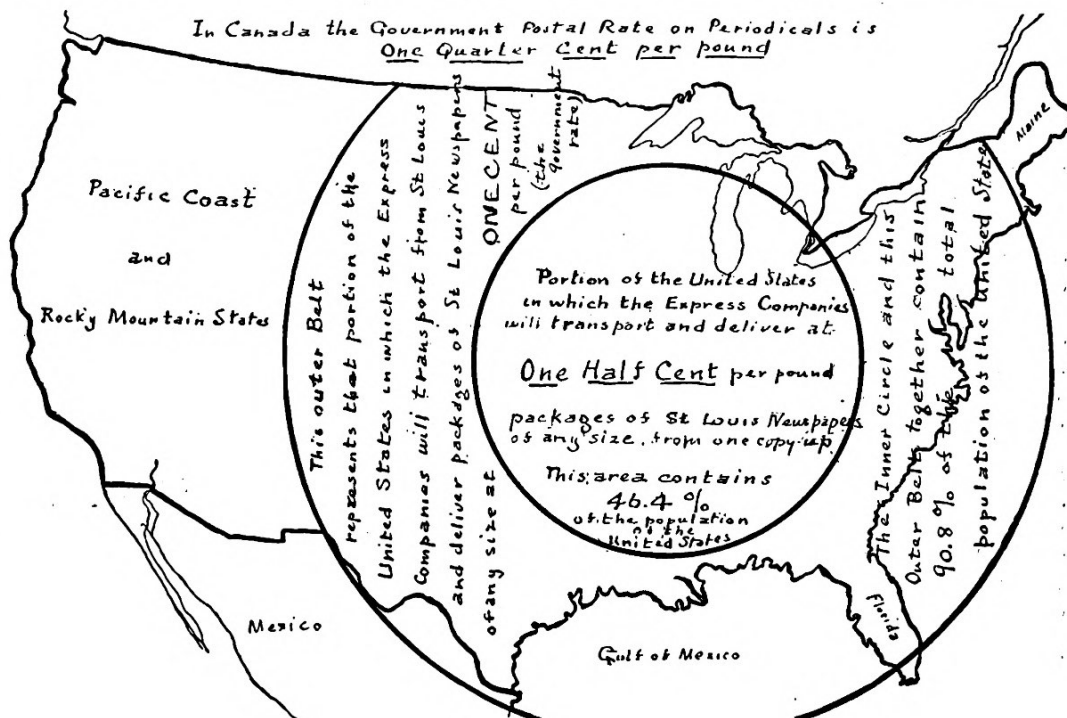
We quote again from the President's message:

"The actual loss growing out of the transmission of second-class mail matter at one cent a pound amounts to about \$64,000,000 a year. The average cost of the transportation of this matter is more than nine cents a pound."

This statement is either true or untrue. That it is untrue; that it is based upon a system of bookkeeping which is utterly absurd and which would never for a moment be tolerated in any business enterprise is the belief of the periodicals who have presented to the Postal Committees of Congress, through the Periodical Publishers' Association of America, a detailed analysis of the Department's figures, in which it is claimed that the estimate of \$64,000,000 loss on second-class mail matter is wrong by

standard contract between the express companies and the newspapers included in the membership of the Association provides for a rate of one-half cent per pound upon newspapers delivered within a radius of five hundred miles from the point of publication, and of one cent per pound to points between five hundred and a thousand miles distant. Newspaper packages of any size, from one copy up, are carried at this rate, and, of course, upon high-speed express trains, as quickness of delivery is a most important desideratum with newspapers.

The map illustrates the workings of this contract in the assumed case of a St. Louis newspaper, St. Louis being in approximately the geographical center of the country. It will be seen that the express companies cover, at one-half the Govern-



Diagrammatic map of the United States, showing rates paid for transportation by St. Louis newspapers to the express companies

over \$60,000,000; the real loss being not more than \$4,000,000, if, indeed, there is any loss at all.

If the statement of the Postmaster-General to the President is true, there is exposed to view a most extraordinary condition of the Post-office Department as a business enterprise. It is an open secret that the most puzzling problem confronting the Postal Committees of Congress to-day is the increasing competition with the Government of the great express companies of the country. These express companies have never been accused of paternalism and are understood to be managed for the purpose of bringing about profits to their stockholders; yet they are deliberately, quietly, persistently underbidding the Government in the carriage of an enormous amount of money-letters, packages, printed matter, periodicals and newspapers which the Government ought to be able to transport and deliver at a far less cost than the express companies can do. There is hardly a publisher in the country who is not withdrawing from the mails and giving to express companies more and more of his shipments of books and magazines.

The diagrammatic map of the United States presented above has been prepared by us to illustrate the testimony given before the Postal Committee of the House of Representatives by Don C. Seitz, publisher of the *New York World* and chairman of the Postal Committee of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. This testimony was to the effect that the regular

ment's second-class rate, 46.4 per cent. of the population of the country, and at the full Government rate 44.4 per cent. additional, or 90.8 per cent. in all.

It would not be fair to assert, however, that in carrying out this newspaper contract the express companies are giving as complete a service as is given by the Postoffice Department, because the packages of newspapers are not delivered to the addressees, but are thrown off at stations to be called for there by dealers; but we do assert that the express companies' half-cent and one-cent charges (which can not be assumed unprofitable or they would not be granted) represent a service quite as expensive on the average as that rendered by the Government for the transportation element of its total service, the cost of which transportation element is stated to be five cents.

We therefore ask these questions:

1. Why does it cost the Government nine cents per pound to transport and handle second-class matter when the express companies are so nearly in a position to compete with it at the present one-cent rate?

2. If the Canadian Government, doing a retail business over enormous and comparatively unsettled areas, can show a postoffice surplus with rates on magazines and newspapers of but one-quarter cent per pound, should the United States Government, doing a wholesale business over thickly settled areas, with rates of one cent per pound show an honest deficit?

The Car That Captured the Country

The Overland—the simplified car—has become the sensation of motordom. In two years, without advertising—simply by each car selling others—the demand has grown until this year's sale exceeds \$24,000,000. Four factories with 4,000 employees turn out thirty carloads of Overlands daily to meet the unexampled demand. You should know the car which, in the face of fierce rivalry, has so quickly attained the leading place in the trade.

A Bit of History

It was two years ago when John N. Willys secured control of this masterpiece of mechanism.

The first step was to send sample Overlands out into various territories. And back from each came immediate demands for more. Often one car would bring orders for scores.

It became apparent at once that this new car was bound to outsell all rivals. The original factory became over-taxed in two months. Then tents were erected—then two more factories were purchased.

During the next fiscal year there were made and sent out 4,075 Overland cars. Yet the demand—which the cars alone had created—was not even half supplied. For the next season—this season—dealers placed orders for 16,000 Overlands before the first 1910 model came out.

All this demand came from those scattered localities where Overland cars were known.

The Larger Scope

To meet the flood-like demand Mr. Willys then bought the great Pope-Toledo plant—one of the largest automobile plants in America. Then he built an addition larger than the original factory. This gave him four well-equipped factories, with a capacity of 125 Overlands per day.

Now, with 30 acres of floor space and 4,000 workmen, we are ready to cope with a national demand. There are Overland agents now in every locality. And any man who acts with reasonable promptness can get an Overland car.

New York City this year takes 1,000 Overlands. San Francisco, Boston, Washington, D. C., and Atlanta, each take 500. Texas takes 1,500; Kansas, 1,000; Iowa, 1,000; Nebraska,

750. Thus, in city and country, where Overlands are known, they are the most popular cars of the time.

Matchless Simplicity

The main reason why Overlands have outsold all others lies in their matchless simplicity. The common complexities have all been eliminated. The car is almost trouble-proof.

Three of the Overland models operate by pedal control. Push a pedal forward to go ahead, or backward to reverse. Push another pedal forward to change to high speed. It's as natural as walking.

A ten-year-old child can master the car in ten minutes. A woman can handle it as easily as she can an electric.

The U. S. Government uses Overlands in the postal service, because a novice can handle and care for them.

The lubrication is entirely automatic. The cooling system involves no complex pump. One of the designer's inventions does away with 65 pieces, and another with 47. Everything is so simple, so natural, so automatic that the car almost cares for itself.

The First Real Automobile Sold for \$1,000

Then the Overland gives more for the money than any other car in existence. And this year, through multiplied production, we have cut the cost 20 per cent.

We are giving a better car for \$1,000 this year than was the \$1,250 Overland last year. And for \$1,250 this year we are selling a 40 horse power car.

The \$1,000 Overland has a 4-cylinder, 25 h. p. engine. Its wheel base is 102 inches—its possible speed, 50 miles an hour.

Again and again, in exhibitions, it has carried four people up a 45 per cent grade, starting from standstill. It has earned a perfect score in a 10,000 mile non-stop endurance run, finishing in better shape than it started.

It is made in a factory which for years was famous for a \$4,250 car. It is made by the same workmen, under the same inspectors; and, so far as desirable in this lighter car, it is made of the same materials.

This is the first real car to be sold for \$1,000. It is not under-sized, not under-powered. It has all the appearance, all the capacity of cars costing twice as much.

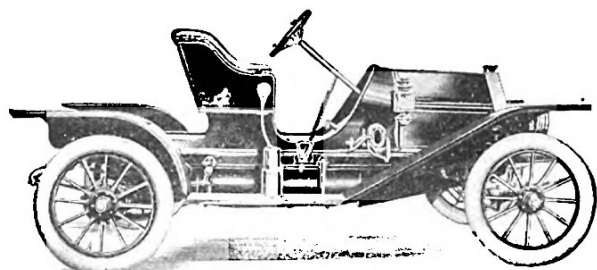
The higher-powered Overlands for \$1,250, \$1,400 and \$1,500, all give more—grade for grade—than any other maker gives. And, with our great output and splendid equipment, no maker can hope to compete with us.

Write for These Books

Every motor car lover should know all the reasons why Overland cars have so outsold all the rest. They are told in two books, both of which are sent free.

One is a splendid catalog, picturing the Overland features. The other is "The Wonderful Overland Story." Cut out this coupon so you won't forget to write today for these books.

B 28
F. A. Barker, Sales Manager The Willys-Overland Company Toledo, Ohio Licensed Under Selden Patent
Please send me the two books free.

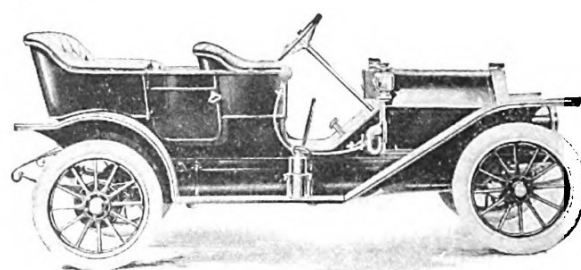


Overland Model 38—Price \$1,000. 25 h. p.—102-inch wheel base. With single rumble seat, \$1,050—double rumble seat, \$1,075—complete Toy Tonneau, \$1,100

The Overland

Two of the many Overland Models

All prices include Magneto and full lamp equipment



A 40 h. p. Overland with 112-inch wheel base. Price with single rumble seat, \$1,250—double rumble seat, \$1,300—with 5-passenger Touring or Close-Coupled body, \$1,400

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Edward E. Higgins, President; Orison Swett Marden, Vice-President and Editorial Director; Frank E. Morrison, Secretary; David G. Evans, Treasurer; Samuel Merwin, Editor; Howard Brubaker, Associate Editor; William E. Prickett, Art Manager.

NUMBER 191

IT is our privilege this month to talk with you about the life and work of a great man. Not a dead man, either; but a very live one. He is not a rich man. Indeed, he has never had more than enough of this world's goods to keep him from month to month and year to year. He is not a strong man physically—he weighs something less than one hundred pounds. He has had no powerful backing to help carry his great work forward. Fortunately, there is no wife and there are no little ones to suffer if he falls, a victim to the "System." And he may fall—remember that. He is taking all the chances of war.

His name is Ben B. Lindsey, Judge Lindsey of Denver, "the kid's judge." He is one of us—a Life Subscriber to **SUCCESS MAGAZINE**, and an active one, too. The narrative which he is unfolding month by month in the columns of our contemporary, *Everybody's Magazine*, is the most illuminating exposition of the sinister operations and the far-reaching and perplexing ramifications of the forces which are to-day misgoverning America that has ever been presented to the public.

Perhaps we are violating some editorial convention or other in thus freely advertising another magazine. We are not concerned about that. What we want to do is to help Ben Lindsey, because he needs all the help he is likely to get. If this means inadvertently helping others, the others are welcome. But the tribute to our neighbor in Union Square should not be wholly inadvertent. The publishing of Judge Lindsey's story means courage on the part of somebody. Make no mistake about that. We have no doubt that the advertising manager of *Everybody's* knows of some contracts for space which will not now be renewed. We of SUCCESS MAGAZINE have had our own experiences with this little difficulty. Our fight against Cannonism has cost us something this winter, and certain other vigorous editorial plans which are now in process of incubation will possibly cost us more before the year is out. It is never possible to foresee from what quarter these blows will come. If the people were not with us—if the people were not RIGHT—we could not get very far with our share of the fight for the two essential things, honesty and progress. Fortunately the people are right. We know—not guess—know that if our magazine rings true clear through with the note of honest conviction, the people will support us. On that knowledge rests our hope for the new America.

Ben Lindsey knows this, too. But he is out there all alone on the firing-line. It is dark out there sometimes, and hard to see clearly around one. And besides, a whole brigade is trying to crush that solitary fighter—that big-hearted, gritty, ninety-five pound man. Just about all the big corporation interests of Denver and of Colorado are maneuvering to pick him off. And all this tremendous opposition because Ben Lindsey could n't save Denver's little girls without hurting the "back-room" business of the saloons,

NEW YORK
MARCH 1910

In the Editor's Confidence

SO many readers have requested a simple explanation of the Anti-Cannonism movement in the House that we have asked the insurgent members to sign the following general statement. This statement includes merely the principle of reform of the House procedure on which all the insurgents are agreed, and does not include any of the plans for important progressive legislation to which many of these members are pledged.

"The object of the so-called "insurgent" movement in the National House of Representatives is to bring about such a revision of the present arbitrary Rules under which the business of the House is carried on as will restore the principle of representative government without interfering with the expedition of the public business."

[illegible]

Messrs. Gardner and Hayes prefer to sign the original statement of the Insurgents, which is worded as follows:

"We are banded together for a single purpose, and no other. Our sole aim as a body is to restore to the House of Representatives complete power of legislation in accordance with the will of a majority of its members. We are striving to destroy the system of autocratic control, which has reached its climax under the present Speaker.

A. L. Hughes

and disturbing the ice business, and in some mysterious way embarrassing traction companies and water companies and banks and courts of justice!

We are now going to risk committing another indiscretion. One of our editors recently wrote a line of hearty congratulation to Judge Lindsey, and an exchange of personal letters followed. Here are a few significant extracts from his correspondence. We have not asked his permission to publish them, but we think he will not object. The man is fighting for his life. He needs all the support you can give him. We believe you have a right, before you write to him, to know from his own unstudied utterance the sort of man he is.

“We are asking a few of our friends for a letter which we could use, or from which a sentence or two could be used by our book publishers. Personally, I feel somewhat embarrassed in making such requests, and I am only doing it with a few who have been as generous as yourself, and that with the distinct understanding that I shall not be at all offended if, because of the rather personal and political character of the story, and the fact that an action is pending to put me in jail for writing it, *and threats are being made to send me to the penitentiary*, it might not be just a proper thing to approve just yet—that is, in a public way—for publisher’s purposes.

"All I can say is that unless our witnesses are bought off, intimidated or run out of the country, we can prove our statements; and if we do not, I still know positively that they are true; and if worse comes to worse, I shall very gladly take the consequences.

"I feel this way about my part in the story of the Beast. It is war. And war is more or less hell. It is disagreeable, at least, in times of peace if not so dangerous as in the days of battle, and only in another way must we stand upon the firing-line to be shot at, to be killed, if it is necessary to be killed, simply because we know we are right. Therefore I felt no right to consider what should become of myself. I found the minute I began to figure upon how it was going to affect me in the future—whether I could hold on to my home, have ease, peace or comfort, retain my friends, their good opinion, etc.—I found I could not tell the story of the Beast."

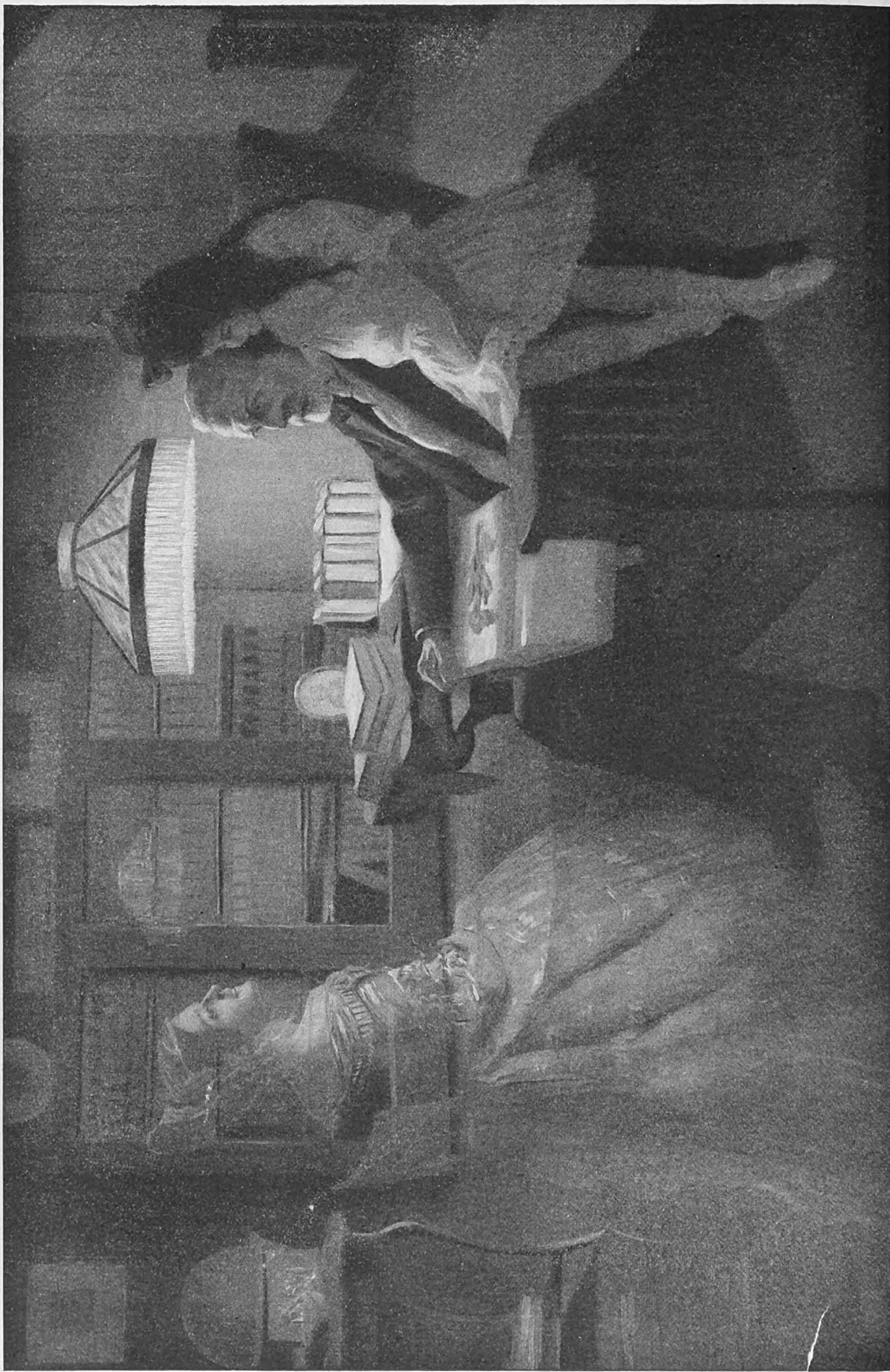
It is well, in viewing the men and the occurrences of this rather critical time, to make an effort to keep one's historical perspective accurate and clear. In thinking about brave little Ben Lindsey, don't underestimate him. He is actually in danger (they shot Heney, remember), and he knows it; yet he proposes to go right on. In their various ways and in their differing environments, Martin Luther, Oliver Cromwell, Savonarola did no more.

Write to Ben Lindsey. "Juvenile Court, Denver, Col.," is address enough. It will help to keep up that wonderful spirit in him.

Tell him not to bother about replying. He will understand. He needs his time and his strength.

And, perhaps,—perhaps it would also be well to write to Mr. William G. Evans, Denver, Col. Mr. Evans is a political power in Denver, and he seems at present to be opposed to Ben Lindsey. Perhaps a closer knowledge of the public temper

"A MAN PROTESTING AGAINST ERROR," says Carlyle, "IS ON THE WAY TOWARD UNITING HIMSELF WITH ALL MEN THAT BELIEVE IN TRUTH."



"Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,
Crumpled fold on fold,
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Can not make it old."
—IT WAS NOTHING BUT A ROSE—*Anon.*

Printed for SUCCESS MAGAZINE by P. D. Johnson



1. Captain Jim

"She'd walk my beat with me"

Baby Grand

by John Luther Long

Author of "The Unjust Judge"

"Madame Butterfly," etc

Decorations by
Louis Fleming

Illustrations by

George Gibbs



HE night was dark, the wind was from the west, and the only thing which told me that there was still something between me and the

deep sea was the ghostly, soundless surf. I was going toward a fire which I had seen on the beach a mile away. You know the magnetism of a fire on a dark night. I passed the life-station, its black bulk outlined against the snowy sand hill. Just beyond was the fire. Already I could see the face of Cap-

tain Jim in the nimbus of the flames. A ribbed old wreck with its ghostly *chevaux-de-frise* of ruptured iron bolts and shrouds showed uncannily. It was on this, as I knew a moment later, in the sort of fireplace formed by the crux of the wrecked bow, that Captain Jim had built his fire. He was gazing away to sea, his dead pipe in his hand, a look of woe upon his face I had never before seen there.

"Captain Jim, ahoy!" I challenged out of the darkness.

The solitary figure started, as if from some dream of which it was ashamed, put its hand to its mouth, and replied:

"Ahoy, Lunk!"

For, from a time so long ago that I dislike to recall it, he had named me Lunk-head—perhaps because I once told him I practised the trade of author.

"Come aboard," he continued, poking the fire and relighting his pipe, trying to seem indifferent, as I approached.

"Rather sad," said I, when I had got my breath, "that look out to sea, Cap'n!"

"Right, mate," he nodded. "Got my notice to-day."

"What notice?" queried I.

"Quit."

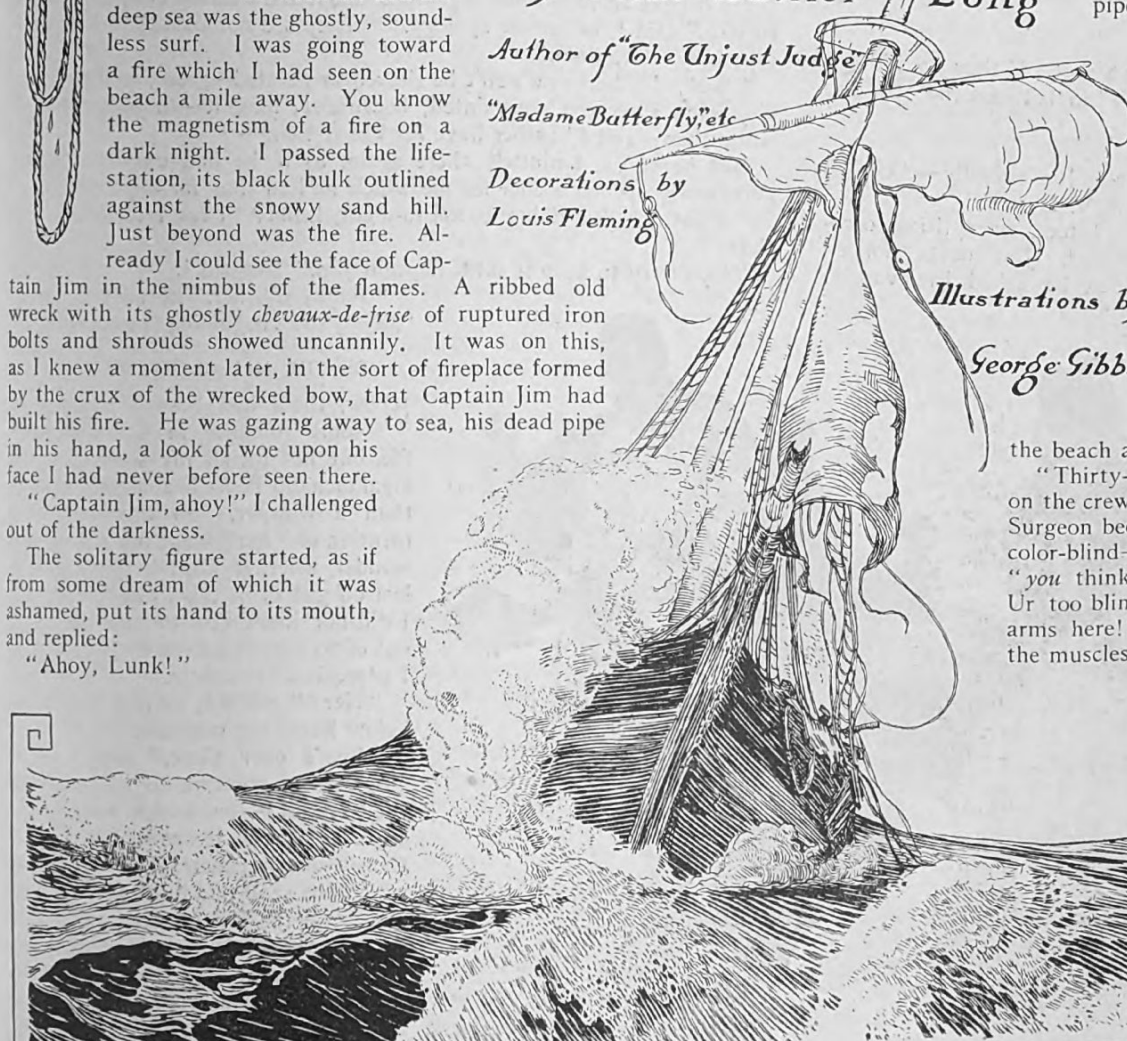
He pointed with his thumb, back to the station-house.

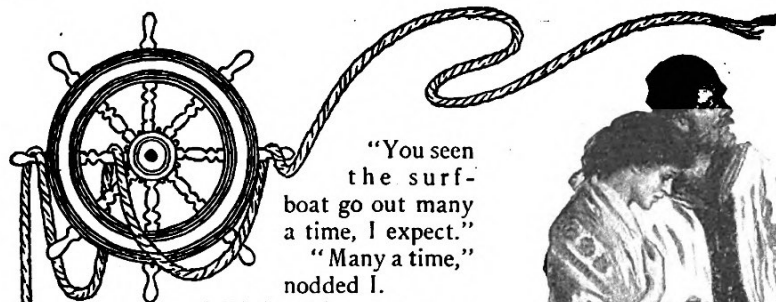
"What!" cried I. In fact it was hard to believe.

"Seem kind of funny 'thout Cap'n Jim on the beach, won't it, Lunk?"

"Funny?" said I, "it won't be the beach at all. Why it's—"

"Thirty-two year next Jenewerry sence I came on the crew. Seventeen year sence I been captain. Surgeon been here. Tested my eyes—hearing—color-blind—deef—hell," he broke out suddenly, "you think I'm too deaf to hear a signal-gun? Ur too blind to see a rocket? He never tested these arms here!" He rolled up his sleeve and showed me the muscles—still mighty at seventy.





"You seen the surf-boat go out many a time, I expect."
"Many a time," nodded I.

"Well—did you ever see anybody but Cap'n Jim at the bow?"

"Never," said I.

"And who put her through the breakers?"

"You."

"Did any of the boys ever git away with me?"

"No."

"Well then! I suppose the Government knows its own business best. But it don't know me. I was born here. I know the capers of this sea better than any man living. I know what I can do with her and what I can't. That's the secret of my 'great swimming'—as you little fools calls it. Don't go ag'in' the sea. Nothing living can do that. Go with it. Humor it. Swim with the tide. Beat it slowly in the diagonal. That's it—and that's all. Oh, I'll be on hand. The boys says they wants me to keep near in case of trouble, and I'll not renig on the dear old boys. The Government won't kick me out of that house, though it's on their land. The boys'll all resign if it does. I built it myself, mostly out of drift-wood. Just a foolish box—but mine!"

He pointed over the hills of sand to where a light glowed in a small window in a small house where I had often been.

"So you ain't a go'n' to lose me just yet, Lunk. You'll see me doing my watch on the beach and in the tower, and you'll see the boys run to the little house down there when there's trouble and they want old Jim's stunts!"

He sat silent for a moment, then he went on, in a hushed voice:

"I don't guess they'll take my uniform from me?"

It was a piteous appeal to my knowledge. I knew nothing about it; but I said:

"I don't suppose so."

"If they don't, I'll wear it till it's a rag! If they do I'll get another made. But I'll put a 'V' in between the 'S' and the 'L'!"

"For what?" asked I.

"For 'Volunteer'!" said Captain Jim proudly—"United States' Vol-unteer Life Saving Service! U. S. V. L. S. S."

He smoked his pipe, his eyes on the hills. I took surreptitious occasion to light one of the cigarettes he hated. Jim never noticed it. Instead, after a long, thoughtful silence, he asked irrelevantly:

"Lunk, you think you're a wise guy. Well, say, did you ever get accused of taking advantage of a dead woman?"

I had to tell him that I had had no such experience.

"You don't know much, after all," he mused. "I expect no one knows how to explain to a woman that's dead that he didn't. But mebby there's a way! I dunno. I expect a fellow's got to go and find out the way—if there is a way."

When I wondered at all this from reticent Jim, he checked me by laboriously taking up the subject we had dropped for the moment—telling me thus that it was none of my business—his little aberration.

"Oh, I'll be here," he said again. "You can't teach an old dog new tricks. But he don't forget the old ones!"

"You used to be the best swimmer I ever heard of—"

He cut me off with a snort.

"Used to be! You one them kind, too, thinks a



"She looks us all over, then comes and puts her hand in mine"

man's done at seventy? Say, do you want to swim out to that bar and back?"

He pointed to where the surf broke in tumultuous white about a mile out. I said that I did not.

"Who taught you to swim, you dam' lunkhead—the little I could beat into you?"

"You did, Captain Jim," I admitted humbly.

"And you say 'used to be'!"

I mollified him by my humility.

"Why, say, they hinted that if I'd shave off this here beard, so's I'd look younger, and lie about my age, they'd keep me on a little longer!"

"Well, why don't you do it?" I said, a bit ineptly.

"There you go again! She liked that beard, dam' you—and all the lunkheads and Government mules on earth can't make me shave it off—or lie!" he ended.

"I believe there is some regulation about the wearing of beards in the service," said I, in supine apology. "They are not considered smart—especially white ones."

"Well, this here one won't be shaved or painted—green, yeller, red or blue—like I've seen 'em painted; because *she* liked it—though it was n't white then—and I'd rather have *her* like it than—"

But he checked himself there again, as if he had unwittingly and garrulously opened a door for me which he had thus far kept closed.

"What are you doing to me to-night, Lunk? I can't keep my face shut!"

"Don't try to keep it shut, Captain Jim," laughed I.

"Mebby it's her," he said uneasily. "Mebby she's beginning to understand!"

II—THE MAUSOLEUM OF SAND

NOW, there had been a whisper of some romance in Captain Jim's life, but not for all my wooing of the loyal men did I ever hear anything more than a whisper. So this voluntary mention of "her" made me sit up, and wonder whether Captain Jim was at last off guard, in this as in the service. I did not know how to lure his secret out of so rugged a hero as Jim, and so I proceeded cautiously.

"Her?" asked I, as if I had never before heard the pronoun.

"She's over there," said Captain Jim briefly, pointing to the tallest of the back hills—one which I had often explored because it was such a mass of thorny and impenetrable roots among which the sand had built with unusual stability—the hill growing taller with each year as the drifting, blowing storm-sand accumulated in the fresh vegetation. Its top was crowned with pink and white flowers.

"Don't go and tell all your fool friends about it," said Captain Jim



"She was pale and tired, but dressed to kill"

roughly, "it's ag'in' the law to bury anybody here. But I wanted her here—so's she could be near—the place—where it happened—when I get my chance to explain."

He stopped suddenly, and for a long time smoked and said nothing. Nor did I.

"Dunno what's the matter with me. Never wanted to talk about it before. Seems like she's asting me to do it. Wonder if that's the way the dead apologizes."

He turned and looked inquiringly toward the sandy mausoleum, which, when one took one's eyes from the fire for a moment, would grow, in an uncanny fashion, upon one.

"Why," he said, "it's dark as hell, but I can see the flowers! Can you?"

I shook my head, and said that I could not.

"But," I added, "I have often wondered how they got there—some one must keep them soaked in water. They are pink and white mallows, and they grow, usually, only in the marsh."

"Some one does," he said gently. "You think you're wise, but you don't know everything. You did n't know that she was there, and you don't know that there are thirteen men under this wrack!"

I moved precipitately.

"Set still," admonished Captain Jim. "They won't hurt you. They're dead."

"Oh!" said I with laughing relief, taking my seat again.

"Perfectly safe," grinned Jim. "Been dead thirty-two years. Yit, the Government won't let no one be buried here! We laid 'em down here as they drifted in, and put a little sand over 'em till the undertaker could git 'em. But they and the ship did n't want to part. This here piece of her come in on the biggest tide we ever had here and slammed down right on top of 'em. The boys just concluded that God Almighty knew how he wanted 'em buried, even though he may n't have understood their lingo, and shut their mouths and let 'em stay. So this wrack's their tombstone, Lunk. God, what a night that was! Shot all our life-lines out, and none of 'em caught till the last. And when they had it they did n't know what to do with it, though you know there's a tag in seven languages which tells 'em to let the block free when they fasten it up. Well, they fastened it up, but the cable did n't run free because the lubbers tied a knot in it. Then we tried both the boats, the patent one and the old stand-by, and both came back smashed—so'd we but for our cork jackets. Some fool sings out:

"Jim, swim to her!"

"Well, I done it. I run down the beach and then started, tide and surf with me, and worked out. When I got there, they was all gone but a woman. All I could see was that she was a woman. You know a woman will hold on longer than a man, though she does n't look it. The unlucky thirteen of 'em, I suppose, like the foreign lubbers they was, had tried to slide down the life-line—when they'd been able to ride home like in a Pullman if they'd had sense enough to let us get the breeches-buoy to 'em—and been washed off. But they'd left her behind, or else, I dunno, the woman had better sense. So I lashed her to me like we was one, and not taking time to undo their work with the life-line, went down hand over hand. I did n't know but she was dead. The boys thinks that lashing her close to me, that way, sort of warmed her and pumped her up and started her living again. We took her to my little house of driftwood, as we had took many another, and during the night she woke up and looked about her.

"Well, I sort of looked about myself when her eyes opened and followed me in all the corners, dark and light—just like you've seen a baby do—for no reason on earth. Never moved her head—just the big eyes—till I felt haunted. They reminded me of something I seemed to have forgotten and had always wanted. Danged if I know yit what!

"She did n't have much curiosity for a day or two, until I gave back to her the little Bible we'd found in her breast, printed in columns and in three languages—French, Spanish and English. It was a pretty little thing, and I had just about got it dried out and thought she might want to pray. But what she does is to jabber in some lingo I never heard before. I shook my head. Then she motions for a lead pencil and I gets her one. She searches a long time in the Bible, and underlines three words she finds there, in the Spanish column, and tells me by motions to find what they mean in the English column. I done it—not failing to notice what a beaut she was when she really woke up. In the English column the words read:

"'Who—am—I?'

"'Lord!', says I, 'Don't you know who you are?'

"When she had studied that out, making me repeat it five

or six times, and taking the shape of my mouth, she shakes her head 'No'. Well, you bet that's one on me—a lot of 'em! Asting me, a perfect stranger, to tell her who she is! She looks around the room and underlines five words in the Book:

"'Where—did—I come—from?'

"I points to the sea, but she did n't seem to understand, and I let it go at that, thinking it best, mebbby, that she did n't know who or what she was.

"'How—did—I get—here?' she tries on me next. But by that time I'd learned a thing or two and just shook my head, like I did n't know.

"'Who—are—you?' she ast next, in the same way.

"Then I got busy with the pencil and the Book. There was no Jim in the Bible that I could see, so I just marked under 'G' in Genesis, and 'I' in Kings and 'M' in Moses and shows it to her. She looks at me a long time, and I can see her putting the letters together, right, left, up and down—no, it was no go. She shakes her head and turns over like a baby and goes to sleep. Well, she looked like a baby when she slept. I'd fed her up and her face was round and peaceful, and her hair had got the salt out of it and clung about her face in thick waves—like the surf in a west wind, when it just curls up on the beach and returns as graceful as a kitten.

"As I looks her over, I says to myself, says I:

"'You infernal loafer, you don't want her to know who she is or where she comes from. You want to keep her! And that there was n't far wrong, Lunk. I was mean enough to be glad she'd lost her mem'ry out there in the sea that night, and I was meaner enough yit to hope that she'd never find it—no more than most things are found which git lost

in the sea. But, Lunk, old man, I did n't forgit—any time in the next five year—that lost things have a habit of coming ashore! She seemed to be that thing I'd always wanted and could n't remember.

"Then, one day, when I come home, she was up and dressed. Say, Lunk, that was another on me—several! A man's a fool when it comes to taking care of a woman. One woman can take care of ten men, but ten men can't take care of one woman. The whole crew had never thought that she might get out of bed and need clothes! She'd come ashore in her nightie. So, when I got home, there she was in a pair of my white sailor trousers, and my best uniform jacket, looking as pretty as a toy. She flew behind the bed and blushed and jabbered in that lingo, and I takes the Bible and tells her, after a half hour's work:

"'Lady—clothes—to-morrow.'"

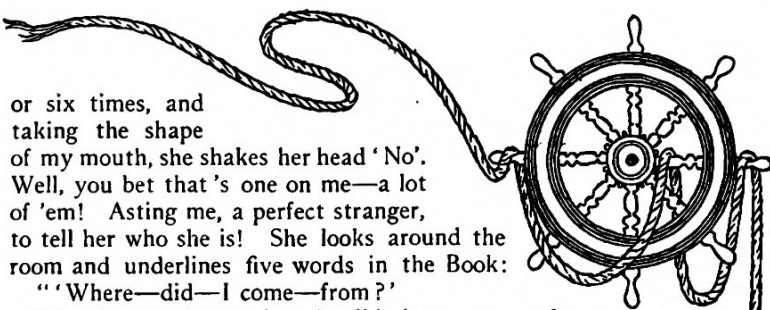
"She laughed and clapped her hands and seemed real happy. I seen that her feet was bare—and, God, how small and white they were! You and me are used to big feet. But her'n!"

He looked down at my feet sorrowfully.

"Well, I got the crew together, for we always consulted about the Baby Grand—as Selly Bane, who used to play the piano in his worse days, named her, and we made a trip to Cox's on the main, and bought things for her. Then we all went to the house to present them. You never see or hear such a laugh as the Baby Grand gev' us! But she thanked us in that lingo and took the clothes.

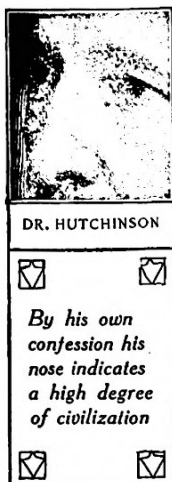
"They was about two bushel. Things with ribbons and things with lace. Some we did n't know the bow or stern of—no, not one of us! There was about half a peck of bum jewelry—all that Ben had in the store. They was two pairs of slippers—one red and one blue, and they was the only things that really fitted. I had measured her foot-prints on the floor after she had come in wet from the sea. She just loved to bathe, and she done it like a mermaid. She looks 'em over and asts what some of 'em is and no one, married or single, knows!

"She held some of 'em up to herself to show us that they were mostly for a woman six feet tall, while she was about four, except the baby clothes which Ben Cox had stuck us with, telling us they was longery. Hell, she was still in my clothes, and her dark blue hair was floating down her back. Well, the boys was all crazy about her, and none of 'em kept it a secret.



"Then she came ashore"





Noses

WHAT'S in a nose—character or catarrh? Would an olfactory organ, a rhinological prefix of any other shape smell just as sweet?

Does the height of a nose indicate the loftiness of the mind, or the expansion of the chest? Both perhaps, for "spirit" and "breath" are identical terms, and "inspiration" means filling the lungs as well as soul uplift. Nowhere is the inextricable tangle of body and mind, soul and spirit better illustrated. The nose is at once our most important and valuable indication of character, race and temperament, the gateway of the body's most vital supply, the guardian of its food, and a most graphic index of its internal conditions.

It is not for nothing that the nose is the most prominent feature, not merely of the face, but of the body. "Plain as the nose on your face" expresses its prominence not less than its obviousness. Its tendency to poke itself into trouble is notorious, but is vitally necessary. Next to the stomach it is our oldest and most fundamentally useful organ, and Nature does not begin with luxuries and ornamental appendages. It has been in business at least ten million years, and if it had not been for its incessant activity, we should not be here on earth. In our triumphal upward progress we have literally followed our noses. No wonder it feels that it has the right to "butt in" in emergencies. "Nosing about" may be an impolite habit, but it is necessary to survival. Is it any wonder that an organ which has played so long and so honorable a part in our perpetual skirmish with our surroundings should be indicative of the calibre and make-up of the whole man? As the organ of taste, the organ of smell and the gateway of our air passages, it is in intimate touch with almost every part and function of our bodies and minds, both acting upon them and being reacted upon by them.

Where Instinct is as Good as Reason

Popular impressions are usually as sound in general as they are wrong in particular. When men first began to strive to read each others' countenances, to gather from the mask of the face something of the brain and character behind it, they were right in attaching high ranks to the shape and size of the nose. The artless wisdom of children, the instinct of women often reach surprisingly near the same general results as the prolonged siftings and investigations of science. The famous lady who declared:

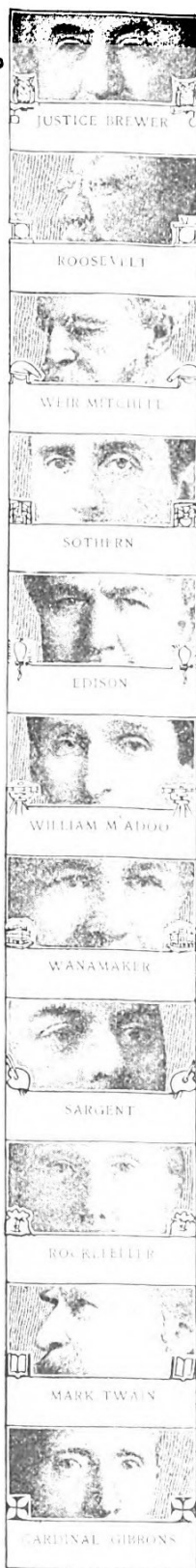
"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I can not tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell."

was possibly guided by a criminal kink in the curve of the luckless doctor's nose, which her "reasoning" friends were unable to interpret until he had skipped his board bill or defaulted on his I. O. U. Savage physiognomists took the nose as important because it stood out so prominently in the center of the face. Modern science explains that the reason it occupies such a prominent and central position is because it is the organ and index of the keenness of a man's senses, the delicacy and correctness of his taste, and the depth and healthfulness of his breathing. Mouth and jaws have grown smaller; height and weight of body have fluctuated up and down, though in the main upward; brain weight has been most puzzlingly unparallel, but noses have steadily grown higher and larger and more prominent with every upward step of the human race in intellect and power.

There is no known primitive or inferior race with high, well-arched noses and horizontal nostrils opening downward. There is no highly developed superior race in which this form of nose is not dominant, though plenty of survivals of earlier types may be found.

There are, of course, many individual exceptions, but the successful races of all ages have ever prided themselves upon the height, the length and the archedness or straightness of their noses. If all their imprint upon our literature, our language and our institutions were to be blotted out, we should still remember Greece by the Grecian nose and Rome by the Roman proboscis. Indeed, of all the triumphs and achievements of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," nothing survives so widely and universally in the memory of the world as their noses.

It is quite possible, indeed probable, that only a minority of the Greeks had the Grecian nose, and that some even of its greatest men did not possess it. Socrates, for instance, if his portraits are to be relied upon,



by Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

had a pug of most disreputable pugness, and it is also possible that the sculptors and painters of the day idealized and exaggerated the straightness, length and delicacy of outline of this famous feature, just as they did the famous Jovian forehead. But even the gods of classic art are only idealized men, just as our modern god of the under-world, the Devil, owes his familiar Mephistophelian cast of countenance to terrorstricken attempts by medieval monks to depict and pass on to deathless ignominy the lineaments of "The Scourge of God," Attila, the Hun.

The significant fact remains that this type and shape of nose was looked upon as a mark of superiority, of aristocracy, of leadership and breeding, which it certainly would not have been if it had not occurred with frequency and constancy in great men and great families.

Big Noses and Big Brains

The same rule, with many exceptions, still holds to-day, and a large majority of the prominent and successful men of all civilized races will be found to have long, straight, or arched, well-developed noses, with nostrils oval and opening downward, even though they belong to or rise from races which more commonly have short, broad noses with a tendency to tilted tips and round nostrils opening forward. Many of the great men of Japan and China, and a considerable percentage of the nobility of the former and of such great hereditary families as exist in the latter, will be found to have long, straight and even aquiline noses. It may be remarked in passing that there are almost as many different kinds of noses in Chinamen as in white men, and as many different types of physiognomy as are to be found in the whole of Europe, though there are few noses that come into the Grecian or aquiline groups.

Moreover, upon a purely bony, anatomical basis, the distinction still holds, for one of the most reliable means of distinguishing between a primitive or low-type skull and one of high type is the so-called nasal index; that is, the height of the nose openings in the skull in proportion to their breadth. Roughly speaking, nine-tenths of all primitive and low-grade savage races, such as Negroids and low Mongols, have bony nostrils about as broad as they are high, and are called *platyrrhine*, or flat-nosed, in consequence. The bulk of middle-grade, barbaric, and half-civilized races, Malays, higher Mongols, and Amerinds (American Indians have nostrils about twice as high as they are broad) are called *mesorrhine*; while advanced and civilized races have nasal openings more than twice as high as they are broad (*leptorrhine*).

There is a tolerably close racial parallel between high-nosed and high-minded. The nose is not only our most human, but in a broad sense is our most intellectual feature. Growth of nose and shrinkage of jaw have been the two great correlates which have accompanied human progress. The moment, however, that we endeavor to go beyond these broad and loose generalizations, we find ourselves in trouble. This, from the fact patent to everyone who has kept his eyes open, that we find noses of practically all shapes, from the plebian pug to the

aristocratic aquiline, in individuals of the same race, and even in members of the same family, although the long and straight, or convex, noses would be far more numerous in the higher races and the abler families. It is comparatively seldom that a great man has a small nose, or even a short one, and instead of applying such terms as "proboscis," "beak," "carrot" and "beet" to a large, long aggressive nose, it should be regarded as a mark of breeding and as *prima facie* evidence of good blood and possible capacity.

It is really distressing to one with a sense of biologic justice to see the lack of appreciation and scantness of courtesy with which we treat this matchless and devoted sentinel at the body gate. Poets have chanted themselves breathless over the fiery splendor and the wonder of its brother sentinels, the eyes—"lights that do mislead the morn," "pools of splendor." They have gushed over the pink and shell-like ears and the slender rose and ivory taper fingertips which are the visible representatives of the other two great Lookout Departments. But when it comes to the nose, with the exception of a few damnings with faint praise, such as "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," the principal comparisons that we find in literature are to a beak, a handle, a something to be led around by and to wear rings in, a grog blossom, a carbuncle, or a tallow candle.

To such absurd extremes are our dislike and contempt for this illustrious organ carried that it is still scarcely considered polite to blow it in public, and that article of apparel, the principal reason for whose existence is to wipe it, is known by the ridiculous name of a hand neck-cloth. We might as well call it a duster or a hand pillow-case and be

done with it! Even under this name, and with all its accessory romantic and perfectly polite associations, such as waving it to express emotion or encourage a flirtation, or using it to dry tears, so intense was the prejudice against the handkerchief in France up to fifty years ago, on account of its association with the nose, that great actresses absolutely dared not wave a handkerchief upon the stage, or refer to one in the most roundabout and periphrastic of phrases. One who was bold enough to disregard these limitations was actually hissed out of the theater.

Our Humble, Faithful Servant

Whatever dangers the nose has encountered, whatever indignities it has suffered, have been in behalf of and in defense of the body. Not only is it Nature's own chest-protector and worth all others ever invented put together, but it is the best and most faithful food inspector known to humanity. Its prominent and aggressive position is not due to chance.

Its primary business is to sniff and "nose about" and "butt in" and make a nuisance of itself generally—to our enemies. Originally it grew up as a couple of little, sensitive spots just above the mouth for testing the odors of possible articles of diet. It was a mere specialization and concentration of a power possessed originally by the entire body. These little sensitive spots on the upper lip sank in below the surface in order to protect themselves, and became the so-called nasal-pits.

As the odors arising from food had to be drawn into them before they could be smelled, it was found advantageous later for these pits to open through into the back of the mouth and become the nostrils. A little later yet, when we had become land animals and Nature was desperately endeavoring to mold over the old fish skull for air-breathing purposes, it was found highly advisable to have an intake for air separate from that for food, and the nostrils were hastily utilized for this purpose. They were pretty poor makeshift, however, for reasons that will be seen.

It must be frankly confessed that Nature made a bad botch of our breathing apparatus, but probably with time and toughening we will get used to it, as we do to almost anything.

The reason for striking individual variations in the shapes of noses, not only in races but in families, is a simple but rather interesting one, viz., that each individual nose literally climbs its own family tree—which may explain why some most successful climbers are hooked—and goes through all the variations of shape, prominence and size found in the whole scale of humanity from pug-nosed *platyrrhine* in infancy to long nosed *leptorrhine* in adult life, providing it gets that far. Even though

some of us may be born with silver spoons in our mouths, we all come into the world with perfect Hottentot or Congo Dwarf pug noses in the middle of our faces, and proceed to develop in their regular order, the Mongolian, the Amerind, and last, the Caucasian type of that feature.

It is interesting to note (with a plea for mercy from doting mothers) that the short, snub nose of the new born infant, with nostrils looking forward as well as downward, is only part of a general facial make-up—high cheek bones, wide mouth, small eyes and rounded chin—which form a surprisingly faithful replica of the facial development of the dwarfs of the Congo, or the Bushmen of the Kalahari desert. In the main, though not in detail, we climb our own family tree, not only with hands and feet, but with face, nose, teeth, food tube, mind and morals.

There are three main factors which enter into the shape and significance of the nose. The shape, and particularly the plane of the opening of the nostrils, the length and height, both from base of nostrils to root and of projection above the level of the face. One of the most significant of these, although least carefully studied, is the plane and shape of the opening of the nostrils. This, rather than mere length or height, is the thing which chiefly marks the grade and level, so to speak, of the nose.

We hardly realize to what an extent our noses of to-day are a distinctly human possession and accomplishment. No animal has anything to compare with that part of them which projects above the level of the face, and yet we frequently hear it said that a man with a heavy, aquiline nose has a nose or a face like a horse. A loose analogy born of careless observation has misled us here.

No Animal has a Real Nose

The mouth and jaws of animals project to form a prominent, more or less pointed muzzle, which we have crudely dubbed the nose, failing to notice that in every case what we term the nose is really the jaw—that the nostrils themselves lie in a plane well behind the front teeth instead of projecting an inch or more in front of and overhanging them, as they do in our own faces. The forward opening animal nostrils lying behind the mouth are associated with a small brain placed still further back, and a large prominent jaw thrust well out in front. As the brain increases and the jaw shrinks, these relations are steadily reversed, until finally, in full, high-grade human development, the brain has bulged forward and the jaw has receded until the forehead has come to stand almost directly over the front of the mouth or upper lip. It is absolutely clear that a downward

[Continued on page 185]



Who's Who in Nevada By Barton Wood Currie

Illustrations by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

SOME bachelors (related Jonesy) can work up a lot of sweet enthusiasm over babies. Yessere! I've known spinster-men who could dandle in-fants like Diamondfield Jack Davies dandles a gun. They was expert at it. Now Sandstorm Smith did n't frame up in this category. He had n't the art. Never having been much in the society of babies, he did n't develop it. There is n't a braver man treading sage than that big freckled young gold-grubber, but if you want to see him shot to pieces with craven fear just pass him an in-fant and a milk-ing bottle.

Howsomever, don't let me lead you to the conclusion that Sandstorm Smith, though not naturally addicted to babies, acquired his present disinclination for 'em by inheritance or instinct. Up to a few years ago he could look at 'em with a cold steady eye. Now he can't.

'T was thisaway: During the first flush of the Rawhide boom, Sandstorm ran up to Mina one blistering August day to see his old pal, Bud Dolliver, who was station agent, pending the sale of some bargain bonanzas there did n't seem to be any passionate demand for. Mina, if you know Nevada, you'll recall as the jumping-off place where you hit the alkali for Rawhide.

"Well, Sandstorm no sooner drops off the caboose of the Reno-bound freight when Bud Dolliver reaches for him, drags him into the station, and remarks that an angel from Heaven could n't have arrived more opportune. Bud had a chance to sit on a coroner's jury in the biggest case they'd ever had in the county.

"Sandy, my love," exults Bud, "I'd have missed that inquest only

for your coming. You certainly are a friend in need, for it's a-going to be a hummer. Three widows come in last night, and two this morn-

ing. Maybe there won't be some high re-party, seeing as the deceased left a mint. See you later, lad; the guns are under the counter—" With which swift parting Mr. Dolliver snapped up his Stetson and skeed across the plaza in a cloud of dust.

"Judging from the throngs of folks I don't see," grumbled Sandstorm, as he shed his coat and put on Bud's shrim hat and office hardware, "that inquest appears to

draw." Then he rolled himself a cigarette, sat down, cocked his feet on the counter, and fell off into a doze.

He was right in the middle of his siesta when someway one of his eyes snapped open, and his dreamy gaze fell upon the ticket window. What he saw there opened his other eye flat wide. A very fat baby was sprawling just behind the barred wicket, kicking violently in the air with two stubby little legs.

The moment Sandstorm had got both peepers open and in full focus, he noticed the smiling face of a dark-haired young woman looming above the in-fant.

"Good-mornin' to yez, misther ticket orficer," spoke up the young woman with a soft Galway brogue that set Sandstorm's Irish 'on fire. He was bowing deep to the waist as she ran on: "Would it be botherful to yez to mind the wee wan a bit while. John Hennessy's a witness, 'tis so; an' 't would break me heart not to hear the dear mon till the jury how 't was the corpse died."



"They had started swarming round on that bench to get acquainted"

For the smile she gave him then, Sandstorm Smith of Nevada would have taken hippopotamus twins off her hands, and he expressed the same in his choicest manner.

"May the saints bless yez," says the lady, smiling some more. "It's his little bottle I'll be givin' yez," she adds, "in case he gets shoutin'." Then she was gone with another smile of clear ivory and laughing eyes.

