

# SUCCESS MAGAZINE

■ FOUNDED BY ■  
ORISON SWETT MARDEN

## CONTENTS FOR APRIL 1910

Cover by B. CORY KILVERT. Frontispiece Illustration by MARY SIGSBEE KER

- "Tth! Tth! Tth!" (A Story) . . . . . Rupert Hughes 229  
*Decorations by Raymond Perry*
- The B-Flat Trombone (A Story) . . . . . Samuel Hopkins Adams 231  
*Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker*
- America Getting Well . . . . . Walter Weyl 234
- Going Home to Mother's (A Story) . . . . . Hugh Pendexter 235  
*Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams*
- To the First Bluebird (Verse) . . . . . Frank Dempster Sherman 237
- The Moving-Picture Revolution . . . . . Glenmore Davis 238  
*Illustrations from photographs*
- Keep Not For Me (Verse) . . . . . Ina G. C. Kloch 240
- Our National Game . . . . . Ellis Parker Butler 241  
*Illustrations by Charles Sarka*
- The Well-Beloved (A Story) . . . . . Mary Heaton Vorse 243  
*Illustrations by H. A. Mathes*
- The Power Behind the Republic . . . . . Charles Edward Russell 246  
 Fifth Article: Business and  
 the Increased Cost of Living
- The Helping Hand . . . . . Charles N. Crewdson 247  
 More New Tales of the Road  
*Illustrations by Arthur William Brown*
- The Irish Grandmother (Verse) . . . . . Maud Going 249
- The Plight of the Liar . . . . . Orison Swett Marden 250
- The Shears of Destiny (Serial Story) . . . . . Leroy Scott 251  
*Illustrations by Alexander Popini*

### DEPARTMENTS

- The World in a Nutshell . . . . . 254
- Editorial Chat . . . . . 260
- Mrs. Curtis's Home Corner . . . . . Isabel Gordon Curtis 262
- Point and Pleasantry (10-Cent-a-Word Department) . . . . . 270
- The Individual Investor . . . . . 280
- Uncle Bob's Moneymakers . . . . . 285

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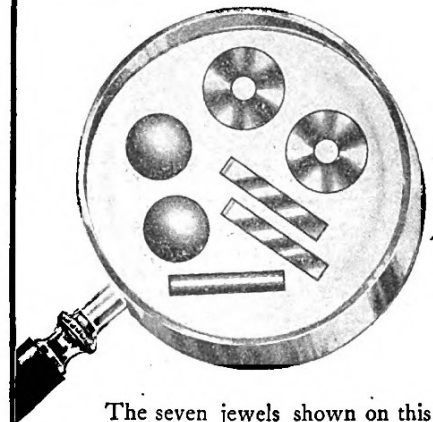
### Expirations and Renewals

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

Subscriptions to begin with this issue should be received by April 15; to begin with May should be received by May 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.

## SEVEN JEWELS

Into every high-grade watch *jewels* are put. They are not ornamental jewels, but *useful* jewels. They are very smooth, very hard, very durable. Their purpose is to prevent *friction*; therefore they are placed at the principal points where friction occurs. All the points of severest friction in a watch may be protected with *seven jewels*. That is why the Ingersoll-Trenton watch has seven jewels—three garnets, two sapphires and two rubies—placed in its movement by skilled hands to make it wear and keep time for at least twenty years. When you buy an Ingersoll-Trenton watch you buy a *jeweled* watch—a *timekeeper* and a beauty.



The seven jewels shown on this page are the Ingersoll-Trenton jewels *enlarged*. In the watch itself you can only *see* three of these jewels. The other four are hidden deeper in the works. But *all* seven of them are *useful*. Each helps to make the Ingersoll-Trenton a high-grade *winner*—the best watch of its class in the world.

6,000 jewelers sell the Ingersoll-Trenton. Ask for it *anywhere*. It is the same price *everywhere*. And the price is wonderfully *low*. Every Ingersoll-Trenton watch is guaranteed as to *works*, *case* and *time* by the manufacturers, who make *more than one-half* of *all* the watches that are made in the United States.

### HERE ARE THE INGERSOLL-TRENTON PRICES

(Note them; compare them; take advantage of them)

**\$5** in solid nickel case    **\$7** in 10-year gold-filled case    **\$9** in 20-year gold-filled case

The famous Ingersoll *Dollar* Watch continues to be the world's best *seller*. It is the watch for the masses. It originally set the pattern and the pace for all low-priced watches that are worth while, and is *still ahead*. It is sold by 60,000 dealers.

We have published a little book, bound in an embossed cover. It contains *five facts* worth *five dollars* to anyone 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.

**Robert H. Ingersoll & Bro.**  
30 Frankel Building, New York City

There's an  
**ACME QUALITY**

Paint or Finish For Every  
Surface—For Every Object  
—For Every Condition

LET Acme Quality guide you, and, under this trademark, in a convenient package, ready for applying, you'll find just the finish wanted.

Whether it is enameling a stovepipe to prevent rust, or painting the outside of the house to defy weather and decay, refinishing furniture, floors, carriage or auto, there is an Acme Quality product made specifically to meet the requirements of each purpose—to stand the particular conditions to which it will be subjected; to resist wear and to hold its colors without fading.

That's what Acme Quality means—not only *known worth*, but a suitable finish for every finishable surface.

**Acme Quality House Paint** is made from finest materials, thoroughly ground and mixed. Will not fade, wears evenly, will never scale or crack. Color card at your dealer's—or from us on request.

**Acme Quality Bath Tub Enamel (Neal's)** is impervious to hot or cold water, steam or moisture. Gives a hard, white, smooth, lustrous surface, easily kept bright and clean with a wet rag. Other Acme Quality Enamels for every purpose.

**Acme Quality Varnolac** is a combined stain and varnish, easily applied, dries smooth and hard, and doesn't show brush marks. A wide choice of colors, which will reproduce any wood effect you wish.

**Acme Quality Floor Paint (Granite)** is the toughest and most durable kitchen floor coating. Withstands grinding wear. Dries over night. Other Acme Quality floor finishes suitable for every room in the house.

# ACME QUALITY

## Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes

Spring fixing up suggests many things, indoor and out, that you want to make bright as well as to preserve them.

Tell your dealer just what surface you want to finish. He will suggest the Acme Quality Paint, Enamel, Stain or Varnish for the purpose and give you a color card from which to choose. Write to us if he cannot supply you.

### The Acme Quality Guide Book

Tells what kind of finish to use for every purpose, how the surface should be prepared and how to apply the finish to obtain just the effect desired. Illustrated in color. Write for a free copy to-day.

**Acme White Lead and Color Works**  
Dept. L, Detroit, Mich.





# The Publishers' Outlook

## Edward Gardner Lewis and The American Woman's League

ONCE in a long while—sometimes in a generation, sometimes in a decade; rarely oftener—there is born into the world a dreamer of dreams, a seer of visions, whose castles in Spain have more solid foundations than the rosy clouds of sunset, and who has the rare gift of building, from earth itself, structures, intellectual or material, of great beauty and usefulness.

Such a man was Alexander Graham Bell, who dreamed absurdly of transmitting spoken words through wires. Such a man was Thomas Alva Edison, who dreamed no less absurdly that a piece of cotton thread could be so treated as to "burn" a thousand hours at white heat without failing. Such a man was Guglielmo Marconi, wildest of them all, who dreamed that he could send a message a thousand miles through the air from land to roving ship, and have it reach its destination with ease and certainty.

And such a man, we are almost forced to believe, is Edward Gardner Lewis, of University City, Missouri, whose dream to-day is that the women of this country, properly organized, can, with slight individual effort and at *no actual money cost to themselves*, create and permanently endow a great and beautiful People's University, obtaining for themselves and their children free instruction by correspondence and in person.

Wild indeed—utterly absurd in their wildness—appear such dreams to the average "common sense" business man of little imagination, absorbed in his own plans and efforts, and impatient of new-fangled notions which tend to disturb his preconceived ideas. It is the lot of the Bells, the Edisons, the Marconis, and the Lewises—of all those who have the courage of their convictions and try to carve for themselves a way out of the accepted paths—to meet with the ridicule, the sneers, and often the opposition of those who might be expected to help.

And so it is not surprising, perhaps, that many people, including not a few of the magazine publishers of the country, hesitate to believe in the soundness of Mr. Lewis's plans for the American Woman's League. Most of the skeptics have not even taken the trouble, indeed, to study for themselves the really wonderful educational structure which has been building during the past two years in University City, and which, young as it is, is already meeting with enthusiastic response from the women of America.

We frankly confess that we of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* were ourselves doubtful in the beginning as to the financial soundness of Mr. Lewis's plans (although never of his honesty and sincerity), and it was only after repeated invitations that we determined to visit University City and see these visions for ourselves.

What we saw there astonished and interested us beyond measure. We found a model suburban city, adjacent to, but entirely independent of the great city of St. Louis, and forming almost its only desirable outlet for high-class residence settlement; a publishing business of great magnitude and wonderful perfection of organization; a combined correspondence and residence University institution, broad, comprehensive, and beautifully clear and well-defined in conception; and the beginnings of a great supporting sales organization, country-wide in its extent—so original, so ingenious, so exact in its relationships to the rest of the great plan as to excite instant admiration.

The first question arising in any mind contemplating for the first time such far-reaching plans must inevitably be: "Is there capital enough at command to carry through so great an undertaking?" This question we have

sought an answer for, and from the best information at our command, that portion of the real estate of University City actually owned by Mr. Lewis is worth, on a conservative valuation, more than a million dollars above all the indebtedness of all his enterprises. In other words, we believe Mr. Lewis to be fundamentally solvent and a millionaire, although he has debts, and although his assets are not as yet "liquid." His real estate investments appear to have been made with great judgment and foresight and are the foundation of his present business structure. His debts in large part represent "obligations" cheerfully and bravely assumed by him, without legal reason for doing so, as a result of a conscientious desire that no man or woman trusting him should suffer loss because of that trust. It is so unusual for a business man to promise to buy back stocks or bonds that he has once sold to the public, that Mr. Lewis's determination to do this, in spite of almost insuperable obstacles, should be held highly to his credit.

Mr. Lewis's publishing business—almost completely destroyed two years ago through a most extraordinary and, we believe, unjust attack on the part of the United States Government—is now being rebuilt with astonishing rapidity and promises to be soon again firmly on its feet.

It is, however, with the other two of these four inter-related branches of the one central plan that we have chiefly to deal here: the People's University and its supporting sales organization, both to be owned and controlled by the American Woman's League.

This League is not yet incorporated, but its income and property are held in trust, pending the legal incorporation which will be formed when its membership reaches 100,000, by the completion of its "Founders' Chapter." Up to the present time money, considerably beyond any return to it from the income of the League itself, has been advanced by the Lewis Publishing Company, and this money has been used for the building of an extensive and beautiful Art Institute, for the creation of correspondence courses in painting and sculpture, and of many of the more homely "bread and butter" courses, and for the upbuilding of the general sales organization which is to form its permanent support.

This sales organization is based on the one central idea that the people of this country spend each year immense sums of money for periodical literature, aggregating nearly fifty million dollars. Much of this expenditure—almost fifty per cent., Mr. Lewis estimates—is paid by the publishers in discounts through clubbing offers, in commissions to agents, and in circularizing.

Mr. Lewis's theory is that a large portion of this heavy expenditure for circulation made by publishers can be secured for the women of America, organized in cooperation as the American Woman's League, in exchange for a comparatively slight amount of individual effort, and that the League can establish and conduct with this income a system of correspondence courses of instruction for its members, and of personal training at University City for those who rise above the average in genius and ability. This will mean, in effect, the creation of a real People's University, whose motive power will be *individual, helpful work* instead of money.

This fundamental idea is sound, the real question being only whether or not it is possible to present the plan to American women in a way to arouse their enthusiastic response in sufficient numbers to carry the plan to its full fruition. It is partly to accomplish this

result that Mr. Lewis has added to his plan the local Chapter House idea, by which it is made possible for a group of women in each city or town to obtain for themselves the permanent use of a beautiful Club or Chapter House, in which the work of the League will be localized in each community and the local Chapter supported by the annual renewal of its magazine subscriptions. The conditions on which these Chapter Houses will be erected seem, upon their face, so absurdly liberal, that the very generosity of the plan has excited suspicion on the part of some as to its intrinsic soundness. But when it is remembered that these Chapter Houses belong to the National League Organization and are an *investment* of its money and not an *expense*, it will be seen that the plan is theoretically sound, and the women of America have within their grasp remarkable opportunities for both self-improvement and social betterment in their own home towns and villages.

In our investigations at University City we were greatly impressed not only with the largeness of the plan and the breadth of view shown in the creation of this great business and educational structure, but also with the close attention to detail and the care taken to make each department of the University work as nearly self-supporting as possible. Mr. Lewis has gathered around him a most remarkable group of men and women, devoted, loyal, enthusiastic, happy in their work and in the possibilities of the future, and certain that University City is to become one of the art centers of the country.

We have spoken strongly on this subject in the foregoing remarks—too strongly, some will think—and the question may well be asked:

"Why should *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* speak so unreservedly in commendation of Mr. Lewis and the American Woman's League?"

Our answer is this:

We believe that there has rarely been seen in this country so determined, so persistent, so thoroughly gallant a fight against injustice and oppression as has been made by Edward Gardner Lewis during the past three years.

Standing one day in the highest credit as a merchant and business man, prominent in the community, respected and loved by all with whom he came in contact, the next day found him attacked by the United States Government, surrounded by a cloud of suspicion and placed in a position where immediate business failure seemed inevitable. Any ordinary man would have succumbed under the terrific attacks made upon him. Instead of this, Mr. Lewis cheerfully assumed enormous obligations, created new lines of defense and offense, and fought his way steadily through his difficulties. He stands to-day almost square with the world, and with every vestige of suspicion as to the intrinsic honesty and the soundness of his early enterprises removed by the utter collapse of the Government's case against him.

We are profoundly ashamed that Mr. E. G. Lewis should have had so little help in the upbuilding of his fortunes from those in the publishing business who should have been his cordial supporters; and so far as we are able to do so, we shall bear testimony to the brilliancy, the originality, and the fertility of resource of his business plans, as they are expressed in the American Woman's League and the People's University, and to state our profound conviction that they *ought* to be successful and will be so if the women of America realize the great opportunities now within their reach.



# FLORIDA'S Surest Crops

## FLORIDA'S Surest Crop District

Both fully described in our big illustrated **BOOK**—

### "A Home in Town and a Farm in the Country"

Send for the **BOOK**, IT IS FREE and tells all about the RICHEST and most productive SOIL in the great state of FLORIDA. It tells where these marvelous money-making crops are actually produced—tells how you can buy and own a farm in Florida's "Surest Crop District," at the low cost price of \$21 an acre—how you can make big money and be a neighbor of the man who is growing these money-making crops NOW. This **BOOK** tells you of the advantages of living near FLORIDA'S largest city, Jacksonville, where Northern people do not suffer from the semi-tropical heat of Central and Southern Florida, and it tells you of the development of a thousand farms, where one hundred houses were built in 100 days, and where telephones, telegraph, good schools, churches and a social system of high-class Northern people are already established.

### The North Florida Fruit and Truck Farms

at HILLIARD, on the double track main line of the Atlantic Coast Line Ry., 30 miles northwest of Jacksonville is "FLORIDA'S SUREST CROP DISTRICT," where you can buy land at \$1.00 an acre monthly payments, and make \$3000 to \$5000 a year on 10 acres.

### Round trip railroad fare paid by us if you buy 40 acres

at the profit-sharing, bed-rock price of \$21 an acre.

**SUREST PECAN LAND** A Pecan Grove of 5 acres nets \$2500 yearly. No work—no worry—no loss of crop and little cost of up-keep.

**LARGE PAPER-SHELL PECANS** The paper-shell pecan is the hardest, longest lived, best and surest producer of all the nut and fruit trees.

The paper-shell pecan commands the highest price—is in greatest demand of any nut. The paper-shell pecan tree begins bearing at two years—produces 50 to 200 pounds of nuts at seven years and 200 to 250 pounds at ten years and increases yearly thereafter. Lives to the age of 100 years in North Florida.

The paper-shell pecan now sells at the tree, for 25c to 60c per pound.

We base the income \$2500.00 from a 5-acre grove on the minimum price of 10c a pound and minimum yield at 10 years.

The income from a 5-acre paper-shell pecan grove

Will be enough to pay your expenses in Europe 6 months

—Or educate your children

—Or keep the average family in comfort the year-around.

The large paper-shell pecan is the cultivated common wild pecan of the trade.

It is two to three times the size of and much more delicious than the wild nut.

The demand for paper-shell pecans is 19 times the present supply.

100,000 acres of full bearing paper-shell pecans would not affect the market price of this king of nuts.

The pecan is not perishable like fruit and is salable the year around.

**WE SELL PECAN GROVES** in 5 or 10 acre tracts planted to standard named varieties, height 5 to 7 feet, all trees guaranteed for 2 years, 2 years old, from the budded stock.

Write to-day for the big illustrated **book**, we will send it free together with plat of the land and plat of Hilliard, railroad fare refund agreement, and our book, "Pecans, the Crop that Never Fails." Everything sent free with no obligation to buy. Your name on a postal will get immediate attention. References Dun's, Bradstreet's, any bank in Jacksonville; Chicago Title & Trust Co., Corn Exchange National Bank, Chicago, and hundreds of satisfied buyers.

**Cornwall Farm Land Co.,** 1546 First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.

**SUREST FRUIT AND TRUCK LAND** We know there is no land in Florida as well located from the standpoint of transportation, healthfulness, pure water, and favorable climatic conditions, both summer and winter, as the North Florida Fruit and Truck Farms.

Our proposition to pay your railroad fare is good during March and April. We will arrange so you and your friends each can secure 10 to 40 acres of this land in the heart of the North Florida Fruit and Truck Farm District, at \$1 per acre a month, and besides we will give you a building lot 25x125 feet absolutely free in the town of Hilliard adjoining these farms. Many fruit and truck farms in the Jacksonville suburban district net \$250 to \$600 per acre every year.

### THIS IS THE KIND YOU BUY AT \$10 PER MONTH

Do you know that the great Atlantic Coast cities and cities as far west as Omaha depend absolutely on the Florida Fruit and Truck Farms for early February, March and April strawberries, celery, Irish potatoes, cabbage, lettuce and radishes? With one of these farms you have an income that can be depended on year after year and you can get it if you save just \$10 a month—34 cts. a day.

**NO INTEREST AND NO TAXES** till payments are completed. You don't have to pioneer—these fruit and truck farms are in the heart of civilization—near Jacksonville close to Atlantic Coast Line Ry., which has a twenty-car switch track at Hilliard.

**WHAT TEN ACRES MEANS TO YOU:** **FIRST**—a money-making investment and a home in the finest all year 'round climate in the world. Northern Florida is warm in winter and there are no extremes of heat in summer.

**SECOND**—You can make a good living, eat June vegetables and fruits in January, and sell your crops for cash and earn from \$3,000 to \$5,000 each year.

**THIRD**—These North Florida Fruit and Truck Farms are all upland, no swamps, rich sand loam and will grow the finest fruits and vegetables surer, better and more to the acre than any other section of the South. Every acre in every 10-acre farm is tillable land.

**FOURTH**—You don't have to know farming to make one of these 10-acre farms pay you big money.

**FIFTH**—You can hold it as an investment and sell at 100% advance by the end of the first year, many have already resold at 300 to 500 per cent. profit.

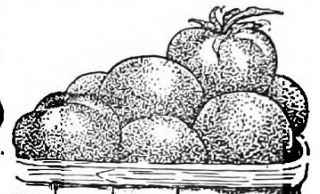
### HERE IS WHAT OUR COMPANY OFFERS YOU:

We will have delivered to you immediately upon receipt of your application for one or more of these 10-acre North Florida Fruit and Truck farms a certificate of purchase which is issued by the Chicago Title & Trust Company, capital \$5,000,000. The title to the entire tract is held in trust for the benefit of the purchasers by the Chicago Title & Trust Co., one of the strongest, safest and best guarantee title and trust companies in the United States.

You owe it to yourself to take advantage of this opportunity, and if you can get away now don't fail to take advantage of our free round-trip refund on 40 acres.



Lettuce \$400 Per Acre



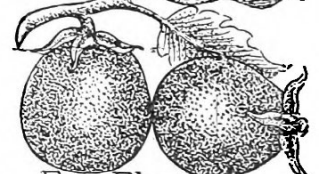
Tomatoes \$700 Per Acre



Celery \$400 Per Acre



White Potatoes \$300 Per Acre



Egg Plant \$410 Per Acre



Sweet Potatoes \$225 Per Acre



Strawberries \$500 Per Acre



Cabbage \$260 Per Acre



\$5.00 Per Hen

Poultry And Eggs



# SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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.

VOL. XIII NEW YORK APRIL 1910 No. 192

## In the Editor's Confidence

GEORGE NORRIS represents the Fifth Nebraska district in Congress. Next fall he must stand for reelection, and already the tip has been passed around quietly that the Machine proposes to defeat him. Now, since Judge Norris is an honest man, a resourceful fighter, and, as all the House Insurgents know, a constructive statesman of proved ability, the opposition must naturally be directed pretty adroitly. So far, the principal weapon has been the lie. It is not our business to inquire into the original authority for this lie. But we owe it to you, our readers, and particularly to those of you who live in the Fifth Nebraska district, to expose this sort of campaigning with the hope, not only of helping you to recognize the truth when you see it, but also of pushing along the cause of George Norris. It is important that he be reelected next fall. The country needs him.

First, a word about the man himself. We of SUCCESS MAGAZINE know him well. During more than a year we have worked and fought in informal alliance with him, as with the other Insurgents. More, since this page, without conscious planning on our part, has lately come to be a place for the outspoken, and at times unconventional, expression of our genuine convictions and of the facts as we see them, we will go so far as to say that the present talk is the outcome of a quick decision and an overnight trip to Washington undertaken for the express purpose of asking Judge Norris if we could help him.

Here is his record as an Insurgent: May 16, 1908. Introduced the original resolution to change the Rules so as to debar the Speaker from serving on the Committee on Rules, and to appoint all standing committees by a committee selected by geographical divisions. *This was the resolution that became the backbone of the insurgent movement and that was afterwards advocated by SUCCESS MAGAZINE.*

March 15, 1909.—Voted for Cannon for Speaker after the Insurgents had definitely agreed in caucus that morning not to attempt to prevent his reelection, but to concentrate their attack upon the Rules.

Tariff Revision.—Voted against every special rule and every previous question for every opportunity to amend the bill. *Made the motion that put petroleum, crude and refined, on the free list and helped overrule the chair and adopt the motion.* Voted against the previous question to adopt the conference report, and voted to recommit the bill, but after all efforts to lower the tariff were exhausted, voted for the Conference Report. July 9, 1909, fought motion to go into conference and offered a resolution to agree to the Senate amendments, where they lowered duties, and to go into conference and disagree where the Senate amendments raised rate.

January 7, 1910.—Introduced the original resolution to enable the House to elect the House members of the Joint Committee to investigate the Ballinger-Pinchot matter. This was the test resolution which took the naming of that important committee out of the Speaker's hands, and which has made it possible for the Insurgents to win a series of victories this winter and spring, and really to bring about the end of Cannonism.

Now for the lie.

It is simply this. Certain interested persons—we do not know exactly who they are, but we have recently been able to recognize all the familiar indications that a skilful campaign

is under way—are calling the attention of the citizens of southern Nebraska to the fact that Norris voted for Cannon and for the tariff bill. So far, the truth. He did both. But woven into and around these statements of fact there constantly appears an interesting web of insinuation to the effect that Norris is deceiving his people, that he is a Cannon man in disguise, that he is pretty well known about Washington to be a traitor to the insurgent cause.

One very active agency for the spreading of these insinuations is the Democratic press of the district. The *Arapahoe Pioneer* and the *Adams County Democrat*, with a good many others, are particularly industrious at it. The *Pioneer* especially, we have followed for some time. With a persistency worthy of a truthful cause, it is steadily working to undermine the character of as sound and able a man as ever came out of Nebraska. It is pretty well known to certain observers that the Republican and Democratic machines are uniting in the insurgent districts to defeat the progressive men. And we are inclined to wonder a little if these supposedly Democratic papers of Nebraska are entertaining suggestions from the Cannon machine or from some one of its allies and backers in the business world.

All this should be beneath contempt, but unfortunately it is having some effect. Judge Norris, to our knowledge, is receiving letters questioning his conduct from citizens with disturbed minds.

Now, friends of Nebraska, this won't do. We are not worried about Norris's record. If you are, study it. When you hear these insinuations, probe into them. Ask for the facts. You owe it to yourselves, more than to Norris. We sincerely trust that whatever small influence our own utterances may have in your homes will be felt strongly in his support, for we know only too well that if the Fifth Nebraska district goes back on Norris this year, it will have to search a long while before it will find a man so honest, so able, and so experienced to send to Washington in his place.

What is taking place to-day in Nebraska is taking place in every other insurgent State. The Machine which manages the political business of the trusts has received some heavy blows during the past year. It is growing desperate. The Insurgents, in House and Senate, are leading the campaign for representative government. Representative government is the one menace above all others to the very existence of the Machine and the System behind it. Therefore the Insurgents must be defeated this year, if the Machine is to live. And every means, fair or foul, is going to be used in the attempt.

Norris is in danger. So are many others among the House Insurgents. So are the Senate progressives, men like La Follette and Beveridge. Unofficial announcement has lately been made that President Taft himself proposes to take a hand in the attempt to crush Dolliver in Iowa.

Vote as you will, good friends, but don't allow yourselves to be fooled. And don't let a strong man go until you are certain, on the facts, that you want him to go. There are some good reasons for believing that the fight for honesty and progress must win a few real victories next fall or suffer a grave setback. And it seems to us highly important that the insurgent movement should go on next year without serious change of personnel.

It is none too early to begin thinking and talking about it. The Machine is already busy.

### NEW MYSTERY STORIES by Samuel Hopkins Adams

The first story appears in the present number under the title,

#### "THE B-FLAT TROMBONE"

Later stories to appear are

"RED DOT"

"PIN PRICKS"

"THE MERCY SIGN"

In the central character, "Average" Jones, the "Ad-visor," Mr. Adams has drawn a new kind of detective, the expert in publicity. "Average" Jones finds his clues in the "want ad." pages of the great metropolitan dailies.

These stories are rapid, fascinating and up-to-the-minute.

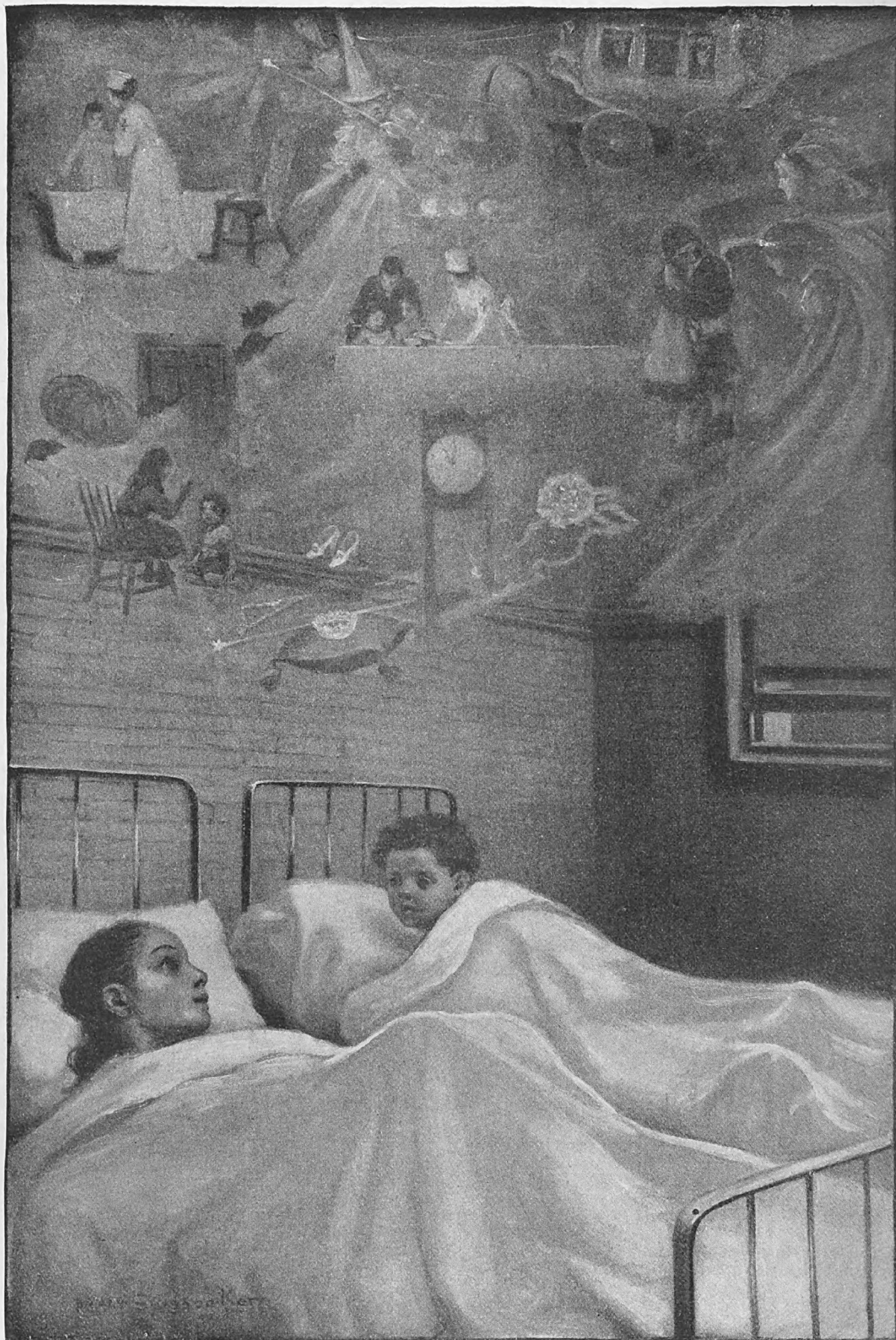
Splendid illustrations by M. Leone Bracker.

#### A CORRECTION

To the Editor of SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir:—I note that in your March number you publish a photograph bearing the caption, "Mrs. Ethel Barrymore Colt and Her Infant Daughter." While, of course, it is a mere detail, I fear that you have been led into error through an excess of gallyantry. At any rate you have considerably exaggerated the sex of my child. He is n't a daughter. He's a boy. Yours sincerely,

*Ethel Barrymore Colt*



*"For he'm's sake, Bat, don't swear or we'll wake up sure"*

Illustration for "Tth! Tth! Tth!"—See opposite page

Painted by MARY SIGSBEE KER



# "Tth! Tth! Tth!"

A Story by **RUPERT HUGHES**

With frontispiece illustration by  
Mary Sigsbee Ker

Decorations by  
Raymond Perry

"SHE hadda set on a pile of clinkers, anner name was Eller; dat's why dey call her Clinkereller, see? I told you twicet an' you hadda right to listen, didden you? Aw, don't start to bawlin' again, for he'm's sake. Ain't I doin' me best to keep you comp'ny an' enntertain yer? Say, if you open dat trap of yours any wider, your ears'll fall in and git swallered. An' den where'll you be?"

At this astounding suggestion, his clamped eyes popped so wide that his mouth snapped shut of necessity, and his appalling clamor was choked off with what might be called an explosion of silence. But his scientific curiosity was aroused by his sister's warning, and he made two or three solemn experiments. Failing to negotiate both of his ears at once, he tried them one at a time, now sending the corner of his mouth creeping up cautiously on the left ear, now making a dash for the right.

"Sliver" watched the struggle with interest, and, in view of the generous proportions of her little brother's large mouth, almost with hope. But he never quite succeeded.

Still, the outward, upward effort of lip set up the usual reflex of muscle in emotion, and, since his face was smiling, his mind began to smile. Then the laughter came hissing, slipping, gurgling out of him in a geyser from the depths.

The girl mimicked his every blurt of laughter, and that set the boy off into wilder and wilder cackinnations. The two had a laughing-duel such as children love, till they were gasping for breath and the joyous tears were furrowing their grimy cheeks.

Anyone who might have climbed so many flights of stairs to overhear would have envied them their ecstasy and wondered what cause they had for it. He could have doubled his wonder by looking in, for he would have found that a flood of merriment worthy of the opulent raptures in a Sultan's court was the revelry of two hungry children abandoned in a slatternly cranny.

Through a dirty window stuffed with a dirtier towel the sun thrust a slanting yellow rafter wherein the motes of dust danced like a powder of gold. This unsubstantial timber was the room's one luxury, except the equally unsubstantial delight of the giggling youngsters.

"Silver" and "Bat" were ill-nurtured and ill-clad. As Mrs. Crogan, of the fifth floor rear east, used to put it:

"The O'Shea brats are that ragged and dirty you would say that ayther of thim was raggeder and dirtier than the both of them pit together."

Bartholomew, who was hardly as big as his nickname "Bat," was round and rosy at least, but his sister Delia was such a scrawn-chested, lath-legged, wisp-armed thing that "Sliver" seemed the only name for her.

Bat and Sliver were keeping house alone. The rest of the family was busy in public life. Their father had recently resumed work for the State at Sing-Sing-on-Hudson; their mother was once more a guest of the city on the Island; the grown-up brother "Spike" had been enrolled for some months in one of the reformatory academies, and the grown-up sister, Bettine, *née* Bridget, was—well, she lived uptown somewhere.

It was only this morning that the mother had taken her departure, or rather that her departure had been taken. Mrs. O'Shea had fought with genuine valor against her wonderful thirst, and when it overcame her she fought with equal valor against several policemen. But the law prevailed by force of numbers, and the judge no sooner saw her familiar face before him than he quoted, "Thirty days!"

Sliver had heard of the arrest, and arrived at the police court just in time to see her mother thrust

through the side door leading to the various destinations of the variously condemned.

The little girl felt very lonely till she remembered her littler brother, and realized that she was now the head of the family, such as it was. She set out to find Bat, and hunted him through all his haunts in vain. At last, late in the afternoon, she came upon him. He had just smashed a Chinese laundryman's window and was in full flight.

She led him down a side street and by a winding way to safety. When he got his breath he told her that he had also fought a Polish Jewish youth of twice his size to such a condition that the whole family swarmed after him.

The streets were alive with vengeance, and every corner seemed an ambush. Home was the one safe place, and Sliver managed to get Bat to the door and up the many stairs unobserved. When terror had partly subsided, they realized that they were half-starved.

There was nothing in the house but cold grease on unscoured pans and a few mouse-nibbled crusts. Sliver was dismayed. Bat was dictatorial. His big little sister had always been mother, sister, elder brother, father, guide, counselor, philosopher and friend to him. He called upon her now to provide for him. She had never failed him before; why should she now? She could only push the question further on. Resources had never failed her before, why should the world seem such a desert now? Every way she thought, she found difficulties galore and no food at all. Bat howled.

"I'm so full of emptiness I t'ink I'll bust."

Sliver changed the subject.

Bat reiterated his desire for food, solid and soon. Sliver tried to get him to laughing by imitations of the Chinese pursuers. Bat saw through the ruse and resented it.

He demanded food, and she set before him an imaginary feast and told him to help himself. This Barmecide mockery made him furious and he swore at her. She cuffed his ears. He threw a flatiron at her. She dodged it and chased him around the room with the broom which her mother kept and used mainly as a weapon for such minor occasions.

Bat took refuge under the bed. Sliver walked about on it as a sentinel, and there was silence. She was thinking her hardest and trying to devise a way to obtain forage.

At length from the lair under the cot there came a little snuffle, and then again a silence. Then a whimper and another silence. Sliver knew that Bat was wrestling with an unmanly tendency to cry, and her heart went out to him. She thought harder after some place to go for food—to beg for it. No inspiration came.

But from under the bed came the sounds of Bat's hopeless collapse. He began to sob and weep with all his heart and lungs. And the pity of that famine-wail gripped Sliver's heart as if a lean-fingered, long-nailed hand had clutched it. She began to cry, too, and dropping to the floor, hauled Bat out and hugged him to her as tight as her flimsy arms could clasp.

"Cheese it, Bat," she sniffled, "or you'll have me sloppin' over, too. I know you're hungry. I ain't had nuttin' meself since last night. But I can't stand your hollerin'. It hurts me, Bat, boy. It aches me worse 'n bein' hungry meself. I don't know where to git you a crumb if it was to save me soul. Honest I don't."

"If we asks anybody in dis joint you know what we'll git. Maw and Paw or you or me has scrapped wit ever'body on every floor. If we knocks at a door an' dey opens it and sees us, we'll be moidered before we can say what we want. An' we dass n't go out in de street. You know what's waitin' for us. De Chinks an' de Polacks won't do a t'ing to us; oh, no!"





But warnings and caresses were not food, and her brother-son could be consoled only by substance, not by shadow. He flung his hands in torment, and her heart went flippety-flop in her narrow breast till the very bones ached. Then into the place made ready by hunger came the whispering counselor of crime.

She had heard much about honesty from her father and her mother, her brother and sister and from the neighbors; for there is nobody who does not admire honesty in other people. It is especially demanded of one's children. But she had seen few examples of honesty under difficulties. Up to now she had managed to walk fairly straight. She had hated lies because of their cowardice. She had fought instead of sneaking. She had gone hungry instead of swiping. But now the world was too much for her and hers. If it wanted its laws kept, it should feed its sparrows.

She had heard honesty celebrated and had heard the name of God and His son, mostly in profanity, but sometimes in earnest. She had stood in the crowds about the perambulating bass drum altars of the Salvation Army and listened with wondering amusement to the experiences of dubious converts who spoke of being washed in a lamb's blood and redeemed. But she had found more boastfulness than humility in these confessions, and her knowledge of the regenerates had not tended to confirm their wonder-tales. Her religion, learned in the gutter-chapels and tenement churches of real life, had been, like her food, a thing of crumbs and snatches without sustenance or flavor. And yet she had cherished a wish to be decent and straight on her own account, and especially for an example to her one disciple. Now, however, she quit.

"We're up against it hard, Bat," she moaned. "I guess it's time to lay down on dem Don'ts. De foist ting we gotta do is to git grub and git it quick."

She pondered hard, and at last the inspiration came to her.

"I tell you what," she said. "I gotta idea. 'Member dat Greek what keeps de fruit stand just offen Division street? Well, I notice dat he allus goes home to supper about se'm o'clock an' leaves his kid in charge of de joint. You an' me could lick dat guy easy an' make a get-away wit' all we want for a week. He keeps sody-pop, besides, an' choc'late candy an' sof' shell crabs an' pretzels an' frankfurters. All we gotta do is to sneak up an' swat him wit' a brick or sumpun, an' fill our pockets an' scoot."

Bat was so unmanned by his distress that a compliment escaped him.

"Sliver, you're a slick little devil, all right, all right. Come along."

Sliver flushed at the unusual tribute, but concealed her flurry under a brisk "Set still; we gotta wait till se'm o'clock, ain't we?"

Bat sank back with a groan of awful woe. Seven o'clock was a long way off, and his stomach was very near.

Time limps for the hungry, and Bat, who had courage enough for any guerrilla enterprise, had little grit for the waiting game. His courage oozed before the ordeal of delay, and the mirage of those Grecian dainties tormented him to a frenzy. It was not long before he was merely a lonely, famished little waif again. The corners of his mouth began to sag, and his soul sagged with them. He began to sniffle, to feel the escape of a sob, and finally to weep outright. He even grew so desperately unmanned as to wail:

"I want me mudder. I want me mudder."

She was a poor mother, but she was the only thing of the sort they had. Sliver was thinking the same thought, and she had to work hard to keep from joining Bat's refrain. But she remembered always that she was the elder of the two and that it was her bounden duty to save her younger brother from womanish weakness by a display of womanish strength.

She had learned long ago that Bat could be soothed by a story when other mandragora failed. Especially he liked a fairy story. Perhaps it was the Irishness of him. For centuries his forbears on both sides had sought to divert their weary souls from oppression's shame, and hard conditions, and hunger even to famine, by peopling their bogs and hovels with fairies of good and ill intent. And many a fairy has been smuggled through our customs in the light luggage of a steerage passenger from Erin.

So now, Sliver turned to romance, the arch whiler-away of aching hours. The fable she chose was the universal epic of the crystal slipper. It suffered some transformation in her memory and more in her dialect.

She began as great story-writers begin, without any fussy prelude.