Sandstorm tried several holds on young Hennessy before he got a safe grip; then let him down on a bench like he was made of spun glass. He held his breath till he had got the little lad safe landed and plugged with his dinner tube, whereat he dropped back into his chair with the water draining off him and his pulse up to his pompadour.

"Supposin' I'd dropped it," drummed through his skull, while cold fear iced his spine. "He'd have broke sure," he whispers. There's nothin' whatever to the small bundle. Why—

He stopped on the "Why," as young Hennessy opened wide his small mouth and declared himself like a volcano. Sandstorm rushed to him and plugged him again, but the kid wanted more than his bottle, or the rubber hose to it, seeing as he'd emptied it neat. Young Hennessy wanted sights, and demanded 'em like a fog syreen. Sandy did his best with a buck and wing brangle. 'Twas cruel exercise that withering day, but Smith stuck to it, for the in-fant ceased his roar only while the circus performed.

"Such a dancer I ain't seldom seen yet," suddenly burst into the ticket booth, whereat Sandstorm jiggled round to feast his eyes on another baby kicking under the window wicket. Behind the second juvenile were more blue eyes, more ivory; full, round, rosy cheeks and hair like flax.

"Leedle Hans . . . wilst du nicht?" purred this one with a half moon smile you see in Dutch prints. "Mein mann ist by der inkvest alretty. Leedle Hans he ist goot. I coom back pretty quick," and she was gone before Sandstorm's tongue could uncoil.

Ordinarily Leedle Hans might have been the original cherub handed down out of heaven, but jammed under the wicket as he was, he offered up a protest that made young Hennessy's best efforts shade off like the whisper of a dead breeze. With some few remarks Mr. Smith opened the wicket and lowered the second voiceful little bundle to a place on the bench beside the tiny Irish. The pair of them rent the air in a gorgeous duet.

Seizing his ears in his hands, Sandstorm dropped back into his chair.

"That low down skate, Budd Dolliver," he groaned, "knew this was coming."

But they had n't all come yet by a plurality of one. The third arrival, Ole Hansen, Jr., came kicking in the arms of a comely Swede lady. Then came Mrs. Olga Kotowski with a Russian howler, followed swiftly by Mrs. Giovanni Bolini dressed in her best, with the Bolini

ishing in a German pancake of petticoats. The small dago was rigged out in plush and corduroy.

"I'm not sayin', Jonesy," ran on Sandstorm, his brow beading wet at the memory, "that my mental balance was total an' entire rigid at that moment, but the idea rose up and grouped itself in my mind that the one thing to save that yard o' cherubs from perishing on my hands was to undrape 'em, and undrape 'em quick. They howled like a lot of wee savages while I was doing it, but by the time I had got them all stark naked and had piled their clothes on the counter, their lungs were either played out or they enjoyed the change. They smiled all along the line from the Russian to the Swede, wiggled their toes, and grumbled like a lot of happy pups.

"Then, Jonesy, for the first moment since those in-fants began to pour in on me, I drew a breath of relief and rolled a cigarette. As I drew

the vapor into my system a.d felt its sooth, I cast a calm glance at the bench. Leastwise it began calm. It began pleasant. I says to myself, says I, 'Kids is all right if you only handles 'em scientific,' and I winks at the outfit, one wink per each. 'Pon honor, Jonesy, those little beggars winked back and kicked their feet in the air like signals o' jocular-ity. I laughed out loud and felt pleased through every atom of me.

"But as I began to negotiate a second series of winks my eyelid catches.

"There're like as marbles,' I whispered, then added, 'Which is who?' with the breath going out of me all in one gasp. Sizing 'em up from where I sat, they measured even to a pound, and the eyes of every last one of 'em was of the same roundness and the same blue. Their faces were similar as owls, an' there was n't one on 'em had a nose bigger'n a vest button. As for mouths, they were like the ori-faces of a .45 and not a damned bit more onsimilar.

"I could feel my hair uncurling an' standing up pompadour. 'Who's who?' 'Which is which?' 'What's what?' an' all sorts o' loco-talk dripped from my trembling lips while the chills climbed hand over hand up and down my spine.

"None o' the outfit was over four months, as I learned afterwards,



DAN SAVAGE
GROESBECK

though at that they were not what you'd call weeny-weenies or tiny-tims by a ten-pound margin. They had come into the world Class A size, tough an' hardy an' were sproutin' normal. What hair was on their heads had n't any particular color, and as all their small cocos were still damp, if the hair of one curled more nor the hair of another it did n't show.

"All these thoughts an' deductions, Jonesy, clustered themselves fragmentary, and each one of them shot my calm to pulp. As for the wee lads, they had begun to take cheer in their nakedness, and started swarming round on that bench to get acquainted. They climbed over and under each other, interlocked their feet an' arms, and made frog sounds as if they were having the time of their lives. The while they were enjoying themselves thiswise I had to use both hands as if I was playing two pianos to keep them from tumbling off the bench.

"There were moments when my fingers itched to bang their small knobs together, but presently they got tuckered out and dropped off to sleep. When I began to take inventory, then they were scrambled past hope. After my first review of 'em naked I felt pretty dead certain that Ole Hansen was on the right and the little Roosian on the left, but by the time they got through steeplechasing along that bench I'd lost all calculation on their maneuvers.

"I've summered in Yuma and dug gold in Yucatan, Jonesy, but I never knew the heat to strike into my system the way it did that afternoon. The more I tried to pick a clear course through the rocks o' my puzzlement the higher my fever mounted. I was just about to break out into sparks when my eye wandered again to the ticket-window and I looked into the fat smiling face of Wong Lee.

"You know Wong, Jonesy, and that round full face of his that is built smilewise. Nothing short of a bursting charge of big powder would alter the set of Wong's smile. Sure, you recall when the I. W. W., with loud cries and displayed hardware, chased him out of Goldfield, and how he ran smiling.

"His laundry had burned down at Rawhide on the night before he bobbed up there at Bud Dolliver's ticket-window, and he had just hoofed it down the trail to Mina (twenty-six miles if a foot), but he presents himself in my gaze with his customary an' perpetual smile. If Wong ever goes to hell, Jonesy, they'll throw him out as a disturber of the general agony an' pain o' the establishment.

"Plitty damn hot," he says at me through the ticket-window, stretching his smile some wider.

"I'll have the same," I babbled, my head still giddy with the heat an' them babies.

"His smile worried me, but I opened the door, invited him in and pointed to the group of juveniles on the bench. If he had any thoughts on what he saw, he did n't express them beyond blinking his eyes.

As he continued his pause of heathen silence, jumping his little eyes from the in-fants to me an' back again to the in-fants, my head began to clear.

"Wong Lee," said I, pointing to the bench, 'you're a-customed to babies. There's a lot of 'em in China,—heap baby in China, no?'"

"Allee same muchee baby," he laughed.

"About that size and age," I went on, making motions to drill in my meaning, 'they're all pretty much alike? That is, if you bathe 'em an' strip 'em in quantities, you ought to ticket 'em.'

"Allee likee. Belly little baby, allee likee," chanted Wong Lee, while his grin went up in a steep slant.

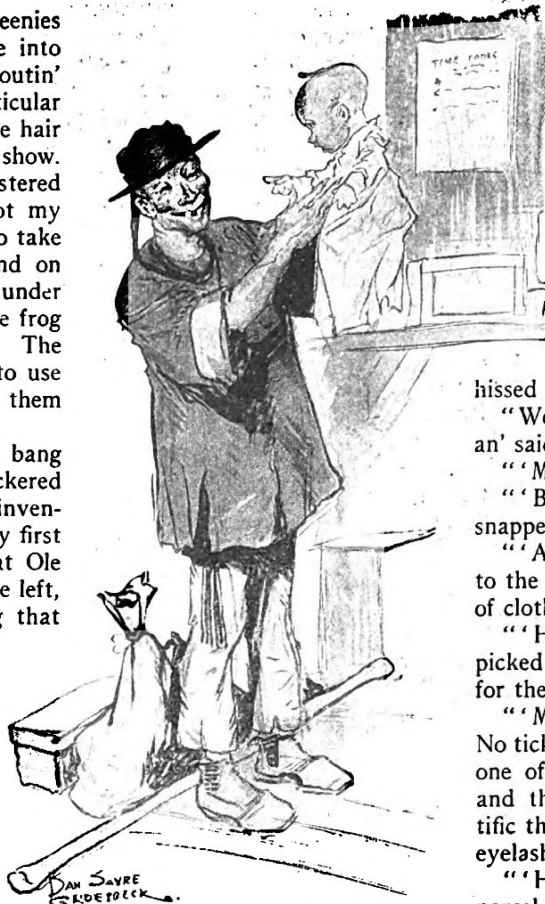
"Can you beat that for a bunch of similars?" I asked.

He shrugged his eyes, twisted his smile, and then sing-songed:

"Allee same Melican baby; allee same China baby. How get allee baby? You not mallied?"

"I blushed to the eaves of my strawberry thatch, Jonesy, at the wicked leer of his smile, and my language was hot when I answered:

"Not on your heathen life am I 'mallied,' nor are they any kin, kith or connection o' mine. There's a set o' five nations on that bench, you grinnin' idol, an' we got to unravel 'em.' Then I got down to Chink shorthand and tried to explain how I got them mixed and the



"How likee?" he asked"

peril of the mixture as it stood. I pointed to the pile of baby duds on the counter.

"The sun had got back of the depot by then, and a trifle of cool and calm was coming back to me. I lost some of it when Wong Lee began to slap his thigh and chuckle, 'Allee mlixed; allee mlixed. No tickee, no washee; no tickee, no baby; allee mlixed.'

"I brought him back to Nevada by yanking his pigtail, whereon he gurgled, 'Wong shabe!'"

"What I, me, us do about it?" I hissed at him, beginning to talk pidgin.

"Wong crossed his eyes in a rare heathen wink an' said on top of a flow of Chinese:

"Me fixee Melican baby allee same China baby."

"But there's not an American in the lot," I snapped at him. 'They're all foreigners.'

"Allee same," he sang back, then glided over to the counter and began sorting out the little pile of clothes.

"How'll you tell 'em apart?" I asked as he picked up little Ole Hansen's wrappings and started for the bench.

"Makee no diplence," he laughed. 'Allee mlixed. No tickee. Allee same.' And thereat he picked up one of the sleeping in-fants and draped it. Yes, and that Chink went about it so gentle an' scientific that the little lad never peeped or flickered an eyelash.

"How likee?" he asked as he held the small parcel up for my inspection. There was not a word in me. I just gaped like a loco-man, for that Chinaman had made a puzzling neat job of it.

Whether the contents of the wrapping was Swede or Irish, he looked just the same as the Swede I'd undressed. You may lay it on the case ace, Jonesy, that when the last of the five had been slipped into young Hennessy's clothes I began to breathe freer. Wong Lee's 'allee same, no mlixee,' had begun to sooth me with the idea that he might have made a magic guess of it an' untangled all them foreign complications.

"Do you think by any chance you got 'em unmixed?" I asked as he stacked them along the bench, mumbling some heathen lullaby.

"Makee no diplence," he shot over his shoulder, causing my pulse to resume its double-quick. Then, by way of rubbing it in, that deep an' wily heathen added, 'Allee same you, allee same Wong, allee same lady.'

"I did n't say anything, though I had burning doubts concerning the ladies. I'd heard about mixed twins fooling their own maws, but when it came to a case of mixing five nations it was a hair raiser.

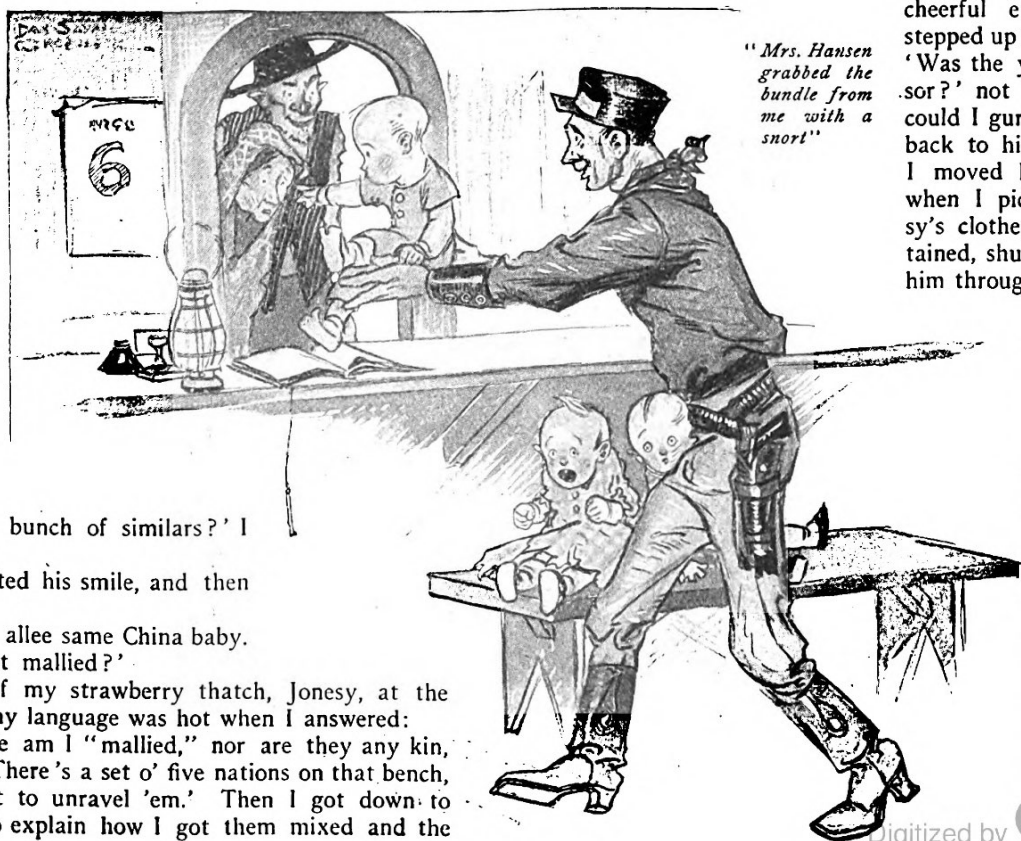
"It'll knock that Swede lady cold," I said to myself, 'if the first thing that little lad blips is, "Erin go bragh!" or "Wurra! Wurra!"' But before I had time for any more such joyous thoughts there appeared on the scene John Hennessy, Sr., himself, top-heavy with hardware and followed by the blue-eyed and smiling Mrs. Hennessy.

"That seven-foot miner looked cheerful enough, but when he stepped up to the window and said, 'Was the young lad much bother, sor?' not the ghost of a sound could I gurgle. The smile I gave back to him was graven stiff, and I moved like a lame wax-work when I picked up young Hennessy's clothes and what they contained, shut my eyes and shoved him through the wicket.

"Hennessy took what I offered in one big hand and dangled it, laughing. He gazed down on that in-fant with a look of mortal pride, feasting his eyes on the kicking round ball, while my teeth rattled.

"He's a grand wee lad," burst out Hennessy as he held it off in his hand and cocked one eye.

"He's husky; he's that," I whispered, with one eye on the Hennessys and one on the



"Mrs. Hansen grabbed the bundle from me with a snort"

[Continued on page 204]



THIS story is being written in London by a "mere spectator"—one who never played in a 'Varsity eleven, but a lover of sport just the same—the American college football strategy board is meeting in New York. From what can be gleaned from the English papers by a good guesser, it appears that these gridiron lawgivers are somewhat hard pressed by public opinion. The cry of parents bereft of their male offspring and of those who must minister unto maimed youth, has focussed attention on the deliberations (fitting word!) of the arbiters in the "great college game of America." According to the despatches, these Solons see the handwriting on the scoreboard. There must be an end to fatalities. He who throws off his blanket and rushes into the fray must not leave behind the hope of all freemen, namely, to live to a

ripe old age and, mayhap, to make life's journey without limping. Mass play *must* be abolished. The game *must* be "opened up"—not to make it a real game, mind you, or a game more interesting to the multitudes who pay hard-earned money for a look at sport, but simply to promote life, liberty of locomotion and the pursuit of happiness *sans* crutches.

Football is English Anyway

"But let us preserve our American game at all hazards," say the lawmakers. "Open it up, eliminate the danger as far as possible, but keep it American". And yet the only "American" thing about it is the personal contact, or impact, man to man (a series of bouts fought under polite rules savoring of Marquis of Queensbury and catch-as-catch-can), and the strategy evolved by graduate coaches—the which is essentially un-American.

The American game, moreover, is fundamentally English. Just as baseball, our national game, had its origin in "rounders," played only by children in England, so intercollegiate football originated with English Rugby. But the difference in evolution is marked. Americans developed "rounders" into the clean, intensely interesting, scientific game of baseball, the equal of which is not to be found on any field of sport the world over. Professionals did this. Amateurs, disciples of "higher education," eliminated the sport from Rugby, and metamorphosed a beautiful game into a stupid gladiatorial contest.

This is the wail of a "grand-stand player." Yes. But what do experts say when talking, "not for publication"? At the time when American football was "opened up" by the substitution of the "ten-yard rule" and the introduction of the "forward pass"—which seldom works except on paper—I was discussing the game with a prominent member of the rules' committee. This ex-football "star," perhaps the greatest all-round athlete produced by an American university, made the following observation regarding intercollegiate football:

"If a screen could be put around the Harvard and Yale teams and moved first toward one goal and then toward the other, the game would be about as interesting, and fully as many people would go to see it."

Forty thousand persons went to the Stadium at Cambridge last November to witness the "annual contest" between the Har-

English Rugby Football

Why it is Superior to the American Game

vard and Yale elevens. What did they see? They saw a wonderful spectacle—the immense crowd in the seats of the Stadium and the grand-stand. They also saw a most uninteresting battle of brain and beef, principally beef, with just one exciting incident to relieve the tedium of the afternoon's "sport."

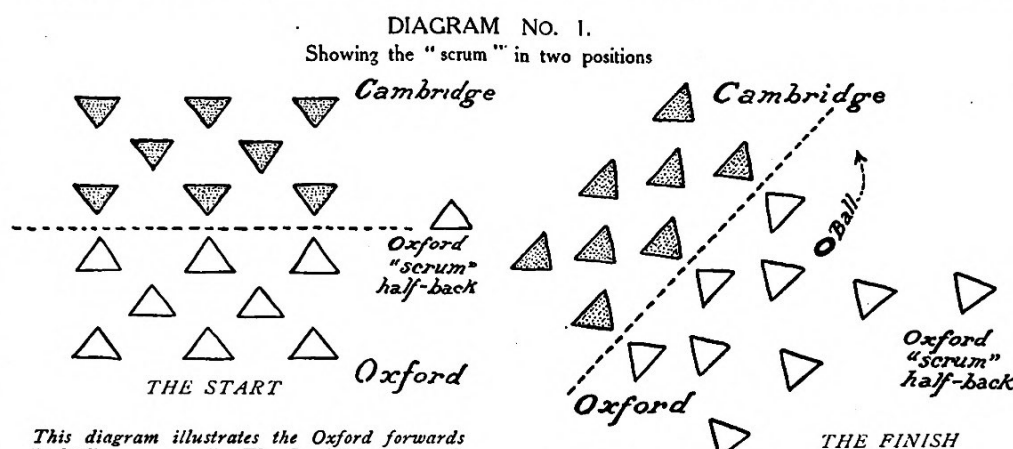
In the first half, Philbin of Yale caught one of Minot's punts and ran the ball back about forty yards until forced out of bounds. It was the single blood-tingling play of the whole game. It was purely an individual effort, and it did not result in a touchdown. There were half a dozen

runs fully as long and far more brilliant in the Oxford-Cambridge Rugby match. Four times that Oxford wonder, Poulton, secured the ball on a splendid pass, and getting clear of the "pack," raced like a deer for a "try." In comparison, Philbin's run was like a try for a subway express in the rush hour.

Added to the slowness of the Harvard-Yale game was the unfortunate spirit which prevailed. The report of the New York Times before me reads: "The game was marred by constant roughness and exhibitions of ill-feeling among the players, Fish and Corbett being the chief offenders, and it cost the Crimson many yards. Two of the frequent penalties which Harvard incurred for holding were directly responsible for one of Coy's field goals."

There is no mention of "roughness," much less of "ill-feeling" in the London Times's story of the 'Varsity match, simply because there was no roughness and the best of good feeling prevailed among Oxford and Cambridge players.

In the Harvard-Yale game, Lilley, Yale's "star" tackle, was so badly injured while recovering the first kick-off that he was obliged to leave the game. O'Flaherty, Harvard's quarter-back, had a bad concussion, and his playing thereafter was not that of a normal person. As a set-off to these accidents in the Oxford-Cambridge



This diagram illustrates the Oxford forwards "wheeling a scrum." The Cambridge forwards are brushed aside, thus leaving the way clear for a "dribble" by Oxford forwards, opposed only by the Cambridge "backs"—a play as in photograph B.



PHOTOGRAPH A—The "scrum" in action. The "scrum" half-back, who has already tossed the ball between the two groups of forwards, is hidden. The opposing "scrum" half-back is in the foreground. The ball is being "heeled out" by the "Blues." Referee in background.



PHOTOGRAPH B—The break-up of a "scrum" in the Oxford vs Richmond match. The ball is about to be "dribbled," and is in the position shown in diagram No. 1.

The Impressions of a Non-Combatant at the Oxford-Cambridge "Match" and the Harvard-Yale "Battle"

by
Henry Beach Needham

Author of "The College Athlete—How Commercialism is Making Him a Professional"

match, Tarr had his collar-bone broken, and left the game soon after the first "scrum." Turner wrenched his knee and was absent thirteen minutes from play. And Cunningham lost one or two teeth—but *not*, it is reliably said, through the pugilistic tendencies of an opponent. These men were all Oxonians—players on the winning side. "It is a long time," said the *London Times*, "since so many accidents were recorded at the Queen's Club."

A broken collar-bone is made light of by Englishmen. It is "all in the game," and such an injury "may happen any time" in football or on the hunting field. In Rugby it results sometimes when a runner, carrying the ball, attempts to swerve to avoid an opponent, and slips on the wet turf, falling on the point of his shoulder. There are, however, no fatal or even serious accidents in Rugby. That fact is absolutely borne out by the records of actual play. Once, they tell you, a "Rugger" player died on the field, but that was due entirely to a weak heart. Never has a man or a boy been killed. Yet in the American football season which ended last Thanksgiving (one-third the length of the English Rugby season) thirty deaths were recorded and over seventy serious injuries. Surely "safety" rests with English Rugby. But at best, everyone concedes that football is a game to be played only by hardy, well-conditioned youth.

A Game without Substitutes

Assuming, gentle football lover, that an expert has explained our game to you—which he can sometimes do if time permits—let us consider the two games, American college football and English Rugby. Fifteen players participate in Rugby instead of eleven as at home. But in America eleven men *only* do not take part; it may be fifteen, eighteen, or even twenty-two! As soon as a player is injured in our American game his place is immediately filled by a "sub." Not only that, but when a man tires, a fresh man is sent in to stem the tide, or a man may be substituted for a single play. Take the Harvard-Yale game of 1908, for example. Kennard was not skilled enough to make the Harvard team save in one respect; he was a natural drop kicker. By long and secret practise he perfected the art of dropping a goal from the field. This was his specialty. He paid little attention to the other departments of the game. The chance came. Harvard had the ball near the Yale goal-line but could not advance it on two downs. Kennard was sent in by the head-coach. When he walked on the field, everybody "on the inside" knew that he was to do one thing—try for a field goal. There was no uncertainty about it, merely the speculation as to whether his toe would do the trick. Kennard did what was expected of him. That goal from the field was the only score in the game. Harvard won because of the cunning of Kennard's toe.

"Did that really happen?" asked a famous Rugby player when told of the incident. "It sounds like a fairy tale." Englishmen wonder at this bit of "American football strategy" and say it is like betting on a sure thing. From their point of view, it is not sport. In the first place, substitutes are not allowed in Rugby. Fifteen men meet a team of equal number—not a team backed by a lot of substitutes. They play the game to a finish. If a man is injured, or lacks the stamina to "stand the gaff" and leaves the game, there is a break in the ranks of his team. Oxford lost the services of two men through injuries in the match with Cambridge last December. For most of the first half, the Dark Blue played with thirteen men, who were opposed by fifteen from Cambridge. One Oxonian came back in the second half, in which fourteen Dark Blues competed with fifteen Cantabs. And Oxford won! Indeed, the Dark Blues made the record score for the inter-Varsity Rugby—four goals and five tries (thirty-five points) to one try (three points).

Unquestionably the doing away with substitutes makes for a cleaner game. Men strive for hard play and, at the same time, endeavor to protect themselves; also, one never hears in an English Varsity match of an attempt to "put a man out," as has been heard at home in times past. In the Australia-Oxford match, one of the Australians was ruled off the field for hitting an Oxonian with his fist—a very unusual occurrence in English Rugby.

If the football legislators sincerely desire to improve American football, let them first rule out all substitutes. Let eleven men oppose eleven men, and let these players fight it out to call-time, even though perchance the game may end with six players opposing nine.

The English do Not Wear Armor

In the photographs that accompany this article, note the dress of the players. Woolen stockings which leave the knees bare, short running pants, and a light-weight jersey constitute the uniform. No preparation is made against injury. No thought is given to "armor." The only protection ever seen is a light "scrum-cap," which is worn by those forwards whom Providence has provided with prominent ears. The Rugby player would not cumber himself with heavy clothing. Speed is a prime requisite in the game.

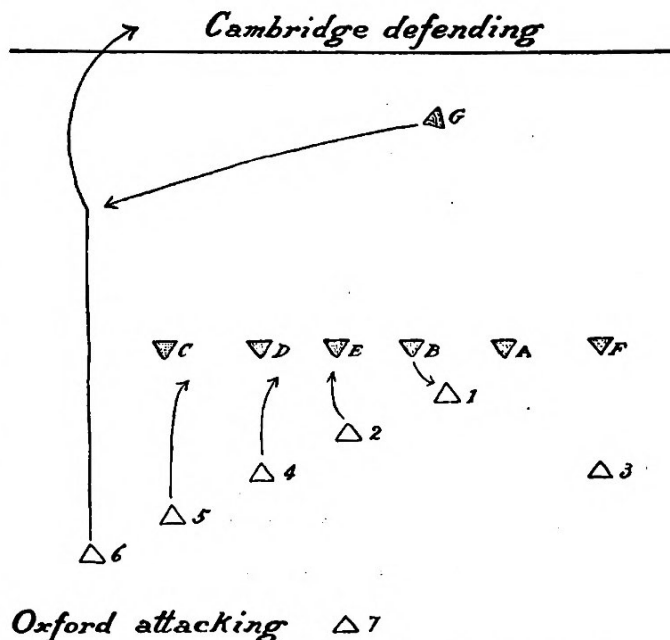
Let our collegiate strategy board legislate against armor of every description—leather helmets, nose-guards, padded jackets, sweaters, trousers and shin-guards. The result will be not only to do away with injuries to a considerable degree, but to make American football faster; a bully game to play and a pretty game to follow from the grand-stands.

The Oxford-Cambridge match began immediately the two teams were on the field, and, note you, the teams did not leave the field during the short intermission between halves to be "lectured" by the head-coach. It was business from the first whistle. Not once was there any wrangling with the referee, the only official on the field of play. Said the *New York Times* of the game of November twentieth: "The contest was marred by constant bickering between Harvard players and the officials, although Heaven knows the officials were themselves to blame for permitting it."

Now, as play begins at the Queen's Club, note another difference which every spectator will appreciate. The ball is put in play without any preliminary signal. In the game with Yale, this is what happened when Harvard had the ball: O'Flaherty, the quarter-back, would first consult his backs; then, after a look around to see that no man was "asleep at the switch," he would slowly reel off a series of numbers, as entertaining a formality as the recitation of the multiplication table by any primary school. Before O'Flaherty stooped to take the ball,

Captain Fish would leave his place in the line and over-rule the quarter-back. O'Flaherty would debate the question, but in the end would yield to his superior, who would return to his post of duty. The stillness would again be broken by another series of disjointed numerals; the center would snap back the ball; the quarter would hand it to Minot, and the full-back would hurl himself through a guard-hole. Instantly the spectators would be treated to a heaping portion of scrambled legs, arms, trunks and heads; the whistle would blow, and after a tiresome

DIAGRAM NO. 2.



Illustrating "open play"—Passing from "back" to "back."



PHOTOGRAPH C—"Dribbling" by Oxford forwards. Note the "open-ness of play."

wait the scene would be reenacted. On the third down, Minot would punt to Philbin, who would be thrown in his tracks by one of the fleet Harvard ends; whereupon Yale would follow much the same program, except that Captain Coy did not interfere with his quarter-back.

One variation of the above formula should not escape attention. O'Flaherty received a blow on the head, and his subsequent actions indicated to the officials that he was temporarily *non compos mentis*. The Harvard consulting medical expert was summoned from the side-lines, and taking O'Flaherty tenderly aside, he proceeded, with marked deliberation, to put the quarter-back through the "sanity test." O'Flaherty was forced to specify the day of all days on the football calendar; required to give the full name and address of a prominent Back Bay alumnus, and asked if Yale was a gentleman's college. With some prompting, O'Flaherty survived the test. Meanwhile, forty thousand good people were nervously awaiting the unexpected—a run such as Dudley Dean of Cumnock's eleven made—half the length of the field for a touch-down. But it never came.

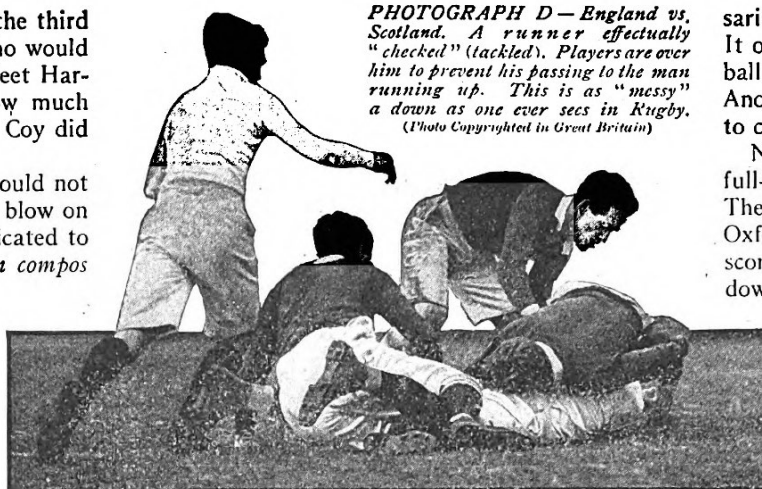
The English Game in Detail

The Oxford-Cambridge match began with a kick-off from "half-way" (center of field), but as a player on the side kicking off was in front of the ball before it was kicked, a "scrum" was ordered half-way. The "scrum" is short for scrummage and corresponds to the rush-line scrimmage in American football. In photograph A (Surrey vs. Kent) you see the scrum in action, eight forwards opposing eight forwards. Their heads are down, one man's hands gripping a team-mate; they are shoving with all their might and doing some clever footwork in the bargain. Beyond the scrum and out of sight is the "Blue" scrum half-back (the opposing half is seen in the striped jersey, watching the scrum; there are two half-backs in Rugby, corresponding to our quarter-back). He has already tossed the ball between the two groups of forwards. It is now under the feet of the "Blues," who are endeavoring to "heel it out" to their scrum half-back. He will then pass it to the stand-off half-back if a running play is possible. No one may handle the ball while it is in the scrum; not even the half-back.

In the accompanying diagram (No. 1) the scrum has become twisted about, and the Cambridge backs, unopposed by Oxford forwards, have a clear field to "smother" a Dark Blue if he were to carry the ball. In this situation, the oval is dribbled by the forwards—that is, kicked along the ground. Photograph B (Oxford vs. Richmond) shows the scrum after it has broken up. The ball is being worked out for dribbling. In photograph C (Oxford vs. Blackheath) Oxford forwards are dribbling the ball. Only the men behind the man who last touched the ball may boot it, or "off-side" is called, the penalty for which is a free kick or a scrummage, as the opposing team elects.

With the Dark Blues dribbling, of course Cambridge strives to turn the ball in the direction of the Oxford goal. This may sometimes be done by dribbling. But as a rule that is impossible, so a Cambridge man falls on the ball. In photograph D (England vs. Scotland) that is what has happened. Observe the "piled up" players (as messy as one ever sees in Rugby), and compare this with the hill of humanity in our game. Now, if the player in possession of the ball fails to get up promptly, the opposing side is awarded a free kick. If he does get up at once after being "checked," there is a new scrum.

But let us say that Oxford forwards have got beyond the reach of the Cantabs, except for the full-back. It is up to him to make a "save." This he does by punting the ball out of danger. In Rugby the punting is much more scientific than in our game. To begin with, it must be done without any protection from the back's team-mates, and he must get the ball away instantly and with one foot as readily as with the other. In punting, the back endeavors to gain distance, and at the same time to kick the ball "into touch" (out of bounds on either side of the field). The ball is then thrown into the "line out"—unless the opposing team prefers to have a scrum—at the point where it crossed the touch-line (see photograph E—Oxford vs. Cambridge), and one team has as good a chance to get the ball as the other; except that the side throwing the ball in may try to throw it to its best men. For a team to punt, therefore, does not neces-



PHOTOGRAPH D—England vs. Scotland. A runner effectively "checked" (tackled). Players are over him to prevent his passing to the man running up. This is as "messy" a down as one ever sees in Rugby. (Photo Copyrighted in Great Britain)

sarily mean to lose possession of the ball. It often results in a team regaining the ball close to its opponent's goal-line. Another good point for our rule-makers to consider.

Next, suppose that the Cambridge full-back has failed to make a "save." The ball goes over the goal-line. If an Oxford player falls on it "in goal," he scores a "try" (similar to our touch-down), or three points. But if a Cambridge man falls on it, there is no score. The "safety" does not count as it did against Harvard in the game with Yale.

After a "try" has been scored, the ball is brought out as in the American game, and an attempt at goal is made. A "goal from a try" counts five (in which case the try does not count). Other scores are a "dropped goal" (like goal from field in the American game), which counts four points, and a "goal from a mark or a penalty kick" (corresponding to our goal from placement) counting three points.

Why Rugby is an Open Game

We may now consider the beautiful part of Rugby—the "open game" in all its dash and brilliancy—open to players and spectators as well as to graduate coaches. In diagram No. 2, let us say, the Oxford forwards have pushed their opponents back, but the scrum has not veered about as in diagram No. 1. The forwards over the ball heel it out to Gotley (1), Oxford's scrum half-back. As Gotley is opposed by Ashcroft (B), he passes immediately in plain sight to Captain Cunningham (2),



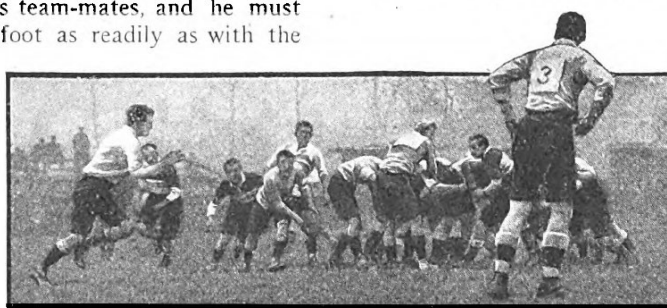
PHOTOGRAPH E—A "line out" in the Oxford-Cambridge match. Observe the Cambridge touch judge in his white spats.

Oxford's stand-off half-back, and he starts instantly with it down the field. Cunningham is in full view of the spectators, who are now on the *qui vive* at the prospect of a pretty play. The Oxford three-quarter backs (4, 5 and 6) have started with their captain, keeping pace with him but maintaining a proper distance. The pack is in full cry. Schofield (E) is on Cunningham! No, before the Light Blue three-quarter back can check the runner, Cunningham passes the ball to Tarr (4), and Oxford's right-center three-quarter, with scarcely a moment's pause to gather in the ball, is off like a shot. He swerves just before Pyman (D) can "check" him, thereby throwing the Cambridge "back" off his balance; then Tarr passes splendidly to Gilray (5), and the Oxford left-center three-quarter is away like lightning with the ball in his possession. A Cantab, Jones (C), the right-wing three-quarter, rushes toward him. It seems as if the Cambridge man will surely bring the runner down. But Gilray swerves at the proper moment; Jones misses direction, and the ball leaves Gilray and travels through space, right into the waiting hands of Poulton (6), the left-wing three-quarter back of Oxford. Poulton does not falter an instant. Without losing his stride, he is away under full sail. He carries the ball in both hands, held out at arm's length before him, and as he runs he turns the pigskin first to one side and then to the other, thus disconcerting the opposing player. With every ounce of speed, the Cambridge backs charge him while some of their forwards bring up the rear. Poulton is checked! No, he got by the Light Blue. But the Cambridge full-back (G) will surely get him! We gasp, for Atkinson has made a fine attempt at a "save." Hi!! (This is an American rooter.)

Poulton is too swift for him! Poulton has got past the bunch! Poulton is over the goal-line! He has scored a try for Oxford. Talk about "open play"! Poulton did this *four times* in the 'Varsity match. Every one of the "Oxford Wonder's" runs was something to be remembered until football is played with aeroplanes.

Let us analyze this real "open game." Once the stand-off half-back has the ball, he would not think of sending one of his men into the scrum with it. On this point, Mr. A. D. Stoop, an Oxford graduate, and to-day one of the greatest players in all England, made this interesting observation to me: "It is shocking bad form to go into scrum—crash into the line, as you would call it. It has the merit of being both useless and dangerous."

The "open game" is a certainty in Rugby—not a "paper" game, as in American football. The pictures tell the story.



PHOTOGRAPH F—In the Anglo-Welsh vs. Australia match the "scrum" half-back, to whom forwards have "heeled out" the ball, is about to pass to his stand-off half-back, who is running up. One of the three-quarter backs (3) in foreground is ready to receive the next pass.



HERE are pretty girls and girls who take pretty pictures.

Betty Truebell, the first woman of her family for many generations to fail in the gift of beauty, did not even suspect that her picture might have possibilities. After many humiliating experiences at the Shoreville photographers and with snap shots by well-meaning friends, she was urged at the instigation of a relative in the city to betake herself to the studio of one of New York's artists of the camera.

The result was so surprisingly lovely that Betty was afraid of it. She placed one of the photographs—they had followed her home by mail—on the parlor mantel at the edge of the looking-glass and gazed first at the picture, then at her mirrored reflection, then back to the picture again.

She—dubbed in childhood by her playmates "the ug-el, ug-el-y gal"—had taken a beautiful picture. Her parents at last would be able to send the likeness of their youngest daughter to distant uncles and aunts without a feeling of apology.

She knew now what she would give her Sunday-school pupils next Christmas. She would give them each a framed photograph of herself, just as the pretty teachers did.

But, best of all, went on Betty's gratified thoughts, she finally possessed a portrait which she would not be ashamed to offer Frank Burling. When he looked at *this*, perhaps—Betty blushed at herself in the mirror—perhaps he would somehow perceive that in many particulars, ugly and brown and insignificant as she was, she did resemble her perfect photograph.

Perhaps, if he placed it where his eyes would fall upon it every day, he might grow to wish for the living, every-day presence of the girl who had posed for the photograph. Perhaps—

Betty gave a little jump, for in the midst of her unmaidenly dreaming there had come a sharp rap on the screen door and the familiar, cheery hello of warning which always preceded Frank's unceremonious entrance into her home.

Various neighborly privileges had been accorded young Burling since the time when, a small boy in knickerbockers, he had thrashed another Shoreville lad for calling Betty "Nut-Cracker Face."

"Pretty is as pretty does!" had been Frank's gallant-war cry on that occasion, and the grown woman, remembering this now, believed that her love for Frank had begun with that chivalrous utterance.

She silently held out her picture as he entered, the furtive, daring wish passing through her mind that as the photographer had idealized her face into actual beauty, so might she in time be transformed by love in this man's sight.

Almost she believed that her prayer was about to be answered, for Frank seized the picture and fastened his eyes upon it with an avidity which was startling in the compliment it paid the original.

He stared at the portrait a long time while she watched him with half-suppressed excitement. When he glanced up, his face was alight with a foreign eagerness, his voice husky with some strange, unfamiliar feeling.

"Who is she?" he asked.

Betty went white. She gave him a sharp, pained glance to make sure that he was not joking at her expense.

"Who is she?" he repeated, his tone peremptory.

The Other Girl's Picture

by
Louise Forsslund
Author of "Old Lady Number 31," etc.

Illustrations by
Herman Pfeifer



Betty clutched at the back of a chair for support.

"A distant cousin of mine," she faltered, her heart with all its secret hopes sinking fast. She heard him continue as one far away.

"What's her name?"

"Millicent Truebell."

Millicent Truebell was indeed a cousin of Betty's, by chance the relative who had urged her to that portrait studio and had moreover paid the bill.

"Where does your cousin live?" Frank was asking sternly, half way to the door, the picture in his hand.

Betty gasped, then promptly gathered her tangled web about her and mentioned a number on Fifth Avenue, New York. She failed to add, however, that her cousin Millicent was not a day under seventy, and walked with a cane.

Frank paused with his hand on the latch of the door.

"Is she married or single?" he inquired tensely.

"Single—from choice," said Betty not without sarcasm, for she was quoting a favorite phrase of the elderly Millicent's; but her irony was lost on Frank who repeated light-heartedly:

"From choice! Well, I guess! One has only to look at this picture to see *that*. Well, so long, Betty, I only ran in for a minute. Glad you're back from town."

Before she realized it he was gone. His step as he bounded off the porch aroused her from her stupefaction. She ran to the door calling after him to bring her picture back.

"It's a mistake. Come back, Frank," she called.

"You can't have it! It's mine. I'm going to keep it!" he returned.

In vain did she call. He scarcely heard what she said. With a laugh he swung himself over the hedge and into the adjoining garden of his own estate.

"It's mine, mine!" she heard him shout triumphantly, as he disappeared in the shrubbery.

Betty went to her room, and, gathering together the remainder of her photographs, hid them in the farthest corner of the bottom drawer of her dresser. She was thankful that one only other than Frank's had gone forth to meet with humil-

iating non-recognition and that was the one which she had mailed to Cousin Millicent.

"Who is she?" sobbed Betty to herself, half between rage and bitter disappointment, as she put the last picture away.

She did not sleep that night, and when she approached her mirror in the morning, it needed but one glance at her swollen face and red eyes to convince her that, after all, Frank should not be blamed for his mistake.

By this time, Betty's chief feeling was neither one of mortification nor indignation, but of contemptuous self-reproach. She had failed in courage, and not in courage only, but in honesty as well. She had fallen with lies and deceit before the man who had bestowed upon her so long ago her code of action:

"Pretty is as pretty does!"

She determined to make amends as speedily as possible. Breakfast was no sooner over than she broke her rule never to seek Frank on his own grounds, and proceeded to her neighbor's door, where after a portentous clanging of the bell she boldly asked for Mr. Burling.

Mr. Burling was not at home, the grim-visaged housekeeper of the bachelor's menage asserted. Mr. Burling had taken the first train west that morning, on business, and he had never a word to say when he left except, "Mis' Lane, you can expect me when you see me."

Betty stared at her informant in surprised dismay, while Mrs. Lane stared back with an equal amount of suspicion, as if she were silently accusing Betty of knowing more about the mysterious business of her master than she cared to tell.

But neither questioned the other, and Betty returned to her home, puzzled. Frank's reproach among men, to her mind, was the fact that he had no business and was never known to do anything in particular, but lived "like a lord"—a simple, wholesome, half-farmer lord—on money gathered by his forefathers.

Then, what had taken him away, and why had he failed to mention his proposed departure to Betty last evening? She turned the subject over and over until finally, with that peculiar humble egotism of the lover, she succeeded in connecting his sudden flight with herself.

On making a closer examination of the photograph last night in the privacy of his own home,

she decided, he had discovered the deception she had practised upon him, and in sheer disgust of her proximity had fled from Shoreville.

However, Betty could not forbear watching the mails in the half-acknowledged hope of receiving some more comforting explanation of the errand which had taken Frank from home.

The afternoon and the evening mail brought nothing; neither did the morning mail bring word from him, and Betty tore open a fat letter from Cousin Millicent with some disappointment. She opened her eyes and became all interest, however, before finishing the first paragraph, which read: "DEAR BETTY:

"I have had a terrible shock to my nerves. Why these visitations of Providence should come upon me I don't know. A lunatic who claimed to be from Shoreville, Long Island, called at the house this morning. Such an hour for a lunatic to call! I was in bed eating my breakfast. Benjamin was washing down the steps, and Molly, who was in the hall and let the rascal in, said that he was young and presentable in appearance—the lunatic, not Benjamin—although his manner was somewhat startling, as one would expect.

"Molly brought up his card. It read, 'Mr. Frank Burling,' and on the back of it was written in a sane, legible hand, 'Introduced by Miss Elizabeth Truebell.' Never suspecting anything out of the ordinary, I sent Molly back to ask what he wanted and to make him understand that I never patronized agents of any kind, though I might have known you would not send me an agent. You can imagine my sensations when she brought back a very thick letter which he said he had written on the train.

"My dear, it was the maddest kind of a love-letter. It made me think of the proposal I received from Colonel Dusenberry when I was barely sixteen. He said my picture on your mantel had captured his heart and he never would be free again.

"Was it the one I had taken in the hospital, Betty, or that one with the cat? I am very curious to know. Neither could be called flattering, although Fluffy-ball can always be depended on to take a good picture.

"Well, he went on at great length, vowing over and over again that I was made for him and he was made for me, and that he could not live another day unless I gave him my assurance that I would let him meet me face to face, when he knew that I would yield to his entreaties and let him make me his wife.

"My first impulse was to call the police, but it would be certain to get in the papers, and a disturbance over a love affair at my age might create some ridicule. I thought it wiser, as well as safer, to humor him, and I sent this message by Molly:

"Tell Mr. Burling, I told her, 'that if he wishes to please me, he will go back to Shoreville and wait there for my answer to his highly appreciated epistle.'

"He went away as quiet as a lamb, and ere this I hope that he has been recaptured, for I am convinced he escaped from some private sanitarium. However, if he should indeed appear in your village, I trust you, Betty, to inform the authorities of his menace to the community and have him put where he belongs.

Very agitatedly,

Your devoted

Cousin Millicent."



"Who is she?"
he asked

Appended to the epistle was Molly's description of the man, Benjamin's description and Cousin Millicent's own testimony of his appearance as he crossed Fifth Avenue while she peeped at him from behind her lace curtains.

On the reading of this communication, Betty promptly became hysterical. This condition conquered after a reasonable length of time, she proceeded to do some detective work which revealed that Frank had obeyed his Millicent of yesterday and had returned to his home, walking from the depot across the back fields.

Then Betty and Love and Love and Betty held a consultation shut in Betty's room away from all prying eyes, and the result of that turbulent session was this resolution:

Resolved, that the lady who sat for the picture shall answer the written letter written to the picture.

The mails go quickly between Shoreville and New York. That very afternoon Millicent Truebell of Fifth Avenue received a special delivery letter from her cousin Betty, and the next morning Frank Burling's impatient patience was rewarded by the sight of a dainty square envelope bearing the stamp of a New York post-office.

An eager examination of the writing convinced him that his siren wrote the smooth, legible hand of all the Truebell's, but with a neater, firmer stroke than that evidenced in his occasional notes from Betty.

"My dear Mad Gentleman:"—the letter ran—

"According to my promise, I write you. I was much flattered to know that you had fallen in love with my photograph, but at the same time I hasten to warn you that you will be disappointed in the original. She bears scarcely a resemblance to the picture you cherish. In fact, she is a painfully plain woman, and I beg you to remember this when you write again, if ever you do write again.

"In truth,

"Your Lady of the Picture."

In due season, although the time seemed distractingly long to poor, anxious Betty, Frank's answer found its way to

the house next door to his own in Shoreville.

"My dear, dear Picture Lady:

"Modesty and beauty combined! A fortunate man who finds the two united in one woman. But I knew that you would be like that. Nothing that you can say will ever make me believe that you are other than beautiful. But if you were not, I should love you just the same. I am in love with you, you, you! Not your picture. When may I come to you?"

In a postscript he added:

"I think I shall always call you my Picture Lady. For some unaccountable reason I can not think of you as Millicent—perhaps because all the rest of the world does and my name for you must be a name for me alone."

When the Picture Lady read this, she laughed with a sob in her voice and she told herself exultantly that the real Frank on the other side of the garden-hedge loved the real Betty on this none the less because he fancied her to be half a hundred miles away.

For the man and the girl a curious week went by, and another and still another, until a month had elapsed. Frank seemed to have shut himself within himself, absorbed by his new passion.

True, he came to the Truebell's even more frequently than of old, and carried on a semblance of the old rallying, big-brotherly intercourse with Betty, but he had drawn about himself a baffling veil of reserve. He acted as one who feared to have his inmost thoughts discovered. He seemed on guard.

Betty was at intervals jealous of the jealousy with which he hid his serious attachment for her picture. She would feel a little hurt, too, whenever she caught him glancing at her out of the corner of a speculative eye, as if he were inwardly asking:

"Betty, why could n't you have been pretty, too?"

As surely as she tried to lead the conversation to portraits and cousins, he professed a cold lack of interest and skilfully turned the subject. But still Betty was not unhappy. She was intermittently radiant. Every day, sometimes twice a day, she received a letter from the man she loved; and every day she sent to the man she loved at least one message which she conceived to be soul-revealing, yet heart-concealing.

That Frank should learn the possibilities of her mind, the purity of her soul, was in accord with Betty's desires; but she did not wish him to know how truly his "Picture Lady" loved

[Continued on page 202]



He found her
there, bathed
in moonlight

An Important Series by the Author of "The Break-Up of the Parties"

The Power Behind

the Republic

by Charles Edward Russell

Fourth Article - - -

The Machine that makes Slums and the Slums that make Bad Business and may make Worse Things

PHILIP ARMOUR, founder of the great Armour interests of Chicago, captain of industry, financier, merchant and so forth, died in 1901, leaving his vast concerns to the care of his son Ogden.

To Ogden Armour, then, life, as he understood life, showed three possible ways for his pursuing. He could sell the business, take the proceeds and fat out his days in sloth like a prize ox. He could neglect the business for idiot pleasures until with shame he should be ejected from his command, or he could follow his father's example and policies, and by skill, energy and self-discipline prove himself worthy of his inheritance. For his father he had profound filial affection and respect; he had been carefully trained to carry forward the business when his father's hand should cease from the control; the world, which has but the one standard of success in life, looked upon him curiously to see in what manner he should acquit himself of his stewardship.

Situated as he was, which of these three courses would you have chosen?

What Young Armour Did with His Patrimony

Chosen? There was no choice. Unless the young man were willing to part company with his self-respect and go lonely through life, he could do but the one thing; he could but press forward with utmost diligence upon his father's path.

To be sure. And this is what he has done. I am not likely to be accused of any too cordial sentiments toward the Armour family, but no one can deny that this young man has been diligent, able, faithful in the discharge of his responsibilities, and in all ways fulfilling the precepts so long showered upon American youth. He is industrious and sober; he arises early, he toils unremittingly, he gives to the work in hand the full measure of his faculties. According to his light and his training he has been, I make no doubt, perfectly conscientious, and, even in those respects in which he has been criticised, I am quite willing to admit he has on the whole done nothing that the conditions of Business did not compel him to do.

Then please take note of the results. Philip Armour left a fortune of \$50,000,000. In ten years, by the faithful following of his methods, this accumulation has grown to \$300,000,000. At the same rate of increase it will be in another ten years almost twice the present fortune of John D. Rockefeller. In fifteen years it may approximate a sum greater than the amount of money now in circulation in the United States.

Ogden Armour could not logically let go of the machine; going on with it in the only way open to him, it is building under his care one of the most colossal fortunes in the world.

I cite this illustration at the beginning that we may not fall into the national habit, and blame individuals for

conditions that no individual can change.

For let us suppose Ogden Armour to have been differently minded; suppose he had chosen to be a prize ox or a society idiot, instead of a man of action—what then? Why, even then the enterprise as a totality would have gone on in practically the same way. It would have passed into the hands of the Swift boys or of some other able managers, and they would have done about what Armour has done, not because they wanted to do it, but because it was demanded by conditions. The enterprise could not stop. Its function was to supply men with certain things that men must have. If it should fail to supply them in the way demanded by existing conditions of trade, at once another house would take its place, follow the lines indicated by conditions; the house of Armour would be trampled over and forgotten, and the machine would drive on.

Yet we should also note that the great fortunes manufactured by this machine are not expressed in heaped up and hoarded gold, but in vast, articulated

YET, of course, Business will not change its methods because of preachments. It will change only when it sees for itself that its present methods will spell its ruin. The question is whether the men of Business who have possessed themselves of our government will have wit enough to perceive what is ahead for their interests. So far they have been absorbed in wresting from other men the mastery of our industries. The time is evidently close at hand when they will have to cease from such strife because all the industries will have been mastered. With control of all the railroads, all the water powers, all the coal mines, all the iron and steel supplies, most of the money supply, most of the artificial light supply, most of the meat supply vested in one group, certainly the rest will easily follow, and Business will be organized and controlled by the few men who have conquered it.

Will they see then that unless they base their machine on the broadest notions of practical humanitarianism the whole thing will go to smash? That is the question.

invested in other enterprises, likewise profitable, until the mind is dazzled to follow the potentialities of such gains. Without the least volition on their part, the men who control these profits must either stand to the engineering of a steadily enlarging field of operations, or surrender the control to others who will do the required work. And again, without the least volition on their part, the men who control the primal supplies will, under the present conditions, infallibly control the government, which is only an instrument in the process of such supplies. Many of us do not want them to control it—no! But just as certainly as hunger is a more important consideration than the rules of the House of Representatives, these men were destined to seize the government in spite of our opposition.

And further, the same conditions will produce more consolidations, more organization, more concentrations, more Ogden Armours, more economies, more elimination of waste, more banks in the one combination, more chains of drug stores owned by one company, more hotels with the same proprietorship, more restaurants under one control, more huge department stores, more mail-order houses, more amalgamation of factories. What then?

The Purpose of Anti-Trust Laws is to Amuse

I suppose that no one capable of reflection believes that these developments will stop where they are, or that they can be checked, restrained or diverted by such gossamer and foolish things as the Sherman law and the like. When in November last we got from an eminent court against the Standard Oil Company a grand endorsement of that childish statute, was the Standard Oil Company affected in the least? Hardly. It merely announced that if the adverse decision were sustained it would change its method of bookkeeping, and proceed with its essential operations exactly as before.

Anti-trust laws! They are the world's perennial jest. They exist only to brighten our days with innocent and wholesome laughter.

But there are some impending consequences of these consolidations that are not for mirth, but for most serious reflection in quiet hours—supposing that we care also for that employment—because they happen to mean more for us, nationally and individually, than anything else we shall hear discussed this year.

Consolidation and concentration are inevitable, but so far, in this country, they have been attended always with a huge increase of capitalization, the greater part of which represents no investment, but illustrates the extent to which the earning power of an enterprise can be pushed.

Thus the steel industry of the country is now capitalized for at least three times the amount of money ever invested in it; the

WHAT we are really confronted with is an automatic device to make paupers.

The evil starts, runs its course, comes back to where it started with the net result of increasing poverty—and all the new poverty it causes immediately starts forth upon the same course to produce still more poverty.

The growth of poverty is therefore assured, and every increase becomes in turn the cause of further increase.

When we remember that already in the United States thirty-eight per cent. of the people are poor, fifty per cent. are very poor, and only twelve per cent. are well-to-do and rich, here is a condition to startle even the most careless mind.

We said in running over our chain that increased slums mean increased tax burdens. Possibly we have not thought enough of just how that comes about.

As a matter of fact, if you are in Business the taxes and freight rates that you pay are not important to you. What is important are the taxes and freight rates that other people pay.

enterprises, all engaged in supplying millions of men with the primal necessities, including the necessity of work. The profits of the Armour packing-house are reinvested in railroads, elevators and banks and the profits of railroads, elevators and banks are and must be

railroad industry with fifteen billions of capital represents not more than seven billions of investment; and so on without exception through every organized industry. Nor can this form of capitalization be prevented, restricted or even justly objected to. The property capitalized has a certain earning power; its owners have a perfect and unassailable right to capitalize that power; if they can not capitalize it, they can not in any way possess it, nor enjoy a value that really

belongs to them. If they can not possess and enjoy what is theirs, then what is theirs is in effect confiscated, and the constitution, upheld by innumerable court decisions, expressly forbids such confiscation.

Therefore every stage of this process is abundantly justified by the highest law, and in the present stage of Business evolution it is also necessary and right.

Good. Only, as we observed before, there are certain aspects of this process that are not reassuring. We may not have thought much about them, but if we ever begin to consider them, we shall come upon very startling conclusions.

For instance, the automatic and unailing effect of this process is to increase the cost of living.

How about that?

It steadily increases the cost of living, but for the great majority of people it does not increase incomes.

How about that?

In the last fifteen years the average cost of living has increased forty per cent., but during all this period average wages and salaries have increased less than ten per cent.

How about that?

Suppose the process to go on for a few more years at the present rate. Then the only possible result is a vast, impoverished, underfed, servile population, similar to the people now living and starving in the east end of London, similarly inefficient and similarly fatal to national progress.

To make sure that no part of this is doctrine or theory, but all merely facts, let us take a look at a detail of the machinery silently at work all about us to produce these results and these only.

The Poor Man Pays the Largest Bills

About twenty years ago the right of way of the Northern Pacific Railroad was worth \$50,000,000. It is now worth \$175,000,000. Six years hence it will undoubtedly be worth \$300,000,000.

This increase of value of over \$50,000,000 is represented in securities. That is to say in stocks and bonds, on which interest and dividends must be paid; stocks and bonds to capitalize the increased value; to make it real and tangible.

This is not merely a legitimate issue; it is absolutely necessary: without it the increased value of the right of way can not possibly be realized, and is lost to its owners, who have an indubitable right to it.

To secure the money to pay interest and dividends on these securities, the revenues of the road must be increased.

Here again, to increase this revenue under such conditions is not only legal, right, just and endorsed by the highest courts, but as a matter of fact it is necessary. The railroad has no choice.

Increased revenue can be obtained only by increased charges or by impaired service, the one being to the public about the same as the other.

Primarily, the increased revenue is paid to the company by the shipper. But the shipper is not the person who really contributes the increase. The shipper merely passes the charge along to his customer, necessarily with another charge added for time and labor. By the cus-

Photo Copyright, 1909, by Pach Bros.



tomers the charge is passed along to somebody else, and it thus goes from hand to hand until it reaches the ultimate consumer, who pays all.

Things are so arranged that this burden falls most heavily upon those least able to bear it—workingmen and their families, and the poor in general.

This is because by the present scheme of distribution products consumed by the poor usually pass through more hands than products consumed by the well-to-do, and because the poor can buy only in small quantities. For example, the well-to-do buy flour by the barrel, the poor by the pound. An increase of twenty-five cents a barrel in the flour rate from Minneapolis to New York means an increased cost of perhaps forty cents a barrel to the well-to-do. By the time it has reached the poor who purchase by the pound the increase may be two dollars a barrel.

These, of course, are but isolated illustrations. To get an idea of their meaning we must multiply them into practically everything that people consume.

Likewise we must multiply the case of the one railroad into almost every other enterprise that supplies any need of the public.

Do Not Scold the Steel Trust

For example, the United States Steel Corporation, commonly known as the Steel Trust, capitalized the iron and steel industry of the country at more than a billion dollars. No one pretended that the plants and businesses combined in this great enterprise could be sold separately for one-third of that sum. Yet, combined under one management, they could be made to yield the current rate of interest on a billion dollars and more; consequently they were actually worth a billion dollars and more. Not only that, not only was here a value which might legitimately be capitalized, but by the correct laws of Business it ought to be capitalized, and must be capitalized. By no other way could the latent value of these properties be realized.

Yet, to be sure, the result of this capitalization was to maintain abnormal prices for iron

and steel products, including rails, which have an important relation to railroad expenses, and hence to railroad tariffs, and hence again to consumers. None of these charges was paid by the first purchasers of iron and steel commodities. Such purchasers merely passed the charges to others, the railroads to their shippers, the building owners to their tenants, the storekeepers to their customers, until all the charges, augmented by each hand that touched them, landed upon the ultimate consumer, and (as always) most heavily upon the poorest.

Yet, under existing conditions no one can reasonably find fault with this process of capitalizing values, and assuredly no power of law can stop it.

Business, which rules all, would not allow any extraneous power to interfere with capitalization, because capitalization is the indispensable adjunct of Business—its hands and also its heart. And in this position Business would be absolutely right.

Here, then, we come plump upon the extremely awkward fact (and it is purely fact, it has nothing to do with theory or doctrine) that government by Business is likely to be very

costly. We may well doubt if any nation ever was, or ever can be, rich enough to support that cost.

Take note of the links in this chain of causes and effects; see if you can find a flaw in one. The present system of Business increases the cost of living but does not increase most incomes; increased cost of living without corresponding increase of incomes means increased poverty; increased poverty means increased slums; increased slums mean increased tax burdens; increased tax burdens are passed from shoulder to shoulder until they land at last upon the wage-earner and producer—beyond whom there is no one to pass them.

Slums are an Expensive Luxury

So that what we are really confronted with is an automatic device to make paupers. The evil starts, runs its course and comes back to where it started, with the net result of increasing poverty—and all the new poverty it causes immediately starts forth upon the same course to produce still more poverty.

The growth of poverty is therefore assured, and every increase becomes in turn the cause of further increase.

When we remember that already in the United States 38 per cent. of the people are poor, 50 per cent. are very poor, and only 12 per cent. are well to do and rich, here is a condition to startle even the most careless mind.

We said, in running over our chain, that increased slums mean increased tax burdens. Possibly we have not thought enough of just how that comes about.

As a matter of fact, if you are in Business the taxes and freight rates that you pay are not important to you. What is important and of real interest are the taxes and freight rates that other people pay.

In regard to taxes alone, and leaving the freight-rate question to follow, obviously there are four ways whereby the slum levies upon the community a burden of increased cost.

It breeds crime and criminals, and these cause a

[Continued on page 195]

The Vision of Stiny Bolinsky

by James Oppenheim

Illustrations by John Edwin Jackson



STINY BOLINSKY'S mother woke him up just as dawn crept through the window. "Your father is eating breakfast," the mother muttered in his ear.

"The whistle," cried Stiny, half awake, "did it blow?" "It will blow soon enough," sighed the mother.

Stiny sat up, and looked stupidly about the little room. A baby was sleeping in a crib in the corner, and two men, lodgers, were getting out of the double bed. Stiny slept on a cot.

The men were grumbling sleepily. As they slipped into trousers and shirts their bare flesh showed oily and black. Their faces too were dusty with coal. Their shocks of hair looked as if they had been dipped into a coal-bin, but their eyes, though sleepy, were rather sharp and piercing.

Stiny put on heavy lumbering shoes, a coarse dirty undershirt, greasy overalls that strapped over his shoulders. Then slowly he opened a door into the hall, crept down-stairs, left the back of the house, and hurried over the bare rough ground. He passed half a dozen gray houses, and came to a little pump. A dozen men, clad as he was clad, were fighting to get at the water. This pump was used by forty families, and it was first come, first served. Stiny hung about a little while, and finally decided to go unwashed.

As he walked back to the house he looked about him. There were two rows of houses—gray boxes, two stories high and all alike—a muddy gutter between them. There were no gardens, no trees, save a few stunted leafless ones. Back of the houses was a hill, with piles of dirt and siftings of fine coal, and along this hill ran a railroad track and back of it rose abruptly a mountain, bare and desolate. Its lower part was all blasted away, and before it stood gray shacks with high iron chimneys.

The mountainside and valley lay in a deep gloom, but softly in the upper air a tremulous light was broadening over the world, and with the light came a sweet wind. Suddenly Stiny had a restless feeling, a touch of fever, a desire to go wandering away, a desire for things he could not imagine clearly, but things beautiful, inaccessible. He wished it was Sunday, that he might go to the little church at the end of the street and watch his teacher's face, and see the mystery of a woman unlike other women. That woman was Miss Danby, the Sunday-school teacher. She was stout, forty, bustling, cheerful. She said, "my boys," and said it proudly. "My boys" were men anywhere from fifteen to fifty. They rarely understood what Miss Danby was driving at, and possibly Miss Danby did not understand either, but it was nice to come in contact with such robust cheerfulness.

Stiny suddenly felt over his shirt, looked a little startled, and ran into the house. He hurried back to his room, felt under his pillow, and brought out two little badges, which he pinned carefully to his dirty shirt. One of these was the picture of a man, and under the picture were the words, "John Mitchell, Labor's Friend." The other was a cross, on the face of which was stamped, "Thy Kingdom Come."

Then Stiny went into the adjoining room. A stove steamed against a wall, and next to it was a table covered with oilcloth. At this table sat the two lodgers, Stiny's father and Stiny's big brother. The mother went to and fro serving the men. Stiny sat down. No one spoke, but there was the loud noise of slapping tongues

and smacking lips. One could hear every swallow of the coffee as it went

down the husky throats. On a tin plate were heaped huge chunks of bread. On another were some fried herrings. The men plunged their forks into these plates and took as much as they could. Stiny was hungry and ate as ravenously as the rest, making just as much noise.

The light grew and grew in the room, glimmering through the two dirty windows; the men ate; the mother moved about swiftly. Then, without warning, there arose in the air the long insistent shrilling of the whistle—an endless piercing blast shrieking through the valley.

Everybody cried, "The whistle!"

One last bite, one last swallow of coffee to wash it down, and they got their caps with the little tin torches, and rushed pell-mell into the hall, down the stairs and into the street. From one end to the other the street was filled with hurrying men and boys. The men carried dinner-pails. All seemed in a terrific hurry. At the end of the street they turned up a well-beaten path over the railroad tracks, and past the shacks. Stiny hurried to a big hole that was like a wide-open mouth in the side of the mountain. About this mouth were heaps of fine coal siftings. The ground was black. Little narrow tracks ran into this mouth and disappeared in the darkness. On the track stood a little flat car, with a trolley pole resting up against a low wire that also ran into the black mouth.

Stiny and half a dozen others, after lighting the torches on their caps, piled upon this flat-car, but even at that moment the restlessness seized him again. The sun was rising over the mountain; a wild radiance swept over the valley; a delicious breeze burst upon the world.

Stiny had a strong, almost irresistible desire not to go into the black mouth. He wanted to wander in search of things inaccessible—things beautiful. There was something in the air that tempted him forth; it was a voice hinting of glories on the other side of the mountain. Stiny did not know what troubled him. He did not know that this was the first day of spring—that buds ached to be blossoms; that grass yearned for the sun; that birds were dreaming of nests and nestlings; that human beings were beginning to hunt for one another; that in men and women leaped the impulse of love.

The motorman turned the little handle and the car shot straight into the mouth. The car was not afraid of that blackness; it rushed through it, deeper and deeper and deeper, now plunging around a curve, now running up an incline, now dashing down a slant. All the men on the cars crouched low, for there were dangerous places—a head lifted might strike the live trolley wire above. Several men had been killed that way.

The Monster, the mine, through its mouth had devoured these human beings, and now the car shot through the mighty belly of the brute. It passed the dark corner where a month before there had been an explosion—foreman and three others blown to pieces, cause unknown. The men on the flat-car did not even remember the incident.

Finally the car stopped and Stiny got off. There was a big canvas padded door here. Stiny opened it. The car rushed on. Then Stiny shut the door again, and sat down on a broken wooden box. He was alone. There was absolute silence. The day's work had begun.

The tunnel is divided into locks, compartments with a door at each end, to keep the gases of one compartment



STINY

From a photograph by Lewis W. Hine

from permeating all, should there be an accident. It was Stiny's job to sit at one of these doors all day. Whenever he saw the blinding flash of the car coming his way he opened the door.

He sat down listlessly. The little smoking, flaming torch in his hat cast strange large shadows about the corner, showing the black jutting rocks, the bits of coal, the tracks shining for a little distance and then swallowed in blackness, and, lastly, the boy's face. Stiny's face was unlit—the features large and smooth, the eyes small and sleepy, the lips big. He had some sandy hair on top of his head, but its color was blurred by the coal dust. He was a dust-dipped boy, head to foot; sooty, black, disreputable.

This had been Stiny's job for three years. He began when he was twelve. He had a dim recollection of the days when he played around the mouth of the mine with other boys, when he was free to roam up the mountainside. His chief desire in those days was to be a man and work in the mine like his father. What else could a boy desire? There was nothing in his world but a bare and desolate and smoke-darkened valley, a few stupid companions, a home to be avoided because of the troubles there.

The mother was a hard-working woman with small time for her children. There was a saloon down the street, not very far from the church, but the boys were too young for that. There was a school, also, to which now and then the boys were driven, but the teacher, a woman who stayed on because she was alone and had to earn a living, detested and looked down upon the miners' children. There was also the church—but until this year there had been no Miss Danby.

And the mine! In that narrow world of childhood this was the only outlet. It was deep, mysterious, terrible. Its perils made it fascinating. How they crowded about when a dead man was brought up! What fun on days of big cave-ins, when the frantic village mobbed the entrances, women wailing, men sweating and laboring like very demons to save their brothers! And there was a charm deeper than the perils, the coal-damp, the cave-in, the explosion—the great Monster fed its victims. Their very existence depended upon it. Bread, shelter, life—these were the gifts of the mine—and in this little world, only the mine had these gifts to give. To be a man was to enter the Monster, share the dangers, do the day's work and get the pay-envelope on Saturday.

Stiny started when he was twelve. He had a dim, a very dim remembrance of former days. Life did not begin until he was given his post at the door. Then life began, and a strange life! Most of the days he was pulled out of his sleep for a bite, a rush through the dark valley, a long day in darkness, a release into the night when the day's work was done, and then sleep again. But on Saturdays it was different. Then he trooped with the crowd down to the saloon, became very drunk, managed to get home somehow, and slept away the better part of the Sunday. It was only lately that he got up early enough to listen to Miss Danby.

So far as Stiny knew, such is life. To sleep, to eat, to work in darkness, and then to sleep again. He never wondered why the mine was there, or what became of the coal that was vomited forth daily and carried from the valley in the long coal-cars. He knew that the mine was there, that the coal had to be gotten out, that men were paid to get it out—that was all. He took the fact of the mine as he took the fact of the seasons—he never dreamed of the powers that ruled. Once in a while an inspector or a visitor came through. If he was an ordinary person the miners roughly jested as he bumped his head against the low ceilings; "bumped it into a running sore," as they said. As for Stiny, these were people dropped from another world. They came and vanished, mere comets. They did not belong to life.

Men are born; they labor; they marry; they die. That was all there was to it. Stiny had stupidly accepted his lot in life; he, too, would make the rounds with the others. When the time came he would marry; later he would die.

But with Miss Danby's coming, a dim struggle began in the boy's breast. He did not know what she was driving at with her stories about a certain Moses, and David and Goliath (which latter, however, he liked, because there was a fight), but he began to get the first dull glimmerings of a far world—a world different from his own—where a woman's voice was kind; where there was a smile, a touch now and then. In his own world were much coarseness, obscurity, loneliness; there were harsh words, fights, hatred, and a bitter atmosphere—an atmosphere that a few years before had burst forth in the big strike. The older men knew all about that big strike; Stiny only knew that a great man by the name of John Mitchell had come along and told the men to get together. So the men got together, and after that things were a little better. Miss Danby once in a while talked by the hour about John Mitchell, but she never made things clear. In fact, she was nearly as ignorant as Stiny.

Stiny was as uncouth and as thick-crusted as any of the others. Long hours in bad air and darkness, broken sleep, coarse food, drunken

Saturday nights, blows and impatient words are not conducive to fineness of spirit or heart. But now was the new fact of Miss Danby—a human being who went against the whole world, who turned things upside down, who, in a bustling manner, was gentle, roughly sweet, smiling, sympathetic. Every Sunday he marveled at her, and through the long days he brooded upon her. She had pinned the badges upon him with her own hands. That made them sacred. He considered them above all the things of life. And with his brooding, something strange occurred. Something in him began to break down; about the region of his heart strange passions awoke and fought with him; a radiance beat against his thick crust, and here and there made a loophole, so that at times he felt as if he were going to cry as his mother cried when he came home drunk. At other times he felt a black revolt boiling within him—revolt against harshness, darkness, dreariness—rebellion against his narrow world. There must be something better somewhere; there must be joy, there must be love, there must be comfort.

Stiny was becoming a dangerous boy. No one knew it, leastwise himself. What Miss Danby gave him was a lot of vague new impulses—passions that craved an outlet, but though the heart felt, the poor brain could not see. The boy was groping about in blackness; his heart cried for a revolution, but his mind did not know what revolution, or how, or when. He wanted something; he wanted it badly; but he did not know what he wanted. It began to be impossible to sit around all day with such passions in his breast. He could only clutch his two badges and swear that things must change. And thus he became like an active volcano whose crater is about to blow off. Impulse might have led to anything—a quarrel and a killing in the saloon, a hasty marriage, or a sudden slipping away to wander over to the other side of the mountain.

To-day his troubles were at their height, for it was the first day of spring, and into the mouth of the Monster the boy had carried the yearning of the whole world. He sat at the door in a turmoil of unrest, rising every now and then to open and shut it and let the car rush by. To ease his heart he picked up a piece of coal and began drawing rude pictures on the canvas of the door—pictures indecent, gross, primal. He was seeking the art-man's outlet—merely to give his passion vent in some tangible form.

It was at eleven o'clock that morning that the Man came. He came into Stiny's life very suddenly and was soon gone. He was never forgotten. This Man had been sent down into mines with a camera by a committee in a far city—a committee that was trying to find out about child-labor. But all that Stiny knew was that on one trip, the car, instead of flashing by, stopped short.

"There's Stiny—he's one on 'em," said the motorman.

"All right—I'll get off!" said the Man.

Stiny stared at him stupidly. The man was small, thin, with a homely face and big eyeglasses, but his voice sounded good. In one hand he held a big newspaper camera, in the

other a heavy looking black valise.

The car went on, the door was shut, and Stiny confronted the Man.

"Want to have your picture taken?"

Stiny shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," said the Man, "just stand up against that door as if you were going to open it."

Stiny obeyed. The Man's voice reminded him of Miss Danby and made his heart pound. He felt his face flushing. The Man went through a deal of preparation. He knelt, opened his valise and took out a shiny metal T, and on this T he fixed a long cartridge. Then he rose and focused his camera very carefully. Finally he held the camera with one hand and the T over his head with the other. Suddenly there was a white blinding flash, an explosion, a burst of smoke. Stiny gave a leap and a loud cry. But the Man was laughing.

"That's all," he said, "won't hurt you!"

Then Stiny laughed—loud, thick, long. He came up and watched the Man putting away his things, snapping shut the valise, and closing the camera. The Man faced him a moment and looked at him carefully. Again Stiny felt his heart pounding. He liked this Man's laugh, his voice, his kind eyes.

He suddenly reached out a hand, almost touching the Man. Then he drew it back very much ashamed. The Man looked at him more carefully, and took out a little notebook and a pencil.

"What's your name?"

"Stiny Bolinsky."

"Spell it!"

But Stiny could not spell it.

He could, however, give his age, his wages, his address. The Man took it all down, and then looked at his watch.

"Will the car be back soon?" he asked.

"Soon," said Stiny.



He felt a black revolt boiling within him—revolt against harshness, darkness, dreariness

They sat together on the little box, Stiny very carefully placing himself on the edge to give the Man plenty of room.

"Do you like your work?" inquired the Man.

Stiny gave a low queer laugh.

"Pretty hard, is n't it?"

"Yes—no," said Stiny.

There was a little silence. Stiny began wetting his lips, stirring uneasily, playing with his hands. Here was someone like Miss Danby; someone who understood. If Stiny could only open his mouth; if he could only tell the Man what he felt, perhaps the Man could explain. The poor boy yearned with all his soul to question the Man, to pour out his heart to him, to ask about that Other World.

But he said nothing. He could not. He did not know how.

The Man, too, was perplexed. He did not like being alone with another human being, and no word said, no communication. But what had they in common, these two? The Man looked at the boy again. His eye was caught by the two badges. He smiled, and pointed at them.

"Who gave you these?"

"Teacher—in Sunday-school—Miss Danby!" The boy flushed hot; he had to struggle to get rid of the words; and when he did, a glow of tremendous pleasure went through him.

"Who is that?" asked the Man, pointing at "Labor's Friend."

"That," burst out Stiny, "that is Mitch!"

"You know Mitch?" asked the Man.

"You bet—we all know Mitch!"

Then Stiny laughed softly.

"And do you know what that cross means," the Man questioned softly.

"No," said Stiny.

"You don't know the words on it?"

"No."

"Would you like to know?"

All the hunger of the boy's heart leaped in his voice: "I want to know," he muttered.

"It says," the Man spoke slowly, "it says: Thy Kingdom Come."

Stiny looked disappointed. He shrugged his shoulders.

"You don't know what that means," said the Man.

"No."

The Man paused a moment and looked at the boy. Then the Man's eyes became dim. He spoke very tenderly, very quietly, very slowly. He wanted the boy to understand.

"Stiny," he said, "it means the time when things are better, much better than they are. It means the time when little boys and little girls, and boys like you, don't have to work any more, but can go to a good school, and can play baseball in the afternoon, and romp about in the fields—it means—"

He paused, for slowly a change came over Stiny's face. His eyes grew large, his jaw hung, a flush spread up his temples, he clasped his

hands together. He gazed at the Man as if he had found his new world.

The Man went on more tenderly:

"It means the time when a boy need n't work down in a dark mine; it means the time when his mother won't have to work so hard, and does n't labor until she is tired and cross; when she can have a pretty home—a little house with curtains on the windows, and lots of good food, and nice rooms; when she can stay as beautiful as she was when she was a girl. It means the time when your father can come home early and read and play games with his neighbors, and see his children before they go to bed; he will be different then; he won't be so hard, so angry, so bitter. It means the time when the sisters can have pretty clothes and look their prettiest; when there will be a piano in the house, and good music, sweet music when you are tired. It means the time when you can read books, and go out and see the world—the big world—the world over the mountain, Stiny. It means the time when, in the evening, men will gather together in clean places, and talk and play with one another instead of getting drunk."

Again the Man paused because Stiny's face was so wonderful. His eyes burned

with a strange light; his mouth was open as if he were being fed on the words; he hardly seemed to breathe; not once did he take his eyes from the Man's face. This made the Man look away a moment to brush something from his face. Then he looked back, and went on with a break in his voice. To Stiny it was the most glorious voice ever heard—a music that went lovingly into his heart and sang to him there.

"But, Stiny, it means something more—something more. Thy Kingdom Come means the time when people are kind to one another—very kind, and understand each other—and help each other. It means the time when there is more love in the world—more love," the Man went on, and his voice broke again, "more love."

He stopped. Stiny clenched his two fists; he half rose out of his seat; his mouth seemed to open even wider; he seemed at the point of bursting. Then suddenly it came with a great noise:

"Well—" his voice rose, deep-lunged, splendid, a great roar—"That's *chist* what I want!"

The Man rose, too, something thrilling and thrilling him from head to foot. In that moment he re-dedicated himself to the task of bringing on the Kingdom. And even then there was a bell ringing. Stiny opened the door; the car came; the Man got on. As it was swallowed in blackness, the Man, looking back, saw in the dim corner the boy, the torch on his hat flaming smokily, waving his hand good-by—waving frantically, his body dancing with his hand.

The Man had gone; the Man had gone. But the great Dream of the Ages had penetrated the belly of the Monster, for good or evil, but for ever. A Vision had come to a passionate boy, and we human beings are led alone by our Visions.



"Thy Kingdom Come means the time when people are kind to one another"

THE wolf came along, and he sat by my door,
And he scratched and he howled with a terrible roar
That wakened the neighbors, but spite of his din
He never was heard by the dwellers within;
For spite of his wowl, and in spite of his screech,
I sat there inside quite outside of his reach;

For Love was my guest,
And a guest so fair
That I did n't e'en hear
Mr. Wolf out there!

THE winter winds came with their withering blast,
And over the world an ice-mantle was cast.
The rivers froze up, and down by the sea
The rocks were a vision of bleak misery;
But never a chill entered in at my door,
And never a note of old Boreas's roar;

For Love was my guest,
And a guest so warm
That I cared not a jot
For the trumpeting storm!

Where Love Is By Blakeney Grey

THE mists hid the sun from the sight of the day,
And over the world was a shadow of gray.
All hushed was the song of the caroling lark,
And the earth lay chilled in the gathering dark;
But deep in my soul was no trace of the night,
For deep in my heart was a harvest of light;

For Love was my guest,
And a guest so gay
I saw but the flowers
On the dark highway.

LOVE is a guest that will kill all care,
And Love is immune to all dark despair,
And Love is a cure for the lack of gold,
And Love is a screen from the winter's cold,
And Love is the source of a golden stream
That lightens the soul with a lustrous gleam—

Where Love is a guest
There will come no fear,
And the darkest ways
Are the Roads to Cheer!



Old Age

by Walter Weyl

ON AUGUST 1st, 1908, the people of Great Britain and Ireland passed an old age pension law. Under this law, any man or woman seventy years of age or over, not a pauper, loafer, criminal or lunatic, and for twenty years a British subject residing in the Kingdom, is entitled to a pension of a shilling (25 cts.) to five shillings a week.

Five shillings will not build a Dreadnought, nor pay the British Debt, but five shillings are riches to Jim Hodge. Jim is not a pauper, a loafer, a criminal or a lunatic; he is simply an old man with a broken arm. He is bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of the British nation, for he, through his ancestors, has "resided in the Kingdom" not twenty years but twenty centuries. Jim himself came by birth to England when Victoria ascended the throne; his life has measured the upward progress of Britain to a material prosperity undreamed of in former centuries. He has worked in his stolid British way through fifty years of sunshine, fog and rain.

By rights a man should die after he has worked so hard and so long, but Jim's daughter and Jim's reluctant son-in-law willed it otherwise. There were only four children in the two rooms, and the remains of what was Jim Hodge would make a fifth.

Old men without work were not hungry, and Jim had laid down his pipe when he laid down his spade. Even an old man with a broken arm could make a bed or tend the children, and in the summer afternoons he might take a lonely, reminiscent walk, and be out of the way of the "earning" members of the family. The son-in-law, unless tired and discouraged, never reproached Jim with his dependence. So, after the fashion of the superfluous man of seventy, Jim Hodge was "happy."

An Old Age Pension is Not a Charity Dole

When the King's most Excellent Majesty and the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and the Commons in Parliament assembled enacted the Old Age Pensions Act, Jim Hodge got his five shillings. He drew it personally; whatever the law had been, Jim would not have entrusted those precious five shillings to any soul in the world. He walked toward home with a lighter step than since his last job. He could hear the five shillings jingle in his pocket. They were his—as incontestably his as were the wages he once earned. Not all the King's horses and all the King's men could take them away from him.

The blue-coated "bobbies" whom he saw on the street—were they not there to protect his five shillings? No one could dictate what he should do with his money. He might, if he wished, spend a penny on tobacco; he might stop in at the restaurant and order a ha'penny cup of tea and a ha'penny roll, and the waiter would pay deference to him as to other patrons. He could pay board to his daughter, three shillings, or three and sixpence, or even four shillings, and have to spare. He could hold his white head erect.

It was not a present to Jim Hodge, this pension of five shillings a week—not a dole, like the coals and the grudging shillings that men got from the charities. The law distinctly said, as Hodge knew though he had not read it, that "the receipt of an old age pension shall not deprive the pensioner of any franchise, right, or privilege, or subject him to any disability." Jim's five shillings came from the same source as did the King's salary.

Jim Hodge thinks better now both of England and of Jim Hodge. He recognizes that what he is getting from the nation is nothing but the repayment of an old, though tardily acknowledged debt. "A workman," says Mr. Lloyd-George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "who has contributed by his strength and his skill to the increase of the national wealth has

made his contribution to the fund from which his pension is to come when he is no longer able to work." Jim Hodge and the old men who once toiled as dock-laborers in Liverpool, racked peasants in Ireland, hop-pickers in Kent, or plate-layers upon the Scotch railways, and the old women who gave their measure of service in stores and factories and mills and the houses of other women, have contributed their strength and skill. The mine-worker risked his life as did the soldiers of Kitchener in Egypt and the Transvaal. The twenty-five shillings a week wages did not constitute a quit-claim in favor of society.

Old Age Pensions are Not Revolutionary

Many of us in America have been told that England was wrong and foolish in granting pensions to her old. The idea is called revolutionary and socialistic; John Bull has rushed in where angels and accountants fear to tread. And anyway we don't need old age pensions. We are too well off in America for anything like that.

It seems a little incongruous to think of placid John Bull rushing into mad socialistic schemes. We always thought of him as rather a cautious old party who tapped with his golden cane upon the pavement before he made a forward step. We believed that the British people were so ultra-conservative that had they been alive on the day of Creation, they would have "besought the Creator to preserve chaos."

As a matter of fact, England was not unduly precipitate. For almost a generation, ever since 1885, the British statesmen had been discussing old age pensions, gathering statistics, weighing schemes, and presenting bills. They had the German experience before them, and knew all the facts concerning that country, where an old age pension plan has been in existence since 1889, and where fourteen million, one hundred thousand men and women are now insured. They had studied the Danish system inaugurated in 1891, the New Zealand plan begun in 1898, and also the old age pensions of New South Wales and Victoria. The British statesmen studied not only these plans of compulsory insurance, but also the voluntary insurance of other countries, and as a result of their twenty years of deliberation and discussion, the bill passed the House of Commons by a vote of four hundred and seventeen to twenty-nine. The measure was national, not partisan.

But are not old age pensions revolutionary and socialistic and confiscatory and all those hard words that stand in the road of progress? Public schools were all these at first, for had not a man a right to keep his children at home, and should a bachelor be taxed for the instruction of other people's offspring? Child labor laws, tenement house reform, and the distribution of agricultural information by the Government were all called socialistic. Old age pensions are peculiarly socialistic. But is the Emperor of Germany a socialist? Is the Pennsylvania Railroad a demagogic revolutionary?

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company's Pension Plan

The Pennsylvania Railroad has always been known as a sober-minded corporation, yet it has been paying pensions since 1886. The employees of the company had been urging the railroad to take up the subject ever since 1874, and the railroad, after twelve years of corporate cogitation, consented.

How does the Pennsylvania Railroad carry out its socialistic scheme of old age pensions? In the first place, it makes them uniform. The president of the company receives a

Pensions



Author of "The New Problem of the Old"

pension as does the engineer, the conductor, and the brakeman. All, from president to brakeman, must retire at sixty-five if superannuated, and no matter how vigorous, active, and intelligent, no man may continue to work for the road after seventy. Each man receives his pension, which amounts to one per cent of his average annual salary or wages for each year of his service. Thus, if a man is earning \$1,200 a year and has been in the service forty years, he will receive an annual pension of \$480. There are about three thousand men now carried on the pension rolls, and the average pension is about twenty-one dollars a month.

It is not a big pension—not averaging over five dollars a week—but it is something. It is assumed that the old man who leaves the service no longer has young people dependent upon him, and he may have saved something to eke out his slender pension. Besides, he may, if he wishes, engage in any other light occupation. He may keep a little shop, or become a watchman, or he may, as did one pensioner, a former high official of the Pennsylvania Railroad, become the president of a great industrial corporation.

The Santa Fé's Idea of Rewarding the Old

The Santa Fé plan is in some respects even better than the Pennsylvania. The Santa Fé does not pay pensions higher than seventy-five dollars a month, nor does it pay lower than twenty dollars. The railroad company believes that it is precisely the more poorly paid employees who should be assured of a reasonable pension, since the men with higher salaries may be presumed to have saved at least something. A man who earned fifty dollars a month and had worked twenty years would receive only ten dollars per month on the Pennsylvania, but would obtain twenty dollars on the Santa Fé. The western road discriminates in favor of those who find it hard to lay aside for a rainy day, and in especially meritorious cases the Board of Pensions is allowed to add twenty-five per cent. to the pension to which the man is entitled by length of service.

If you glance at these railroad pension systems superficially, you may think that they do not pay. It seems as though the railroad company is giving out and not getting in. But if you look a little closer, you will see that the railroad is getting more than an equivalent. The whole service has improved. The old engineer has an interest in the company; it is "his" company. He puts a little extra zeal into the work; a little extra intelligence, a little more conscientiousness. If he avoids a wreck which might otherwise have occurred, he saves the company more than the whole cost of the month's pensions. The morale of the force improves. That it pays the railroads is shown by the fact that one railroad after another is adopting the plan. The plan of pensioning old employees is spreading through the entire gigantic transportation system of the United States.

So perhaps old age pensions are not so revolutionary after all. But do we need them? Is not America a rich country, where the old men and old women are all provided for without pensions? Fortunately there is a grain of truth in this contention; luckily for our careless, easy-minded, forgetful society, we do not need to worry about all our old.

The majority have some wherewithal to keep the wolf from the door. Some have farms, some have houses, some have businesses; others have government bonds or shares of stock or money in the bank. Our savings banks contain eight and a half million deposits of about four hundred dollars each,

or three and a half billions in all, and hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of these deposits are made with the intention of providing against old age.

Saving is one way of providing for age; insurance is another. Saving is individual; insurance is social. Formerly, when a man paid his premium he was insured against death; now he is also insured for old age. The growth of insurance-saving has been tremendous. The total amount to be paid on present policies by the American insurance companies is fourteen billions of dollars, and out of this enormous sum, which is twice the entire wealth of the United States in 1850, a large part is devoted to taking care of old age.

Often it is Impossible to Save Money

A child is another lien which the old man and the old woman have upon life. A child is an investment, just as a United States bond or a farm or a shoe factory is an investment. The parents provide for the child in its infancy, and the filial child ministers to its parents in their age. The repayment by the man of the money and affection showered upon the child form the best provision for age. For the old do not live by bread alone.

The majority of the old, therefore, ask nothing of society, but this very fact should make the support of society to those who do need its aid, more immediate and willing. There are many who through misfortune are left in age bereft of money and of their natural supporters. A bank may fail, an employee abscond, a business panic arrive, an error of judgment or an unwise act of generosity may strip a man or woman of the savings of a life-time. The wife of such a man may lie ill and the savings of years go in a month's doctor's bills. The sudden slaying of a husband in an industrial accident may leave the wife deprived of expected support.

And not all men can save. Some are honest and hard-working, but have not the knack of getting and holding. They are marble to receive and wax to retain. Others do not marry, or marry and have no children, or they lose their children in early infancy. Family bonds are mortal. There are always men who through no fault of their own are left naked and alone in their old age.

It fares ill with these old people when, save the almshouse, they have no alternative than to re-enter the hurly-burly of a rough struggle for existence. In America, as elsewhere, a too rapid progress disrupts the family and displaces the aged. The rapidly evolving sons and daughters are often a little ashamed of crude, rugged parents, from whom they received their education and their chance. The premature aging of these parents is too often considered a sign of progress, as is the rapid scrapping of machinery. In slow, stable societies the old man is the fount of wisdom and the well of experience; in quickly changing societies like America, experience is often ignorance, and not knowledge.

Professions and Trades are Unkind to the Aged

Every year an army of these men face the immediate prospect of a penniless, workless age. They are too old. Their children can get work, and their grandchildren, but for them there is no opening. Men who for thirty or forty years have been bookkeepers, accountants, or cashiers with one firm find that no other firm will employ them. They are of all ages, all races, all conditions. There is the "old" shipping clerk of forty-five, and the old hotel manager of sixty-nine. Accountants, draughtsmen, engineers, cooks, coachmen, electricians, watchmakers, compositors, engravers, proof-readers, electro-typers, pianists, doctors, lawyers, salesmen, advertisers, upholsterers,

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The Shears of Destiny

By Leroy Scott

Illustrated by Alexander Popini



6TH Instalment "THE WHITE ONE"

CHAPTER XV

DREXEL sank down in the fine white snow, his back against a patriarch pine that rose without a branch far up toward the stars; he sat there amid that vast white silence, breathing heavily, and considering what he should next do.

He had to get back to St. Petersburg, and soon, or lose the prized chance of working at Sonya's side, but he dared not make straight for the railroad. The countess's advice on that point he knew was sound. Those bullets which had grazed him as he rolled in the snow were grim and indisputable evidence that the pursuit of him was a most serious matter. He thought of walking the fifty miles, of using a relay of sleighs hired from peasants, but he quickly realized that either method offered little if any chance of escaping the hundreds who would be sent out to scour the country for him, and his mind returned to the railroad. After all, he would go by train, and since he dared not go as Henry Drexel, he would go in the one disguise the country offered him. He would find a village, secretly buy peasant clothing, and ride back to St. Petersburg under the very noses of spies and police.

This settled, he found the north star, calculated the course he wished to follow through this unknown country, and set out. Now that the spur of pursuit was gone, he made but slow progress. Walking is not easy in a huge fur coat, in unbroken snow a foot deep, when the path is a series of semi-circles around wide, earth-sweeping hemlocks. At length, however, he came out into the open. He was tired, but he kept on, heavily, doggedly. He was beginning to fear that he might walk on all night and find no village, when he saw in the distance a group of faint white mounds.

He was soon at the head of the village street, with its two long lines of night-capped cottages. The settlement lay in universal silence; not a window winked with light. He determined to try the first cottage, and had to knock again and again before he heard a stir. Finally there came a hesitant "Who's there?"

"A friend; open the door," he called in a low tone. He heard voices consulting. One said that perhaps it was the police or soldiers, and if the door was not opened they would burst it in or fire the house. Whereupon the door swung open.

"Come in," said the voice of the tactician.

Drexel entered the living-room—a room with an earthen floor, walls of mud-plastered logs and a ceiling that brushed the head. A well-built, shaggy old man, and a younger man and woman, evidently his son and daughter-in-law, received him. They were dressed practically as by day, for the Russian peasant is too poor to possess many bed-clothes, and he perforce sleeps in his day garments for the sake of warmth.

"Will my lord sit down?" quaveringly asked the old man, pulling forward a rough-hewn bench. All were agitated by the strangeness of a richly dressed man calling at their house at dead of night, and they wavered between the peasant's natural courtesy and fear of some disaster this visit might portend.

Drexel's exhausted body collapsed upon the rude seat, and the three formed a staring semi-circle. His eyes fixed upon the father as being nearest his size.

"I want you," said he, "to sell me a suit of your clothes."



"Please—please do not go back to that house"

"Sell you this suit of clothes!" cried the old man. "No, not that suit," said Drexel wearily, eyeing with disfavor the worn and greasy sheepskin coat. "I want your other suit." "But this is the only suit I have."

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

HENRY DREXEL, a young Chicago financier, is in Russia to attend the marriage of his cousin to Prince Berloff. While on his way to St. Petersburg a mysterious young woman of great beauty enters his traveling compartment. Her passport is demanded by Captain Nadson of the police, and in pretending to search for it she appeals to Drexel, addressing him as her husband. He helps her in her deception and promises to produce the passport upon their arrival at their hotel. Learning of Drexel's connection with Berloff, she eludes him after they have registered at the hotel. In seeking her, Drexel falls into the hands of two revolutionists, who hold him prisoner. He escapes after five days, and at a ball given by Prince Berloff, recognizes in Princess Kuratoff, one of the guests, his acquaintance of the train. She shows no sign of recognition. On the following day when he calls on her she greets him frankly and explains that she is a revolutionist and is anxious to discover the whereabouts of her brother, Borodin, who has been thrown into prison at the instigation of Prince Berloff.

Berloff wants to get rid of Drexel, so he employs the Countess Kurovskaya to involve him in a political plot. The countess tries to draw Drexel out by representing herself as a revolutionist. Drexel is in the library of the prince's house, searching through his papers for some clue to the prison where Borodin is confined. The countess follows him and pretends to help. They are discovered by Prince Berloff, who enters, followed by Captain Nadson. Drexel escapes from the room by turning off the electric light. He goes to the stable to secure a sleigh and there meets Countess Kurovskaya, who insists on sharing his flight. They put the horse at his best speed, but soon realize that they are being pursued by Cossacks. The countess begins to feel remorse for having led Drexel into this trouble and advises him to shoot at their pursuers while she urges the horse forward. When his ammunition is gone he jumps from the sleigh and makes his way through the woods, escaping the Cossacks.

Drexel shuddered. "Then I guess I'll have to buy it. How much did it cost?"

"Ten rubles, my lord, when it was new."

Drexel drew out his purse and laid down a note.

"Then here's a hundred rubles."

The three stared in an even greater amazement.

The old man shook his head. "If I had so large a note," he said at length, "people would think I stole it."

Drexel laid down several smaller bills that totaled the same, and restored the first note to his purse.

The three hesitated, looked at one another, then withdrew for a conference. When they returned, the old man said:

"Pardon, my lord, but if we do this may we not get into trouble?"

"Isn't it worth running a little risk to get ten times a thing's value?" Drexel returned sharply.

They conferred again. "But if I sell this, what will I wear?" asked the old man.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Drexel in exasperation. "Can't you take ten rubles of the hundred and buy a new suit?"

"No, I dare not buy new clothes. All the village knows we are very poor, knows we have hardly a single ruble. If I get a new suit all the village will ask questions and be suspicious. My lord knows how the police look into everything; they would take it up and make trouble." He shook his head. "No, I dare not sell."

The old man was right about the new suit, Drexel had to admit. His situation seemed hopeless. But as they talked on, a way opened, and finally they settled upon a plan. Drexel was to have the clothes; the old man was to remain in bed for a few days on pretense of illness; the son was to accompany Drexel to St. Petersburg to bring back the suit, and on the day after the morrow the father could go about in his accustomed garb.

The young woman delicately provided them privacy by lying down on the broad wooden shelf and turning her face to the wall. A moment later the old man was under a tattered blanket on the same broad bed, and his clothes were on the earthen floor. Drexel, not without some disgust, changed into the old shirt of homespun linen, the tattered trousers, the greasy coat with the fleece turned inward. Instead of boots or shoes there were slippers of woven grass, and these the son tied on with cords, having first swathed his feet and calves in rags. Drexel roughened his mustache, tousled his hair and put on a fur cap which settled upon his ears, and counted on passing for a workingman who fluctuates between country and city.

He offered his discarded garments as a gift to the family, for he dared not take them with him, but the old man refused. Such fine clothes would surely get them into trouble. There was only one other course. In one corner, filling a third of the room, stood a great, clay-built oven. Drexel opened the door of this and into the fire went the dangerous raiment.

Two minutes later Drexel and the young man stepped out into the white, starry night, and after following a beaten sleigh track for an hour, came to the station.

They entered the third-class waiting-room. A broad passage ran through into the first and second-class room, and through this, with a show of stupid peasant curiosity, Drexel cautiously peeped. As he had half expected, there stood Captain Nadson. He threw

himself upon the floor, among the other waiting passengers sprawled in sleep, and drew his cap over his face. The peasant dropped down beside him.

Presently the captain entered, saw the new figures, crossed and kicked Drexel's side.

"Wake up—you!" he called.

Drexel moved slightly. "What you want?" he asked sleepily.

"Have you seen a man in a fine-looking coat walking through the country?"

"Haven't seen anybody," said Drexel in a half snore.

The captain kicked the guide, and Drexel, peering from beneath his cap, saw that the poor fellow was a tremble with terror—in a state of nerves to make some catastrophic blunder.

To him the captain repeated the question.

"I—I—" began the peasant.

"We came here together," put in Drexel. "Neither of us saw anyone."

The captain thrust his toe into Drexel's side by way of thanks, and walked out.

Soon the train arrived. Drexel, with his guide, had hurried out upon the platform, when to his surprise and vast concern he saw come out of the first-class waiting-room the imposing person of General Kuratoff, and leaning upon him, half supported by his arm, a well-wrapped, half-tottering figure. He needed not the company of the general to tell him who she was.

He was torn with keenest apprehension over her obvious illness. What was the cause of this sudden seizure? And since she was ill, should he see her again?

The train started up. Drexel had slipped aboard, leaving the captain standing on the platform looking for a fugitive dressed in clothes that were now ashes in a peasant's earthen stove. A Russian train has a fine disdain for speed, and a third-class coach makes each mile seem five; but at length, toward morning, the train drew into St. Petersburg. All the suffocating journey Drexel had thought of little else but Sonya's weak figure swaying across the platform upon her father's arm. When he got off the train it was to hasten to the coach he had seen her enter. He saw her limp body carried out, placed in a wheeled chair, and pushed swiftly away. A moment later he saw her lifted into a closed carriage. Of a certainty it was a serious illness.

Drexel sat in the third-class waiting-room till a sullen dawn began to creep over the city; then, having arranged that his companion was to remain in the station, and was to wear his cap wrong side out on his left knee as a sign whereby a messenger might know him, he started for the house where lived Ivan and Nicolai, a good four miles across the town. Weary as he was, he dared not ride; no peasant such as he appeared to be would spend forty kopeks for a sleigh.

When he rapped at the door it was opened a few inches, and he saw the boarding-house keeper.

"Good morning," said Drexel. "I want to see Ivan and Nicolai."

"They've got nothing for beggars. If you want bread, here's five kopeks."

But Drexel's shoulder went against the door. "Hold on, friend, I'm no beggar."

"Either you or your clothes lie. Who are you, then?"

"A man who wishes humbly to apologize for having done violence to your stomach four days ago." And he lifted his eclipsing cap.

The man stared. "Hey! What's that?" Then, with a sudden flash in his eyes, he swung open the door, and when Drexel had entered, he swiftly slammed it behind him and shot the bolt. "You'll not escape again," he said grimly.

"I don't wish to," Drexel lightly returned. But it went through him with a chilling uneasiness that, with Sonya sick and no other to set him right with the household, he would be a prisoner here for so long a time as they wished to hold him.

"I'll announce myself," Drexel continued, and went up the stairway. The outer door was unlocked, and he crossed the empty room and knocked at the second door. There was a sleepy cry of "Who's there?" To which Drexel responded by more knocking, on which the door opened, revealing the square figure of Ivan.

"What do you want?" snapped the little fellow.

"I want to come in, comrade," cried Drexel, "and I want food—sleep—clothes!"

The undershot jaw of Ivan fell loose. "The American!" he ejaculated. Nicolai was already sitting up in bed, a revolver in his hand, and it was pointing at Drexel.

"How do you happen to be in those clothes? And how do you come to be here?" demanded Nicolai.

"Cheer me up with the sight of food, and I'll talk; but first put away that gun. Oh, I had forgotten the first formality guests are subjected to in this establishment." He held up his hands. "Here, Ivan—search me!"

The little fellow did so and announced no weapons. "Now breakfast," said Drexel.

Still staring, Ivan brought the black bread and bologna from the window-sill, and started the samovar going. While the tea was being prepared, Drexel told them as much as he thought wise of what had happened in the three days since he had fled this room.

"And now I want some clothes. I dare not go out in this dress and buy civilized garments. One of you must do it for me." He laid money on the table and made a note of his sizes. "And now I'm going to sleep."

With that he stretched himself upon the couch, the pistol of the wary-eyed Nicolai upon him. Not again would they be caught off their guard and tricked! For a time his mind was filled with painful fears for Sonya, but his weariness was overpowering, and soon he slipped off into deep slumber.

It seemed to him that scarcely fifteen minutes had passed when hushed voices from far, far above vaguely penetrated his sleep. He seemed to float slowly up out of bottomless depths to consciousness; one voice now sounded like a woman's voice. That a woman should be here seemed curious. He opened his eyes.



Such a head it had never been his good fortune to look upon

The next instant he was standing, staring incredulously. "Sonya!" he cried.

CHAPTER XVI

SHE rose and crossed to him, and Ivan and Nicolai left the room. She was dressed as he had seen her in this same room a week before, in the coarse-quilted jacket and head-swathing shawl of a working-girl.

Their hands gripped. He had never known before what the grip of a hand could be, nor how glowing a pair of blue eyes.

"I thought you were ill," he cried.

"Only a pretense," she smiled.

He drew a breath of relief. "But even though you are well, how did you manage to come here?"

"The time had come for me to stop being Princess Kuratoff—so I just stopped."

"Ah, I see. You have given up all that?"

"No—not yet."

"Then how did you manage to leave home?—how did you dare?"

They sat down together on the couch, peasant and working-girl. Drexel now noticed that a lamp was burning, that without the window's blackness; plainly, he had slept the whole day.

"As soon as you told me last night where Borodin is," she began, "I complained to my father about feel-

ing a fever coming on. I urged him to take me home at once, so I could have proper attention in case the fever developed seriously. I sent for my doctor; I said I would have no other. He's a friend—a revolutionist. He found I had a high fever; he ordered day and night nurses—also revolutionists; he said that my condition was so serious that no one should be allowed to see me—not even my father. I waited till the way was made clear for me; then in these clothes I slipped through the servants' entrance. For several days the nurses will be keeping night and day watch upon the Princess Kuratoff; they will order special food for her; the doctor will visit her; two or three times a day and issue bulletins regarding her condition. And in the meantime—here I am."

"Wonderful!" laughed Drexel.

"Now about yourself," she said. "That's vastly more important."

Drexel at first tried to give a mere bald outline, but she impatiently demanded details of all that had happened since she had saved the day by walking forth to face the captain and the prince.

He told how he had found Borodin's whereabouts; how he had been trapped by the prince, and almost by the captain; of his flight with the countess, and their pursuit; of his escape, disguised as a peasant. And if since yesterday he had passed through dangers, the glow in her eyes was payment a thousandfold.

"Forgive me for what I said in this room a week ago," she besought him. "I do not know how much of a democrat you are—as yet; but you are the kind of man we need to help set Russia free, and that makes me regret that we must lose you."

"Lose me?"

"Yes, for you must leave us. Prince Berloff has discovered that you are aiding us. He is after you—not only for that but for some private reason. The only safe plan for you is to join your uncle's family; he dare not touch you then. Never leave them."

"Never leave them? But I want to help you!"

"Do you not see that he will have you watched? That if you come to us, spies will follow you and discover us?"

"Yes." He thought a moment. "I see; then there is only one way—to stay among you—to live the underground life. Won't you let me?"

"But the danger!"

"Won't you let me?" he repeated.

"You mean it?" The blue eyes shone with an even brighter glow into the gray ones. "You do! Ah—perhaps you will help set Russia free!"

It was on Drexel's tongue to say it was not Russia—but he remembered the events of a week ago in this room, and held back his words.

"Now that you have learned where my brother is, we must begin the next step to try to free him," she went on excitedly. "Our Central Committee is ready to strike at once. We discuss plans to-night. I go from here to the White One."

"The White One!" exclaimed Drexel, awed by the very sound of that dread name. "You know the White One?"

"Well."

"I've heard no name so often since I've been in Russia. Might I ask what he is like?"

"Forgive me; I can not tell you. Only the Central Committee and a very few others, persons who have been

tested by fire and water, know who the White One is."

She paused, then said hesitantly, "Possibly, after all, you may see for yourself. I told about your offer to help us, and the White One was very much interested. By what you have done you have earned and proved the right to be trusted, and when I tell all—who knows? At any rate, I was going to ask you to walk there with me."

"I'm ready," said Drexel, springing up.

"In those clothes?"

Drexel, for the first moment since waking, remembered him who waited for the garments.

"What shall I do?" he cried; and he told her of leaving the peasant at the station twelve hours before.

"Believe me," she returned, "he's patiently sitting there, his left leg over his right leg, his wrong-side-out cap on his left knee. Ivan will take the clothes to him. The outfit Ivan bought for you is on the table. I will wait for you in the next room."

Half an hour later Drexel, in a cheap, ready-made suit and overcoat, and with a forged passport describing him as a mechanic, walked out of the court with Sonya. He was now truly entering upon the underground life; he was of those who were being hunted down craftily, ruthlessly, by Prince Berloff's vast secret army; his life might be snuffed out at any moment. Yet he felt an intense exhilaration; he felt that he and Sonya would defeat the prince, despite all his

cunning, his autocratic power and his myriads of spies.

A furious wind was raging in from the Gulf of Finland, armed with an icy snow that stabbed the face like tiny daggers. As they bent against it he asked her what had occurred when the countess had returned to Berloff's house the night before, but she had not seen the countess. Sonya had been somewhat surprised at the active part taken by the countess in yesterday's affair, but she had cited it to him as one more example of how revolt against the Government oppression was penetrating the nobility.

As they came out upon the Palace Bridge they paused. A few hundred yards up the Neva stood the mighty fortress-prison of Saints Peter and Paul. They could not see it with their eyes, but they sensed its fear-compelling form: a huge, low, irregular oblong of massive granite walls, moat-surrounded, washed on one side by the Neva's flood, with cannon scowling blackly forth. This grim pile was the prison that held Borodin, perhaps in some dungeon beneath the water's level. And it was this grim pile, separated from the Czar's palace by the river's width, in the center of Russia's troops-filled capital—it was this that they two, a man and a woman, aided by a few others, purposed to rob of its chief prisoner.

They traversed the long bridge, went by the Winter Palace, turned south past the Cathedral of St. Isaac. After walking a quarter of an hour, Sonya paused.

"We part here for the present. Go into that little shop across the street and spend ten minutes in making some purchase. When you come out, look at the windows on the third floor above the door I enter. If the curtains are still down you are to return. If one is up a few inches, it will mean that the White One desires to see you."

Drexel crossed to the shop and bought a package of cheap tea. When he came out, he looked up at the windows. Light shone from beneath one of the curtains.

He crossed eagerly, his pulses in a tumult—for in a moment he was to stand face to face with this famous mystery.

He climbed the stairs and knocked. Sonya admitted him, and led him through a short hallway into a plainly furnished room. Here were three men, and a figure in a wheeled chair. Drexel swept the three men with swift, tense wonder. Two were the men he had seen with Sonya in the house in Three Saints' Court; the third he saw for the first time.

"This is Mr. Drexel," said Sonya. She took his arm and led him forward. "And this is The White One."

It was to the wheeled chair that she led him. Drexel looked at the chair, and stood amazed, for The White One, the leader hated by the Government, the master mind, the very heart of the revolution, was a woman!

Ay, and an invalid at that! Her hands were twisted, her body bent, he had no guess of what infirmities lay hidden beneath the rug that warmed her body. But disease had stayed its withering hand at her shoulders. Such a head it had never been his good fortune to look upon; a pale, deep-wrinkled face, powerful, patient, austere, mighty with purpose, yet in it a tremendous, lofty love; and crowning her head with dignity a mass of soft, short hair as white as the virgin snow.

The White One: well named indeed!

CHAPTER XVII

SONYA had taken her stand beside the wheeled chair.