She did not ask Bat to ask her to tell it; she showed no coy reluctance. She just began to talk down his wails. He did not begin to hear until she had advanced some distance with the plot. And his recurrent struggles with his sobs smothered certain details. That is why she had to repeat the derivation of the heroine's name. Then she had to get him to laughing, and when they had laughed themselves breathless, it was sometime before he remembered to ask her to resume. Which she did:

"Well, zize sayin', this little goil was called Clinkereller because she hadda set in the clinkers an' she lived in a big ummense flat-house like this here anner paw he was sent away for doin' a job anner maw was took sick an' sent to Bellavoo horsepital in a amb'lansh an' Clinkereller hadda stay at home all by her lonesome an' she was awful lonesome but she would n't 'a' been so lonesome only she had a coupla sisters like as if Bridget was a pair of twins only poor Clinkereller hadden' any nice little fat brother like what I've got anner sisters was awful mean to her an' made her do all the woik whilst they dressed up fine and went out to theayters an' movin' pitcher shows an' vawdvilles an' to Coney Island in the summer an' they never would take poor Clinkereller along but left her at home to wash up the pans an' scour the floors an' they was only two beds in the flat an' they'd come home late an' cranky an' if Clinkereller had happened to have fell asleep on one of their beds they'd roust her out an' say you go an' sleep in the clinkers by the stove an' even if they stayed out all night she was afraid to lay on their beds an' she had a awful hard life an' never had no chance to go out an' play in the park or set on one of the reckeration piers an' watch the boats go by an'—"

"What was the name of them sisters?" said Bat ominously.

Sliver groped desperately, and came up with two gems spelled ordinarily "Bertha" and "Katherine" but not so pronounced in the realm of Sliver.

"Their names was—umm—er—their names was 'Boiter,' an'—an'—lemme see—oh yes—'Boiter' an' 'Katrun'."

Bat broke in again:

"All I gotta say is dey was a coupla slobs an' if I had 'em here I'd bust deir dam heads open for bein' so mean to deir sister." And he wondered why Sliver hugged the breath out of him. It was wildly romantic to Sliver to meet with chivalry even by implication, even in so unimportant a protector as Bat. She looked upon him with eyes of new admiration and continued:

"Well after a while they was a swell dance gave to the town palace—"

"What's a palace, Sliver?"

"A palace is a—a—well its a kind of a joint like one of them chop suey palaces in Pell Street with colored winders an' paper lanterns an' t'ings—no, I tell you, I guess it was down to the city hall that they give this dance an' it was gave by the king of the city—"

"What city was that?—Joisey City? Williamsboig?—"

"How do I know what city it was, an' if I did know I forgot an' if you're goin' to set there an' ast questions alla time, you better tell the story your own self."

"Well anyway, what's a king, Sliver?"

"What's a king? wouldja listen attum! What's a king! Didden' you ever hear paw tellin' maw about his folks using to be kings in Ireland?"

"Yes, but you could n't believe paw. What's a real king, Sliver?"

"Why, he's a—a kind of a—a, well he's somepun like a police cap'n or a big judge only lots more an' he lives in a palace an' wears a gold hat an'—"

"I'd think it would make his head ache."

"Aw go on, kings don't have aches an' pains. Well, zize sayin', the king of this city was givin' a big dance an' chowder party up to the city hall palace an' he invited all the swell guys in town to come to the blowout an' Clinkereller's two sisters says they was goin' sure Mike an' Clinkereller says Gee, I wisht I could go to the party an' her sisters give her the laugh anner oldest sister Boiter says, shut up you give us a pain you'd look fine in a palace in them duds why a cop would chase you off de grass an' her sister Katrun says, you stay home an' mind the fire an' so they got all ragged up an' put on powder an' rooj so's their own mother would n't a hardly knowed 'em an' a coupla swell gents comes along an' drove away wit' 'em in a carriage like as if they was going to some grand funeral an' pretty soon Clinkereller got to thinkin' how the music was playin' an' the dancers was hoppin' around and everybody was a gobbalin' ice cream and ginger snaps and lollipops and

[Continued on page 282]





# The B-Flat Trombone

Being the Initial Experience of Average Jones in His Search for the Adventure of Life

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Author of "The Flying Death" and (with Stewart Edward White) "The Mystery"

Illustrated by M. LEONE BRACKER

## PART I

THREE men sat in the Cosmic Club discussing the question: "What's the matter with Jones?" Waldemar, the oldest of the conferees, was the owner, and at times the operator of an important and decent newspaper. His heavy face wore the expression of good-humored power, characteristic of the experienced and successful journalist. Beside him sat Robert Bertram, the club idler, slender and languidly elegant. The third member of the conference was Jones himself.

Average Jones had come by his nickname inevitably. His parents had foredoomed him to it when they furnished him with the initials A. V. R. E. as preface to his birthright of J for Jones. His character apparently justified the chance concomitance. He was, so to speak, a composite photograph of any thousand well-conditioned, clean-living Americans between the ages of twenty-five and thirty. Happily, his otherwise commonplace face was relieved by the one unfailing characteristic of composite photographs, large, deep-set and thoughtful eyes. Otherwise he would have passed in any crowd, and nobody would have noticed him pass. Now, at twenty-seven, he looked back over the five years since his graduation from college and wondered what he had done with them; and at the four previous years of undergraduate life and wondered how he had done so well with those and why he had not in some manner justified the parting words of his favorite professor.

"You have one rare faculty, Jones. You can, when you choose, sharpen the pencil of your mind to a very fine point. Specialize, my boy, specialize."

If the recipient of this admonition had specialized in anything, it was in life. Having twenty-five thousand a year of his own he might have continued in that path indefinitely, but for two influences. One was an irruptive craving within him to take some part in the dynamic activities of the surrounding world. The other was the "freak" will of his late and little lamented uncle, from whom he had his present income, and his future expectations of some twenty millions. Adrian Van Reyden Egerton had, as Waldemar once put it, "gone into the Mayor's chair with a good name and come out with a block of ice stock." In a will whose cynical humor was the topic of its day, Mr. Egerton jeered posthumously at the public whom he had looted, and yet promised restitution, of a sort, through his presumptive heir. Adrian Van Reyden Egerton Jones was to inherit the full estate only upon condition that he win, at least once, the Cuyper Civic Medal. This medal was established in 1900 by some mysterious donor who chose to preserve his anonymity. It was awarded every year by a committee composed of one ring politician, one sociological worker, one professional gambler, one college professor, and one bank president, to the citizen of New York, under forty years of age, whose career should be judged to have been, in the previous calendar twelvemonth, "of the most far-reaching and systematic public usefulness." If said Jones, continued the will, failed to accomplish this end, the Egerton millions were to go to Tammany Hall, "In the hope," wrote the dead ex-mayor benignly, "that the organization which enabled me to accumulate my fortune may, through that fortune, be

rotted out from within by the putrefactive power of over-stimulated greed."

"And now you want to enter the lists for the prize?" asked Waldemar in his heavy, rumbling voice.

"I would like to disappoint the old boy," confessed Average Jones. "But that isn't my present trouble. I want something to do. I'm bored."

"The wail of the unslaked romanticist," commented Bertram.

"Romanticist nothing!" protested the other. "My ambitions are practical enough if I could only get 'em stirred up."

"Exactly. Boredom is simply romanticism with a morning-after thirst. You're panting for romance, for something bizarre. Egypt and St. Petersburg and Buenos Ayres and Samoa have all become commonplace to you. You've overdone them. That's why you're back here in New York, waiting with eager nerves for the Adventure of Life to cat-creep up from behind and toss the lariat of rainbow dreams over your shoulders."

Waldemar laughed. "Not a bad diagnosis. Why don't you take up a hobby, Mr. Jones?"

"What kind of a hobby?"

"Any kind. This club is full of hobby-riders. Of all people that I know, they have the keenest appetite for life. Look at old Denechaud; he was a misanthrope until he took to gathering scarabs. Fenton, over there, has the finest collection of circus-posters in the world. Bellerding's house is a museum of obsolete musical instruments. De Gay collects venomous insects from all over the world; no harmless ones need apply. Terriberry has a mania for old railroad tickets; some are really very curious. I've often wished I had the time to be a crank. It's a happy life."

"What line would you choose?" asked Bertram languidly.

"Nobody has gone in for queer advertisements yet, I believe," replied the older man. "If one could take the time to follow them up—but it would mean all one's leisure."

"Would it be so demanding a career?" said Average Jones, smiling.

"Decidedly. I once knew a man who gave away twenty dollars daily, on clues from the day's news. He wasn't bored for lack of occupation."

"But the ordinary run of advertising is nothing more than an effort to sell something by yelling in print," objected Average Jones.

"Is it? Perhaps you don't look in the right place."

Waldemar reached for the morning's copy of the *Universal* and ran down the columns of "classified" matter. "Hark to this," he said, and read:

"Is there any work on God's green earth for a man who has just got to have it?" Or this: "Wanted: a venerable looking man with white beard and medical degree. Good pay to right applicant."

"What's that?" asked Average Jones with awakened interest.

"Only a quack medicine concern looking for a 'stall' to impress their come-ons," explained Waldemar.



M. LEONE BRACKER

Average Jones leaned over to scan the paper in his turn.

"Here's one," said he, and read:

WANTED—Performer on B-flat trombone. Can use at once. Apply with instrument, after 1 P. M. 300 East 100th Street.

"That seems ordinary enough," said Waldemar.

"What's it doing in a daily paper? There must be—er—technical publications—er—journals, you know, for this sort of demand."

"When Average's words come slow, you've got him interested," commented Bertram. "Sure sign."

"Nevertheless, he's right," said Waldemar. "It is rather misplaced."

"How is this for one that says what it means?" said Bertram. "Wanted—at once, a brass howitzer and a man who is n't afraid to handle it. Mrs. Anne Cullen, Pier 49½ East River."

"The woman who is fighting the barge combine," explained Waldemar. "Not so good as it looks. She's bluffing."

"Anyway, I'd like a shy at this business," declared Average Jones with sudden conviction. "It looks to me like something to do."

"Make it a business, then," advised Waldemar. "If you care really to go in for it, my newspaper would be glad to pay for information such as you might collect. We have n't time, for example, to trace down fraudulent advertisers. If you could start an enterprise of that sort, you'd perhaps find it amusing, and, at times, even adventurous."

"I wouldn't know how to establish it," objected Average Jones.

The newspaper owner drew a rough diagram on a sheet of paper and filled it in with writing, crossing out and revising liberally. Divided, upon his pattern, into lines, the final draft read: . . . . .

"Ad-Visor? Ugh! Rotten pun," was Jones's comment.

"Single column, about fifty lines will do it in nice, open style," said Waldemar, unmoved. "Caps and lower case, and black-faced type for the name and title. Insert twice a week in every New York and Brooklyn paper."

"Isn't it—er—a little blatant?" suggested Bertram, with lifted eyebrows.

"Blatant?" repeated its devisor. "It's more than that. It's howlingly vulgar. It's a riot of glaring yellow. How else would you expect to catch the public?"

"Suppose, then, I do burst into flame to this effect?" queried the prospective "Ad-Visor." "*Ei après?* as we proudly say in French."

"*Après?* Oh, plenty of things. You hire an office, a clerk, two stenographers and a clipping expert, and prepare to take care of the work that comes in. You'll be flooded," promised Waldemar.

"And between times I'm to go skipping about, chasing long, white whiskers and brass howitzers and B-flat trombones, I suppose."

"Until you get your work systematized you'll have no time for skipping. Within six months, if you're not sand-bagged or jailed on fake libel suits, you'll have a unique bibliography of swindles. Then I'll begin to come and buy your knowledge to keep my own columns clean."

The speaker looked up to meet the gaze of an iron-gray man with a harsh, fallow face.

"Excuse my interrupting," said the newcomer. "Just one question, Waldemar. Who's going to be the nominee?"

"Linder."

"Linder? Surely not! Why, his name has n't been heard."

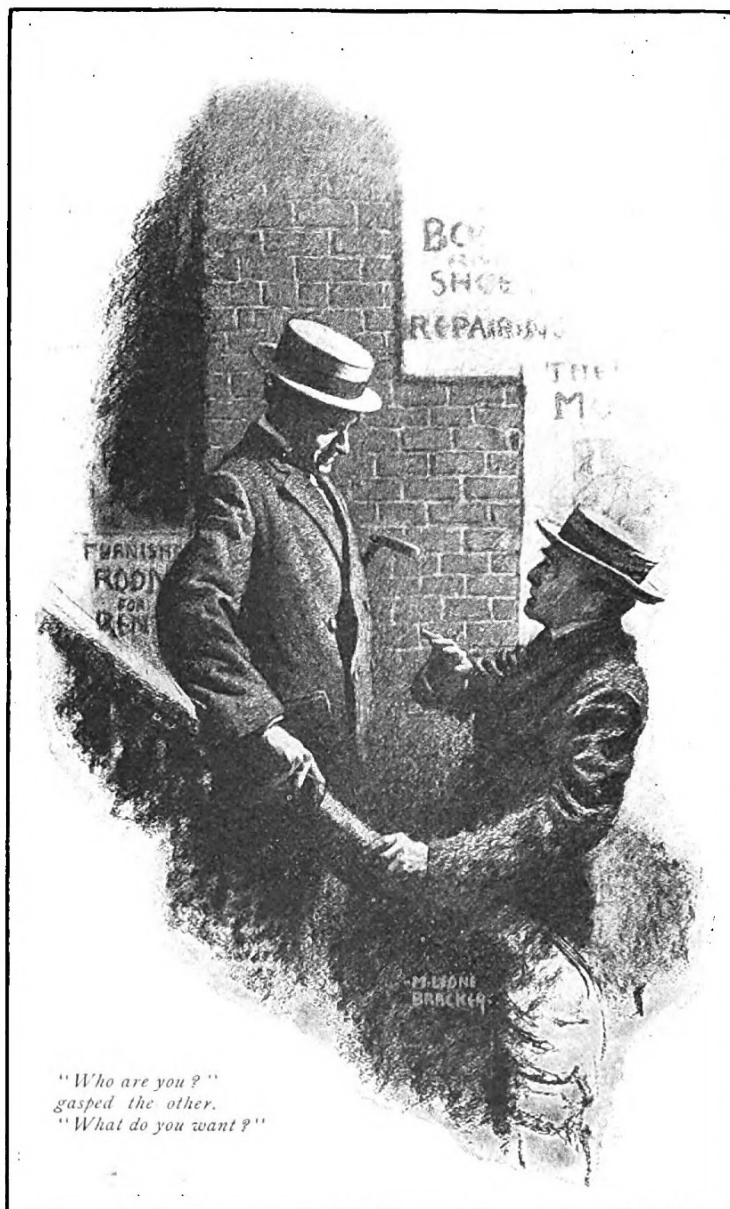
"It will be."

"His Federal job?"

"He resigns in two weeks."

"His record will kill him."

"What record? You and I know he's a grafter. But can we prove



# Have

# You

# Been

# Stung?

Thousands have. Thousands will be. They're Laying for You.

**Who?**

The Advertising Crooks.

## A. Jones

### Ad-Visor

Can Protect You Against Them.

Before Spending Your Money Call on Him. Advice on All Subjects Connected with Newspaper, Magazine or Display Advertising. Free Consultations to Persons Unable to Pay. Call or Write, Enclosing Postage. *This Is On The Level.*

Jones, Ad-Visor.

to peaceful thought. Sprawled in a huge and softly upholstered chair at the window, he took his ease in his house. The chair had been a recent gift from an anonymous admirer whose political necessities, the Hon. Mr. Linder idly surmised, had not yet driven him to reveal his identity. Its occupant stretched his shoeless feet, as was his custom, upon the broad window-sill, flooded by the seasonable warmth of sunshine, the while he considered the ripening mayoralty situation. He found it highly satisfactory. In the language of his inner man, it was a cinch.

Below, in Kennard Street, a solitary musician plodded. His pretzel-shaped brass rested against his shoulder. He appeared to be the "scout" of one of those prevalent and melancholious German bands, which, under Brooklyn's easy ordinances, are privileged to draw echoes of the past, writhing from their forgotten recesses. The man looked slowly about him as if apprising potential returns. His gravid glance encountered the prominent feet in the third story window of the Linder mansion, and rested. He moved forward. Opposite the window he paused. He raised the mouthpiece to his lips and embarked on a perilous sea of notes from which the tutored ear might have inferred that once popular ditty, "Egypti."

Love of music was not one of the Hon. William Linder's attributes. An irascible temper was. Of all instruments, the B-flat trombone possesses the most nerve-jarring tone. The master of the mansion leaped from his restful chair. Where his feet had ornamented the coping his face now appeared. Far out he leaned, and roared at the musician below. The brass throat blared back at him while the musician, his eyes closed in the ecstasy of art, brought the "verse" part of his selection to an excruciating conclusion, half a tone below pitch. Before the chorus there was a brief pause for effect. In this pause, from Mr. Linder's open face a voice fell like a falling star. Although it did not cry "Excelsior," its output of vocables might have been mistaken, by a casual ear, for that clarion call. What the Hon. Mr. Linder actually shouted was:

"Awgetoutahere!"

anything? His clerk has always handled all the money."

"Was n't there an old scandal—a woman case?" asked the questioner vaguely.

"That Washington man's wife? Too old. Linder would deny it flatly, and there would be no witnesses. The woman is dead—killed by his brutal treatment of her, they say. But the whole thing was hushed up at the time by Linder's pull, and when the husband tried to kill him Linder quietly put a commissioner of insanity on the case and had the man put away. He's never appeared since. No; that wouldn't be politically effective."

The gray man nodded, and walked away, musing.

"Egbert, the traction boss," explained Waldemar. "We're generally on opposite sides, but this time we're both against Linder. Egbert wants a cheaper man for mayor. I want a straighter one. And I could get him this year if Linder wasn't so well fortified. However, to get back to our project, Mr. Jones—"

Get back to it they did with such absorption that when the group broke up, several hours later, Average Jones was committed, by plan and rote, to the new and hopeful adventure of Life.

## PART II

THE Hon. William Linder sat at five P. M. of an early summer day behind lock and bolt. The third floor front room of his ornate mansion on Brooklyn's Park Slope was dedicated



The professor upturned a mild and vacant face toward the third floor.

"What you say?" he inquired in a softly Teutonic accent.

The Hon. William Linder made urgent gestures like a brakeman.

"Go away! Move on!"

The musician smiled reassuringly.

"I got already paid for this," he explained.

Up went the brass to his lips again. The musical flight of steps which lead to the chorus of "Egypt" rose in rasping wailfulness. They culminated in an excessive, unendurable, brazen shriek—and the Hon. William Linder experienced upon the undefended rear of his person the most violent kick of a lifetime not always devoted to the arts of peace. It projected him clear of the window-sill. His last sensible vision was the face of the musician, the mouth absurdly hollow and pursed in the shape which the suddenly removed mouthpiece had left it. Then an awning intercepted the politician's flight. He passed through this, penetrated a second and similar stretch of canvas shading the next window below, and lay placid on his own front steps with three ribs caved in and a variegated fracture of the collar-bone. By the time the descent was ended the German musician had tucked his brass under his arm and was hurrying, in panic, down the street, his ears still ringing with the concussion which had blown the angry householder from his own front window. He was intercepted by a running policeman.

"Where was the explosion?" demanded the officer.

"Explosion? I hear a noise in the larch house on the corner," replied the musician dully.

The policeman grabbed his arm. "Come along back. You for a witness! Come on; you an' yer horn."

"It iss not a horn," explained the German patiently, "it iss a B-flat trombone."

### PART III

FOR a week, the Linder "bomb" was a newspaper head-liner. The perpetrator, declared the excited journals, had been skilful. No clue was left. The explosion had taken care of that. The police, with the characteristic stupidity of a corps of former truck-drivers and ex-bartenders, decorated with brass buttons and shields and without further qualification dubbed "detectives," vacillated from theory to theory. Their putty-and-paste-board fantasies did not long survive the Hon. William Linder's return to consciousness and coherence. An "inside job," they had said. The door was locked and bolted, Mr. Linder declared, and there was no possible place for an intruder to conceal himself. Clock-work, then.

"How would any human being guess what time to set it for," demanded the politician in disgust, "when I never know, myself, where I'm going to be at any given hour of any given day?"

"Then that Dutch horn-player threw the bomb," propounded the head of the "Detective Bureau" ponderously.

"Of course! Tossed it right up, three stories, and kept playing his infernal trombone with the other hand all the time. You ought to be carrying a hod!"

Nevertheless, the police hung tenaciously to the theory that the musician was involved, chiefly because they had nothing else to hang to. The explosion had been very localized, the room not generally wrecked; but the chair which seemed to be the center of disturbance, and from which the Hon. William Linder had risen just in time to save his life, was blown to pieces, and a portion of the floor beneath it was much shattered. The force of the explosion, however, had been from above the floor downward; not up through the flooring. As to murderously inclined foes, Mr. Linder disclaimed knowledge of any. The notion that the trombonist had given a signal he derided as an "old sleuth pipe-dream." As time went on and "clues" came to nothing, the police had no greater concern than to quietly forget, according to custom, a problem beyond their limited powers. With the release of the German musician, who was found to be simple-minded to the verge of half-wittedness, public interest waned, and the case faded out of current print.

A month after the involuntary descent of the Hon. William Linder, Mr. Waldemar encountered Average Jones at the Cosmic Club. Jones looked thinner than he had eight weeks before, when at the newspaper owner's instance he had embarked on his new career. His color was less pronounced, and his eyes, though alert and eager, showed rings under them.

"You have found the work interesting, I see," remarked the newspaper owner.

"Ra-ather," drawled Average Jones appreciatively.

"That was a good initial effort, running down the opium pill mail-order enterprise."

"It was simple enough as soon I saw the catch-word in the 'Wanted' line."

"Anything is easy to a man who sees," returned the older man sententiously. "The open eye of the open mind—that has more to do with real detective work than all the deduction and induction and analysis ever devised."

"It is the detective part that interests me most in the game. You have n't run across any promising ads. lately, have you, sir?"

Waldemar's wide, florid brow wrinkled.

"I have n't thought or dreamed of anything for a month but this infernal bomb explosion."

"Oh, the Linder case. You're personally interested?"

"Politically. It makes Linder's nomination certain. Persecution. Attempted assassination. He becomes a near-martyr. I'm almost ready to believe that he planted a fake bomb himself."

"And fell out of a third floor window to carry out the idea? That's pushing realism rather far, isn't it?"

Waldemar laughed. "There's the weakness. Unless we suppose that he underreckoned the charge of explosive."

"They let the musician go, didn't they?"

"Yes. There was absolutely no proof against him, except that he was in the street below. Besides, he seemed quite lacking mentally."

"Might n't that have been a sham?"

"Alienists of good standing examined him. They reported him just a shade better than half-witted. He was like a one-ideaed child, his whole being comprised in his ability and ambition to play his B-flat trombone."

"Well, if I needed an accomplice," said Average Jones thoughtfully, "I would n't want any better one than a half-witted man. Did he play well?"

"Atrociously. And if you know what a soul-shattering blare exudes from a B-flat trombone—" Mr. Waldemar lifted expressive hands.

Within Average Jones's overstocked mind something stirred at the repetition of the words "B-flat trombone." Somewhere they had attracted his notice in print; and somehow they were connected with Mr. Waldemar.

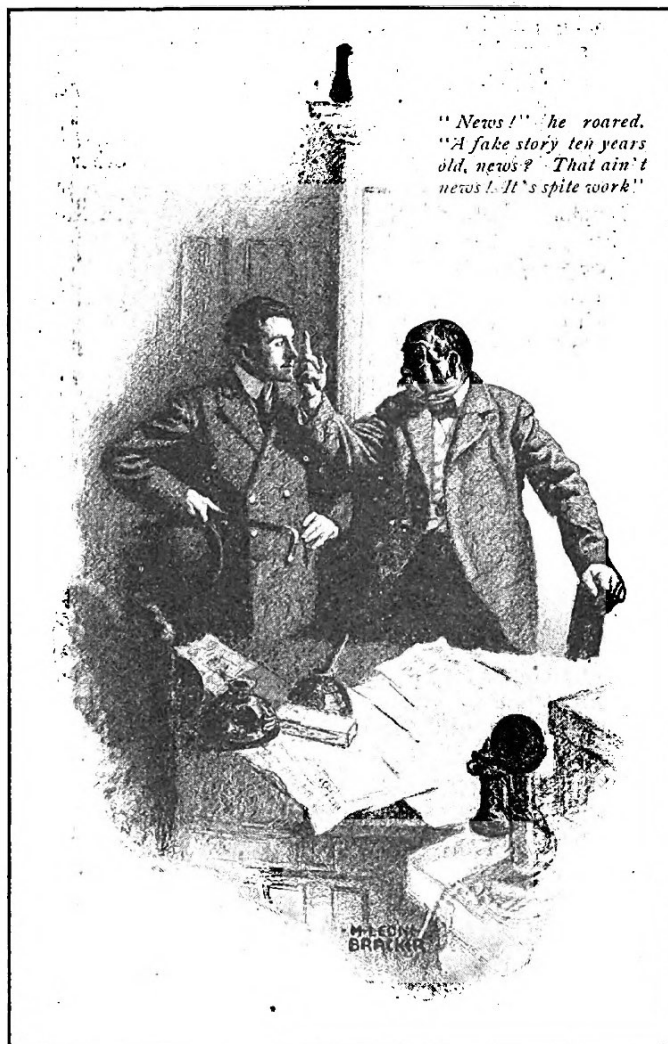
Then from amidst the hundreds of advertisements with which, in the past weeks, he had crowded his brain, one stood out clear. It voiced the desire of an unknown gentleman on the near border of Harlem for the services of a performer upon that semi-exotic instrument. One among several, it had been cut from the columns of the *Universal*, on the evening which had launched him upon his new enterprise. Now it rested between the gummed pages of his scrap-book. Average Jones arose, bade Mr. Waldemar good evening, took a cab to his office, turned back the leaves of his scrap-book until he had found the early entry and, with a note of the address in his pocket, went forth to catch an up-bound Third Avenue "L" train at Forty-second Street.

### PART IV

THREE Hundred East One Hundredth Street is a house decrepit with a disease of the aged. Its windowed eyes are rheumy. It sags backward on gnarled joints. All its poor old bones creak when the winds shake it. To Average Jones's inquiring gaze on the summer day when he sought it out, it opposed the secrecy of a senile indifference. He hesitated to pull at its bell-knob, lest by that act he should exert a disruptive force which might bring all the frail structure rattling down in ruin. When, at length, he forced himself to the summons, the merest ghost of a tinkle complained petulantly from within, against his violence.

An old lady came to the door. She was sleek and placid, round and comfortable. She did not seem to belong in that house at all. Average Jones felt as if he had cracked open one of the grisly locust shells which cling lifelessly to tree trunks, and had found within a plump and prosperous beetle.

"Was an advertisement for a trombone player inserted from this house, ma'am?" he inquired.



"News!" he roared.  
"A fake story ten years  
old, news? That ain't  
news! It's spite work!"

# America Getting Well

by Walter Weyl

Author of "The New Problem of the Old"

AMERICA is getting well. It is throwing off the bedclothes and flinging the patent medicines out of the window. It is about to take up its bed and walk, and work. For centuries we, like other peoples, have been sickly, valetudinarian. We have felt just so-so and have worked just so-so. We are about to make the national experiment of health.

## A Century of Marvellous Progress

The story of what has been done by us and by other nations in the winning struggle for health during the last century, and especially during the last twenty-five years, is one of the marvels of the world. A century ago smallpox attacked almost a third of all the inhabitants of the globe; to-day, thanks to vaccination, the disease has been so completely routed that only one death occurred from it last year in New York City, and in Prussia there are only four cases a year out of every million of the people. Typhoid, which used to be a rather hopeless disease, has now been clearly traced to filthy drinking water, and in America it can scarcely survive another generation—or, at most, two. Yellow fever, which repeatedly ravaged New Orleans, Philadelphia, Memphis and other American cities, and made the tropics uninhabitable, has now been brought home to a particularly mischievous mosquito, *Stegomyia fasciata*, and is doomed. We shall probably never again have an epidemic of yellow fever. Tuberculosis, the fearful White Plague which until recently was responsible for one-tenth of all deaths, is being slowly beaten back, and it is now hoped that in fifty years it will be practically annihilated.

These victories of civilization over disease mean life and health for millions, and they are but the beginning. Diphtheria was once a most fatal disease, and in tens of thousands of recorded cases the chance of dying was greater than that of surviving. But an antitoxin, a counter-poison, was discovered, and the death rate fell from fifty-five per cent. to sixteen per cent. and then down to ten and even five. Out of one hundred and eighty-seven cases in a certain hospital treated the first day with the antitoxin, every single case was cured. In New York, to-day, the city will find out for you within twelve hours whether you have diphtheria, and will give you the antitoxin free. Diphtheria is on the run.

Appendicitis used to be a fearfully fatal disease, and millions of people died from it even before the name was invented. When surgeons first began to operate for it, from a fifth to a third of the patients died; then the percentage fell from twenty per cent. to five per cent., and now, if your surgeon knows his business, there is hardly any danger at all—not over one death in several hundreds. This is because we have learned about asepsis and blood-poisoning, and the X-ray shows us things that our forefathers could not see. These things, and our new anesthetics, make possible and easy a thousand operations which a generation ago were unthinkable. Childbirth has lost nine-tenths of its terrors since the new surgery came into use, and operations which used to lead to blood-poisoning in from twenty per cent. to fifty per cent. of all cases, now result in blood-poisoning in only one small fraction of one per cent. of all cases.

We are beginning to put our foot upon disease and to look forward to an era of good health. We are learning the causes of diseases—the physical and social causes—and are learning to cure, and, above all, to prevent them. In the olden days America suffered horribly from malaria, and millions of acres of rich land had to be abandoned for fear of this disease. Malaria halted the progress of the pioneer more than the French and Indians and poverty and bad transportation; it ruined the white man in the tropics; it is supposed to have caused the permanent decay of Greece and Rome. Now we have learned how it is caused; we know by name and reputation the germ that produces it, the mosquito which carries the germ and the way of absolutely annihilating the disease. With a little care we can entirely finish malaria. So, too, the hookworm or lazy-man's disease which has been sapping the energy and vitality of our Southern States is being seen and conquered. In a generation, perhaps in ten years, this disease, which has cost tens of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of money, will be gone. It will be as extinct as the dodo.

## We Are Healthier and Wealthier Than Our Grandparents

Our great population of ninety millions is becoming healthy because it is becoming wealthy and wise. We are wealthier than our ancestors and have more food and clothing and lodging and leisure and recreation and doctors and hospitals and sanatoria and dispensaries to go around. Broadly speaking it is the poor that get sick; the poor that work too hard and live under bad conditions. And it is the nations which can spend millions on the prevention of disease which are most likely to prevent it.

All of which is true, the oldest inhabitant to the contrary notwithstanding. The oldest inhabitant will tell you that in his day there was no appendicitis or tonsillitis or neurasthenia. In his day the sturdy pioneer did not call in the doctor until he was ready also for the undertaker. But this is all old man's bragging. The early Americans were

not healthy. They suffered more from indigestion than from Indians; more from malaria, milk-sickness, smallpox and scurvy than from tomahawks.

We have also grown wiser, and that in many ways.

We have begun to learn what a fearful scourge sickness is; we have begun to take account of our sick, and we have determined to use every effort of individuals, semi-public bodies, scientists and government authorities to prevent illness. We have determined to apply money, energy, science and common sense to the task of getting and keeping health.

If you had asked the practical man "What is the best way to dig the Panama Canal?" he would have answered, "Dig," and he would have been wrong. The right way was not to dig, but first to drain swamps, annihilate mosquitoes and purify drinking water, that the diggers might dig in health. In Panama sanitation paid. In Manchuria the Russians were armed with rifles and the Japanese with common sense and a knowledge of sanitation. And the Japanese won. In the struggle with Nature, as with other nations, the healthy, strong, resistant peoples conquer.

## Three Million Americans Are Sick Every Day

We are making of health a cult, almost a religion. A few generations ago the American lady considered robustness indelicate. In novels a vanishing waist, a becoming pallor and a tendency to swoon was the proper thing. Bad health was good form. To-day good health is good form. We have learned that a chalk-white face and a bad heart-action do not constitute true femininity, and that tuberculosis is caused by germs and not by a gentle, pious character. We have discovered that our health is a valuable asset.

How valuable it is we can not exactly figure, for while we know how many sheep and hogs there are in the country, we do not know exactly how many sick people there are. Nevertheless, if we apply a fairly accurate rule-of-thumb method worked out by a great English statistician we must conclude that there are almost three million people constantly sick in the United States—three million people sick every day of the three hundred and sixty-five days. We lose an average of thirteen days a year in illness; altogether we give up to illness one thousand million days. Our sick-beds would reach from Portland, Maine, far into the Pacific, and would always be occupied. In medicines, doctors' services, hospital expenses and loss of earning power our annual sick-bill is about two billions of dollars. And it is but a part, for millions of us are sick without knowing it. We are well enough to be up, but not well enough to do our best work or get the best out of life.

In our quest for health many agencies are cooperating. First of all, the city, state and nation, especially through their boards of health, for health is becoming a governmental matter; second, scientists, physicians, hospitals, research institutes and semi-public institutions; last, but by no means least (for you can not force men to be well), the individual.

The human race has been living in cities for only a few centuries, and it has not learned how. Therefore the City Board of Health. A pioneer on the firing line of civilization, or an isolated farmer, is responsible for his own health. If he contaminates his drinking water, if his cow is diseased, if his food is bad, it is his lookout. In the city no man acting alone can secure his own health if his neighbors are dirty and careless. All the lives and all the healths of all the citizens are united in one indissoluble bond. The chief guardian of these lives and these healths is the Board of Health.

The Board of Health seeks to prevent pollution of air, water and soil by regulations on plumbing, gas-fitting, heating, ventilation and garbage disposal. It compels physicians to report serious communicable diseases, and it quarantines and isolates the patient and disinfects his house. The Board of Health requires ministers and magistrates to report marriages, physicians and midwives to report births, and undertakers to report burials. It abates nuisances. It inspects establishments where food is for sale, as well as dairies, barns and milk-houses from which milk is brought into the city. It makes war on the fly—that industrious carrier of typhoid and cholera—on the mosquito which disseminates malaria, and on the rat which carries the flea which carries the germ which carries the dread Asiatic plague. Sometimes a modern invention or improvement aids the Board of Health. In Washington the decline in typhoid fever has been attributed in part to the automobile, which eliminated the horse, the manure of the horse, the fly which bred therein and the typhoid germ which was carried by the fly. So the better street cleaning by Colonel Waring's "white wings" reduced the sickness of New York City.

## The Board of Health Is a Wary Guardian

If factory smoke containing sulphuric acid eats into the stone of city houses, what effect will it have upon the delicate membranes of the human lung? "None whatever," say some factory managers. Nevertheless, in many cities a relentless war is waged on the smoke





# Going Home to Mother's

by  
HUGH PENDEXTER  
with drawings  
by  
JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

**L**ALL happened because Clarice, who was Sister Lucy's only child, was named after a novel. I tell you, Martha, I'd just as quick name a girl after a patent medicine as after a novel. Because of her name she got too romantic and got false notions.

The first I knew of the situation was when Aretus come in, looking very grave and chuckling like a grampus. He'd snicker and slap his limb; then he'd grow grave again. And love a duck! When he told me what was up, I was grave too.

After being married less'n six months Clarice had quereled with Robert and was come here to her mother's. She was all romance; Robert was all business. A medium portion of each well mixed is heartening; but an overdose of one or tother alone will kill out love.

"Aretus Hopeful Carr," I proclaimed; "you snake them two children in here so's I can give 'em a piece of my mind."

"Abigail," he replied sadly, "I hate to say it, but it ain't any ordinary querrel. It's danged serious. And I'm sorry to say it's mostly Clary's fault." That was an awful lot for him to say, as she is the only niece and Aretus just worships her.

She always had her share of good things, you know, although brought up on the farm. As a civil engineer Bob earns considerable money, and when they married he made the mistake of trying to make life too easy for her. Didnt want her to do any housework, and as a result he just about spoiled her. To fill in her spare time, she began joining clubs for spiritual study and feesophy and such like nonsense, and Bob questioned the wisdom of it all. She called it culture, but what with trances and mediums I guess his home must have seemed like a ghost boardinghouse, so he mildly found fault. Then she quereled with him; or rather, she quereled at him, for he did n't have enough ginger to fight back. In our fifty years of wedded bliss, Aretus and me have had some soul-stirring falling outs, but he always was a good fighter and I love him for it. Clarice just leaped into a sea of wounded pride and swam home with seven trunks of fol-de-rols which was given her by her folks.

I know, Martha, I don't seem to steam ahead, but I must tell it my own way. After Aretus finished his news he changed from sorrow to grinning sheepishly, and almost joyously wound up with: "Abigail, we are about to have a mighty stiff row."

I settled my spectacles and reached for a pie-plate and warned: "Aretus H. Carr, I am not in a playful mood. I am thinking of them poor, foolish children. Scat!"

"That's why we will row it," he explained. "It is to help 'em both. If you'll do as I say we'll teach 'em an object lesson and bring 'em together. We must have a falling out. I'll go over to Sister Lucy's and announce that we've quit each other. Then you pack a valise and come over and say that since your home has become hateful it's your only haven, and—Oh, Lawd! wait till I work in the frills! Lucy understands and approves. It's all for Clary."

That was where the snickering came in.

Aretus is real cute in planning things, and I had to trust him and agree to a querrel, although I was seventy-two last spring.

Well, when Aretus arrived at Lucy's, there sat Clarice on the veranda, the picter of misery. Behind her stood her pa and ma. When she seen Aretus she just flew to him.

"Oh, you dear, kind Uncle Aretus," she cried, flinging her head against his white shirt bosom. "At least you will understand and sympathize with me. I only wish Aunt Abby was here."

Aretus said 'twas the hardest lie he ever told—which I very much doubt—when he took her in his arms and in a choked voice said,

"Never mention Abby's name again. We've quit. We've separated. I left her the farm. All I want is a spot to lay in when I am through with all my troubles."

He said a lot more, as he enjoys play-acting, but at the first sentence Clarice sank onto the veranda steps and begin gasping, short of breath like, and never noticed that her parents did n't seem much cut-up over the news.

"What was the trouble? You've been married so long—" she began in a whisper.

"Too long, I reckon," jeered Aretus in that cruel voice he loves to use when playing the villain in our Good Templar dramas at the school-house. "We've parted forever and aye. She never appreciated my fine spun natur'. She never had a thought above the price of eggs and what we'd clear from the creamery. We have come to the forking of the ways. Mine is a poetic fork, leading through shadders and sunshine and peopled with visions; hers is a business fork, paved with dollar signs and greed. Of course, you must choose which one of us you'll tie to. If you have anything to do with she whose name I can never mention in love, and will not in anger, you must forgit me. It would be ondelicate for you to have a liking for both of us."

Then she rose, chuck full of spunk—and she can be peppery—and cried, "I'll not choose. I love both and you are an ugly old uncle to leave your wife after living together for fifty years."

Well, Sister Lucy showed Aretus to his room, but he would n't stay there. Said he wanted to see me arrive. I vum! when I come to start and found he had left the pigs for me to feed, I got mad in earnest, and when I walked up the path the glitter in my eyes wa'n't all make-believe. Clarice was watching at the up-stairs window.

"May I have the shelter of your roof?" I coldly asked, dropping my valise.

"You've—you've left home?" groaned Clarice's pa.

"I have, Henery," I sternly replied. "So long as the landscape shall be desecrated by him who defames the initials A. H. C., I shall avoid the haunts which I have known for fifty years. You always said, Lucy, that I was to come here if ever I was in trouble."

"I—I meant if my brother should die and leave you alone," mumbled Lucy.

"He's dead to me," I sighed.

"Come in," she says. "I'll show you to your room. You are welcome—but O, the misery of these kind of troubles!"

Lucy done real well, but Henery was a poor actor. Being anxious, he overdid it by trying to cry. I was glad Clarice was up-stairs and could n't see him on the veranda.

Well, Martha, it was pesky hard to go up and face the dear girl, but I was doing it for her good. "Aunt Abby," she cried, meeting

me at the head of the stairs and nearly lifting me off my feet, "Oh, Aunt Abby! why did you and Uncle querrel?"