As Drexel gazed upon the two women and gathered the significance of the pair, a tremor of awe ran through all his being. Sisters in purpose, though of two generations: one who had given all, one ready to give all. Sisters in purpose—yet what a contrast! Sonya, fresh, young, lithely erect; the other, pale, old, shriveled, twisted by a despot's vengeful torture.

The White One bent upon him all-reading eyes, deep-set in purple hollows, and Drexel had the feeling that to her his soul was as large print.

"We owe you much, Mr. Drexel," she said in a firm, resonant voice. "We are grateful; but as yet we can pay you in thanks alone."

Again those eyes peered from their purple hollows into his soul. "Pardon me if I seem to speak discourteously, but you do not care much for the principles for which we are struggling."

"Frankly, I do not know what I think," he stammered. "My old ideas are all unsettled; I seem to be all awheel with new ones. But this I do know: I am with you in this fight, and with you with all my heart!"

The White One slowly nodded. "Yes, I know we can trust you, and I know you are too useful a person to be refused."

She looked at the three men. "I say 'Yes.' What do you say?"

"Yes," they responded.

She gave Drexel her withered hand. "Then you shall help us," said she.

Whereupon Sonya and the three men grasped hands with him. He now learned the men were Dr. Razoff, a distinguished physician, and Pestel, a leader of the working people. The third was an official in the Ministry of the Interior, which he had

entered five years before for the purpose of gaining knowledge of the Government's proposed action against the revolutionists. His name was Sabatoff, and as one of his functions was to secure and hold for use Government blanks of all kinds, together with counterfeiters of the seals necessary to make them authoritative, he was also known as "The Keeper of the Seals."

The Central Committee met here under the very eyes of the police, who suspected nothing. They knew this old woman well enough under her true name of Madam Nikitin, for her long history was written down in their records; she was to them a negligible person whose harm was long since spent—little more than a corpse awaiting a delayed sepulture. They knew that Dr. Razoff called frequently, but he was her attending physician. They knew of Sabatoff's visits, but he was her man of affairs. Pestel they knew only as an irregular servant who came in to do the rough work of her apartment.

The coterie drew about The White One, and began to discuss plans to free Borodin from Saints Peter and Paul. "First we'll hear what Sonya has to propose," said The White One.

They all looked at Sonya and waited. "I have a plan—yes," she said. "But it is one I dislike; one I would suggest only as a last resort. Let us first discuss other possibilities."

"How about your father?" suggested Sabatoff. "As Military Governor he has absolute authority over political prisoners. He loves you, I know; but how about his son? If he were told who Borodin is, would he do anything?"

She slowly shook her head. "It would be useless to appeal to father in his behalf."

Then strategy was their only course, Sabatoff declared. "We must get some of our comrades introduced to the fortress as guards, and through them manage his escape."

"There's a bare chance that might succeed if we had time for it," returned Sonya, "but it would take months. In the meantime the police may any day discover Borodin's identity, and discovery will be followed by immediate execution. No, whatever we do, we must do at once."

"If we could only take the fortress by force—blow it up—wipe it off the earth!" growled Pestel.

"We'll do that some day—never fear," said The White One. "But at present we must have some other plan. What is yours, Sonya?"

All again turned their eyes upon Sonya. "It is very simple. To buy the cooperation of a prison official."

"Who?"

"The very highest—the governor of Peter and Paul. I have heard that Governor Delwig has fallen into disfavor and is soon to be displaced, and is very, very bitter about it." She looked at Sabatoff. "Is that true?"

"Yes," was the answer.

In the Garden of Life

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

WHEN I first began to plant
Life's garden close, I did not know
(For I was young and ignorant)
What choice of seeds I ought to sow.

AND many things I planted there
Alas! turned out but barren seeds,
And others died for want of care,
And many more proved noxious weeds.

BUT in the midmost place of all
A little slip grew, unaware,
And it had burgeoned fair and tall
Before I knew that it was there.

AROUND its head the sunlight drew,
The sweet earth drew around its root,
And fairer still in form it grew
To bud, to blossom, and to fruit.

AND now, so radiant it grows,
The garden is a magic bower—
Spaces of perfume and of rose,
Soft-veiled with beauty and with flower.

"You knew him? Could you communicate with him?"

"I have met him officially."

"Do you think he could be bought?"

"Where is the Russian official who can not—if the price is right?"

They all agreed that Sonya's suggestion was the best and safest plan. Who should deal with the governor of the fortress was the next question. The three men all volunteered for the delicate and dangerous task, but Sonya insisted that the mission be given her. Of them all she was the one most concerned; the one who would put most soul into it.

But where should she arrange to see the governor? If she were to appoint a *rendezvous* in any café or private house or street, or even church, he might fear some plot and remain away; if he came, he would contrive that they should be under the surveillance of a secret guard, and it would be in his power to seize her at any moment. Moreover, even if he were agreeable, they might be observed by some of the city's omnipresent spies, and fatal suspicion be aroused.

Any plan she could devise that would succeed in gaining her an audience with him required that she should put herself in his power. Hence, what seemed the boldest course was in reality the safest course, and also the simplest. On some pretense of business she would call upon the governor in the fortress. If he accepted her proposal, she had taken the course least likely to rouse outside suspicion. If he rejected it, she was caught in that vast prison trap, but no more securely caught than if seized in street or café by the governor's guard.

During all this talk The White One leaned back and spoke but little, though she weighed every suggestion. As she had said, Sonya was the leader in this affair, and it was no part of her generalship to reassume an authority she had vested in a deputy.

So much of the plan settled upon, nothing more could be done till Delwig had been sounded. Sonya and Drexel rose to depart, leaving The White One and the three men to discuss other matters.

Once more the old woman stretched out to him her wasted hand. "Good-night, Mr. Drexel. Do not despair because we have given you nothing to do. Before we are through you may have more than you desire."

He followed Sonya down into the street, and still he saw that withered and blanched old figure in the chair. All the time that he had sat watching her, he had wondered who she was and what had been her history; now as he and Sonya went careening through the frenzied wind, he asked her. The White One, said Sonya, was the daughter of a scientist famous during the third quarter of the last century, and herself had been a learned and skilled physician. She had become fired with the inspiration for freedom that crept into Russia in the sixties, while she was in the first flush of young womanhood, and ever since had given heart and mind to the cause of winning liberty.

Thirty-five years she had spent in prison or Siberian exile. Her last sentence had been to fifteen years of hard labor in the Siberian mines. Her toil, exposure, the bitter cold, the prison food, the vile living conditions, a flogging she had been given, had at length broken her once strong body. Two years before, she had been sent back on a stretcher as a "safe" and negligible person—sent back to die. The thirty-five years of harsh captivity that had shattered her body had only strengthened her spirit. She had returned to the struggle of right against might with an even greater devotion, an even higher intensity.

But she had to be careful, so very careful! Her life hung by a thread. Besides her paralysis, which bound her prisoner to chair and bed, she had a disease of the heart, and Dr. Razoff had said that any unusual exertion, any high excitement, would be fatal.

By the time Sonya had concluded, they were back in the house in Three Saints' Court. As they entered the outer of the upstairs rooms a man rose from the table where he had been reading by the light of a single candle. It was Freeman, the Terrorist.

"I was told some of you would be back, so I waited," he said. "I have an idea to present—"

He recognized Drexel, and broke off in surprise. "Why, it was about you that I came here to talk! To plan for bringing you here in a day or two, as I had promised. This is better than I had expected! How does it happen you are here?"

Drexel remembered that Freeman was not one of the few in the secret of Sonya's identity, so he dared not reveal the part she had played.

"I learned a secret from Prince Berloff's papers," he answered easily. "I had to flee; you had told me of this place; I came here."

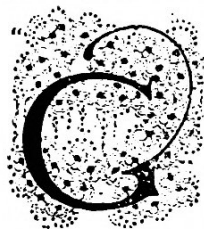
"It must have been a valuable discovery." His eyes suddenly flashed. "Not the whereabouts of Borodin?" he said.

Drexel glanced at Sonya. He had gained the information for her; it was for her to decide to whom it should be given.

"You are right," said she.

Freeman seized Drexel's hand. "Splendid! Splendid! This is going even farther than I proposed to you!"

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GETTING what you want from kings or statesmen," De Blowitz said, "is all a matter of dining with the right people." Through the power of his charming pres-

ence, his gracious manner, this famous journalist accomplished greater things at the dinner table, in the drawing-room or ball-room than any other newspaper man in Europe accomplished through letters of introduction, influence and special "pulls." His popularity, his power to interest and please others, was his strongest asset.

Aaron Burr had such an irresistible charm of manner that it was said he could not stop at the stand of even an old apple woman without making her feel that he regarded her as the fairest and most gracious of her sex. He would make himself as charming and agreeable to the most menial servant as to a duchess or a princess.

Charles James Fox, the great English statesman, was an inveterate gambler, loose in his morals and a heavy drinker, yet his popularity was unbounded. Even the abstemious Edmund Burke was so enraptured with his genial, sunny, social nature and his cordial manners that he could not resist the influence of his charm, and for many years entertained a warm affection for him.

There have been great advocates at the bar whose charming manner, like the presence in court of some of the world's famous beauties, would so sway the jury and the judge as to endanger and sometimes actually divert justice.

A gracious, genial presence, a charming personality, a refined, fascinating manner are welcome where mere beauty is denied and where mere wealth is turned away. They will make a better impression than the best education or the highest attainments. An attractive personality, even without great ability, often advances one when great talent and special training will not.

There is always a premium upon a charming presence. Every business man likes to be surrounded by people of pleasing personality and winning manners. They are regarded as splendid assets.

What is it that often enables one person to walk right into a position and achieve without difficulty that which another, with perhaps greater ability, struggles in vain to accomplish? Everywhere a magnetic personality wins its way.

Young men and young women are constantly being surprised by offers of excellent positions which come to them because of qualities and characteristics which, perhaps, they have never thought much about—a fine manner, courtesy, cheerfulness, and kindly, obliging, helpful dispositions.

I know a young man who takes life easy, makes comparatively little effort to do things, and yet all doors seem to fly open to him. He is welcome everywhere, in society or in business, because his charm of manner and gracious personality are irresistible. His very presence disarms prejudice; you can not help feeling kindly toward him, and he attracts people to himself naturally.

We often hear people say they don't understand how such a one manages to get on so easily—why he is so popular with everybody; but they do not realize what an asset he has in his charm of personality. A man must be measured as a whole. His ability to get on should not be gaged by his brain-power alone, but by his persuasive force, his ability to please people, to interest them and to make them believe in him. His appearance, his manner, his atmosphere, his personality, his capacity to make friends and hold them—all these things are as much a part of his get-on assets as the gray matter in his brain. A sour face, a repulsive manner, an ugly, unusual nature often cover up and prejudice us against great ability.

I recall a young man whose crabbed disposition nullified a large percentage of his tremendous energy and his great brain-power. His hot temper and his sarcastic tongue are constantly neutralizing his friendships. He is a tremendous worker, and yet he is constantly tripping himself up by his repellent manner and his disagreeable disposition, and being held back in spite of his great ability and splendid energy, which, but for this handicap, would give him rapid advancement.

There are so many men of this kind who have plenty of ability, but who are deficient in qualities that attract, interest and please, that it is common to hear employers say that they have decided not to give such and such an applicant a position because of his bad manners, or because he lacked a good presence.

There is no substitute for personal charm, for a refined, magnetic manner, and in spite of the fact that most people believe one must be born with it or forever lack it, the quality can be acquired by anyone who will take as much trouble and pains to acquire it as would be necessary to accomplish anything else worth while.

Everyone would like to have a gracious manner, to be popular, to be

How To Be Popular

by Orison Swett Marden

loved by everybody. It is a legitimate ambition to be well thought of and admired by our fellow men. Yet the majority of us are not willing to make any great sacrifice to acquire this art of arts; in fact, we are all the time doing things which repel others and which inevitably tend to make us unpopular.

We have to take infinite pains to succeed in our vocations or any accomplishment worth while, and should we expect to gain the art of arts, the charm of personality, the power to please, to attract, to interest, without making great efforts?

Selfishness in all its forms is always and everywhere despised. No one likes a person who is bound up in himself, who is constantly thinking how he can advance his own interests, and promote his own comfort.

The secret of popularity is to make everybody you meet feel that you are especially interested in him. If you really feel kindly toward others, if you sincerely wish to please, you will have no difficulty in doing so. But if you are cold, indifferent, retiring, silent, selfish; if you are all wrapped up in yourself and think only of what may advance your own interests or increase your own comfort, you never can become popular.

The great trouble with most unpopular people is that they do not take pains to make themselves popular, to cultivate lovable, attractive qualities. They are not willing to put themselves out to try to please others. Many of them, indeed, think it is silly to observe the many little courtesies and trifling civilities practised by cultured people.

I know a man who thinks it is a sign of weakness to take any opportunity that offers to show little courtesies to ladies, to pick up a handkerchief, to open a door, to carry a parcel, or to offer any of the hundred and one little civilities which are so much appreciated and which, after all, are the great essentials of popularity. The result is that in spite of his wealth he is very unpopular.

We expect observances of the more important things even by selfish people, but it is the outward expression of kindly thought and feeling, the practise of little acts of courtesy, of thoughtful attentions, which sweeten and refine life and indicate a lovable nature.

A great many people who deplore their unpopularity and can not explain why they are not understood, why they are shunned, make the great mistake of taking it for granted that they never can be popular.

How often we hear a person say, "I could not be agreeable nor popular if I tried. It is not my nature. I am naturally reticent,

shy, diffident, timid. I have not cheek enough to push myself forward. I feel kindly toward people, but I can't take the initiative to try to interest them. I don't know how to talk to them. The moment I am introduced to a person, I am tongue-tied; I stand like a stick. People get away from me as soon as they can do so politely. They ask to be excused for a minute and never come back. My very consciousness and all my efforts to please are forced and cold, which only increases my embarrassment. It is no use for me to try to go against my nature."

The unwillingness to exert oneself to be sociable is much more common than a lack of ability to be so. Of course, it takes an effort to overcome a quiet, retiring disposition and inclination to shrink from meeting people, but it pays to try. The ability to put others at ease, to make them feel at home, especially those who are timid, shy and diffident, is a wonderful element in popularity.

Some people think that a sort of deceptive diplomacy is necessary to popularity; but if there is any quality which is absolutely essential, it is sincerity. Nothing else will take its place. There is no reason why we should pretend to be interested in another. We *should* be interested in him. It is much easier to be really interested, to know about a person, his occupation, his hobby, the things that interest him, than to pretend to be, just for effect. Pretense, deception and shams are fatal, because, if there is anything a person demands of another it is genuineness, sincerity, and the moment he finds that a person is only pretending to be interested in him, he loses his confidence, and confidence is the foundation of everything. Nobody wants to hear another vaporize, palaver and pretend; nobody wants to feel that he is the victim of a social diplomat who is trying to cover up his real self, pretending an interest in him, just as a ward politician feigns an interest in voters just before election. We all demand absolute sincerity, genuineness. People will very quickly penetrate masks. They can easily tell when anyone is shamming.

If you wish others to be interested in you, you must be interested in them. Listening itself is a fine art. There is nothing more flattering to a person than to feel that you are intensely interested in what he is saying. To be a good listener is next to being a good talker. But if you seem indifferent, if your eyes wander around the room and

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CHAPTER XXII

SIGNALS

THERE were a good many days after that—not days at all, really, but an interminable period of night—which were broken for Jeanne by no ray of hope whatever. She kept Philip and herself alive from day to day, and this occupation left her hardly time enough to think whether or not there was anything to hope for.

Philip had fainted within a moment after she had reached his side there on the ice, after the fight with Roscoe. He had recovered almost immediately, and had walked along with her, steadily enough, as far as the ice cave, but here he collapsed in good earnest. His injuries would not have been dangerous if he could have been put directly into a hospital, or even if they could have commanded medical and surgical skill of the simplest sort. Situated as they were, however, it was no wonder that within a few hours he became a very sick man.

It was impossible, of course, for him to get back into the pilot-house. Jeanne mounted thither, and dismantled the place as well as she could, throwing or carrying down such articles as she thought might be of use. With the skins they had accumulated during the winter she contrived a sort of half-shelter in the half-burned storeroom behind what had been the hut. There she took what care she could of her invalid.

Much of the time, Philip was delirious; sometimes violently so, and yet she often had to leave him. When she did so, it was with no certainty at all that she would find him alive upon her return.

Occasionally during that interminable time, when all reckoning of time itself was lost, she found herself recalling passages from her father's journal, with an infinitely better understanding of them and of the man himself than she had ever commanded before. She was living his gospel now in all earnest—without real hope, yet equally without despair. Living life, one hour, one problem, one act at a time.

She had little leisure and less energy for reflection. As a rule, when there was nothing that needed to be done immediately, she would drop down on the bearskins beside Philip, and snatch a morsel of sleep. But she sometimes wondered at the change which had come over her—at the things which she could do quite simply and without effort now.

She had once asked Philip, half playfully, if he could not treat her like a kid brother and make a man of her. Well, that was what he was doing now, unconsciously and involuntarily just by lying there helpless; just by depending utterly upon her for every hour of life.

In one of his brief periods of lucidity, Philip had told her what he had done during his brief and disastrous absence from the pilot-house—how he had found Roscoe's cave, and waited there for his return.

At the risk of forcing his fluttering mind back into delirium, she had pressed him for as exact a description as he could compass of the location of this cave. During his next comparatively quiet sleep she set out to find it. Philip's description of the place had not been reassuring, and he had done even fuller justice to its horrors during the wanderings of his delirium; yet she had faced the situation with hardly a shudder.

She set out, equipped with flint and steel and candles, and found the place without difficulty. She explored the grisly lair where the man-monster had lived, to the utmost, hardly conscious of its loathsomeness—not conscious at all, in fact, except as she thought of the effect the sight of such a place would once have had upon her.

This she was sure of: If she and Philip ever came alive through this winter, ever went back together to the world of men, there would be an entirely new joy for her in living; a joy springing from a feeling of independence; from a certainty that whatever situation might confront her, she would be equal to it.

At last the conviction was forced upon her that Philip was actually on the road to recovery. His delirium became less violent and occurred at longer intervals. The frightful condition of his wounds began visibly to improve. Instinctively, she resisted this conviction as long as she could, refusing almost passionately to begin to hope, for the return of hope brought an almost intolerable pain with it. Without hope there had been no fear, no apprehension—just as in a frozen limb there is no pain. But as the possibility of his recovery became plainer, the slenderness of the thread by which his life was hanging also became plainer. A thousand chances which she

The Sky Man

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Illustrations by Dan Smith



could not guard against might cut the thread and destroy the hope new-born.

The greatest and most terrible of these was the caprice of nature herself. Until Philip should grow strong enough to struggle up that endless ice chimney to the pilot-house, they must live utterly at the mercy of the weather. The rude shelter which she had contrived for him would not avail ten hours against one of the terrific Arctic storms which might be expected at any time. But the vast black sky stayed clear, and the stars twinkled through it kindly. Their friendly light did not, as she expected, turn to mockery. And Philip steadily grew stronger, and her daily prayer for another day's grace was daily granted.

He was able, at last, after a long sleep and a really hearty meal of sustaining food—which she hardly dared give him—to get up and walk out of their shelter to the star-vaulted beach. Fifty paces or so was all he was equal to; but at the end of the little promenade he expressed a disinclination to go back to the stuffy little shed which had been the scene of his long illness. The clean, wide, boundless air was bringing back the zest



of life to him. So Jeanne brought out from the hut a great bundle of furs and made a nest of them on the beach, and there he lay and she sat beside him.

"Do you remember, Jeanne," he said, "the first time we sat out like this, there on the ice-floe beside the *Aurora*, and I told you how I had learned to fly?"

She locked her hand into his before she answered.

"I couldn't believe that night that I was n't dreaming," she said softly.

"Nor I, either," he told her, "and, somehow, I can't believe it now—not fully—not this part of it, anyway."

He had lifted the hand that she locked into his, and pressed it to his lips before he spoke. There was a silence after that. Then, with a little effort, the girl spoke.

"Philip, do you remember my saying what a contempt you must have for the world that did n't know how to fly? Do you remember that, and the answer you made to it?"

He nodded.

"Philip, is that still there? Your contempt, I mean, for the world?"

"I don't believe," he said, "that you can even ask that seriously—you, who gave me first my soul back again, and then, in these last weeks, my life. For it's been your life that has lived in me these last days—they must be a good many—just as it was your warmth and faith and fragrance that gave me back my soul, long ago." He paused a moment; when he went on his voice had a somewhat different quality. "But the other contempt, Jeanne, that still exists, or would exist if I gave it the chance, the world's contempt for me; not even your faith could shake that."

She had been half-reclining beside him, but now she sat erect purposefully, like one who had taken a resolution.

"I'm not so sure of that," she said in a rather matter-of-fact tone, though there was an undercurrent of excitement in it. "Philip, I have been trying to solve a puzzle since you were ill. I hoped I could solve it myself. If I were intelligent enough I'm sure I could, but I'll have to ask you to help me. It's a string of letters written around a picture, in a locket."

"A locket of yours," he asked, surprised.

"Never mind about that just now," she spoke hastily, and the undercurrent of excitement was growing stronger in her voice.

"Do you want me to try it now?" he asked. "If you'll make a light and show me the thing, I'll see what I can do."

"Perhaps you won't need that," she said. "I can remember the letters. They are divided up into words, but I'm sure they are not any foreign language; they are in a code of some sort."

She did not turn to look at him, but she felt him stir a little with suddenly aroused attention, and heard his breath come a little quicker.

"The first letter was all by itself," she said, trying to keep her voice steady. "It was N."

And then, in one word, came the letters p-b-j-n-e-q."

"That means a 'coward,'" he said. His voice was unsteady, and he clutched suddenly at her hand. She could feel that his was trembling, so she took it in both of hers and held it tight.

"It's a code," he said, "a boyish code of my own. I remember that for a long time after I invented it I believed it to be utterly unsolvable, yet it was childishly simple. It consists simply of splitting the alphabet in two and using the last half for the first, and vice versa. It must have occurred to hundreds of boys at one time or another, and yet—" His voice faltered, "yet, it's a little odd that you should have stumbled upon another example of it."

"The next word was o-r-g-e-n-l-r-q."

"That means 'betrayed,'" he said almost instantly. "Was—was there any more?"

"One little word, three letters, u-v-z. But I know already what they mean, Philip." There was a momentary silence, then she repeated the whole phrase—"A coward betrayed him."

She was trembling all over now. "I knew," she said, "I knew it was something like that." Then she dropped down beside him and clasped him tight in her arms.

"Philip, that was written around your picture, an old picture of you it must have been, which fell out of your pocket when I was undressing you that night after your fight with Roscoe. I recognized the locket enclosing it as Mr. Hunter's. I had often seen it on his watch-fob, and it's engraved with his initials."

"It fell out of my pocket?" said Philip incredulously.

"Yes," she said, "that puzzled me too for a while; and finally I figured it

out. You must have found it somewhere near here."

"That night in Roscoe's cave when I was waiting for him. I had forgotten it until this moment."

"I knew it must be like that," she said; "something like that. And was n't it—" she began—

"Hunter's code as well as mine? Yes. We made it up together when we were boys," he said, "and we used it occasionally even after we left the Point. We wrote in it, both of us, as easily as in English, and read it the same way."

Her young arms still held him fast.

"Philip, he must have been sorry a long time—almost since it happened. It's an old, old picture of you, dear, and the ink of the letters is faded. He has carried it with him ever since as a reminder of the wrong he did you, and of his cowardice in letting you suffer under it."

"I suppose it was that from the first."

"I don't believe he ever meant—" She let the sentence break off there, and there was a long, long silence.

"I suppose that's true," he said at last.

"I suppose I might have saved him then, just as I might have saved him later from Roscoe's dart. I can think of a hundred ways that it might have happened—the accusation against me, I mean—without his having any part in it." Then he said rather abruptly,

"Fanshaw told you the story, didn't he?"

She assented.

"Most of it, that is. Perhaps not quite all he knew."

"I don't know it all myself," he told her; "that is, I have filled it in with guesses. I know about the girl. Hunter was half mad about her, and she, I suppose, was in love with him. Anyway, he came to me one night—the last time I ever talked with him—raging with excitement. The girl's father had found out about him, and meant, she said, to kill him, and perhaps her, too. Anyhow, he had forbidden Hunter's seeing her again. We took a drink or two together before I started, and I suppose he must have drunk himself half mad after that, for he started right out on my trail and did what you know. I have always supposed, until just now, that he had used my name as his own with her to screen himself from possible trouble. But that may not have been the case. He may simply have spoken of me as his friend."

"The girl was in love with him, so it would be natural for her to give her father my name instead of Hunter's, and make the accusation against me. I suppose he thought that I could clear myself easily enough without involving him, and that the whole row might blow over without doing any irreparable damage to either of us. And then, it didn't blow over—when it got worse and meant ruin for somebody, the fact that he had n't spoken at first would have made it ten times harder to speak at last. I might have helped him. He sent word to me once when I was under arrest, to ask if I would see him, and I refused. I was very—"

his speech was punctuated by longer and longer pauses, but still Jeanne waited, "very sure of the correctness of my own attitude then. Correct is, perhaps, the exact word for it. I would n't turn a hand to save a man—a man who had been my friend—from living the rest of his life in hell." He shuddered a little at that, and she quickly laid her hand upon his lips.

"That was long ago," she said. "You can see now what a God, perhaps, would have seen and done then. And if you did wrong, it is you who have suffered for it—you who have paid the penalty. You have paid in full for the thing you left undone as well as for the thing he did. But we must not talk about it any more. You're not strong enough. I ought not to have spoken of it at all, but, somehow, I could n't wait any longer."

"Just this much more, Jeanne, and then we'll let it go. You see now, don't you, dear, why I said I never could go back to the world, and clear myself of the old charge at Hunter's expense—Perry Hunter's expense—now that he is dead; don't you see that that's as impossible now as it was when I first said it?"

She kissed him with half a laugh and half a sob.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "what does the world matter. This is the world here, You and I. The space of this great bear-skin we are lying on. The past can't come between us, and what else is there that matters? Come, it is time for you to take another nap. Are you warm enough out here, or shall we go back to the hut?"

"I'm warm, soul and body, thanks to you," he said.

But it was Jeanne who went to sleep. Somehow, since that last explanation, a wonderful great, soft calm seemed to envelop her. She slept there like a child beside him, his hand still half-clasped in her two.

It was Philip's voice that awakened her—how long afterward she did not know. He was sitting erect on the great bear-skin, and all she could see of him, was the dim silhouette of his back against the sky.

"What is it?" she asked drowsily. "Is anything the matter?"

"No, it's just a rather odd-looking aurora over there in the south."

But for her drowsiness she would have noted the strange ring of excitement in his voice, but, as it happened, she took the words literally, settled back with a contented little sigh, and let herself fall back again into the slumber from which she had hardly aroused.

"You're all right, aren't you?" she contrived to ask, but she did not hear the answer.

The next thing she knew she was sitting up erect beside him. Again it was his voice that aroused her, but this time the summons was imperative. He had caught at her hand and was holding it in a trembling grip that almost hurt her.

She released that hand, only to throw an arm around his shoulders, and then she gave him the other.

"Philip, dear," she said quietly, "what makes you shake like that? What's happened? Try to tell me."

He could hardly command his voice to answer.

"It's that aurora over there," he said. "No, it's gone now. It may come back. It's right over there in the south—straight in front of you."

"But, my dear—my dear—" she persisted, "why should an aurora—Is it because of the one we saw the night you killed Roscoe? Is it that old nightmare that it brings back?" She was speaking quietly, her voice caressing him just as her hands were. She was like a mother trying to reassure a frightened child.

"No, it's not that," he said unsteadily. "I don't know—I think I may be going mad, perhaps. I know I wasn't dreaming. I thought so at first, but I know I'm not now." Then she felt his body stiffen, he dropped her hand and pointed out to the southern horizon.

"There," he said, "look there!" What she saw was simply a pencil of white light pointing straight from the horizon to the zenith, and reaching an altitude of perhaps twenty degrees. Compared with the stupendous electrical displays that they were used to seeing in that winter sky, it was utterly insignificant, and from it she turned to search his face, in sudden alarm.

"No, no—look—look!" he commanded, his excitement mounting higher with each word.

She obeyed reluctantly, but at what she saw her body became rigid, and she stared as one might stare who sees a spirit. For the faint pencil of white light swung on a pivot, dipped clear to the horizon, rose again, and completed its circuit to the other side.

She sat there beside him, breathless, almost lifeless with suspense while that faint pencil traced its course back and forth from horizon to horizon, stopping sometimes on the zenith to turn back upon itself—sometimes continuing through unchecked. At last her breath burst from her in a great sob. She turned and clung to him wildly.

"Philip," she said, "it can't be that—it can't—it can't."

"Tell me—tell me what it looks like—what you think you see!"



"Fire, Jeanne. Fire the revolver"

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"Tell me—tell me what it looks like—what you think you see!"

[Continued on page 209]

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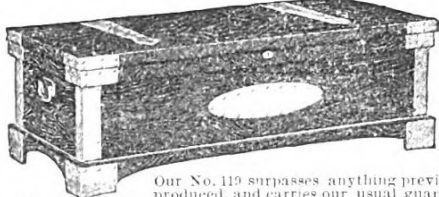
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THE WORLD

The Month in America

THE chief features of the Presidential program for this session of Congress are a postal savings bank bill, a federal incorporation act, a measure to strengthen the interstate commerce act and certain conservation legislation. The progressive Republican Senators who last spring made themselves famous and the tariff legislation infamous by their able and analytical exposé of that

Taft Program Under Fire

measure are now gearing up their works in preparation for a general attack on the federal incorporation and interstate commerce bills. They declare these are thoroughly bad; reactionary, not progressive; in the interest of the great corporations, not of the public.

Specifically, they charge that the federal incorporation bill would have just one real and obvious effect if passed; it would provide means for the reorganization and perpetuation of the Standard Oil, Tobacco and other trusts which are menaced with dissolution under the Sherman anti-trust law. It would permit them, if dissolved in their present form, to reincorporate under the new federal act, announce their purpose to be "good trusts" hereafter, and to continue their concentrated control, their present managements, their monopolistic character, their domination of vast industries. These Senators are of the opinion that the public wants the trusts, once they are convicted under the Sherman act, to be dissolved and to stay dissolved. They take no stock in the claim that a federal incorporation measure would not modify the Sherman act or reduce its effectiveness.

THESE gentlemen have also been analyzing the Taft-Wickersham bill for the amendment of the interstate commerce act and they believe that it, too, is bogus. They assert that it would give the shipper no real relief from the more serious conditions of which he complains.

Railroad and Other Bills

They put forth the startling charge that while pretending to provide against overcapitalization in future, the bill specifically legalizes all the capitalization that might be illegally issued and get into the hands of "innocent purchasers." This, it is explained, would make the stock and bond issues the amount on which they must be permitted to earn returns. It would put an end to the widespread demand for a physical valuation of railroads, because it would accept the stock-and-bond valuation as correct; and once specifically legalized, that valuation could not thereafter be attacked.

In short, these two bills are coming in for assault on the ground that they are ravening wolves of reactionary policy in the sheep's clothing of progressive pretense. The critics have been providing some analysis that seems to bear out their misgivings; and they promise a vast deal more of the same sort. "We will stay here all summer and fall, talking against such legislation, and we will make it so well understood that Congress will not dare pass it," said one Senator. "We will make this bill odious in the sight of the American people," declared another when discussing the interstate commerce measure.

The President is making a vigorous effort to pass a postal savings bank bill and the outlook for his success is highly encouraging. The bill is regarded as a good one except in one particular. It provides that the money collected in the postal banks be deposited at the discretion of a central commission. Obviously the bill must be so amended as to permit local institutions to have preference over Wall Street banks as a depository of funds so that the smaller communities may not suffer for the lack of working capital.

The measures representing the administration's conservation program are not all formulated at the time of writing, and it is impossible to judge accurately, although the belief is that they will represent a pretty intelligent effort to better the administration of the public domain and of natural resources in general.

The President's pledge for revision of the law relating to injunctions seems unlikely to be carried out by the present Congress, though a bill has been reported out to the Senate forbidding the issue of temporary injunctions unless three judges grant the application and all parties receive five days' notice. In its present form this measure does not seem to find favor with either the Republicans or the Democrats.

INTERESTING speculation is indulged in as to the strengthening of progressive forces in the Senate by the elections this year. It is figured that the Aldrich-Hale Regulars stand to lose and the Progressives to gain a number of Senators. Indications are that every Progressive will hold his seat. Beveridge, Clapp and La Follette are before their constituencies, with indications that they will meet indorsement. Mr. Burkett of Nebraska, who is of that peculiarly undesirable class that tries to be "insurgent" at home but "regular" in Washington, has excellent chances of being retired.

Good Outlook for the Insurgent Crop

North Dakota has a regular Republican, McCumber, and a Democrat, Purcell. The next Legislature will choose two Senators, probably progressive Republicans who will need no labels. Missouri will presumably send a Democrat in place of Major William Warner, Republican; and Major Warner's voting record justifies the venture that any change will mean improvement.

Senator Piles of Washington has observed some cryptic Babylonish characters on the political wall, and will not be a candidate for reelection. Washington has a good chance to get a Progressive in his place. Representative Poindexter, a fighting Progressive, is a candidate with strong backing.

Senator Flint of California has declared he will not be a candidate again, and his colleague, Perkins, is in such health that the next California Legislature may have to choose two new Senators. The Progressives hope to get one.

New York must choose a Senator in place of Depew. The new man may be anybody from Roosevelt to Woodruff. Michigan, judging from reports, may unload the venerable and ponderous Burrows, and the Progressives believe they will secure a Senator of their kind. Altogether, the outlook is bright for gains in the direction of emancipation of the Senate from Aldrich-Hale domination.

A VERITABLE anti-Cannon panic has swept over the House. The wrath stored up on account of the Ballinger-Pinchot affair, the administration's alleged purpose of depriving the Progressives of patronage and the hari-kari politics of the Republican Congressional campaign committee seemed suddenly to be poured out on the Speaker's head.

Anti-Cannon Panic in the House

Eight Republicans from Ohio announced that they could not support Cannon again. The same sort of expression came from all sections, and it was admitted later by his most loyal supporters that the Czar had reached the end of his reign. It is regarded at Washington as almost certain that he will formally announce that he will not again ask for the Speakership.

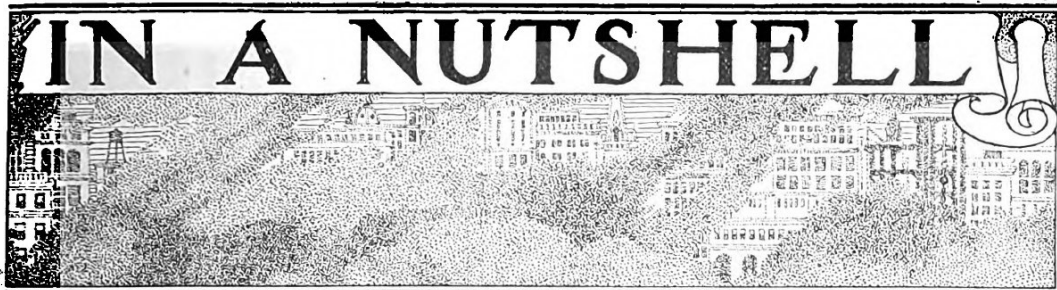
Progressives recognize the danger to their cause if Cannon be mistaken for Cannonism and if the Speaker's retirement is accepted as equivalent to reform of the House rules. The real reform needed is the revision of the rules, and its accomplishment at last seems certain, provided its supporters are not diverted.

IT HAS been seriously proposed to have former President Roosevelt run for Congress in the Oyster Bay district of Long Island this year, with the view of making him a candidate for Speaker when the Sixty-second Congress organizes a year from next December. Perhaps it was at first only a happy thought of some irresponsible person, but it captured the fancy of Republicans who have been worrying about the election of the coming fall. They saw instantly that with Roosevelt running for Congress the country would recognize the almost certainty of his election as the next Speaker; and that assurance would be the best possible guaranty that the next House would be a real factor in legislation—progressive legislation.

"Speaker Roosevelt"

True, the very men who in sessions of the last half dozen years were most opposed to "Roosevelt domination" are the ones now most eager to have him Speaker—not that they love Roosevelt more, but the prospect of defeat less.

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SECRETARY BALLINGER's conduct of the Interior Department having been criticized, the secretary wrote a letter to Senator Jones of Washington, defending himself and asking investigation. The Ballinger-Pinchot feud was thus brought to a crisis.

Assuring a Fair Fight

A few days afterwards Senator Dolliver read a letter from Mr. Pinchot into the record.

Mr. Pinchot's course in writing such a letter was given as the justification of the President in ordering Mr. Pinchot removed from the office of Forester. There was a regulation against subordinates making such communications. Being a Cabinet officer, Mr. Ballinger could write letters, world without end, and never shock the proprietors; Mr. Pinchot must keep the peace. After the Pinchot dismissal Senator Dolliver was asked his views about the situation.

"I had observed," he replied, "that these two men were engaged in a battle that seemed to have no possible end except the political destruction of one or the other. Then came Secretary Ballinger's letter. Maybe it was all wrong for Pinchot to reply in a letter to me; but as I had watched the controversy, it struck me that that regulation was a good deal like putting two people in a ring to fight and then assuring fair play by tying the legs of one of them together."

AFTER a deal of political jockeying, the House elected its members of the joint committee to investigate the Ballinger charges. The Senate members were appointed by the Vice-President, which always means by the ruling oligarchy on the Republican side.

The Ballinger Investigation

Some of the Republican progressives absented themselves from the caucus which determined the personnel of the House section of the committee, but the caucus nominations were generally satisfactory and were carried. The Republicans rejected Representative Rainey of Illinois, one of the nominees of the Democratic caucus for minority membership, and insisted on Ollie James of Kentucky in his place.

As finally made up, the joint committee is composed of Senators Nelson, Root, Sutherland, Flint, Purcell and Fletcher; Representatives Olmsted, Denby, McCall, Madison, James and Graham.

The committee organized for its investigation with little delay and announced purpose to finish and report before election, which, however, few people expect it will do.

Louis R. Glavis, deposed special agent of the Land Office, was the first witness. He told a plain story of his reasons for misgivings about Secretary Ballinger's conduct of the Interior Department. Much interest was aroused by his straightforward recital of how Secretary Ballinger, in the summer of 1908, being then a plain citizen and member of the managerial circle conducting the Taft campaign, came to Glavis and appealed to him on political grounds.

Mr. Glavis's story was that Ballinger said he was trying to raise money for the campaign and to line up influential people. Some of these latter were interested in the Cunningham coal land claims in Alaska, which Glavis was then investigating. They regarded the investigation as menacing to their interests and would not Mr. Glavis ease off with his "pestications" till after election? It would make things much easier.

Inasmuch as the Cunningham claims have constituted the crux of the whole case against Mr. Ballinger, this story was especially edifying to the country.

Later Mr. Glavis expressed his belief that James R. Garfield was not retained in the Taft Cabinet because of his opposition to the Alaska Coal Claims.

A PAMPHLET recently issued by Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture pays a glowing tribute to the toad. According to this high authority, few creatures of its size have suffered more from false witnesses. It is not true that it causes warts, poisons infants or spoils cows' milk. On the contrary, it has an amiable disposition, a good singing voice—for those who like that sort of thing—and above all, most commendable industry.

Be Kind to the Toad

An able-bodied toad eats \$19.44 (wholesale rates) worth of injurious worms and insects every season. It is a most efficient ultimate consumer, and it likes best those things which the farmer likes least. It is home-loving and very fond of children—its own children. No farmer or suburbanite should try to get along without a couple of good toads.

THE thought of forty-one State Governors in conference at Washington trying to cooperate in certain public measures should be a very encouraging one. There are so many subjects upon which our States act

The Conference of Governors

at cross-purposes to our great disadvantage as a nation that something must be done to secure uniformity. Business and legal forms differ in various States at the cost of much inconvenience. Marriage and divorce laws, labor and food laws should be uniform throughout the States. The conference undoubtedly helped the Governors to a better understanding of each other's affairs. It is to be regretted, however, that there was a tendency to oppose the extension of federal authority in the regulation of interstate activities and other matters which are essentially national in scope.

THE best way of not paying taxes on your personal property is to swear them off. By "swearing off" is meant going to the tax assessor and making a deposition that you really don't live where you seem to live, that you really don't own what you seem to own and that while you appear to be a very rich man, you are really over-burdened by debts which you have hitherto

A New Way to Swear Off Taxes

successfully concealed. Since personal taxes began, so many ways of swearing off have been invented that the tax authorities had come to believe that there was no new tax dodge under the sun.

But the tax authorities were mistaken. A few days ago a man came to the New York tax commissioners and asked to be relieved of his personal taxes. "I have only \$5,000," he said, "and that money is in city bonds and is being held in trust."

"For whom?" asked the tax commissioner.

The question was unexpected and at first there was no answer, but the tax commissioner insisted. Finally in a stage whisper, the swearer-off explained.

"The money is held in trust during his life-time—for my dog."

PROFESSOR PERCIVAL LOWELL, chief defender and demonstrator of the view that Mars is inhabited by highly developed beings, has come forward with his announcement that he has discovered the Martians in the very act of digging a new canal. Manifestations on the surface of our neighborly planet, he declares, demonstrate the very recent opening of a canal, with its attendant development of an arable and verdant region.

Recent Happenings in Mars

Professor Lowell would surely be called a yellow journalist if he were printing a newspaper instead of negatives of the heavens. He would be a right interesting one, too; we would all have to subscribe in order to see the very latest. Could n't the professor turn his tubes toward the neck of this continent and note whether it is true that a canal is also being dug there?

THE controversy over the statue of Robert E. Lee in the Statuary Hall of the Capitol in Washington has reached a stage of checkmate. While a great volume of protest was going up from various parts of the country, the statue was unloaded from a railroad car, hauled up to the Capitol, uncrated and put in position; and the Confederate leader is now holding the fort against all comers. Senator Heyburn of Idaho, who once made a bid for fame with a demand that the Press Gallery of the Senate be abolished, declared he would make a speech against permitting the statue to remain, but he was induced to change his mind.

A Victory for General Lee

The relatives of General Lee have asked that the Virginia Senators make no move toward having the usual formal resolution of acceptance of the statue, which is the offering of the Old Dominion, for the present. It has been customary to have such a resolution passed, with appropriate speeches. The Lee statue will, no doubt, remain without formal acceptance until the rather unexpected display of prejudice shall have subsided.

A generous and broad-minded attitude toward this offering by Virginia of the statue of one who certainly was a leading citizen of that State might conceivably contribute much toward assuaging whatever rancors yet remain from war times. It would certainly seem preferable to a bootless and unseemly demonstration of hostility toward the South's great soldier.



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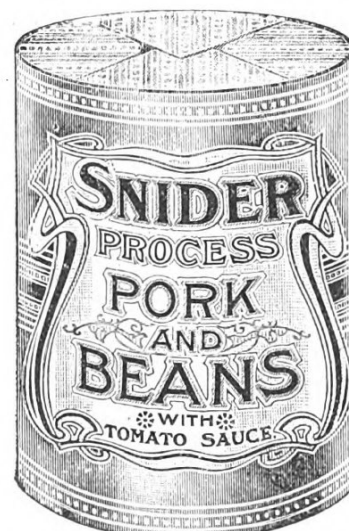
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THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

It is a good sign that nobody seems prepared instantaneously to announce the cause of high prices. We have had too much quack doctoring of economic ills, and it is well that all the authorities are this time withholding judgment.

The Era of High Prices

There has been allegation that folks have been hurrying to town to live until the farms don't realize enough to feed us all. The answer comes promptly, however, that of most primary agricultural products we are raising more per capita than ever before. We must look further. Combinations, big and little—of manufacturers, of transportation, and of merchants—are charged with large responsibility. The universality of the complaint points the need of finding a universal cause; and more and more serious attention has been given by economists to the increasing supply of primary money metal—gold—as the universal cause.

Without doubt, the increasing output of gold is an important factor, but there is an underlying cause in the changing conditions of living. We may call it extravagance, but it is not merely that. It is the effort of the people to appropriate their share of the advantages, the comforts, the luxuries, if you will, which modern conditions of industry, invention and science have made possible.

At one side we see the powerful few, with multi-fold devices of organization, overcapitalization, patent-protected monopoly, subsidies, tariffs, privileges of all sorts, seeking to control production. On the other side are the millions, insistently reaching out for means to supply new needs, to indulge new ambitions, to gratify new tastes. The captain of finance exploits his industry by the process of overcapitalizing it in order to squeeze more profits from it; his employees exploit it by enforcing demands for higher wages. The joint burden is laid on the consumer.

The present phenomenon in economics finds its parallel in the earthquake. Pressure forces readjustments in the earth's crust from time to time. The pressure exists all the time; it is as steady as gravitation; there are regions of weakness in the crust, and when the pressure has been borne as long as possible there is suddenly a slip and a readjustment of position along the line of geological "fault." This slipping and readjustment come suddenly and with terrific force.

Very similar is the present readjustment of price-conditions to the long-accumulating pressure of economic and social conditions. The pressure has been there right along; the slip and the earthquake have come suddenly.

THE annual report of the American Sugar Refining Company (the Trust), recently issued, admits the interest of the Trust in companies which control about sixty per cent. of the beet sugar business. It is well known that the Trust controls all

Sugar Trust and Beet Sugar

prices of sugar, dominates beet and Louisiana cane sugar production and holds vast interests in Cuba. The tariff on sugar makes it cost about two cents per pound more than it would cost under free trade, and the excuse has been that it protected the beet and the Louisiana cane. With these really controlled by the Trust and Cuba's benefits from her reciprocity arrangement with the United States absorbed mainly by the Trust, it appears that sugar protection really protects nothing but the Trust. It seems that the case in favor of real revision of the sugar schedule and the cheapening of one necessary of life has been perfected.

TWO RECENT occurrences on the New York Stock Exchange are worthy of serious consideration.

On December 27, within a period of fifteen minutes, the common stock of the Rock Island Company advanced from 50 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 81 and as quickly returned to its normal level.

Recent Stock Manipulations

There was no declaration of dividends on the Rock Island Railroad on that day, no optimistic financial report, no favorable court decision; nothing but the effort of some enterprising operators to turn a sharp trick in the market.

On January 19 the stock of the Columbus and Hocking Coal and Iron Company dropped sixty-three points. As in the former case, there was no business or political reason for the slump. It was simply the collapse of a pool which within a year had forced the stock from 20 to 93. When the crash came, two brokerage firms suspended business and large sums of money were lost by innocent investors.

It was within the power of the Stock Exchange organization absolutely to prevent the latter outrage and to punish those guilty of both. It has not done this. Can the public be blamed if in its prejudiced and ignorant way it fails to distinguish between the legitimate functions of the Stock Exchange and its use as a gambling house?

PRESIDENT TAFT's administration started out with firm purpose of reducing the expenses of government. The novel and amiable idea of meeting the deficit by cutting expenses instead of merely adding new taxes was proposed. It is cheering to note that the purse-string authorities show disposition to cooperate, and that there is a promising outlook for considerable shrinkage of the billion-dollar budget.

Reducing the Government's Cost

The saving of \$100,000,000 or \$50,000,000 a year will not be the most valuable result. More economy, more consideration of expenditures, more effort to determine their justifiability by the considerations that would weigh in a private business will also result. In the end, better administration as well as cheaper will be secured. Nothing is more demoralizing to public service than the notion that the cost does not make any difference. The people who know most about it firmly believe that the Government could be run better for \$100,000,000 less per year than is now spent. Anyhow, the experiment is one toward which taxpayers will exercise patience and forbearance.

BOSTON has held a municipal election under her new charter, and there are those who say that she has made a bad mess of it. Under the new rule there are no party columns, the candidates are placed upon the ballot by petition and there is no job left for the political boss.

Boston's New Fangled Election

And since Boston went to the polls and out of four candidates deliberately chose the worst, there are a lot of cynical smiles going around about the new fangled system of voting.

It is not our purpose to pin any medals upon the chest of the victorious John F. Fitzgerald. If we may judge him by the record of his previous term of office, Boston's crooked streets would have to be searched well to find a less deserving candidate. Yet in our opinion, Fitzgerald, the people's real choice, is a very different person from the old "Honey Fitz" king of the "North End" and all around political boss. The new charter robs the mayor of the most of his appointing power, and the mayor himself can be recalled at the end of two years if he is not satisfactory.

PERHAPS Boston may be treated to a pleasant surprise such as has come to New York with its new administration. Though supported by Tammany, Mayor Gaynor has refused to appoint any men on the sole recommendation of that organization, and his appointments have been surprisingly excellent. Mayor Gaynor has begun to sweep out of office all the ornamental hangers-on; he has insisted upon property

The New York Policeman and His Club

holders—even rich ones—paying their full taxes; he has waged war on grafting officials and bribe-taking tax collectors, and finally he has begun to protect the citizens from the brutalities of the police.

Until the year A. D. 1910, the police of New York ruled the city. "Don't talk back to a policeman" was the motto of the cautious citizen. The people were mishandled, clubbed and arrested; the "third degree" became a fine art; and the private citizen who had been "broken by a cop" or forced to pay tribute could secure no redress.

Mayor Gaynor has heard the citizens' complaints personally. A number of drunken and club-swinging policemen have been tried, found guilty and summarily removed from the force. Moreover, charges of assault and battery have been preferred against these offenders, who, if convicted, will themselves go to jail. It has even been proposed to take the policeman's club from him.

If a policeman uses his club only when his own life is in danger, it is better that he should carry one. If he uses it on innocent persons in order to save words, he is better without it. A lady who was once asked to join a Browning club replied, "If I can't read Browning without a club, I'll leave him alone."

THE proposal to save daylight by setting the clock back has been discussed with varying degrees of seriousness in both England and America. Atlanta is now considering the possibility of changing from central to eastern time. The Georgia metropolis is built near the line where the two kinds of time meet, and it is thus

More Sunlight for Atlanta

in a position to look over both and choose which it prefers. If it adopts eastern time it will save an hour of natural light every winter day and perhaps a lot of eye-strain. The proposed change will be a great boon to those who are afraid to go home in the dark.

THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

The Month Abroad

HERE is a riddle. A dog was asked, "Do you approve of cats, muzzles, liver patties and the city administration of the parks? Bark for 'No'; wag your tail for 'Yes'." The dog barked and wagged his tail. (Question: What does the dog think of the city administration of the parks?)

The British Elections

The British electorate has been asked whether it approved of a reform of the House of Lords, of a veto power by the Lords on financial matters, of a protective tariff, of insurance against unemployment, of Home Rule for Ireland and of a bigger navy. It was asked to wag its tail or bark, and it has done both. The Liberals and their allies are in a majority, but the majority has been so reduced that the Conservatives are more confident than ever.

To us on this side of the water the election looks very much like a draw. We can not concur in the commonly expressed opinion that the result indicates a rebuke to the House of Lords for venturing to interfere in financial legislation. Nothing short of an overwhelming victory for the Liberals could be so construed. On the other hand, the right of the Commons to enact progressive legislation under the guise of a finance bill seems fairly established and the Lloyd-George Budget will probably be adopted with few amendments.

As matters now stand the balance of power lies with the Irish Nationalist party. The Liberal and Labor parties combined have a slight majority over the Conservatives, but without the Nationalists they are in a minority. The Liberals can hold the Nationalists only by passing a Home Rule bill; a Home Rule bill seems to mean a veto by the House of Lords; a veto by the House of Lords would probably mean a dissolution of Parliament and a new election.

IF DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE had been titular as well as intellectual leader of the British Liberals in the recent campaign, the result would probably have been vastly more satisfactory to the party.

Lloyd-George Next Liberal Leader

He would have commanded larger confidence of the Radicals and would have saved the Liberals a number of seats that were lost by reason of the candidacies of laborites, who divided the progressive vote.

If the new Government proves short-lived, as is generally expected, the compromise Government that succeeds it will probably be of even shorter term. Then the swing of events may bring Lloyd-George to full leadership, and Britain will show just how really radical it is. The recent results justify prediction that it will be stronger for liberalism under an unquestionably radical leadership than under the somewhat hesitant direction of Mr. Asquith.

PRESIDENT TAFT has issued proclamations giving our minimum tariff rates to a number of countries, and it is understood that all countries except Germany, France and Canada will finally get these. Negotiations are still afoot with these three countries, and adjustment may yet prevent tariff war.

Tariff Maximums and Minimums

Official figures on trade with these three countries show its tremendous importance and the immensity of the balance of trade in our favor. The figures are for calendar years:

Exports from U. S. to			
	1909		1908
Germany.....	\$247,000,000		\$258,000,000
Canada.....	188,000,000		153,000,000
France.....	126,000,000		117,000,000
Totals.....	\$561,000,000		\$528,000,000
Imports to U. S. from			
	1909		1908
Germany.....	\$162,000,000		\$128,000,000
Canada.....	87,000,000		71,000,000
France.....	132,000,000		89,000,000
Totals.....	\$381,000,000		\$288,000,000

It would appear that we have vastly more to lose in a tariff contest with these countries than they can lose. It may be conceded that nobody will gain by a tariff war; it is merely a question of who will lose most and who can stand it longest. But, while we have most to lose, we could probably stand it best. Germany buys our raw materials for her manufacturers, and to discriminate seriously against these would merely shut out

supplies that could not be bought elsewhere, to the great disadvantage of German manufacturers.

The particular offenses of Germany and France reside in their restrictions against American cattle. These are based nominally on health regulations, but the Washington authorities consider this a mere pretext, and attribute the discrimination to agrarian influence at Berlin. Indications are that a compromise and some concessions by the United States will avert the possible conflict so far as Germany is concerned.

THE closing hours of January found nine square miles of the regal city of Paris submerged in water, the foundations of the city crumbling and famine threatening the people. As we write the danger is over, the Seine is receding, and unless disease arises from the slime of the streets and cellars, the loss of life will not have been appalling. Yet those days of flood rendered thousands

Paris Cheerful in Disaster

of people homeless, threatened the beautiful historic palaces and storehouses of art and wiped out perhaps a quarter of a billion dollars worth of property.

The world has contributed generously to the stricken city, and America has done her part. Yet the French, wonderful people that they are, have not depended upon outside aid. Their thrift has armed them against such disasters as this; they were stouthearted under disaster and gay as the waters began to recede. Now they ask, not so much our sympathy as our congratulations.

JAPANESE control of the Manchurian railroad situation having caused feeling in some quarters that American commercial interests in the Orient were menaced, Secretary of State Knox proposed to Japan and Russia

Knox Proposal Declined

the neutralization of these roads through a scheme of international financing, in which American interests were reported ready to participate to the extent of \$200,000,000. The proposal promptly became an international incident of the first magnitude and brought something which required careful disguise to keep it from appearing to be a woful snub for the United States. Japan and Russia replied on the same day, declining the invitation. It was made evident that the recent enemies were closely cooperating in Manchuria.

The discovery that American financiers are ready to put \$200,000,000 into railroads in Manchuria is highly suggestive. We are constantly being assured that there is no way to get the money needed for extension of our railroad systems to keep them in step with the demands of expanding traffic. Billions are declared to be needed. Yet a speculative Oriental investment can command \$200,000,000; an investment that would involve foreign complications that presently might so entangle our affairs as to necessitate a vast increase of naval power in the Pacific and a new era of naval expansion.

THE judicial assassination of Senor Ferrer, the Spanish educator, led to such world-wide indignation that the Conservative Premier was obliged to resign, and the Liberal, Senor Moret y Prendergast, took his place. A revolutionary plot has been discovered now in which the military authorities are deeply involved and which seems to have had the backing of prominent Conservatives and Reactionaries. The Government has acted promptly. Count de Villar, Captain General of Madrid, as well as the Captain-Generals of Valencia, Valladolid and Corrona have been removed; the military club has been closed by the police and Prince Pignatelli, the supposed leader of the movement, and two hundred army officers are under arrest on suspicion.

Spanish Revolutions and Spanish Education

We wonder if it would not, in the long run, be better for Spain to give up the Moroccan war, disband its army, sell its navy, put its Captain-Generals to work in some respectable business and devote the money saved to educating its people and promoting its industries. To-day two-thirds of all Spain is in a bad way; population is increasing slowly, and the country is full of beggars and Captain-Generals. So long as the Spanish people are poor, ignorant, politically backward and weighed down by oppressive taxes and militarism, no hope can come from Liberals. The way out is through education and industry.

Public Opinion

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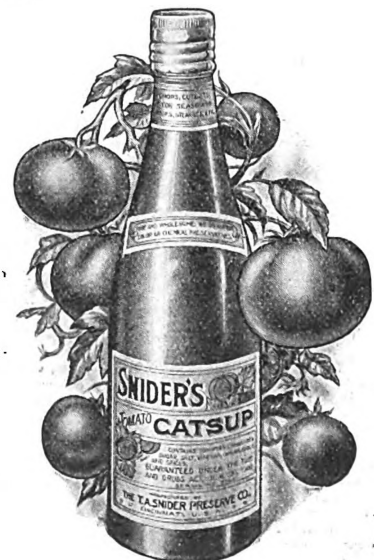
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THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

Women Everywhere

LAST month we called attention to a woman's anti-trust league and its intended boycott of high-priced meat. Our ink was scarcely dry when a meat boycott started in the West and as we write it is spreading throughout the land. It is being carried on largely by women. It is not one of those boycotts which the courts have declared illegal, because it is directed not against one firm, but against a habit—the habit of eating beefsteaks at ruinous prices. It hits the Beef Trust in its most vulnerable spot, for a million vegetarians are more dangerous to that combination than any number of injunctions, investigations and Congressional inquiries.

Upward, ever upward, the price of meat takes its way. The Beef Trust lays the blame sometimes upon the farmer, sometimes upon the little retailer. But the farmer still has his mortgage; the retailer gets along without an automobile, and the Beef Trust pockets the difference. The final belief of the Trust is that the people will pay any price rather than go without their breakfast bacon and their evening lamb-chops. They can not eat hay.

We do not know how long this boycott will last nor how far it will spread, but we do know that it is the ultimate consumer's most effective weapon. A few years ago many people stopped eating meat because of the accounts of the horrible conditions in the Chicago stock-yards. Prices fell, profits went down, and—what affected the Trust more than anything else—many people who stopped eating meat never started again. Moreover, the people learned what they could do in the matter of reducing the prices of beefsteaks.

Physicians tell us that we Americans eat too much meat for our health; economists tell us we eat too much for our pocket-books. If we were to have meat on our tables only once a day the Beef Trust would in a month dissolve into thin air.

"THE American woman is absolutely original," Marie Corelli said at a London meeting not long ago. "She is the offspring of a new country, the child of a land of liberty teeming with new ideas. As such she is always fascinating, always deeply interesting."

A Bouquet for the American Woman

The author said that she had met American women of all kinds, but never a dull one; that they always "shine and scintillate like a diamond, where many women of other nations, beautiful jewels in their way, sometimes forget to shine."

In view of these pretty speeches, it might be just as well to forget that Miss Corelli's chief claim to fame is as a writer of fiction.

THE United States Government is said to be experiencing difficulty in getting good men to take the jobs as census enumerators even at the princely salary of two dollars a day. As a cure for this unfortunate malady a man, whose name perhaps it is as well not to mention, comes forward with the ungallant suggestion that these cheap positions be given to women.

More Work for Women

Gracefully avoiding the dangerous question whether women should be asked to work for smaller wages than men, why should not women make good census enumerators? They are fully as capable of adding columns of figures as men, and they are much better at making calls. They could collect valuable statistics about clothes, servants, diseases and the price of butter, and the babies could be kissed as well as counted.

A LOS ANGELES woman attained much fame a few years ago as the mother of triplets. Still later, the stork descended on her with another trio of fine babies, and very recently that amiable bird brought four at one time. Two sets of threes and then four of a kind would serve to arouse the enthusiasm of any poker sharp; and now, to carry the poker analogy further, it develops that the lady was bluffing. She has confessed that in each case the sets of babies were gathered up in foundling asylums, smuggled into her house amid a fluttering that sounded for all the world like the wings of the stork, and palmed off on an unsuspecting public as triplets and quadruplets. President Roosevelt once sent her a telegram of congratulation.

Buncoing the Stork

WE HAVE promised our women readers that we would keep an editorial eye upon the career of William James Sidis, the eleven-year-old boy whom this magazine introduced to the public and who entered Harvard last September. Young Sidis interested us not as an "infant phenomenon" but as the product of a new theory of education. In the short time he has been at Harvard, he has passed through the highest course in mathematics in the University curriculum and has amazed the Faculty by his knowledge of the most abstruse theories of the science. Before an audience of professors and advanced students, Master Sidis recently delivered a talk upon the fourth dimension in which he illustrated upon the blackboard new and startling theories.

The Sidis Boy's Progress

There is something almost uncanny in this performance. The theory of the fourth dimension has long been a stumbling block to students of mathematics; there are few of us who could even explain the meaning of the term. Yet at an age when most boys are forcing their unwilling minds to an interest in fractions, this remarkable lad was telling his gray haired instructors things they never knew before about hecatonicohedrigons.

SUSAN LAWRENCE DAVIS, a hygienic expert of New York, announces that she has discovered a certain cure for the hookworm disease. It has been developed as the result of extensive studies and experiments and is credited with saving a number of lives already. Miss Davis will place her discovery at the disposal of the Rockefeller foundation for combating this disease in the South on condition that she be assured of a thorough test of its merits.

A New Cure for Hookworm

THE children of New York City are to receive a million dollar gift from a noble, thoughtful, rich woman. It will be an infirmary in connection with the Children's Court, where child prisoners, before undergoing punishment for their misdeeds, shall first be examined and treated for mental and physical defects. There will be suitable detention rooms, in which the younger and older children will be separated, and nurseries for the babies detained for improper guardianship. In this million dollar institution, erring boys and girls will be treated kindly and scientifically. No brutality will be permitted in any department. Every possible effort will be made to discover the cause of the child's bad tendencies, the improper home environment, the lack of food or play or education and, if possible, to cure rather than to punish the unfortunates, and start them in the way of decent citizenship. Because of this one act of an unselfish woman, the jails of the next generation will have fewer occupants, and the lives and property of the people will be safer.

A Gift to the Children

After all, this is not so much philanthropy as far-sighted economy, for New York, like Denver and Chicago and Boston, has discovered that no city can afford to deal harshly or unwisely with its wayward children.

TO MERE man, uncultured and unashamed, the flatiron seems a thing of evil. Its use renders the house uninhabitable one day out of seven; it distracts woman's attention from the all-important matter of preparing food. In shameless conspiracy with starch, it renders clothes uncomfortable, turns napkins into slippery boards, and banishes sleep from beds. Civilized man is the slave of the ironing board, and the boiled shirt is the emblem of his degradation.

Ironing as a Germ Killer

Now, the scientists tell us that ironing has an important function as an antiseptic; that the hot iron is one of our leading germ killers. This instrument of torture may have a temperature of 266 degrees, and that, they say, is more than enough to satisfy the most fastidious bacillus. In places where sterilizing devices are not handy, surgical dressings may be ironed with great advantage, and in a recent experiment, clothing which had been worn by diphtheria patients was completely disinfected by the use of a hot iron.

Long-suffering man will note with relief that the scientists have said nothing in defense of starch. There has been no vindication of the boiled shirt.

THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

PERSONS of the MOMENT

THE Customs Court, created for the purpose of interpreting the provisions of the tariff law, has as its Chief Justice Alfred C. Cox of Utica, N. Y.

BY THE decision of Judge Hough of the United States District Court in New York, the Federal indictment against the New York *World* has been dismissed. This is the famous Panama libel case.

JOHN R. WALSH, once a leading financier, railroad promoter and newspaper owner in Chicago, has at last been sent to the Leavenworth penitentiary under sentence for fraudulent banking methods.

GOVERNOR HUGHES of New York has announced that he positively will not accept another nomination for Governor, much less be a candidate for a nomination. He will return to the practise of law.

CHICAGO'S School Board architect, Dwight Perkins, predicts that fifty years from now there will be no schools in Chicago. Pneumatic tubes, he says, will carry pupils to the country where there will be more light and fresh air.

THE latest convert to insurgency in the upper House is Stephen B. Elkins, the West Virginia millionaire. He does not care for Senator Aldrich's attitude upon the cost of living question, and he has ideas of his own on the subject.

THE new Chief Forester, Prof. Henry S. Graves, was the director of the Yale Forestry School and he has expressed himself as fully in sympathy with the Pinchot program of conservation. Like his predecessor, he studied forestry abroad.

THE mayor of Indianapolis has placed two offending saloon keepers under probation of pastors for good behavior. He has given the ministers permission to go as far as they like in compelling the saloon keepers to attend church and Sunday-school.

A RECENT trial at West Orange, N. J., proved the entire success of Thomas A. Edison's storage battery street car. It is said that it will run one hundred and fifty miles without being recharged and that it will eventually do away with the trolley wire.

BY LISTENING carefully, Representative Diekema of Michigan has heard what sounds like a call to the Speaker's chair. He is not unfriendly to Cannon, but he thinks the Country's desire for a change should be respected and that he might as well be the change.

THE most notable bequest of the last month was Mrs. E. H. Harriman's gift of ten thousand acres of land and one million dollars for the creation of a great public park on the west bank of the Hudson River, to be the property of the States of New York and New Jersey.

A BILL has been introduced into Congress by Representative Roberts of Massachusetts to curb the activities of amateur wireless telegraphers. They make a nuisance of themselves by filling the air full of messages and demoralizing the work of the Navy Department.

SYRACUSE University's Chancellor, James R. Day, has uttered the precious thought that Mr. Morgan has the same right to consolidate twenty companies as a farmer has to buy several adjoining farms. This statement the *Wall Street Journal* characterizes as, "a bad break of Day."

WILLIAM LOEB, Collector of the Port of New York, who by his reform administration has increased the reputation he won as secretary to President Roosevelt, has been much urged of late to pick out whatever he would like in New York politics and put his brand on it. He has not picked anything yet.

THE aviation meet at Los Angeles proved to be a very interesting exhibition of Louis Paulhan. A cross-country run of forty-seven miles was one of his achievements, and a record height of 4,164 feet was another. Glenn Curtiss did some fast work in this meet, and a man from Abilene, Kansas, bought an aeroplane.

PUBLIC Printer Samuel B. Donnelly has surprised official Washington by not only administering the Government printing office within the appropriation made by Congress, but also turning back into the Treasury \$400,000 which he did not need. It is thought that the treasurer will survive the shock.

THE Philippines' new Governor-General, W. Cameron Forbes, seems to be giving general satisfaction. He is a Harvard person, all knotty and hard as to his body, and with a shiny but efficient head-piece. His interesting idea is that the Filipinos should run their own islands and that he'll be glad to lend a hand.

THE announcement is made that Wade H. Ellis, assistant to the attorney-general and special "trust buster," is going to resign from his Government position to head the Ohio Republican Executive Committee. The idea is to defeat Governor Harmon for reelection in order to discourage his presidential aspirations.

THE election of C. C. Dickinson to Congress from the sixth district of Missouri by a majority of 3,790 votes is regarded as an indication that the next House will be Democratic. This unusually large majority is attributed to the fact that the Republican candidate was handicapped by the approval of Cannon.

THE death of Darius Ogden Mills, the publicist and philanthropist, caused regret on both the Pacific and the Atlantic coasts. Perhaps his most distinctive work was the erection of the three Mills hotels in New York, cheap, clean lodging houses for men. These hotels are self-supporting, and they will no doubt be built in many cities.

THE congregation of Cyrus Townsend Brady, the Kansas City Episcopal clergyman and writer, being temporarily without a church building, Dr. Brady accepted the offer of the Jewish congregation of Temple B'nai Jehudah to let him use their building. Holding Christian services in a synagogue is unusual enough to deserve attention.

THAT eminent exponent of home rule for Ireland, T. P. O'Connor, who was recently in this country distributing geniality and boosting the Irish Nationalist movement, has been returned to Parliament. Besides being a member of Parliament he has founded and edited a number of papers, and he still runs the *M. A. P.* news service and *T. P.'s Weekly*.

MISS HELEN TAFT, who is a student at Bryn Mawr, has been subjected to so much annoyance by curious people seeking to get a look at her and a peep into the college quarters of the President's daughter that her location has been taken out of the college directories, and her fellow-students cooperate with the Faculty in protecting her from prying people.

JOAQUIM NABUCE, ambassador from Brazil and dean of the Pan-American section of the diplomatic corps at Washington, died rather suddenly January 17. He was sixty years old, one of the most popular and successful diplomats at Washington and an especially broad-minded and intelligent man in his conception of the relations of the Americas to the rest of the world.

JOSEPH FELS, who made millions as a manufacturer and now lives in Philadelphia and London and devotes \$50,000 a year to the single-tax propaganda here and in England, is lecturing in this country. Mr. Fels has had a large part in organizing single-tax sentiment, and he declares that the single-tax will be a pressing issue in this country as well as in England from this time forth.

FORMER President Roosevelt declared a few days before he left the White House last spring that there were three positions that would especially appeal to him. He named the Senate, the Speakership of the House and the Governorship of New York. Mr. Roosevelt will be back in this country in June, and it will be no surprise to his closest friends if he decides to make the run for Congress in the Oyster Bay district.

WE ARE SO accustomed to the idea that it is the country boy who is doing the great work of the world, that it is interesting to meet with the opposite view. John H. Finley, president of the College of the City of New York, holds a brief for the city bred boy. The men, he says, who have grown up in the city, and who understand it, will solve its problems. Once he has acquired health and strength, the city bred youth is far better fitted to go out into the world and make a name for himself than is the boy from the farm.



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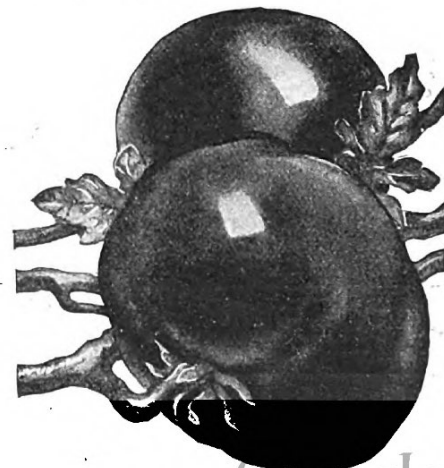
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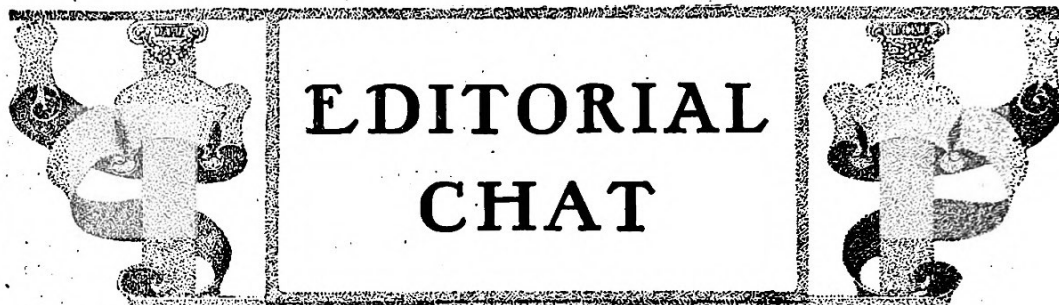
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Your Most Important Reserve

WE AMERICANS seem to think that it is a comparatively easy matter to bribe nature; that we can break all health laws, doing two or three days' work in one; eating as much at a single dinner or banquet as nature would require for two or three days; that we can abuse our system in all sorts of ways, and then make amends by drugging ourselves and patronizing the springs and other health resorts.

Many Americans spend their lives oscillating between two extremes, abusing their bodies, and doctoring them. The result is dyspepsia, exhausted vitality, nervous diseases of all kinds, insomnia, mental depression, insanity.

The efforts of great surgeons to save lives are often ineffective because the resisting power of the body has been ruined by some form of vicious living, or by overeating, undereating, lack of sleep, or other transgressions of the laws of health. Many people die from minor surgical operations or amputations after accidents because of lack of physical reserve to assist nature in carrying them over the crisis.

The person who lives a perfectly normal life has a vast physical reserve power, which would carry him through any ordinary kind of disease, or tide him over any ordinary accident, a necessary amputation, or other needed operation. But when one uses up all his force, all his vitality, as he goes along, of course he has little or nothing to fall back upon in case of a severe accident or other emergency which calls for a great expenditure of physical force or vitality.

What is more pathetic than to see a young person, who ought to be right in the zenith of his physical vigor, cut off in a few days by pneumonia, fever, or some other acute disease, simply because when the great need came there was no reserve force, no stored vitality to tide him over the crisis.

The hard drinker, even though he boasts that he has never been drunk, stands very little show of pulling through an attack of pneumonia or passing through a severe surgical operation, because the cells of his various tissues are so demoralized, deteriorated, that they have no staying power, no disease-resisting force. They succumb to an attack which would be comparatively unimportant to the victim who had kept his physical reserves, his vitality up to a high standard.

Life insurance is a good thing; but it is infinitely better to insure oneself against the thousand and one emergencies of accident and disease by keeping the physical reserves just as high as possible.

I have often heard surgeons say of a person not over fifty, that he needed a surgical operation, but that his manner of living had evidently been such that it had exhausted his physical force, and lowered his vitality to such a point that the operation would probably prove fatal.

If for no other reason than that of self-preservation, protection against possible accident or disease, no one can afford to exhaust his physical forces prematurely by criminal dissipation or any other form of vicious living.

No matter what your vocation, whether you make money or lose it, succeed or fail in your undertakings, you can not afford to squander your precious vitality.

It is a terrible thing to waste, in any form of vicious living, that very precious reserve power which was given us as a safeguard against emergencies and accidents, as a health balance-wheel. This priceless surplus is the only thing we can call upon for building materials, for force-providing power in case of need. It is nature's life, health, happiness insurance, which may be needed at any time to save one's life in case an accident or disease made a surgical operation necessary.

Knowledge that is Power

THE world is full of people who know a great deal but can not use it. They are weighted down with unavailable facts and theories, impractical knowledge. You have often met people who seem to know so much, who are so encyclopedic in their greedy absorption of facts that their general knowledge is like an enormous pack on a soldier's back, which exhausts his vitality and impedes his march. It makes them heavy of foot and clumsy in everything they do. They impress you as not being large enough to swing their load or to carry it with ease. They are like children tugging away at great pieces of furniture which they can scarcely lift.

The writer once employed one of these impractical human encyclopedias, who would often leave notes on

his desk written in Latin or Greek, and yet he had hardly practical sense enough to get a decent living. He was one of the most helpless creatures I have ever known. He could talk well. You would think to listen to him that he was a marvelous man; but when he came to apply his knowledge practically, he was helpless. Although he was what may be called brilliantly educated, so far as books were concerned, he was obliged to get his living as a day laborer and could not lift himself out of this condition.

It is not the ability, the education, the knowledge that one has that makes the difference between men. The mere possession of knowledge is not always the possession of power; knowledge which has not been digested and assimilated, and become a part of yourself, knowledge which can not swing into line in an emergency is of little use, and will not save you at the critical moment.

To be effective, a man's education must become a part of himself as he goes along. All of it must be worked up into power. A little practical education that has become a part of one's being and is always available, will accomplish more in the world than knowledge far more extensive that can not be utilized.

Victims of Disheartening Suggestions

ONE of the worst things that can ever happen to a person is to get it into his head that he was born unlucky and that the Fates are against him. There are no Fates, outside of our own mentality. We are our own Fates. We control our own destiny.

In every town where people are complaining that their environment is against them and that there are no opportunities, others under similar conditions manage to succeed and make themselves felt in their community.

Never allow yourself to even think of the possibility of being a failure. Stoutly assert that there is a place for you in the world, and that you are going to fill it like a man. Train yourself to expect great things of yourself. Never allow yourself to admit even by your manner that you are destined to do little things all your life. If you practise and persistently hold the positive, producing, opulent thought, this mental attitude will some day make a place for you, and create that which you desire. Bear in mind that nothing will come to you without a sufficient cause, and that cause is mental, and such mental action as will fit you for doing what you desire.

You will be surprised to see what mere persistence in holding your thought stoutly toward success and happiness will bring you. Constantly expect something large of yourself and refuse to allow your doubts and fears to cripple your efficiency.

Many people of real ability do little things all their lives because they are the victims of discouraging self-suggestions. Whenever they attempt to do anything, they allow their minds to dwell on the possibility of failure, and they picture the consequent humiliation of it all until they cripple their powers of initiative.

Multitudes who are constantly handicapped by the discouraging suggestion of poverty and meagerness of opportunity, the suggestion of being misunderstood and unappreciated by those about them, would show marvelous increase of power, of resourcefulness and productiveness, if they were only transplanted into an environment which would arouse ambition, stimulate and encourage.

Thousands of people who are only half successes, practically failures in uncongenial positions, in an iron environment, in situations which depress and suppress, which kill self-expression and stifle ambition, would blossom out into power and beauty if they could only be with people who are succeeding in the things which they are ambitious to do themselves.

Now and then we find a person with sufficient mental and moral stamina and robustness of purpose to overcome a discouraging environment and carry out the purpose which runs in his blood; to deliver his message to the world in spite of discouraging conditions. But most people are so susceptible to influences about them and so overpowered by discouraging conditions and inhospitable environment; so disheartened by people who do not understand them and by the obstacles which hedge them about, that they can not overcome the difficulties which bar them from their ambition.

Many of those who are doing little, mediocre things to-day are capable of and might be doing great things, if they would only learn to control their thoughts and

focus their minds in the right direction; if they would form the habit of putting their minds into harmony each morning, of neutralizing the enemies of their peace, comfort and achievement; substitute for all the things that weaken and poison, like fear, worry, anxiety and jealousy, the opposite thoughts—courage, calmness, peace and love.

There is nothing like putting oneself into tune with the best thing in him—with his highest ambition—every morning. One is then in condition to do the best thing of which he is capable. But we see men everywhere trying to do great things upon which may hang vast interests, with their minds all clouded, crippled and cramped with the enemies of their achievement, and they do not know how to get rid of them.

I have in mind a man who often ruins his efficiency for the entire day by losing his temper in the morning. His mental processes are so crippled by the poison generated by his furious outbursts of passion, and he suffers so much from wounded self-respect and a sense of disgust and discouragement that he is used up for the rest of the day.

Many a business man—whose mind when in a superb condition is worth hundreds of dollars a day to him—through his ignorance of the laws of thought, cuts down his efficiency to a very small percentage of its possibilities by allowing little enemies of achievement like a hasty temper, a nagging, irritable disposition, or doubt and fear and worry to cripple his mental processes.

If you are ambitious to do anything great, anything distinctive, the greatest thing of which you are capable, spare no pains or expense in keeping yourself in superb physical condition, keeping your life in tune with your great life-purpose. Keep it free from everything which would cut down its creative, productive power. You can not afford, for the sake of indulging a hot temper, to harbor fear, doubt and discouragement, for they will halve your efforts and perhaps absolutely neutralize them. Keep your mind clear and free, and always in tune with your highest aspiration, if you would produce the maximum of your possibility.

The Handicap of Unhappiness

THE normal mind alone is the happy one. The most effective mind must always be the happiest, because there is every indication in the human economy that man was intended to be happy, that this is his normal condition. It is true that wonderful things have been accomplished by people in poor health, and by those who were greatly depressed because of marital infidelity, or who were misunderstood and denounced by those who should have had faith in them. Great inventors and discoverers have often been unhappy, have often gone through great suffering for years because nobody believed in them and their own families denounced them. We know, also, that the tremendous struggle to redeem themselves from ridicule or from the contempt of their fellow men has urged some people to tremendous efforts which resulted in their achieving wonders.

There is no denying the fact, however, that unhappiness is always a handicap, because it is an abnormal condition. A complicated machine may do wonderful things, even with sand grinding out its delicate bearings, or without being lubricated, but the same machinery would do very much better work and would last longer if it were kept in perfect condition and its bearings well oiled.

Man was made to be happy. The desire for fun, for amusement, for humor, is very strong in every normal person. Man is a laughing animal. If he is not happy there is something grinding on the delicate bearings of his mental machinery. If we had not inherited, through a long line of ancestors, morbid moods, serious, sad mental attitudes, some of which have been induced by gloomy, morbid religious training, we should be infinitely happier than we are to-day. The very living of life would be a constant joy, a perpetual tonic.

The Expulsive Power of Greater Affection

THE way to get rid of an undesirable habit, trait or tendency is not to antagonize it, not to try to kill it or drive it out directly, but to substitute the opposite for it, something so much better that the undesirable will gradually fade away.

It is infinitely better to use the expulsive power of a greater affection or stronger motive than to try to drive out or kill the undesirable thing. The craving for something higher and better is the best possible antidote or remedy for the lower tendencies which you wish to get rid of.

Human beings in all times have made the mistake of trying to kill the bad *directly*, to fight it, drive it out, rout it by direct attack, rather than by doing it indirectly by the substitution of something more desirable, a stronger motive, a greater affection.

When the general habit of always inspiring, moving upwards, climbing to something higher and better, is formed, the undesirable qualities, the vicious habits, will fade away, die from lack of nourishment. Only those things in our nature grow which are fed. The quickest way to kill them is to cut off their nourishment.

Victor IV, \$50
Other styles, \$10 to \$250

The patented Victor goose-neck tone-arm in playing position.

The patented Victor goose-neck tone-arm when not in use.

The sweetest, clearest tone ever heard in any musical instrument.

"What makes the Victor tone so sweet, clear and natural, and of such splendid volume?" people ask as they become captivated by the unequalled Victor tone-quality.

The goose-neck construction of the tone-arm is largely responsible. A little thing in itself, but a great big thing in what it accomplishes.

It puts the weight of the sound-box in the proper place and at the proper angle to get the best results from every record.

Its flexibility enables the reproducing point to follow the lines of the sound-waves so closely that every detail is reproduced with absolute fidelity.

And besides improving the tone, the goose-neck adds to the convenience of using the Victor.

This exclusive patented goose-neck is only one of the many valuable features that help to make the Victor the world's greatest musical instrument.

If you have never heard a Victor of the present time, go today to the nearest dealer's and hear it.

He will gladly play some of the new Victor Records that mark the greatest advance ever made in the art of recording. Ask particularly to hear the new Gadske-Caruso duets from "Aida" (89028 and 89029).

And be sure to hear the Victrola.

The Victor catalogue is replete with both single- and double-faced records. No difference in quality—only in price. Buy double-faced if the combination suits you. Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

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To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.



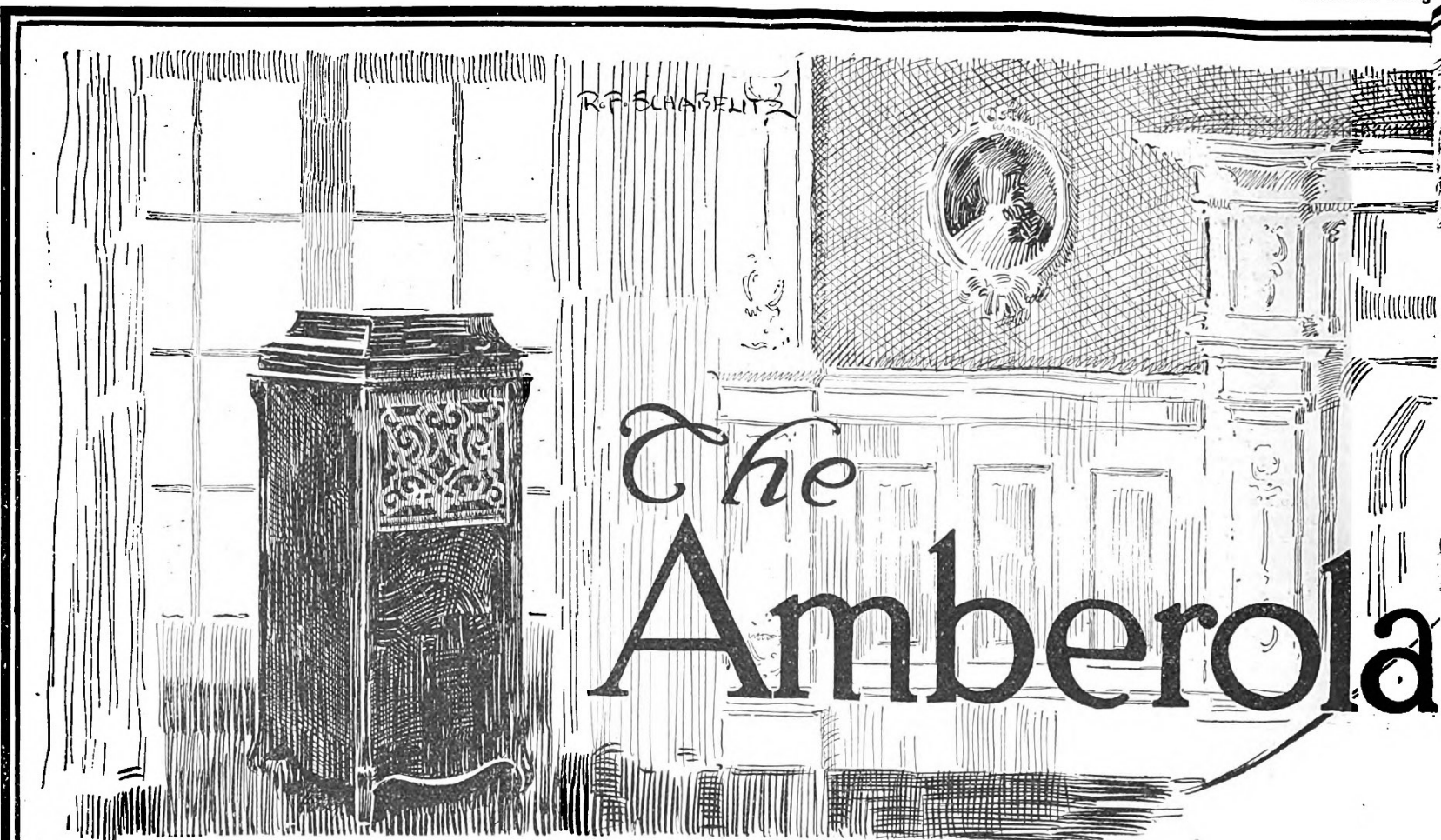
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This **Vose** style, known as **Home Grand**, is a splendid grand piano, suited for any home, at a reasonable price.

The **tone, touch and magnificent wearing qualities** of the **Vose Pianos** are only explained by the exclusive patented features, the **high-grade material** and superb workmanship that enter into their construction. We deliver, when requested, direct from the factory, free of charge, and guarantee perfect satisfaction. **Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted.**

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The Amberola

The New Edison

Of all sound-reproducing instruments of the cabinet type, the Edison Amberola should be your choice.

First: Because the Amberola is the only instrument of the cabinet type that gives you all of the best of the longer musical compositions, played as they were originally composed and *meant* to be played.

Second: Because the Amberola combines all the tonal beauty of the Edison Phonograph, with a cabinet, in Oak or Mahogany, that is a masterpiece of the craftsman's art.

Third: Because its sapphire reproducing point is permanent and never needs changing, and does not scratch or wear out the records.

Fourth: Because Leo Slezak, the greatest lyric tenor of all time, sings the wonderful Italian arias in which he has made his great successes, exclusively for the Edison.

The Amberola comes in several finishes of either Mahogany or Oak, to harmonize with the surroundings in any home. It has drawers in the lower part for holding 100 Records. The price is \$200.



n Phonograph

All types of Edison Phonographs play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records, including Grand Opera List.

The Amberola is just one of a number of types of Edison Phonographs, each a perfect instrument in itself.

Edison Phonographs are sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States. \$12.50 to \$200.

The Amberol Record is one of two kinds of Records played by any Edison Phonograph, playing more than twice as long as the Standard (two-minute) Record and longer than any other kind of record in existence.

Edison Amberol Records 50c., Edison Standard Records 35c. Edison Grand Opera Records 75c. and \$1.00.

Edison Records offer every conceivable form of vocal and instrumental music, sung or played singly, and with orchestras, choruses or bands, all faithfully reproduced and giving the exact tone and spirit of the original as played by the artist.

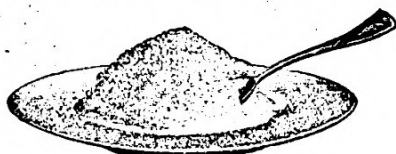
The Edison means not any one instrument or any one kind of music, but a source of entertainment adapted to every pocketbook, to every taste and for every home.

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

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FLAVORED WITH

Mapleine

(BETTER THAN MAPLE)

The goodness of this nourishing milk and egg pudding is very often overlooked because of its insipid flavor. We want you to try it flavored with Mapleine—it will be a delicious and delightful surprise.

HERE IS THE RECIPE

One cup of tapioca, yolks of two eggs, small piece of butter, two tablespoonfuls granulated sugar, one cup milk and one teaspoonful of Mapleine.

Have tapioca well soaked in water or milk and cook till bluish in color, then add the milk eggs, sugar and Mapleine.

Send for our free recipe book, "Mapleine Dainties," and make other Mapleine delights—candies, table syrup, pudding sauces, cakes, puddings, fudges, ice cream, iceing, caramels, pinocle and many other delicious Maple flavored sweets.

Grocers sell Mapleine.

If not send us 35c. for two oz. bottle and recipe book.

CRESCENT MFG. CO.
Seattle, Wash.



PIN MONEY PAPERS

VINEGAR INSTEAD OF SOUR MILK may be used for making doughnuts, gems, etc. A tablespoonful of vinegar to a cupful of sweet milk or water, with soda, will make them equally as good. If water is used, a little butter or lard should be added. Gems mixed with water require a hotter oven than those mixed with milk.—B. L. D.

TO HELP BREAD TO RAISE IN COLD WEATHER, put it in the cupboard, place a hot iron near it and close the door. It is out of the way of draughts and in a warm even temperature which insures its raising quickly without crusting over. In the absence of a convenient cupboard, a box could be used.—Mrs. L. E. A.

YOU CAN CLEAN SPOTS FROM WALL PAPER without injury to the paper in the following manner: Mix flour and water to the thickness of light bread dough, but do not have it sticky. Rub the spots vigorously with the dough and the stains will disappear; sometimes it may be necessary to use more than one piece on the same spot.—G. M. A.

TO REMOVE FURNITURE BLEMISHES, saturate a woolen cloth with camphor and apply. If the first application does not entirely remove the stains, repeat.—Mrs. C. B. A.

ORNAMENTAL BRASSWORK CAN BE CLEANED WITHOUT INJURY by washing thoroughly with ivory soap in luke-warm water, drying with an old rag and rubbing with chamois skin. This applies to railings, gas and electric light fixtures and mirror frames.—Mrs. ETHEL B.

TO BRIGHTEN CARPETS, beat well, put on the floor and after sprinkling with moderately strong salt water, sweep hard. This will bring out the colors wonderfully.—V. B.

WHEN MAKING A SALAD CONTAINING BANANAS OR APPLES, stir in some lemon juice. This prevents discoloration and adds to the flavor.—Mrs. W. C.

TO MEND A LEAK IN A HOT-WATER BOTTLE have the bottle perfectly dry, blow a little air into it and cork tightly. Then place a good-sized piece of fresh mending tissue over the hole, a piece of silk over the tissue, and a damp cloth over this. Hold a warm iron lightly on the cloth until the heat melts the tissue so it will adhere to the rubber. Remove the damp cloth and let dry.—Mrs. J. G. C.

TO REMOVE TEA STAINS FROM DISHES, rub with baking soda, then wash in soapy water and rinse with hot water.—A. C.

TO CEMENT BROKEN GLASS OR CHINA, dissolve half an ounce of gum acacia in a wineglassful of boiling water. Add plaster of paris enough to make a thick paste, and apply with a brush to the parts to be joined together.—Mrs. C. L. C.

WHEN PUTTING BABY DOWN FOR A LONG NAP or for the night, he will rest better and sleep longer if he is turned upon his right side than in any other position. A corner of the coverlet laid over his exposed ear to deaden the sounds of moving about will often enable him to sleep for an hour longer in the morning.—C. C.

IF YOU CAN NOT SLEEP, wet a cloth in cold water and lay it on the back of the neck, folding a towel smoothly over it. Very often it will quiet the nerves more effectively than an opiate. It is particularly helpful in case of a dull headache.—W. G. D.

WHEN BAKING WHITE POTATOES, select them as nearly as can be of even size. Wash and dry them, cutting out any blemishes. See that the oven is hot, and just before putting the potatoes in, grease each one with a bit of butter or dripping. This prevents the skin from hardening, and when the potato is opened very little of it adheres to the sides.—Mrs. L. A. D.

ON WASH DAY you will never be troubled with clothes streaked or spotted with bluing if you will remember to put three tablespoonfuls of sweet skimmed milk in the rinsing water.—C. L. A.

TO KEEP CHOCOLATE ICING FROM DRYING OUT, add a little butter just before spreading on the cake.—Mrs. J. S. B.

A DRINK OF FRESH MILK after eating onions will kill the odor. Drink the milk slowly.

A GOOD TEST IN SELECTING A GOOSE is to run the thumb or forefinger under the wing where it joins the body. If the finger goes easily through the skin, you may be sure the bird is young.—Mrs. E. O. B.

IN CASE FRUIT JUICE IS SPILLED ON THE TABLE-CLOTH or spattered on the clothing, the corner of a blotter applied instantly to the spot will entirely remove the juice and save an ugly stain.—Mrs. C. A. M. D.

IF YOUR CHIMNEY IS CLOGGED WITH SOOT burn a piece of old zinc in the stove. The effect is magical.—G. L. C.

IF FRYING PANS BECOME RUSTY grease them well and place in a hot oven for half an hour. After being washed with soap and water they will be ready for use. This plan works equally well with tin-ware and is more satisfactory than scouring.—A. C. A. C.

TO CLEAN A LIGHT SUIT which had become very much soiled, I purchased ten cents worth of ground oatmeal, heated it, spread the suit on an ironing board, and scrubbed it with the hot oatmeal, using a stiff nail brush. For grease spots I used a little warm water and pure castile soap, being careful to sponge out all the soap. After pressing, my suit looked like new.—A BUSY MOTHER.

IF YOU WANT MILK TO SOUR QUICKLY put a slice of bread into a jar of sweet milk and place near the range.—Mrs. A. C.

BUTTONS WILL NOT TEAR OFF EASILY if when sewing them on fine materials a narrow tuck is run up and down. Sew the buttons through the three thicknesses made by the tuck, thus giving them a firm foundation.—Mrs. J. H. B.

PUT YOUR FURS AWAY IN A TIN BOX IN SUMMER. Thoroughly dust and air them, sprinkle with camphor, cover with ledger paper, and close tightly. Moths can not penetrate the tin and this method has always proven a satisfactory preventive.—F. E. B.

FINE LACE WILL NOT TURN YELLOW if laid away in a box of powdered magnesia.

A DELICIOUS AND HEALTHFUL WAY TO PREPARE VEAL is to place two small slices of salt pork in a frying-pan and fry out the fat. Then put in the veal, season and cover closely, and cook over a very slow fire for half an hour, turning occasionally. Just before the half hour is up, uncover and fry over a hot fire till the meat is browned and the juice all absorbed.

WHEN RINSING SHEETS, TABLECLOTHS AND LARGE TOWELS, gather the middle of the piece into your hands and move the edges up and down in the water several times. When you iron the article you will find the selvages nice and smooth. A mangle having the hardwood rollers and not requiring any heat in connection with it is an economical investment, as it saves time, strength and fuel.—Mrs. B.

FOR THE RELIEF OF WEAK OR INFLAMED EYES dissolve a half-teaspoonful of boracic acid in an ounce of water which has been boiled and cooled. Bottle this and use it as a wash for the eyes.—Mrs. C. A. M. D.



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BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND
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It is Superior to Fresh Cow's Milk and solves the Infant Feeding Problem.

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IDEAL
HAIR DYEING COMB

The most practical device for restoring gray, faded or streaked hair to its natural color or to any desired shade. Used like an ordinary comb. Absolutely harmless. Not sold in stores.

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send for list of specially selected solos, every number guaranteed to give satisfaction or money back. J. SEVERT ANDERSON, La Crosse, Wis.

TO WARM BISCUITS AND MUFFINS so they will be as good as when freshly baked, dip quickly in cold water, put in a stout paper sack, twist the mouth of the sack tightly, and lay on an asbestos mat in a quick oven.

CORN MEAL MOISTENED IN VINEGAR WILL REMOVE STAINS from the hands and soften them. When washing the hands, use the mixture as you would soap.—Mrs. B.

SAVE ALL OLD TOOTH-BRUSHES, and after cleansing you will find them useful when cleaning hats and gloves, shining silver, or applying paste to paper or cloth.—A. B. C.

WHEN BABY'S LITTLE WOOLEN SKIRTS become too small, let out the hems, rip one seam in each, and put two of them together. To the lower edge crochet a neat scallop, using white Saxony yarn or some dainty color.—JESSIE G. E.

IN PREPARING CUSTARDS over which one means to spread a meringue, set the custard, after the shell is filled, in the oven long enough for the top to glaze over. The meringue can then be spread over evenly and quickly with no trouble of lumping, sticking or ruffling the custard.—C. G. E.

PLAIN SCRIM MAKES HANDSOME CURTAINS without no other decoration than hemstitched borders and they launder easily and well. If in time they bleach out, they can be restored to their original color by a coffee bath.—Mrs. P. E.

I WASH MY OLD PILLOW TICKS and use them to tie over the broom to sweep down the walls and ceilings. Being rather coarse and rough, they take off the dust nicely.—AMY FIKENSCHER.

A SMALL QUANTITY OF KEROSENE IN WARM WATER for washing windows will impart a fine luster to your window panes.

OLD BLANKETS MAKE FINE SUMMER COMFORTERS when too much worn for further winter use. Cover with silkolene and tie.—Mrs. W. S. F.

GIVE THE SOLES OF YOUR SHOES AN OCCASIONAL COAT of varnish and they will wear much longer.—M.

TO SAVE A PETTICOAT FROM FRAYING on the bottom, turn the hem of the under part of the skirt toward the outside ruffle. This leaves nothing for your heels to catch in.—Mrs. F. F.

WHEN CLEANING WITH GASOLINE, place blotting paper under the spot and no ring will be left.

TO SAVE GAS, try baking your potatoes on a sheet iron lid over the flame, turning occasionally. We cook the usually baked rice pudding in a porcelain dish set over a very low gas flame, only lighting the oven for a few moments at the last to brown the pudding. In the winter we use the radiator to warm dishes. Water placed in the tea kettle at night and set on the hot radiator will boil more quickly for breakfast. Oatmeal brought to a boil when cooking the evening meal will continue to cook when left in the double boiler on the hot radiator all night.—N. J. F.

TO WASH CROCHETED OR KNITTED ARTICLES WITHOUT STRETCHING, use luke warm water and any kind of naphtha soap. Souse the article up and down, rinse well and shake gently with the hands, then put on a big plate in a soft pile and place it in a slow oven to dry, occasionally shaking it up and turning it around. When thoroughly dry the article will be like new and not at all out of shape.—Mrs. F. F.

A GOOD WAY TO MAKE DISH CLOTHS is to take the dish towels that show wear, fold them once, and quilt with darning cotton. They wring easily, keep a good color, and are durable.

SAVE YOUR OLD STOCKINGS for winding the legs of furniture, lamps, bric-a-brac, etc., when moving. When packing for long distances, an article may be first wound with cloth or papers and a stocking slipped over and tied to keep all in place.

A BADLY TORN THUMB NAIL is kept safe from further injury by a strip of sticking plaster reaching well down on the nail and over on the fleshy part of the thumb.—H. C. F.

USE THE SAME DISCARDED WHISK BROOM for sink brush and stove brush. It serves the double purpose of keeping the stove brush clean and the sink brush free from grease, thus increasing its period of usefulness.—Mrs. F. A. De L.



Have a Look!

Through a magnifying glass, at

Grape-Nuts

The glass brings out sharply an interesting sight. Upon every golden granule will be seen small, shining crystals of Grape-Sugar.

This isn't 'put there.'

In the process of making Grape-Nuts the starch of wheat and barley is changed into this sugar and the result is probably the most perfect and beneficial food known for providing the elements Nature uses for rebuilding the brain and nerve centres.

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Regarding Cocoa Beans

Cocoa Beans are classed among the most highly nourishing Products of the Plant Kingdom.

Cocoa Beans contain all that is needed for the perfect development of the human body.

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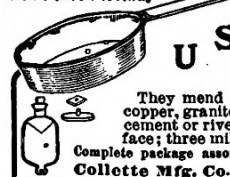
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They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface; three million in use. Send for sample pkg. 10c. Complete package assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Box 112, Amsterdam, N. Y.

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and the addresses of two flower-loving friends and I will send you 30 seeds of the
Giant Marguerite Carnation
which blooms in 4 months from sowing; also my bargain collection of *Royal Show Panicles*, 100 colors; *Sweet Peas*, over 40 varieties; *Asters*, finest mixed; *Nasturtiums*, 20 kinds. Also FREE: "Floral Culture" and my handsomely illustrated 17th Annual Catalog.
MISS C. H. LIPPINCOTT, Pioneer Seedswoman
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and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn \$20.00 to \$125.00 or more per week as illustrator or cartoonist. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years' successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Send me your sketch of President Taft with 5c. in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.
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WE will pay \$100 a month to anyone who secures an average of five subscriptions per day for SUCCESS MAGAZINE. More is offered for larger results.

SUCCESS is only \$1.00 per year. It is one of the few remaining publications of the big, handsome, high-class type at so small a subscription price. This makes it, relatively, a bigger bargain than ever before. Any person of average intelligence and energy can get five subscriptions a day. But a smaller result—no matter how much smaller—is rewarded with a proportionate payment.

If you want to engage in a pleasant, permanent and profitable business in your own locality, write to-day for terms and full details to

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NEW YORK



EVERY spring, when high school graduates feel that at least one step of education is achieved, I receive scores of letters from girls asking how to make a livelihood. It surprised me to-day, while looking over an accumulation of such queries, to find what a large number had asked, "How can one earn money by writing?" Every letter is not worded exactly like that; some girls want to become authorities on special subjects, or even novelists "right off the bat," as one graduate phrased it; others are ambitious to fill an editorial chair; many want to go into newspaper work. Each one ends with the same question, "What chance do you think I have to succeed?" I answered each letter with the same advice. Begin at the foot of the ladder and do to the best of one's ability whatever work offers itself.

YESTERDAY I had a caller. The name on the card was strange to me, and I had never before seen the bright young woman who owned it. She was one of the girls whose letters lie before me now. She took the advice I gave her three years ago. There was only one opening in the small Southern city where she lived, and that was in the composing room of the evening paper. She accepted it and began to set type. For a year she pegged away in that humble capacity, but with her eyes wide open, learning all sorts of things. She began to know each type by its name, she picked up a knowledge of proof-reading and learned how news ought to be presented. Every page of copy that went through her hands was a lesson from a text-book. She kept her ears open for news, and day by day she handed to the editor gratuitous contributions for the evening paper. One day she turned in a story worthy of a head. It was told in crisp style and with careful regard to facts. One week later the young compositor was taken from her case and given the position she had longed for. She made good, and in two years she was earning as high a salary as the paper could afford. When she called on me, she was en route for a northern city to accept desk work on a large paper at a salary which is seldom earned by a girl of nineteen.

I AM telling this story because it illustrates the fact that success does not come tumbling into your lap unearned. Whether the forty-odd girls whom I advised to start at the foot of the ladder have succeeded or not, I do not know. Some of them may have been budding geniuses, and every budding genius does not care to begin in the composing-room. I imagine the composing-room came harder to this southern girl than it would have to many in the North or West. She had been gently bred and had to buck against the southern tradition that it is degrading for a woman to toil. Although the tradition is dying, you still meet it everywhere among the older generation. It is receiving its death blow at the hands of bright young women as sweet and charming as ever their grandmothers were, but full of sensible energy, antagonistic to the old ideas they call chivalric in the South. "Thousands of girls everywhere could do as well as I have done," said this successful girl. "It is not an easy task to do it—so much depends on individuality, circumstance and environment. You can not turn out a writer or any other worker as you can cut biscuits from a sheet of dough."

ONE day I asked a woman who does settlement work along industrial lines the secret of her success. "I begin" she said "by sizing up the individual who is to be helped and find out what she can do best. Sometimes, I set at lacework a woman who has been scrubbing for a living, or I take the woman who is making lace and teach her to scrub. Frequently a stranger can discover better than the individual herself what she is best fitted for. It is almost a necessity, however, that you come in personal contact with anyone you advise as to a career."

A Talk with Girls on the Selection of a Career

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

INQUIRIES from readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE deal occasionally with various phases of some one topic. Where it is of interest to many, Mrs. Curtis will discuss it more largely than it is possible to do in a personal letter. In the Corner this month she has something to say to girls who are ambitious to enter the field of journalism.

THAT is exactly where the trouble lies, in giving counsel to folks we do not know; still if that counsel helps one in a hundred, perhaps it is worth while. First of all, one must have certain talents to make good in any field of journalism. You must know how to acquire information and have an intuitive sense of what to tell and tell it interestingly. In more than one-third of the letters before me I am asked: "Is a college education necessary to success in journalism?" I gave days of study to that question, taking "Who's Who in America" as a guide. Fewer than one-third of the women earning a livelihood in literature or newspaper work are college graduates. Fifty years hence these statistics may change materially, because the higher education for women is still in its youth. Scores of colleges offer specific instruction for a literary career. In some cases they train a woman to be an editor, a reporter, a newspaper correspondent, an advertisement writer or for special work. Such instruction is of such recent institution, however, that it has had no time to prove its value.

LAST summer, just before commencement, I received a letter from a Massachusetts girl which demanded a careful answer. She was about to graduate from high school, where she had won high honors and had done such good work on the school paper, that it brought her an offer from a Boston paper. She was hesitating, because her intention had been to go through Wellesley. "Can you give me responsible advice," she asked. "I am willing to work my way through college, but I want to be sure which would put me on a better footing for the future; four years spent in practical newspaper work or the education I would receive at college?"

I CARRIED the letter to a friend who has a life time of editorial experience behind him. "Tell the girl," said he, "to let college go and begin her apprenticeship at once. At twenty-one she would leave college with a lot of knowledge she could never acquire in any other way. Some of it would be useful, but a great amount of it would be either utterly useless or a drawback to her. Four years from now, if she can deliver the goods, she ought to have achieved an assured position for herself." I like that terse bit of slang, "if she can deliver the goods." It expresses the situation in a nutshell.

"I SPOKE a few minutes ago," he said, "of college education as a drawback. An experience I once had will explain what I mean. One morning, seven years ago, we advertised for two girls to pick up small personalities and news about town, which a woman can often do better than a man. From the crowd that applied I chose one girl wholly for her bright, shrewd looks and quick intelligent ways. I could see too, she had any amount of energy and determination. I promised her only a fortnight's trial because various things were against her. She was shabbily clothed, and had had no experience as a newsgatherer or a writer. All the education she could brag of had been picked up at a cross-roads school in the backwoods. She had come fearlessly to a strange city, with little money, no friends, no influence, but eager to do newspaper work. I turned down scores of girls who seemed better equipped in every way, and gave her a chance simply because I felt there was something in her, and I have no end of admiration for that sort of grit. The other young woman I engaged was an entirely different proposition. She belonged to a fine old family in town. She had just graduated from Vassar, and was as eager as the country girl to become a journalist. She had the self-possessed manners we attribute to education and generations of good ancestry. She was well groomed and well dressed. She knew everybody in society; she was posted on the politics, institutions and history of our city, she was qualified to pick up exactly the sort of news we wanted, and I engaged her at a salary considerably larger than I offered the country

girl. The college woman treated her fellow-worker with perfect courtesy; still it was easy to see that she looked down on her from immeasurable heights, half pitiful, half contemptuous of all the drawbacks, lack of education, country manners and country clothes. The work turned in by them became an interesting study. As soon as the country girl lost a sort of self-conscious nervousness that showed in every line she wrote, I realized I had made a find. She gave a terse, original touch to the most trivial bit of news. She was plumb full of humor. She had a keen insight of human nature and an instinctive knowledge of what was news. As for energy, I simply had to hold her in: She stood ready to help on any sort of a job. One blessed thing about her was, she did not possess the vast conglomeration of knowledge the other one did."

"I'll explain. One day during the early apprenticeship of the girls, I assigned the college woman to get something about an exhibit of Norwegian handicrafts being given for a city charity. She handed me a bunch of manuscript she had toiled over for hours. From her knowledge of Norse history she had given me a column story about the ancient Vikings. Tacked on at the end were a few lines about the stuff I sent her to see. The fancy work seemed trivial to her, while old Vikings were romantic and historical. I threw her stuff in the waste basket and sent the other girl after a quick report of it. She grasped in fifteen minutes just what I wanted, and made it so vividly interesting I enjoyed it myself as I edited the copy. I gave it a head instead of crushing it among the news items. That was a slight the college woman never forgave. The stumbling block of her career has been, always will be, that you can not teach her what knowledge is of use and what is n't. She continued drawing so effusively on her learning that I was compelled to confine her to society work and personals, which she dislikes exceedingly. She has vast ambition and would rather write editorials nobody would read. The country girl to-day is simply 'the best man on my force.' Before she had been a year in the office, she was helping on all sorts of departments. She gave a lively touch to our dramatic page; her quaint observations on everyday life are worthy of the corner we give them and are copied far and wide. She has a natural gift for interviewing. People like her and she has no loose methods of work. She is always sure of her facts. She carries along for us charity work which brings in considerable money because of her vivid description of pitiful cases. Back of a natural faculty, the girl has been toiling all these years to perfect herself in anything that will help with her work. She taught herself a system of shorthand to use when interviewing, she mastered a type-writer, she is thoroughly posted on the news of the day, and she studied proof-reading. To-day she is earning seven times the salary the college woman gets. Only two men on our staff have a larger income. She has achieved so much, with such a handicap, that she has the respect and admiration of everyone who knows her. I am not stepping on the toes of a college education, but my belief is that there are certain individuals it hinders instead of helps."

HERE are a few of the questions I have been asked; "Is newspaper work a safe field of labor for women? My granddaughter wants to take it up but I am told it takes a young woman into strange places, among all sorts of objectionable people." I can assure this old lady that a newspaper office is as 'safe' a place for a girl to work as a school, a dressmaker's shop, a store, or an office. The girl who possesses womanly dignity, who concentrates her whole mind and ability on her work, who is reliable, business-like and courteous is safe anywhere. You can find in no walk of life a higher type of men than in journalism. The members with whom a woman can not work on a common footing of good fellowship are so few they are not worthy of consideration.