"Because he's a man," I snapped, thinking of the pigs. "He's above doing chores and is always a mooning around and reciting poetry or reading about folks who can see visions and who neglect this world by trying to peek into some other." Then I remarked: "I hear you and Robert are at odds."

Her eyes grew a bit hard, I was sorry to observe, as she explained; "Our natur's ain't attuned one to the eyther. He has no sympathy with my studying." Then she mentioned several clubs named after some foreign language, and soberly wound up, "And we shall never see each other again."



Clarice sank onto the veranda steps and begin gasping

John Wolcott Adams

"I always believed something was lacking in him," I soothed. "I was kinder surprised at your having him. A girl with your natur' could have married a real poet."

O Martha! how them lies wrung my bosom! If it had n't been Aretus's plan and in the Lawd's service I could n't have uttered 'em. And like a flash she backed from me and protested, "He is one of the best engineers in the country. He—he soon will have a national reputation."

"National fiddlesticks!" I sniffed. "The man's a fool, or he'd manage his wife."

Now she was mad clear through, and drawing up her figger as high as she could, which was n't much, and tilting her chin in a fierce way, she icily reminded, "It seems Uncle Aretus could n't manage *his* wife."

It gave me a fine opening to pay for feeding the pigs, and I knew Aretus was listening, and I quickly remarked: "And no one says he could manage me, or that he ain't a fool."

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Abigail," she murmured in her frigid voice, yet on the point of gitting weepy, "but Uncle Aretus is no fool. I can not hear him abused."

"Then let him git out of my haven of rest," I demanded.

My temper struck her with horror. "I didn't know you was so— that way," she sobbed.

Naturally, Martha, the tea hour passed rather gloomily for me, although Aretus had to cough to cover up his laffing. Of course, A. H. C. and me did n't speak to each other, and Clarice sat between us to pass things we would n't ask for and yet needed. Once when she was n't looking I winked at Aretus Hopeful and motioned for the sugar. Drat the man if he did n't scowl at me like a murderer and make Henery nearly choke on a piece of bread. Aretus afterwards said my face looked like a angry meat ax. Anyway, Clarice followed her ma to the kitchen that night, and wept to think folks could glare at each other so after being married for half a century.

Remember, Martha, it was Aretus' scheme, not mine. And in planning it he did n't forgit to include a little enjoyment for hisself. He could take off his boots when on the porch and smoke hisself blind, and all my warning looks was took as a part of our play-acting. At moments I was riled enough to skin him.

On the second day, just after A. Hopeful C. got back from slyly feeding the stock, who should come up the path but Cousin Ruby and her peculiar-looking husband, Elisha. Of course my Aretus is bowed and shrumpy now, because of his years, but Elisha was naturally a poor-looker from his birth. He's so short and has such a long face that his bristly beard makes him look, so Aretus says, like a surprise somebody has sprung under the cover of darkness.

As the two filed up the yard Aretus looked about for Clarice, and not seeing her, give way to mirth. "I ain't laffing at Elisha this time," he groaned aside to me in reply to my wondering looks. "It's—it's part of my scheme."

And Lawd love a duck, Martha, if them two were n't carrying on that they had had trouble and had separated. Each said they considered Lucy and Henery as parents and had come there for the rest and peace and wholesome victuals they was denied when living as man and wife.

"What do you expect to do with these?" I demanded of Aretus H. C. as he leaned against the pump and made sobbing sounds. For a case must be mighty desperate when one is licensed to yank Elisha off his farm and parade him up and down as a remedy.

"Continual dripping will wear away a stun," moaned Aretus.

Clarice had been in her room all day with a headache. When she came down, looking weary and wan, and found the best room open and Elisha glumly perched on a slippery hair-cloth chair near the melodium, and Ruby a-glaring at him from beneath the picter of The Empty Sleeve, I thought she'd faint.

"What does it mean?" she whispered of me like one who smells danger and fears to be answered.

"They have parted and now seek happiness as individuals," I explained. "And very sensible of them, too. Elisha may not be well favored, physically, but he isn't a outcast or a train-robber, and he's entitled to a little peace. Ruby never was real sympathetic."

She shivered and muttered: "Uncle Aretus is kinder spoken than you," and with that she swept away, walking with head very high, as a woman does who is going to bust into tears once she reaches the door, and is almost, but not quite, out of sight.

Dear! dear! Martha, her words stung me. It was hard to keep running down the man folks, but it was my duty and I had to do it. The only thing that helped me out was Aretus' fondness for playing the martyr and gitting sympathy. Next to being a regular villain in our little dramas, he is fond of figgering in a death-bed scene and making folks cry. I knew A. H. Carr was hankering for cream biscuit, and



They got up fishing parties, pitched horse-shoes, or played old sledge

Lucy was so upset she had n't time to make 'em. If I made 'em Clarice would know the truth in a minute. Then the poor man wanted to change his flannels, and could n't git a chance to ask me where to find 'em till after sun-down.

With the coming of Ruby and Elisha, Lucy put all the leaves into the dining-room table, but they being there did n't drive away the gloom any. Lucy and Henery could n't make any talk and Elisha is such a hand to laff if you look at him, that I did n't dare speak. They helped out in one way; they filled in the table and made it easier to pass things.

But take it all together, the premises was so gloomy that I was reminded of the Pilgrim Fathers being attacked by redskins in rainy weather; nor did I blame Clarice, after the first melancholy meal, for staying away until we were nearly through.

It broke my heart to see the poor dear gitting so peaked and white, but what could we do? She never mentioned her husband after that first time, and we did n't dare to. When Ruby and me would begin running down our men folks—and Ruby has a wicked tongue, Martha—Clarice would always quit us.

"How long is this going to last?" I demanded of Aretus as we met like Indians or secret societies behind the barn.

"I'm hoping the next batch will fetch her," he said, patting my shoulder in a most loving way.

"In the sacred name of sin and liberty, A. Hopeful C., what new deviltry are you planning?"

"Just wait and see the supper table," he groaned, stuffing hay into his mouth to stop his laffing.

I always had faith in him as a peacemaker, Martha; he's noted for fixing things. Once when the town clerk and the minister quarreled, he patched up the trouble and they did n't speak for two years. But I did n't realize to what lengths he had gone until I reached the house. If there was n't Cousin Melviney Thomas and her gloomy acting husband, and Cousin Elnathan and his second wife. It seemed to me that Aretus H. was going too far.

"Robert is paying them good wages through me," he defended in a whisper. "I can't use no one who ain't some relation to Clary. Hush! here she comes."

We had overflowed from the best room into the front hall. The poor child was coming down the stairs, clinging to the bannister. Her eyes were

staring and looking far out over the hills. The first she knew that we had some more heart sufferers was when she stepped on Elnathan's hair, it being very long and he leaning back on the stairs. Then she began to drink in the scenery, as it were.

"More of 'em!" she cried in a strangled voice.

A. H. C. kicked Elnathan, who took his cue and mumbled, "When I was a boy, your ma, Clary, told me to come here whenever I was in trouble. It seems that my—my wife in name only claims the same sweet privilege. But we are here as individuals."

"Why need you two disagree?" she wearily asked.

"We did n't need to, only she wanted her own way in everything," he groaned. "Poor Thomas here is suffering from the same sort of trouble."

Well, Martha, I'll warrant you we was jammed tight at the table that night. Clarice, kind of wild eyed, forgot her victuals in staring up and down the gloomy board. The men were banded together on one side, none sitting opposite his wife and all depending on Henery to scout for victuals over in the women's territory. Us women folks depended on Lucy in a like manner. It was about as cheerful as having supper in a



I was riled enough to skin him





Melviney's husband chirked up and got to wearing a necktie and coat in the morning. One evening he might have spoiled everything by suggesting we all ride over to the Durgin schoolhouse and visit singing-school, only Clarice happened to be out of the room. Then the minister called one day and it was scandalous to see them men running like hounds for the woods. Of course, it would n't do for the minister to find us acting offish with our husbands, but his eyes stuck out when he found the house filled with us women.

Aretus now began to be awfully worried. The girl seemed to be fading away every day, but her own mother could n't get her to mention her husband. He was sending A. H. C. letters and telegrams by the quart, but he never wrote her. I guess Aretus advised him not to. Well, just as things reached this pass, Aretus met me in the cornfield after dark and



Them fool men down in the barn trying to sing "Life on the Ocean Wave"

Melancholy," and I felt it my duty to remind them, "Your songs ain't in keeping with your sorrers. You should stick to sad tunes."

Aretus clapped his hands like a crazy man and cried, "I have it! You give me a idea. I'll wire Bob to come at once, even if he can't stay more 'n a minute. In the meanwhile we'll meller her proud natur'. I had planned to have Lucy and Henery have a falling out, but if four couples won't fetch her, I don't know as five would. I guess some soulful music, together with a few yarns about folks parting never to meet again, is about all we can do. I leave the stories to you women folks."

With that he rushed away to send his telegram while I stole to the house. I could tell when he reached the barn because of a brief silence; he was explaining to 'em to change their music. Then there came the sound of a faint cheer, quickly followed by Elisha singing in noseey notes, "Could You Come Back to Me, Douglas."

Well, Martha, I lost no time in telling the women folks what to do and say. Each experience had to deal with a young couple needlessly parting, never to meet again, some of 'em dying. Melviney started it by pretending to read from the newspaper. It was very sad. Then Ruby told how her neighbor was broken-hearted for life just because she would n't forgive her husband, who was about to go far, far away. Lucy

tomb. No one spoke except in whispers such as we use at funerals, although Elisha would have tittered repeatedly if A. H. had n't located his foot.

After supper, I heard Clarice ask her ma in the kitchen how long the people was to stay, and Lucy replied; "As long as they need a haven. The poor women—how I pity 'em! So patient—"

"I pity the men," quickly broke in Clarice.

This would have been encouraging, only it did n't lead to anywhere. There we women folks were losing time from our pickling and preserving. Of course, the men folks, 'being by natur' more shiftless, took it easier. They got up fishing parties, pitched horseshoes, or played old sledge and smoked till you'd think the farm was on fire. It was just like living at a club for them. I heard Elnathan tell Elisha he had n't had so much fun since the county fair.

Said that the climax had come: Robert must leave for the West to do a big engineering job. He had depended on Aretus. "And I've made a fizzle of it," groaned A.

As he spoke I was inspired to say: "This is his home as much as hers. When they was married I heard Lucy tell him to come to her if ever in any trouble. Tell him to come."

"Too late!" muttered Aretus. "He must go West at once. If he started at once he could n't spend more 'n a few hours here. And it would take weeks and weeks to weaken that young minx."

"Hark!" I cried, throwing back my shawl. But it was only them fool men down in the barn trying to sing "Life on the Ocean Wave."

"We've formed a little quartette," confided Aretus. "They're waiting for me."

As he made to go, the men shifted to "Away With

already had informed Clarice about Bob's going West, and whenever we got nicely started she was forced to leave the room.

To go outside gave her no relief, as the men were ever ready with a doleful tune. They would slowly creep toward the house, chanting, "When other lips and other hearts their tales of love shall tell." Then they'd sneak back to the barn, still singing, to give the idea of distance and fading away. It was awful melta'. Lawd, Martha! there was a time when I just doted on "Then You'll Remember Me," but if you'd heard as much of it as I did while waiting for Bob, you'd have groaned in spirit. The house was filled with sad narratives of foolish young couples; out of doors, from pasture to meadow, from house to barn, the quartette was everlastingly sniveling, "And you'll r-r-rem-mem-ber m-me."

So Clarice got to staying in her room nearly all the time. But it did her little good so far as escaping was concerned, as after dusk the men would file under her window and in a sobbing whisper hum; "In such a moment I but ask, that you'll r-r-rem-mem-ber m-me." Elnathan even tried to play the air on a comb, but Aretus shut down. He said the

human voice was bad enough and beat a comb all holler.

On the second night after the telegram was sent, Aretus drew me aside and whispered, "I'm playing my last card to-night. Tell the women folks to let out a extry notch and have the young feller die just a few seconds before his young wife reaches him. We start singing at once."

And all through milking time the men kept it up. Well, Martha, it wa 'n't half bad, even if I have criticised 'em. What with the clanking of the ox-chains, the faint mooing of the cattle, the dusk growing thicker and thicker and them voices straining through the big double doors, my nerves got into a sentimental jangle. It all made me think of when I was young and how Aretus Hopeful Carr had always remembered me, even if he is pesky trying at



It broke my heart to see the poor dear getting so peaked and white

times—drat him! Yes, Martha, "In such a moment I but ask" made a silly old fool of me for the time.

That night, after the men had sung themselves hoarse, and just as Ruby was dismally saying, "They found him dead fifteen minutes before his young bride arrove," I heard the sound of horses' hoofs up the road. I ran into the yard just as Clarice left her room and stepped to the hall window. Her face in the moonlight was marble. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and the quartette heard it and stole to the lilac bushes and let out another kink. As the buggy came into the yard, all the women, except Clarice, came to the veranda, while the men marched forward as if at lodge meeting and pitched in extry fine; "There ma-a-y perhaps in such a scene some recollection be, of days that have as happy been, and you'll r-r-rem-mem-ber m-me."

"Clarice!" cried Bob in a hoarse voice and never budging from the buggy, "I am waiting for you. I have five minutes, as I must turn at once and race to catch my train for the West. It's a matter of honor. Five minutes is long enough to be forgiven in—too long if you'll not forgive." And he turned the buggy, ready to leave.

It was silent as the grave for two ticks of the kitchen clock, and then, love a duck! if Clarice didn't glide out, hat on and carrying a valise!

"Oh, Bob, I've waited and waited, afraid you would never come," she whimpered, blindly climbing up and onto him and going limp. "I believed, I feared, Oh, take me away with you—away where there's no singing, no horrible stories, where people like each other!"

Bob whipped up the horses and turned into the road, Martha, before you could say Jack Robinson. And as the buggy disappeared around the curve, Henery swung his lantern and yelled like a loon, and taking it for a signal, the quartette managed to stagger through "In such a moment I but ask that you'll r-r-rem-mem-ber m-me."

Henery and Lucy is visiting 'em now. Lucy'll stay till the baby.

## To the First Bluebird

By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Herald of hope, on yon green spray,  
Warden of all the mirth of May,  
Silver the key you blithely bring,  
Sure to release the captive Spring:  
Turn it in music sweet once more!  
Open the fragrant blossom-door!  
Melody mingling love and mirth—  
Sing till you wake the dreaming Earth!



TONY PASTOR'S

In this best-beloved of all vaudeville theaters, which forms a part of the Tammany Hall building, you can hear the hum of the apparatus which projects the acrobatic film before the gaze of packed audiences.



THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Hardly a player, native or foreign, has wound up his or her career without having had an engagement in this grimy old pile of bricks. The moving-picture men are endeavoring to secure the Academy and it need surprise no one if five-cent prices prevail shortly in this early home of Grand Opera in New York.



THE BIJOU THEATRE

Only a few months ago this was Keith & Proctor's Twenty-third Street theater, one of the foremost vaudeville houses in America, and, only a few years before, a leading house of the best native drama.

# The Moving-Picture Revolution

NOT since Gilbert and Sullivan brought into vogue the popular comic opera and thus revolutionized the drama has such a sudden and extraordinary change in the stage amusements of this country and of Europe taken place as is culminating this year. The switch from the rigid drama of our granddads to the lighter, gayer, more fantastical musical representations of the present time was gradual and explainable. The hot-house development of the motion-picture industry was so inexplicable to the powers that be in the dramatic and musical comedy world, and was so nearly instantaneous, that not one of these mighty men had the acumen or the alacrity to climb aboard the band-wagon when it started.

As most of them are business men rather than experts in the histrionic arts, and as every one of them has had a dent made in his bank account by the motion-picture industry, they all regret sincerely that a lot of real-estate men, grocers, delicatessen-vendors, ticket takers and stage hands rather than they, the lawful owners of the amusement field, recognized the value of a simple invention and the drawing powers of a sign reading "Admission ten cents: Orchestra seats a quarter of a dollar."

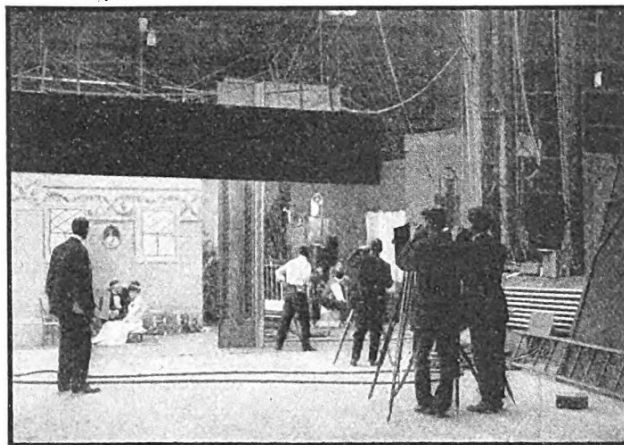
## A Bad Season for the Theaters

Has anyone told you or have you discovered for yourself that this is the worst season the stage has known in years? Were you aware of the fact that one of the most picturesque forms of theatrical entertainment we ever have had—the blood-curdling, hands-up-or-I'll-shoot melodrama—has

## The Man at the Crank Has Brought About a Crisis in the Theatrical Business of America

by GLENMORE DAVIS

Author of "Our Billion-Dollar Smile"



Posing and photographing scenes from "Camille" and "Gallagher" in the Edison studio.

all but disappeared from our midst? Do you know that during the six weeks prior to last Christmas more American theatrical companies disbanded for lack of business than disbanded during any mid-season twelve weeks in the previous history of our stage?

"Times change," said old Mr. Cicero, and he spoke the truth. "The play is the thing," said another wise gentleman many centuries later, and he was equally veracious. The fact that a Shakesperian star was recently held for debt in a Mississippi city and was forced to close his company after an interesting performance of "Macbeth" does not mean necessarily that the twelve motion-picture shows in that town will continue to do a land-office business forever, while sock and buskin tread to empty houses, but it does mean that for some time to come the producing theatrical managers of the United States will be face to face with the most puzzling

proposition that ever has confronted them.

It's a horrible thing to say and it's a hard thing to understand, but it's a fact: a spool of photographic film projected on a white canvas from a humming picture machine has wrought more havoc to the arts of Sarah Siddons, David Belasco and Theodore Kremer than did Oliver Cromwell, the Iroquois Theater fire and the late financial panic combined.

This effect has been felt in several ways, and although you may take little or no interest in acrobatic snap-shots and may not be an habitual theatergoer, you can not help being amazed at the decisive manner in which a clump of inventors and some sagacious business men, unused to the underground methods of theatricals, have put what is vulgarly known as a "crimp" into what Broadwayites term the show business and all its ramifications.

## The Extent of the Moving-Picture Industry

To appreciate what has happened, is happening, and is likely to happen, you must understand something of the picture industry itself. There are at present between 11,000 and 12,000 motion-picture houses in the United States—auditoriums big and little, where moving film photographs thrown on a screen are the main or only source of amusement. In New York alone there are approximately seven hundred. Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston each possesses upward of five hundred. In every little and big city, in every country, in every State in the Union, the picture machine has settled and is literally coining money. The beauty of the business is its simplicity. An empty store, some chairs, a white curtain, a machine, half a dozen films and a ticket taker are all that the impresario really needs. As his bank-roll and his ambition increase, he may find other means of spending money on his property, but even then he is limited. If he has anything like a good location and is not an idiot, he is bound to make more than he spends. To begin with, it is not necessary for him to buy anything save his machine, and he may rent even that. The films, which are to this business what the works of Messrs. Barrie, Pinero and Bernstein are to Charles Frohman, are never sold. They are



From a short section of moving-picture film posed especially for SUCCESS MAGAZINE by the Vitagraph Co. of America. To make the average moving picture, 1000 feet of film are used.



rented by the week from a jobber who makes his livelihood by supplying a circuit of houses. He, in turn, obtains his stock in trade from the manufacturer, of which there are thirteen in this country and considerably more abroad, all operating throughout the United States.

Since motion pictures first began to be used in San Francisco some ten years ago (their initial introduction to the United States) the pirating of films has become the most serious problem which the picture makers have had to solve; and as their attempts to regulate the use of their products were coincident with the spread of the business and the perfecting of both machines and films, there naturally grew up a tremendous rivalry among the producing houses, which culminated January 9, 1908, in the organization of the Moving Picture Patents Company. This company was the result of a merger of the important patents covering every detail of the industry, from the projecting lens to the mechanical device by which the long reels of films are perforated. The combination is known as "The Trust" and occupies the same position and relation to the moving picture business as the "Theatrical Syndicate" does to the dramatic and musical comedy stage of the United States and Canada.

As is usually the case when a group of men get together in the effort to control an industry or a situation, there was immediate opposition, and the failure of the "Trust" to incorporate into their merger a certain film plant made it possible for the "Independents," under the leadership of J. J. Murdock, to divide the business fairly evenly with the "Trust," a condition of affairs which, whatever else is achieved, undoubtedly makes for the public good in the long run.

### The Public's Weakness for Cheap Seats

So much for the basic condition of the new amusement industry which has now assumed a leading position among the world entertainment factors. Within two years the motion picture camera, films and projecting machine have, by furnishing an absolutely new form of popular amusement, affected appreciably not only the whole field of theatricals, but have influenced surprisingly hundreds of other established

trades, arts and professions.

First of all, these mechanical devices have been directly responsible for the most disastrous season in the history of the American stage. This result, in turn, was due to the inability of the theatrical managers to foresee the tremendous vogue which this cheap form of entertainment would have. They were so busy fighting among themselves that they had no eyes for the attack which was being aimed against their box-office receipts, and when they finally were forced to wake up they lacked the fighting implements with which to crush the on-coming horde of havoc-playing films.

You see, a company of astute men may "corner" the theaters of a country and they may monopolize the services of most of the available players, but they can not control all the vacant stores in forty-odd states, nor can they tie up two hundred patented devices which are protected by half-a-dozen paternal governments. Least of all can they make the average work-a-day American believe that there is an economic reason for paying one dollar for

two gallery seats in an expensive theater when for twenty cents the seeker after entertainment can take his wife or his sweetheart to a much

try, and for that reason alone theatricals and other auditorium entertainments, most of which have their origin on or near Broadway, can best be judged by a person who is conversant with conditions obtaining in the metropolis.

Imagine for a few moments that you are seated beside the writer in a fat and lazy chair in the quiet library of the Players, the rendezvous of the distinguished figures in the dramatic and artistic world. If, as you look through the windows and across sequestered little Gramercy Park, you can imagine the four blocks of buildings to the north and west torn down, your eye will light on an edifice labeled "The Bijou Dream" near the corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue.



THE MANHATTAN

This place finds the moving-picture business profitable enough to warrant it in occupying a valuable corner on Broadway in the theater district. It replaces, in a new location, the Manhattan, which was formerly the Standard Theater. In the latter, "Pinafore," "Robin Hood," etc., had their Metropolitan premieres and Mrs. Fiske put on some of her most notable productions.

David Belasco's "Men and Women" first saw the glare of the footlights in the same theater. Its glories over, to-day it is a motion-picture



THE UNION SQUARE THEATER

A lonesome relic of the days when Fourteenth Street was the Rialto and the "Gay White Way" had never been dreamed of; where Mansfield made his first rise to fame as the Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance," etc. It is called the "Bijou Dream" and is now filled with darkness, and nickel and dime theatergoers obtain extreme satisfaction by watching funny pictures across a screen where once upon a time Bernhardt, Stuart Robson and Charles Wyndham walked and talked while they builded new pages of dramatic history.



The Lincoln Square, the Harlem Opera House, the Circle, the Yorkville and the Majestic have found an easy road to monthly dividends by turning over their handsome auditoriums to the men with the spinning reels of film.

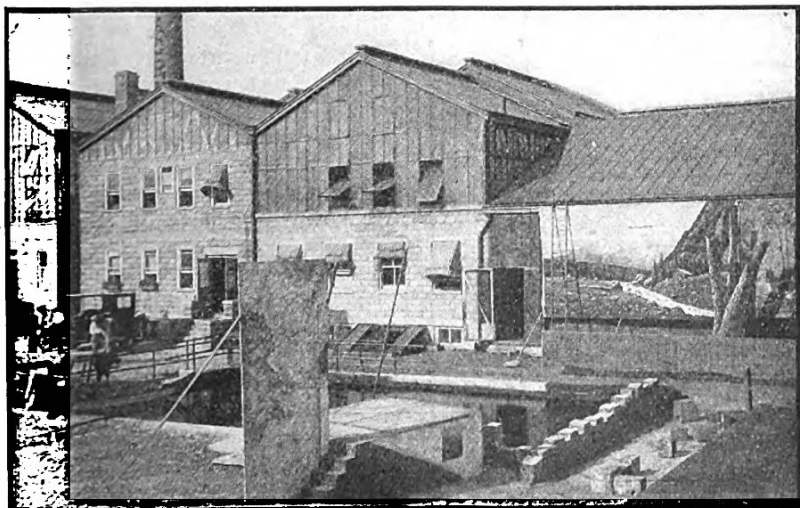
more variedly entertaining "show" and see it from comfortable orchestra chairs which permit something better than a sky view of what is going on. Motion pictures have practically killed the theatrical "one-night stands" of America, and they have all but eliminated gallery receipts from the asset column of theatrical finance.

### New York Has Surrendered to the Invader

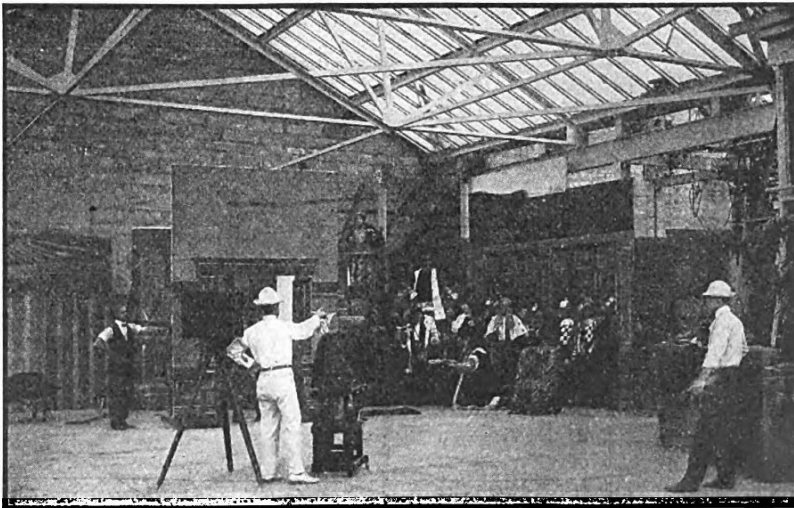
New York City is and will continue to be for many years the amusement center of this coun-

house and the prices are five and ten cents.

A few blocks further north you will find in course of erection a big department store on the site of the old Standard Theater where "Pinafore," "Charley's Aunt," "Fatinitza," "Iolanthe," "Robin Hood" and "Too Much Johnson" had their metropolitan premieres, and where Mrs. Fiske put on some of her most notable productions. This famous theater, later called the Manhattan, ended its days by doing a "capacity" motion picture trade. Move your chair about and gaze through the southern windows.



Part of the plant and studios of the Vitagraph Company of America, showing preparations for an elaborate outdoor scene.



Interior view of one of the Vitagraph Company studios during the posing of a moving picture.

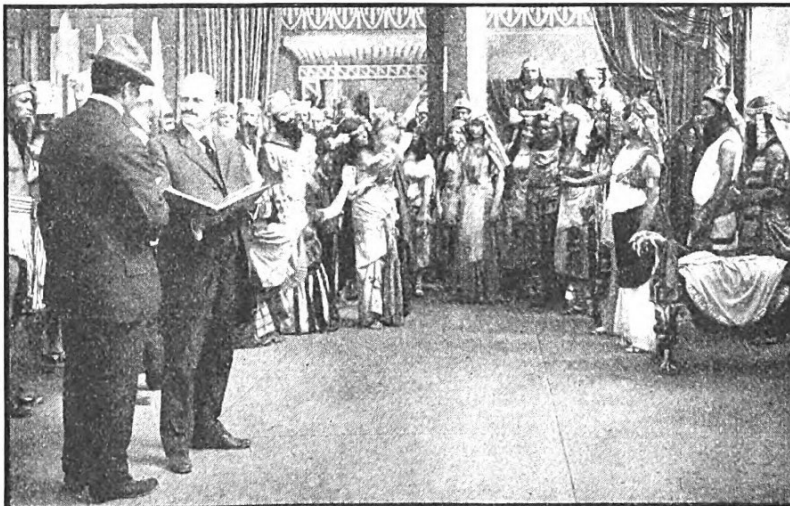
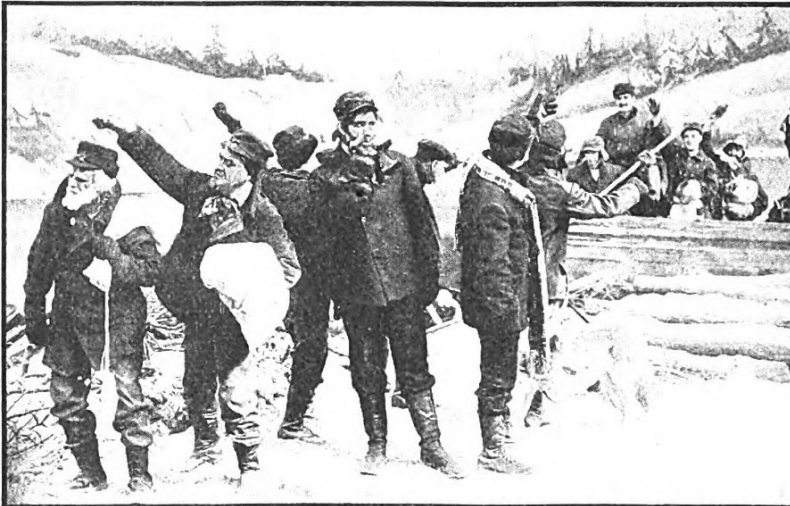
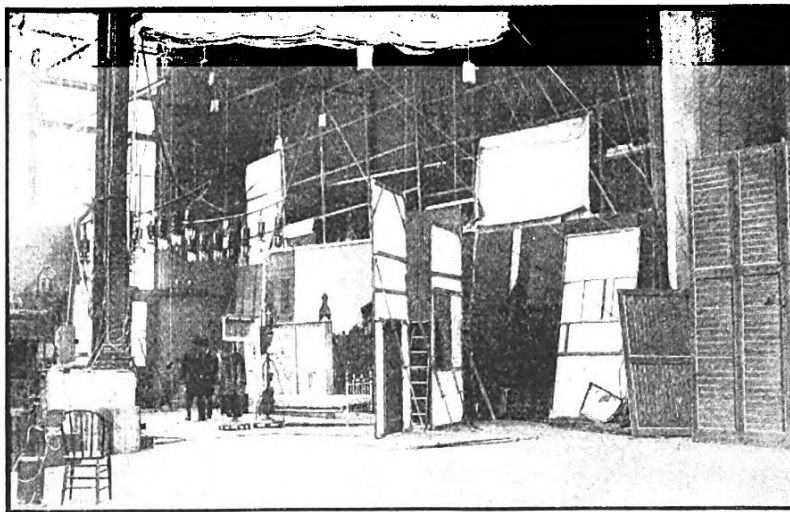


You can almost see the Academy of Music and the Union Square Theater—lonesome relics of the days when Fourteenth Street was the Rialto and the Gay White Way had never been dreamed of. The Union Square, where Mansfield made his first rise to fame as the Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance," where "The Mikado" first delighted New York and where "The Henrietta" charmed enthusiastic audiences for months, is now filled with nickel-and-dime theatergoers who obtain extreme satisfaction by watching funny and serious pictures dancing across a screen where once upon a time Bernhardt, Stuart Robson, Charles Wyndham and a hundred other celebrated players walked and talked while they builded new pages of dramatic history. Even Tony Pastor's, best loved of all vaudeville theaters, has fallen from grace, and there, too, you can hear the hum of the picture machine.

Adjoining Tony Pastor's and Tammany Hall is the Academy of Music, easily the most historic theater in the United States. Hardly a great player, native or foreign, has wound up his or her career without an engagement in this grimy old pile of brick. It has made millions of dollars for its owners, and it is in many respects the best paying house in the United States for playwrights and producing managers. Notwithstanding the fact that the tide of up-to-date theatricals has long since drifted past it until now the playhouse center of the metropolis is nearly two miles to the north, Mr. Warfield recently played an extended engagement in the ancient building to the average weekly receipts of \$24,000, and many a less capable player has found \$15,000 an average weekly total affixed to the box-office statement. The motion-picture men are after the Academy, and it need surprise no one if, when the fall and a new season roll around, five, ten and twenty-five cent prices prevail there and pantomimic picture-actors have taken the place of flesh and blood Thespians. For months a standing offer of \$90,000 a year rental has been held over the heads of the lessees and only the other day the temptation was raised to \$100,000—the biggest price ever offered for a "legitimate" theater in the United States.

#### Why the Motion Pictures Pay

How can they afford to pay such colossal sums? The answer is easy. Where it costs \$2,500 a week to operate the average first-class theater while a dramatic or musical piece is the attraction, the same house can be run nicely for \$500 with pictures as the offering. Excepting at holiday seasons, eight performances weekly is the limit in a theater where entertainments other than vaudeville prevail. In any motion-picture house twenty-eight "shows"—four a day—can be given. In many of them hourly exhibitions from eleven in the morning until eleven at night are the rule. Suppose the manager



These pictures show, in turn, the interior of the Edison studio, an effective winter scene that was posed in the studio, and a rehearsal of "Moses," an excellent film made by the Vitaphone Company

does throw in a few variety "turns" as extra attractions. If he has a good location and an adequate knowledge of the tastes of his public, he can not lose. That is why the owners of the Harlem Opera House, the best of all the New

York playhouses north of the New Theater, were able to lease their property for five years at an annual rental of \$50,000. It is why the proprietors of five other "legitimate" houses—Circle, Majestic, Lincoln Square, Yorkville and Metropolis—none of which have been successful ventures in the past, have found an easy road to monthly dividends by turning over their handsome auditoriums to the men with the spinning reels of film. It is the reason why hundreds of the theaters throughout the country—whole circuits of them—have ceased to be homes of music and drama. It is why every business man is rapidly becoming an amusement magnate, and it is why hundreds of theatrical companies disbanded before the last season was half over, and left thousands of experienced actors and actresses out of work, with hardly a chance of obtaining histrionic employment for another year.

Twelve months ago there were eleven melodrama houses in New York which were frequented by the patrons of "Lottie the Poor Saleslady," "The Millionaire and the Policeman's Wife," "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl," and other dramatic tid-bits of similar construction and equally bizarre names. To-day there is not a melodrama theater in our biggest city. Motion pictures are being presented in all of the eleven, and at the present writing there are in all the United States only a few second-rate theaters catering to the old blood-and-thunder trade. Motion-picture films, it has been found, can tell a story of Mephistophelian villainy or slap-stick comedy quite as well as, if not better than can a troupe of indifferent actors; and Patsy and Mamie can get their fill of chortles and thrills for half what they paid in the old days. With the disappearance of a demand for their wares and the corresponding uselessness of a supply, the providers of melodramatic entertainments have been forced to enter other fields. In a year, through the influence of motion pictures, melodrama with all its people has become little more than a memory.

A few paragraphs ago you were asked to sit beside the writer in an easy chair at the Players and with him take a bird's-eye view of the metropolitan motion-picture landscape. Lie back, light a fresh cigar and gaze around for a moment. Over there by the fireplace, talking to John Drew and Otis Skinner, is a handsome young man whom you may recall as a leading player with Henry Miller, Blanche Bates and other well-known actors and actresses. He is now a member of a motion-picture stock company and works fifty-two weeks in the year, posing in all kinds of pantomimic plays. The sixteen other members of his company—each film factory has a stock organization—are experienced actors, and each is paid a bigger and more reliable salary than any he or she could hope to receive as a "Broadway" actor. A year ago players were paid five

(Continued on page 271)

## Keep Not For Me

by Ina G.C. Kloch

KEEP not for me the brave, bright face you carry through the day—  
The world's face that must not bear a frown—  
But rather let me see the tired eyes, the blue turned gray,  
The lips unstrung, with corners drooping down;  
Ah, let me gaze away the pain, when none but I may see;  
To those less dear your noble largess—just your grief for me!





There is always excitement

## Our National Game

by Ellis Parker Butler  
*Author of "Pigs is Pigs", etc. \*\*\**

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

**F**OR almost one hundred years the grandest minds of the United States met in Congress, year after year, and wore frock coats that looked like year before last, and made speeches, and wore their massive brains to shreds trying to hold the States together, and at the end of the year the outlook was worse than ever before. Never in the history of the world had statesmen tried to drive such a bunch of wild-eyed mavericks in harness as our solemn-jowled statesmen were trying to manage, and they made a botch job of it at last. About half the team kicked over the traces and dashed for liberty, and there was a grand mix-up along in the sixties, and half of the team had to be clubbed back into harness. It was an awful mess.

### Saving the Union in Billing's Barn-yard

And all the while, during all those years when the sad-eyed orators were uttering long words and cellar-deep sentiments, and proposing compromises, and bringing to light musty old aphorisms of government, a lot of kids in the lot back of Billing's barn were proceeding to unify the United States into a great nation, one and indivisible. This was during the hoop-skirt period, and the first thing the lads had to do was to gather the discarded hoop-skirts and chuck them out of the way over the fence into Billing's beet patch. Then they put a brickbat gently but firmly on the soil and called it "batter's base," and taking a fence picket for a bat, and a ball of Aunt Susan's stocking yarn for a ball, they knit the States into a permanent Union. At the very moment when Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun were standing in the forum and ripping the stitches that held the flag together, two great Americans—"Reddy" Figgis and "Smitty" Schmidt, aged fourteen and fifteen—were playing "one old cat," and saving the Union in the only way the Union could be saved.

Until we had a national game it was silly to speak of the loose group of States as a nation. The people had too much time in which to talk politics, and whenever they talked politics they became angered, and whenever they were angered they wanted to secede, or knock spots off each other. There was no one great unifying spirit. There was too much "Maryland, My Maryland" and "Yankee Doodle," and

not any "Casey at the Bat." All the animus that is now directed at the umpire class was allowed to foment into sectional feeling. A man from Baltimore and a man from Boston could not meet and talk in-curves; they had to talk slaves. Imagine the benighted state of society! It is a wonder that the nation lasted until baseball arose in its might and strength to make of us one great people!

You may be told that baseball arose at the close of the Civil War. This is a canard started by those who still wish to corrupt our nation. The fact is that the Civil War petered out because baseball had been invented and the people had no more time to waste in quarrels. They wanted to go to the game. Thousands of Southern soldiers went home to practise in-curves, and the Northern hosts, fearing that the South would create an unbeatable array of pitchers, and thus monopolize the pennant, hurried matters a little and brought the war to a close.

A national game is the greatest unifier in existence. After a free American citizen has sat for a whole afternoon on the sun-baked bleachers, and has yelled his throat to rags, and the south-paw pitcher of the visiting nine has shut out the home team, the free American citizen is in no condition to go out and stir up party strife. All he wants to do is to cast a few bricks at the umpire,

and get into some cool spot where he can talk it over with another citizen. He does not look forward to starting a rival republic. He wants to see what the evening paper has to say in way of excuse for the home nine.

Nothing has set America so high in the estimation of foreign nations as the adoption of baseball as the national sport. If a foreign spy wanders into America, seeking to fathom our real inwardness, and sees a game of baseball, any feeling of contempt for our newness gives way instantly to awe-struck admiration. At his first glance baseball is to him a mystery, and it remains a mystery to him. He sees thirty thousand men and women suffering the tortures of the lower regions on hot grandstands. He sees a man pick up a small white ball as hard as a pine knot. Facing him is another man who holds a smooth but deadly club in his hands. Behind this second man is a third man whose



The man with the bat sees that there are spikes in the sole of the shoe



Everybody makes home runs

face is hidden behind a bird-cage. Suddenly the man with the ball raises one foot in the air and shows the man with the bat the sole of his shoe. The man at the bat sees that there are spikes in the sole of the shoe and it angers him, and he raises his bat to throw it at the man with the ball. But, ah, ha! the man with the ball is too quick for him. He throws the hard, white ball at the man with the bat with all his strength. The man with the bat waves defiance by swinging the bat in the air. The ball proceeds. The batman never flinches! Will the ball kill the man, or will the impact crush the ball? But, see! The ball finds man unflinching; the ball is panic-stricken; the ball dodges around the man; the ball is lost, buried in the huge leather chair-cushion that covers the hand of the bird-cage man behind the batman! "Strike one!" says the umpire. Thirty thousand cheers. Why?

### The Bewilderment of the Innocent Spectator

Again the pitcher-man raises his foot and casts the ball. This time the batman stands motionless and mute. Again the ball dodges



*A national game must be played with cheap sporting articles*

when it nears him. But this time the batman does not attempt to hit the ball with the bat. "Strike two!" says the umpire. Thirty thousand cheers. Why?

A third time the pitcher-man raises his foot and casts the ball. This angers the batman. He raises his club. When the ball comes near him he reaches out and hits it hard. He seems to know he has done wrong. He drops his bat and runs. Thirty thousand yells of wildest triumphal joy! Why? Why does the mass of mankind cheer the strike one and the strike two and the safe hit alike?

The reason is that the same period that has seen the education of professional ball players has seen the education of professional baseball-seers. The raw American citizen who takes his seat at a ball game for the first time feels as he would should he drop into the Metropolitan Opera House and find himself hearing Wagnerian opera from a seat in the midst of seasoned German opera-goers. He hears a language that is new to him. The man at his right can tell more about the first baseman's peculiarities than he could tell about the manners of his own wife. The man at his left has trouble remembering the size collar he wears, but he can name every man in every club of both the major leagues, tell the age of each, give the complete table of batting records off-hand, and recite, item by item, every feature of every game played on the home grounds during the last five years! That is why baseball is our national game. We love the game, not because we are Chicagoans and the Chicago nine wins, nor because we are Pittsburghers and the Pittsburgh nine is winning, but because we are educated in

baseball and like to see a good game played by the best men in their field that can be found in the world.

I remember being on a Chicago street-car, sitting beside a nice old lady in mourning, a year or so ago. She was nervous and kept glancing at me, and then glancing away again. It made me uncomfortable. I thought she took me for a pickpocket or some other bad man. Finally she could contain herself no longer. She



*All he wants is to cast a few bricks at the umpire*

leaned over. "Excuse me," she said, "but have you heard yet how the Cub's game came out?" I had n't, and her face fell, but in a moment she saw a possible opportunity for consolation. "Well," she asked, "can you tell me who they are putting in the box to-day?" How was that for a gray-haired grandma? In Chicago they all talk baseball, from the cradle to the grave. Up to three o'clock in the afternoon no one talks about anything but the game of the day before. From three o'clock on the only subject is the game that is being played. The school child who can not add two apples plus three apples and make it five apples with any certainty of correctness can figure out the standing of the Chicago nines with one hand and a pencil that will make a mark only when it is held straight up and down.

#### Why it is a National Game

Theoretically, any nine men or boys of fairly able body can join together and be a baseball nine. If this were not so, baseball could not be our national game. A national game must be played with cheap sporting articles, and the cheaper things may be, the more national the game becomes. Tennis, with rackets at five or seven dollars each, and expensive nets and courts and balls, proved a failure when it was the national game of France. It was fine for the *élite*, but it was no

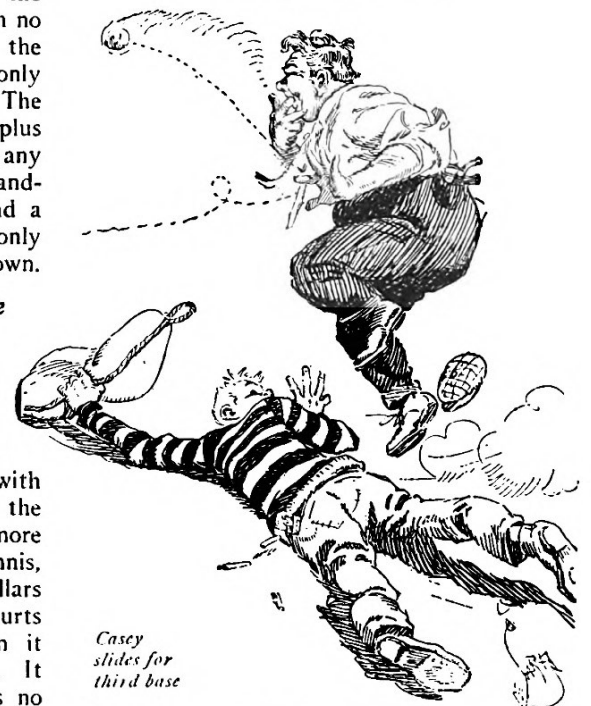
game for the *hoi polloi*, and the result was that the *hoi polloi* met in the tennis court and voted the heads off the tennis crowd. But baseball can be played with a bat that costs five cents and a ball that costs a nickel, with old bricks for bases and any vacant lot for a diamond. If eighteen ragamuffins can not be gathered together in one neighborhood to form opposing "nines," the nines can get along without fielders and six men will do on either side. If twelve boys can not be got together, the game can go ahead with short-stop and third baseman omitted, and if necessary the pitcher can play the three bases as well as pitch, and thus two men on either side can form a nine. Less than four boys can hardly form a desirable game of baseball, but two can form a "battery" and practise by the day with joy and pleasure. Such a game is something like a national game! If it had been in existence at the time, Thomas Jefferson would have included the right to play baseball as one of the articles of the Declaration of Independence.

#### A Game that is a Game

To me the games played by the two great national organizations lack elasticity. I like the games played by the Jeffersonville Stars and the Betzville Arrows much better. The games played by the big league have finer finish, but they lack intensity. Get two teams of husky car drivers and blacksmiths and grocery clerks and set them playing baseball for ten dollars a side, and there is always excitement. The average length of these games is seven innings. When this point is reached, one side or the other is several runs ahead, and the captain of the losing side is ready to contest every decision of

[Continued on page 277]

*Less than four boys can hardly form a desirable game of baseball*



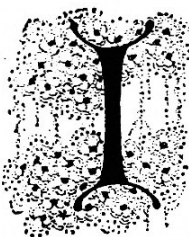
*Casey slides for third base*



# The Well-Beloved

by Mary Heaton Vorse

Illustrations by H. A. Mathes



I HAVE always been thankful that I did not introduce Fulvio d' Este and Mary Gordon, and I will tell you why, though even if I had done so I could not reasonably feel that I had made myself responsible. It was the difference of nationality and the failure of one race to understand the social customs of another that caused things to be as they were.

Living in Italy and in that world where so many people of diverse nationality meet and clash, I see some odd things at times and have ample opportunity for observing what views mankind may hold of one another and how little of the truth any one of us sees.

Fulvio first saw Mary Gordon in my company driving on the Pincio, as I found out by his presenting himself at my house at as early a date after our meeting as was possible. Nor did he conceal the object of his visit.

"Who," he asked, "was that angel of beauty driving with you, dear Signora?"

Now, I was far from regarding Mary Gordon as an angel of beauty. The country to which we have the honor to belong is full of similar angels; in other words, full of straightly grown, clean-featured girls whose heads are crowned with shining hair. Mary was of this kind, no better nor worse looking than many others. A fine, high-spirited, out-of-door youngster, good tempered, in love with life, but to me indistinguishable from the scores of her kind who swarm over Italy in search of adventure, flirtation, husbands, culture or society, according to their several dispositions. Sometimes a greedy creature comes along in search of all these desirable things.

If Mary Gordon was distinguished from the crowd it was because she did not seem to look for anything, and tranquilly let things come to her. What she did with them when they came I had yet to see, but as, on general principles, I discourage the race of my adoption and that of my birth from mingling together, or perhaps because some instinct warned me of the dangerous combination that my calm-eyed compatriot and my dark young friend might make, I replied lightly:

"The young girl driving with me is the daughter of an old friend."

"She is an angel of beauty," Fulvio asserted; "a madonna. She gazes calm and level eyed as though seeing things of another world."

"She was brought up in America and is a perfectly self-poised young person," I returned somewhat testily. "She has lately been graduated from a woman's college."

"I have never seen a head held so proudly," returned Fulvio, "and such little, little feet."

"Pooh!" said I, and would have turned the subject.

"Oh, to see love flash in those madonna eyes!"

"This," I reproved, "is no way to talk of a young girl," whereupon he poured out a million pardons, but explained that a madonna, a blonde madonna who shone as though with some inner light, could not walk about the earth without troubling the hearts of men.

"I wish," said I, "you could see her play basket-ball." But Fulvio had never heard of this noble game and merely announced that he wished he might see her at all. "Which," thought I, "will not be at my house if I can help it," for I am a woman who loves a life of quiet and ease, and I had no stomach for the strenuous business of chaperoning a madonna; also I knew my old friend William Gordon, Mary's father, to be as inadequate a parent as ever conscientiously neglected a marriageable daughter. No help, I knew, could be expected from that quarter, and at my time of life I had no intention to go a-jigging, as I foresaw my conscience would compel me, on the trail of an international flirtation.

It was not long after her son's departure that the Marquese d' Este was announced.

"Your son," I told this lady with the brutal frankness of which I am capable, "has just been here raving about a young friend of mine. He will doubtless rave to you, and please understand from the beginning that I have no part or parcel in the affair."

"Fulvio is always raving," she announced suavely. "It is time he raved to some purpose. She is beautiful, I take it?"

"She is well enough," I replied severely, "neither more nor less."

"Has she money?" my friend asked gently. There are points of frankness in which the Italian will always leave us beggared.

"Some," I replied shortly.

"Of her own?" persisted the marchesa. Her voice was as gentle as running water.

"That," replied I, with sarcasm, "is a question you will have to ask the lawyers when it comes to the settlements." Not for worlds would I have told that Mary was possessed of a good-sized and independent income.

"You know I have never, my dear, shared your prejudice against

international marriages, and you know what Fulvio is—a volcano! He takes his affairs to heart! And these married women! It is all very well for a boy to be a friend, but there is a point beyond. He has a heart of gold, that boy; he has never been wild and bad as Gino

was. I sometimes think that a son like Gino is less responsibility. He gambles? Very well. He gets in debt? What then? You pay his debts. He gets into some entanglement? A little more money—you help him out. He marries well. You are at peace. But a boy with the heart of a poet, a boy like Fulvio, *cara mia*, you only know what it is to spend sleepless nights when you have a son like that. A capacity for joy and for suffering! Where did you say he met this girl?"

"I did n't say he met her at all," I replied. "He saw her with me and came running to me with the news. He talked about madonnas. I am merely telling you I have nothing whatever to do with it."

But my friend was gathering her soft draperies about her and I made sure that before her round of visits was over she would know all Rome could tell her concerning Mary Gordon.

It was not long before I saw that young lady herself. She came into my presence with a light of mischief in her deep gray eyes such as I had never seen.

"It's a beautiful day," she vouchsafed.

"It is."

"I like Rome," she gave out.

"I am glad of that," said I.

"Father has found another amateur archaeologist, and I shall probably never see him again," she went on dreamily.

"Oh," I snapped, "that man has no sense of responsibility. Mary," I went on, "you came here to-day to tell me something. There is a wicked gleam in your eye. You did not come to talk about your father, or Rome, or the weather. You came to talk about yourself. Out with it."

Then there came a rush of fresh laughter to Mary's lips, a sudden flight of unexpected dimples across her cheeks. In her merriment there was all the shame of a naughty child.

"Oh, it's so funny," she laughed, "it's so funny. Do you know what I am? There's no use beating around the bush, because you'd find it out—all Rome knows it. You'd never guess it unless you were told. No one at home will ever believe it. But here, here in this lovely country I'm a beauty!" She sat down on a chair and laughed deeply, satisfactorily, as a thirsty man drinks. "I did n't know at the ball last night what was the matter with people. I almost thought some of them were making fun of me, and then—and then I saw how the other women looked at me." Her voice trailed off. She had no need to explain any more. She was a beauty, a howling success in Rome, and this gift had come to her overnight. Imagine growing to the age of twenty-two, a comely, deep-chested, straight-limbed girl, who had perhaps never troubled about her looks one way or another, who had lived in a land where youth is not prone to rhapsodize over a lady's eyelid, who had no personal vanity except possibly for her very abundant hair, whose feminine coquetry went no further than a passion for being shinningly spotless in raiment, and then imagine waking up with that gift of gifts, great beauty bestowed upon one overnight, and you will see what sort of heady wine Mary Gordon had drunk of.

"My chum at college, Alice Dwyer—you remember Alice—thought I was awfully good looking," Mary said diffidently. "I thought she was a fool. Do you know a man named D' Este?"

"Oh, so Fulvio was there?" I asked crossly.

"He wants father and me to have tea with him. But you know father. He said, 'Why, of course, run along, my dear.' But I know better than that. You don't go out with boys in Italy the way we do at home." (One could see she was vain of this elementary bit of knowledge.) "And so I thought perhaps you—"

"Most certainly she thought perhaps me," I groaned inwardly. But, after all, it is hard to refuse a thing to a shining girl who has been crowned queen of beauty only the night before, and so it came about that I had to follow Mary Gordon's swallow flight into the blue.

First, though, about my friend of longer standing, Fulvio d' Este. I feel that by my report of his words I have poured him into the comic Italian mold of the vaudeville stage; that you see him with mustachios, a hand-organ grinder manner and an accent; that you fancy he waves his arms around his head in swift gesture; that withal he is a spare shrimp of a boy on whom an Anglo-Saxon's fist has but to close to crumple him like a hairpin. Put this vision, please, from your mind once and for all. The gifts of his spirit were much as his mother recounted them—a heart of gold, a touching belief in the fervency of his own devotions, a poet's nature. Of his physical gifts his mother did not even speak, so manifest they were and so well known.

Fulvio had never awakened to find himself a beauty; he had always so obviously been a beauty that he merely took it for granted. It had

done no more for him than to give him the ease of manner and lack of self-consciousness that being perfectly gowned gives a woman. I think he played more happily than any one I have seen this side of ten years of age. He was always at play, playing quietly, with the touching happiness of a perfectly satisfied child. His voice had a quality one sometimes hears in the voices of women but seldom in men's. One was quite sure he must have a beautiful voice when he sang—which I hasten to say he did not—and when it came to gesture, he had a little quiet turn of the hand, an expressive elevation of an eyebrow, a tilt of the head that merely punctuated and emphasized his quiet, lovely voice. In the mass of waggling, parrot-voiced people, this ineffable quiet of his, so unstudied, gave him a little distinction and an emphasis that I know not how to describe. It was like a bit of quiet, outdoor evening air drifting through a heated and perfume-laden, gas-choked ballroom. One stopped to notice where that quiet voice came from.

I see from the way I have spoken of him that I have betrayed myself. I loved Fulvio, as indeed every one did in Rome. He belonged, poor Fulvio, to the tragic race of the Well-Beloved. One meets them here and there about the earth, these people, creatures of such inner sweetness and such outward charm that smiles blossom wherever they go; and what has seemed to an outsider a desert becomes peopled for them with friends and lovers. And it seems that because they have been given everything, the essential things of life are withheld from them—the love of the most desired, for instance. It may be only my fancy, but to me it seems a very real observation of life that those to whom I have chosen to give the rather romantic name of Well-Beloved have all the beautiful unessential things of life poured out upon them as though from Plenty's Horn, while the beautiful homely realities are withheld. I see them going through life, forever in a festival, a train of smiling people laughing and dancing behind them, and they who spread about so much gaiety, who live in the atmosphere of imperishable youth and eternal laughter, turn wistful child's eyes to the hills for the gift of gifts.

But if this is just a romantic fancy of a woman who has perhaps seen too much of life, and who, in her older years, has taken to weaving patterns of the many-colored strands that Chance has placed in her hands, one thing is sure: Fulvio was Well-Beloved. He permitted this to be done with an artless openness unknown to the Anglo-Saxon. All Rome could know who was loving Fulvio and whom he loved. His life was passed in the open. Doubtless, people said things of him that would have caused scandal in a northern country, but in Rome we prattle about such things in the same tone and with as little emphasis as we talk about our new frocks. I knew, for instance, as did the rest, that recently Fulvio had been in evidence in the train of a lady who had been so greatly admired that the ambassador's wife had taken it upon herself to decline the honor of her acquaintance—a great impertinence, we all thought, as the queen had made no objection to this lady's superfluity of admirers.

On the arrival of Mary Gordon, Fulvio attached himself to her in that open and unaffected way of his. Had Mary not been the new beauty of the moment it would have been notorious, but swarmed about as she was, even Fulvio was merged a bit in the crowd, and I myself was so lost in marveling concerning her ways and so occupied in following her dizzy flights that I had little time to observe the boy. Mary Gordon was showing me the stuff from which our maidens are constructed.

Mary flirted. She flirted without fear and certainly without self-reproach. The very chaperonage under which she lived afforded her a higher freedom. I, it turned out, was the person who had to be circum-spect, and Mary passed this burden to me as one who hands a valise to the porter of the train.

"Oh," she seemed to say, "so it's your duty to carry this load, is it? Very well, my dear," and she thought no more about it. She gave herself up to the amusement in the same whole-souled way in which she had given herself up to basket-ball. And only I knew that not for one moment did she regard any one of them with the slightest seriousness.

They, of course, translated every movement of her eyelash into Italian, and she sent each one away preening himself upon being the sole possessor of her heart, not suspecting that the very scandalous openness of her flirtations showed the patronage of the Anglo-Saxon over the Latin.

From a man of her own race who would have ventured one-half as much as any one of them did she would have run. She certainly would have kept jealously to herself the things which she told me with laughing frankness, until at last she forced from me:

"You don't seem to realize, my dear, that you are playing with men who may have hearts!"

"That," said Mary, "is possibly the hundredth time I have heard the word 'heart' to-day. How they do go on about them. No wonder they have no time for sports!"

"But," I persisted, "what are you going to do with one of them if he really falls in love with you? Italians do, you know, Mary!"

"Oh, don't pull such a long face," she pleaded. "Don't you know that's the fun of it; knowing, I mean, that I can have all the fun of being made love to without any of the serious consequences? They

simply adore making love. Why, it's as much fun as watching a well-played game of anything; and then, of course, some of them think that as a wife I'd be a very good business proposition. But the two things here don't get so awfully tangled and mixed up as they do at home."

"After all, they're men," I warned.

"It wasn't I who said they were monkeys first," said Mary with flippancy.

"Fulvio's different," I suggested.

"Oh, Fulvio's different from anyone," she agreed.

"You do feel differently about him?"

"Oh," she gave out wearily, "I don't feel anything about anybody. Don't you see, dearest, that I'm busy having the time of my life? He's a darling, of course; I don't want him to like anybody else better!" she added ingenuously. "It's like having adorable children around you, with Fulvio. I think," she went on, "I am happier just being with him than I have ever been with anybody else. He marches along to such a gay tune of his own. Don't you see? None of this is real. I have just dreamed them all; dreamed that I am a raving beauty and that I am in Rome, and dreamed Fulvio along with the rest."

There it was in a nutshell; she dreamed it all, and it was im-

possible for me to wake her up or to make her realize which people of her dreams were shadows and which real flesh and blood. It was at intervals of the merry-makings that Mary gave me luminous side-lights on her point of view.

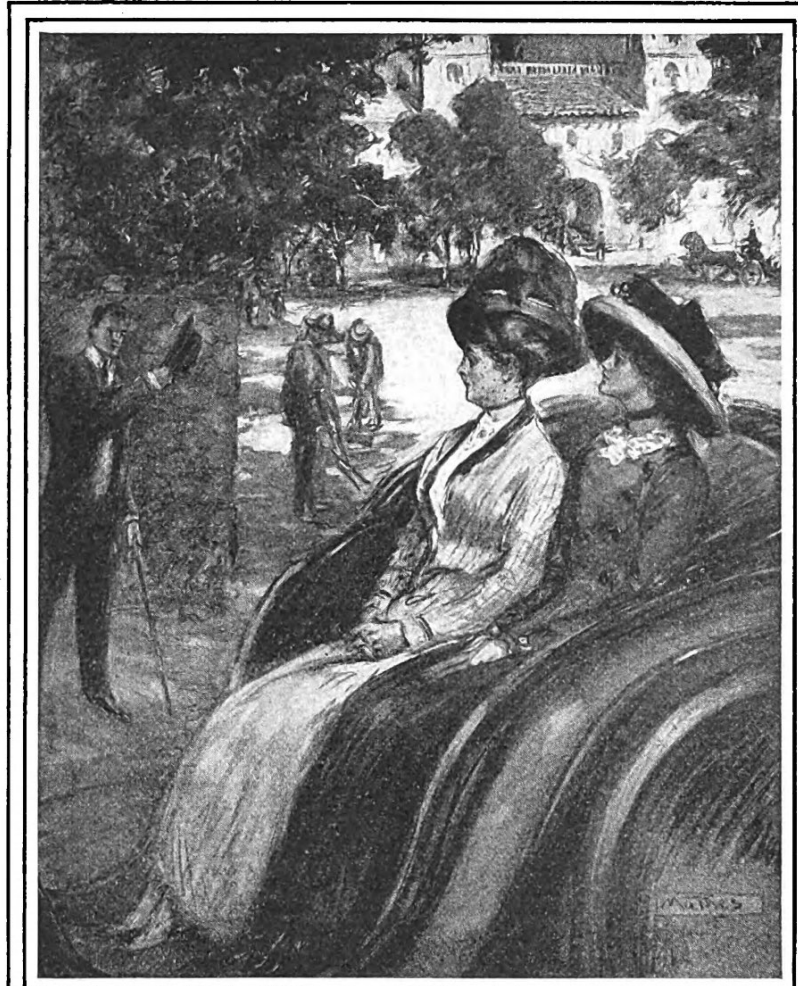
"I understand them perfectly," she let forth; "they make love as seriously as our boys play football. It is the business of life for a well-regulated young man over here, but all the same it is just a game for them and they know it, just as our boys know that football is a game." She paused. "Then by and by Life comes along, you know." She was very pleased with herself for her little simile. "Some of our men," she suggested, "become professional athletes."

"And some die," I returned, "of overstrained hearts. Some Italian boys kill themselves."

But here Mary only kissed me and begged me not to spoil her fun.

If I remember aright, this little conversation was the last we had before Mary fell ill. Just as some women are ineffably inopportune, come to spend a night when the last bed in your house is taken, invite themselves for luncheon on the day the cook has left, so Mary always seemed to come at the right time. As she entered the ballroom at the psychological moment, as she had come to Rome when Rome was lacking in girls of Mary's stamp, so just when she would have been forced into some seriousness, Mary fell ill. At the crest of her popularity, at the exact moment when suitors had become importunate, she became ill, spectacularly and alarmingly.

Before anyone could get used to it and forget about it, people were asking one another if she were dying. And it was while Mary was thus



*Fulvio first saw Mary Gordon driving in my company*



engaged that I found out about Fulvio. He came to me at dusk one evening. The candles were not yet lit. Day still gleamed through the window with the wanness of dawn. Only the fire gave heart to the room. I remember he kissed my hand and sat beside me quite silent. Then he said in his quiet voice:

"They tell me she may die."

There was a strange exaltation about him; he looked at me squarely in the eyes, and what was in his mind flashed to mine.

"Do not look so sad," he said next.

He was comforting me, you see, having gone himself to those pure, high places beyond grief and anxiety. And I knew he did not need to grieve, because wherever Mary went he would follow. If she lived, he lived, and if she died—

I think I took his hand and said, "Fulvio!" and again, "Fulvio!" He only looked at me with his grave, childlike eyes and murmured one or two comforting little things, as a child comforts its mother, and after a time he went away.

Then as Fate sometimes plays over to one in a minor key a jingling tune that one has heard before, the Marchese d' Este came in, as she had

done the afternoon when Fulvio had first seen Mary driving with me on the Pincio. As Fulvio had left behind him all the externals of his life, so had she; a frightened, suffering woman was before me.

"They tell me he has been here," she said, without greeting, and huddled herself in a chair. And I knew that she had seen into Fulvio's soul, as I had.

"I have had Gino come on. We try together to watch Fulvio; we try never to leave him alone—you understand?"

I understood only too well, and I knew, also, that I understood things that Mary Gordon had not yet had time to learn—things that she might never learn, no matter how many days of life were yet before her. I said the futile things, the tiresome and inadequate things that come to one's mind at such a time. My friend only shook her head.

"You see," she explained, "he does n't care what happens now. If she lives or dies it is the same for Fulvio." Even from the midst of her anxiety she cried, "Oh, that poor father!"

I did not answer, for I knew that William Gordon's muffled senses had responded to no such cry of anxiety. It simply had never entered his mind that his daughter could possibly die. All his life he had shifted his responsibility, and now he shifted it to doctors and nurses and sat waiting dully but confidently for her to get well; which, as you perhaps have guessed, is what she proceeded to do.

The tide of life that had ebbed out so far turned, came in strong and fresh, and as it returned for Mary, it left Fulvio shaken as though with an illness of his own. Because I was the nearest thing to Mary, he came to me often during these days, trembling, anxious. He had been calm enough, as you know, when they both were in the shadow of death, but now that this life was ebbing back to them, it seemed to me that he watched for every beat of her heart, and counted, as though he had been the invalid, the days and hours that divided him from sight of her.

In the meantime Mary had come back to strength, as women do, of her vitality, rested. She had not fretted herself. Illness had only given a keener edge to her unjaded appetite for pleasure. I observed that it had done another thing. It had put Rome and all the admiration that it had meant into a perspective. It had given a certain unity to life from which no one person stood out in very sharp relief, until the only thing that was prominent in Mary's mind was the place that she herself had occupied.

Well, it was ready for her. She came back a queen entering into her own. She had not been away long enough for anyone to forget her. She came back, too, with the added touch of romance of one who has nearly ventured on the journey to that very far country; came back with what the Romans considered her beauty spiritualized. There was a fragility about her that contrasted poignantly with her eagerness for life.

I knew by her talk with me while she was convalescing, how things

would be between them. The very thing that had made Mary's place in Fulvio's life so definite had for the moment obliterated him from hers. She wanted to see him, of course. He was one of the most charming tributes to her new-found power, a most delightful decoration to her life. She was about as much touched as a child with a specially elaborate valentine card when I tried to prepare her for him by describing his anxiety.

Perhaps if he could have met her alone things might have been different between them. But Mary came upon him suddenly in my own drawing-room. She had run away from home with all the enthusiasm of a child escaping from school, and one must not blame her if at that moment it was life that she wanted, and not Fulvio. One must blame America, which bred Mary, that she was more greedy for impersonal admiration than responsive to love, for our land has turned out a race of beings greedy for power; women as insatiate for adoration as men for money; which explains, perhaps, what seemed to Italians her cold-hearted density.

I tell you, the fault of the whole business was that she was a true daughter of her own race, as he was a son of his. For any man and

woman bred each in such a clean strain to understand each other, one of them must walk a long distance into the other's country, and on the journey give up much cherished impedimenta in the way of standards and prejudices. All this is an apology for Mary, and for the rest, too, of my countrywomen who have earned for themselves the name of hard-hearted egoists.

For Fulvio's little quivering welcome she had only a casual greeting. It was part of her tradition, you see, to make light of her illness; to try to give the effect of having been gone only a moment. Indeed, how much more keen she was for play than for emotion she let every one understand in the hour she stayed with me—and there were plenty of people to play with her. All she wanted was to make believe being queen in the spring of an Italian sunshine, and she wanted Fulvio to play with her at her own game and on her own terms.

This, however, was precisely what Fulvio could not do. Mary wanted the Fulvio whom she had left smilingly when she so suddenly fell ill; the Fulvio who, as she said, walked along to such a gay tune of his own. But Fulvio had been playing another kind of tune. He had held Mary's hand as she went down into the shadows, and had prepared himself to let the shadows close, too, over his own head. He had come

back with her to life, his fingers on her pulse, listening to the beat of her heart. For the moment he had not any gay little casual tune to play, but a lovelier, deeper music. What he had not, however, was patience, and while Mary certainly did not want these tunes to be played to any one else, she had fought desperately for time; fought against her own heart, I think, having a very practical understanding that her golden moment of triumph was one that could not last. A more skilful woman might have kept this especial cake and eaten it, too. Mary was too definite for such a course—too sure of herself.

When I dared to point out to her that the boy was suffering at her hands and that her open flirtation with other men was placing his family in a false position—

"I don't understand any of you at all," she answered. "If I refused him definitely, that would end everything, wouldn't it? One would think you were trying to force me into that."

"Do you care for him, Mary?" I asked.

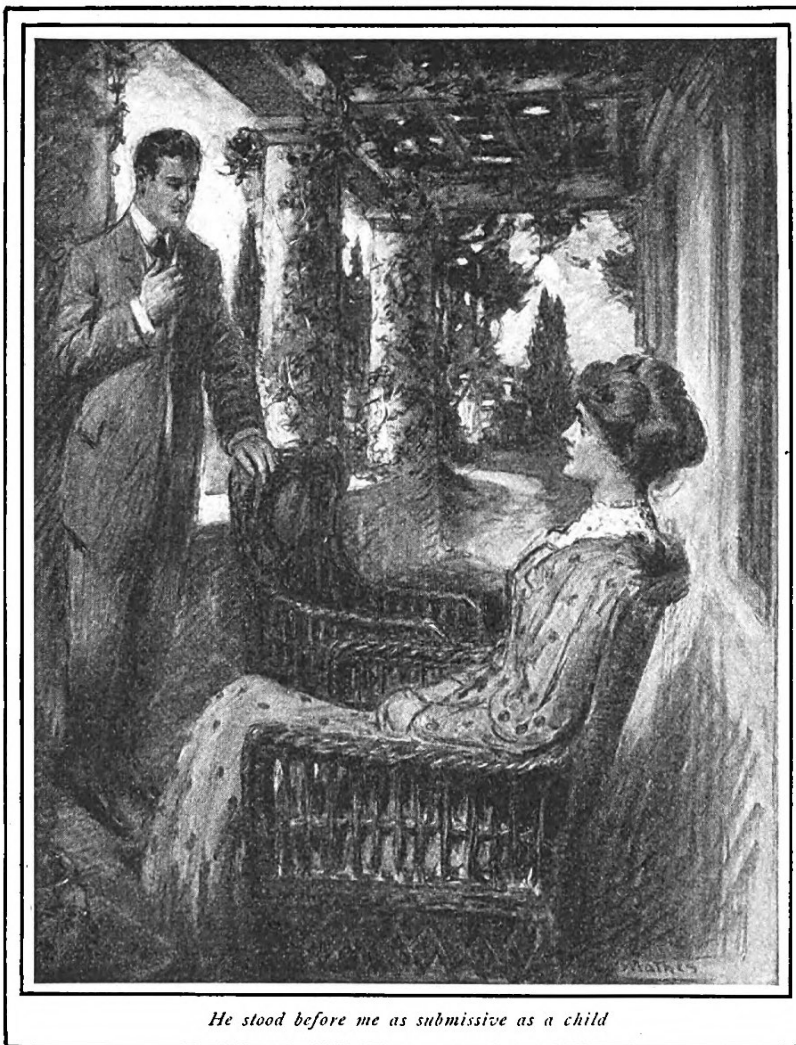
"I have n't sent him away about his business," she replied; and that was all I could get from her.

"You might be a little kinder, Mary," I urged. "You might see him here more."

"Oh," she answered light-heartedly, "this is a good test if he really cares. You'd think he'd be glad to see me enjoying myself after I have been so ill."

She was still dreaming her happy dream of triumph and did not want to wake up. And yet I am certain that Mary did love Fulvio d' Este;

[Continued on page 276]



*He stood before me as submissive as a child*

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

## The Power Behind

the Republic  
by Charles Edward Russell

### Fifth Article - - - Business and the In- creased Cost of Living

THUS having viewed in four serious surveys this Business that is the real American government and all the branches and functions thereof, let us now cheer the drooping spirit with divertisement. Shall we say with vaudeville? Good! And shall we say with a species of national or international vaudeville calculated to instruct as well as to amuse? Good again! Vaudeville is the true relaxation of the inquiring mind.

Let us, therefore, bring on the grand old figure, familiar in cartoons and drawings—our Uncle Samuel, striped trousers, starred vest and all, but with his usually genial face now marked with many cares.

#### A Thrilling Drama with a Bad Ending

He begins the scene by posting upon the wall a card of rules and regulations for his household. There shall be no evolution, no new methods, no "combinations in restraint of trade;" there shall be no pooling, no rebating, no granting of favors by his railroads; there shall be no trusts; and so on to the same effect. These he contemplates with great satisfaction.

Presently he learns that the only attention his household pays to his beautiful regulations is to tear them down and kick them full of holes. After some perplexity he has what he deems a happy thought. He levies upon the persons that scorn his regulations a series of fines. These also he views with joy.

After a time he discovers that whenever he fines any of these persons he is really fining himself, because in every instance he ultimately pays the fine. The persons he fines are engaged in furnishing him with things he must have and they merely add the fine to the price—with interest and many times.

When he perceives that this is indubitably and in every instance the fact, he concludes that, after all, his thought was not so happy and hereafter he will not fine anybody.

Next he thinks he will put somebody into jail. So he selects the person he wants to put into jail and it takes five years and an enormous expenditure of money to get the person inside the jail door, and as soon as the person is there all the country wants to have him out. And, meantime, nobody pays the least attention to the old gentleman's rules except to dance on them with keener enjoyment and kick more holes in them.

While this is going on the old gentleman discovers that his living expenses have marvelously increased upon him, so that everything costs him about twice as much as it formerly cost, and he must pinch and skimp and economize to live within his income.

Thereupon he concludes that the reason why his expenses have increased and he must pinch and save is because these bad persons have torn down his regulations and danced on them. He told them they must obey the rules and scolded them and showed his teeth and stormed at them and threatened them with his club; but still they would not mind him and they would persist in their evil ways. So now he has another happy thought. He will punish them—by starving himself. He will show these ribald ones what it means to dance upon the statutes of the United States, made and provided. So he organizes a National Anti-Food Trust League and he takes a pledge that he will eat no meat for sixty days and no butter for sixty-one days and no eggs for some other period, and sits down to watch the Vile Trusts wither up and pass away under this terrible punishment. They have done ill, let them suffer; he will have no mercy.

But somehow they neither suffer nor wither. The only person that withers is poor old Uncle Samuel. The Vile Trusts wax fat and declare another stock dividend, while he, on a diet of stewed sawdust and fried bran, thinks longingly of the juicy steaks and chops he used to eat.

So he gives up also this magnificent scheme to punish the wrong-doers by punishing himself, and the last scene in this delightful sketch shows the old gentleman with his club in his hand standing over two bad boys, members of the Beef Trust, and saying:

"Compete, confound you! Compete! Why don't you compete? The rules say you must compete. Why don't you compete? Compete or I will beat you up with this club."

But the bad boys bite their thumbs at the old gentleman and laugh derisively. They have examined the club and they know it is only a slap-stick.

Whereupon the curtain falls amid the loud laughter of the nations, to whose gaiety this pleasing turn has ineffably added.

#### You Can't Check Evolution with a Statute

But if the old gentleman has not succeeded in saving his rules and regulations from the heels of ribald jesters, if he has not thrust anybody into jail, if he has not prevented "combinations in restraint of trade," if his living-bills continue to mount daily without signs of relief, at least he has begun to learn something from his experiences. As if with mallet and awl, a fundamental fact has been driven into his head that he might well have known from the beginning.

You can't injure Business without injuring the nation, because at present Business is the heart of the nation.

By the time the old gentleman has experimented sufficiently with his slap-stick and the bad boys of the Beef Trust, he may possibly have learned other things equally important. Such as these:

You can't check evolution with a federal statute.

You can't change a world-wide condition by dosing it with Dr. Sherman's Celebrated Herb Tea for Trusts and Boils.

You can't harness Business with Legislation for the simple reason that in the present stage of evolution Business is a primal necessity that is and must be superior to all law. You can, if you wish, devise another method of supplying man with the things he must have. But until you do devise such a method you must not interfere with this method, because from it alone man obtains the things whereby he lives.

You can see now that while the great National

and International Vaudeville slap-stick act is, as advertised, extremely amusing, it has certain aspects not in the least comic, but only very grave. Of the others we shall see more hereafter, but let us take up now this matter of the increased cost of living. To the well-fed and the well-to-do this may properly be a matter of indifference; to the poor, who constitute the great majority of our nation, it is too bitter for jest. These vast toiling populations that create wealth and get little or none of it live at all times too near the imminent verge of penury to regard the boundary blithely, and now they see it melting away as their butcher bills and grocery bills and rent bills augment upon them. The people in the slums are at best underfed and overworked. Go through some of the tenement houses, see how scantily the inmates live, and think what it must mean to them when the cost of all they buy is enhanced forty per cent. and there is no increase in their incomes. The most careful housewife there looks back over the last ten years, let us say, and is frightened to see how much more she must pay now for the necessities of life. Some of them have doubled in price, but the good man's wages remain the same. There is no appeal of humor to her as she contemplates this fact. The wages, always inadequate, can now hardly bear the strain of the barest necessities, and every day she notices that something she must buy has become still dearer. And the plight of her household is beginning to be the situation in many homes that have never before seriously faced want.

#### How Prices Have Increased in Ten Years

The facts as to the increased cost of living hardly need to be amplified here, but merely as a reminder I may cite some of the evidences of a condition familiar to every person that pays bills. Senator Lodge, who is a conservative authority, spread upon the Congressional Record the results of his investigations covering the increases in the prices of common articles for the last ten years. Here are some of the items:

##### PER CENT. OF INCREASE IN TEN YEARS

|                           |    |                               |    |
|---------------------------|----|-------------------------------|----|
| Bread . . . . .           | 18 | Bacon . . . . .               | 41 |
| Dairy butter . . . . .    | 32 | Fresh beef . . . . .          | 14 |
| Cheese . . . . .          | 43 | Mess beef . . . . .           | 22 |
| Eggs . . . . .            | 41 | Western beef (salt) . . . . . | 44 |
| Buckwheat flour . . . . . | 32 | Hams . . . . .                | 32 |
| Rye flour . . . . .       | 38 | Mutton . . . . .              | 16 |
| Wheat flour . . . . .     | 13 | Pork . . . . .                | 51 |
| Dried apples . . . . .    | 23 | Milk . . . . .                | 31 |
| Currants . . . . .        | 87 | Salt . . . . .                | 12 |
| Raisins . . . . .         | 8  | Spices . . . . .              | 32 |
| Lard . . . . .            | 40 | Tallow . . . . .              | 42 |
| White cornmeal . . . . .  | 24 | Vinegar . . . . .             | 16 |
| Yellow cornmeal . . . . . | 33 |                               |    |
| AVERAGE . . . . .         |    |                               |    |
|                           |    |                               |    |

In most instances these figures would be regarded by the average purchaser as much too low. Here are the percentages of buying price increase from 1905 to 1910, taken by the Chicago Tribune from the books of a local restaurant keeper:

|                                | PER CT. |                        | PER CT. |
|--------------------------------|---------|------------------------|---------|
| Spare ribs . . . . .           | 55      | Quail . . . . .        | 42      |
| Saddle of mutton . . . . .     | 50      | Mallard duck . . . . . | 77      |
| Back of mutton . . . . .       | 28      | Broilers . . . . .     | 75      |
| Corned beef . . . . .          | 62      | Geese . . . . .        | 50      |
| Pork loin . . . . .            | 36      | Turkeys . . . . .      | 46      |
| Calves' liver . . . . .        | 32      | Hens . . . . .         | 30      |
| Bacon . . . . .                | 33      | Duck . . . . .         | 28      |
| Salt pork . . . . .            | 65      | Eggs . . . . .         | 105     |
| Ham . . . . .                  | 19      | Butter . . . . .       | 52      |
| Pork tenderloin . . . . .      | 35      | Codfish . . . . .      | 40      |
| Ribs of beef . . . . .         | 31      | Bass . . . . .         | 27      |
| Loin of beef . . . . .         | 26      | Trout . . . . .        | 77      |
| Hind quarter of veal . . . . . | 87      | Halibut . . . . .      | 27      |
| Lamb . . . . .                 | 20      | Whitefish . . . . .    | 30      |
| Squabs . . . . .               | 00      |                        |         |



To this list other investigators add the following increases:

|                  |              |
|------------------|--------------|
| Cost of building | 45 per cent. |
| Cotton           | 115 " "      |
| Woolens          | 120 " "      |
| Shoes            | 35 " "       |

The following comparison of prices is made from market reports:

|               |              | 1900 | 1910 |
|---------------|--------------|------|------|
| Bacon         | By the pound | .12  | .30  |
| Sirloin steak | " "          | .22  | .33  |
| Round steak   | " "          | .12  | .20  |
| Lamb          | " "          | .12  | .28  |
| Veal          | " "          | .15  | .28  |
| Mutton (leg)  | " "          | .10  | .24  |

Comparisons for a shorter period are afforded from this table:

|          |               | 1905   | 1910   |
|----------|---------------|--------|--------|
| Flour    | By the barrel | \$4.10 | \$5.70 |
| Butter   | " pound       | .26    | .32    |
| Bacon    | " "           | .15    | .25    |
| Coffee   | " "           | .16—28 | .30—38 |
| Potatoes | " bushel      | .50    | .65    |

### Explanations That Do Not Explain

At last this condition, steadily growing everywhere, forces itself upon the general attention even of the well-fed and fortunate. The newspapers take it up and discuss it. Statesmen deplore its evil consequences. Congress splutters and fumbles over it. Many investigators consider its causes. Eminent persons set forth its remedies.