"Where should I begin a newspaper career?" I should advise you to begin in your own town or village even if it supports nothing more than a country weekly. The returns at first will be small, perhaps nothing. Remember that you are the veriest apprentice and have a tremendous lot to learn. When you convince an editor that you are good for something you may get no more than from \$2 to \$5 a week for many months. Your assignments may cover a queer lot of subjects, personalities, news of clubs and societies, write-ups of lectures, poultry shows, parties, church festivities, weddings, funerals or millinery openings. Some topics may be interesting, some dull as dish-water. The better the work you turn out the better you do for yourself as well as for your employer.

"What style would you advise me to follow when I begin newspaper work?" The day of modeling after a style has passed. If you have a spark of God-given originality, use it. There is not an editor in America who will not welcome a touch of originality as gladly as a miner discovers pay dirt. The only model of any avail is the best newspaper that comes within your reach. Watch how it presents its news, how catchy its headlines are, how tersely a story is told, and how cleverly it is made up. You may have a "make up" to struggle with yourself some day, and it takes a vast amount of study to know how to put the right thing in the right place.



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Largest kerosene mantle lamp mfgs. in the world.

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Reasons for much dissatisfaction with Advertisers.

COMPLAINTS received in this office regarding the treatment of our readers by advertisers have been reduced to almost the minimum by the care exercised in excluding objectionable advertisers, but we still have them and always will until folks cease to be careless about giving necessary information in writing to advertisers.

John Smith has a habit of signing his name in a way that would confuse the best of hand-writing experts. Mrs. Brown does not sign any name at all. The postman rings the doorbell at about the time she is ready to affix her signature to the order. She hurriedly encloses the necessary two dollars with the order and hands the letter to the postman. Of course she never hears from it unless she writes again and remembers then to sign her name. She has been known to omit her address after doing that, in which case the firm's reputation suffers in her neighborhood; likewise that of the magazine carrying the advertising.

We find these causes responsible for a great number of complaints and often at the bottom of almost endless trouble. We quote parts of a letter written us by a very large advertiser concerning difficulties brought about by this kind of neglect and carelessness. In enumerating the causes of complaint he says:

First. Certain advertisers in your magazine and other publications receive as high as 10,000 letters in a single day in response to their advertising. Typographical errors may occur in acknowledging this enormous mail, for human help is not infallible. The writer should always consider this fact before judging the advertiser too hastily or harshly, for the chances are that the letter has gone astray.

Second. In our office we receive ten to twenty letters a day which can not possibly be answered on account of insufficient or incorrect addresses. We take a try on some of these letters but feel pretty sure that most of them help to swell the accumulation of 13,000,000 letters which are yearly received by the Dead Letter Office in Washington. Some of these letters give no address; some are not signed. Of course these can not be answered unless the sender writes a second time.

Third. Many people write their letters very carefully and legibly and then scribble their names and addresses in a way that makes deciphering absolutely impossible. If a person has an unusual name, or lives in a town with an unusual name, this name should be printed.

Fourth. Were it not for the large amount of business stationery used, we would largely increase the Dead Letter file in our office.

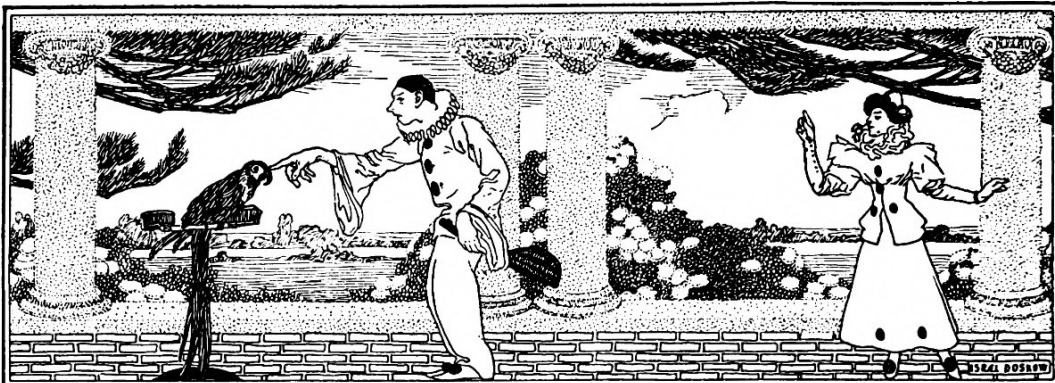
Fifth. Many coupons cut from advertisements are received by us with not a line on them. Money is almost always enclosed; often a considerable sum. In such a case, of course, we are branded as dishonest because we do not reply.

Sixth. We are constantly receiving letters purporting to be the fourth or fifth written by the sender, complaining that we have not answered previous letters. Our files often show that three or four letters have been written, but not one containing a complete address.

Let us suggest that in ordering by mail our subscribers be sure, first, to sign their names very carefully; second, to see that somewhere on the letter the address is written very plainly—street and number, city or town, and county and state. It is, as a rule, a safe practise to mail currency if the amount is not more than two or three dollars. Five dollars or over should be sent either in check, mail or express order. If you do not receive an acknowledgment promptly, write to the advertiser again. If no response is made to that, write to us.

By using a little care in these matters you will save yourself as well as the advertisers and publishers a great deal of trouble and anxiety.

ADVERTISING EDITOR.



POINT & PLEASANTRY

Why She Returned

MRS. JOHNSON had gone away from home, leaving Mr. Johnson disconsolate. On arriving at her destination, she missed her gold lace pin, and wrote her servant, asking the girl to let her know if she found anything on the dining-room floor.

The servant wrote as follows: "When sweeping the dining-room floor this morning, I found thirty matches, four corks and a pack of cards."—M. R. LYON, JR.

People Are Different

CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY, driving through the Tennessee mountains, once broke one of the shafts of his buggy. A small colored boy came riding by on a mule. The justice hailed him. "Here, my boy," he said, "can you help me fix my buggy?" "Sure, boss," answered the boy, and cutting a hickory withe, he soon fixed the shaft so that it was quite serviceable. "Well, well," said the learned judge, "now why could n't I have done that?" "I dunno, Boss," replied his "first aid," "unless some folks knows more than others."—W. P. BOWMAN.

Driven by Hunger to Desperation

MRS. MODE had just returned home from the country, to discover her previously well-stocked wardrobe empty. "Good gracious, Herbert," she cried to her husband, "where are all my clothes? And what in the world is that big black patch out on the lawn?" "Nelly," he replied mournfully, "after I had starved for two whole days, you wrote me that the key of the pantry was in the pocket of your bolero. Well, I don't know a bolero from a box-plaited ruffie, and I was desperate, so I took all the things out on the lawn and burned them. Then I found the key among the ashes."—NELLY GODFREY.

Don't Mention It

THE politest man in Boston collided violently with another man on the street. The second man was angry. "My dear sir," said the polite one with a bow, "I don't know which of us is to blame for this encounter. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it."—R. M. SHIPMAN.

Postage Stamps

POSTAGE stamps constitute one of our national products which refuse to yield to civilizing influences. They have several bad habits of which they ought to be cured. In the first place, they do not rise in price with that airy ebullency for which our national products have become justly famous. They don't even fluctuate. Almost any professor of political economy will admit that this is a gross error. There ought to be seasons of the year when postage stamps fluctuate violently, so that the poor men could not afford them at all. In that way postage stamps would now and then provide an outlet for some ambitious soul to make his name forever revered by securing a corner in them, to say nothing of the smaller fry who could make handsome livings year in and year out by buying and selling stamps on margin.

Another difficulty is that one knows exactly what one is buying, for they can not be adulterated. Anything that is properly civilized ought to lend itself readily to adulteration.

Furthermore, the price of postage stamps does not yield readily to car shortages, strikes, tariffs, free coinage of silver, big sticks, political oratory, investigating committees, sectional jealousies or yellow journalism.

Our postage stamps have been altogether too conservative, and our leniency with them has almost reached the breaking point.—ELLIS O. JONES.

For these bits of "Point and Pleasantry" payment is made at the rate of TEN CENTS A WORD. Stories which have appeared in other publications are not eligible. 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 CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE RETURNED UNLESS STAMPED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED. Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

Going Back on His Colors

A HARVARD football player after the recent unfortunate encounter with Yale thought he would escape the public eye by cutting across the fields. A big bull, which looked as if it could do good work in a mass play, bobbed up and cast an evil eye upon the jersey of Harvard crimson.

"Why did n't I take my father's advice," the young man reflected, "and go to Yale! This is no place for a Harvard man."—H. I. HINTON.

Rather Disconcerting

"MAMMA," said little Ethel, with a discouraged look on her face, "I ain't going to school any more."

"Why, my dearie, what's the matter?" the mother gently inquired.

"Cause it ain't no use at all. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words on me all the time."—R. M. WINANS.

One Way of Dressing a Wife

I WROTE a poem to Lily's eyes—
That's now my wife's fall hat;
Another one to Cora's smile—
A dress she made of that.
My wife is named Maria Ann—
I'm fond of her, O, yes!
But can't turn out a verse to her
That's suitable for dress.

Now, as she has a need for clothes,
For stockings, hats and shoes,
She quite agrees with me that there
Is not much time to lose:
So down I sit and write all day
To Maud's and Fanny's curls;
And that's the way I dress my wife—
On verse to other girls.

—WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK.

The Great, Wide World

AN old dweller in the hills of Arkansas who had lived all his life in one township recently took a trip to Little Rock, forty miles away, and was full of his subject on his return.

"Y jing!" said he, in voicing his impressions, "if this hyar world's as big crossways as hit is f'm hyar to Little Rock hit's shore a whopper!"—LOUIS SCHNEIDER.

A Real Hustler

LADY, (to applicant): "Yes, I advertised for a maid-of-all-work. Are you an early riser?"

Applicant: "Indade, an Oi am, mum. At me lasht place Oi was up an' had breakfast ready an' the dishes washed an' put away an' all the beds made before anybody else in the house was up."

Starting It Too High

IT was in the days before church organs and choirs and Deacon Dorsey volunteered to lead the singing of an old hymn. He started out very well: "My soul, be on thy guard—ten thou—" and he stopped, unable to go any further because he had such a high pitch. He started over again, "My soul, be on thy guard—ten thou—" and once more he stopped, this time pitched so low that he could not proceed.

"Say, Brother Dorsey," said one of the congregation, "had n't you better start it with five thousand?"

—CHARLES J. STEVENSON.

Noses

[Continued from page 149]

opening and forward projection of the nostrils, with corresponding increase of the length of the nose and its prominence above the face, has kept steady, parallel pace with brain development. This has afforded, unquestionably, the rational basis for the epithets, "snub-nosed" or "pug-nosed," as terms of reproach, for there can be no question that this type of nose is overwhelmingly characteristic of primitive, low-grade races, however far it may be from indicating such standards in individual cases. A traveler in South Africa, some years ago, graphically described the nostrils of his Bushman gun-bearer as "perfect caverns, literal tunnels in the face, through which it seemed as if you could look through to the back of his head."

The peculiar shape of the nose and direction of its openings, which is usual in infancy, and the remarkable series of changes in both which take place during childhood and growth, are not merely of scientific or physiognomic interest, but have important practical bearings as well. In the first place, on account of the openness and forward direction of the nostrils and the shortness of the nasal passages in infants and very young children, they are decidedly more susceptible to the attack of irritating matters in the air, with their corresponding inflammations, blockings and fever. In other words, as we say, they "catch cold very easily." These "colds," like the vast majority of such at all ages of life, come not from fresh, pure, cold air, but from hot, foul, stuffy, infected air, and a baby may breathe not only with impunity, but with great benefit, the outdoor air at any temperature above 15 degrees above zero, providing that his little body and limbs are well wrapped up so as to prevent loss of heat. Colds and snuffles of all sorts—though a small percentage may be due to a congenital infection—are quite an important factor in the early infantile death-rate, partly on account of the shortness, straightness and unprotected openings of the nostrils, and partly because the moment these latter become blocked, the poor little tots are unable to nurse properly. A mere attack of snuffles or cold in the head is often the last straw which turns the scale against some feeble infant in its struggle to survive.

The Evil Effects of Adenoids

Obstruction of the nose is a serious matter, not merely in infancy, but all through childhood and growth; though, curiously enough, its most injurious effects are exerted, not upon the nose and nasal passages, but upon its sister-cavity, the mouth, with the teeth. Far the commonest cause of it is the now well-known adenoids, or soft lymphoid growth at the back of the nasal passages in the roof of the pharynx. When breathing through the nose has been made so thoroughly uncomfortable as to be almost impossible, the child as a last resort drops its mouth open and breathes in the old, ancestral fish fashion. This promptly results in the arrest of the nose as a breathing organ, the arching up of the roof of the mouth into the floor of the nose, the contraction of the arch of the upper jaw with crowding and overlapping of its contained teeth and a whole Pandora's box of associated evils. The inflammation spreads from the obstructed pharynx up the Eustachian tube with consequent earache and deafness. The drawing of dry, often dusty air in through the mouth dries and irritates the delicate tongue and lining of the lips and cheeks, to relieve which, it is strongly suspected, young children get into the habit of sucking thumbs, biting lips, mumbling objects in their mouths, and thus a whole train of nasal, dental and mental defects and bad habits are set in motion.

Oddly enough, this obstruction exercises relatively little influence upon the general size and shape of the nose itself, which goes on developing to its full height and length. It does markedly affect the breadth and the development of the so-called wings of the nose, or sides of the nostrils. Mouth-breathers have not only an open mouth, a hanging jaw and a thickened lower lip, but a narrow, pinched, small-nostrilled nose. This defect is often never completely overcome, even when nose breathing has been restored. The majority of pug noses look almost directly downward, and their apparent shortness is largely due to expansion of their tip.

The actual difference in size and length between individual noses in civilized races is very much less than we usually imagine. In fact, you will be surprised if you will take the trouble to notice carefully how large a proportion of the individuals usually described as having pug, snub, short or thick noses have really large, long, well-developed noses which happen to be unusually broad at the wings and fleshy at the tip. This impression of snubness or shortness is also greatly heightened if a nose, however large and long, happens to be slightly dented or concave somewhere between the bridge and the tip. On the other hand, a nose which is both short, small and broad in proportion to its length will escape altogether the approach of snubness if its bridge happens to be well arched or curved. By a crude generalization, born probably of centuries of rather loosely connected experience, we have come to prefer instinctively the long, high nose, either perfectly straight, or convex, "well arched," as we call it, to all others, and to set down as snub, coarse, low, or inferior nearly all types of noses which do not happen to measure up to this standard.

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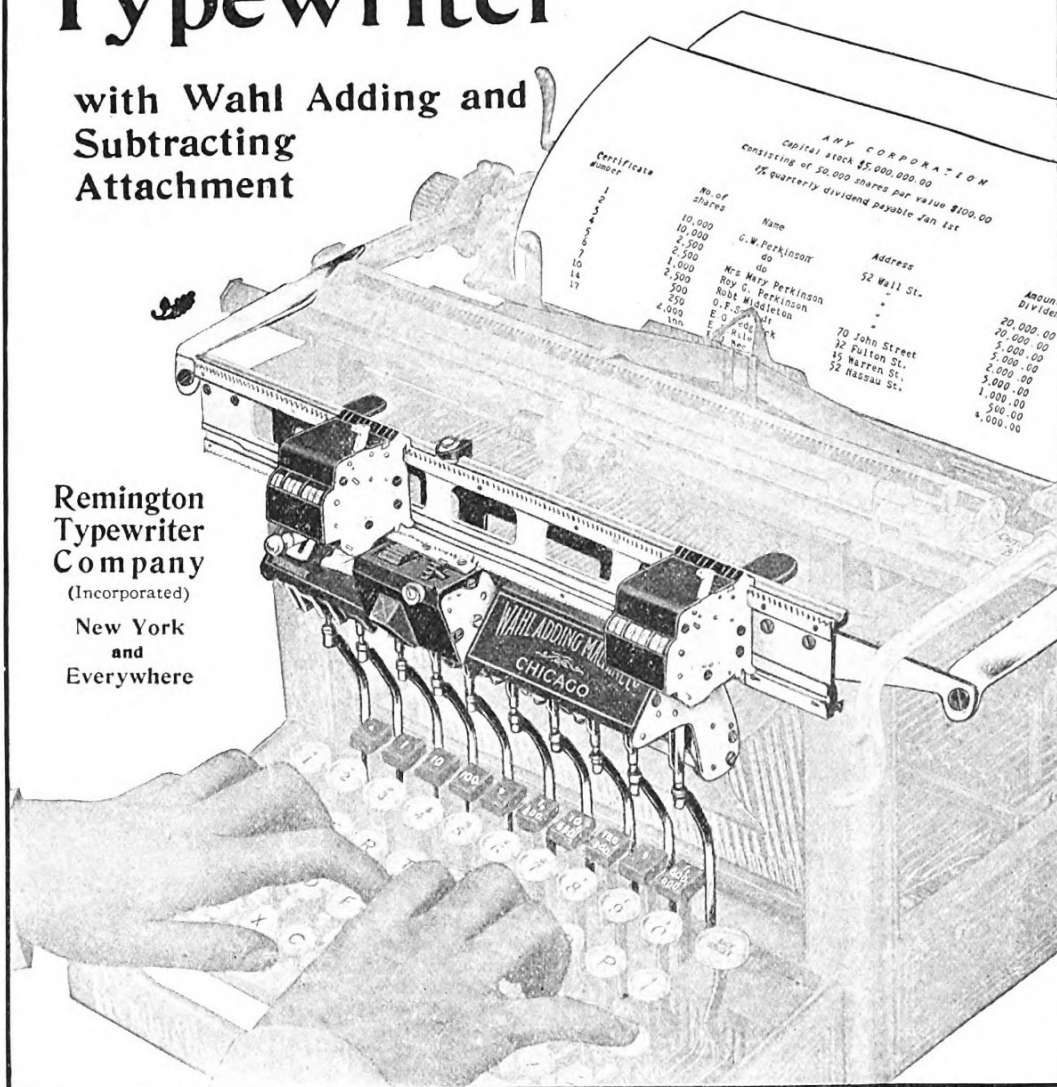
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English Rugby Football

[Continued from page 154]

In photograph F (Anglo-Welsh vs. Australia), the scrum half-back, having secured the ball from his forward, is about to pass it to his stand-off half-back. Note that the stand-off half (white jersey) has started to run before taking the ball. When about to be checked he will pass to the three-quarter (3).

Photograph G illustrates the passing of the Oxford three-quarter backs. From this you see how much the ball is in plain view. The passing (never forward) is long and must be accurate, even though much of it is done on the dead run. The catching must be sure, or an opposing player may have a clear field for a try. An "open play" in the match between Oxford and Richmond is shown in photograph H. Here the Oxford stand-off half-back received the ball from his scrum half and is breaking away for a run. Observe how the ball is carried. It must always be in position to be quickly passed to a team-mate, should the runner see danger of being checked. In photograph I (England vs. Scotland) the stand-off half-back is running into "touch" as a defensive measure. His side will have the privilege of throwing the ball in at the line-out.

Rapid and Accurate Passing

It is difficult to convey any adequate idea of the thrill and delight which a fast set of backs "in the loose" gives one so fortunate as to witness a Varsity Rugby match. This, patriotic reader, is not Anglomania. It is pure love of sport. In our intercollegiate football there is simply nothing like it. If one could imagine the Yale line holding, the Harvard end "boxed," and the Yale half-backs and the full-back strung out to one side, the quarter-back making long pass to the left half-back, he running some distance toward the corner of the field, then passing surely to the right half-back, he making a fine run, passing accurately to the full-back, and the full-back getting by the Harvard team for a touchdown, well, that would be something like it. But it could not happen, because if the Harvard end were "boxed" there would be the Crimson "secondary defense" to break up the play.

Take a double-pass play at home, with a long run across field by one of the backs. He is usually thrown for little or no gain. And in Rugby, mind you, the runner is not protected by "interference." No team-mate may "interfere" for him, under penalty of a free kick for the opposing side.

A few times a season an American college eleven will get away with a long forward pass. Trusting to the god of chance, the quarter-back hurls the pigskin some distance beyond the rush-line, and one of his own men happens to be on the spot to catch the ball. He makes a fine gain, or perhaps scores a touchdown. But this is usually against an inferior team. Nothing like it happened in the Harvard-Yale game. Just one forward pass worked, and Yale gained only four yards on it! With this, Philbin's run and two inside kicks, netting Harvard and Yale thirty yards apiece, the story of "open play" is told.

Tackling at Home and Abroad

Mr. Walter Camp, sometimes called the "father of college football," if correctly quoted in the news despatches, has opined that there is no difference between the style of tackling in American football and in English Rugby. There is this difference: they are not alike at all. At home a player is coached to "tackle low." He dives for the runner and grabs him by

the legs below the knee. Try this with an innocent lead-pencil poised over your paper. Tap it gently, not far above the point, and see how beautifully it topples over on its rubber top. A runner, when tackled below the knees, topples over just as surely—even though he be a 180-pound half-back tackled by a 125-pound quarter. As he has not so much as a rubber top (not as a rule), there is mighty little give when his human frame caresses Mother Earth, particularly if the old lady is nearly frozen stiff. Lilley, Yale's "pillar of strength" at right tackle, is competent to testify on this count. Such fierce tackling is the rule because in our game the runner almost never passes the ball to a team-mate. He can't get at it, for you see he has to tuck it securely under his arm or an opponent may steal it—another feature of our football which surprises the English. The writer has witnessed a great many games of intercollegiate football in the hope of seeing the

unexpected, and not once has he seen a runner pass the ball when about to be downed. The tackler, therefore, does not bother his head about the ball. His one idea is to lay the runner low in his tracks and prevent the loss of another yard.

Passing from back to back is the rule in Rugby. The ball, as pointed out, is carried so it can be readily passed. Hence the man who checks (tackles) must not stop the runner, but he must "smother" the ball to prevent a pass. If Mr. Camp, the Speaker Cannon of the rules' committee, should chance to see this article, he will possibly note the difference in Rugby and American tackling as illustrated in photograph J. This picture was snapped in the International match of England vs. Scotland. An Engländer is running with the ball, and a Scottish player is about to check him. Mr. Scot has his eye on the ball and his arms are about to encircle Mr. John Bull and the coveted pigskin at one and the same time. Mr. Scot is not at all interested in Mr. John Bull's legs below the knee. If Mr. Scot had

been playing for Yale and had made such an "atrocious tackle," Mr. Camp would probably have ordered him to the side-lines. The only exception to the prevailing form of Rugby checking occurs when a wing three-quarter is running with the ball. Being out to one side, there is usually no one to whom he can pass, and he is therefore tackled by an opponent without regard to the ball. But even so it is not as "low" as our tackling and never so "fierce."

Your English Rugby player is a different type from the American "gridiron hero." He is lithe, sinewy, a rangy athlete, and not the man of beef our football has brought to the fore—the type which the ready-made clothier delights to portray in the advertising pages of the magazines. Oftentimes we recruit our football material in warehouse and boiler-factory; plant these giants in a Princeton, Pennsylvania, Yale or Harvard prep. school, and transplant them to the university as soon as they can be coached to pass their exams. This is not done for pure love of uplifting humanity. Beef is needed in the rush-line.

Speed, not beef, is the primary requisite in English Rugby. Pace is absolutely necessary, but there are other requirements as well. The essential qualifications of the forwards, in the order of importance, are these:

1. Cleverness with the feet.
 2. Weight.
 3. Pace.
- Forwards must be clever with their feet in order to heel the ball out to their scrum half-back, and also to control it when dribbling. But at the same time there must be enough weight in the scrum



PHOTOGRAPH G—Passing from one Oxford three-quarter back to another. Note how much the ball is in plain view. The real "open game."



PHOTOGRAPH H—Oxford vs. Richmond. Oxford stand-off half-back, having received the ball for the "scrum" half, is breaking away for a run. More "open play."



PHOTOGRAPH I—England vs. Scotland, international match. The Scottish stand-off half-back is running into "touch" (out of bounds) as a defensive measure.



PHOTOGRAPH J—Mr. Scot about to "smother" Mr. John Bull (and the ball) to "check" the runner and, at the same time, prevent a pass. Quite different from the low tackling in our game.

to push the opposing forwards back and prevent them from getting over the ball. The eight forwards should weigh, on an average, 175 to 180 pounds; they need not be heavier. The best English forward of recent years weighed only 176 pounds. There must be at least three fast men in the scrum because the forwards are required to "go around scrum" and smother the man carrying the ball. The cleverest Oxford "pack" since 1902 had three men each under 150 pounds. Quickness and agility are important characteristics in the scrum. Every man of the New Zealand "fifteen," the greatest team ever seen in England, could run the hundred under eleven seconds; yet two of them weighed over 224 pounds. And, mark you, seven Oxford forwards got the better of the eight men in the Cambridge scrum!

The Backs Need Speed, Not Weight

Weight does not count at all with half-backs. The scrum half must be quick and cunning, quick in passing to the stand-off half, and cunning in feinting to pass and then running between the scrum and the opposing back if he finds he is not being carefully watched. The stand-off half-back is as important a man as any player in Rugby. He is the link between the scrum and the three-quarter backs. He makes the game for the three-quarters. And he has to do this without any bore-some signals. The stand-off half must determine the play on the instant he gets the ball out of scrum. This he frequently does by starting quickly with the ball himself. Then the three-quarter backs, taking the direction from him, keep pace with their stand-off half—maintaining a proper distance—and are ready, at all times, to receive a pass and continue the run with the ball.

Pace, strength, ability to tackle, and "good hands"—these are the requirements of a classy center three-quarter back. For the wing three-quarter, great pace and good hands are especially demanded. (By good hands, of course, is meant mastery of the art of passing and receiving the ball). And the greatest of these is pace. "Teddy" Morgan, who gained a reputation as a wing three-quarter never equalled in all England, weighed 133 pounds, but he was wonderfully fast.

The full-back must be cool, fearless and a "long kick." In his punting, which calls for excellent direction, he must be prepared to kick as well with one foot as with the other. He must also be a sure tackler.

And for the entire "fifteen," accurate passing and sure catching are a *sine qua non*. In this regard, there is nothing in American football to equal the machine-like perfection of stand-off half and three-quarter backs.

The strategy of the coaches, so important in our football, is not a factor in Rugby. The men are sent on the field to play any game—not a game which some expert has evolved in his own brain. Each man determines things for himself, and by seizing every opportunity as it occurs in the match, plays the game for all there is in it, to the top notch of his ability and with every ounce of stamina. This he does as the part of a perfect machine, in which he is of no more consequence than the next man, save as chance brings him into prominence. A good player must be blessed with imagination whereby he sees and grasps opportunities. He must also have the requisite intelligence to communicate his ideas instantly to his nearest team-mate and to receive ideas from the next man with equal celerity. All this makes for the highest order of team play. And team play makes Rugby the game of football games.

Their "Spectacle" Can Not Compare with Ours

But what about the spectacle? "There were quite twelve thousand spectators at Queen's Club, West Kensington," reported the London Times, "to witness the annual inter-Varsity 'Rugger' match." Perhaps a third of this number were in the stands, while the remainder stood up on the terraces surrounding the field of play. When the teams appeared, there was quite a bit of hand-clapping but no "roar of enthusiasm." Throughout the match good plays were applauded with seeming impartiality, and occasionally a voice would cry in accents mild, "Well played, Oxford!" "Well played, Cambridge!" "Well played, old chap!" There was no cheering in unison; no "American cheering" at all. At no time did the volume of sound exceed what would be expected if two of our correspondence schools met on the stenographic field in friendly rivalry. Yet the ultra-conservative London Times made bold to say in its report:

"As usual, enthusiasm ran riot at times. Only when one has sat or stood beside an Oxford or Cambridge partisan at this match can he form any idea of what continuous exertion the human throat is really capable of."

And the exclamation point is from the Times font. In the vernacular—it is to laugh! As a spectacle, it was as dismal as the "queen's mist" which hung over the field like a wet blanket.

What a contrast at the Harvard Stadium! That was a spectacle! The roar was like a tornado which greeted the players when they ran on the field, blanketed like so many thoroughbreds; the concerted cheering on either side, with cheer-leaders working like dynamic demons; the spirited singing, "Score for Yale!" and Harvard's "On to Victory!" (which was not in key with events). And when the game ends the sight of hundreds of Yale undergrads, headed by the college band, romping across the field in the snake-dance,



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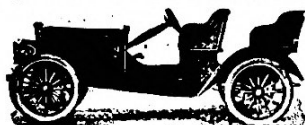
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charging like an army of wild men between the goal posts, and over the bars tossing derbies, soft hats and caps in utter abandon. Certainly in the Harvard Stadium "enthusiasm ran riot" after the game. And thousands of good folk—three times the number present at the Queen's Club and more—look on, keen-eyed and happy, and enjoy the fun of the frolicsome youth. What a spectacle! A spectacle worth traveling miles to witness.

But what is it all about? Why, Yale has beaten Harvard, you blockhead! Beaten Harvard at what? Why, in the great game of the year. Oh yes, we have seen a game—but let's not talk of that; let's talk about the spectacle. And, say, let's have a drink, something to stir the blood and set the nerves a-tingling. Really, this is a great occasion!

"No side" was called at the Queen's Club not long after four o'clock, or in good time for tea. With glad-some faces and vocal chords in perfect order, members, with their friends, and the Cambridge Touch Judge in his white spats, all walk briskly to the club-house for a cup of tea. Tea is well brewed in England, and it is just what one wants, and all that one wants, after watching a well-played Varsity match.

BABY GRAND

[Continued from page 147]

"Of course every day some fool on the crew ast the other fools what we go'n' to do with her, but there was always some other fool, mostly me, to answer: 'Wait. She ain't well. When she gets well—'

"Wally, who was a sort of a bad sea-lawyer, he says we'll all sure be arrested and jugged for enticing a minor, et cetera, and what would her people think, and the Government, and the public, if it knew."

"The public be damned," says I, "and it don't know—and it won't—if you u'ns keep your heads shut."

"There was only one room in the house—and that was her'n. The outside was mine. She hinted after the clothes come that for a few days she would like to be alone, and I let her be—sending the things to cook through the kitchen window. Such cooking! I use' to do better when I was three years old—and I was afraid that she'd die of self-poison before she raised the quarantine. It was a close shave, I expect, for when she let me in, she was pale and tired, but dressed to kill. If I'd tell you what she'd made out of them bum clothes Ben Cox stuck us with, you'd play your harp and call me a liar.

"She had on a thing with a long tail to it thin enough to blow away, and all that half peck of bum jewelry—head, ears, nose—no, not nose—neck, arms, fingers, toes for what I know—though they was covered with the red slippers. I marks that she looks like a bride, and she laughs and makes like she'd hug me—and then regrets it.

III—PEACE—AND COURT PLASTER

"AFTER that she was one of the crew—or mebbly I'd better say the whole crew. Once in a while she'd do her watch with one of the boys, only I felt funny here inside when she done it with any one but me, and though no one seemed to know her lingo, she got along in a way with her fingers and the old Bible.

"When she'd walk my beat with me she'd hang onto my arm and hop over the wet places like a dam' sand-snipe or a little toad—just as I've seen Americans do. A regular up-to-date kid!

"Wally kep' up that talk about us harboring a minor against the law, and I says:

"She's happy here, ain't she?"

"So's a lunatic 'at don't know!"

"Lunatic!" says I. "You'll take that back!" and I wades in to see to it.

But the boys stops me that time.

"One night Bilge Pharo says to me:

"Sleep, ain't she?" p'inting to the house.

"You bet," says I. "No Baby Grand is going to be up at the midnight watch in my house!"

"Don't be so stuck on that!" says Harper Hills. "I got a house too. And I don't see why she was n't taken there!"

"Because I'm your captain, dam' you!" says I.

"That's right, boys," says Wally. "Cap'n Jim's got the first right to her."

"Not on your life!" says Sam Bray, slamming his pipe, ferocious, into the stove.

"Look here," says I, "do you fellows think that dago girl, or whatever she is, is yearning for any of you?"

"About six of the eight jumps up and says:

"Yes!"

"They didn't stop me that time, Lunk."

I let him quietly enjoy, over again, this fight against his equals—ten to one! He laughed a bit, and went on presently:

"Well, Lunk, there was a fight then and there in the U. S. L. S. and, as usual, I didn't git left, though the stove was broke open and the place afire by the time we was done.

"Say, boys," says Farley Price, who had two drooping eyes in the finish, and who was brought up to the ministry before he joined, "there's just one way to settle this. It's not decent, this here keeping that

There is no talk about the "crowd." What might have been spoken of by the London Times as a "most extraordinary spectacle" is not referred to. What one hears is this: "Rather one-sided but well played" "Indifferent form, that of the Light Blue" "Seven Oxford forwards more than held their own against the Cambridge scrum" "Light Blue forwards did some capital word in the loose, but they lacked the weight, dash and devil of the nineteen-eight pack" "Cambridge half-backs were beaten nine times out of ten" "Ball traveled like a flash from one Oxonian to another" "Movement almost machine-like, was n't it?" "Great day for Poulton" "You know he was selected to play only at the last moment" "Thought he was n't good enough" "Game will always be remembered as the Old Rug match" "No doubt as to Poulton's greatness" "His English cap is assured" "Sugar for my tea, if you please."

Yes, that was a great game at the Queen's Club. Indeed, that was a wonderful spectacle at the Harvard Stadium.

You pays your money, and you takes your choice—leastwise you oughter.

young thing hid among ten men. Some one's got to marry her!

"Sure." They all yells.

"Mebby you'd better ast the lady's advice," says I.

"Sure!" they all agrees again.

"And," says Farley, "we got to agree that the man she accepts is it, and all of us got to be friendly. This here disturbance in the U. S. L. S. is shameful. I admit that Captain Jim has the call! Let us have peace—and some court plaster."

"Correct," says all the dead and wounded.

"Well, I was n't afraid of that game no more than any other I've been in. 'All right,' says I, 'I'll go you's all, though I sort o' think that I'll tend to the marryin' and givin' in marriage of BabyGrand myself.'

"Looking around upon the carnage, I says: 'Funny, seems like I'd won out and don't need to agree to nothin'. But I do—not on account of any of you dead and wounded, but on account of the lady. I don't take advantage of no woman. If she likes any of you better 'n me when she's looked you over aside of me—she's your'n and you're her'n. Come along and have another try with Baby Grand as umpire' if you're not satisfied.

"Square, boys!" says Bilge, my worst rival, 'Yere's my hand, Jim, somewhat broke in the wrestle, but friendly, win or lose!'

"And all the rest does the same.

"So we hikes up to the house and pounds till we wakes her up gentle. The Baby Grand is surprised, but we plays fair. All sets around and I gets the Bible and hunts out that there yarn about Ruth. 'Whither thou goest I will go. Thy people shall be my people,' and so on, and marks the whole thing. But she don't understand. Then I hunts out the letters for:

"Marry—one—of—us?"

"She understands that, all right, like women is made to understand it, and she's scared for five or six minutes, looking us ail over careful. Then she underlines, trembling:

"Must I?"

"I showed it to 'em and they all nods.

"No—other—way?" she scratches ag'in.

"And we all nods.

"Well, it's pitiful—that little thing trapped among us all. But I knew that if I didn't take her one of the others would.

"Mebby you think, like Farley, Lunk, that it was n't right. But where'd she gone to if we'd turned her loose? What do you suppose she'd done for a living with them little hands and feet? She's a regular baby—and a foreign one—a stranger into a strange land. Why, say, she'd either died of homesickness for us, or fell into the clutches of one of them white-slavers. Why, Lunk, she'd mislaid her mind so entirely on that night that she was beginning all over again. And I tell you, she was happy with us. No one was ever happier."

I gently intimated to Captain Jim that he need not defend his course to me. I went so far as to intimate that I should have done precisely as he did.

"Besides," he went on, in utter ignorance of my encouragement, "she was that thing I always wanted and forgot about. Lunk, I played fair, before the Lord, I did!" I said again that I had no doubt of it.

"But she had," mourned Jim, returning to the course of his narrative.

"Which?" I marks.

"She looks us all over for the last time, then comes and puts her hand in mine.

"To-morrow at ten, gents," I says, 'good night.'

"Well, they're game—the boys were just as game as when they're putting the boat through the surf. And they all walked up to the captain's office and shook hands and wished us both happiness.

"I'll get the preacher," says Wally.

"They's only a colored one," says Pete.

"Don't bother about the shade," laughs I.

"I'll bake the cake," adds Farley, and Ben says

he'll gather flowers and vines and decorate the premises.

"And we could see 'em, busy all night at the station, cooking and baking and making festoons and garlands of mallows and bayberry and marsh roses.

"And say, Lunk, that there sure looked good to me!

"But when they're gone, Baby Grand begins to cry, just like she's American, and presently scratches:

"Wait?"

"Git—the—laugh!" I answers:

"What is that?" she underlines.

"It took the rest of the night to explain. She was weakening.

"Ain't I been pretty good to you?"

"Yes," she nods.

"Don't you trust me?"

"Yes," she nods again.

"Don't you think I can keep on being kind to you?"

"Yes."

"Then—why?"

"Do—not—know," she scratches.

"Daylight," says I, pointing out of the window. She nodded. It had taken us that long to say that little. "Ten o'clock," I ends—for that's the way to do with women. If you let 'em argue they'll chase you all over the world and back, and begin again. What they want is a captain!

"Well, it come off according to schedule, the Reverend Micah Bell, colored, officiating, and Wally acting as worst man—without his jealousy. The crew in their white uniforms.

"Baby Grand was dressed in that thin white thing, with a crown of white mallows on her head, all the bum jewelry on her hands and feet and arms and neck—no, not on her feet. The red slippers was there—about as long as my hand, Lunk. And the little house down there looked like it had been growing flowers on the inside all its life! I can smell the bayberry yet!

"But, Lunk, the surprise of the whole thing was the Baby Grand herself! Gay as a lark, Lunk! And I had thought I was forcing her to marry me against her will!

"Why, Lunk, she kissed me right in the middle of these here whiskers the Government wants me to mow! And say, Lunk, she would n't kiss the rest of 'em—simply would n't—though I nearly licked her to make her do it!

"One—man—woman," laughs she, in the best English she had at that time! One man's woman," repeated Jim.

And he fell silent with that morsel under his tongue! I knew that this was the perihelion of his narrow little life, and that at seventy it was still sweet on his lips and in his honest soul! All the years, perhaps, that thought had made melody in his life! One man's woman! And that one man was himself!

"You see," went on Jim presently, "she was born on that night. I helped at her birthing. She had never had anything to do with another man. Oh, afterward, yes! But *that* life—the one she lived here, was mine—and no one else's!"

Another silence, and then:

"And there were five years between that and this. Dam' happy ones!"

He pointed, respectively, to the little house and the flower-crowned hill.

"She soon learns a little English—the funniest you ever heard! I'd mark the word in Spanish and English, and make the sound and point to the thing if it was about, and she'd imitate. And it was mighty bully. After that, when we walked my beat together, it was different—and better, Lunk. It was arms all round! Say, Lunk, I'm fond of you. As fond as I ever was of a lubber. You're smart, but you lie about it and make people think you ain't. I wish you happiness, and the best'd be just what I had here them five years: this little island—her—nothing else!"

And I let Captain Jim duly enjoy this exquisite retrospect! After all, he had his heart's desire! Then again he went on—not joyously now:

"Then, one night, I hears a shriek in my sleep. Well, I've heard them—often dreamed them too, when there was a storm surf. And there was one that night. When I woke, a candle was on the shelf over the bed, and Baby Grand had me by the throat with both hands, and was staring into my face and pushing her knees into my chest.

"What I do here?" she was yelling. "Where my hosban? You kill him! I kill you!"

"Say, Lunk, that there was a different Baby Grand! The fearful eyes—the little clutching, stabbing hands. You'd never believed that Baby Grand could turn into that. It was like another had been born—like that other night!

"You have touch me—devil! You have defile me! See! Holy Virgin! I am in your bed!"

"And, Lunk, such sobs you never heard—never letting go my throat. Such prayers—for mercy—for vengeance—for restoration to some one! Then she beats my face—battered it like iron with those little fists—you'd never think she could—till I was blind and bloody—crazy.

"What you hafe done with him? Tell me—I will not kill you till you do—then you must die—you demon—defiler. With me was he last night—he went—in the great wind—water—He said, 'wait, I will come back for you!' I wait—and now—I am here—devil—devil—devil!"

"She started to pound me again, but the wind rose

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in a sudden, piercing shriek, and she stopped to listen. "Yes," she shrieked back, then, in answer. "Pasquale! I wait—"

"She turned to look again at me:

"No! I come! Wait you?"

"She turned again upon me.

"First I must kill him who touched me!"

"Then comes a terrific shriek of the wind through the ports in the watch-tower, and she does not stop to kill me, but just floats out of the house before I understand that her memory has come back and is lost before the crew can get into their clothes—and you know how quick they can do that—and we hear that 'Pasquale!' twice.

"We patrol the beach and the surf for three days, but we get nothing. Then she came ashore—and we put her there. I plant the flowers and keeps them wet. I suppose he is here under us—the other man. The boys promise to put me with her on the quiet, when I go out. I'd like to be about and see what's going on. And mebbly, if we're so close afterward, she'll tell me more about it. I'd like to know. And the boys says they want me near 'em in case of trouble. They give me a pension for two years, but I expect that'll be about enough for me. I'm rather crazy to meet the Baby Grand ag'in, under the hill. Mebbly I'll get that chance to explain that I didn't do that. I did not know about the other man—and she didn't. She's got to understand that."

Silence.

"She may be sorry by now. I dunno."

"I think she is," said I.

Our silence continued until Jim's pipe went dry. Then he said, more to something else than to me:

"Wonder why I told you? Whether she—"

He looked away to the darkling hill.

"All right," he nodded. "She done it herself. Something's doing when she's so anxious to make me talk. I wonder what it is."

After another silence, he turned to me and said:

"Now, Lunk, you can go and forget it. I'll go and talk to her a bit."

This was my dismissal. I went without a word. And as I turned, a little way off I could see a dark figure slowly mounting the flower-crowned hill. I knew the questions Jim would be asking there, in a moment. I suppose he had been asking them for thirty-two years! They involved an honest man's honor—with the dead!

IV—CAPTAIN JIM'S LAST STUNT

THAT was two years ago, and quite as Captain Jim had foretold, two years were about enough. Though he was not with the Baby Grand under the hill, perhaps his questions are answered.

Last night I walked up the beach and stopped at the new station-house, and Captain Sam told me how it was. Captain Sam was young and looked smart in his uniform, but, withal, he was modest, as he should have been with the memory of Captain Jim as a predecessor. Indeed, in hands such as those of the new captain,

the reputation of Captain Jim will never be diminished.

"What bothered Cap'n Jim all his life," said Captain Sam, "was that she went away believing that he'd do such a thing to a woman!"

I said that was another woman—she who believed it.

"Cap'n Jim kept his word. He always done that.

He stood his watch, pulled his oar, put that new letter on his coat, kept his beard, and let me act as captain over him—which was mighty embarrassing at times. Well, his night come—to ast and answer her—about as thick as they say that 'n was when the *Almina* come ashore thirty-four year ago. Only it was *The Saint John* this time. Jim heard the guns and the hurry-up rockets and come a' running. I guess I was a little rattled. Nothing seemed to work right. We could not get a boat through, and had fired all but the last of our lines—none taking effect. Then Jim done his old swimming stunt. He run up the beach with a line in his teeth, and come down with the tide. I never knew another man who could do it. No one saw him after he got into the dark outside the line of our fire, but we soon knew that he had got there, for a line was running free from the fore mast, which still stood, to our shore-mast. And down they come in the breeches-buoy, three at a time—they was so scared—twenty-seven of 'em—the most we ever took off here. Every soul got ashore but Jim. He has not come yet. First mate admitted grabbing the line out of his mouth—you can bet he was weak after that swim—a man of seventy-two—instead of helping him aboard with it—he was so rattled. The twenty-seven left money for a monument for Jim. But we decided that he'd be mad if he should come and see a monument. The only monument Jim ever gave or would take was this here!"

Captain Sam held out a "helping" hand.

"If he ever comes ashore we'll shove him into that there hill with her, and say nothing. That's where he wanted to be. And you bet there'll be asting and answering under that hill to beat the band. Jim'll never rest till he makes her understand that he did not do it. And he'll show her in that funny little Bible he took along where it says, 'He that loveth and suffereth much, forgiveth much'; though I am not sure of the accuracy of Captain Sam's Scripture.

I said, rather inanely, that I was sorry. The tragedy of it all was deeply upon me.

"Sorry?" said Captain Sam. "Don't you be sorry for Jim. That's the way he'd a' wanted to go. But that's not where he wanted to stay—out there—where he can't find out nor tell nothin'. You kin be sorry for that there!"

I said sincerely that I was.

"What would you do with that there money the twenty-seven left?" asked Captain Sam.

I said, once more, invertebrately, that I did not know. He would know best.

"I think," he said musingly, "I'll plant some more flowers. I think I'll cover the whole dam' hill with 'em! That ought to tell her something!"

Though, I suppose, the money the twenty-seven left had nothing to do with that.

The Water in the Turbine

—By Lewis Worthington Smith

Rain while the eyes through the heavy night,
Half-blinded, search for the window light
Where, after the wet and the numbing chill,
Love's watchful care must be shining still,
Where flames the rosy fire.

RAIN! rain in the hills!

Till the flowers come out in the sun.

Rain till the lake in the mountains fills

And over its edge the freshness spills

And the spring-glad rivers run.

THE waters flow to the turbine ceaselessly day by day,

From cool dark deeps of the hillside, from pools where the
rushes sway.

The waters flow to the turbine; it gathers from near and far

The multiform powers of the tempest, of earth and of sun and star.

RAIN! rain on the slopes!

Where the cattle stand deep in the grass.

Rain till the soul of the black earth gropes

Through root and leaf to its summer hopes.

Rain till the wild things, bird and bee,

Lizard and squirrel on rock and tree,

With leap and flutter and panting cry,

With whisk of the tail and turn of the eye,

Thrill as the fresh winds pass.

THE waters bring to the turbine out of the heart of the hills

The beautiful glow of the city, passions and pleasures and wills

Throbbing and mingling and changing, swift as
the thrill of desire,

Strange with the infinite wonder of light on the
wings of the wire.

RAIN! rain on the snow!

When the winter dissolves in May.

When the tender hues of the buds uncloze,

The green of the leaves and the red of the rose,

And over it all and far away,

The clear deep blue where the white clouds stray,

And the warm wind comes and goes.

THE waters bring to the turbine ceaselessly day by day

The gleam of my lady's diamonds under the storm-borne ray,
Her dress in its silken shimmer, the warmth of her cheeks and eyes
Where, lit by the wire's far magic, the wild rose color flies.

RAIN! rain on the mouth!

When the fever burns like fire.

Rain with its coldness in heat and drouth,

Rain of kisses when winds breathe south.

Rain till the sweet earth stretches green

Where the maiden waits at her door un-
seen,

Her lips a rose for the heart's desire,

For love to touch with fire.

How to Be Popular

[Continued from page 167]

you seem bored when others are talking, they will lose interest in you.

It is not absolutely necessary to be a great talker in order to be popular, but it is necessary to be a good listener. I know a lady who is immensely popular, although she talks very little. It is a study to watch the changing expression upon her face caused by the play of thought as she listens.

If you will just make up your mind that there is something interesting in everyone you meet, and that you are going to find it, you will be surprised to see what facility of speech you will acquire.

Sour, cynical, fault-finding, sarcastic people often wonder why they are not popular, why people avoid them. It is simply because everybody likes to get into the sunlight, dislikes the dark, the gloom. We love harmony and hate discord, because we are built on the harmony, happiness principle. Discord is not native to our real selves.

The loss of popularity is often due to a complete change of mental attitude. It is only the positive creative qualities that attract. Worry, fear, discouragement and despondency are negative qualities. They are always and everywhere destructive and repellent. All forms of selfishness, all negative, abnormal qualities, such as gloom, despondency, melancholy, hatred, jealousy and envy, repel. On the other hand, love, kindness and all that is sweet, unselfish and beautiful, attract.

Parents and teachers should take great pains to encourage the development of social, agreeable, attractive qualities in children who seem to be naturally diffident, shy and timid, and who do not seem to possess any social qualities, because this training to be popular will change their whole future status in society.

One's success in life and capacity for enjoyment may depend upon this early training in popularity. It makes an immense difference to one whether he is so trained that he develops an attractive, interesting personality or a cold, repellent, unsocial one.

Tact is an imperative quality for the aspirant to popularity to cultivate. We all know how people with good hearts often hurt others by saying unkind things although with the best intentions. It is not enough to say the right word and to do the right thing, but it must be said and done at the right moment. If it is ill-timed—even a little too early or a little too late—its effect is lost. It is not enough to mean to be kind. The fact that you did not intend to hurt another does not heal the wound that tactlessness and thoughtlessness inflicted.

If people get the impression that you do not like to be disturbed, to be recognized in public, that you are on your dignity; if you have an exclusive, don't-touch-me sort of atmosphere, you will not get into their good graces. They may admire you for some special attainment, some particular thing you have accomplished, but it will be from a distance, as they would admire a mountain or an iceberg. They will not love you.

It is of very great importance to the aspirant to popularity to remember names and faces. James G. Blaine owed a great deal to this faculty. People were surprised, when meeting him after a lapse of years, to hear him recall trivial circumstances in connection with their former meeting. Mr. Blaine laid great stress on the ability not only to remember names and faces, but pleasant incidents.

If your memory of personalities is poor, you will find the late Thomas B. Reed's plan wonderfully helpful. Mr. Reed said that he never looked at a man without noticing some peculiarity or some striking thing in his appearance which would help to recall him—which would fix him indelibly in his memory—a line, a wrinkle, the expression of the eye, the curve of the lips, the shape of the nose—something in that particular person's face or manner that impressed itself indelibly on his mind, and which distinguished him ever after from the rest of mankind.

We constantly hear people in society apologize for their poor memory of names and faces. They say that they never could remember them, but this is usually mostly due to the lack of taking pains, lack of interest. There are some faces and some names we never forget, simply because we were particularly attracted to the persons at the first meeting by some striking affinity between them and ourselves. This shows that attraction is largely a question of a real interest in the person we meet. People who have poor memories for names and faces do not observe closely. They do not get a distinct mental image of the face and expression of the person they meet, do not study the face and personality and make an effort to remember them. They do not focus their minds upon the face and figure with the intention and expectation of getting a distinct impression that will remain. They simply bow or shake hands with the stranger in a perfunctory, mechanical way and go away with no positive image of either his name or personality, and perhaps ten minutes after the meeting, they could not recall anything about the person they have just been talking with.

When you are introduced to a person, try to get not only a clean-cut impression of the face by scanning it

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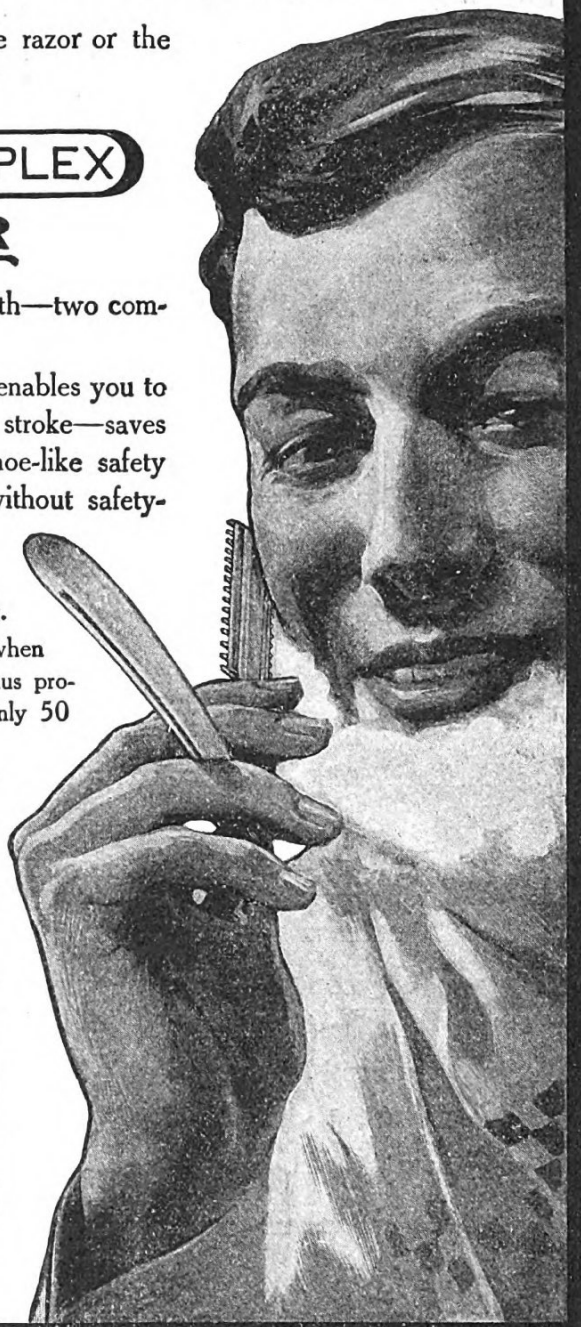
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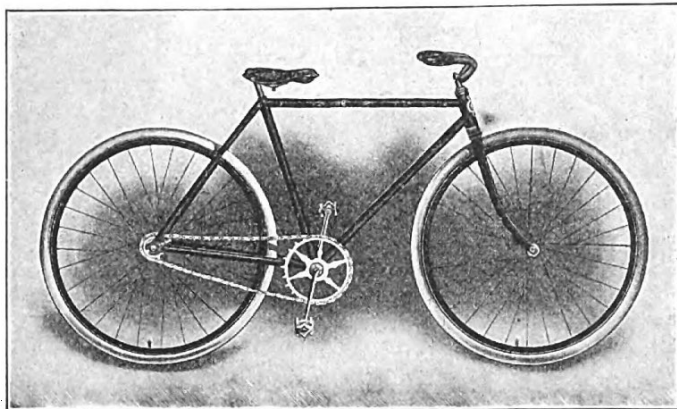
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To-morrow**

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8 Mar.
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Dear "Bicycle Man":
Please tell me all about
your great bicycle offer
and send necessary outfit
so I can start at once. If I
don't like your offer I agree
to return the blanks and notify
you so that I will be under no
further obligations.

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FILL OUT, SIGN, CUT OFF AND MAIL TO-DAY
Use Lead Pencil to Avoid Blotting

carefully, but look into the person's very soul and endeavor to get hold of something that will remain with you.

Be sure you get the name accurately. Many people never hear distinctly the name of the person introduced.

If you would be popular, you must cultivate cordiality. You must fling the door of your heart wide open, and not, as many do, just leave it ajar a bit, as much as to say to people you meet, "You may peep in a bit, but you can not come in until I know whether you will be a desirable acquaintance." A great many people are stingy of their cordiality. They seem to reserve it for some special occasion or for intimate friends. They think it is too precious to give out to everybody.

Do not be afraid of opening your heart, flinging the door of it wide open. Get rid of all reserve; do not meet a person as though you were afraid of making a mistake and doing what you would be glad to recall.

You will be surprised to see what this warm, glad handshake and cordial greeting will do in creating a bond of good-will between you and the person you meet. He will say, "Well, there is really an interesting personality. I want to know more about this lady or gentleman. This is an unusual greeting. This person sees something in me, evidently, which most people do not see."