Here are some of the causes ascribed:

1. It is the tariff.

P. S. But we have had the tariff forty-seven years and we had it when prices were less than half of the prices of to-day.

2. It is the greed of the retailer. The butcher and grocer pile on the prices and make the rest of us suffer for the sake of their fortunes.

P. S. But inquiry shows that the butcher and the grocer are making no greater profits than they made before and are themselves complaining of high prices.

3. It is the terrible farmer. That avaricious person has put up the prices of cattle, and of corn and of hogs and naturally the prices of other things must rise in consequence. Shoes which are (sometimes) made of leather; and bacon, of course, and spare-ribs; and round-steak; and butter, which is made of milk (more or less).

P. S. But inquiry shows that the terrible farmer is not on the way to be a multi-millionaire, is not growing rapidly rich, is not aware that he is ruining the nation, but in most instances is, like the rest of us, complaining of his enforced expenses.

4. It is the American housewife. She does not know how to economize. Now a housewife in Herzegovina can make twenty-eight different kinds of dishes out of an old bone that the American housewife merely throws into the soup. There lies all the trouble. Let the American housewife learn to cook bones.

P. S. But reflection shows that the American housewife knew ten years ago as little about bones as she knows to-day, although ten years ago there was none of this universal trouble about the cost of living.

5. It is the luxurious and extravagant habits of the American nation, manicuring its finger nails, taking Turkish baths, going to the opera and buying automobiles.

P. S. But on reflection no one can say exactly why the use of a manicure set should influence the price of mess beef. And as for opera and automobiles, the total number of Americans that enjoy these luxuries is so infinitely small, compared with the number that do not, that this sort of reasoning does not seem to go very far except as an excellent element of comedy.

6. It is the odious labor union. This pernicious institution has raised the price of labor and of course anybody can see the necessary consequences. Cost of labor increased, cost of

production increased; prices of articles must be increased. That is what does it all—the depraved labor union.

P. S. But as a matter of fact only about 1,800,000 workers are enrolled in the labor unions. Many of these have not had their wages increased at all, and for those that have managed to get more pay, the increase has averaged, it is said, about twelve per cent., while the average cost of living has increased more than forty per cent.

7. It is the eating of meat. If we refuse to eat meat the problem is solved because the price must decline. Let us then pledge ourselves not to eat meat for sixty-days.

P. S. But it does not appear from this what is to be done after the sixty days, and anyway, after some thousands have lent themselves to this sapient theory, the prices of meat continue to rise as before.

8. It is the packers. Those lawless persons in Chicago have combined to advance the prices of meat. There is where all the trouble lies. Let us swat the packers. So an Eminent Person in Washington announces that he will prosecute to the bitter end these dreadful malefactors, and an Eminent Person in Chicago announces that he will prosecute them, too. Then the Eminent Person in Chicago says he thought of prosecution first and the Eminent Person in Washington says he thought of it first; and between the two it is evident that something is to happen and the atrocious packers actually may be obliged to hire lawyers that will appear in court and defend them from something or other.

P. S. But it will take, if the Eminent Persons persevere, about six years to determine whether the depraved packers are really guilty of anything. How, in the meantime, prices are to be reduced or kept from rising day by day no one has explained—not even the Eminent Persons.

[Continued on page 272]

# The Helping Hand

## Kindness and Good Cheer on the Road

by Charles N. Crowdson  
Author of "New Tales of the Road"

Illustrations by Arthur W. Brown

ONE Saturday night four traveling men, on their way to spend Sunday at home, sat together on the train coming into Chicago. As a rule, a house is better off to have its salesmen go away and stay away until their trips are finished, and then come home and make a business of resting for a while. The traveling man loves his home more, perhaps, than those who are with their families constantly. If, when he is away, he can run in for Sunday, it really means that he loses a big part of Saturday and Monday too, and that he is figuring more on how he can make the territory and get back home for Sunday than how he can make the towns so as to squeeze all the business out of them. It is hard on the family for a man to stay away from home, but it is a good thing for the house.

As these four salesmen sat together chatting, the newsboy came along in a listless way.

"Well, how's business?" asked Green, the dry-goods man.

"Rotten," answered the newsboy. "I ain't made as much as a dollar to-day."

"Say, Ed," spoke up Ferguson, the shoe man, "the boy's got the blues. Suppose you go down the line and show him how to sell the stuff he has to sell."

### Helping the Railroad Newsboy

"I'll just match dollars with you, Sam," replied Green, "to see whether you do it or I."

"I'm game," answered Ferguson, slapping a dollar down on his knee.

Ferguson lost.

"Here, son," said he, "give me a cigar outfit.

I'll sell some for you. Lend me your cap."

Ferguson went to the front end of the car and called out, "Smoke up, gentlemen, smoke up! Sweet hours in Havana! Ten cents a throw! Sweet hours in Havana!"

This waked up the car, and he stopped at every seat. "Cheer up, my friend," he urged, "forget your troubles. It will cost you only ten cents. To-morrow is Sunday, you know. Get your smokes while you can get them—three you want? Oh, why not buy six while you're at it? Fill your pockets. You'll meet some friends." And to an-

other, "Here's a box just freshly tapped. Flavor rich and fine. They'll drive your cares away."

Ferguson went down the line, and inside of fifteen minutes had sold six dollars worth of cigars.

"Here, son," said he, "take your six. If you want to sell anything, you must make people



Wound up.  
Out of a job  
again

believe you've got something good, and make them want it."

"Now Ed," said Ferguson to Green, "I've helped the boy out on the cigar proposition. I'll just play you to see who goes into the next car with the fruit basket."

"That's a go!" said Green, throwing down his dollar.

He lost.

Down the line he came, calling, "Florida oranges, rich and juicy. Bananas, wholesome and mellow. Chuck your cigars—they'll give you indigestion—and eat good wholesome fruit."

He made a personal appeal to every man in the coach, and went back through the chair cars, coming back with an empty basket and a handful of silver for the "butcher."

The man who can sell one thing well can sell anything well. If I wanted a man to sell sealskin sacks on the road or at retail, I would rather hire one who had been a success at selling paper bags than another who had been a failure in the very business for which I wanted a salesman.

"Well, you gave the boy a good lift by disposing of his wares for him," remarked Simpson, the clothing man, to Green and Ferguson.

"Oh, yes," replied Green, "and we had some sport out of it, too. I find a whole lot of fun in selling anything. I guess I was born for it."

"That's why you are a success, Ed," said Simpson.

"Yes, and it does n't hurt to do a fellow a friendly turn, anyhow."

"You've lots of chances to do that on the road," remarked Simpson. "By the way, how did you ever come out with that clerk you got a job for over in Galesburg?"

"Oh, it was the usual thing. The man who is n't able to get out and find something for himself does n't usually make good if somebody else finds it for him. He did well enough for a year or so. Then he started in on a booze-fight, having at least one round a week, and wound up here a short while ago out of a job."

"These men you do things for don't appreciate them, anyway," began Ferguson, the shoe man. "I know a fellow who once went broke in Kansas. He was up against it real good and hard, and I got him a job clerking out in Montana. This was several years ago. I did a favor both to him and to the man for whom he went to work. He had been an old customer of mine. I changed houses about that time, and had a better line of goods than I had had before. Of course, I counted on going into this Montana town and landing business without question, but when I reached there, do you know I found out that this same man for whom I had hunted a job and the merchant for whom he had worked had bought a bill from my strongest competitor. I had the fun later on, however, of inducing a couple of young fellows to go into business right next door to my merchant friend. They gave him a good run for his money, all right, and while I take no pleasure in it, the clerk who turned me down has been up against it ever since. A man does n't win out by failing to show appreciation for the favors he has received."

#### Sometimes Favors are Not Reciprocated

"You bet your life he does n't!" spoke up Ferguson, the shoe man. "I know when I was working for my old house, I put a young

fellow in the stock out on the road to help me. I had gone into brand new territory in which five men working for the house had failed in five years, and worked up for them a bully good business—and it was my business, not theirs, because I had made it.

If they were the power, any one of the five men who had failed would have made good for them, but as they failed and I made good, I was the power. After a few years, I put this man in my old territory and took on a new territory in which I made good. Then I left my house for one season, and when I wanted to come back with them, this man I had boosted had slipped into my old trade, and became the hardest competitor I ever had in my life."

"Well, you ought to have known better than that," said Green. "A man who

puts out an assistant salesman is a fool. If the assistant does no business, he loses money for you; if he does business, it is only a little while until the house finds out he is as good a man as you are, and you are soon ready, if you don't work mighty

hard, to go to the scrap-heap. Many and many a good man who has really wished to build the business of his house has, after a little time, had his territory spoiled on him because he has lifted up some man to help him do his work. Most houses are cold-blooded on a proposition like this. They forget the good intention on the part of the salesman, and count only how much he is worth to them for the time being. No assistant salesman for me! I'm going to cover a territory and get all there is in it for myself—all by my lonesome! When it gets so that I can't do this, I'll throw up my job."

#### The Best Work is Done without Assistants

"Oh, you should n't be so harsh on the house," said Simpson. "Most of these men who put out assistants expect to hire some live

man to give his life's blood to them while they make money out of his work. When a salesman begins to put out assistants it is a sign he is growing lazy, and when a man gets lazy he does n't deserve the dough. It isn't the fault of the house so much as it is the fault of the salesman. You may bet your life that a house wants to keep their old men—to back the man they know can get business. It's only when he himself wants to quit work that they give his work to the other fellow. They must!"

"This helping people out," continued Simpson, "usually leads to the disadvantage of the man who does the favor. I once had a case out in Colorado. A real live merchant there whom I knew opened up a business in a dead town. He had been sent there by one of his friends who sold clothing. You know how it goes. A man on the road never sends a merchant who is hunting for a location to a town in which he already has a customer. He is usually looking out to feather his own nest instead of that of his merchant friend. If I were a merchant, I would take several grains of salt with all the things said to me by my traveling men friends. I put more faith in the words of the man who would say, 'This is a good town, but I can't do any business with you.' But this is a thing the traveling man does n't say, because he owes such a debt to the first friend in that town that he does n't think it right to send him another competitor."

"Well, this man who had gone into this dead town got up against it real hard. He bought more goods than he could sell, and the houses were pushing him hard. You know many country merchants believe that the wholesale house with whom they do business is their real warm friend. But let them get slow with their bills, and they will soon find out that the house from whom they have been buying loves them only for the bills they buy and pay for!"

#### Getting out of a Bad Hole

"This man told me his troubles. He said he had a sixteen thousand dollar stock, and owed twelve thousand dollars that was due."

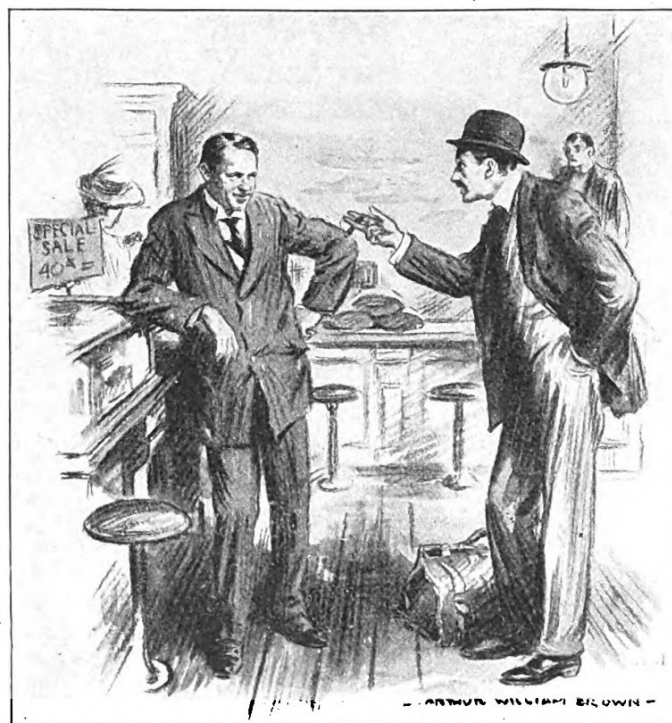
"You're busted, Jim," said I.

"Well, how's that? Ain't I four thousand dollars to the good?" he replied.

"No, you'll be about four thousand dollars to the bad before you get through with this deal. You owe twelve thousand dollars; you've got a sixteen thousand dollar stock, for which you will be in luck to get seventy-five cents on the dollar, net. This means you will pay sixty-five cents on the dollar, which your house will

be only too glad to get when they learn you are in the hole, and they will squeeze you if you will let them. At the same time you have had a good reputation, and you don't know what a good name is until you get up against it, Jim—and if you play your game exactly right you can get an extension and perhaps wriggle through. Now, there's just one way for you to get out of this mess, and if you'll do exactly what I tell you, you can save your bacon."

"I wrote a letter for him to one house, stating to them that business had been dead and that if they pushed him they would n't get more than fifty cents on the dollar, but if they would let him alone and give him time he would pull out and pay them one hundred cents. He wrote this letter, which was a plain, frank, truthful statement of his difficulty, to every firm, and they left him alone. He pulled out, and he told me, furthermore, that if any one of



I would take several grains of salt with all the things said to me



these firms had pressed him, as some of them would surely have done if it had n't been for that friendly letter, he would have been forced to the wall. He arranged to send, every Saturday night, an equal portion of what he took in to everybody he owed, even if it was n't more than fifty dollars to a firm. So he did this, and the result was that the firms he owed did n't force him beyond his limit.

### Merchants are Not Slave-Drivers

"The large houses in the cities, you know, boys, are not slave-drivers. They only want their money, and when they see that a man who is behind in his accounts is paying them something, and at the same time treating everybody he owes alike, and that he is on the square, they will grant him extensions clear up to the limit.

"The thing for a merchant to do who is up against it is to make a plain, straight statement of his affairs to all of his houses, ask for an extension (which he will usually get), and when he gets it, send everyone he owes the money he takes in as fast as he gets it, giving to each one of his creditors a just proportion of his receipts. If he pays off one house that presses him vigorously, the others with whom he is behind will soon catch on and push him until he hugs the wall.

"This is one case, though, boys, where giving the man a lift has helped him. He has paid every dealer in that line promptly ever since that day."

"Does he discount his bills with your house?" asked Atkins, the furnishing goods man.

"No, he does n't discount."

"Does your firm sometimes hold bills on him?" again asked Atkins.

"Oh, they know he is good, and don't object to it," answered Simpson.

"Well, you wait until he gets to discounting, and then see where you are. Don't forget, Billy, that most people like you not so much for the benefits you have given them as for those they expect," continued Atkins.

### An Unfortunate Partnership with a Customer

"Have any of you ever gone into partnership with some clerk and set him up in business? Well, I'll just give you a quiet tip not to. This is an experience you know, boys, through which about seven traveling men out of every ten must pass before they cut their wisdom teeth. I was fool enough, once, to think that the only thing I could do with the salary I had saved was to pick up with a stranger who clerked in a store and set him up in business. I was n't satisfied with going to that town and cleaning

up a couple of hundred dollars every year with two days' work. I wanted to get half of the profits of a furnishing goods business.

"I grew very confidential with one of my customer's clerks and suggested that we go into partnership and start a new store. He had three hundred and twenty-five dollars. I and a friend of mine put up enough with that to make our capital stock three thousand dollars. As my lines and my friend's line were the very sort the third member of the company would buy, and as we stood well with our firms, the three thousand dollars, backed up by our good credit, really amounted to six. I found out after bills began to come due that credit is

people in the world could execute in a century."

"Well, how did you come out?" asked Simpson.

"Oh, it came out this way: We had to stir about and find a man who had some money to buy us out, and who could be on the spot and see that our friend did not buy too wildly. Our plans were all right, for it is a prospering business to-day, but it lacked somebody to be there to hold down the finances. I am beginning to believe that every successful business needs a pipe-dreamer and a tightwad.

"But as you have all been talking about ingratitude, I want to show you how I got it from the man whom I set up in business. I wrote to him, saying that I had sold out and that I would be around to his town as usual, and addressed him, 'Friend Harry.' This is the answer I got:

"Dear Sir: In regard to the furnishing goods question, we have decided to try a specialty house in many of the lines. We would like to stay with your firm on staples, but we can order by mail, and it would not justify you in making the run down. And while we would be pleased to see you—and he signed in the firm's name, respectfully. And do you know, he underscored 'we would be pleased to see you'?"

### "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind"

"I was so mad that I wrote him the following letter, which I guess I ought to tear up and forget; but here it is, just the same:

"Dear Harry: Thank you for your good will. I feel that we are friends because you won't give me your business. If you want my frank opinion, I really feel that you should buy every dollar's worth you can from me and go broke doing it, rather than buy the other fellow's goods and prosper. For Heaven's sake, man, don't forget how I took you into my heart and backed you up with my money and my good name, and with the reputation and money of my friend.

"Now that it is all off, I shall tell you frankly that you can make more money out of my line of goods than you can by floundering around. If you knew anything about the business, which you don't, you would know this. Now, as a special favor, please place your jag of staples elsewhere. I will just mark you off my list.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As friend remembered not.  
Though thou the waters warp  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As benefits forgot."



"You're busted, Jim," said I

a pretty good thing, but that coin, not credit, pays the bills. It was not long before the man who put up the three hundred and twenty-five dollars had run us twelve thousand dollars in debt. We were absolutely forced to call a halt. You see I and my salesman friend who went in with this young fellow figured that we would secure the entire business in our lines and get our salesmen's commissions, and in addition make a profit out of the business itself. We dreamed of taking the profits out of this one business and starting a new store or two every year and soon becoming general managers and millionaires.

"If there is any man in the world who can pipe-dream, it is the man on the road. He can think out more plans in a week than all the

get how I took you into my heart and backed you up with my money and my good name, and with the reputation and money of my friend.

"Now that it is all off, I shall tell you frankly that you can make more money out of my line of goods than you can by floundering around. If you knew anything about the business, which you don't, you would know this. Now, as a special favor, please place your jag of staples elsewhere. I will just mark you off my list.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As friend remembered not.  
Though thou the waters warp  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As benefits forgot."

## The Irish Grandmother

by Maud Goings

I LOOK acrost the fields of corn for long and many a mile

In this big, flat lonely country where the childer all does be—

The ripplin', rustlin' corn—and oh, my heart is wore the while

For the heather on the hills of dear old Ireland, 'crost the sea.

OH, well I mind the heather, an' the golden gorse, an' all,

An' the murmurin' of bees among the flowers that smelled so sweet,

An' the hawthorn in the hedges an' the ivy on the wall,

An' the poppies—sure, they glowed like fire when wind went t'rough the wheat!

IN this lonely, great big country, where the summer sun is blindin',

I mind me of the soft gray clouds enfoldin' Galtimore;

I look acrost the empty fields—an' sure, I do be mindin'

The village where we lived so close we talked from door to door.

WHILES I forget, when I'm alone, an' hear the hill streams fallin'

An' the tinkle of the sheep bells—but them days will come no more.

Oh, to hear the skylarks sing again—to hear the cuckoos callin'—

To hear Himself a comin' in, his footstep at the door!

I'D LOVE to tell the childer all about the dear old land;

If Himself was here 'tis ever talkin' of them days we'd be.

But the childer's all Americans—they niver understand,

And Himself is in his grave, far off acrost the cruel sea.

# The Plight of the Liar

by Orison Sweet Marden

MARK TWAIN, in one of his stories, says of a character that whatever statement he chose to make was entitled to prompt and unquestioning acceptance as a lie.

There are a great many kinds of liars and a great many ways of lying. Mrs. Opie once undertook to classify lies, as: lies of vanity; lies of flattery; lies of convenience; lies of interest; lies of fear; lies of malignity; lies of malevolence, and lies of wantonness. Mark Twain, in taking account of stock, counts eight hundred and sixty-nine varieties of lies.

We all know the foolish liars who lie without motive from force of habit. We can understand a person's lying who has a strong motive for it, but to lie without any purpose whatever seems to the normal mind an unintelligible thing.

One very large class of liars are liars of carelessness, thoughtlessness; people who do not mean to lie, who are honest enough, but who are slipshod in their mental processes. Their observation is faulty; they do not see or hear things with exactitude; do not see or hear them as they are. This comes from not taking pains to get the exact facts about anything into their heads.

One of the most pernicious liars is the flatterer, the one who can not bear to wound you on your weak point. Then there is the polite liar, who prevaricates and deceives in order to be courteous. He wants you to think well of him and wants to make you feel good. He would rather deceive you than tell you unwelcome truths.

Vanity liars can not bear to tell the truth when it reflects upon themselves or does not flatter their vanity. These liars may be believed in what does not reflect on themselves or put them in an unfavorable light.

The so-called benevolent liars often escape condemnation because their motives are good. A good-natured man or woman, compelled to dismiss an employee, will sometimes give an undeserved recommendation, quite unconscious of the injury thus done a later employer.

Slander, the blackest of all the falsehood family, does not always require a lying tongue. There are a thousand ways of lying. A person may lie by his silence, by not telling the truth when it is his duty to speak. A man may lie by telling part of the truth. He may lie by his manner, by insinuations, by inference, by a shrug of the shoulders or a glance of the eye.

One of the most pitiable of all liars is the weak liar, who has not moral stamina enough to tell the truth when it is disagreeable. Liars of this brand do not want to argue or defend their position; they go along the line of least resistance, prevaricate and deceive, because there is not lime enough in the backbone to enable them to stand straight and look a man in the face and tell him unpleasant truths. They would rather make him feel good at the time, and prefer that he find out the truth when they do not have to meet his gaze. I know people who mean to be absolutely honest who can never tell the exact truth when it requires a little moral courage, and *cowards are always liars*. They do not lie because they are bad, but because they are weak.

It takes courage to tell the truth when you know that it may place you in an unfortunate light before the world, and that a little prevarication or a little innuendo may save you pain. It takes courage and character to tell the truth when to do so will be a temporary loss to you. It takes courage and manliness, womanliness, to tell the truth when it gives a decided advantage to a rival. It takes courage to stand up squarely, with an unflinching eye, to look the world in the face and tell the straight, unvarnished truth, regardless of consequences.

The reputation of being beyond price, of being unshaken by any selfish motive; the reputation of always, everywhere, under all circumstances telling the truth—not pretty nearly, but the exact truth—is worth a thousand times more to one than any temporary gain from deceit.

One of the most unfortunate phases of modern journalism is the temptation to tamper with truth, color it, distort, misrepresent it, to make a great thing out of a little thing. The reputation of a newspaper is like that of an individual. The newspaper which constantly, knowingly deceives very soon gets the same kind of reputation as a consummate liar. There are few newspapers in the world which refuse to color the truth, to tamper with facts in order to make a sensation, and these few are the solid pillars of journalism. They stand for infinitely more in their community than some other papers with a hundred times more circulation.

One of the most dangerous characters in the business world is the man who has no vigor of integrity, who is indifferently honest, who prefers to be on the side of the right, but who will quibble, will tamper with the truth, will not tell quite the whole truth if his interests are jeopardized.

He may not lie outright, but he may leave untold a truth which he should tell, and which a gentleman would tell, but in the end what such a man gains can not be compared with what he loses. He does not re-

alize that although he may make a little more money, he is less of a man every time he misrepresents; that while he may be adding some-

thing to his pocket he is taking something away from his manhood.

How often, too, the crooked, lying man or institution finds that crooked methods do not pay, and that even as a working principle honesty is the best policy. Look at the history of business concerns in this country and see how very few of those which were doing a great business fifty years ago are even in existence to-day. Many of them sprang up like mushrooms, made a good deal of noise in the business world, did lots of faking, deceptive advertising and flourished for a while, attracting a great deal of attention, but they did not last long because there was no character back of them. They were not reliable, and, after successfully deceiving their customers for a time, they were found out. Then they began to shrink and shrivel, and ultimately went to the wall.

Still, a great many people believe in the expediency of the lie as a policy. They believe that it pays to deceive. Many business houses which are regarded as pretty honest cover up defects in goods and write misleading advertisements. There are many men who think that deception in business is just about as necessary as money capital. They believe that it is very difficult, practically impossible, for any man to succeed in a large way and always tell the exact truth about everything.

Not long ago a superintendent in a large dry-goods house said that he had been busy all the previous day cutting up whole bolts of cloth for remnants. He said that people would willingly pay more for these "remnants" when advertised as such because of the deceptive suggestion that they were cheap, than they would to buy by the yard from the piece. Now, how long will the public continue to patronize such a house after once discovering this deception? The same principle is true of the bargain sales. Merchants often sell inferior goods at more than their regular price during these sales, because they know the power of suggestion in advertising to deceive.

There is a great deal of the Indian in all of us. We do not forget favors, kindnesses or injuries. On the ground of the weakness of all human nature, we may often forgive things which still sting, but when we have once been deceived by a business house, a traveling salesman, a solicitor or a clerk, we do not forget it, and that house or clerk loses our confidence forever.

Most young men overestimate the value of mere shrewdness, cunning, long-headedness, smartness, keenness. They seem to think that if they are going to get ahead rapidly they must not be too scrupulous about the exact truth; that a little deception, a little cunning will help them along faster; that if they veer this way and that from the truth—just enough to avoid disagreeable experiences—to make themselves popular, to make everybody feel good, they will be all right. There could not be a greater mistake, for if there is anything weak and doomed to failure by the very laws of the universe, it is misrepresentation. It never yet has won in the long run, and real success is as impossible by it as is the reversal of the law of gravitation.

Misrepresentation in any form is the shortest-sighted policy in the world. No man ever built up a permanent position or institution upon it, or ever will, for the man who gets a temporary advantage by misrepresentation makes everybody who finds it out his enemy ever after. It is human nature never to fully trust a person again who has once deceived us.

Is there any power in cunning, in shrewd, long-headed, deceptive methods that can for a moment compare with the truth, with absolute integrity? There is no advertisement in the world, in the long run, that can compare with that which comes from the reputation of always and everywhere telling the exact truth, of being absolutely reliable. This reputation alone has made the names of some of the great business houses in this country worth millions of dollars.

Every time a man deceives he knows that he has to cover his tracks. He is always on thorns for fear of discovery, for everything in his own nature is trying to betray him; but when he tells the truth, because he is built on the truth plan, he has all the universe sustaining, supporting, backing him.

What a difference there is between the power of a man who is telling the truth and is conscious that he is backed by the eternal principle of right and justice, and the man who is lying and is conscious of it.

One can look the world in the face without wincing, because he feels that he is backed by eternal principle; there is victory in his eye, assurance in his very bearing, while there is something within the other man which says, "I am a liar; I am not a man. I know I am not a man, but a sneak, a make-believe."

The moment we attempt to express that which is not true, we are

(Continued on page 261)



# The Shears of Destiny

By Leroy Scott

Illustrated by Alexander Popini



## CHAPTER XVIII

### 7<sup>th</sup> Instalment ENTER--THE PRINCE

AT THE coming of dusk the next afternoon, Sonya set out for the fortress. All was staked on that one bold cast of the die—her brother's freedom if she won, her capture if she lost. Drexel had besought her to let him be the partner of her danger, but she had replied that for him to come would be merely a useless risk, since he could not possibly save her if trouble arose; moreover, the governor certainly would not speak in the presence of a third person. So she rode on her errand alone.

She had the courage of her ancient race, but when she drew up at the gate of that great gray pile she could not keep down the pulsing fears. Such a world of things hung upon the next few moments; and here, before those high, grim walls, how small the chance of success became, how great and instant seemed the dangers! The governor, thinking perhaps to gain lost favor with the Government, might hear her through and then virtuously reject the offer. He would say a word, lift a hand, and she would be caught in that giant trap whose gates for her would never open outward.

To insure her admission she had sent ahead a note to Governor Delwig stating that she was calling to give him important information relative to one of the prisoners. At the announcement of her name (she had signed the note as Madame Orloff) she was admitted to the fortress and conducted to a room opening into the governor's office. But she was not to see him at once; the governor esteemed his life too dearly to let any stranger come straight into his presence. A prison matron made a thorough search of her, uncoiling her thick black hair, peering even into her mouth, to see that no compact explosive was hidden there. This ceremony completed, word was sent in to the governor that all was well; whereupon an order came out for her admission.

Governor Delwig looked curtly up from his desk as the door closed behind her. His manner changed at sight of his visitor. Sonya knew what a powerful ally good dress was in dealing with officials, and had attired herself accordingly.

He arose. "Madame Orloff, I believe?" he said, and with a bow he offered her a chair.

She sat down, and through her veil made a quick study of the man on whom her life now depended. He was half bald, but amends were made by a proud, thick, flaring beard and a thick, upturned mustache. His face was puffed with good feeding and written over with the red script of a thousand wine bottles—a face that could show hearty good fellowship among friends, and that now regarded Sonya with bland and deferential courtesy, but behind which she saw a cruel, selfish, unprincipled nature.

"I believe you have some information to make regarding one of the prisoners in the fortress," he said. Near his seemingly uncognizant right hand lay a pistol—silent warning to visitors to make no suspicious move.

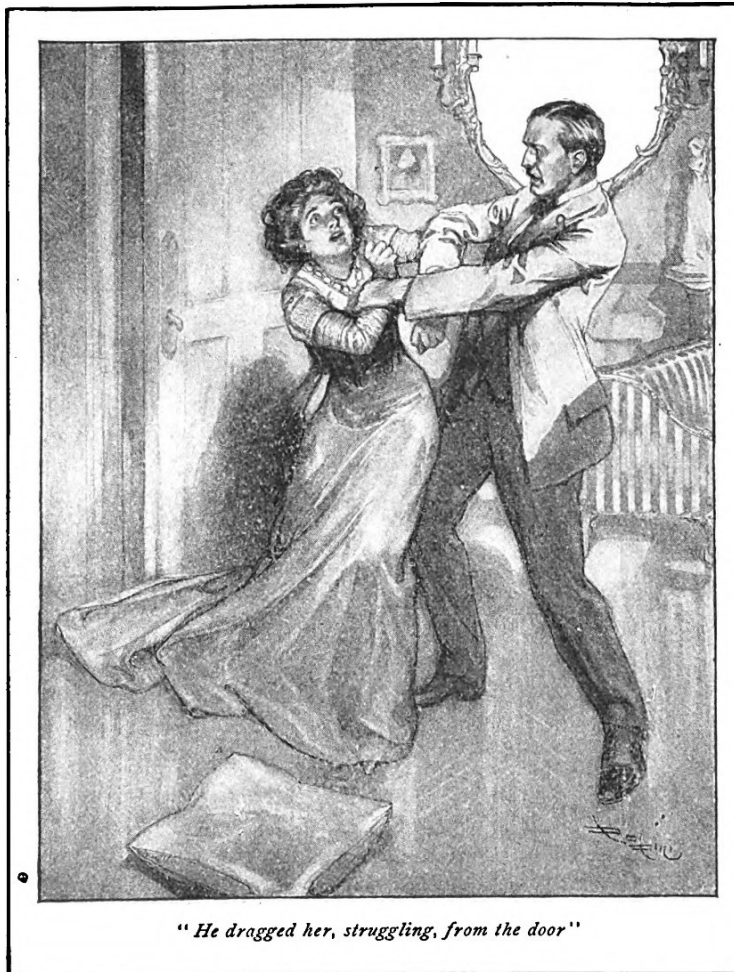
With an effort she got her dread and dislike of this man under control. "Yes," she said. "Regarding the prisoner Borodin."

His face took on a blank expression. "Borodin? There is no such prisoner here, madame."

"I am aware, Governor Delwig, that you are under orders to pretend ignorance of him, but I have definite knowledge that he is here."

Her positive tone, no less than her positive words, told him that denial was useless. He hesitated. "And what did you wish to say?"

She knew that gradual approach to her



"He dragged her, struggling, from the door"

purpose would be futile. "First, I want to say, Governor, that I realize that I have put my life in your hands."

"Eh?" said he, raising his heavy eyebrows.

"For I am a revolutionist."

#### 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. Arrived at a village, he arouses a cottager, effects a change of clothing and disguised as a peasant makes his way safely to St. Petersburg. He finds shelter in the house where he had been prisoner. Sonya, as the Princess Kuratoff is known among the revolutionists, finds him there, and, assured of his sympathy to the Cause, presents him to "The White One," head of the revolutionists.

"What!" He sat up straight and reached for the pistol.

"I have been searched, you know," she quietly reminded him.

He drew back his hand. "What is your business here?" he asked sharply.

"I want to free Borodin."

He fairly gasped. "You tell me that! And here in Peter and Paul? You certainly are a bold one!"

"We thought you might help us."

"Help you!"

"Yes. We knew you were incensed with the Government. We thought you might consider throwing in your future with us, and riding into power when the revolution succeeds."

"Bah!" he cried. "It will never succeed!"

"Had you seen fit to join us," she went on quickly, "the first business we thought to entrust to you was the freeing of Borodin. We have a large sum of money to be devoted to that purpose. That sum we had thought to put into your hands to be expended as you see fit."

He did not speak; his fat lids narrowed, and his small eyes stared at her with piercing intentness. She waited, with stilled breath, his all-deciding word.

His face suddenly grew dark. "A—ah! I see!" he breathed between his closed teeth. "Well, madame, your little scheme won't work."

Her heart went out of her.

His heavy face had grown malignantly inflamed. "You, and those who sent you, are clever—very clever! And you thought you could bribe me and get me involved in a plan to free Borodin, eh?"

She could not deny it.

"But I see straight through your plot against me!"

She caught her breath. "Plot against you?" she exclaimed.

"Plot against me, madame. Oh, I see through it! You are the agent of my enemies. You were to trick me into this Borodin business; when I was thoroughly involved, my enemies thought to expose me and use the case to complete my overthrow. Did you think to catch me by such an old trick?"

On his desk stood a bronze alarm bell. He stretched out a hand to strike it.

She caught and stayed his arm. "Stop—what are you doing?"

"Ringing for a guard." His little eyes gleamed with vindictive triumph. "Perhaps I can not reach my enemies, but at least I shall make their agent suffer! I shall have you punished for what you pretend to be—a revolutionist."

"You are mistaken!" she cried. "I am a revolutionist!"

"Bah!" sneered he. "I have detected too many schemes laid against me, not to see clearly through one like this!"

"But I am a revolutionist, I tell you!"

He sneered again and reached a second time to strike the bell.

Again she seized his arm. "Wait, wait!" she cried desperately. "I can prove that I tell you the truth."

"Prove it?"

"You have a description of the woman charged with the attempted shooting of Prince Berloff?"

"I have."

She raised her veil. "Compare the faces." He scrutinized the flushed countenance thus revealed. "A—ah!" he breathed.

"Did I not speak the truth?" she cried.

"You did," said he deliberately, "and you spoke it also when you said you had put your life in my hands."

There was a new light in his little eyes—a glowing light. It sent a shiver through her.



"There is a reward of ten thousand rubles for your arrest, madame," he bowed to her, "I thank you for those ten thousand rubles!"

His words, the gleam of his eyes, left no doubt of his purpose. She steadied herself and looked at him with calm eyes.

"But you are not going to arrest me," she said, "for to let me go, to help to free Borodin, will mean much more to you than ten thousand rubles." And she tossed a packet of notes upon the desk.

His face grew black again, and he did not even glance at them. "You try to bribe me?"

"I suggest that you look at the money."

He held his dark, menacing scowl upon her.

"There are fifteen thousand rubles there," said she, "and there will be five more. Twenty thousand rubles in all, when the work is finished."

His face grew even blacker. "What—you dare insult me?"

"Twenty-five thousand."

"I tell you my honor is not for sale!" He raised his hand above the bell.

"Thirty thousand," said Sonya, "would be our limit."

The hand paused, then sank to his side. He glowered at her, stormed at her—then at length he said:

"Why, even if I were willing, it could not be done with safety!"

Twenty minutes later she left the fortress, the agreement made, though the plan was but vaguely formed. She drove swiftly home, bringing vast relief to Drexel, and with him hurried off to The White One, where Dr. Razoff and Pestel were already waiting in anticipation of the meeting. Sabatoff was not present; his position in the Ministry of the Interior was too valuable to the committee for him to endanger it by running any avoidable risks. They discussed the plan for half the night, and discussed it the next night, and the next. Sonya had further interviews with the governor to perfect the fortress arrangements. She and Drexel went over the plan with Freeman several times in the house in Three Saints' Court. Freeman was full of keen, able suggestions and showed tireless energy in arranging the material details of Borodin's flight after he should pass outside the prison walls.

Four days of consultation and work and the plan was complete. The governor had required its first requisite to be that it should make him appear guiltless of complicity in the escape. Among the prison guards were two of his creatures of such dark records that, should they turn against him, their word would not be taken. For a thousand rubles each, these two gladly undertook the rôles of scapegoats. At the hour set for the escape they were to be the watch before Borodin's cell; a guard's uniform was to be smuggled in to him, and, aided by a clever disposition of the prison forces which would keep all eyes off the cell for a few moments, he would be whisked out at the time of the changing of the guard, and would march away as one of the relieved watch, and so out of the fortress. A sleigh would be in readiness to carry him to the house in Three Saints' Court, where he would change his guard's clothes for a disguise, and from thence he would immediately set out for the German frontier. As for the two guards, they would immediately take to flight and be far over the Finnish border before Governor Delwig discovered the escape.

The plan had dozens of details which could not be arranged without difficulty and danger, so Drexel's every hour was filled. His mind went more than once to his relatives at the Hotel Europe, and he reached one definite decision regarding Alice's approaching marriage. On the day when this escape should be consummated (two days before the day set for the wedding) he would return to his hotel, share with uncle, aunt and cousin the secret of Berloff's position and character, and do whatever else might be needed to save his cousin from that arch-villain. In the meantime, to still any possible uneasiness, he wrote a letter to his uncle stating that he would be back from Moscow in time for the wedding, and this he sent to a friend in Moscow to be mailed.

The darkness of the fifth evening settled like a black sediment into Three Saints' Court, and found all in readiness. Sonya, Drexel and the housekeeper were on duty in the house to receive Borodin and aid his quick transformation; the others were assigned duties to assist his flight from the prison hither. On the table in Ivan's room was a wig, and beside it a pair of scissors and shaving utensils; across a chair lay a



"A huge, ferocious fellow vaulted the breastworks. He died in mid air"

new suit of clothes. At nine o'clock, the hour set, a swift horse would wait in a side street. Twenty minutes after the bearded, brown-haired prison guard entered, a black-haired, smooth-chinned business man would ride off to the railway station.

As the appointed hour drew on, Sonya and Drexel hardly spoke. Sonya, tense, nervous, paced to and fro; and Drexel, in almost equal suspense, watched her pale, strained face. How glad he would be when Borodin had come and gone and her dangerous task was ended, for though he had rejoiced in this close comradeship, he loved her far too dearly not to wish her safely out of this great and constant danger.

The bells of Three Saints' Church rang seven. Two more hours and all would be well.

#### CHAPTER XIX

AS THE bells ceased tolling, Sonya paused a moment from her pacing. "Just about now they'll be slipping his uniform into his cell," she said.

"Yes," said Drexel.

"Ah—I hope that nothing will go wrong!" she breathed.

She resumed her restless pacing, and again the silence of strained suspense settled between them.

Presently they heard a knock below. Soon the housekeeper entered and held out a letter to Drexel. "A messenger just brought it," he said.

## The City Shower

by Charles Buxton Soing~

IT splashes on the plodding crowds,  
Flooding dull flags and tiles  
With freedom of the roving clouds  
That fly ten thousand miles.

AND every homely spout it fills  
And every sordid drain,  
Echoes the music of the hills,  
The laughter of the plain.

The note was on heavy fashionable paper and gave off an odor of musk. Drexel glanced it through, and uttered a low cry.

"What is it?" asked Sonya.