Some people give you a shudder, and you feel cold chills creep over you when they take hold of your hand. There is in it no warmth, no generosity, no friendliness, no real interest in you. It is all a cold-blooded proceeding, and you can imagine you hear one of these chilling individuals say to himself, "Well, what is there in this person for me? Can he send me clients, patients or customers? If he does not possess money, has he influence or a pull with influential people? Can he help or interest me in any way? If not, I can not afford to bother with him."

How different it is when one takes your hand in a warm, friendly grasp, and looks at you with a kindly, genial smile as though he really wanted to get acquainted with you! You know there is a kind heart and a genuine man behind the cordial hand grasp, and your heart glows in response.

Cultivate the habit of being cordial, of meeting people with a warm, sincere greeting, with an open heart; it will do wonders for you. You will find that the stiffness, diffidence and indifference, the cold lack of interest in everybody which now so troubles you will disappear. People will see that you really take an interest in them, that you really want to know, please and interest them. *The practise of cordiality will revolutionize your social power.* You will develop attractive qualities which you never before dreamed you possessed, and you will astonish yourself at your quick development of social graces and real charm.

How often we find men and women who, although ignorant of conventional etiquette or the usages of so-called polite society, who perhaps have lived in the back country all their lives, but are so gracious and lovable that we never think of them as lacking in any of the essentials of true breeding. Their large-heartedness, their magnanimity, their desire to scatter joy and kindness, their transparency of character more than compensate any ignorance of formal etiquette or social codes.

I have in mind a woman who, although she has never been in what is termed society, is yet the very embodiment of good breeding. She has such remarkable tact and manages everything so delicately, tastefully and beautifully that her acquaintances all look upon her as a model of ladylike behavior. Whatever she says always seems to be just the right thing. Everybody who knows her loves her, and no one would think of her doing a wrong thing. Kindness constitutes her social code, and it never fails or puts her in any embarrassing situation.

The great secret of doing the proper thing just at the right time is, after all, a kind, loving heart, tact and common-sense.

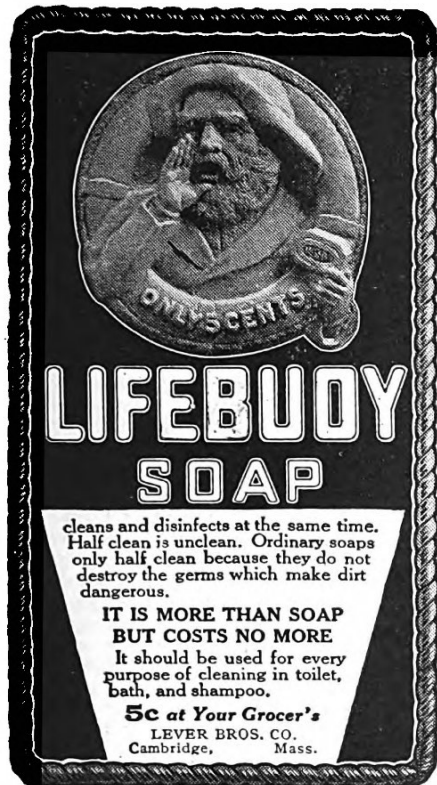
Many men who were reared in backwoods country places and had never been in what is known as polite society, when elevated to positions of honor, such as governors of States and members of Congress, have conducted themselves with such propriety and ease of manner that no one thought whether or not they observed the mere conventional forms of etiquette. Their largeness of heart, kindness and cheery good-will toward all make them universally beloved and popular.

Lincoln was one of the most notable examples of the far-reaching influence and irresistible power of this finer large-heartedness, this magnanimous spirit of good-will.

Scan the pages of history and you will find that the majority of our Presidents, statesmen and public men who had this happy, unselfish spirit, this cordial, kind manner toward all, no matter what their shortcomings in other respects, were the men who made the most friends and were most popular with the people.

After all, are not action and reaction equal? Do we not receive about what we give? Is not the world a whispering-gallery which will return a harsh or pleasant tone, according to what we send forth?—a mirror that will reflect the face we show before it? If we smile, will it not smile back? If we frown, will it not frown in return? If we look at it with contempt, shall we not get a contemptuous expression in return?

A kind heart, a loving spirit, a feeling of good-will toward everybody will make you beloved, admired and respected; will make you feel at home in any society.



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Make Your Money Work for You

ONE of the worst things about our quickly made fortunes is their tendency to make young men dissatisfied with the comparatively slow accumulations of the regular and ordinary methods of business. They see men who leap into a fortune by some daring speculation or lucky strike, or who are successful in taking some short cut to wealth, and they wonder if it is necessary for the average man to take such a large part of his life to accumulate an independence.

A young man recently said to me that it was ridiculous to spend years making a little money; that his investments were paying him fifty per cent. a year.

Think of the influence of this young man's example on those who are trying to be honest, straightforward and clean in their dealings. Unless they have strong characters, they are likely to catch the contagion and to try the same short cuts; quick methods which net the others fifty per cent. on their investments.

One of the great secrets of honest money-making is to keep your money working for you to the best possible advantage, without too great risk. Our national gambling instinct is so great, we are so eager to make money, earn its maximum, that we take unwarranted risks, and many of us lose everything.

The fact that somebody we know happens to make a lucky strike does not warrant us in taking great chances. Perhaps in nine cases out of ten, previous to his good fortune, this man may have lost. As a rule, we shall find that the majority of fortunes have been built up by taking a medium course. It will not do to be so cautious as never to take risks, or so eager to make money rapidly that we are in danger of losing all.

The very reputation of being reckless in one's financial ventures is fatal to confidence. Many men who have been lucky in business ventures, though rich, have never gained the confidence of level-headed business men. Extra-hazardous men are very likely to go to the wall sooner or later.

Of course, the successful man must have courage, boldness, sometimes even a spirit of daring; but he must have a regulator in caution, in good judgment. Whatever course you pursue, there is one thing absolutely essential, and that is never to shake the confidence of level-headed men in your judgment, because this is the very basis of credit.

New Thought in Business

THE growing interest in business psychology is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. On every side we find business men who say they have learned the secret of running their business without the old-time friction and worry which formerly sapped their energies and made them prematurely old; and that they are able to establish much better relations between themselves and their partners and their employees; that there is a feeling of harmony and good fellowship in their business to which they were formerly strangers.

A prominent business man tells me that he does not worry so much now in a year as he did formerly in a week, and that the reading of New Thought literature has completely revolutionized his business methods. He confesses that a few years ago he could not overcome a feeling of distrust of his employees, a suspicion that they were taking advantage of him, shirking, slighting their work at every opportunity. Since he has learned to trust them, to believe in them, he finds that his own mental attitude is reflected in them, in their estimate of him, and in the quality of service they cheerfully give him.

He realizes, now that he has learned to see the good in his employees, that he arouses in them the very qualities he attributes to them; brings out the good instead of the bad. His changed attitude toward them has changed their attitude toward him. They would feel ashamed to try to take advantage of their employer, whom they now regard as a friend, instead of the dreaded, disliked "boss" of a few years ago. The result is that he gets a very much better quality of work from his employees than formerly.

This man who used to be so nervous, fretful and touchy, that his employees avoided him whenever possible, is now calm, cheerful and well poised, has no feeling of hurry, of confusion, of dissatisfaction. On the contrary, he feels a sense of harmony, of serenity, of satisfaction, all of which he attributes to the reading of New Thought books and magazine articles. He declares that this new idea of business psychology is bound to revolutionize the methods of the business world; that the pushing, crowding, cheating and deceiving, and the slave-driving methods still in practise are destined to be done away with, to give place to the Golden Rule.

WHAT DID YOU BUY

With Your Last Salary ?



That is the question I used to ask myself eight years ago when I was making \$15 a week. The next question was, why shouldn't I have an income instead of "wages," so as to buy the things I could enthuse over and be independent?

That question I answered one day by prompt action and the result is, I've made money enough to buy what I enjoy most. I began with an idea and \$2.25 worth of stationary. I got tired of the things I could buy for \$15 a week. I started a Collection Business. It grew into a big business and I discovered there was a great field for others in the same line. I started a school to teach my success to others, eliminating my mistakes and the delays. My school, as well as my business, is a success and I can have a good time without grinding or taking orders from anyone.

If how I covered the distance between \$15 a week and my present independent income will interest you, I will send you the whole story without any obligation on your part. What I did anyone can do.

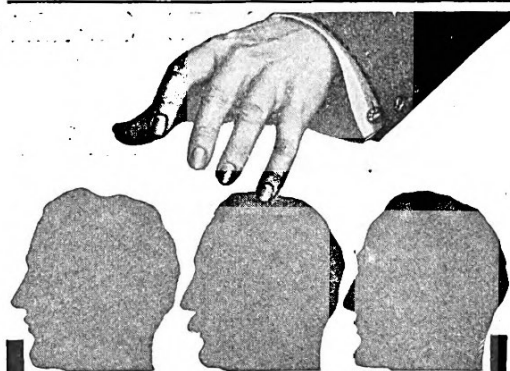
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The man who is picked out for the **big job** and the **big salary** is the **trained man**.

You can be that man. The International Correspondence Schools will show you **how**, if you will mark the attached coupon, **doing which involves no expense or obligation**.

Never mind where you live, what you do, what your age, schooling or means, mark the coupon opposite the occupation that you like, and let the I. C. S. tell you how you can become an **expert** in that particular line.

On an average, 300 students every month report advancement won through I. C. S. help. During December the number was 409. Is your future worth a two-cent stamp?

Then mark and mail

the coupon to-day.

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Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X.

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UNCLE BOB'S MONEymAKERS

A Club for Boys Who Want to Earn Money

BOYS, you have surprised your Uncle Bob. When I told you in the February number about the Moneymakers' Club I had an idea the plan would appeal to you. But, my! I never expected such a deluge of letters. It seems as if there is n't a boy in all the big Success family who is n't keen on taking a correspondence course in the art of keeping the pocket jingling. It does your Uncle Bob's heart good to know how many boys are ambitious and anxious to do things.

And yet, in spite of all these letters, the Success family is so enormous—over a million, at the least calculation—that I know there are lots and lots of boys who haven't yet written. Uncle Bob is anxiously waiting to tell them the good news—to explain how, with his help, it won't be necessary to depend upon "donations" for their spending money.

Many boys want bicycles like Cad Kilpatrick's, which was shown in the picture in last month's magazine. Bicycles are really my hobby, and I have been so successful in supplying them that I am sure I can start all these fellows on the road to the ownership of a fine wheel. Another boy wants a gun. I don't blame him. A boy's equipment isn't complete without a gun, but all the Moneymakers who get them must be very careful to keep them pointed the other way. You know how the old saying goes, "A gun is dangerous without lock, stock or barrel—when you get a licking with the ramrod." One boy says, "I want to make money, and a whole lot of it." He will make a successful member, I'll bet. Cameras are popular, and so are vacation trips for next summer. They can be secured through membership in the Club; that is, active membership, for nothing worth having is obtained without some work. By the time this reaches you, hundreds of boys will have started to realize their ambition through membership in the Moneymakers'.

I have so many interesting plans for our Club that I scarcely know where to begin. In the first place, we must have an emblem. This must be selected carefully, and we have n't quite made up our minds which of several fine ones to choose. I can tell you all about it in the next issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE and perhaps show you a picture of it, and you may depend upon something that will make every boy want to become an active member, if only to be able to wear his membership badge.

And now just a word about moneymaking in general. Nothing will make a man of a boy so thoroughly as the effort necessary to earn money; or, to put it the other way, nothing will so weaken a boy as not to have to learn how to make his own way. Why, boys, this big city of New York is just full of men who are doing big things in a big way, and in the great majority of cases they began life as poor boys in smaller places. They are like the boy who is thrown overboard in deep water and has to swim to get out. They had to make their own way and learned such lessons while doing it as have put them in the most prominent places. We also have a few of the worthless men who did n't have to earn money when they were boys and have not tried to since. The boy who learns how to make his own way early in life will never lack a good position; several places will always be open to him.

You have perhaps already earned some little money in one way or another. Most boys have. But there is always a new way which will bring you a much bigger income than what you received doing the other thing. And the more you make, the harder you want to work and earn more money. When you have found on Monday night that you have earned one or two dollars, it makes you feel like getting up bright and early Tuesday morning and making three or four dollars more. So it is my purpose to tell you just what to do in order to make the most money.

Your Uncle Bob remembers the first money he ever earned better than many bigger things that have since occurred. A man was having a house built. Some of the odd pieces of lumber had been split into firewood, and he wanted it piled in the cellar. I got the job, and five cents was my reward. Five dollars wouldn't make nearly so much of a hit with me now. The knowledge that I was really able to work, man fashion, and get paid for it, seemed a fine thing, and it marked a new era in my life.

Of course all the boys who will read this did n't see the February announcement, so it is only fair to tell them something more about the Club. The principal object is to provide its members with ways and means for making their spending money. Only boys who want to learn how to make money and are willing to do a little work in getting what they want are invited to join. There is no limit to the amount of money or the value of the things that can be obtained through the Club. It all depends upon the amount of effort a member is willing to make. One of the best things is that the smartest and most active members will receive regular monthly salaries.

If you would like to earn money, just write to Uncle Bob and tell him you want to know more about the Club. If you have any special thing in mind you want to get, tell him what it is and he will give you a plan. He will get your letter safely if you will address it to

UNCLE BOB, Manager Moneymakers' Club,
Care Success Magazine, New York City.

The Power Behind The Republic

[Continued from page 158]

great part of the cost of maintaining police courts, prosecuting officers, trials, jails and penitentiaries.

It breeds insanity and increases heavily the cost of maintaining asylums.

It breeds disease and increases heavily the cost of maintaining hospitals while it continually threatens the health of all the rest of the community.

It breeds paupers and the inept and those that are a charge upon the industrious.

The slum appears, therefore, as the greatest extravagance of modern life. It is a million times more destructive than are all the fires. It is infinitely worse than war. It destroys wealth and it destroys men and women. And as the present system of Business tends all the time to spread the slum, the slum's destructiveness steadily grows. The system makes more poverty; more poverty makes more slums; and the increased slums come around to help the system make still more poverty.

This is not (as some persons have so absurdly urged) because certain men in Business are bad men, but because the system, for which no man is responsible and no group of men, produces these results.

For all this, and for the statement that the slum is increasingly year after year a charge upon Business and the rest of the community, do not take my word, nor that of any other man. Go to the records; it is all there. Few of us pay much heed to them, and yet they are annually issuing to us the most portentous warnings. The assertion that the slum is costly and is steadily growing upon us is none of mine. It is made in the reports of the New York Committee on Congestion of Population and of the New York Charities Commissioner. In so many words the committee declares that the insanitary condition of tenement houses and the insufficient incomes of the dwellers therein transform themselves into heavy and increasing tax burdens for the city at large. On purely practical grounds it is clear from the committee's report that to tolerate slums does not pay. It is not good Business. It shows ill in the balance-sheet this year, and next year it will certainly look worse.

We Can Not Afford Tuberculosis

No matter how we may seek to evade or ignore it, there is the plain practical fact, independent of any theory, steadily developing before our eyes. It does not pay; it costs too much. Take for example the recorded experience of the New York Board of Health. For many years this very able body has made scientific war upon tuberculosis, not for reasons of sentiment, but for the very practical reason that we can not afford to have tuberculosis increasing upon us. Tuberculosis is a slum disease, very difficult to control, and easily and rapidly spread. At the present writing, after years of prodigious, conscientious effort and a vast expenditure, the Board of Health is calling for a special appropriation of \$5,000,000 to fight tuberculosis, and also for an issue of bonds to secure the money.

Five million dollars of bonds for tuberculosis—that is to say, \$175,000 a year to be added to the annual interest charges on this one account alone—added to the interest charges, therefore added to the tax levy.

Altogether, the Board of Health needs for 1910 nearly \$7,000,000 more than it needed in 1909, the increase being caused by the warfare with preventable diseases.

In 1908 public charities cost the direct taxpayers of New York \$28,349,572 in the maintenance of the city's own hospitals, in grants to private hospitals, and for the regular city departments of charities and of health.

Why I Can Afford to Send You Free

THE

Keenoh

Trade Mark

Automatic Razor Sharpener



Because you never had a razor sharpened any keener and smoother than your razor will be 20 seconds after you've used the Keenoh.

Because it will do equally wonderful work with the safety or the old style razor.

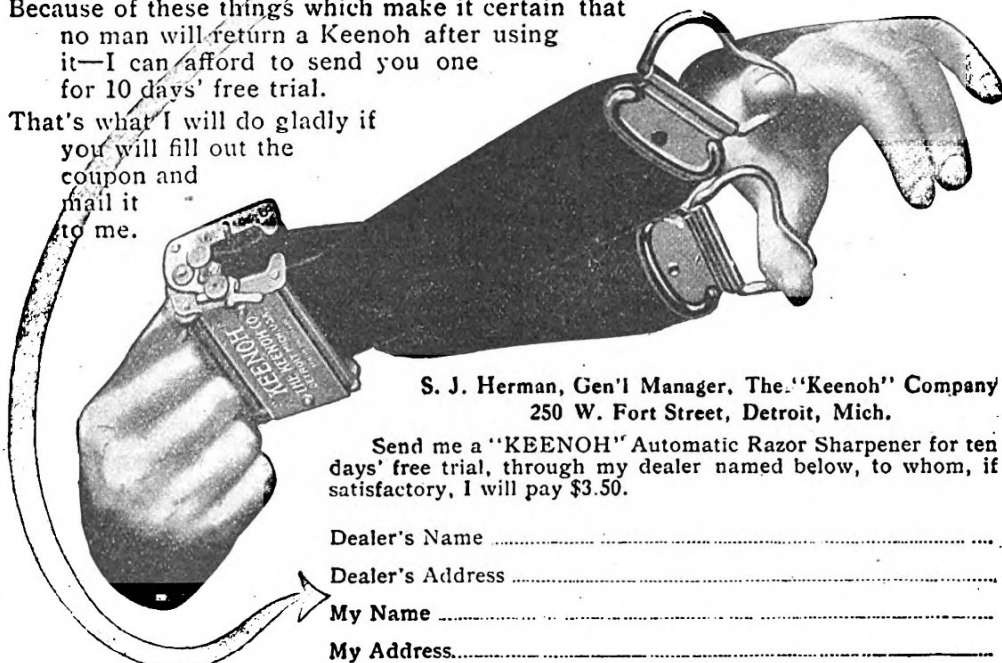
Because—being absolutely automatic—it can't fail, no matter how careless you may be, to put your razor into a condition as perfect as it would be if it had been sharpened and honed by the best barber in your town.

Because it will do these things every day; and keep on doing them for the rest of your life.

Because it will positively make your safety blade sharper than it was when new; and enable you to use every blade for 500 to 1,000 perfect shaves..

Because of these things which make it certain that no man will return a Keenoh after using it—I can afford to send you one for 10 days' free trial.

That's what I will do gladly if you will fill out the coupon and mail it to me.



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Send me a "KEENOH" Automatic Razor Sharpener for ten days' free trial, through my dealer named below, to whom, if satisfactory, I will pay \$3.50.

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"The Most Effective of the Natural Mineral Waters" and "Strikingly Superior to Lithia Tablets" in Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, Renal Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism, Etc.

Dr. I. N. Love, New York City, former Professor of Clinical Medicine and Diseases of Children, College of Physicians and Surgeons and in Marion Sims College of Medicine, St. Louis, Vice-President of American Medical Association, 1895, etc., in an article in Medical Mirror, February, 1901, says: "While being the most effective of the natural mineral waters, it is strikingly superior to emergency solutions of lithia tablets and pure water, even where the said solution is an exceedingly strong one."

Dr. Alexander B. Mott, New York, Professor Surgery, Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Surgeon Bellevue Hospital: "In the Gouty Diathesis, Chronic Inflammation of the Bladder and other diseases affecting the Urinary Organs, it may be relied on to give the most satisfactory results."

The Late Prof. W. B. Towles, M. D., of the University of Virginia, had "no hesitancy whatever in saying that for Stone in the Bladder . . . I know of no remedy at all comparable to it."

Medical testimonials mailed. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

What Do You Know About Wireless?

Almost everyone knows something about the art of wireless telegraphy through reading the scientific journals or through news articles in the daily papers. But how many persons know that the UNITED WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY has developed commercial wireless until it is now possible to transmit aerograms from 107 land stations to 215 steamships owned by 63 steamship companies, or from these ships to the shore stations, at any hour of the twenty-four?

From Galveston to Boston the United Wireless Telegraph Company owns and controls twenty-seven stations for handling messages passing between the shore and the many steamships plying along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

More than a score of stations extending along the Pacific Coast from Los Angeles, California, to Juneau, Alaska, handle hundreds of messages daily between the shore and the ships of the coast and transpacific fleet equipped with the United Company's system. All the principal Great Lakes ports, to the number of seventeen, are in constant communication with the steamships of the lake fleet through the stations owned by the United Wireless Company.

Overland wireless communication is now established on a commercial basis. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, Albany, Buffalo, Chicago and Erie, Pa., are among the larger inland cities now in touch with each other by aerogram.

Aerograms are transmitted with the same expedition as messages sent over wire lines. Passengers at sea may be in hourly communication with friends or business associates on shore by filing their messages with the wireless operator on board ship. Aerograms for persons at sea may be filed at any Western Union or Postal Telegraph office and will be promptly relayed to the nearest United Wireless station for transmission to destination.

Principal Commercial Stations:

ATLANTIC AND GULF COAST STATIONS

Atlantic City, N. J.	Mobile, Ala.
Albany, N. Y.	New York City.
(Ten Eyck Hotel.)	42 Broadway.
Boston, Mass. (2)	(Manhattan Beach.)
(Boston Herald Bldg.)	(Waldorf-Astoria
(Broad Exchange Bldg.)	Hotel.)
Bridgeport, Conn.	Norfolk, Va.
Baltimore, Md.	(Law Bldg.)
(Baltimore American Bldg.)	New Orleans, La.
Cape Hatteras, N. C.	(Hotel Grunewald.)
Charleston, S. C.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Elizabeth City, N. C.	(Bellevue-Stratford.)
Fort Morgan, Ala.	Port Arthur, Tex.
Gallie, N. J.	Savannah, Ga.
Grand Island, La.	Tampa, Fla.
Galveston, Tex.	Fangier Island, Va.
Havana, Cuba.	Washington, D. C.
Key West, Fla.	(New Willard Hotel.)
Mount Beacon, N. Y.	Wilmington, Del.
(Beaconer Hotel.)	

GREAT LAKES STATIONS

Benton Harbor, Mich.	Holland, Mich.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Ludington, Mich.
(Buffalo News.)	Mackinac Island, Mich.
Calumet, Mich.	Manitowoc, Wis.
Chicago, Ill.	(Wm. Rohr's Sons
(Congress Hotel.)	Malting Co.)
Cleveland, Ohio.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Detroit, Mich.	(Babst Brewery.)
(Wayne Hotel.)	Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
Duluth, Minn.	South Haven, Mich.
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Toledo, Ohio.
(Grand Rapids Press.)	(Hotel Secor.)
Grand Haven, Mich.	

PACIFIC COAST STATIONS

Aberdeen, Wash.	Port Townsend, Wash.
Astoria, Ore.	Roseburg, Ore.
Bellingham, Wash.	San Diego, Cal.
Chelalis, Wash.	Santa Barbara, Cal.
Catalina Island, Cal.	(Hotel Potter.)
Cordova, Alaska.	Pasadena, Cal.
Eureka, Cal.	(Hotel Green.)
Eugene, Ore.	San Francisco, Cal. (2)
Everett, Wash.	(San Fran. Chronicle.)
Fort Bragg, Cal.	San Pedro, Cal.
Friday Harbor, Wash.	Sacramento, Cal.
Juneau, Alaska.	(Capitol Hotel.)
Katella, Alaska.	San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Ketchikan, Alaska.	Salmon, Ore.
Kalamath, Wash.	Seattle, Wash. (2)
Los Angeles, Cal. (2).	(Perry Hotel.)
(Los Angeles	(University Grounds.)
Examiner.)	Seward, Alaska.
Marshall, Ore.	Susitna, Alaska.
(Coos Bldg.)	Tacoma, Wash.
Monterey, Cal.	(Tacoma Hotel.)
Newport, Ore.	The Dalles, Ore.
North Vancouver, B. C.	Victoria, B. C.
North Yakima, Wash.	Wenatchee, Wash.
Olympia, Wash.	West Port, Wash.
Portland, Ore.	

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Chicago, Illinois



For the sick that were a public charge the expenditures were \$11,141,592.

The Committee on Congestion of Population estimates that of this sum \$5,350,811 was spent directly upon cases that would never have existed but for the insubstantial conditions resulting from congested populations—which is another term for the slums. The committee also estimates an annual loss of earning power of \$37,000,000 to \$41,000,000 through the disabling of persons who have been infected with slum diseases.

What is the judgment of Business concerning these losses?

Even more appalling is the next fact, that these expenditures by the city increase at a greater ratio than the increase of population or the increase of the city's expenditures in other directions.

Poverty is Encroaching upon Business

Please note this fact. It proves explicitly the contention (well supported in countless other ways) that both poverty and the slums are steadily encroaching upon us.

From 1906 to 1908 the ratio of increase in expenditures to fight preventable diseases was nearly double the ratio of increase in the whole budget, and from five and one-half to six times the ratio of increased population. This is shown in the following table.

Year	Population	Per cent. of Increase	Total City Expenditures	Per cent. of Increase	Cost of Unnecessary Disease of Inc.	Per cent.
1905	4,014,304		110,525,259		3,401,602	
1906	4,152,800	3.4	119,144,370	7.82	3,933,077	13.58
1907	4,285,435	3.01	130,421,505	9.47	4,824,344	18.42
1908	4,422,085	3.10	143,572,206	10.08	5,350,811	9.85

And now the city is asked to issue bonds to provide for a still greater increase.

The Charities Commissioner says that the almshouse and public hospital population of New York City is increasing at the rate of twelve to fourteen per cent. every year, while the total population of the city increases by but 3 to 3.10 per cent. a year.

Almshouse and public hospital population!

That is to say, as we spread the slums we are making more paupers and invalids, and the additional paupers and invalids become an additional public expense, which becomes more taxes, which becomes an additional means to make more paupers and invalids.

Can we keep this up?

And we are to remember that this is only one phase of the matter, and in the way of expenditures, not the most important.

We are Breeding a Dangerous Type

Every year the cost of the police department, of the courts, of the reformatories and penitentiaries mounts upon us. Last spring it was my fortune to sit on the bench with several police magistrates and judges of the higher criminal courts. I watched the long lines of arrested persons coming up for examination, the other lines of convicted persons coming up for sentence. I had no need of the assurance of the magistrates and the judges that eighty-five per cent. of the cases came from the slums and from slum conditions; no need because the fact was apparent in the faces before me. To him who is at all familiar with the tenement house and its products, there comes to be a certain mark or brand by which the products can always be recognized; the brand of pasty face and livid skin, lusterless eyes and sullen brows, narrow chests and shambling gait, things that come of life abnormally led in bad air, dark rooms and evil surroundings. On all of these occasions it seemed to me perfectly clear, as for years it has seemed to me clear whenever my work took me into the slums, that we are producing here in enormous numbers a peculiar and alarming type of the human creature, ill-fed, scantily blooded, ill-developed in mind as in body, deprived of the birthright of air, sunlight, joy and sufficiency, and with strange twists and turns in its stunted brain.

I noticed on all these occasions, as I had often noticed before, that the voices (sure index of the mental state) of these young men were strange and hardly human; that they had a language of their own, made up of animal-like sounds; that their facial angles and ears very often showed the indices of degeneracy. As a rule there appeared among them only a rudimentary sense of right and wrong; very often they were cruel, manifesting a kind of pleasure in giving or viewing pain; if they laughed it was in a brief, evil guffaw at something either brutal or filthy. Even the youngest showed a savage hatred of authority; the policeman on the beat was his mortal foe.

Among boys of this order I have known some startling abnormal beings—boys who from an innate prompting thought with complacency of taking human life and looked upon crime as the normal career—all of these the products of the tenement house. The best detective on the New York police force assures me that there are at large in the city now not fewer than a thousand men and boys who have committed murder; and to one who has studied the East Side "gangs" and knows what they really are and really do, the statement will seem in no way improbable.

The Frightful Increase of Crime

If there were only a few of such slum products, we should not need to stop to draw from them general conclusions; but the alarming fact is that they are not few, but very many; they tend constantly to increase in

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numbers; they are even now making the enforcement of the criminal law so difficult that the ablest police authorities can see no remedy but a huge armed despotism. In New York City, despite an augmented police force and increased police expenditures, the number of burglaries reported is now about 35,000 a year, and all observers note year after year a similar increase in other crimes of violence.

Then if we consider that we are adding all the time to the congested area, not only in New York, but in every large city, and that the congested areas cause taxes that in turn add to the causes that enlarge the congested areas, one question comes home to us straight and hard.

For its own sake can Business afford to prolong these conditions?

Already there is apparent a practical confession that it can not. More than one great Business enterprise is beginning to recognize that ill-health and slum environments and slum products are actual obstructions in its way. I have before me the questions asked concerning an applicant for a position as porter with the United Cigar Stores Company. They are asked by a bonding concern charged with responsibility for the young man's efficiency, and here are some of the points raised.

Question No. 3. "Are you acquainted with the young man's home or domestic conditions? If so please state his residence by town, street and number, if known, and give any information you may have of his immediate family surroundings."

Question No. 6. "Have you ever known or heard at any time of his using intoxicants to excess?"

Question No. 8. "Have you ever known or heard of his being addicted to speculation? Gambling? Betting on horses? The excessive use of any drug or opiate? Undesirable associates?"

Question No. 9. "Are you aware of his suffering from any mental or physical ailment sufficient to impair his attention to the duties of this position?"

Some employing companies now require the medical examination of an applicant. The Standard Oil Company, one of the greatest and shrewdest of employers, has long recognized the practical advantage of having well-fed, healthy, well-housed and contented workmen.

Business Experiments in Health

Insurance companies are beginning to discover that to cure tuberculosis is cheaper than to pay death losses. The insuring order of Modern Woodmen of America has established at Colorado Springs a large, well-equipped sanatorium for the treatment of tubercular cases among its members. One of the great New York insurance companies has considered seriously a similar sanatorium for the benefit of its policyholders. A conviction of the advantages of health and content seems to be spreading among the managers of some great enterprises. In San Francisco, where, partly through the loyal support of their employees, the corporations won the sweeping victory at the polls that was described in our last chapter, these same corporations are now encouraging athletics and entertainments among their men, even, in some cases, undergoing a considerable expense for that purpose. In New York and elsewhere the like interesting development is to be observed in the department stores that provide gymnasiums for their clerks, an idea much in favor in England. I am told that wherever these experiments have been tried the results have been regarded as profitable. Of course, these are but minute beginnings. To have healthy employees is important to Business; to have general health throughout the community is of vastly greater moment.

But in all these matters the most valuable and pertinent experiences are those of the greatest of modern traders, the German Government. In Germany, as no doubt you are aware, the government conducts many forms of Business, among them the chief part of insurance, issuing policies against accident, sickness and disability, and carrying on a complete plan of old age insurance or pensions. For many years this practical and far-seeing Government waged (like the rest of civilization) a war against tuberculosis, and found that for all its efforts the disease gained upon it. Then, as a business venture, it invested some of its great insurance reserve in sanitary dwellings for workingmen.

An Investment with Sure Dividends

Last summer I revisited the dwellings thus erected in Berlin; and coming so lately from a close acquaintance with the Trinity and other tenements in New York, the difference struck in sharply, like the difference between civilization and savagery. These clean, bright, airy homes of Berlin, full of sunshine and beauty, handsomely built about open courts, little parks and children's playgrounds, if contrasted with the dirt, darkness and squalor of almost any tenement house region of an American city, would cover us and our ways with ineffable shame. But the point I most urge here is the practical results. Germany found that her investments in sanitary dwellings paid in many ways, and among them in direct profits to the insurance funds. Because when the workmen were decently housed, sickness and the payments on the sick benefit and pension accounts began to decrease, and the government began to get the upper hand of tuberculosis.

So here was Business in a new aspect. There was a

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"Here is a rapid-fire sketch which was inspired by a recent visit to the Metropolitan Art Gallery, New York, where I saw at least three canvasses with the same inscription, 'Rembrandt: by himself.' Of course, there being no other figure in the picture I

took it for granted that he was by himself as the pictures plainly show. At any rate it inspired me to do for you as Caruso did for you, and I hand you 'myself' by myself.' Use it as you see fit.

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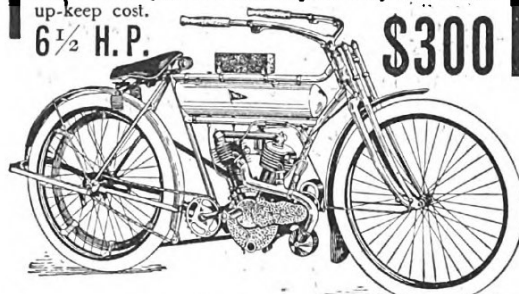
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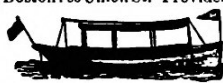
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profit in practical humanitarianism. By using its surplus to promote the people's health the Government found it was saving money and accumulating a larger surplus to improve the health of more people, by which in turn it would accumulate a still greater surplus.

Kindly compare this endless chain of cause and effect with that other endless chain that we have seen at work in an American city—the chain that spreads the slum and augments the tax burden, that spreads more slums and still further augments the tax burden.

When Good Business is Good Ethics

The conclusion from these facts is very plain. Good Business demands the best of everything. Nothing is too good for Business. That Business may proceed in the surest, safest and most profitable way there must be the best of health, the best of comfort, the best of feeling, the best of every condition. Good Business is good ethics—not because of any creed or doctrine, but because of immutable facts. Humanitarianism is well when urged on grounds of sentiment. As a matter of fact, the broadest humanitarianism is the best Business—it pays the best; and reducing all things to a practical basis, it appears that kindness and decency are not only good for the soul of the man that practises them, but most assuredly good for his balance-sheets also.

Our great insurance companies have invested their billion-dollar surpluses in stocks, bonds and office buildings. I make not the least doubt that to-day their balances would be larger and more secure if they had invested their surpluses in sanitary houses for workmen. They would have secured a larger money return, and they would have lowered their death-rate.

That is good Business.

When we reflect that the policy of the American insurance companies—to look no farther than to-day, to grab everything in sight, to make of the surplus so many pawns on a financial chessboard—is the policy Business has generally pursued and is pursuing in our country, it is something to give us serious thought. There can not be the least doubt that the future welfare of Business is bound up with the future physical welfare of the people. To think that Business can go on holding itself aloof from the masses of the people and regarding them with indifference, or even aversion, is to think certain disaster. England—in whose downward footsteps we are much too prone to follow—has tried that and has brought up in trouble. We can go the same way if we wish to, but it is not a good way. Why should we want to die when we might as well live?

Yet, of course, Business will not change its methods because of preachments. It will change only when it sees for itself that its present methods will spell its ruin. The question is whether the men of Business who have possessed themselves of our government will have wit enough to perceive what is ahead for their interests. So far they have been absorbed in wrestling from other men the mastery of our industries. The time is evidently close at hand when they will have to cease from such strife because all the industries will have been mastered. With the control of all the railroads, all the water powers, all the coal mines, all the iron and steel supplies, most of the money supply, most of the artificial light supply, most of the meat supply vested in one group, certainly the rest will easily follow, and Business will be organized and controlled by the few men who have conquered it.

How to Save the Machine

Will they see, then, that unless they base their machine on the broadest notions of humanitarianism the whole thing will go to smash? That is the question. If they do see this fact they must move with great celerity, because already the products of the present system are a grave menace to them, to the structure they have been rearing, and to all of us. We will admit that up to the present time they have been doing only what, in the stress of conditions and under the pressure of evolution, they were compelled to do. We can easily dismiss the reproaches cast upon them by strenuous and other gentlemen of the cult reformatory. But the stage of evolution in which they have labored with eyes intent upon the cash book is about over. The final triumph of Organized Business is at hand. Then what?

And now I want to record the words that were said to me on this subject not long ago by an American banker. If I could tell you his name you would give to this article an amount of attention I can never draw from you, because he is known in every corner of the country as a man of millions and an inheritor of millions. We were talking under conditions that make men frank and communicative; I mean we met abroad in a strange country, when compatriots usually feel freer to talk to one another than they would ever feel at home. Thus we were running on about capitalization, and the banker told me the story of a concern that, if you do not mind, I will disguise here under the name of the Hot Muffin Trust, because there is no need of unpleasantly distinguishing any one set of men. Of this organization the whole history had passed under his immediate notice, so that he told it very well. The organizers had come together and put into a pool all their property, worth less than \$2,000,000. On this they had issued \$10,000,000 of stock and \$10,000,000 of bonds in their

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amalgamated new company. The bonds they had sold to the public with forty per cent of the stock, these securities being in effect equally a lien upon the enterprise, with interest and dividends to be dug out of the public. Later they added another establishment worth \$1,000,000 and put out \$10,000,000 more of stock. They continued to acquire establishments and to issue stocks and bonds until they had a capitalization of \$100,000,000 on property that previously had been capitalized at perhaps one-tenth of that sum; and on the increase they were taking profits from the public.

The Trusts are All Alike

When he made an end of his narrative I said:

"You have told the story of the Hot Muffin Trust, which fell under your observation, but without thinking it you have told also the history of the Cruller Trust and the Tin Horn Trust, with which I happen to be equally familiar."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I have told the history of a hundred. They are all alike."

"Now," said he after a time, "What do you think will be the outcome of all this?"

"I don't know," said I, "I suppose the process will go as far as it can, and then stop."

"Either one of two things," said he. "It will have to be stopped pretty soon, or we shall have a revolution."

"A physical revolution—violence?"

"Exactly. A physical revolution—violence and bloodshed, and barricades in the streets."

"Oh, come now," said I, "you are not serious. The American people are not that sort. They have n't any use for revolutions."

"Have n't they?" said he grimly. "Well, they will have when they wake up and find that all their resources have been seized by one little group of men. I guess they will have use enough for revolutions when they begin to get hungry. The result of all this capitalizing is to increase poverty on one side and superfluity on the other. You can't keep that up very long without raising trouble."

"Well," I said, "You are a banker—about the last man in the world I should expect to hear that from."

Only Business Can Prevent a Revolution

"So?" said he. "Let me tell you that for a long time I have not met a man of my own class who did not take practically the same view. He would n't publicly acknowledge it, and neither would I. But among themselves they don't hide their convictions. Only they think the thing is far off and another generation will have to deal with it, and I think it is close at hand. The process has been greatly accelerated of late. Every day there is more of it. The profits of these consolidations must be invested, and as they are invested they produce more profits, all going into the same hands and in turn demanding new investments. You can see where that will end."

If this view be correct—and who shall say it is wholly illogical?—there is evidently something more that Business should consider. It is wont to weigh well what is good and what is bad for Business, but of all things that are bad for Business the very worst is revolution and battles in the street. We should sell very few goods while our windows were being smashed and our stores looted. The permanence of good Business is the permanence of order.

Business sees clearly the practical disadvantages of conflagration, and guards against conflagration by maintaining efficient fire departments. In time it may see that conflagration, though the most obvious, is not the most serious danger that confronts it. Then it may insist with equal success upon sanitary homes for the people and upon sufficiency of food, light, leisure and education; it may insist upon abolishing the slum as a worse evil than fire. No one can pretend to say whether or not it will do this. But if it does not, the prediction is easy. Under like conditions, like causes produce like results; and according to history, the bottom of the pit is an extremely uncomfortable place for a nation to rest in.

Crime and disease, ignorance and darkened lives, feeble bodies and diseased minds, bad food and bad blood, interior dwelling rooms and tuberculosis, savage surroundings and savage impulses, misgoverned cities and triumphant graft, corrupted elections and a controlled press—can we stand much more of this? And continue to have good Business, I mean.



A Bible Name

THE late Bishop Gallier was once asked to baptize a negro baby boy.

"Name this child," he said, addressing Mrs. Jackson, the mother of the black mite.

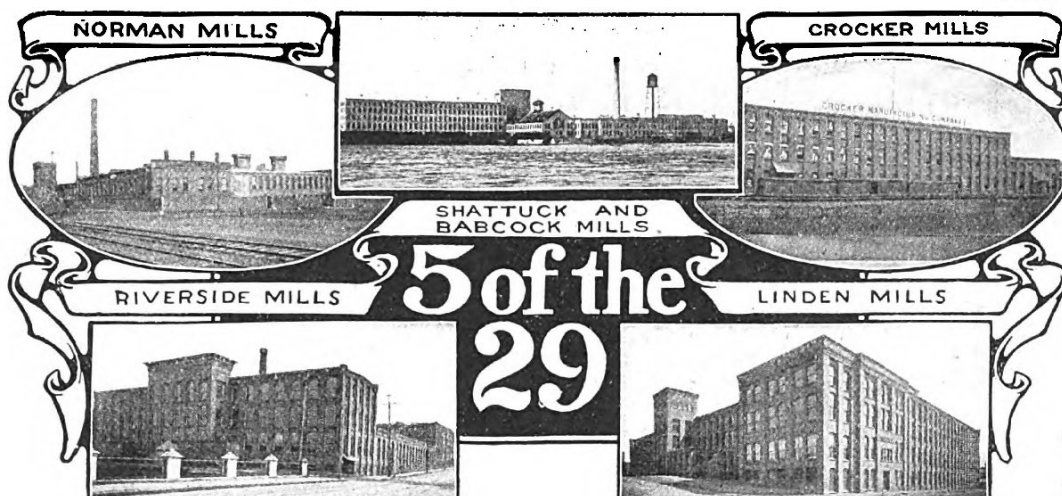
"Hallud."

"That's a strange name, Mrs. Jackson," remarked the bishop hesitatingly.

"Scripter name," rejoined the happy mother, with a confident grin.

"I never saw it in the Bible."

"Why, Bishop, how kin yuh stan' up dar kiddin' a ole ignorant niggah laik I is? Yuh says dat name whenever yuh says de Lawd's prayer—'Hallud be Thy name!'"



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No. 14

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Life membership, entitling the membership to all the advantages of the whole organization, may be secured by any woman (or man) of the white race, in a few days' or a week's time, absolutely without the expenditure of a single dollar.

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Old Age Pensions

[Continued from page 163]

carpenters, plumbers, and men of all trades and occupations ask for work at an age when work should no longer be necessary. They are native Americans, or men of German, Irish or Swedish extraction; they are temperate, steady, honest, active, "in perfect health," intelligent, and masters of several languages. One man writes that "being in my seventy-fifth year, I find my age detrimental. Am a printer by trade." Another, fifty-five years of age, "can fill any position from office boy to general manager." "A lawyer by profession," a college graduate sixty years of age, is "willing and able to do anything pertaining to my profession and consistent with it," an old man who does "not smoke, drink, or chew" will take any position; a gentleman, "fifty-eight, healthy, six feet, unencumbered, university education, practised civil engineering thirty years in many countries, penniless through over-trustfulness, temperate, philosophical, keen-minded, equal to either fortune," asks for a job; and an honorable "old merchant of seventy, who has paid one hundred cents on the dollar, and by so doing has been left penniless, will take a position of any kind," "salary easily arranged."

The salary is easily arranged. Beggars for jobs can not be choosers nor sticklers. When the old cashier, bookkeeper, doctor, and lawyer come to the special employment bureau of the Charity Society, they hope for positions similar to their old ones. When they are told that the best any one of them can get is a job as night-watchman, involving an intolerable loss of prestige, the old men hesitate. They ask to be allowed to think it over a day. But on the morrow they return, determined to do anything, to take a position as janitor, restaurant helper, country laborer or even errand boy. Not even these positions can usually be obtained. The aged man, day-laborer or university graduate, is passed over and a sixteen-year old boy is chosen. The old man becomes infinitely discouraged. He can not hide his grey hairs; he can not disguise his age. And he must have money—money to buy food, a bed and clothes, and to save him from the park benches.

The Day of the Almshouse is Passing

It looks as if even in rich America men may be poor in their old age. There is need of relief. But, asks the objector, is there not the almshouse? If a trembling old man is left childless, friendless, penniless in his naked age, can he not as a last resort push open the easy-swinging doors of the almshouse?

But what kindly retreat is an almshouse? What hospitality do we, the richest nation in the world, offer to the men or women "oppressed with two weak evils, age, and hunger?"

A few years ago a university professor visited the almshouses of Missouri. The professor was not a muck-raker nor a white-washer, and he set down the things he saw without extenuation or exaggeration. There were at that time ninety almshouses in the State. Of these ninety almshouses, seventy-four were nothing but old farm-houses, many of them in the worst possible repair. Only five of the ninety had sanitary arrangements, and a third of all had cost less than fifteen hundred dollars.

Into these almshouses 3,348 paupers of all sorts were crowded. Whites and negroes, males and females, old people above sixty, youths of twenty, girls of sixteen, and babies of two and three years; insane, feeble-minded, epileptic, blind, crippled and paralytic were in many almshouses intermingled. In fourteen there was no separation even as to sex; in fifty others, all ages, all races, all conditions and deserts were disregarded, and the only classification was by sex; in only three was there anything like an adequate attempt to separate the good from the irredeemably bad. Anyone could come to these almshouses, and anyone could leave them; there were no more restrictions than to public parks. In only a few was work demanded of the able-bodied, so that the honorable but unfortunate old had to share their suppers and their rooms—if not their beds—with any criminal or tramp who sought a few days' rest after a debauch.

What does the State of Missouri provide in these almshouses for the comfort and welfare of their aged guests? Only one in all the ninety almshouses has a library, only four have weekly religious services. In practically all, recreation and amusement, so essential to happiness, are absolutely lacking.

Where the Poor are "Let" at So Much Per Head

Food at least they get. So one would think. But does the aged Missouri pauper always receive sufficient to keep his poor old body and soul together? More than half of the almshouses let out the feeding of their inmates to the lowest bidder, under a system which makes the profits of the superintendent depend upon what he can save on the food. What is the result? What has been the result of similar systems since the days of Ptolemy and Artaxerxes? Let the superintendent himself speak.

"A few years ago," he writes, "the poor were let at thirty-eight dollars per head per year. Under that treatment there were nine out of nineteen that died, and the county had to pay doctor's bills and burial expenses, which cost more than board and clothes.



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They now pay seventy-two dollars a head per year, and find that it is cheaper and more humane."

That is the emphasis which we in America still lay upon the problem of the paupers; "cheaper," with a capital, and "more humane" in very small letters, lagging far behind. The lot of the Missouri aged pauper is as bad as it dare be. It is worse than it should be, whatever the man's deserts.

"I learned of one almshouse superintendent," says the professor, "who declared that he found the horse-whip to be the most efficacious means of quieting insane inmates. In another I found that an insane woman had been kept strapped in bed for over six years." The State Board of Charities in its official report gave a case of one insane man who for several years had been held in a stockade open to the sky, winter and summer, with hardly a shred of clothing on him, while another was found chained to a stump in an almshouse yard. In other Missouri almshouses, cells are provided for the confinement of the insane, and manacles and chains are kept upon them for years.

Other States are as Bad as Missouri

It is easy to blame Missouri and praise God that we are not as the Missourians. But are we any better? Two years ago the Commissioners of Public Charities of Illinois made a thorough report on the conditions of county almshouses. It found that in fifty-four there was no separation between insane and sane paupers. It discovered an insane girl hobbled with chains and padlocked to her bare ankles because her stamping disturbed other inmates. In one almshouse an insane man when unruly was put into a rude box, with wooden slats across the top, supplied with iron hinges, hasps, and bolt. In other almshouses steel handcuffs, barred cells, and padlocks were used.

Let us put ourselves in the place of the penniless old men and the penniless old women. Is the almshouse good enough for us, for you and me? We do not like even to think of this hotel for the poor, with its social wreckage, its abject miseries. We can not endure the sight of the nondescript throngs in these living morgues, nor the smell of the soap-suds upon the floor, nor the haunting thought that to this end we ourselves by dint of evil fortune may come at last.

The almshouse will not do. It is a stupid survival little better than that refuge of poverty, the jail. That in cold garrets aging men end their lives with a rope rather than accept the hospitality of the almshouse is a sufficient indication that we have not as yet completely solved the problem of what we shall do with our old.

After all, the King's most Excellent Majesty and the Lords Temporal and Spiritual and the Commons assembled do not seem to have been so very rash, precipitate and revolutionary, and what the British nation has done should find in us if not imitators, at least sympathetic observers. For in America too we have the aged poor with us; in America we have made inadequate provision for those who become old without becoming propertied.

America Could Not Do Better than Follow England's Example

We have done something. We have begun a reform of our almshouses, drafting out the children, drafting out the insane, and improving the conditions under which those who remain live. The granting of pensions has been begun by railroads, by industrial corporations, and by our cities and states, while the United States, the most unmilitary of nations, has, during the last generation, spent more on military pensions than all the military nations of the world. Our one hundred and fifty millions a year have relieved the old age of thousands who have not only fought at Gettysburg and at Antietam, but who for forty years have played their honorable part on the fields of industry.

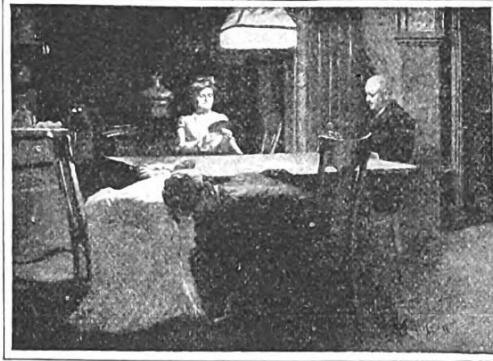
But more remains to be done. What has been accomplished is too timorous, too piecemeal. We have not as yet solved or even faced the whole problem. We do not even know the facts about it. We must study and learn and open our national purse.

There is one point in which we must agree with the people who oppose old age pensions for America. Pensions, they say, are merely a palliative. What the aging man needs is not so much a pension as a chance to work, and above all the strength, the health, and the intelligence to enable him to work. It is very true. Let us put our minds and our purses to the task of preventing child-labor, excessive toil, unhygienic houses and factories, and other things which cripple men in middle and old age. Let us give industrial and technical education, so that a man may be permanently equipped for earning his living. Let us raise the whole standard of the working and earning population of the country so that each man may be able to provide for his old age, or at least that all by joint action may insure all. But in the meanwhile let us accord a decent life to worthy men and women who have not had the advantages which future generations will enjoy. Let us, as far as we can, provide for present needs, since the bread of to-morrow will not still the hunger of to-day. Let us above all do the work immediately at hand—grant pensions to our federal and state employees, study the entire problem, and whatever our eventual policy, desist at least from our present undignified attitude of burying our heads in the sand and denying that a problem exists to be solved.



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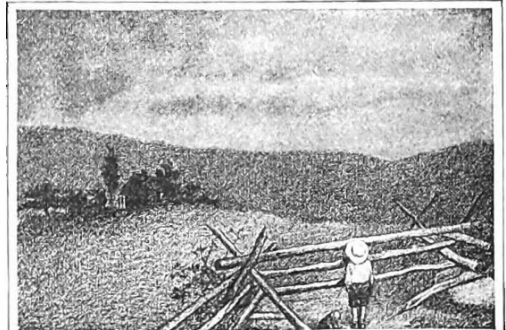
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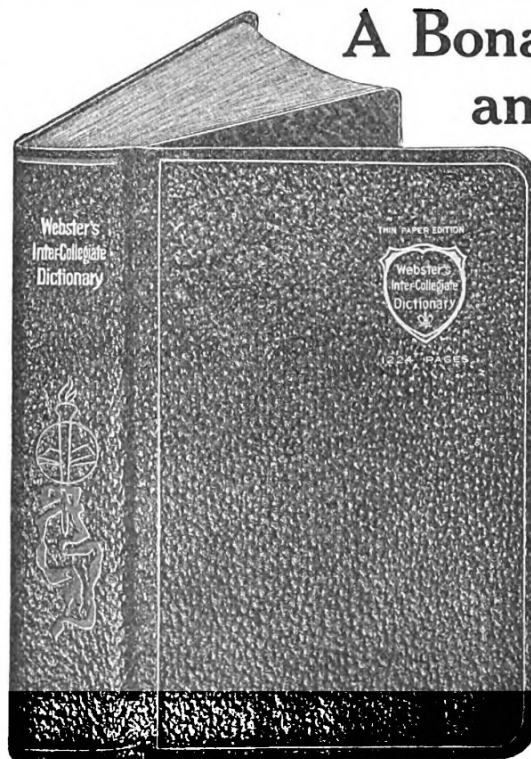
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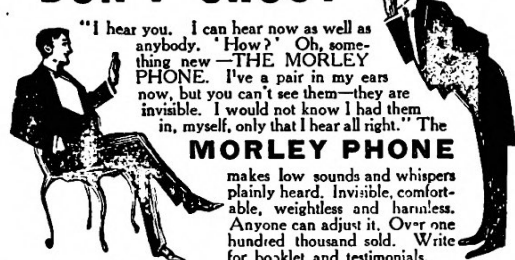


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The Other Girl's Picture

[Continued from page 156]

him until he gave surer sign of his worthiness to enter into the deepest depths of her nature, where something told her he would find the Fountain of the Higher Beauty welling—an inexhaustible flow which would make him not only forgive but forget her rival, the picture.

Gradually Betty, who had always looked up to Burling, Betty, who had always been afraid to advise or criticize him, began to direct the life of the man next door. And behold! He took kindly to the treatment, even accepted it with gratitude.

Then that queenly sense of power which is the birth-right of the woman loved took possession of Betty. She grew more and more fearless, until at last she found herself writing:

"Frank, why do you sit in idleness all the day long? Certain little birds of the air have told me that you have never done a stroke of work in your life. I can not respect a man who does not contribute his part to the labor of the world, nor marry him.

"Mow the hay or write a book, but—do something."

To her amazement his answer was:
"My always-right little lady, you are wrong this once. No one should labor. Consider the lilies of the field!" Granted, we ought to have occupation, but labor, never!

"Hitherto, I have been occupied waiting for you. Now I am fully occupied thinking of you, dreaming of you, writing to you, and knowing that you are filling your part in the world also after the manner of the lilies.

"To prove that I am worthy, and to stop teasing you, I herewith enclose—that's why the envelope is so big—a bit of writing to which your last scolding letter inspired an idle man.

"Call it essay or article, prose, poem or possibly story, I chose it to mowing hay, and entitle it, 'When a Woman Sets a Man to Thinking.'"

What Betty read-filled her with delighted astonishment. Not only could her neighbor love, but he could write, and she—she, Betty, "the ug-el, ug-el-y gal,"—had awakened the sleeping genius. A letter flew back to him as fast as letters can fly in a roundabout circle for lovers—a letter which censured wisely and yet commended, and which drew in turn from him:

"If it pleases you, of course I will keep on writing. Somehow, I feel that it would be impossible for me to stop, now that you have started me. What a lucky man am I to love not only a beautiful woman and a good woman and a fascinating woman; but also one whom I can call my Inspiration and Helpmeet!

"Beware! I can not wait much longer to claim my own. Your rightful occupation is here, beside me."

Betty felt that now indeed he was approaching the fountain, but before she dared help him over the last rocks on the way there came an appalling message from Cousin Millicent, a brief, exasperated note:

"Your fool has taken a telegram fit. Received enclosed message at 8 A.M. Am sailing for Antwerp at 10.30. Said I would go if I had to buy the ship to get rid of the nuisance of this love affair.

"Warded him off with a return wire. Enclose a copy of that also. Was as easy on you as I could be. There is a moon, and the honeysuckle is fragrant."

Mystified, trembling, Betty hastened to scan the two wires.

Frank's to Millicent read:

"Beware once more. I am coming to you on the noon train."

Millicent's telegram to Frank read:

"You may meet your Picture Lady in the Truebell summer house next door at eight o'clock to-night."

Betty passed the day in a state of abject terror. Her bubble had burst, her dream vanished. Where yesterday she had held her head high, inwardly singing "I am loved, I am loved, I am loved!" to-day she shrank back into the dark ages of her consciousness, where she had ever mourned over her unloved unloveliness.

Listlessly she went about the house and the garden, shivering at the frequent sound of a happy, boyish whistle on the further side of the hedge. She missed her daily visit to the post-office, feeling that even if there was a belated letter waiting, she could not read it for the knowledge that the Picture Lady was dead.

She could not swallow her midday dinner. At supper time she pleaded a headache and stayed in her room. At seven o'clock she mournfully dragged herself to her wardrobe and stood there, wondering which one of her dresses Frank would regard as the least unbecoming.

Finally she selected white, and, with frequent disdainful faces at herself, began to make her toilet. Had Betty known, however, the old mirror of her dressing-table told a somewhat different tale from the one with which the same glass had taunted her a month ago.

About her reflection, tragic though her face now was, there hovered a soft, new radiance. Her eyes were no longer dull and lusterless, but filled with a bright and luminous light. In her formerly hollow cheeks the color ran clear and high, while in the curves of her hitherto unhappy mouth there was an indefinable, but transfiguring charm.

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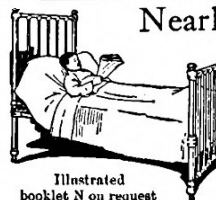
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The moon was up when Betty persuaded her unwilling step across the lawn, ten minutes ahead of the appointed hour so as to show the lover of her picture that there should be no dawdling over her confession.

The honeysuckle, which almost screened the summer-house, was indeed fragrant. The soft perfume of the night, the soft, day-like glory of the moonlight impressed Betty with a feeling of poignant pain.

She could have cried outright in her humiliation and shame. She would have shed tears as she waited if she had not been convinced of their unbecomingness to all women—and especially to poor, ugly little Betty.

What would Frank say when he saw her instead of the glorious vision of a Millicent? Would he turn on his heel and leave her in silence? Or would he with plain, curt words revile and denounce her?

The summer house was near the hedge, and so she could hear his step the moment he came out of his door. First she heard him cross the porch, then take to the gravel walk, and then she realized that in his haste to reach her, he was swinging through the shrubbery and, in the old boyish way, vaulting the hedge.

He found her there, bathed in moonlight, framed in

honeysuckle, dressed as a bride in white, her lips a tremble, two luminous unshed tears in her eyes.

Before she could speak, while yet she harked for his outraged cry of "Where is Millicent?" she was caught in compelling arms, lifted from her feet, held close to a heaving breast and kissed a dozen times on lips, and cheeks and hair.

"My Picture Lady!" she heard him murmur. And again, with ecstasy complete, "My Picture Lady! My own dear, beautiful Betty!"

She struggled free. She stood back from him, accusing, not accused.

"How long have you known?"

"Since the day I proposed to the wrong woman, and, while waiting my answer in the drawing-room, found another one of your pictures on her table inscribed, 'To dear Millicent, from Betty.' And then," he concluded, "the scales fell from my eyes and I was terrified lest the wrong woman accept and the right woman escape me."

"Poor, poor Cousin Millicent," said Betty with a happy sigh. "I think I'll let her keep the first proposal."

The Waste of Overeating

By JOHN SCHAFFER

WHEN one considers the amount of care and attention devoted to the proper feeding of our domestic animals in order to keep them in good physical condition, whether for work or exhibition purposes, it is surprising to note the carelessness of the human animal in regard to its own food. Pick up a book on the feeding of any of our domestic animals and you will be struck by the repetition of "Don't overfeed." It is not a question of quality but a question of quantity that is dwelt upon.

In the case of the human animal, the cry has been nourishment and more nourishment until one is led to believe the human system a yawning furnace yearning for food. Loss of appetite is considered a dire calamity. Granted; but in ninety per cent. of cases this loss of appetite is due primarily to overeating. The immediate cause may be one of a score of minor ailments, the treatment for which is a more or less thorough cleaning out of the system to get rid of the surplus. The result is satisfactory; your torpid liver or bowels or stomach was at fault. But why? Too much nourishment—overeating. By overeating I am not referring to quantity judged by weight, as a comparatively small amount of a concentrated food may do as much harm as a larger amount containing a smaller percentage of actual food value.

Fuel is as necessary in the running of the human as in any other engine. Excess of fuel causes trouble in any case. For example, feed your auto engine too much gasoline and it "chokes"; you get less power, and a carbon deposit which requires an overhauling of the engine. Or, a careless fireman feeds his furnace too much coal, resulting in smoke and soot with less available heat and clogged flues. The remedy is to clean the boiler. But in all well-conducted plants the fireman is either warned or discharged for incompetency.

How about our poor human engine? Occasionally we eat enough to be uncomfortable and are more or less sorry, according to the degree of discomfort. Very often we blame some one particular dish for being indigestible; so we take a digestive tablet, a stimulant or a laxative, and all is well. Is it? What about gout, rheumatism, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, etc? How about "that tired feeling"; that sluggish circulation? Do you notice it more after eating a hearty meal or after eating a frugal one? Try it.

Something over two years ago an old college friend of mine, a physician, came to me with a history of headaches, constipation, torpid liver, rheumatism, and a general lack of tone. They had all yielded to treatment for a time, but had always recurred. He had been treated for everything, from simple gastritis to cancer of the liver; with diets and drugs and internal and external baths galore, both here and abroad, with the same result, a more or less temporary improvement. He decided there must be something radically wrong. I agreed. He wore the brands of the overfed—lusterless eyes and muddy complexion; dull red mucous membranes instead of the bright red of a healthy man. I asked him, "How about your appetite?" He answered:

"I have always managed to keep that good,"

"You mean that you eat three hearty meals a day?"

"Yes."

"Anything between meals?"

"No, except occasionally at night, after the theater or something of that sort."

"I suppose when you say that your appetite is good you mean that you enjoy about as large a meal as when you were in college, with perhaps a little more care as to quality."

"Well, yes, just about."

"In choosing your food, have you given a certain amount of consideration to the actual food value and ease of digestion?"

"Yes."

"Then you are actually getting more nourishment now than when you were growing and developing mentally and physically and living a rather active life; when your tissues demanded food and your energies fuel?"

"I suppose that is true."

"Well, now that you have matured and it is a question of refining that which has grown, you will find that you do not need more than one-half the food required during your college days, and that it is this excess of nourishment which is at the bottom of all your troubles. My advice to you is: Within the next two weeks gradually reduce the quantity of your food until you are practically on half your present ration, and in three months write me."

As he left he remarked, "How often in our search for health we lose sight of the obvious!"

In two months I received a letter: "I am a new man. I am eating half as much and feeling fine. . . I did not know there was so much ginger in me. . . It was a little hard at first, especially when I was detained for an hour or so beyond my regular meal-time, as I would develop a headache, but even that is righting itself. The results have been permanent." In a recent letter he said: "If I could take the excess food eaten by most of the people in Chicago in one day, I could feed all the underfed for a week."

Now, Mr. Businessman and Mrs. Societywoman, Mr. Clerk and Miss Schoolteacher, and all the rest of the family of grown-ups, think it over. Do not overfeed your engine. It will run longer and better on too little than it will on too much.

The reward will be ample; I hear it every day: "Doctor, I get more actual enjoyment out of a simple little dinner than I used to get out of the most elaborate dishes in days gone by." "I do not have to rack my brain to think of something that will taste good."

"I have forgotten what indigestion feels like," etc.

We are all trying to realize our own little heaven on this earth, and, believe me, there is more chance for those who are afflicted by the devil of too much drink than there is for those afflicted by the devil of too much food. A drunkard may be quite gentlemanly when sober, but the glutton is a beast all the time. Do not use up your energy digesting and getting rid of a surplus of food—save it for the day's work or the day's play, whichever it happens to be.

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A CHOICE

By BLAKENEY GREY

IF you must sit and sigh
And have the blues,
Why don't you try

To realize

That there are sighs and sighs,
And blues and blues,

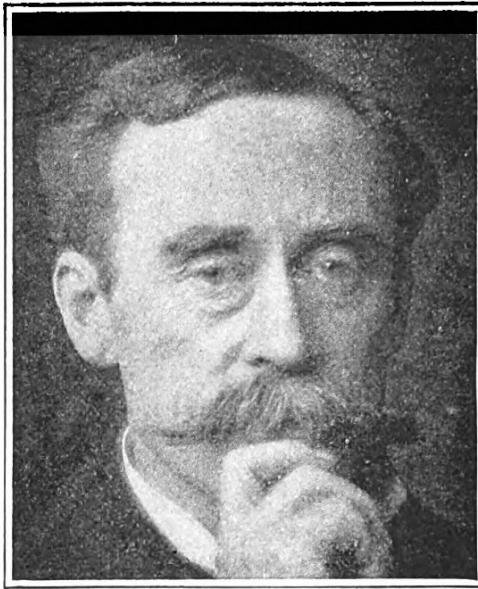
From which to choose?

There're heavenly blues, and blues of tranquil seas,
Both pleasant—if you have them, pray have these;
And when you sigh, be like the turtle-dove,
Who knows not grief, and merely sighs for love.



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Who's Who in Nevada

[Continued from page 151]

window that opened on the station platform.

"He's twins," said Hennessy.

"Twins!" I yelled. "Are you seein' double, or am I locoed?"

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" bellowed Hennessy. "Tis no double about it. This wan is John. Jerry stayed home with his granny. 'Twas kind ye were to mind him," he added, tucking the bundle under his arm and passing out the door with his smiling young wife.

"Sure, Wong Lee," I whispered as I dropped into a chair, "tis perilous likely there'll be a queer set o' twins in the Hennessy family."

"There was no answer. That heathen had vanished, taking his smile and his wisdom farther down the desert.

"The German mother was the next to call for her small bundle. Her husband trailed in behind her.

"How ist mein leedle Hans?" she asked, while big Hans stood by, grinning. I took one glance at big Hans and knew him for the foreman of the Red Star who had killed Bad Bill Hoffaker.

"I smiled like a baked-clay image as I passed out what I was compelled to offer as leedle Hans.

"He looks like his farder alretty," said big Hans as he held up the little parcel by the legs and turned it round in his palm.

"You're l-l-l-l-like as t-t-t-two dice," said I, my teeth dancing. And my teeth continued to dance till the Hans family had passed out on the plaza and were whirling away up the trail on their buckboard.

"Jonesy," Sandstorm ran on, going pale at the memory, "when the Swede and Roosian couples came in together, I made swift reckoning on the choice of exits. I was that shattered I could get no firm grip on little Ole Hansen's draperies and contents. My hands shook so I bumped him against the wicket, whereat Mrs. Hansen grabbed the bundle from me with a snort.

"You bane clumsy fool," she snapped, and I'd have gone out the window then, had n't her husband winked and laughed out loud.

"The Roosian pair stood by, heavy an' silent an' scowling, while I passed out No. 4. Ten pounds fell from me when those two families went out. There was only one in-fant left, so my margin of danger was shaved down to a wise gambler's chance. Likewise, the sun was just stepping down the off-slant of Sable Hill.

"I'll light no lights for that dago lady," I was saying to myself when Budd Dolliver burst in from the street, followed by that same dago lady and six male l-talians. I went out the window, calling after me:

"Sorry I can't wait, Budd, but I've got to catch the down freight I see at Snake Crossing." I did n't even pause for my coat, hat or hardware.

"Stop to grub," Budd yelled after me, "and I'll tell you about the inquest."

"I've no interest in inquests," I flung back, and then the dust hid me as I loped for Snake Crossing.

Sandstorm would end his tale right there and take a long drink. His memory was vivid, and he required the bracer.

"Was there any kick on the dago in-fant?" I asked him one time.

"Take a spin up the metals and ask Budd Dolliver," was the best answer I could draw out of him.

So, one day, about two years after the event, I went up to Mina and saw Budd. He took me to a quiet corner of the Herring Bone and said:

"Angelina Bolini, that's the dago lady, has a small store across the plaza. She's a widow with one child. 'Tis a husky lad with freckles, red hair and a fine young brogue. She says he takes after his grandfather on his mother's side, whose wife's father was Irish.

The Shears of Destiny

[Continued from page 166]

His lean face glowed with a sinister light, and he suggested, as one detail of their plan, that Prince Berloff be "executed" and the "execution" be left to him. Sonya opposed that sanguinary course, whereupon he volunteered several suggestions bearing upon their immediate plan of freeing Borodin; and although Drexel felt an inward shrinking, he had to acknowledge that Freeman was an adviser of wonderful shrewdness, of endless expedient, of intimate acquaintance with the conditions with which their plan must deal. Drexel would have preferred to work with an ally of less fearsome temperament, but that he was an ally of supreme efficiency there was no denying.

"You seemed to have some hesitation about Freeman at that conference in this room a week ago," remarked Drexel when the Terrorist had gone.

"It is a peculiarity of our hunted underground life that we hardly know whom to trust," was Sonya's reply. "We are always suspecting one another. And for the moment we were not certain about him. He is too ruthless. He may be overbold, but we can hardly doubt his sincerity. You remember the scene between him and Berloff in the Hotel Europe."

"I was present," said Drexel.

"His course there was rash, but it proved that whatever his faults, he is sincere, and it brushed away whatever suspicions may have arisen in our minds."

Presently Sonya withdrew to the lower floor where she had a room in the quarters of the housekeeper and his wife, and Drexel went to bed in the adjoining room. The next day Sonya was for going straight to the governor, but she took the precaution to call up the fortress by telephone to learn whether he was in. He was at the Ministry of the Interior for the day, she was told, and had left word that he could not be seen till the morrow. This postponement of action was a heavy disappointment to her, but there was nothing for it but to wait.

Toward the end of the afternoon Sonya went out with the housekeeper's wife and Drexel was left to his thoughts. The countess came into his mind, and he felt a sharp, accusing shame over his desertion of her and wondered what had befallen her after he had leaped from the sleigh two nights before.

It occurred to him that perhaps he could gain some hint of her fate by applying to one of her servants, so he went out to a public telephone and called up her apartment house. To his surprise, the voice that answered was the countess's. In reply to his questions, she bade him come to her.

She was awaiting him in the drawing-room, pale and rather worn, but no less richly handsome than usual. She had nothing of her rallying good humor, her air of confident, luxurious grace, however. She told him that she had fallen into the hands of Captain Nadson and the Cossacks, and had been taken by the captain privately before Prince Berloff, who had been most harsh with her. They had all except the prince returned to St. Petersburg that day, and she, though apparently free, was under what amounted to domiciliary arrest.

What had happened was of course a little otherwise. When taken before Prince Berloff, she had told the story of her failure, and how she had struggled to prevent Drexel's escape, and had been corroborated by the captain and by the bruised arms which she exhibited. The prince, bitterly disappointed as he was, had to attribute the failure to Drexel's quickness of brain and body.

"I know you have not returned to your hotel, for I called it up," she said. "What are you doing?"

Her pallor deepened as he answered her.

"And so you are in the midst of a revolutionary plot!" she breathed. "But how did you know of that house?"

Once more he was forced to give her an evasive reply. "Mr. Freeman told me of it."

She gazed at him for a few moments and an appalling fear grew upon her. He was going forward with this plot she had lured him into—this plot against his life!

Suddenly she stretched out a jeweled hand and caught his arm. "Please—please do not go back to that house!" she cried.

He stared at her. "Why?"

"Please do not, I beg of you."

"But why?" he asked. "Only two days ago you urged me into this plan."

"I did not then realize the danger."

"I did, and I realize it now."

She wanted to cry out to him, but to warn him of the whole of his danger would be to reveal the truth about herself—that she was a spy—that she had made a bargain to lead him to his death.

"And I'm quite ready to face it," he assured her. "I shall see this thing through to the end."

She turned very white. If she spoke, he would spurn her, despise her. If she did not . . .

But she dared not speak.

[To be continued in April]

Infringement Condemned

The Standard Paint Company's

U. S. Patents Nos. 775,635 and 775,636

for permanent Colored Roofings Upheld

United States Circuit Court,
Southern District of New York.

The Standard Paint Company

vs.

William B. Bird, Charles T. Caruth and Reginald W. Bird, co-partners, doing business under the firm name of J. A. & W. Bird & Company, and Flintkote Manufacturing Company.

Extracts from Decision handed down by the Honorable Judge G. W. Ray, January 24th, 1910:

"The roofing of the defendants alleged to infringe is known as Zolium. I think the evidence establishes that the first successful COLORED ROOFING upon the market was this COLORED RUBEROID made in accordance with the claims of the patents in suit. They are popular and have an extensive and increasing sale. They are pleasing and attractive in appearance to those who desire a colored roof and who use a roofing of this character. It is shown that these roofings are durable and serviceable, and that the coloring is permanent."

"All the constituent elements of a product, a new article of manufacture, may be old, as of course these were, but this product as a complete article of manufacture was new, and it was better than any that had gone before. The inventors did more than those ordinarily skilled

in the art would do. There was mental conception, long experimentation and a valuable and a new result."

"The process pointed out in the patent which varies from the prior art was successful. The prior art was not. There is difficulty in pointing out why the one is successful when the other was not and probably all the reasons are not known, but the discovery was patentable and the defendants infringe by using it."

"I am therefore constrained to hold that both patents in suit (as to claims in issue) are valid and that defendants infringe."

"There will be a decree accordingly and for an injunction and an accounting."

In the course of the experiments referred to by the Honorable Judge interesting facts concerning a number of roofing materials were developed. These and full particulars of the original Ruberoid have been embodied in a book entitled, "ALL ABOUT ROOFING."

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Not dependent upon the success of any enterprise, upon personal ability, or even upon honesty, but payable from Taxes levied and collected by counties, under state laws, for permanent public improvements. We recommend:

Woodruff County, Ark., Levee Dist., 6%, \$1,000 Bonds

District contains about 60,000 acres of productive cotton land, valued at \$1,250,000, with a total debt of \$160,000. Various maturities—prices to yield 5½% interest.

Calhoun County, Iowa, Drainage, 6%, \$500 Bonds

District contains 4,120 acres of high class and improved farm lands worth \$200,000, with a total debt of \$12,600.

These bonds are tax exempt in Iowa and legal investments for Iowa Savings Banks. Various maturities—price to yield 5½% interest.

Bowie County, Texas, (Divisional Improvement) 4½%, \$1,000 Bonds

Actual Value	-	-	-	\$15,000,000
Assessed Value	-	-	-	8,008,136
Total debt, this issue	-	-	-	250,000

Population, 15,000. The city of Texarkana and 320 square miles of rich farming land is included. Price 100 and interest.

4% Municipal Bonds

\$250,000 City of Chicago, 4%, price 100 and interest
\$200,000 City of Milwaukee, 4%, price 100 and interest

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brings us many choice issues, often small, but always gilt edge, for we buy only after the most painstaking investigation.

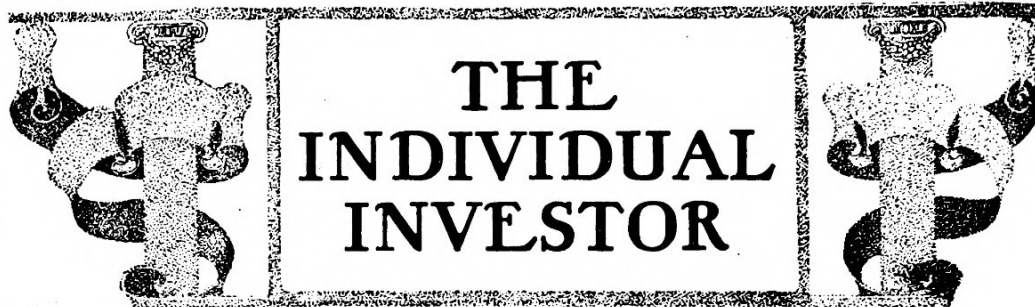
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JACKSONVILLE—The New York of the South
now being reconstructed by "Commercial Democrats" and Chicago Ozone. Wide-open city—it's the limit. Don't scatter in wild southern feud towns. Our Tell-the-Truth booklet free. Write Half Million Club.



An article of the writer's appeared in the November number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE in relation to irrigation projects and the securities based thereon. It was not intended to be a substantial endorsement of irrigation bonds collectively, and, to those who read it carefully, it must have been evident that there were pitfalls suggested and vigilance urged, making it incumbent upon any prospective buyer to proceed with caution. But that the dangers hinted at escaped most readers is now apparent, and the writer has been grieved to discover that what was expected to have a salutary restraining influence rather increased the enthusiasm and greed for the high rate of interest which is part and parcel of bonds of this class.

In that article, so much of the beneficial side of irrigation was enlarged upon that it seems preferable now to point out the multitude of precipices and quicksands likely to be encountered by those earnest-minded persons striving to find relief from the burden of the present excessive cost of living by the natural means of an increased income.

Irrigation in the abstract elicits the writer's most ardent support and encouragement, but he fails to understand why it is that, in the optimism of the moment, encouraged by the fetish of high interest rates, each individual proposition should not be as carefully and earnestly studied as would be the case in advancing money for any other purpose.

Irrigation and Irrigation Securities must Not be Confounded

The public does not differentiate between irrigation as viewed from the agricultural standpoint and irrigation in the investment field. Even the President unconsciously gave a filip to the whole marketing of irrigation securities by his enthusiastic attitude toward irrigation *per se* during his trip through the West. He was referring, however, to the Government projects only. Magazines and newspapers have been painting in lively colors the many really valuable features of irrigation, but not from the standpoint of the investor. Consequently, all this has been instrumental in creating an intense, but mistaken, fascination on the part of the public for these issues. The subject of irrigation should not be confounded with irrigation securities.

The literature being distributed in the way of circulars, advertisements, letters, etc., in relation to these bonds, is most inspiring. Probably there has never heretofore been a foundation upon which to base more seductive or bewitching statements. At this time, when the cost of living is so painfully realized by all, nothing appeals more directly to our pocket-books than food products, from which it is very easy to obtain an illuminated view of the value of the lands upon which we draw for our breadstuffs.

It is true that water and land when properly welded together produce a fertility that is marvelous to contemplate, and upon that the game is being played.

Most of the reputable houses are standing out against this illegitimate exploitation of the irrigation field, in a quiet way, but why they do not come out boldly and show up the unsoundness of many of the schemes is hard to comprehend. Just as earnest an effort should be made to weed out the questionable promotions in this branch of finance as that made by legitimate stock exchange houses in their endeavor to suppress the bucket-shops. There is no mincing matters in that direction.

Optimistic and Misleading Literature

It seems that the irrigation banker has everything in his favor and that he might, with this handicap, confine his advertisements to the realms of reason. It is worth while to analyze a few of his statements and see how they stand the "litmus" test.

The prevailing attempt to deceive while appearing to tell the truth is one of the unhappy conditions encompassing this means of financiering. Here is a case in point:

"And are as secure in themselves as a Government bond."

What kind of a Government bond? Nicaragua, San Domingo, or the United States of America? The assertion in quotations is a safe one, but misleading. If irrigation securities yielding six per cent. are as secure as our Government obligations, what is the use of an investment house trying to sell good railroad or public

Pitfalls of Irrigation Securities

By MONTGOMERY ROLLINS

utility bonds at prices to yield from four and a half to five per cent.? The statement does not square with the facts. Another example:

"The first crop from the land often yields several times the amount of the mortgage."

Undoubtedly, crops have been taken off profitable enough to pay a reasonable mortgage indebtedness the first year, but no shrewd Eastern investor need be told that, if such were the prevailing custom, there would not be trains enough to haul the covetous hordes to the West to take up lands. And why should anyone bother to buy the bonds at all; why not buy the land itself, and make the one hundred or more per cent. instead of taking a paltry six per cent. upon the securities?

Would a banker handling corporation securities dare to make such unequivocal statements as these? "The title to the land is perfect." "The water right is positively and absolutely perfect." Anyone who has had experience in the courts, with reference to either titles or water rights, than which there has been, probably, no more prolific source of litigation in this country, would hesitate to make such declarations.

The encouragement of the misconception on the part of the colonizer that the preliminary outlay is not great has led to serious hardships, and is such a potent factor in the success or failure of these enterprises that it is deserving of more extended and earnest consideration.

When a farmer accustomed to the climatic, topographical and social conditions of the East first spreads his tent upon a far western desert waste, his sense of disappointment is sometimes so great that he loses all his courage at the outset.

After the settler has incurred the expense involved in erecting buildings, he is usually faced with a vision of desolate sage-brush country which requires a cost of from five to twenty dollars an acre to clear, and must likewise be graded for the distribution of water. It is seldom that new lands are in condition for the frugal application of water. These expenditures, added to the cost of fencing the land and building ditches with laterals, the purchase of tools and so on, are a severe tax to be added to the price of water rights or rentals.

There is grave danger, here and there, that land already in successful cultivation may be seriously injured, or practically ruined, by seepage, and the consequent deposit of alkali from some later irrigation enterprise on higher land levels in the same vicinity. This state of affairs may be productive of legal disputes, may force an expensive system of drainage to the lower lands, or may cause their abandonment entirely.

The Interior Department already reports seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of over-irrigated land, for which it estimates the cost of reclamation as fourteen million, five hundred thousand dollars.

Many fail to take into consideration the fact that an actual loss may be incurred upon land not cultivated, for the cost of water is usually assessed against all a farmer's holdings that come under a given ditch. It is inspiring, however, to read such assurances as these:

"In the spring the blooming of the trees is held back and delayed about two weeks, and as a result of this condition," viz., the altitude, "and others, the fruit buds and blossoms are out after the ravages of the early spring have passed."

Do not these allegations convince us that there is a Mecca for fruit-raisers? There must be, for to add to the comfort and luxury of the people and the ease with which they can get rich and pay off their mortgages, appears this: "You can pick your fruit after dinner, load it on the train at four o'clock in the afternoon, and that fruit is at Leadville at midnight, at Pueblo at four o'clock in the morning, and in Denver, the capital of the State, a city of two hundred thousand people, at eight o'clock in the morning; and, in the meantime, your fruit is in what practically means a state of constant refrigeration, for it has been passing over the mountain ranges at night, where the air is cold and almost frosty."

That reads like a story of the "chosen land" rather than a scheme of finance.

There may come a time, at the present rate at which land is being opened, when the supply will exceed the demand, and a crash will be heard from the regions of the wildest projects.

In truth, as the whole western irrigation idea is being carried out to-day, it has all the earmarks of a land

The Facts About 6% North Dakota Farm Mortgages

Every investor, small or large, should inform himself on North Dakota Farm Mortgages. These mortgages are secured by farms of utmost fertility in a rich and growing country where values have trebled in a few years. The income is very liberal. It is the utmost that an investment of this degree of safety can pay. It is 6%, almost twice that paid by eastern investments of the same security. This type of investment is safe. I have handled over \$1,500,000 and never has a cent been lost to investors. I have written a book based on my 27 years' experience. It gives the facts about these farm mortgages. My book explains why western investments of this degree of safety pay so liberal a rate of income. Send this coupon today. [4]

WALTER L. WILLIAMSON, Lisbon, N. D.

Dear Sir:—Please send me your new book, "Investment Facts."

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You Probably Need All Your Savings Can Earn

One-half more than the ordinary interest earnings on your savings, or surplus funds, would offset in part the increased cost of living.

We recommend for regular income a

High-grade Bond Issue

yielding **6%** on the money invested, and representing sound value.

We will gladly give you full information about this particular bond issue, by letter, or will mail you our Booklet about Bonds upon request. Write us promptly and frankly.

LAWRENCE BARNUM & CO.
BANKERS

27 PINE ST., NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA WASHINGTON

A Valuable Book on Investments

Our free booklet, "Bonds and How to Buy Them," gives information of the greatest value to every man or woman who has money to invest, and tells how we select and sell high-grade Municipal and Corporation Bonds.

These bonds yield 4 to 6% interest and are safe investments because they are first mortgages on the property of the communities or corporations which issue them.

Write for this booklet now. It will aid you in making investments.

OTIS & HOUGH
Investment Bankers

300 Cuyahoga Bldg. Cleveland, Ohio

SAFE INVESTMENTS

MUNICIPAL BONDS As Good as Government Bonds

Most Government Bonds pay less than 2%. Municipal Bonds pay 4 to 6%. We will send you free our "Safe Investment" book—a valuable guide to wise investment. Write today.

3 Spitzer Bldg., Toledo, Ohio
8 Hannover Bank Bldg., N. Y. City
Oldest Municipal Bond House west of New York

SPITZER & CO. Bonds

speculation rather than the basis for sound mortgage or municipal indebtedness.

The following, which has appeared in print, tends to prove this argument:

"Land promotions have become a prominent feature in the Southwest. The surplus funds in the hands of the farmers have attracted the agents, who are swarming everywhere, organizing excursions for land buyers, in the South, Southwest, Southeast, West and Northwest, and practically every district of the country, except possibly New England farming land, is involved, as also are extensive timber lands."

Secretary Ballinger, in replying to critics who accused him of seeking to cripple the reclamation service, affirmed that the irrigation work "is much in advance of the needs of the people," for out of seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand acres supplied with water, "applications for water rights have been received for only four hundred and twenty-five thousand acres, leaving three hundred and forty-three thousand acres with water, ready for the plow."

The Land's Insatiate Thirst for Water

It goes without saying that there must be a sufficiency of water, but what constitutes a sufficiency is not always ascertainable until it has been applied to the land, and, at best, an accurate prediction as to the amount required is a problem for the engineer. It is a variable quantity. Some soils absorb water faster than others, so that it takes a much larger volume to cover a given area; the soil conditions may be such that a greater loss occurs through seepage and waste in some sections than in others; evaporation may be greater certain lands; different crops require varying amounts. An inexperienced prospector for desirable irrigated lands may not consider that there is a vast difference in the economical application of water to different sections, due to the natural contour of the land. Some is especially well adapted to irrigation, sloping from two to four feet to the mile, where ditches may be easily built so that the flow may not be too rapid nor too slow for economical distribution.

So the sufficiency and availability of water is vastly more important than the actual quality of the land, as experience has shown that a large proportion of the latter, naturally within the reach of irrigation supplies, will produce crops of some kind, if properly treated with water.

Many Easterners have an inherited dislike to spending their hard-earned money for the purchase of what a bounteous Providence has given their home country from the clouds, and, at times, have actually rebelled against paying water rentals, allowing lands to remain uncultivated and go to waste. They are naturally restive under what seems to them an exorbitant charge for a comparatively small amount of water.

The legal status of the water right is a serious problem. For years legal chaos reigned, and it is only within a comparatively recent time that anything like clearly defined and reasonably stable irrigation legislation has even been attempted.

From the earliest days in the West litigation has been one of the most formidable foes to success, and many States have been regular hotbeds of legal warfare. Many an otherwise meritorious irrigation enterprise has proved a ruinous failure from that cause. The laws have been contradictory and uncertain, encouraging the appeal of suits, with the expectation of a reversal of decisions.

The under-estimating of the actual cost of an undertaking is a common occurrence, and many of these propositions are calling for a great deal more money than expected. This enters into other enterprises as well; in fact, no better example of it can be cited than the Panama Canal, which is costing nearly double the first expectations.

In the Uncompahgre project in Colorado, the original Government estimates were based upon a cost of about twenty-two dollars and a half per acre for water rights, at which price the farmers welcomed the development. Now, however, they are keenly disappointed, for the cost is so much exceeding the original estimates that the price of water rights will be from forty to fifty dollars.

If the Government can make mistakes with its efficient corps of engineers, what might be expected of a few totally inexperienced farmers?

The mere building of a large dam for the impounding of water does not necessarily mean success. The promoters of hydro-electric companies have almost universally sought the most competent engineering advice, calling for unparalleled permanence of construction. The building of dams for irrigation storage purposes has not, generally speaking, been given this same consideration. It is reported that in the haste under which many irrigation contracts have been completed, numerous mistakes have been made and fundamental errors overlooked; that in one case, a large dam was built upon a bed of gravel; that in another the dam went out entirely and was replaced only at a great expense.

If dams holding back enormous volumes of water are not properly constructed, they may burst, causing immense loss of life and property, with consequent injury to the security holders, to say nothing of the resultant damage suits.

Where the natural conditions are such that reservoirs must be constructed in the channels of flowing streams that carry large amounts of sediment, it is doubtful how

EXPERIENCE

In all vocations of life experience counts. The trained and skilled workman turns out the best product. The experienced farmer raises the banner crop. The experienced business man buys to best advantage, and the bond house fortified by long years of experience buys the strongest, safest bonds and is the most alert to guard the interests of its clients.

Our business was founded in 1876. We have had an experience of thirty-four years. The heads of our departments are men of mature years and broad training. We have offices in San Francisco, Denver, Chicago, and New York in addition to our home office in Boston. These offices, extending from coast to coast, enable us to maintain an intimate knowledge of the municipal and corporation affairs of the country at large. We are well equipped to give sound advice to our customers and to buy and sell bonds which prove to be eminently satisfactory investments.

We aim to have on hand at all times municipal bonds of the highest grade; public utility bonds which have stood the test of years; and railroad bonds with a large margin of security. It is our endeavor to give our customers as high a rate of income as is consistent with absolute safety, and *no more*.

We issue a monthly circular of our offerings which we shall be happy to send on application, free of charge, as well as our booklets entitled, "Public Utility Bonds as Investments," "A Financial Courtship" and "What is a Bond House?"

Ask for Circular No. 88-A.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS
21 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER SAN FRANCISCO

A Strong Combination

1. When an issue of bonds is secured by a first mortgage upon a property of demonstrated value;
2. When the earnings have shown steady increases for a long period of years;
3. When liberal expenditures have been made from earnings for the maintenance of the property;
4. When the property could not be reproduced for its capitalization, including both stock and bonded indebtedness;
5. When the terms of the mortgage insure the fullest protection to the investor;

Then the bonds represent a strong combination for the security of surplus funds, and are to be regarded as a thoroughly sound investment.

Subject to sale, we offer a limited amount of an issue of first mortgage 5% bonds possessing all of the features enumerated above. The bonds net about 4.80%.

Write for Bond Circular No. 930.

Spencer Trask & Co.

Investment Bankers
William and Pine Streets, New York

Branch Offices: Albany, N. Y.—Boston, Mass.—Chicago, Ill.

Investors' Handbook Free

An exceedingly useful little booklet, with chapters on Investment and Speculation. How Money is Lost. What is Really Safe? Shall it be Bonds or Stocks? Legal for Savings Banks, and a valuable table, showing the yields of bonds at different rates when bought at different prices. Sent free on receipt of a postal card, if you state whether or not you will have \$500.00 or more to invest during the coming year. Ask for list of mortgages, yielding 6%; absolutely safe. THE JOHN M. C. MARBLE COMPANY, H. W. Helman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

A New 6% Bond Issue

Our patrons of the past thirty years who have invested their savings or surplus in the Municipal Irrigation Bond Issues recommended by us are respectfully notified that we are now preparing the *First Advance Subscription* offering of a *New Irrigation Loan* issued on a new addition to the famous Greeley District, Colorado, at an *Advance Special Price*.

These Municipal Bonds have our highest recommendation, after a most rigid examination of the district by members of our organization, and the fullest reports,

BUY BONDS only from a responsible and established banking house which we will cheerfully furnish to persons or institutions interested in taking advantage of this advance offering.

The wisdom and propriety of making the details of this offering confidential, and by correspondence, will be understood by conservative investors, who have dealt with us in the past.

If interested, please write us promptly and we will give you full and explicit information.

Our Booklet about Irrigation Bonds is at your service upon request.

Farson, Son & Co.

Members New York Stock Exchange
More than 30 years' experience

New York Chicago

21 Broad Street First National Bank Bldg.
DEAR SIR: — Please send me Circular 10,325 S.
describing new Municipal Irrigation Bond Issue.

Name

Address

State 1215

Irrigation Bonds

¶ We believe that an income of from five and one-half to six per cent. may be obtained with safety from selected issues of Irrigation Bonds, and recommend them to those desiring to re-invest their money so as to obtain a better interest return.

¶ This class of bonds is especially well adapted to the requirements of the average private investor, as they usually mature serially, so that a long or short time investment may be made as desired, and they are obtainable in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1000.

Send for Circular S-2

Alfred Mestre & Co.
BANKERS

Members New York Stock Exchange

52 Broadway New York

long it will be before their usefulness will be greatly impaired, owing to the deposit of this sediment in the reservoir proper.

This danger, however, is far greater in the southern States and Territories than in the northern half of the United States.

Already one canal has gone almost totally dry due to the cutting off of the timber supply at its source. Where such a serious problem as this is but one of almost hundreds of things to consider, is it not evident that the most expert knowledge is requisite?

Inconsistency of Price in Water Rights

There is a peculiar and astonishing variation in the prices of water rights per acre. In almost any business the cost of raw materials, for example, is so fixed, and fluctuations within such narrow limits, that such a variation as one or two hundred per cent. would be considered an impossible obstacle to further progress, unless shared by all. But in the field of irrigation it seems to be assumed that a man paying seventy-five dollars per acre for water rights will be just as sure of a profitable outcome as the one paying but ten to twenty-five dollars.

It is quite true that land upon which fruit crops may be successfully grown will stand a higher construction cost than if designed for the growing of grain, forage crops and live stock, but the differences in the cost of water rights do not consistently form along those lines.

Take this illustration:

Along one river there are two projects. Topographically, the conditions of each are the same, yet in one instance the bonded indebtedness is nine dollars an acre, and in the other forty-three dollars. How is this wide difference accounted for.

Irrigation bonds are being sold bearing the guarantee of well-known firms or corporations. If the question were honestly put to and as honestly answered by ninety-nine experienced bond men out of a hundred as to their opinion of selling bonds guaranteed by banking houses or corporations associated with the same, the answer would unhesitatingly be that it is contrary to good principles.

The average banking house does not care to handle a bond which, on its merits, will not sell without such a guarantee. This statement does not mean that a bond by a sub-company may not be guaranteed by the parent company, or that a main line of road should not guarantee a leased line, for there the acquisition of the property itself is to the benefit of the corporation giving the guarantee. It is a class of bonds which is guaranteed for the profit incidental thereto that is under discussion here.

Everyone who went through the farm mortgage craze of fifteen or twenty years ago will remember the great Lombard Investment Company and the readiness with which thousands of mortgages, good, bad and indifferent, were easily placed, through the fact of the bare guarantee of a company with such a large capitalization and surplus. But what did that surplus amount to when the crash came?

Opinion of a State Engineer

As a last general word upon these matters, and from one speaking by authority, the following extracts are given from a recent letter from the State engineer of one of the States foremost in irrigation enterprises:

"My personal opinion of irrigation investments is that they are very much like other investments in that those which are good are capable of making good returns on the money, while the bad ones will make nothing except for the promoters.

The only way to distinguish between good and bad is to have a detailed and thorough investigation made by a competent engineer. In this way one can have as much security against a poor investment as in any other kind of project.

"I am free to say that there are large numbers of irrigation projects whose securities are now on the market which have not had a competent engineer's examination and whose promoters have taken great care that they should not have, knowing full well that the projects would not bear close scrutiny.

"I am quite certain that many holders of irrigation bonds are going to find sooner or later that their securities are practically worthless, since their money has been used for construction work where the water supply was entirely inadequate.

"I am very much afraid that the time is coming when there will be a collapse in irrigation securities quite as disastrous as that which has followed so many mining excitements. The officers of the present State Administration are doing everything in their power to prevent the promotion of irrigation projects which have not a sound basis, but the laws are such that we can not be entirely successful."

— Thus far, we have considered irrigation issues in a general way, regardless of the fact that there are several well-defined plans for financing them. For the time being, the two methods by which promoters may finance these schemes along the lines of least resistance are in the form of quasi-municipal issues backed by irrigation districts and corporation issues brought out under the Carey Act.

In the April number of this magazine, the subject of irrigation bonds will be continued, and each of these favorite, and, at present, popular plans will be analyzed in detail.

\$100 \$500 \$1000

Six Per Cent

to the Purchaser of the

North Platte Valley Irrigation Co

First Mortgage and Collateral Trust
Six Per Cent Gold Bonds

Organized under the laws of Wyoming
to develop by irrigation lands segregated
under the provisions of the "Carey Act."

Stability of these bonds is assured by the unusual strength of the safe-guarding features.

Location. This property adjoins on two sides Senator Carey's famous irrigated farm, the products of which have won prizes for quality and quantity in the agricultural congresses of many western states.

Construction of the dam, reservoirs, canals, etc., was supervised by the Ambursen Hydraulic Construction Company of Boston.

Legality in all points had the unqualified approval of Clark, Reiner & Clark of Cheyenne and Wood & Oakley of Chicago.

Development. A portion of this property is already under cultivation and producing most satisfactory results.

Settlement. About 28,000 acres of this land have already been sold to bona-fide settlers.

Every bond issued represents land actually sold to bona-fide settlers. Such bonds are additionally secured by water purchase contracts (with water actually on the land) deposited with the Trustee to the amount of \$125 for every \$100 of bonds certified and issued.

Price 100 and Accrued Interest

Descriptive circular containing other important safe-guarding features and describing irrigation bonds as an investment will be sent on request for Booklet S.

Blake & Reeves

34 Pine Street Bankers New York City

An Actual Irrigation Experience

We have prepared in booklet form an article, written by a correspondent, which appeared recently in a leading New York newspaper. This article explains clearly and concisely the conditions which surround a tract of land opened up by irrigation. Every investor interested in the subject of irrigation bonds should have this booklet.

Write for it to-day

RUDOLPH KLEYBOLTE COMPANY, Inc.
Investment Bonds

184 La Salle St. CHICAGO 115 Broadway NEW YORK CITY 18 East 4th St. CINCINNATI

THERE is a time to SELL investments as well as to BUY them. It takes careful study and accurate knowledge of events affecting the commercial, financial and political world to arrive at a wise conclusion.

The Weekly Financial Review

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Sent on application without charge, and inquiries of individual investors carefully answered.

J. S. BACHE & CO.

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The Specialists in

Odd Lots

offer you satisfactory executions. We can buy for you quantities less than 100 shares at the offered price of 100 share lots; we can sell for you quantities less than 100 shares at the bid price of 100 share lots. Often we can do still better.

Send for "Odd Lot Circular 222."

John Muir & Co.,

Members New York Stock Exchange,

71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Sky Man

[Continued from page 169]

She stayed just where she was, clinging to him, cowering to him as if something terrified her, her face pressed down against his shoulder.

"Signals," she gasped out. "From a light—from a search-light!"

He drew a long, deep breath or two, and his good arm tightened around her.

"Well," he said, his voice breaking in a shaky laugh, "if we are mad, we are mad together, Jeanne, dear, and with the same madness. If we are dreaming, we are living in the same dream. Did you read what it said? Oh, no, of course you couldn't—but I did. It's the old army wig-wag, and what it said is: 'Courage. We are coming!'"

CHAPTER XXIII

UNWINGED

For a while she stayed just where she was, her head cradled against his shoulder, but presently she stood erect once more, pulled off one of her heavy gauntlets, and with her bare palm pressed the tears out of her eyes.

"You aren't strong enough yet to be used as the support for a really good cry." Her voice was shaky and her speech uneven. There were still some little half-suppressed sobs in it. But she turned her face again toward the southern horizon. "If that's the army wig-wag, I ought to be able to read it. Tom taught it to me years ago. Perhaps—perhaps it is he who is signaling now."

"Was there a search-light on the *Aurora*?" Philip asked, "I did n't notice when I saw her." He tried to make the question sound casual, but his own voice was hardly steadier than hers.

"Oh, yes," she said. "It was one of the things we laughed at Uncle Jerry for insisting upon, but he insisted just the same. It is a very powerful light. Philip," she said suddenly, after a little silence. "Is it not plainly impossible that—that we see over there? You know you said, and father said in his journal, that there was no possibility of a relief in the winter. Philip, Philip, is it madness—is it the ice madness?"

"If it is," he told her, with a laugh that was steadier now, "if it is, it has taken us both the same way. But, really, there is nothing impossible about it. Of course, the *Aurora* is not steaming along toward us through open water. If she is out there, she is frozen into the pack, and she is moving with it. It was in the dead of winter that the *Walrus* came here, and the *Phoenix*, too, for that matter, and if the *Aurora* was beset and frozen up in the pack before she got too far away, the drift would gradually bring her back here very slowly—only three or four miles a day." He felt her droop a little at that.

"How far are they away now, Philip?" she asked. "I don't know," he told her. "For a guess, I should say forty or fifty miles."

"Two weeks!" she computed thoughtfully. "Philip, do you think we can stand it as long as that? Won't we just—just go mad with the agony of waiting for them?"

"We sha'n't have long to wait," he assured her. "Remember, they said they were coming. They didn't mean they were coming with the drift. They have set out afoot—some of them—over the ice. And I don't believe it's Fanshaw who's sending those signals. He has probably been out on the ice for days."

"It is very rough and their progress would be slow—not so very much faster than that of the ship."

"Oh, if he had your wings!" she whispered.

Cayley got to his feet, not very steadily. "We must build a fire," he said, "out here—the biggest fire we can possibly contrive, to guide them by."

"And to give them a hope," she said. "They can hardly have any—of finding us alive, I mean."

How they ever succeeded in doing it they were both rather at a loss, afterwards, to understand. Neither Cayley nor even Jeanne thought of his illness. That was forgotten, except so far as the fact that he had only one good arm obtruded itself. Jeanne was as weak as he, and the source of her weakness was the same as his. Both had a tendency to laugh shakily at nothing at all. Both found it hard to command their voices. Both found themselves wandering about blindly, in spite of the intensity of their desire to get the fire blazing as soon as possible. But at last they got it blazing with the better part of their precious store of fuel. Then, as best they could, they settled down on their great bear-skin before the fire, to wait. How long they waited neither of them knew, though it seemed an eternity. Sometimes they tried to talk, but their voices had a disconcerting way of breaking.

"We must do something," Philip said at last. "We must try to get our old routine going somehow. It may be hours—days—before they get here."

"I suppose," said Jeanne, "we could cook a meal, even if we could n't eat it."

But before he could answer they heard a rifle-shot ring out in the still air.

"No," said Philip unsteadily, "the long wait is over. Thank God they are here. Fire, Jeanne, fire the revolver. Let them know they are in time." It was lying under her hand; there were only three cartridges left, but she fired them all into the air. Then, almost

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before the echo from the cliff behind them had died away, they heard a dim hail in a human voice—a voice that broke sharply, as if the shout had ended in a sob. "It's Tom," she said.

"Call out. It's your voice he'll want to hear." But it was a moment before she could command it. She called his name twice, and then a third time, with a different inflection, for a long, leaping flicker of fire-light had revealed a little knot of figures rounding one of the great ice-crags that covered the frozen harbor. One figure a little in advance of the others dashed forward at a run. Jeanne sprang to meet him.

For a little while Cayley stood hesitating before the fire, just where Jeanne, in her impulsive rush toward their rescuers, had left him; then, slowly, he followed her.

The details of that last encounter with Tom Fanshaw on the *Aurora's* deck crowded back into his memory, but he met them squarely and defeated them.

What had happened since that last encounter must, he knew, change the attitude of the Fanshaws toward him. They owed the girl's life to him, and however little they might relish taking it at his hands, still they must take it, gladly, and Jeanne's happiness involved their taking him with her.

He was still quite clear that he never could tell them the story which Jeanne's discovery of the locket had forced him to tell her so few hours ago. Not knowing it all, still believing him stained with that old disgrace, they must dislike him—must regard him with profound suspicion. Well, for Jeanne's sake he must treat that suspicion as if it did not exist—or existing, as if it were powerless to hurt him. It would be nearly powerless, when it came to that. The warmth of the girl's faith would compensate for it all.

The party on the ice was moving landward again. Even at Philip's slow pace the distance between them was narrowing. Jeanne and young Fanshaw were coming on ahead. He saw her stop suddenly and throw an arm around the man's neck. She was laughing and crying all at once; and there were tears in the man's eyes, too. Philip expected that. He knew that Fanshaw loved her. His memory of that fact was all that redeemed his recollection of their encounter on the *Aurora's* deck.

What he did not expect was to see Fanshaw suddenly release himself from the girl's embrace and come straight toward him. That was not the most surprising thing—not that, nor the hand which Fanshaw was holding out to him. It was the look in the young man's face, as the light from the great blazing beacon on the beach illuminated it.

There was a powerful emotion working there, but no sign of any conflict; no resistance; no reluctance. It was the face of a man humble in the presence of a miracle. He stripped off his gauntlet and gripped Cayley's left hand. It was a moment before he could speak.

"It's only just now," he said, "now that I see you here together, that I find it hard to believe. Because I've known all along that you were here with her, keeping her alive until we could get back to her. I've been the only one who has had any hope at all, and with me it's been a certainty rather than a hope. It is as if I had seen you here, together. I've seen you so a thousand times, but now that I do actually—with my own eyes—it's hard to—" his voice broke there. There was a moment of silence, then he went on, "You must try to forgive us, Cayley—me, in particular, for I'm the one who need it most. We know the truth of that old story now. No, it was n't Jeanne who told; it was poor Hunter himself, in a letter. He had written it long ago, and it was among his papers. I want you to read it sometime. I think, perhaps, when you do you will be able to forgive him."

"That's done already," said Philip. "No, not long ago—within the last few hours. Come, shall we go back to the fire? I suppose we had better wait for another moonrise before we try to get to the *Aurora*."

It was six months later, a blazing, blue July day, when the gunboat *Yorktown* lifted North Head, the northern portal of the Golden Gate. Tom Fanshaw and his father had gone to the bridge; but Philip and Jeanne, the other two passengers, remained, unmoved by the announcement, seated as far aft as possible, the ensign limp in the following breeze, fluttering just over their heads.

The great floe which for so many months had held the *Aurora* fast imprisoned had broken up under the unrelenting warmth of the June sun, and had set the ship free at last to plod her slow way southward. True to old Mr. Fanshaw's predictions, she had weathered the Arctic winter and the grip of the Arctic ice in safety. The wounded survivors of the *Walrus* party and one of their own crew had died. Otherwise, the sun and the open water found them as well as they had left them—better off, if one is to take an account of the gold—the incredible amount of gold which they had found in the strong room. That, by Mr. Fanshaw's reckoning, belonged to Jeanne as the fruit of her father's discovery. Sometime, perhaps, they would realize the importance of it, but there upon the Arctic sea they were far enough away from the world and its standards to make it seem trivial—almost unreal. If they had had to lighten the ship they would have pitched it over first.

The *Aurora* was doing very well for her, grinding out eight knots an hour, which was about the best she

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was capable of, when off St. Lawrence Island she sighted the gleaming white man-of-war with the stars and stripes snapping at her rail. At that sight old Mr. Fanshaw's impatience took fire, and it became irresistible when he learned that she was bound for San Francisco, as they were.

What international consideration had taken her into those waters is no concern of ours. Her business was done and she was homeward bound, as her long pennant, streaming out astern, attested. So the *Aurora* hailed her. Mr. Fanshaw went on board, and when he returned it was with the astonished captain's invitation to himself and the others in his party, Jeanne, Philip and Tom, to go back to San Francisco on the gun-boat. They left the *Aurora* to follow along at her own gait, in Captain Warner's charge—left gold and all, taking with them only some civilized clothes and two precious articles which Jeanne would not leave behind—her father's journal in its rosewood box and Cayley's wings.

As for the civilized clothes, when the two lovers, so equipped, encountered each other for the first time in the wardroom of the man-of-war, just before their first dinner on board, they had gazed at each other almost incredulously. Now, as they sat here on deck, the last golden hours of that golden voyage slipping away, Philip reverted to that moment.

"Clothes are n't mere externals. They really strike in a little way, at least. It was not just that you looked different that night in the wardroom—you were different, a little—really not quite the same person who walked back beside me across the ice to the *Aurora*."

"Do you like her—this new person?" Jeanne asked. She drawled over the question a little, as if her lips caressed it in the speaking. Cayley laughed like a boy.

"I even like being a little afraid of her," he said.

They had been talking lazily, as it had been their wont to do lately. There was a certain luxury in taking their happiness for granted—in slipping along the surface of life for a while and evading the emotional depths in themselves, which they knew were there. That was natural after the series of tremendous experiences which that long Arctic night had provided them. They seldom spoke of that time. It was with difficulty that Tom and his father could get any account of it.

"I'm afraid of myself," she said, "and that isn't a joke. I've been in terror all the voyage for fear I'd do something dreadful—stretch out at full length on the deck, after dinner, or something of that sort. In a long skirt I feel as I remember I used to when I was about ten years old and was allowed to dress up in my mother's clothes. And, Philip, now that we are nearly home, nearly back to the world, I am afraid of it, really afraid—afraid I'll hate it, the people—I don't mean friends, just people—and being polite and behaving respectably, and having nothing really particular to do." As she finished her voice had a deeper note in it, and, looking up at her, Philip saw that she was in earnest.

"I suppose we shall feel that," he said, "but we can come back gradually. We can build us a bungalow somewhere up on a mountainside where we can be quite by ourselves—with no servants or anything, I mean—and then we can take humanity in small doses, a little at a time."

"You will have your wings," she supplemented, "and you can go towering up, far up in the sunshine, to where the air is as cold as that you flew down through the night you first came to me—so high that the world will look deserted even though it isn't—and you can believe it empty, just as once it was. Only—only—then you'll have to come back to me."

"Jeanne, dear," he said, "you'll remember that always—my flight, I mean. But sometimes you will wonder if it isn't the memory of a dream, and then you'll go and find the old wings in an attic, somewhere, and stroke them with your hands, the way you did that night when I furlled them first upon the ice-floe beside you."

She looked at him quickly, wide-eyed.

"What do you mean, Philip? Not that—not that I'm never to see you fly again?"

He nodded.

"Somehow, up there with all the world below me, it never seemed real. Even you never seemed real, who were the only real thing in all the world. The earth was only a spinning ball, and there were no such things as men. I wasn't a man myself up there, not even—even after you had brought me back to life and given me a soul again. Somehow, to be a man one has to wear the shackles of mankind. I can't explain it better than that, but I know it's true."

For a long time she searched his face in silence.

"You used to seem a spirit rather than a man," she said, "when I would like to lie watching you soaring above me. And now—now it is I who have brought you down."

"Do you remember that I told you once that a man like your father was worth a whole Paradise of angels? Well, I want to be a man, Jeanne; as near as possible such a man as he was. And I want to walk beside you, always."

A shift of wind from astern overtook them, and the great ensign flapped forward, screening them for a moment where they stood, from the view of the rest of the deck. With sudden passion of understanding she clasped him close and kissed him.

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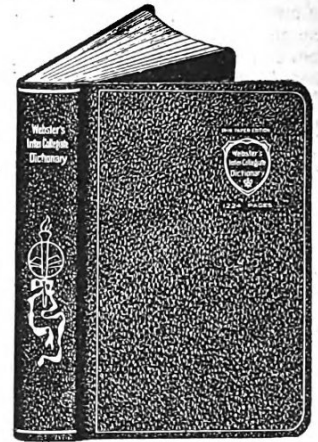
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