"Listen. 'Come to me instantly. Do not fail. It is a matter of life and death importance.' The note is from Countess Kurovskaya."

Sonya thought for a moment. "You must go," she said.

"Not until this affair is over," he returned. "I can not leave you."

"You must go. She would not have sent that unless the matter was of great importance. You can be back in an hour; Borodin will not be here till nine."

He conceded that she was right, and half an hour later he rang the bell of the countess's apartment. A maid ushered him into the drawing-room and told him her mistress would be in at once. But one minute passed—three—five—ten. His patience would hold no longer. He opened the entrance door and rang the apartment bell. The maid reappeared.

"Tell the countess I will return later," he said.

But on the instant a voice called out, "Wait, Mr. Drexel," and the countess came toward him through the hall. She was strikingly dressed, as always, but she was even more pale, more worn, than when he had last seen her.

"I am so glad you came," she said.

"I could not have come had I thought there would be so much delay in seeing you," he returned stiffly.

"I have purposely delayed—I confess it."

"Why?—after you desired to get me here in haste?"

"To make certain of keeping you here as long as possible. I have just discovered that you are in great danger."

"Danger from what?"

"I know only in a vague way. In moving among the officials I

pick up hints of things; that is my value as a revolutionist, but I get nothing more than hints. From what—but promise to tell me no one you learned this from me. It might hurt me among the officials and thus ruin my worth to the cause."

"I promise."

"From what I have just heard, you and your group are in danger of arrest."

"Immediate arrest?" cried Drexel.

"This evening. Within the hour."

"Good-night, Countess!"—and seizing his cap he sprang for the door.

She caught his arm. "No! no! You must not go!"

"But I must warn the others!"

"It is too late! Even now the police may be there. You can do nothing."

His mind saw Sonya, alone, with gendarmes pouring in upon her. "Let go!" he cried fiercely. "Let go!"

He tore her hands from his arm, but she threw her back against the door, panting, her black eyes flashing wildly.

"If you go, it is to your certain death!" she gasped.

"Prince Berloff has arranged this. He will see that you do not escape. He wants to kill you."

"Why?"

"If you could be killed—by accident—with no blame attaching to him—is there not some way in which it would benefit him?"

"Yes. But, Countess—you must let me pass!"

"It will be your death!"

"Perhaps, but I must warn the others!"

"No! No! I will not let you!" she cried.

"You leave me no other way!"—and seizing her wrist he dragged her, struggling, from the door. He shook off her hands that again sought to detain him, and plunged down the stairway, leaving her collapsed upon the floor, white, motionless, on her face a stare of ghastly horror.

He leaped into his waiting sleigh and thrust a five-ruble note into the driver's hands. "Back—at your best speed!" he cried; and though the driver laid the ends of his lines upon the flanks of his galloping horse, Drexel constantly breathed: "Faster! Faster!"

He imagined every disaster as befalling Sonya. But when he had reentered the little court, rushed up the stairway and burst into the room, it was to find Sonya still safely there—and not so poorly defended as he had thought, for Freeman was with her.

"Come," he said breathlessly, "we must fly! The police may be here any moment!"

Sonya went suddenly white. "Then they have found out our plan?"



"I do not know. But we are in instant danger of arrest. Come!"

"What! Desert our plan?" demanded Freeman. "Desert Borodin?"

"But how will our being arrested aid him?"

"I do not believe there is any danger," returned Freeman. His thin lips curled slightly with disdain. "Somebody's fear has got the better of his nerve!"

"But I have had definite warning!"

"From whom?"

"I promised not to tell."

"Bah!" The Terrorist's lean face wrinkled scornfully. "If there was such a warning, its purpose was to frighten us and make our plan fail. We are going to stay here!"

Drexel turned to Sonya. "Come, Sonya!" he begged. But ere she could answer the housekeeper entered with a letter for her. She tore it open. "From Sabatoff," she said.

"Then she gave a low moan of despair. 'We have failed!'"

"What does it say?" asked Drexel.

"Plan discovered. White One and Razoff arrested. Delwig seized. Escape."

"That means we have been sold to the Government!" cried Freeman.

"Yes—one of our group must have turned traitor!" cried Sonya.

The Terrorist's face darkened. "And it is plain who the traitor is!" He whipped out his pistol and sprang toward Drexel. "Well—he will never betray again!"

But Sonya threw herself before the black weapon. "He is not the traitor!" she cried. "No more than you yourself."

"He sold us to the police—that is how he knows in advance the police are after us. And he is trying to play innocence by warning us when it is too late." His eyes flashed vengeful fury. "Stand aside!"

Sonya held her place. "I tell you he is innocent," she said with ringing voice. "If you kill him, it will be plain murder!"

Her words suggested a new light on the affair, for he slowly lowered the pistol. "Well, I apologize if I am—"

But Drexel waited not for apology. "Come on!" he cried; and seizing Sonya's arm, he made for the stairway, dashed down and out into the court, Freeman and the housekeeper after them. But here they suddenly paused. Entering the gateway, the only exit from the high-walled court, they saw a group of shadowy figures. They were too late.

"Shall we surrender?" asked Sonya.

"Not I," grimly said Freeman, and drew his pistol.

"Nor I," said she. Then she turned to Drexel. "I forgot. Perhaps it would be better for you if we surrendered. You are an American—you're not so deeply involved as we—the Government can not be so hard on you."

"I am in more danger from the gendarmes than any of you," he returned. "We will not surrender."

"Then back to the house!" she cried. "We can hold it for a time. Perhaps our comrades may gather and come to our rescue. If not—anything is better than to fall into the gendarmes' hands."

They rushed into the house, locked the door, and waited on the lower floor for the attack. In the minute of waiting Sonya's mind went apprehensively to Borodin.

"If the police have learned everything," she breathed to Drexel, "they have probably learned that Borodin is Borski. If they have—oh, my poor brother!"

Freeman started. "What! Is Borodin really Borski, the leader of the South Russian revolt?"

"Yes," she said.

"And your brother?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "No wonder you have dared everything to release him!"

Sonya sighed tremulously.

"Perhaps it may not go so badly with him," said Drexel, desiring to comfort her. "If they have discovered that he is Prince Kuratoff, it may make his fate lighter."

Freeman cut off her reply. "Is Borski, then, Prince Kuratoff?" he exclaimed, astounded. "The son of the Military Governor?"

He did not wait for her answer. "Then you are the famous Princess Kuratoff!" he cried.

"I am Princess Kuratoff," she returned quietly.

"Wonderful!" he ejaculated. "But all St. Petersburg thinks you are dangerously—"

The expression of his amazement was cut short. The footsteps and low voices of the gendarmes sounded without. The four, all with pistols drawn, grimly waited the gendarmes' action.

It came in a moment. A heavy fist pounded on the door, and a deep bass bellowed to them: "Open the door! Surrender."

Sonya caught Drexel's arm. "Captain Nadson's voice!"

"Yes."

"If I am captured he will recognize me, and I will have to face that charge of trying to kill Prince Berloff," she said.

"You are that woman!" cried Freeman—and added fiercely in the same breath: "The person who tried to do that to Prince Berloff will not be captured while I am alive!"

"The gendarmes with him must be Nadson's Hundred!" breathed Drexel.

He said it with a shiver. "Nadson's Hundred," known throughout Russia, had been specially recruited for the most merciless work from among thugs, from among ex-convicts, many indeed having been taken directly from prison and forgiven their robbery or murder on condition that they undertake this service; and all were big, bold, merciless men.

The fist again pounded. "Open that door!" roared the captain.

The four said not a word.

The next instant the door creaked and bent under the impact of heavy shoulders. And in the same instant Freeman's pistol spat twice into the thin panels. There was a sharp cry and curses.

"Come—try it again!" taunted the Terrorist.

There was again silence without. "They are planning some new attack," said Sonya.

They were, and it came the next moment. In the room on their right a window crashed. Freeman flung open the door and saw a burly figure scrambling through the broken sash. Again his pistol flashed. The gendarme went sprawling on the floor and did not move.

"Come on—more of you!" shouted Freeman in savage joy.

None of the gendarmes accepted the challenge to enter, but a bullet did and tore off half an ear. The Terrorist did not flinch; but as the pistol flashed without, he fired at the flash. There was a cry of pain.

He stepped to one side, out of range, but kept his pistol leveled at the window. "One more!" he called. With his lean, sardonic face, his lips curling away from his white teeth, he looked half devil.

Again there was silence without—this time a longer silence. Then suddenly there was a crash at the door. A panel splintered out, and the end of a heavy pole burst through. At the same moment figures began to leap through the window on the right, and there was a splintering of glass on the floor above and a heavy thud upon the window-sill.

"It's on in earnest now," said Freeman grimly, and turned his pistol again at the window on the right.

"Come on—we'll hold the upper floor!" Sonya cried to Drexel, and sprang up the stairway.

They rushed into Ivan's room, whence the crash had come. The end of a ladder stuck through the demolished window and scrambling up it was a gendarme. Drexel fired; the man fell, and none was so bold as to spring to his place upon the ladder.

The crashing at the downstairs door sounded louder. They rushed back to the stairway. The door was almost down.

"We can hold this floor but a moment longer!" shouted Freeman.

"Come up here, then!" called Drexel. "The stairway is easier to defend!"

He sprang into a bedroom and dragged out a chest of drawers which he placed at the head of the stairs as a barricade and this Sonya reinforced with a mattress which she dragged after him.

Crash! Crash! went the battering-ram.

"Come up!" shouted Drexel.

The landlord plunged up the stairway and over the barricade. But Freeman crouched before the door, like an animal ready for the spring.

Crash! The splintered door flew from its hinges.

"There's nothing left but a dash for life!" Freeman cried up to them, and the daredevil sprang over the door and straight out among the gendarmes.

"Don't kill him—we want his secrets!" sharply called the captain.

There was the sound of a whirlwind scuffle without, which testified to the Terrorist's desperate strength. It ceased. "Handcuff him!" the captain ordered. "Now in after the others!"

The three crouched down and their pistols looked blackly over the barricade. There was a wild rush of gendarmes through the door and up the stairway. The three pistols spoke as one. Two men fell. But the gendarmes rushed on up, firing as they came; their bullets thudded into the barricade and the walls behind the defenders. Bang—bang—bang went the three pistols. The gendarmes faltered before the deadly fire, then fell back.

"Up after them!" roared the captain, himself safely without, and poured on his men dynamic curses and more dynamic threats.

Their evil faces gleaming, the gendarmes charged again. The three met them with a rapid fire, the pistols' flame and smoke almost in the faces of the gendarmes. But they surged on up. Two fell dead against the barricade. A huge, ferocious fellow following stepped upon their bodies and vaulted the breastworks. He died in mid-air. But he had given death for death, and fell upon the landlord's body.

But Sonya and Drexel had not time to glance at the dead. Bang—bang—bang went their pistols; and before this fierce, protected fire the gendarmes again turned and fled pell-mell from the house.

The captain first cursed his men, then his voice raged in through the open door: "We'll have you out of there in five minutes!" And to his men he said, "When they come out, seize the woman and kill the foreigner."

He moved away. Several moments passed. The two

[Continued on page 263]

## Ostermoor<sup>®</sup> \$15.



THE keynote of Ostermoor superiority is "Built—not stuffed." A stuffed mattress can't be of uniform evenness—your own good sense tells you that.

But take eight interlacing sheets of sanitary cotton, hand-sew them under uniform pressure, and cover with an attractive yet sturdy ticking, and you have a mattress to sleep on for the rest of your life and then leave to your heirs. Some Ostermoor Mattresses have been in use for fifty-two years. Reason? *Honest quality and scientific making.* A better mattress doesn't exist. A cheaper one isn't worth the price.

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The Ostermoor Mattress is not for sale at stores generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places. Write us and we'll give you his name. We will ship you a mattress by express, prepaid, when we have no dealer in your town or he has none in stock. Try it 30 days—money back if you want it.

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134 Elizabeth St.

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| MATTRESSES COST<br>Express Prepaid |         |
|------------------------------------|---------|
| 4'-6"-45 lbs.                      | \$15.00 |
| 4'-0"-40 lbs.                      | 13.35   |
| 3'-6"-35 lbs.                      | 11.70   |
| 3'-0"-30 lbs.                      | 10.00   |
| 2'-6"-25 lbs.                      | 8.35    |
| All 6 ft. 3 in. long               |         |
| In two parts, 50c. extra.          |         |



Note the trademark securely sewn on the end and the name Ostermoor woven continuously in the binding.

## Pears'

There's a unique adaptability about Pears' Soap. It makes the child enjoy its bath, helps the mother preserve her complexion, and the man of the house finds nothing quite so good for shaving.

Have you used Pears' Soap?

Pears' the soap for the whole family





## Four-Square Advertising

### 3.—Considered as a Means of Upbuilding a Good Reputation.

After the manufacturer's product leaves his warerooms, its destinies are in a large measure beyond his control. He may succeed in fixing, to a certain degree, the price at which it shall be sold, but he can exercise no supervision over what may be said for or against it.

It behooves him, therefore, to build for it a four-square reputation, and bed it deep in public confidence. It must, in all probability, stand cheek by jowl on the dealer's shelves with goods of poor repute, but he should create for it a reputation for quality and reliability which will make it stand out, head and shoulders above all others, and act as an effectual armor against the detractions of competitors.

Can you do this, do you suppose, by advertising it in mediums which are not four-square?

Goods are known, like men, by the company they keep. A worthy article cannot hope to gain prestige by close and constant association with the inferior and the unworthy. The advertiser of a first grade article who buys circulation by the square yard, regardless of quality and with no consideration of the class and grade of other articles advertised in the same mediums, must not complain if his goods are judged by the company they keep.

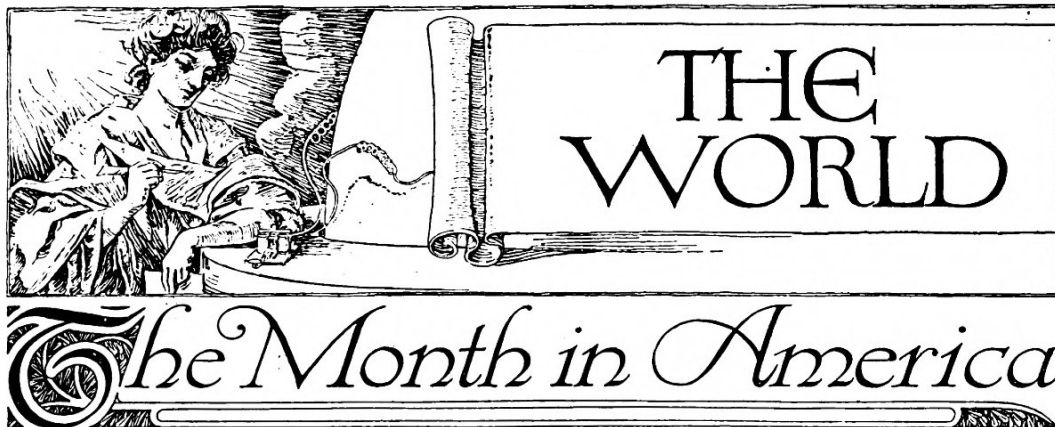
Four-square goods deserve four-square advertising. They should have ample and continuous representation in publications which admit no advertising of a doubtful or suspicious nature, and protect the manufacturer against unfair competition and the consumer against loss by fraud or misrepresentation.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE is a Four-Square medium.

**FRANK E. MORRISON**  
Advertising Manager  
Success Magazine Bldg., New York

**HARRY T. EVANS**  
Western Advertising Manager  
Home Insurance Bldg., Chicago

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NOTHING that has happened in Washington during the past month is more sensational or important than the disclosures concerning the grip of the Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate on Alaska. These revelations came about, apparently, rather accidentally. The Taft administration was pressing a bill to reorganize the Alaskan Government. Bitter opposition arose in the Senate after the administration bill had been reported, and Senators of the Borah and La Follette type charged that the bill would practically turn over Alaska to the "looters." In the midst of this discussion Stephen Birch and John N. Steele, representing the Morgan-Guggenheim Alaska Syndicate, appeared in Washington and asked a hearing before the Committee on Territories, which had reported the Alaskan measure. They expected to make a brief statement, to deny that the bill would help them "grab" Alaska. When pressed for details, however, these gentlemen admitted that the Syndicate had bought, for \$250,000, the famous "Cunningham claims" to a vast area of coal lands at the heart of the Bering River coal field on the south shore of Alaska, and that the Syndicate is building a railroad into this field by the one available route. They pointed out that their monopoly of transportation would place the entire field at their mercy, and then calmly announced that there are at least 50,000,000 tons of mineable coal in the Cunningham claims, worth \$25,000,000 as it now lies in the ground, stated that there are at least 500,000,000 tons of mineable coal in the field which the Cunningham claims dominate, and estimated that \$200,000,000 of profits would be made in working out that field.

#### The Morgan-Guggenheim Revelations

BUT this was not nearly all. They said that one other Alaskan coal field, the Matanuska, contains at least another 500,000,000 tons of coal available for market, from which another \$200,000,000 of profits will be made by the diggers. And they added that the coal in these two fields, when brought to the top of the ground, will be worth at least \$1,900,000,000! Other engineering authorities double these figures, and all agree that these two fields are only a scratch at the mineral wealth of Alaska. These revelations, frankly given out by the Alaska Syndicate, caused a complete change of front. The Taft Alaska Government bill was dropped, and Senator Beveridge presented, in its place, two measures to conserve Alaskan wealth by providing that no coal lands shall be sold, but that they shall be worked only under royalties, the title remaining in the Government and the operation being strictly subject to Government regulation.

#### A Bad Bill Killed

GIFFORD PINCHOT and his aides long ago charged that the Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate had bought in the Cunningham claims, and, through them, would control Alaska's coal, if those claims were allowed to go to patent. That was the beginning of the whole Ballinger-Pinchot quarrel. The Ballingerites denied all these charges as moonshine, and then came the Morgan-Guggenheim lawyers with their amazing admission! It was a confirmation of the whole foundational part of the Pinchot theory.

At the time of writing this résumé, Mr. Pinchot had opened his testimony before the Ballinger-Pinchot committee with a striking statement of what he should undertake to prove. He promised to show that Ballinger was the most dangerous enemy of conservation; that he reversed the whole policy so far as he dared; that he restored waterpower sites to entry without the remotest thought of re-withdrawing them; that when accused to the President of these things he made a defense that was essentially false.

Ballinger was characterized as unfaithful to his trust as a public servant and custodian of vast public property. "I will show," Mr. Pinchot said, "that under present law and practise the betrayal into monopolistic control of that which belongs to all of us is made easy, and often, in practise, inevitable."

#### Pinchot on the Stand

ON this page is set down a frank, but, we believe, a fair summary by our Washington editor of the important political events of the concluding month of President Taft's first year. The damaging evidence against Ballinger, the Progressives' condemnation of the interstate commerce bill, the collapse of the President's Alaska bill and second class mail rate proposal, and of part of his conservation measures, and the miscarriage of the publicity feature of the Corporation Tax law constitute an indictment of the present administration that seems to us worthy of thoughtful consideration.

The remarkable story told by Louis R. Glavis, in his two weeks on the stand, together with the revelations of Messrs. Birch and Steele and the straightforward and convincing testimony of Pinchot, may be summed up, as to its effect on the public mind, with the statement that whatever may be the verdict of the congressional committee, the public has already decided that the case against Ballinger is proved.

WHETHER the Taft-Wickersham bill to revise the Interstate Commerce law is "coming or going"—whether it is progressive or reactive—has been emphatically questioned in the remarkable minority report of Senators Cummins and Clapp, from the Senate committee whose majority reported the measure. Senators Elkins, Aldrich, Kean, Crane, Cullom and Nixon, all, save perhaps Cullom, recognized as railroad

#### Progressives Denounce a Taft Measure

Senators, voted for the favorable report. Senators Cummins and Clapp, Republicans, Newlands and Hughes, Democrats, voted against it; Tillman, Foster and Taylor, Democrats, were absent. The minority report, written by Mr. Cummins, is notable as the first formulation of the insurgent suspicion that the administration is giving ear to bad advisers and support to dangerous measures—a suspicion which plainly has been gaining acceptance in the country.

Senators Cummins and Clapp declare that "the bill as reported, instead of being an advance in the regulation of interstate commerce, is a long step backward, and the effect, if it becomes a law, would be seriously to impair the efficiency of existing statutes. It furnishes common carriers with new weapons, and dulls the edge of those heretofore given to the people."

The minority report objects to the proposed Court of Commerce, to which all appeals from the Interstate Commerce Commission must go; insists that the bill aims to substitute the broadest kind of court review for the present limited one; points out that the measure repeals the antitrust law as applying to railroads, destroys competition, augurs nation-wide increases in rates, and legalizes stock-watering. It has been made plain that before the bill can pass it is going to be the subject of a long and notable debate, in which, precisely as in the case of the tariff, the real issue will be joined between the conservative Republicans supporting and the progressive Republicans opposing the measure.

THE politicians of the Post-office Department continue a futile and hopeless defense of their demand for a sweeping increase of mail rates on periodicals, but the project is dead. The real significance of the movement was instantly understood by the people. They appreciated that the increase, demanded as a business measure, would in fact be bad for the department and would cripple the effort of the periodicals to perform their work of public enlightenment.

#### No Mail Rate Increase

Instead of an unwarranted and destructive increase of second-class rates, there is more likely to be a real investigation of the methods of the department, to determine where the money is now going, who secures the favors, and what sort of business reform is needed to make our post-office approximate in efficiency, say, that of Canada, which in a vast, sparsely-settled country, with lower rates than ours, earns a neat surplus annually.



# IN A NUT-SHELL



CYNICISM is certainly excusable when contemplation turns to the fate of the corporation tax measure that was written into the tariff law last year. When the income tax was found certain to carry, the administration suddenly discovered that it needed, not an income, but a corporation tax. The income tax could wait for a constitutional amendment, but a corporation tax could not wait because it was needed to get at the secrets of the wicked corporations through the inquisitions of the taxing power. Publicity, it was promised, would be given to innermost facts reported by the corporations, and knowing the facts, remedies would easily be applied. So the corporation tax carried and the income tax was submitted to the State Legislatures in the form of a constitutional amendment which nobody now dreams will be indorsed by the necessary three-fourths of the States.

## Corporation Tax Difficulties

And now comes announcement that the publicity promised through the corporation tax measure can not be had because no appropriation was made to carry it into effect! The appropriation committees are not willing to give the needed money, the hands of Congress are tied, and the question must not be opened up at the bottom because, forsooth, that would open the whole tariff law to amendment and precipitate a tariff debate!

Those who believe that the welfare of this country is dependent upon the preservation intact of the Republican Party organization in its present form have found, no doubt, much that appeals to them in President's Taft's speech in New York on Lincoln's Birthday. It was frankly a political speech, outspoken in its acknowledgment of the party's danger of defeat at the next election, persistent in its allegation that the party has kept and is keeping its promises.

To that other, and, we believe, larger group, people sore perplexed over the high cost of living, seriously concerned over the danger to our natural resources and the principle of popular government, this message has brought little comfort or encouragement. His statement that the new tariff bill is a substantial revision downward carries no more conviction now than it did when he first made it, seven months ago. In the very week of this address the Republican editors of the West were declaring their opposition to the Aldrich-Payne tariff law, in a poll taken by the Chicago Tribune, in a proportion of over three to one, and the independent editors in the proportion of over twenty to one. The President's expressed belief that the present troubles of the Republican Party are due to a small group of malcontents in Congress and to newspapers disgruntled over the paper tariff, shows a grievous misunderstanding of the situation.

## The Lincoln Birthday Speech

If the people listen to reasonable argument," says Mr. Taft, referring to the tariff act, "it will be easy to demonstrate that high prices proceed from an entirely different cause."

It all comes back to this, doesn't it? The people's big, good-natured, hard-working employee in Washington is afraid to trust the judgment of his employers. What a pity that on the birthday of the man who was an American first and a Republican afterward, President Taft could not have borrowed even a little of Lincoln's unbounded faith in the people.

The great question of the increasing cost of living will be investigated by a committee consisting of Senators Lodge, chairman; Gallinger, McCumber, Crawford and Smoot, Republicans; Clarke, Johnston and Simmons, Democrats. The people have never taken this investigation seriously, but when Chairman Lodge observed, at Newark, that protected sugar had become cheaper since a trust controlled it; that oil had been cheapened by the oil trust; that raw cotton had grown vastly more costly despite the fact that it is on the free list and not related to any trust, the country was convinced that the investigation was likely to be conducted with a battery of whitewash brushes. Mr. Lodge valiantly declared that the work would be done without fear or favor, and the opinion is widely entertained that at least it will be conducted without fear of public opinion or favor to the perplexed, hard-working family man.

Meanwhile a New Jersey grand jury with a theory of its own has indicted a number of big meat packers for holding back meat in cold storage and forcing up prices.

## A Farical Investigation

THE male inhabitants of the United States between the ages of six and ninety-six have received definite assurance that the year 1910 is well under way. Certain gentlemen have met in New York and drawn up a campaign of fierce and lucrative warfare among sundry heroes and demigods during the spring and summer. The date which has already been marked in red upon many a juvenile calendar is April 14th. On that day the serious work of the world will be laid aside and the inhabitants of some fifteen of our leading cities, and fifteen hundred, more or less, not so leading, will thenceforth have no time for business, politics, astronomy, theatricals and pinocle.

## The Glad New Year

What we are driving at is that the moguls of our two leading baseball leagues have agreed upon schedules of one hundred and fifty-four games—the American league decently and in order, the National after great wailing and teeth-grashing. Moreover, the former organization has elected Ban Johnson head of the league for twenty years at a salary of \$25,000 a year, thus lifting that position far above vulgar comparison with Supreme Court membership. Even as we write umpires are being caught and marked for slaughter.

Of the mere players in America's outdoor drama, little can be said at this time without giving needless offense. The inhabitants of our metropolises, large and small, are firmly convinced that, unless death and destruction strike the members of the home team, the pennant will be flapping in the local breezes before the first frost comes in the fall. Somebody is doomed to a lot of disappointment, but this is no time of the year to throw cold water.

THE Western Union Telegraph Company has announced a new form of service, called the "night letter," a combination of telephone, telegraph and mail. A fifty-word telegram may be 'phoned to the telegraph office, telegraphed to any city in the country during the night, and delivered at its destination by mail the first thing in the morning. For this service the company charges the same rate as for an ordinary ten-word telegram during the day, and a subscriber to the telephone gets the charge on his bill at the end of the month. This provides not only a cheaper form of transmission of messages of more than ordinary length, but also a very considerable convenience to the public. It emphasizes our statement at the time of the consolidation of the telegraph and telephone interests, that, in the hands of enlightened men, this merger might work out to the advantage of the public.

A MAN by the name of Stark, who lives in Boston but was born in London, has dealt a severe blow at the foundations of our government by telling some alleged truths about our honored forefathers. Mr. Stark has discovered that Samuel Adams was a grafter who defaulted as tax collector of Boston. John Hancock, he alleges, was not only a smuggler, but he borrowed money from Harvard College, of which he was treasurer. Josiah Quincy also has a shady record, and of Patrick Henry, the less said the better. The worst blow of all, perhaps, because he has always held a good position as example to the youth of the land, is the statement that Benjamin Franklin was a robber of the mails.

## The Telegraph Night Letter

Mr. Stark is evidently of the opinion that we made a serious mistake in trusting the affairs of the Colonies to such men as these, and we ought to be grateful to him for this information, even if it is somewhat belated. He will have to reckon, however, with two very general ideas: first, that his tales will not be believed, and second, that they would not worry anybody very greatly if they were.

NAVAL warfare having been evolved into a contest in purse-measurement, with the victory perching on the banner which represents the fattest wallet, Secretary of the Navy Meyer has formulated a plan to put the United States in the lead. His department is figuring on new battle-ships up to 32,000 tons, vastly heavier than any now in commission in any navy; and there is a proposal to arm these with the 14-inch guns now being tried out by this Government. It is calculated that a battle-ship of this class will cost about \$18,000,000.

## Muckraking the Fathers

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## Ambitious Naval Program

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## A LITTLE THING Changes the Home Feeling.

Coffee blots out the sunshine from many a home by making the mother, or some other member of the household dyspeptic, nervous and irritable. There are thousands of cases where the proof is absolutely undeniable. Here is one.

A Wis. mother writes:

"I was taught to drink coffee at an early age, and also at an early age became a victim to headaches, and as I grew to womanhood these headaches became a part of me, as I was scarcely ever free from them.

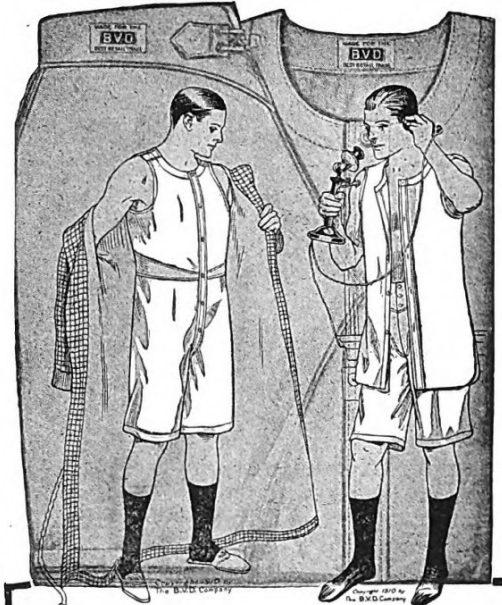
"About five years ago a friend urged me to try Postum. I made the trial and the result was so satisfactory that we have used it ever since.

"My husband and little daughter were subject to bilious attacks, but they have both been entirely free from them since we began using Postum instead of coffee. I no longer have headaches and my health is perfect."

If some of these nervous, tired, irritable women would only leave off coffee absolutely and try Postum they would find a wonderful change in their life. It would then be filled with sunshine and happiness rather than weariness and discontent. And think what an effect it would have on the family, for the mood of the mother is largely responsible for the temper of the children.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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



Take only This  
Red Woven Label



On Loose Fitting  
Coat Cut Undershirts,  
Knee Length Drawers,  
(50 Cents and upward a garment)  
and Union Suits.

Pat. April 30, '07  
(\$1.00 and upward a suit)

It insures to you positive satisfaction in quality and durability of materials, accuracy of size, correctness of fit and honesty of workmanship.

There are many different kinds and makes of Loose Fitting Underwear. The Original—The Value-Giving Quality Kind is identified by

The B.V.D. Red Woven Label.

Unscrupulous retailers may tell you: "This is a B.V.D. (or a B.V.D. Style Garment), but that it does not bear the B.V.D. Label" or "this is a B.V.D., but it is made with our own label." In such instances you are being offered a substitute for

Genuine B.V.D. The Quality Underwear.

We do not make a single garment without the B.V.D. Red Woven Label. Don't accept a substitute, if you want Loose Fitting Underwear satisfaction.

The B.V.D. Company, 65-67 Worth St., New York.



## CHANGE THE VIBRATION It Makes for Health.

A man tried leaving off meat, potatoes, coffee, and etc., and adopted a breakfast of fruit, Grape-Nuts with cream, some crisp toast and a cup of Postum.

His health began to improve at once for the reason that a meat eater will reach a place once in a while where his system seems to become clogged and the machinery doesn't work smoothly.

A change of this kind puts aside food of low nutritive value and takes up food and drink of the highest value, already partly digested and capable of being quickly changed into good, rich blood and strong tissue.

A most valuable feature of Grape-Nuts is the natural phosphate of potash grown in the grains from which it is made. This is the element which transforms albumen in the body into the soft gray substance which fills brain and nerve centres.

A few days' use of Grape-Nuts will give one a degree of nervous strength well worth the trial.

Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a reason."

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# THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

DURING the progress of the car strike in Philadelphia, SUCCESS MAGAZINE sent one of its representatives, a student of labor problems, to the seat of trouble with instructions to study the situation at first hand. This is from the report he sends us:

### Lawlessness in Philadelphia

"This strike has revealed Philadelphia at its worst. The street car men, whether themselves guilty of outrages or not, have been aided by a vast amount of violence on the part of men, women and boys all over the city, but especially in the mill districts. The street-car company is also the very embodiment of lawlessness. Its whole corporate existence has been one long history of franchise stealing, looting and betrayal of the public. The city government, which is to preserve order, also represents lawlessness in its worst form. It is commonly believed that the chief men in the municipal government are large holders of street-railway securities, and the corruption of leading city officials is open and outrageous. The police are in many cases notoriously corrupt, and are used as vote-getters among the very classes whose violence they are called upon to repress.

"The strike is showing the moral breakdown of the depraved political gang which has so long held Philadelphia in its grasp. Since June, 1909, there has been an agreement between the street-car company and the union, a truce patched up under the stress of an approaching primary election, by State Senator McNichol and other politicians. For several months prior to this latest strike, the Rapid Transit Company has been secretly and skillfully undermining this agreement, by creating and favoring a new union and discharging members of the regular organization. Both sides anticipated a conflict. The strike was finally brought on by the company's sudden discharge of one hundred and seventy-three union men 'for the good of the service.'

"The citizens of Philadelphia, without a word to say, have been deprived for the second time within eight months of their means of transportation; they have been injured and killed in the riots which have broken out. The police, who depend upon politicians for preferment, have been unable or unwilling to put down violence, and peace was not established until the city authorities had called upon the State constabulary to preserve order. Finally, after the company had for two weeks arrogantly refused the union's offer of arbitration, a general strike was called among the organized trades. On March 5th, forty thousand men left their work as a mark of sympathy with the striking trolley men. The only thing certain now is that in the end the public will pay for the broken windows and broken heads and wasted time."

Yes, the public pays, but the public is also to blame. It is time for Philadelphia to cease being "corrupt and contented," and wake up and take its place among the progressive cities of America. Philadelphia is a city of homes, of churches, of native Americans; but until it becomes a city of civic pride, it will be exploited and outraged as it is to-day.

IN New York, as in Pennsylvania, corrupt government seems on the point of collapsing by its own weight. In the New York Legislature Senator Conger has brought forth bribery accusations against J. P. Allds, leader of the Senate Republicans.

### Malodorous Albany

The New York *Evening Post* unearthed the scandal. Two witnesses testify that they saw \$1,000 paid to Mr. Allds in connection with a bridge bill. As the investigation has proceeded, other politicians have become involved, until a very demoralizing condition of affairs has been brought out. The people of New York had long suspected that their Legislature was not all it should be, but it has been a long time since such definite and far-reaching charges have been made against any of its members. The present scandal promises to pry the Republicans from the control of the State machinery after a period of unbroken control, and the only thing that can save the party is a thoroughgoing and honest clean-up. If any evidence existed that the Democratic Party of the State was more worthy of confidence, even a house cleaning would not save the situation. What we need in our State politics is something like a religious revival.

It is said that during a strike of the billboarders of Chicago a number of theater managers made exclusive use of newspaper advertising to announce their attractions and found that they were drawing bigger houses during that period than when they were making free use of the billboards. Our cities have had hard times trying to abolish the billboard nuisance. Perhaps a general realization that billboards are unprofitable as well as unsightly would help a lot in having their use discontinued.

### Hammering the Billboards

THE verdict for \$222,000 damages against the United Hatters of North America, which was rendered in the United States Circuit Court at Hartford, Connecticut, may be regarded as a very hard blow at the boycott.

### A Blow at the Boycott

This is the latest development in the famous Danbury hat case, which has been dragging through the courts for the past six years. The suit, which was brought under the Sherman antitrust law, permits the court to triple the amount of the damages, which are estimated by the jury at \$74,000. The decision marks an important step in labor legislation and may mean that labor unions shall be deprived of the right to boycott.

We do not believe that people should be denied the privilege of refusing, singly or collectively, to patronize those who are unfriendly to their interests, though it is possible that the use of this weapon may sometimes involve injustice. There is little consolation in the thought that the Sherman antitrust law has at last been enforced. It remains to be seen whether the courts will be as vigorous in enforcing this law against the corporations of the country as it has been against labor unions. The April term of the Supreme Court is expected to bring forth the decision of the Tobacco-Trust case, and the Standard Oil case will be decided probably in October.

IF APOLOGY were demanded for repeated reference to the need of better protection to human life in American mines, it could be found in the recent news dispatches concerning death-dealing disasters. Within the short period since the fearful disaster at Cherry, Illinois, there have been several repetitions of that tale.

### More Mine Disasters

At Drakesboro, Kentucky, an explosion of gases cost about thirty-five lives, and at Primero, Colorado, a like accident killed fourscore miners. About the same time, Indiana, Pennsylvania, reported an explosion costing eleven lives. There were other accidents of less magnitude in this country, and at Las Esperanzas, Mexico, seventy miners lost their lives in a mine during the same week.

These tragedies are almost invariably due to reckless mining methods. They are preventable and should be prevented. American carelessness of human life has become a national crime. Laws are ineffective, and their administration often worse. And the very methods which cost lives also result in unthinkable waste in the mining, by which vast amounts of coal that ought to be taken out are left in the ground. Here is a case in which conservation of human and of natural resources alike demand reform.

A LOT of trouble has been caused by the statement of Dr. Turck of Chicago, that New England's diet is having a deteriorating effect upon the human race. Beans, doughnuts and mince pie for breakfast are no kind of food for human beings to eat, says Dr. Turck, and the New England biscuit helps to make folks lanky and dyspeptic.

### The Defense of the Bean

Of course, New Englanders could not listen without protest to this arraignment of their favorite foods, and sprang at once to the defense. Somebody even wrote an ode in praise of the bean. The counsel for the defense has proved conclusively, first, that New Englanders do not care for that kind of food anyway; and, secondly, that it is a very wholesome kind of food. In short, the conclusion is that Dr. Turck's ignorance of New England is exceeded only by his ignorance of baked beans and doughnuts.

THERE is a widespread impression that America needs another pole to make the set complete, and the National Geographical Society has started a fund for the Antarctic trip. One of the first contributors to the new expedition was Commander Peary, who turned over to the fund \$10,000 presented him as a testimonial from the citizens of New York.

### Just Another Pole

Commander Peary says he will not undertake the trip himself, but the expedition may be in command of Captain Barclay, and the steamer *Roosevelt* may be selected for the journey. In fact, it is probable that the Antarctic expedition will be largely composed of the members of the successful North Pole hunt.

The American people have acquired quite an appetite for poles, and while they do not want to appear grasping, they would no doubt view another with great complacency. England and France are hot on the trail (if we may be permitted such a metaphor) of the South Pole, and we shall have to move very rapidly indeed if we intend to get there first. We can not, however, help wondering with some disquietude whether the fact that Dr. Cook has been discovered in Chile has any significance. He seems to be edging that way.



# THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

## The Month Abroad

CONFUSION utterly confounded has come out of the British elections and subsequent developments. For several days after the reconvening of Parliament it seemed impossible that the Asquith Government could survive.

### Confusion in England

With the English Liberals devoted to the budget and the Irish bitterly opposed to those parts of it which impose its land taxes on the recently acquired small holdings in Ireland; the Irish determined on sweeping reform of the Lords, and the Labor group insisting that the upper chamber be abolished; the more moderate Radicals demanding merely the abolition of the veto power of the Lords; the Unionists themselves divided between the extreme Chamberlain wing, which wants to take up protection as the party program, and the Balfour wing, which still hesitates to take the plunge—with these and an infinity of other complications, it has seemed at times as if parliamentary government in Britain had well-nigh reached the limit. The confident prediction that Asquith could not command a majority and remain in power, with his Liberal, Labor and Irish supporters pulling apart like wild horses, has been answered with the very obvious assurance that Balfour would not even dare try it.

Just out of an expensive and demoralizing general election, it has seemed certain the country must soon be forced into another, and all sides dread this. Party funds are exhausted, business insists on a term of quiet, and neither party has a program on which it is ready to go to the country.

THE antagonists of the Lords have insisted that Asquith demand from the king "guarantees" of support for a policy of taming the Lords: that is, assurance that if the new Commons shall pass measures for this purpose and the Lords shall reject them, then the king will create enough new Liberal peers to swamp the huge Tory majority and force the Liberal program through.

### Taming the British Lords

Mr. Asquith has not demanded the guarantee, plainly regarding it as ill advised to demand the royal support for a program not yet passed through the Commons or rejected by the Lords. The uncertainty about the new coalition majority holding together to carry such a program through the Commons seems to justify the premier's caution, but the Irish, led by John Redmond, insisted that they could not vote with the Government unless assured that reform of the Lords would come first in the program, and in the end Asquith yielded. He agreed that such a measure should be taken up before the budget, and when passed should go to the Lords; if rejected there the premier will ask the king to create peers enough to force the measure to passage, and if the king refuses the Government will resign and a new election will be held on this clean-cut issue of the future of the upper chamber.

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS has gotten himself into a brand new line of difficulty. In the course of his globe-trotting, the ex-Vice-President came to Rome, where he immediately made two engagements. One was to call upon the Pope and pay his respects, and the other was to speak before the Methodist Church in that city. His Holiness, however, declined to receive the distinguished American unless he canceled his engagement with the Methodists. This Mr. Fairbanks, being a Methodist and having given them his promise, declined to do, and a delicate situation was created. No objection was made to anything that Mr. Fairbanks had said, but it seems that the Methodists and the Roman Catholics are not on the most cordial terms in the Eternal City, and that etiquette requires that the foreign traveler make his choice once and for all.

### Fairbanks and the Vatican

We do not pretend to know the merits of the dis-sension between these two Christian churches in Rome, neither would we expect Mr. Fairbanks to know. So far as we can see his conduct was dignified throughout, and he was amply justified in sticking to his promise to give a talk at the Methodist church. The incident is closed, anyhow, and Mr. Fairbanks is now free to seek recreation and trouble elsewhere.

JOSE SANTOS ZELAYA, deposed President of Nicaragua, threatens to write a book telling the inside reasons for the American State Department's hostility toward him. He alleges that at the bottom there was an intrigue involving American interests in great gold mining concessions.

WITH a versatility which is quite characteristic of the Frenchman, Paris turned from thoughts of flood and destruction to a new kind of theatrical performance. Nothing is more talked about in France these days than Rostand's new drama "Chanticleer," a play in which no human characters appear. The actors are fowls and animals, and they have parts suited as far as possible to the nature of the beasts.

### "Chanticleer"

Chanticleer, the leading character, hails the sun in a hymn full of the poet's lyrical magnificence. The black-bird, jealous of the cock, breaks into jibes and puns. The dog is a philosophical kind of moralizer. The guinea-pig is a sort of middle-class snob, and the night-birds are all-around bad characters. The thing is said to be full of satirical comment upon life, and to be a play of real interest aside from its uniqueness. "Chanticleer" will be brought to America soon, and we can judge for ourselves whether we like the barnyard style of drama.

THEY have been having stormy times in Germany over the question of the suffrage. The new electoral bill prepared by the Prussian Government does not satisfy the people's demand for a reform of the voting system. It retains the system by which those who pay the most taxes have the most votes, though there are some minor improvements, among them being direct

### Suffrage Troubles in Germany

instead of indirect voting.

Chancellor Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, in defending the new bill, frankly avows his hostility to the democratization of the empire, stating that universal suffrage always exercises an evil and degenerating influence upon legislation. His remarks were met with sullen silence from the Liberals and open and energetic opposition from the Socialists, who denounced them in the Reichstag as an insult to the German people.

There were riotous demonstrations in the streets of the principal cities, during which the people were treated with merciless brutality by the police. It is only fair to say that the Socialists and Liberals have taken no part in the violent demonstrations, but they have declared that they will not cease their agitation until the people obtain universal suffrage. The latest invention in agitation devices is a "demonstrative stroll," a peaceful but very effective way of expressing opinion.

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt gets to Egypt on his way back to America from the African hunting-grounds, he is going to be received by a young convention of journalists and publicists, gathered there to advise him about the course of affairs in the

### Free Advice for Roosevelt

United States. The supporters and the opponents of the Taft administration have taken steps to help the ex-President get the "right idea." One side wants him early to indorse the administration; the other to withhold comment entirely till he shall have reached home and reestablished intimate touch with conditions and sentiment. Several well-known writers have already set out with great secrecy for Cairo, and perhaps Khartoum, to welcome Colonel Roosevelt—and get the "first stories." Meanwhile the universal inquiry as to what Colonel Roosevelt will do is answered by one of the most intimate advisers of the former President with the positive declaration that he will not say a word.

THE new tariff permits 300,000 tons a year of raw sugar from the Philippines to be admitted free to this country. It was inserted as a concession to the little brown brother's industrial needs; to encourage sugar growing. Now it falls out that our Sugar Trust has acquired from the Government a vast area of the best sugar lands in the islands, with purpose of raising that sugar itself and making the huge profits incident to bringing it in free and selling it at high-tariff prices. The Attorney-General has given an opinion which seems to remove obstacles in the way of the trust's acquiring the lands at a price far below what Uncle Sam paid the friars for them. It is calculated that the trust will make about \$11,000,000 annual profits on the deal; the brown brother will do the work for the trust at peon wages, and the sugar consumers here will pay the profits in their price of sugar. The movement to "bust" the Sugar Trust would appear to have taken a vacation.

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# THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

## Women Everywhere

THE White Slave' traffic still stands as an enigma. A vast interest has been created by the investigations of the Immigration Commission, but effort to control the vile traffic through administrative processes has made apparent that the immigration service has no adequate jurisdiction. At most, it can deal only with cases of alien women brought into this country for immoral purposes. This is no unimportant feature; but the system itself can not be reached until laws are broad enough to handle native-born as well as alien victims of this superlative degradation.

### A Perplexing Question

Immigration Commissioner Keefe has made these points clear in an annual report touching on the matter. The agreement with European governments touching this matter has proved practically worthless, and Mr. Keefe declares there is necessity for far-reaching legislation to meet the situation if the Immigration Bureau is to effect reforms. Obviously, the subject is not germane to the activities of that bureau except in so far as it has to do with aliens; and these present but an incident in the problem. There is, beyond all this, a great interstate question for the Federal Government, and finally, a state and municipal one for local authorities.

The interest aroused has forced attention to the need of better laws and administration. It will all be ineffectual unless application of the remedy is made locally, all over the land. The question is not a federal one; it is local to every city, and it concerns a vastly greater number of unfortunate daughters of native parents than of those imported to be fuel for the flames of vice.

THE New York women are pressing their suffrage fight at Albany, and have made a persistent effort to secure a friendly declaration from Governor Hughes, thus far without success. They have opened headquarters, flung their banners to the breezes, are holding meetings, delivering addresses, and by all the old arts and some of the new ones of the lobby are undertaking appeal to the legislative reason. All over the country the suffragists are organizing for the campaign, and next winter, when the majority of the State Legislatures will be in session, it is hoped to capture two or three additional States for the suffrage cause. Special efforts are being made to secure effective testimony in favor of votes for women from the States that have had experience.

### Suffragists Open Fire

GERMAN concern to cultivate the good graces of the American people does not reach to the length of encouraging German diplomats to wed American wives. Third Secretary von Stumm, of the Kaiser's Washington embassy, having wedded an American girl, there is much unofficial protest in Berlin. Bismarck laid down the law that only a German wife could be accounted a safe wife for a German diplomat, and there is a curious revival of that sentiment. The fact that Baron von Sternburg, late ambassador in Washington, had a charming American wife, and incidentally was the despair of all the other diplomats because of his faculty for getting what he wanted from the State Department, seems to have been forgotten.

SENATOR HEBURN, of Idaho, has been ridding himself lately of a lot of unfriendly feeling toward the South, and his colleagues of the United States Senate who listened to his harangue cherish the fond hope that he feels better now that he has gotten it out of his system. Not completely relieved by his recent outbreak over the statue of Robert E. Lee, he launched out a second time in opposition to the proposition to lend a few army tents to the Confederate veterans for their reunion at Mobile. The Senator's speech represented some of the best traditions of the age of tribal warfare, and was so convincing in its logic that it received his own unanimous approval. In the vote that followed, Heyburn stood magnificently alone.

### A Little Girl's Sermon

Another and a pleasanter story comes from Charleston. They were preparing down there not long since to celebrate Lee's birthday in the public schools, and the children were invited to make small contributions toward a monument.

"Please, teacher," a little girl said, "will it be all right for me to give a Lincoln penny?"

We respectfully refer this young person's remark to the serious consideration of the Senator from Idaho.

THE women of America might very well find a field of usefulness in the various phases of the conservation movement. There is no good reason why this work should be confined to the masculine portion of the community. The Women's National Rivers and Harbors Congress is an example of what might be done. It was organized in Shreveport, Louisiana, less than two years ago and it now has more than twenty-two thousand members scattered throughout the country. The work of the organization is to bring pressure to bear upon Congress, through campaigns of education, to conserve our natural resources; particularly waterways and forests. It is good to see that the women are taking part in this important work.

### Women and Conservation

THE striking girl shirtwaist makers of New York have won almost a complete victory. Only a few of the employers have held out.

SECRETARY WILSON's daughter, Miss Flora Wilson, is winning laurels as a singer of great ability. She has just returned from a concert tour of the West.

MISSOURI UNIVERSITY now offers a course in "baby-ology." Dr. Edna Day, the instructor, recently gave a lecture upon baby bathing, demonstrating her methods upon a very live and vigorous infant.

A MAGNIFICENT collection of lace has been given to the National Museum in Washington by Mrs. James Pinchot, the mother of the ex-forester. Gifford Pinchot is a bachelor and his mother is his homemaker.

MRS. MARILLA M. RICKER, wealthy and a good lawyer, after paying her taxes for several years under protest, announces that she will run for Governor of New Hampshire in order to force the suffrage movement into consideration.

THAT women should train their husbands to do most of the household work is the solution of the servant problem offered by Miss A. L. Marlett of Wisconsin. The advantage of having a servant who can not leave must be apparent to all.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR., is to wed Miss Eleanor Alexander of New York soon after the return of Colonel Roosevelt from Africa. Miss Alexander is one of the beauties of the younger set, and her mother and Mrs. Roosevelt are old friends.

AN AMERICAN suffragette, Miss Alice Paul, recently spent thirty days in a London jail for disturbing the Lord Mayor's banquet. This is her third prison experience, and she is an object of envy to her coworkers. She is in America now, telling her experiences.

MRS. LOUISA A. MORSE MANN, veteran of all American actresses, is dead after sixty years of a stage career. She had played with the elder Sothorn, Booth, Forrest, McCullough and others of the famous stars of the long ago, and for twenty-five years was *Aunt Matilda* in Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead" company.

MRS. GEORGE PICKETT, widow of the famous general who led the charge at Gettysburg to a failure, whose glory immortalized the heroes who made and the heroes who repulsed it, is a devoted friend of Confederate veterans and greatly beloved of them all. One day recently she met an old man wandering in a dazed fashion on a Washington residence street, and stopping, asked if she could serve him.

"Lady," he said, "you'll pardon me, but even if I have n't been in cities very much I've heard about these folks who are so willing to help along a countryman. I know all about that game. I can find the place I am looking for, thank you. I'm going to visit my daughter this afternoon, and to-night I am going to call on my old general's wife, but I don't need any help."

Thus dismissing his escort, the old man left the car and started in search for his daughter's home. Crestfallen but much amused, Mrs. Pickett went her way. That evening her bell rang, and when she opened the door there stood her suspicious friend of the afternoon, "come to visit his old general's widow!"



## PERSONS of the MOMENT

**DR. FREDERICK A. COOK**, who achieved fame by not finding the North Pole, is reported to be writing a book on "How he Faked the World"—and having difficulty in getting a publisher for it.

**AFTER** a deadlock which lasted through fifty-seven ballots, the Democrats of the Mississippi Legislature chose Leroy Percy to the United States Senate. Ex-Governor Vardaman was the principal "also ran."

**A WRITER** has estimated that J. Pierpont Morgan's financial influence covers institutions and enterprises with assets and capitalizations of twelve billions of dollars, or one-ninth of the wealth of the United States.

**LAWYERS** who listened to Louis R. Glavis during the eleven days of his examination before the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee of Congress declared that he possessed the most wonderful memory they had ever known in a witness.

**JAMES W. PATTEN**, at various times wheat, corn and cotton king of the speculative pits, has announced his final retirement. He is credited with an ample "pile" and with some expert information as to the cause of the high cost of foodstuffs.

**A BILL** has been introduced in Congress to erect a statue of J. Summerfield Staples, a Civil War veteran who fought through the struggle as the substitute for Abraham Lincoln. He died ten years ago at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, and it is proposed to erect the statue there.

**THE** celebrated pedestrian, Edward P. Weston, has started on another transcontinental trip. Starting from Los Angeles on February 1st he plans to walk to New York, 4,500 miles, in one hundred days. Mr. Weston is now seventy-two years of age but stubbornly refuses to grow old.

**J. B. KENDALL**, of Geneva, Illinois, makes the interesting statement that tuberculosis can be cured by the diligent use of milk "strippings." Dr. Kendall tells us that the very last of the milking, which is the richest in cream, will give the body so much nutrition that it can successfully cope with the disease.

**THERE** are all sorts of ways to become a popular hero, and one of them is to be sent to jail. Joseph F. Shipp of Chattanooga, who was sent to jail by the United States Supreme Court, because, as sheriff, he did not prevent the lynching of a negro murderer, has a full-fledged boom for Governor of Tennessee.

**SIR EDWARD GREY**, foreign secretary in the present British Government, a grandnephew of Earl Grey of reform bill fame, is looked upon as a very likely premier in case political complications force the retirement of Mr. Asquith, while leaving the Liberal coalition strong enough to form a new Government.

**EX-TRUST-BUSTER**, James M. Beck, now a Standard Oil lawyer, in a recent speech before a billion dollars' worth of bankers in Philadelphia, declared that the Sherman law, if upheld and enforced, will bring about a terrific panic. On the strength of this remark the New York Stock Exchange enjoyed a season of hysteria the next day.

**THE** chief of the Weather Bureau, Willis L. Moore, has gone beyond the lines of the United States temporarily, and has expressed his opinion as to the cause of the Paris flood. The trouble, he says, was due to the low barometric pressure over Iceland and the adjacent European coasts. It will be some consolation to water-soaked Parisians to know the reason for it all.

**WE** published, not long ago, a father's complaint that he is the subject of a great feminine conspiracy, the object of which is to make him cultured. Samuel Francis Woolard, of Kansas, has come to the rescue of the father tribe, and has offered prizes to the writers who will produce the best essay upon this familiar household article. He proposes to have something pleasant said for father if he has to hire it done.

**THE** best information to be had concerning the millionaires in the Senate is that the richest man there is either Stephenson of Wisconsin or Crane of Massachusetts. Stephenson made his in lumber, paper, lands, etc. Crane is reputed the largest individual holder of stock in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is perfecting the merger of telegraph and telephone properties all over the country and is expected to recapitalize it at a billion dollars.

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## The Sin of Tired Nerves

THE sins of exhausted nerves, caused by vitiated blood or cell poisoning through lack of proper exercise or recreation, loss of sleep, or vicious thinking are responsible for much of the world's misery and failure.

A great many well-meaning people, both men and women, are great "nerve sinners." They allow themselves to become exhausted and so depleted physically that they lose the power of resistance. They can not control themselves and are the victims of their nerves.

The friction in many unhappy homes is largely caused by overwrought, tired nerves. The mother of a large family works like a slave and sometimes lives a dull, monotonous life in the country, rarely having a vacation or even a day's outing, and is blamed by every member of the household because she is cross and flies to pieces over little vexations.

Most women would be cheerful and kind if they lived perfectly sane lives. The trouble with many of them is that they have very little variety or amusement. There is no play in their lives. It is the dry, monotonous grind, without cessation, day and night almost, that ruins so many women's dispositions.

A large part of the suffering which many of us cause is wholly without intention. The cutting things we say, our criticism, our unkindness often come from kindly hearts but irritated nerves. We say cruel things even to our best friends and those we love best when our nerves are on edge from fret and worry; things we would not have said for the world but for the irritation, the sheer exhaustion that robbed us of self-control.

How many people carry cruel wounds for years, perhaps for a lifetime, which were thoughtlessly inflicted by a dear friend in a moment of anger or under irritation when self-control was lost! How often we hurt those whom we love dearly and whom we would help, when our physical standards are down, when we are tired and jaded and things fret us!

Take for example a man who is suffering from insomnia. Hard times and financial panics may have completely demoralized his business; and being of a highly organized, nervous, sensitive temperament, accustomed to worry even when comparatively well, he is completely upset when his physical vitality is at a low ebb. His powers of resistance have become so reduced that his will-power is perfectly helpless to master the situation, and he then becomes the victim of all sorts of trifling annoyances which when normal he would not have noticed. He is unreasonable with his employees, cruel to those dependent upon him, and he says things for which he afterwards despises himself. In other words, the brute in him has usurped the throne and rules, while he finds himself the slave to passions which he has been trying all his life to conquer.

There is only one thing to do when you are not sure you can control your acts; that is, to stop whatever you are doing, retire to some quiet place, get out of doors, if possible, or get by yourself for a few minutes—long enough to restore your balance, get your bearings, assert your manhood.

The victims of tired nerves should be very regular in their habits and take special care of their health. They should eat foods which will nourish the nerves.

There is nothing which will take the place of a great deal of outdoor exercise and a cheerful, harmonious environment. Worry, anxiety, and fear in all its phases are deadly enemies of the nerves.

Everything which will tend to make one strong and robust physically will be a great help to nervous troubles, but the greatest healing balm for them is mental self-treatment.

Nervous people are usually filled with fear, and fear comes from a sense of helplessness due to a feeling of separateness from the great Divine energy which creates, heals and sustains us. When we regain the consciousness of our oneness, our at-onement with the Divine, with Infinite Life, when we get in tune with the Infinite, we feel a sense of wholeness, completeness and assurance which drives away all fear.

## Suggestion and Health

A PROMINENT physician says that many of his most marvelous cures have been effected by means of bread pills. No doubt many a patient has been cured

by remedies which had no power whatever to effect the cure physically, but indirectly did the healing through the patient's mind. The potency was not in the remedy, but in the patient's conviction, his faith, that it would help him. It is useless to say that patent medicines and other drug remedies never help people. As long as the mass of people believe in them, and the patients pin their faith to them, and are convinced that if they can secure them they will get relief, they will get help, not so much because of the potency of the drug as because of their belief in it.

The possibilities of healing power in the affirmative suggestion that the patient is going to get well are tremendous. The coming physician will constantly reassure his patient verbally, often vehemently, that he is bound to absolutely recover; he will tell him that there is an omnipotent healing power within him and that he gets a hint of this in the power which heals a wound, and which refreshes, renews and recreates him during sleep.

Sick people are particularly susceptible to remedial suggestion, because there is nothing they long for so much as relief from their suffering, and they are always on the alert for every suggestion that will give them hope.

Our best physicians now acknowledge that mental effort or concentration which is directed to a certain part of the body will produce physical chemical changes there. If a person has been frightened into thinking that some terrible disease is developing in him, especially if hereditary, his mind will be powerfully affected and his resisting power greatly lessened.

It is practically impossible for a patient to get well or to be well while people are constantly reminding him how ill he looks. His will-power together with all his physical recuperative forces could not counteract the effect of the reiteration of the sick suggestion.

There is a subtle power in suggestion which seems to reach and affect the very springs of life. A helpful, uplifting, encouraging suggestion, the news of some great good fortune, sends a tonic through the whole nervous system. On the other hand, the suggestion of fear, harm, terror of failure, sends a message of death, of destruction, through the whole being.

We are all familiar with the wonderful change and improvement made in hard workers after a vacation or a little trip into the country. New scenes, new acquaintances, new ideas bring into play a new set of brain cells, giving the over-used ones a rest, entirely revolutionizing the mental outlook, refreshing, rejuvenating, re-energizing the entire man. Many a physician sends patients to some famous resort, not so much for the waters or the air as for the miracle which the complete change of thought often effects.

It is absolutely impossible to maintain the integrity of the cells in the body, to keep them in a healthful condition, unless the thought is healthy, harmonious. Every cheerful, inspiring, uplifting, encouraging thought sends a thrill of life through the billions of cells. On the other hand, every discordant thought, fear thought, worry thought, disease thought, jealous or failure thought sends its subtle poison to the remotest cells in the body. Love thoughts, hopeful, cheerful, inspiring thoughts are a healing balm to every cell in the body which thrills with joyous, abundant life.

In an interview, a physician of one of the New York hospitals recently gave to a newspaper reporter the horrible details of the gradual dissolution of a man whose spine was injured. In it he described minutely just how the paralysis, which had begun in the man's toe, would creep up to his heart and then end in death, estimating the number of weeks that it would take the creeping paralysis to do its deadly work.

The time will come when it will be regarded as criminal for such horrible descriptions to be given to the public. Think of the influence the reading of this awful prognosis would have upon the patient himself!

People who are very susceptible to suggestion often become affected with the symptoms of the disease merely from reading descriptions of it. Medical students often develop the characteristic symptoms of the diseases they are studying.

Many people hypnotize themselves by the suggestion of suicide. We often have epidemics of suicide in certain localities where the same poisons or the same means are employed.

You can not attain health as long as you hold a weak, diseased model in your mind. If you wish to be



physically perfect, never allow yourself to dwell upon physical defects and weaknesses, for the ideas and convictions which you hold in mind tend to become outpictured in the body. Hold in thought persistently, vigorously, that which you wish realized, that which you desire to come true. If you wish to be strong and vigorous, never harbor the thought of weakness. Hold the ideal of strength, of vigor, of power, wholeness, completeness; never let the perfect health ideal pass from your mind or be replaced by the weak and diseased unreality.

## The Plight of the Liar

[Continued from page 250]

crippled, for we are doing an unnatural thing and are not reinforced by the consent of all our faculties. The best thing in us, the divine thing, protests against the false.

No man can be really strong when in the wrong. Everything within rebukes him; everything tells him of his cowardice. Truth is man's normal state, deception is a cultivated, abnormal thing. There is no substitute for the right. Cunning can not take its place, nor can education. A person may have great ability and a college education, but if he does not ring true, if there is any evidence of counterfeit about him he never gets our confidence, our order, our business or our patronage.

There is always a question mark in our minds when we have dealings with a man who is not perfectly honest. We are not sure of him. On the other hand, a person may lack education, culture, even refinement; but if he has an honest heart, if he rings true every time, we believe in him; we trust him.

No man can look honest and long give the impression of honesty when he is an habitual scoundrel. It is only a question of time when something will happen to tear off his mask and reveal the real man.

Just look at the man who has practised deceit and lying all his life. There is not a line of truth in his face. His very expression is false. He radiates dishonesty from every pore. He may attempt to deceive with his smooth, honeyed diplomacy, but we instinctively feel that he is a liar in every part of his being.

It does not matter how he tries to cover up his rottenness by appearances of respectability, his clothes, his money; he can not long continue to cheat the heart. What he says about himself contradicts what we feel.

A perfectly truthful man regards his honor first; his interest comes later. Truth is everything to him. Justice must be done, no matter if it goes against his own interests.

Man is constructed along the lines of truth, and he can not violate his nature without showing it by the loss of the best thing in him. The liar's deception destroys his self-respect, and with it goes his confidence; and what can a man accomplish who can not respect himself or believe in himself?

Why is it that a single man without wealth or position has so often exerted marvelous power in the world? Simply because he was supported by principle; because one man with the right is always a majority and can stand against the world for principle—is invincible. One man in the right has often been more than a match for tens of thousands in the wrong.

This was what made Lincoln such a giant; he always stood for truth and justice. He believed what he said, and he knew that the very structure of the universe was backing him.

He would never take a case unless he believed that his side was in the right. He knew that the advocate on the other side would always be placed at a disadvantage by trying to make others believe what he did not believe himself; that he would be weak at best, no matter how great an orator he might be. Lincoln knew there was something backing him that was greater than oratory, mightier than words, and which multiplied his natural ability a thousandfold.

Right speaks with the force of law. The world listens when truth speaks through a man like Lincoln, who was entrenched in principle, backed by a giant. Not all of the mighty force which made him a giant among his fellows was generated in his own brain. There was a power back of him loaned from justice, from right, which made him invincible; a power which all men forfeit the moment they forsake truth, principle.

When a man feels that he is buttressed by the right, entrenched in truth, he does not feel weak, although the whole world may be against him. He feels the everlasting arm about him, because he knows that nothing can stand against principle; nothing can be so mighty as the right.

One of the mysteries of the ages has been the marvel of men going to the stake smiling, without a tremor; standing calm and serene while the flames were licking the flesh from their bones. They were supported by a power back of the flesh, but not of it; by the conviction that they were in the right. They did not feel alone or weak, for they were entrenched in eternal principle. They believed that they were protected by the Almighty, and nothing could shake their confidence or disturb their faith. Their exalted mental condition lifted them even above the pain of physical torture.

The man who goes through the world sailing under

[Continued on page 279]

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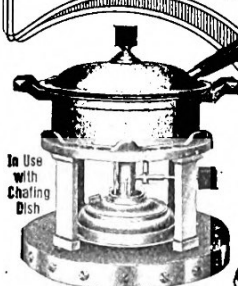
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## Mrs. CURTIS'S HOME CORNER

### The Importance of Shouldering One's Own Burdens

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

RECENTLY I listened to a weak-kneed sermon, which dealt with the duty of carrying one another's burdens; later I read one of these so-called heart stories, in which a woman confessed why she had never become a mother. Her reason was that a baby could not be afforded in the household, because she had dependent upon her five idle sisters and an improvident father and mother. She was giving them every penny she could earn or save. She glorified what she called "her duty" into a labor of love, and tried to win sympathy for the pitiful group at home. "The Wistful Eyed" was her name for them. I can not see them in that light, or in any light except as a shiftless, lazy, inefficient, backboneless, selfish lot who by some law or other ought to be set to earn their own bread. A woman who would thus evade the duty or the happiness of brightening her home with children is unjust to herself and to her husband, and is looking at life from an absurdly crooked viewpoint. Here is a sample of the ambition she professes:

"For Peggy, my darling, I have no workaday plans. Surely, surely the good God will prosper me sufficiently that I may give her a beautiful young ladyhood with no thought of work." Not only does this sort of twaddle fail to appeal to anyone with common sense, but it sets before uncertain, unformed natures the poorest sort of an ideal. I can think of no more ungracious heritage for my daughter than "a beautiful young ladyhood with no thought of work." How much character, self-reliance and self-respect is smothered by that sort of thing!

SERMONS of the kind referred to above and heart stories like the one from which I quote are full of mawkish sentiment. There may be a thrill for a moment in the appeals for universal brotherhood, but there is a screw loose in each of them. Whatever underrates self-reliance is doing more harm than good to humanity. The world is full of literal-minded people who take everything that comes from the pulpit as the straight word of God, and with all due honor to the church, it is not always that. There are many men and women like a little Scotch girl I knew. One Sunday at midnight her mother heard her sobbing softly in the dark. "What is the matter?" she asked. "Oh," cried the child, "I'm so afraid of hell-fire. The minister said to-day that 'whoever shall call his brother a fool will be in danger o' hell-fire.' An' mither, yesterday I called oor wee Jimsy a fool. I didna' mean it, though."

A far better sermon could be preached on just how far it is our duty to help others. I have a tremendous belief in setting every human being at the job for which he is best fitted, letting him work out his own salvation. Help and sympathy and encouragement may be needed at the start—perhaps all along the road—but the greatest kindness is to let each individual tote his own load. I read lately an interesting statement from a college principal who is a great stickler for the self-reliance doctrine. For thirty-five years he has been keeping statistics about the students educated at his institution. He divides them into two classes: the men who received their education as a free gift from parents or relatives and the men who toiled for every penny that "put them through." Among the men for whom life had been made easy were many moral as well as financial failures. There were a few cases of signal success; the remainder he classed as mediocre. Among the toilers hundreds had made good. Some occupied places of national importance, some were the leading lawyers, doctors, ministers or business men of their communities. A few were brilliant writers or men of science. Enrolled among the self-made class were two failures, "but in each case," added the statistician, "domestic circumstances were against them."

THE American government for nearly a century has retarded the civilization of the Indian by the policy of carrying his burden. No one is more strenuously against such methods than the Indian who, by industry or intellect, has become a peer of the white man. Today he is pleading earnestly for a new policy that will force the race to work out its own salvation. Every one who has come in touch with the aborigines of our country agrees with him. The Indians have been housed, fed, clothed and carried until they have become

a race of paupers. The same policy applied to the white man would pauperize him.

THIS "Carry ye one another's burdens" policy was discussed one day among a group of women, and a story was told which illustrates my point. The husband of the woman who told

it is a man influential in Washington life. "I was born," she said, "in a country town. When we moved away I was just old enough to carry away with me a child's passionate, romantic love for the place. As I grew older and life became a round of daily tasks, every link that connected me with the old home was broken. Last winter I received a letter from a relative, saying: 'Do you remember your old friend and schoolmate, Lily Blair? Lily is married, and has three little girls. Life has been a terrible struggle for her. Things are beginning to look brighter, for the husband has obtained a government position. They move to Washington next month. Be kind to poor Lily for the sake of old times.'

"Remember Lily Blair! Almost the only face I could recall of those half-forgotten days was that of the sweet, delicate girl. She had an olive skin, which did not match her name, a wonderful braid of silky, black hair, and such eyes! The first time I saw Edwin Booth I paused to search my memory for a moment; his sad, beautiful, soulful eyes were like Lily's. As a schoolgirl I imagine I was all fire and energy, though blent with it was the queer idealism some children seem to possess. Every girl in the little cross-roads school was as homespun as her gingham apron, but to me Lily was a story-book creature, half poetess, half princess. She saw romance everywhere. She sat silent in the woods, dreaming of their beauty.

"My good-natured husband fell in with my plan for welcoming Lily to a strange city. He remonstrated only once. 'Don't you think, dear, it would be wise to make your invitation definite as to time? In the middle of the social season, with so many calls upon your time, you can not shoulder too much responsibility. Suppose you ask them to stay a week. They ought to be able to find a home and get settled in that time.' It was impossible for me, in the joy of hospitality, to suggest to Lily that we even hoped she would go in a week. I was in a fever of impatience while I waited for the train to roll into the depot. I scanned every woman who came through the gate, for I had a picture of Lily in my mind. I was watching anxiously the last few stragglers, when some one laid a hand upon my arm. I looked down into a face which looked as if a smile had not lighted it for years. The woman's hair was gray, her skin was sallow, and there were tired wrinkles about her mouth and hopeless lines around her eyes. She was shabby—terribly shabby. I felt shocked and sorry, for in spite of it all there was a ghost of a resemblance to the lovely young Lily. If she had only smiled! I took her in my arms and she burst into a passion of weeping. Until we were seated in the carriage, I did not even glance at the people with her. I disliked the husband's face, which was not uncomely or bad, but wretchedly weak, with vacillating eyes and a smile which was a propitiating smirk. I turned to the children. One was a shrewish, old-fashioned looking creature; the other two were simply uninteresting. I had never in my life come face to face with such utter disillusion. The girl Lily was dead; the hopeless, unsmiling woman was an utter stranger. There came a flood of pity into my heart and I resolved to make life different for her.

"It was long after twelve that night before I could think of bed. My guests were the most impractical, helpless, destitute lot that ever came under my roof. They stayed for five weeks, and would have been with us still if my husband had not taken things into his own hands and found a home for them. There was not one sensible, practical idea among them all; not one shred of self-reliance or self-respect. I had planned to take Lily among my friends and make her one of the little circle which afforded me my happiest hours, but I could not saddle upon people I loved a woman who could talk of only one thing: how cruel Fate had been to her. She recited stories of misfortune and of friends who had dropped her. I tried to make her see that life is what we ourselves make it, but she could not understand. She saw nothing but a whole world against her. Yet she and her husband started their married life with good chances."



# The Shears of Destiny

[Continued from page 253]

wondered what their assailants were doing. Then a low, crackling sound came to their ears.

"They've set the house on fire!" cried Drexel.

"Yes," said she.

"They've got us now. It is stay here and be roasted, or march down into their arms."

"The former alternative seemed not many minutes off. The air began to grow furnace hot; smoke oozed through the floor.

"Shall we go down and surrender?" asked Sonya.

"If we do, I shall be dead the minute we step outside the door. Did you hear Captain Nadson give special orders to his men to kill the foreigner?"

"Yes, but why especially kill you?"

"He is ordered by his master, Prince Berloff." And Drexel repeated what the countess had told him.

"And to think," she cried, "That it was I who put you in Prince Berloff's power—I who brought you to this fate. Oh, if I could only save you!"

Her eyes sank in frantic thought, and she saw the two dead bodies. She sprang up, rushed into Ivan's room, and then rushed back again.

"You shall not die here!" she cried excitedly. "We have still a chance! Quick! Put on that gendarme's coat and cap."

"But what—"

"The gendarmes are away from that side of the house. I'll slip down the ladder—you come after, and lead me away as your captive. In the darkness it may succeed. At least it's a chance!"

Drexel tore the long coat from off the limp gendarme, slipped it on instead of his own and put on the dead man's cap.

"I'm ready—come!" he cried, and made for Ivan's room.

She stopped him with a hand upon his arm. "I deceived you. That chance is no chance at all. The house is surrounded."

"Surrounded!" He rushed into the next room and to the window, she following him. "Yes! But if you knew it, why did you suggest—"

"To get you into that uniform."

"Why?"

"Your wits will tell you later. Promise me one thing. If you promise, you will help me to meet whatever is to happen."

"Yes, yes, I promise."

"You are not to leave this room for two minutes. And now I am going down."

She held out both her hands to him, and the fiery light that glowed in through the window showed him a face calm, beautiful—in it a new look that made him catch his breath. They gazed a moment into each other's eyes. Then she loosed her hands, and ere he knew what she intended she had drawn down his head and had kissed his forehead.

"Sonya!" he cried, "Sonya!" and he caught her wildly to him, and for one heaven-scaling moment all that lay on the yonder side of that moment was forgotten.

She gently freed herself, for the flames had leaped through the floor and were now springing toward the ceiling. "I must go," she said softly.

"And is this to be the end of it all?" he cried in agony. "Only this one moment?"

"So it seems." There were tears in those blue eyes, and in the flame-light they gleamed like stars.

They moved into the next room and closed the door, and crossed to the door that opened on the stairway.

"And now a last good-by," she said.

"No!" he cried. "We shall go down together!"

"You have promised," she said. . . . "Good-by."

"Good-by," he whispered brokenly.

She bent again to his lips, and then stepped out upon the stair-landing. "I surrender!" her clear voice called loudly, steadily. And Drexel, breaking his promise so far as to watch her to the last through the crack of the door, saw the captain appear, and saw her slender, noble figure move calmly toward him down the dead-strewn stairs.

## CHAPTER XX

As Sonya came to the foot of the stairs Drexel saw Captain Nadson start.

"Heaven," he ejaculated joyously. "The girl that tried to kill Berloff!" He seized her roughly by the shoulder. "I didn't think we were going to get that prize, too! Well, my lady, you'll not escape this time!"

Drexel flared with the desire to rush down and throttle the burly head. One minute more, and he would be free of his promise to Sonya.

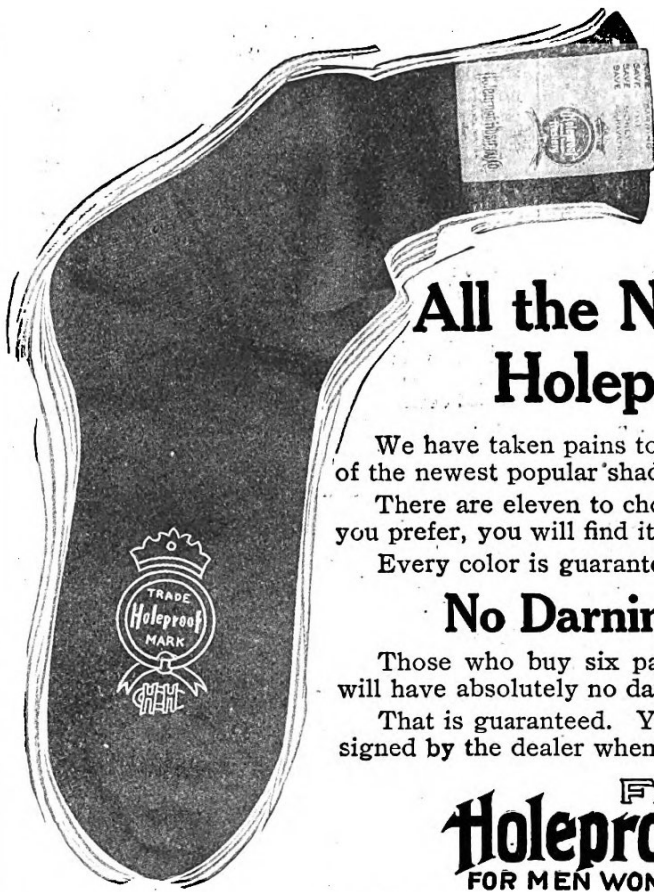
"Where is that foreigner?" asked the captain.

"Is n't he coming out?"

"He is wounded," she said.

"Here—men!" he roared. "Up with you and get him!"

As half a dozen of the gendarmes lunged in, Drexel saw Sonya deftly knock over the one lamp in the hallway. It went out as it fell, and the hall was darkness,



Reg. U. S. Pat.  
Office, 1906.

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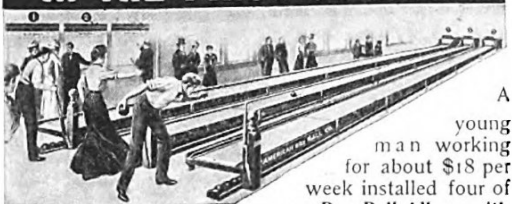
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save for the faint light that the snow caught from the lurid blaze and threw in at the door. Drexel now had an inkling of what was in Sonya's mind. There was no chance for her, but for him there was a fighting chance, and that chance she was striving to give him.

As the men rushed up the stairway, swearing as they stumbled over dead comrades, Drexel flattened himself against the wall. Though the fire roared in the farther room, this room was black, and on this blackness hung his chance. As the men surged through the door Drexel stepped forth and mixed among them.

"He's not in here," growled one of the men. "Let him roast, that's as good as killing," said another. "I'm not going to stay in here—it's too hot and smoky for me."

"And for me," growled Drexel. "I'm going." He walked down the stairs, the other complainant at his heels.

"One of you bring up a lantern," was shouted after them.

Drexel thought of the story that lantern would reveal: the coatless gendarme and his discarded coat. "You do it," he said to his fellow, again coughing. "I'm choking." He hurried into the open air and put his hand to his face as though to shield it from the scorching heat.

"What's the matter?" Nadson demanded. Drexel coughed violently. "I can't stand it," he gasped in a muffled voice.

Nadson gave him a violent shove. "Get out of here, and join the guard about the prisoners!"

Drexel hurried across the court and through the gateway. By the curb stood two sleighs; in the front one Freeman, handcuffed, in the rear one Sonya. About them stood a solid circle of gendarmes.

A roar from the blazing house informed him that his trick had been discovered. He coughed. "I'm going to get a drink," he remarked and walked quickly to the nearest corner. Fortunately the street was empty. He sprang away at his best speed. At the next corner he turned and at the next he turned once more. Here luckily a sleigh stood waiting a fare. Into this he leaped. "Quick—I'm after an escaped prisoner" he cried to the driver.

At Drexel's direction they sped for the Neva, crossed it, and entered the broad Nevsky Prospect, where they were lost among hundreds of whizzing sleighs. Here Drexel dismissed the sleigh, took another and a third, this time ordering himself driven into the northeastern part of the city. He felt that for the time, at least, he was safe against capture.

Now that the excitement of his escape was over, his whole being was torn with the agony of Sonya's loss. He saw her march, calmly erect, down the stairway to her arrest, saw her sitting handcuffed in the sleigh; saw her, in his imagination, meeting a dozen dreadful fates, and whatsoever they were, meeting them with the calm heroism of Joan of Arc upon the pyre at Rouen. And into his agony shot the breath-taking thought that she loved him, and he lived again that one supreme moment when he had held her in his arms. He was filled with wild rage against this unknown Judas who had betrayed them. Who could the traitor be? The desire to know, the desire for vengeance, mastered him. He knew but one person with whom he might consult—Sabatoff—and he hurried to his house.

Sabatoff, he knew, the better to keep suspicious eyes turned from him, had himself surrounded with stupid servants who were loyal adherents of the Czar. Drexel considered that his gendarme's uniform would pass by these hirelings, and so the event proved.

He found the Keeper of Seals making a pretense of examining some documents of his department; whatever might happen, he had to play his part. Sabatoff also believed that their plan had been betrayed by some one of their number; only through a traitor could the Government have learned such exact details. The man could not be Delwig—he would hardly betray himself; nor Freeman, nor Razoff, for they were under arrest; and one by one Sabatoff counted off the others who had been concerned in the plan. Unquestionably it had been none of them. Yet a spy, a traitor, there certainly had been. Drexel had told Sabatoff in detail all the happenings of the evening. Sabatoff thoughtfully looked up.

"The lady who warned you loves you, does she not?" he asked.

Drexel could not deny what he had plainly seen. "What has that to do with the matter?"

"Does not that explain why she warned you—and you alone?"

Drexel sprang up as the official's meaning broke upon him. "What! You think she is the spy?"

"I do. She knew our plans, she knew what the police were going to do—and it is plain she wanted the police to succeed."

"But how did she find out?" he cried; "and how do you explain this?" And he told him of the escape with the countess from Berloff's.

"I can not explain it, yet I do know she is a spy. She knew our plans, and also the plans of the police. Who but a spy could know both? If she were the revolutionist she claims to be, why did she not give warning to you all in that note?"

"You are right! You are right! I never thought

of that!" He seized his cap and out he went. Impelled by a blind overmastering desire to make the person suffer who had brought on the night's disaster, he sped away to the countess. Though the hour was eleven, her windows were alight. He hastened up to her apartment and rang. She herself opened the door, and it was a blanched, strained face she showed him.

"You! Thank God, you are safe!" she cried.

He walked in without a word.

"Tell me—how did you escape? No—no—not now!" Breathlessly she pushed him toward the door.

"Go, go! It is dangerous for you here."

She now noticed his face, black with awful accusation.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"Oh, you damnable spy!"

She stared at him, silent, shrinking, stricken with ghastly consternation. The man she had bargained to lead to his death, the man she loved—this man had found her out!

"I see you can not deny it!"

"It is—false," came from her dry lips.

"You lie!"

"It is false! It is false!"

"Of course you deny it. A woman would not hesitate at another lie, whose trade it is to make friends and sell them to their death. Heaven, what shall I do to you—you woman Judas!"

It was less fear of the fate she thought she saw glowering from his rageful face than the frantic desire to escape this awful accusation from the man she loved, that prompted her to cry out desperately: "It is false! You have been deceived! I am innocent!"

"You lie, I say. Your guilt is written on your face!" He thought of Sonya, Sonya inspired by the holy desire to help her people out of their bitter suffering—betrayed!

His eyes blazed with a yet fiercer wrath. "I should kill you as ruthlessly as you kill others!"

"I am innocent, I tell you! I am innocent!" she gasped.

"And you have the effrontery to say that after what you did to-night!"

"What I did to-night?"

"Aye, what you did to-night! Betrayed our plan—sold it to the Government!"

"Is that your only accusation?"

"Is not that enough?"

She gave a cry of relief, "I swear to you I am innocent," she cried eagerly. "I swear to you I had nothing to do with to-night's affair, except to warn you. I swear it!"

"Swear it—but I won't believe you!"

"I am not the spy that betrayed you!" she cried, frantically. "I am not, I tell you! I am not!"

His fierce, hard face was unchanged. "And I tell you—you lie!"

There was a ring at the door. The reply to him died upon her lips. Her face went ashen.

"Quick—quick! It is not safe for you here!" She clutched his arm and pointed to a door hung with portieres of crimson silk. "Go through the hall, and out the rear entrance. No! Not that!" The face lighted with sudden desperate purpose. "Step behind the portieres there, and I shall prove my innocence!"

"Prove? How?"

"I will show you the real spy!"

He looked at her darkly. "Is this just a trick to escape, or—"

"S-s-sh! Not so loud!"

"Or is the real spy at the door?"

"The real spy is at the door."

"His face lit with a vengeful fury. "Then I stay here!" The door-bell rang again.

"No, no, no! she implored frantically. "You do not understand your danger. It may be your death!"

"It may be his!" said Drexel.

"Oh! Oh! She twisted her hands in agony. "Are you armed?"

"No. But my hands are enough!"

"You must go!" she cried. "Don't you see—to stay here may mean your death! Please—please!" And she tried to push him toward the curtains.

"I shall stay. Open the door," he ordered grimly.

"You can see him again—when you are armed. Besides, will you not give me a chance to prove my innocence? Do you not wish to know the truth? I shall make him tell everything—everything!"

He wavered. She saw it, and again tried to push him out. "Go—please—please!"

He looked at her darkly—suspiciously. "I still half think this is only a trick to escape."

"I will not try to escape! I swear! And how can I escape with you but a yard away?"

The door-bell rang once more.

"Go! Go! Go!" she breathed frantically, and she pushed him, half resisting, into the hall and pulled the curtains behind him.

Drexel, watching through the parting of the portieres, saw her stand a moment, hand pressed against her heart, striving to calm her heaving bosom and subdue the working passion of her face. Then she opened the door.

"Here I am, Zenia—safe," said the visitor.

Drexel started at the familiar voice. Then into the room there came—Drexel almost let out a cry—the Terrorist, James Freeman.

(Continued in May)



# The B-Flat Trombone

[Continued from page 233]

"Long ago," said she.  
 "Am I too late then?"  
 "Much. It was answered nearly two months since. I have never," said the old lady with conviction, "seen such a frazzled lot of folks as B-flat trombone players."  
 "The person who inserted the advertisement—"  
 "Has left. A month since."  
 "Could you tell where he went?"  
 "Left no address."  
 "His name was Telford wasn't it?" said Average Jones strategically.  
 "Might be," said the old lady, who had evidently formed no favorable impression of her ex-lodger. "But he called himself Ransom."  
 "He had a furnished room?"  
 "The whole third floor, furnished."  
 "Is it let now?"  
 "Part of it. The rear."  
 "I'll take the front room."  
 "Without even looking at it?"  
 "Yes."  
 "You're a queer young man. As to price?"  
 "Whatever you choose."  
 "You're a very queer young man. Are you a B-flat trombone player?"  
 "I collect 'em," said Average Jones.  
 "References?" said the old lady abruptly and with suspicion.  
 "All varieties," replied her prospective lodger cheerfully. "I'll bring 'em to-morrow with my grip."  
 For five successive evenings thereafter Average Jones sat in the senile house, awaiting personal response to the following advertisement which he had inserted in the *Universal*.

**WANTED**—B-flat trombonist. Must have had experience as street player. Apply between 8 and 10 P. M. R—, 300 East 100th Street.

Between the ebb and flow of applicant musicians he read exhaustively upon the unallied subjects of trombone and high explosives or talked with his landlady, who proved to be a sociable person, not disinclined to discuss the departed guest. "Ransom," his supplanter learned, had come light and gone light as to baggage. Two dress suit cases had sufficed to bring in all his belongings. He went out but little, and then, she opined with a disgustful sniff, for purposes strictly alcoholic. Parcels came for him occasionally. These were usually labeled, "Glass. Handle with care." Oh! There was one other thing. A huge, easy armchair from Carruthers & Co., mighty luxurious for an eight-dollar lodger.

"Did he take that with him?" asked Average Jones.  
 "No. After he had been here a while he had a man come in and box it up. He must have sent it away, but I never saw it go."

"Was this before or after the trombone players came?"  
 "Long after. It was after he had picked out his man and had him up here practising."  
 "Did—er—you ever—er—see this musician?" drawled Average Jones in the slow tones of his peculiar excitement.

"Bless you, yes! Talked with him."  
 "What was he like?"  
 "He was a stupid old German. I always thought he was a sort of a natural."  
 "Yes?" Average Jones peered out of the window.  
 "Is this the man, coming up the street?"  
 "It sure is," said the old lady. "Now, Mister Jones, if he commences his blaring and blatting and—"  
 "There'll be no more music, ma'am," promised the young man, laughing, as she went out to answer the doorbell.

The musician ushered in looked about him, an expression of bewildered and childish surprise on his rabbit-like face.  
 "I am Schlichting," he murmured, "I come to play the B-flat trombone."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Schlichting," said Average Jones, leading the way upstairs. "Sit down."  
 The visitor put his trombone down and shook his head with conviction.

"It iss the same room, yes," he observed. "But it iss not the same gent, no."

"You expected to find Mr. Ransom here?"  
 "I don't know Mr. Ransom. I know only to play the B-flat trombone."

"Mr. Ransom, the gentleman who employed you to play in the street in Brooklyn."

Mr. Schlichting made large and expansive gestures.  
 "It iss pleasure to play for such a gent," he said warmly.  
 "Two dollars a day."

"You have played often in Kennard Street?"  
 "I don't know Kennard Street. I know only to play the B-flat trombone."

"Kennard Street. In Brooklyn. Where the fat gentleman told you to stop, and fell out of the window."

A look of fear overspread the worn and innocent face.  
 "I don't go there no more. The po-lice, they take me."

"But you had gone there before?"  
 "Not to play; no."

"Not to play? Are you sure?"  
 The German considered painfully. "There vass no feet in the window," he explained, brightening.

Upon that surprising phrase Average Jones pondered.  
 "You were not to play unless there were feet in the window," he said at length. "Was that it?"

The musician assented.  
 "It does look like a signal to show that Linder was in," mused the interrogator. "Do you know Mr. Linder?"

"I don't know nothing only to play the B-flat trombone," repeated the other patiently.

"Now, Schlichting," said Average Jones, "here is a dollar. Every evening you must come here. Whether I am here or not, there will be a dollar for you. Do you understand?"

By way of answer the German reached down and lifted his instrument to his lips.

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"No, not that," forbade Average Jones. "put it down." "Not to play my B-flat trombone?" asked the other, innocently hurt. "The other gent, he make me play here always."

"Did he?" drawled Average Jones. "And he—er—listened?"

"He listened from out there." The musician pointed to the other room.

"How long?"

"Different times," was the placid reply.

"But he was always in the other room?"

"Always. And I play 'Egypt.' Like this."

"No!" said Average Jones, as the other stretched out a hopeful hand.

"He liked it—'Egypt,'" said the German wistfully.

"He said: 'Bravo! Encore! Bis!' Sometimes nine, sometimes ten times over I play it, the chorus."

"And then he sent you home?"

"Then sometimes something goes 'sping-g-g-g!' like that in the back room. Then he comes out and I may go home."

"Um—m," muttered Average Jones discontentedly.

"When did you begin to play in the street?"

"After a long time. He take me away to Brooklyn and tell me, 'When you see the feet iss in the window you play hard!'"

There was a long pause. Then Average Jones asked casually:

"Did you ever notice a big easy chair here?"

"I do not notice nothing. I play my B-flat trombone."

And there his limitations were established. But the old lady had something to add.

"It's all true that he said," she confirmed. "I could hear his racket in the front room and Mr. Ransom working in the back and then, after the old man was gone, Mr. Ransom sweeping up something by himself."

"Sweeping? What—er—was he—er—sweeping?"

"Glass, I think. The girl used to find little slivers of it first in one part of the room, then in another. I raised the rent for that and the racket."

"The next thing," said Average Jones, "is to find out where that big easy chair went from here. Can you help me there?"

The old lady shook her head. "All I can do is to tell you the near-by truckmen."

Canvass of the local trucking industry brought to light the conveyor of that elegant article of furniture. It had gone, Average Jones learned, not to the mansion of the Hon. William Linder, as he had fondly hoped, but to an obscure address not far from the Navy Yard in Brooklyn.

To this address, having looked up and gathered in the B-flat trombonist, Average Jones led the way. The pair lurked in the neighborhood of the ramshackle house watching the entrance, until toward evening, as the door opened to let out a tremulous wreck of a man, palsied with debauch, Schlichting observed:

"That iss him. He hass been drinking again once."

Average Jones hurried the musician around the corner into concealment. "You have been here before to meet Mr. Ransom?"

"No."

"Where did he meet you to pay you your wages?"

"On some corner," said the other vaguely.

"Then he took you to the big house and left you there," urged Jones.

"No; he left me on the street corner. 'When the feet iss in the window,' he says, 'you play.'"

"It comes to this," drawled Average Jones intently, looking the employee between his vacuous eyes. "Ransom shipped the chair to Plymouth Street and from there to Linder's house. He figured out that Linder would put it in his study and do his sitting at the window in it. And you were to know when he was there by seeing his feet in the window, and give the signal when you saw him. It must have been a signal to somebody pretty far off, for he wouldn't have chosen so loud an instrument as a B-flat trombone."

"I can play the B-flat trombone louder as any man in the business," asserted Schlichting with proud conviction.

"But what gets me," pursued Average Jones, "is the purpose of the signal. Whom was it for?"

"I don't know nothing," said the other complacently.

"I only know to play the B-flat trombone louder as any man in the world."

Average Jones paid him a lump sum, dismissed him and returned to the Cosmic Club, there to ponder the problem. "What next?" To accuse Ransom, the mysterious hirer of B-flat trombone virtuosity, without sufficient proof upon which to base even a claim of cross-examination, would be to block his own game then and there, for Ransom could, and very likely would go away, leaving no trace. Who was Ransom, anyway? And what relation, if any, did he bear to Linder?

Absorbed in these considerations, he failed to notice that the club was filling up beyond its wont. A hand fell on his shoulder.

"Hello, Average. Haven't seen you at a Saturday special night since you started your hobby."

It was Bertram. "What's on to-night?" Average Jones asked him, shaking hands.

"Freak concert. Bellerding has trotted out part of his collection of medieval musical instruments, and some professionals are going to play them. Waldemar is at our table. Come and join us."

Conversation at the round-table was general and lively that evening, and not until the port came on—the pridel club port, served only on special occasions and in wonderful, delicate glasses—did Average Jones get an opportunity to speak to Waldemar aside.

"I've been looking into that Linder matter a little."

"Indeed. I've about given up hope."

"You spoke of an old scandal in Linder's career. What was the husband's name?"

"Arbuthnot, I believe."

"Do you know what sort of looking man he was?"

"No. I could find out from Washington."

"What was his business?"

"Government employment, I think."

"In the—er—scientific line, perhaps?" drawled Jones.

"Why, yes, I believe it was."

"Um—m. Suppose, now, Linder should drop out of the combination. Who would be the most likely nominee?"

"Marsden—the man I've been grooming for the place. A first-class, honorable, fearless man."

"Well, it's only a chance; but if I can get one dark point cleared up—"

He paused as a curious, tingling note came from the platform where the musicians were tuning up.

"One of Bellerding's sweet dulcets," observed Bertram.

The performer nearest them was running a slow bass scale on a sort of two-stringed horse-fiddle of a strange shape. Average Jones's still untouched glass, almost full of the precious port, trembled and sang a little tentative response. Up—up—up mounted the thrilling notes, in crescendo force.

"What a racking sort of tone, for all its sweetness!" said Average Jones. His delicate and fragile port glass evidently shared the opinion, for, without further warning, it split and shattered.

"They used to show me that experiment in the laboratory," said Bertram. "You must have had just the accurate amount of liquid in the glass, Average. Move back, you lunatic; it's dripping all over you."

But Average Jones sat unheeding. The liquor dribbled down into his lap. He kept his fascinated gaze fixed on the shattered glass. Bertram dabbed at him with a napkin.

"Tha—a—anks, Bertram," drawled the beneficiary of this attention. "Doesn't matter. Excuse me. Good-night."

Leaving his surprised companions, he took hat and cane and caught a Third Avenue car. By the time he had reached Brooklyn Bridge he was competent to testify to the effect of port upon the knee-joints when administered externally. Before the bridge car had landed him in Brooklyn, he had his campaign mapped out. It all depended upon the opening question. Average Jones decided to hit out and hit quick.

At the house near the Navy Yard he learned that his man was out. He sat upon the front steps while one of the highest-priced wines in New York dried into him. Shortly before eleven a shuffling figure paused at the steps, feeling for a key.

"Mr. Arbuthnot, otherwise Ransom?" said Average Jones blandly.

The man's chin jerked back. His jaw dropped.

"Would you like to hire another B-flat trombonist?" pursued the young man.

"Who are you?" gasped the other. "What do you want?"

"I want to know," drawled Average Jones, "how—er—you planted the glass bulb—er—the sulphuric acid bulb, you know—in the chair that you sent—er—to the Hon. William Linder, so that—er—it wouldn't be shattered by anything but the middle C note of a B-flat trombone?"

The man sat down weakly and bowed his face in his hands. Presently he looked up.

"I don't care," he said. "Come inside."

#### PART V

SETTING his telephone receiver down, the Hon. William Linder lost himself in conjecture. He had just given an appointment to his tried and true but quite impersonal enemy, Mr. Horace Waldemar.

"What can Waldemar want of me?" ran his thoughts. "And who is this friend, Jones, that he's bringing? Jones? Jones! Jones?" He tied it in three different accents, without extracting any particular meaning therefrom. "Nothing much in the political game," he decided.

It was with a mingling of gruffness and dignity that he greeted Mr. Waldemar an hour later. The introduction to Average Jones he acknowledged with a curt nod.

"Want a job for this young man, Waldemar?" he grunted.

"Not at present, thank you," returned the newspaper owner. "Mr. Jones has a few arguments to present to you—"

"Arguments," repeated the Hon. William Linder contemptuously. "What kind of arguments?"

"Political arguments. Mayoralty, to be specific. To be more specific still, arguments showing why you should drop out of the race."

"A pin-feather reformer, eh?"

The politician turned to meet Average Jones's steady gaze and mildly inquiring smile.

"Do you—er—know anything of submarine mines, Mr. Linder?" drawled the visitor.

"Huh?" returned the Hon. William Linder, startled.

"Submarine mines," explained the other. "Mines—in—the—sea, if you wish words of one syllable."

The lids of the Hon. Linder contracted.

"You're in the wrong joint," he said. "This ain't the Naval College."

"Thank you. A submarine mine is a very ingenious affair. I've recently been reading somewhat extensively on the subject. The main charge is some high explosive, usually of the dynamite type. Above it is a small jar of sulphuric acid. Teeth, working on levers, surround this jar. The levers project outside the mine. When a ship strikes the mine, one or more of the levers are pressed in. The teeth crush the jar. The sulphuric acid drops upon the main charge and explodes it. Do you follow me?"

"I'll follow you as far as the front door," said the politician balefully. He rose.

"If the charge were in a chair, in the cushion of an easy chair, we'll say, on the third floor of a house in Brooklyn—"

The Hon. William Linder sat down again. He sat heavily.

"—the problem would be somewhat different. Of course, it would be easy to arrange that the first person to sit down in the chair would, by his own weight, blow himself up. But the first person might not be the right person. Do you still follow me?"

The Hon. William Linder made a remark like a fish.

"Now, we have, if you will forgive my professional method," continued Average Jones, "a chair sent to a gentleman of prominence from an anonymous source. In this chair is a charge of high explosive and above it a glass bulb containing sulphuric acid. The bulb, we will assume, is so safeguarded as to resist any ordinary shock of moving. But when this gentleman, sitting at ease in



his chair, is noticed by a trombonist, placed for that purpose in the street, below—

"I'll have that Dutch horn-player in the jug," broke in the politician, "if—"

"Only an innocent tool," interrupted Average Jones, in his turn. "He had no comprehension of what he was doing. He did not understand that the vibration from his trombone on one particular note of the slide up the scale—as in the chorus of 'Egypt'—would smash that glass and set off the charge. All that he knew was to play the B-flat trombone and take his pay."

"His pay?" The question leaped to the politician's lips. "Who paid him?"

"A—man—named—er—Arbuthnot," drawled Average Jones.

Linder's eyes did not droop, but a film seemed to be drawn over them.

"You once knew—er—a Mrs. Arbuthnot?"

The thick shoulders quivered a little.

"Her husband—her widower—is in Brooklyn. Shall I push the argument any further to convince you that you'd better drop out of the mayoralty race?"

Linder recovered himself a little. "What kind of a game are you ringing in on me?" he demanded.

"Don't you think," suggested Average Jones, sweetly, "that considered as news, this—"

Linder caught the word out of his mouth. "News!" he roared. "A fake story ten years old, news? That ain't news! It's spite work. Even your dirty paper, Waldemar, would n't rake that kind of muck up after ten years. It'd be a boomerang. You'll have to put up a stronger line of blackmail and bluff than that."

"Blackmail is perhaps the correct word technically," admitted the newspaper owner, "but bluff—there you go wrong. You've forgotten one thing; that Arbuthnot's arrest and confession would make the whole story news. We stand ready to arrest Arbuthnot, and he stands ready to confess."

There was a long, tense minute of silence. Then—

"What do you want?" The straight-to-the-point question was an admission of defeat.

"Your announcement of withdrawal. I'd rather print that than the Arbuthnot story."

There was a long silence. Finally the Hon. William Linder dropped his hand on the table, palm up.

"You win," he declared curtly. "But you'll give me the benefit, in the announcement, of bad health caused by the shock of the explosion, to explain my quitting, Waldemar?"

"It will certainly make it more plausible," assented the newspaper owner, with a smile.

Linder turned on Average Jones.

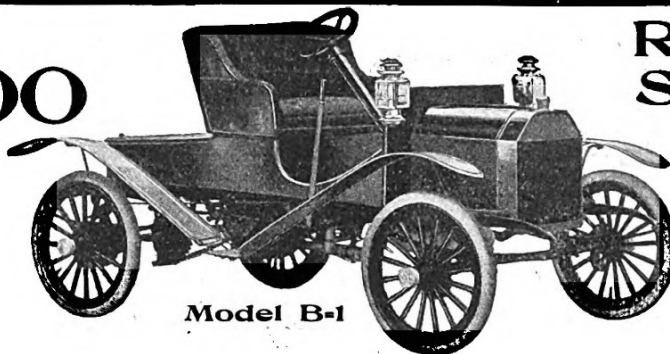
"Did you dope this out, young fellow?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Well, you've put me in the Down-and-Out-Club, all right. And I'm just curious enough to want to know how you did it."

"By abstaining," returned Average Jones cryptically, "from the best wine that ever came out of the Cosmic Club cellar."

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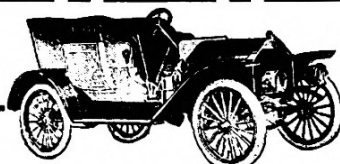
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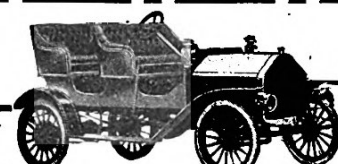
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## America Getting Well

[Continued from page 234]

nuisance, and citizens are beginning to condemn smoking chimneys as common dangers. So, too, though very slowly, the community is learning not to spit on the sidewalks.

In 1906 the New York City Department of Health made over two million inspections and reinspections, abated thirty-one thousand nuisances, destroyed eighteen million pounds of condemned milk, fruit, food, meat and fish, vaccinated one hundred and fifty-two thousand persons, and disinfected eighty-six thousand rooms. It waged successful war on trachoma and other eye diseases.

A similar work is being done in country districts by the State Boards of Health. By preventing the pollution of wells and streams, the State saves large numbers of illnesses from typhoid and other filth-diseases. It combats tuberculosis, supervises the construction of local sewers and sewage disposal plants, investigates ice supplies, diagnoses various infectious diseases, distributes anti-toxin, and carries on a vast amount of health-education work. The New York State Board of Health investigates the sanitary conditions of summer hotels and boarding-houses, and it has enormously improved the former filthy conditions about these resorts.

### Better Hygiene Is Needed in the Army

The federal government is also playing a part. The Public Health and Marine Hospital Service seeks to prevent the spread of disease from state to state, or from foreign countries, and it aids local health boards in putting down epidemics. When yellow fever attacked New Orleans, when the bubonic plague came to San Francisco, the federal health officers worked hand in hand with the local health boards. Every year the Marine Hospital treats fifty thousand sailors, and it conducts a well-equipped hygienic laboratory for the discovery of new methods of preventing disease.

The recent pure food and drugs law has been a big victory for the federal government in its campaign for health. The theory of the law was that no man has an inalienable right to poison his neighbors for profit. The mere publicity which the law insists upon has ended many former adulterations. Our more rigid inspection of meats has reduced the amount of "embalmed beef" passed out to an easily satisfied public. There are also evidences of some improvement in our army hygiene, although in this respect we are far behind the Japanese.

While the local, state and national governments are carrying on active campaigns for health, equal advances are being made by private and philanthropic persons and organizations. The fear of disease levels all ranks and unites all social classes. Philanthropists are founding hospitals, dispensaries and sanatoria, and are endowing free beds. The newer hospitals are equipped with the most modern appliances for curing illness and relieving pain. For the first time in the history of the race the poor man may receive gratis the most skilled surgical

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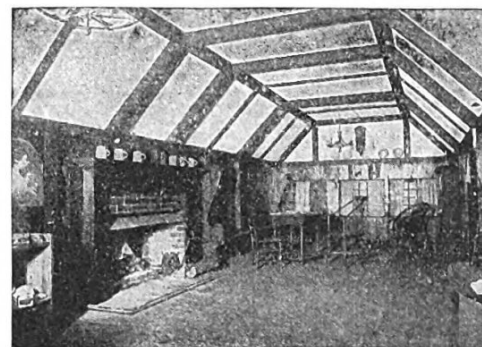
It is invaluable for either mansion or cottage. It shows you wherein taste goes farther than money. Its teachings have saved costly furnishings from being vulgar; and on the other hand, thousands of inexpensive houses are exquisite examples of superb taste from its advice. It presents its information interestingly and in a very plain, practical way. Everything is illustrated.

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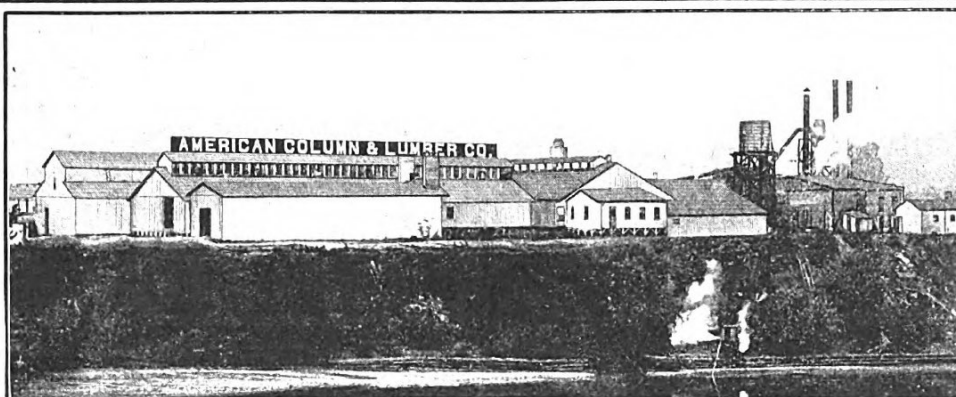
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aid and the best advice as to how to prevent disease. The doctor himself is being revolutionized by the new quest of health. He is becoming socialized. In former days the doctor prospered directly in proportion to the number of ill people, as the plumber profited from broken drains and the tinsmith from leaking roofs. A man's health was an individual matter, like his drains or his roof. We are now recognizing the social character of illness, and the social responsibility for disease. Doctors are devoting much of their time to free work in hospitals, and they are learning to prevent illness, to meet it half way, on the theory that the best time to cure the patient is before he falls ill.

### A New Era for the Doctor

The new doctor is abreast of a rapidly advancing science of medicine. In fact the word "medicine" is itself already a misnomer. The new doctor is "throwing physic to the dogs." He is prescribing fresh air, simple food, bathing, exercise and other cheap remedies, invented before doctors were. Doctors and scientists are learning the new germ lore and teaching it to the multitude. They have discovered in germs the origin of tuberculosis, typhoid, diphtheria, bubonic plague, influenza, Asiatic cholera and other diseases, and they have pointed out how these germ diseases may be avoided by individual knowledge and the combined effort of society. The new creed is that of Pasteur: "It is within the power of man to rid himself of every parasitic disease."

In the splendid onward march of the army of health the isolated student in his laboratory has played an important part. In these recent days, however, scientific research has been made a business on a large scale. Investigators have been saved the necessity of making a living by practice, and have been gathered under able leadership for mutual aid. The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, the Memorial Institute for Infectious Diseases at Chicago, the Nutrition Research Laboratory in Boston, under the Carnegie Institute, represent concerted effort in the discovery of the causes and the means of prevention of disease. The Phipps fund is being devoted to the study of the cause, cure and prevention of insanity, and concerted work is being applied to the study of the blind and the deaf. Our medical schools are yearly giving better opportunities for research work and for the immediate spreading of the newly-gained knowledge, and our specially equipped hospitals serve as excellent laboratories for working out new plans of public health.

The prevention of disease is being systematized. Each new discovery is immediately made available to thousands of doctors. The X-ray aids diagnosis; the invention of one anesthetic after another, from chloroform and ether to stovaine, enables operations to be performed which were formerly impossible, while improvements in antiseptics and aseptics enormously reduce the mortality from surgical operations.

Meanwhile new plans are worked out for curing people wholesale. Everywhere in America broadminded men are working for the health of the millions. A few department stores in large cities filter their air to save employees and customers from tuberculosis. Hotels pitch tents on their roofs to permit "well" people to breathe fresh air. In Boston the Emanuel Church has begun to take up the problem of physical health. Sanatoria are springing up in which people not yet sick, in the earlier sense of that word, may be saved from a threatening breakdown. The gymnasium is growing in popular favor, as is the school camp and the special establishment for tired people who need physical exercise. Finally a new idea is put forth in the preventorium, an institution to take patients before they are ill and by building up the system prevent the breaking out of disease.

### Curing School Children by the Million

The men who wish to cure by the million are finding their best field of operation in the school.

Our work of curing the school and the school-child is just beginning. In building and equipping schools we now remember that young human animals must live a large part of their day in them. Everything is planned to save eyes and nervous system. We are beginning to examine school children for physical defects, to remove adenoids, which produce mouth-breathing and lowered vitality, to insist on cleanliness, to send defective children to the doctor and dentist, and even to give free dental treatment in the school. We are trying to prevent the spread of contagious illness in schools by vaccination and isolation. Since much of what we call illness and stupidity is simply under-feeding, we have begun to feed school children scientifically. We are beginning to establish special open-air schools for tuberculous children. We are demanding city playgrounds so that the children may have exercise, play and open air. City playgrounds are expensive, but they are cheaper than burial grounds.

After all is done that can be done by the law, by federal, state and local boards of health, by research institutes, hospitals, dispensaries, sanatoria and preventoria, by semi-public health institutions, by school hygiene and all other forms of organized effort at health progress, there remains in the last analysis, the individual. There remains private hygiene.

Our new motto is "Health for everybody." The average man is beginning to realize the importance of a normal, well regulated life; the advantages of sleep, exercise and open air; the danger of dirt, the value of proper foods, the avoidance of drugs, the peril of "colds," the effects of the excessive use of alcohol and nicotine, the menace of over-fatigue; in short, the necessity and the manner of "keeping in trim." More men are killed by overeating than by war; more men are sick because they do not chew—because they have not discovered their teeth—than are ill from a long list of dreaded diseases. The community must hold the outer defenses of the citizen's health; the inner defenses must be held by the citizen himself.

As individuals we are learning about health as we are learning about it as a community. There is growing up a keen curiosity about it. Newspapers and magazines are spreading a knowledge of health conditions. To-day physiology and hygiene are taught in the schools, and scores of books are annually published dealing with the subject of health.

## Salary Guarantee to AGENTS

Don't waste one minute; it only takes a postal card to get full particulars regarding our "Salary Guarantee" of \$100.00 a month. If you doubt our word simply read the voluntary and unsolicited statement of one man who seems to be satisfied. Mr. Miller is only one among many.

*Gentlemen:*—Up to the time I embarked on my voyage for "SUCCESS"—for such I feel it is, with double meaning—I had worked many a day for one fifty per, and thought I was well paid. But things have changed somewhat. A day that does n't bring from five to twelve or fourteen dollars seems like a day wasted, almost. And the pleasant thing about it is that you pay a fellow for making money, and pay so liberally at that. Your check for January was encouraging and makes a fellow feel like digging. Thanks for same.

The SUCCESS COMPANY offers a wonderful opportunity for wide-awake young men.

Yours sincerely, ROBERT MILLER,

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Success Magazine

New York City





## ARROW COLLARS

The new Arrow Collar for summer—high enough in the back for good appearance, low enough in the front for comfort, and there's room for the cravat to slide and tie in.

It's the Concord with the Ara-Notch and the Evanston with the usual buttonholes.

15 cents; 2 for 25 cents.

In Canada, 20 cents; 3 for 50 cents.

Send for the Ara-Notch Folder.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW CUFFS, 25 cents; in Canada, 35 cents.

America is getting well, but it is only beginning; in fact only beginning to begin. As measured by other generations the progress of the last twenty-five years has been stupendous; as compared with the whole course to be run before universal health is to be attained, we have hardly budged.

Every day we are learning of more diseases which are preventable, but as yet unpreventable. According to Dr. Norman Edward Ditman, "Even those diseases, the causes of which are still unknown, viz: yellow, typhus and scarlet fever, trachoma, rabies, diphtheria, whooping-cough, measles, chicken-pox and smallpox are capable, to a large extent, of being prevented." Among the preventable infectious diseases of known origin to-day are typhoid fever, cholera, tuberculosis, dysentery, pneumonia, diphtheria, meningitis, influenza, bubonic plague, leprosy, tetanus, anthrax, actinomycosis, malaria, relapsing fever, and diseases due to animal parasites. The door is thrown open to new vistas of health.

### The Real Work Must be Done by the Community

While the scientists can do much, the community in city, state and nation can do more. Tuberculosis can be wiped out by wiping out the slums and other evil conditions; typhoid can be eradicated by having pure water supplies; innumerable maladies will disappear when poverty and social injustice disappear. "The old days, and the old conceptions of disease and health," says Dr. Eugene H. Porter, New York (State) Commissioner of Health, "are passing away. The belief that human beings could be crowded into humble houses destitute of light and air, reeking with filth and swarming with vermin; that men and women must work more hours each than flesh and blood can bear; that children should be dwarfed and maimed by cruel labor; these beliefs are passing away. We have been led to more general concepts and away from the limitations of earlier prejudices and antagonisms."

We shall be a far healthier nation when these "more general concepts" agree with actual conditions, when child labor is restricted, regulated and made wholesome; when women shall cease to work at unwomanly toil for excessive hours under unwholesome and even dangerous conditions; when working women shall enjoy the right of being absent one day a month from work without deduction of pay; when women shall not be compelled by dire poverty or allowed by the State to work too soon before or too soon after confinement; when factories are larger, brighter and more sanitary; when unhealthy and dangerous trades are regulated; when hours of labor are reduced; when housing conditions are improved; when facilities are afforded to all for air, exercise, cleanliness, recreation and privacy; when, in other words, the State recognizes its responsibility for the health and welfare of its citizens; men, women and children. When a federal department of health is created; when it, in connection with all the state and local boards, determines to put an end to all health-destroying conditions in the country, to all nuisances, then the general health of the community will enormously improve.

There is another thing which will revolutionize the health of the community, and that is the realization that health-saving pays.

The smallpox epidemic, which, according to Dr. Lee, cost Philadelphia \$22,000,000, might have been prevented at a cost of \$700,000. The cure of the hook-worm disease at from fifteen to seventy-five cents a patient pays astoundingly. The million-dollar gift of Mr. Rockefeller for the eradication of the hook-worm disease (*uncinariasis*) will give a return of a hundredfold in the health and material prosperity of the South.

The insurance companies are now employing doctors and nurses and are asking for legislation to permit the opening of hospitals and sanatoria, so that a vast, business health campaign may be started.

### Marriage for the Physically Fit

There is still another way in which the health of the community may some day be improved. In the present state of public opinion we must cure and prevent illness among people as they are—among the descendants of strong and weak, healthy and diseased, good and bad. We must overcome the evil transmitted even unto the third and fourth generations. One way, however, of making healthy people is to breed healthy people, to make men to order, to give them a pedigree. If all children were born of parents fit to have children, if there were no inherited or pre-natal disposition to disease and degeneration, our human stock here might easily be improved. Some states are beginning to act on this theory. Connecticut and Michigan forbid marriage to habitual criminals, paupers and the feeble-minded, and Indiana carries out even more stringent statutes. Perhaps in some future time men will have a better chance to be healthy, because "well-born."

The health toward which we are striving is not that which is built up precariously on drugs, massage, low-feeding and a valetudinarian care. It is a robust health based on food, air, water, soap, sleep, exercise and contentment. We have not as yet even conceived the thought of a really healthy nation—a nation without sick, insane, feeble-minded; without cripples, without hosts of languid people feeling under the weather—a nation in which men do not ask, at greeting, "How do you do?" and "How do you feel?"—a nation without an enormous doctor's bill and a still more enormous drain of inefficient, half-sick people. We have never even thought what we—who have done so well as a sick nation—could accomplish if we were up to the mark.

America is getting well, slowly getting well. It will get well more quickly when we as a nation become more interested in our national housekeeping. We must all play our parts in this housekeeping—especially the mothers, the housekeepers. The mothers of America, the women who love their children and are willing to make sacrifices for them, must realize how the health of their babies depends upon many things—upon clean streets, pure water supplies, good government, an enlightened public opinion and the abolition of poverty.

America has still far to go before it gets well, for to-day the truly well man is one among thousands. We have in America to-day only a select aristocracy of health. Tomorrow, perhaps, we may have a broad, nation-wide democracy of healthy men and women.



## Cluett SHIRTS

are made to meet the wants of men who have heretofore been unable to secure satisfaction in ready-made shirts.

They are shirts that you can wear without a coat, and yet know and feel that you do not appear at a disadvantage.

\$1.50 and more.

In Canada, \$2.25 up.

Send for booklet, "Proper Dress."

Cluett, Peabody & Company, Troy, N. Y.

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MRS. J. LEE, OKLAHOMA

**Selling Improved IDEAL Steam Cookers**  
J. C. Poling, O., made \$44 first 8 hours. Easiest, fastest seller. W. T. Corey, Ind., sold 145 in 4 weeks. Cooks meals for 8 to 15 on 1 burner; cooks tough meat tender. Saves half fuel bill and labor. Holds 16 one-qt. jars in canning fruit. Recommended by thousands.  
**State and District Mgrs. and Agents**  
wanted to sell this and 200 household articles. Write quick for new sales plan.  
TOLEDO COOKER CO., BOX 52, TOLEDO, O.

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Write for the "Book of the Hair," a 32-page illustrated booklet, containing valuable hints on the care and dressing of the hair and full information about the

### 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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## INCROWING TOE NAIL

PERMANENTLY CURED with the ONYXIS appliance. A silver automatic device that gives immediate relief. Easily adjusted. Worn with shoe. No failures. Money back if not satisfied. Write for particulars.

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## TOILET POLISH

Highest Award, Chicago World's Fair, 1903.  
Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904

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## What about your Lawn Mower?



Does it push hard?  
Does it leave your lawn rough and streaked?  
Does it have to be adjusted every time you use it?  
Does it make a noise that can be heard a block away?

### IF SO, TRY AN IMPERIAL

Your money back if it does not suit you.

Coldwell Lawn Mower Co.  
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## If your EYES are weak, we can make them strong—



And we will prove it without cost to you.

If you wear glasses—If your eyes smart or burn—If you suffer from headache—if your eyes are strained—if your eyes become dim—we will be glad to send you the Ideal Sight Restorer on ten days' trial. If you return it, there will be no charge whatever for its ten days' use—that's how sure we are, that it will benefit you quickly. It is perfectly safe, as it does not come into direct contact with the eyes, and five minutes manipulation at home, twice a day, is sufficient to counteract eyestrain, and headache, and finally make eyeglasses useless. If you want to prove it at our expense, write today for instructive booklet, No. 129 D, testimonials; and 10 days' test to

THE IDEAL CO., 134 W. 65th St., N. Y.

PRIZE WINNERS WHITE HOMERS. Go into the squab business with pure white homers. My birds are fine stock. Only \$3.00 per pair.  
H. W. NUSSBAUM, FAIRBURY, ILL.





## This Little Money Mill Will Earn \$10 a day for you

There is such an immense demand for vacuum cleaning that hundreds of operators are earning \$10 a day and more with Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners.

One machine will earn \$10 a day—five machines \$50 a day. You can operate as many as you please. The big wagon outfits can't beat this.

The vacuum cleaning business is easy to learn—good to follow—has no limit—and above all, is an honest, respectable business that requires practically no capital.

What others are doing, you can do.

Read what these men say who are making small fortunes right now with

## Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners

"In the past forty-three days my Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner has netted \$477.25—an average of over \$11.00 per day, doing splendid work and giving entire satisfaction to the people for whom I have worked."

—Elmer L. Hancock, Seattle, Wash.

"My order for an additional Duntley Cleaner is good proof of the success I am having with this machine. I have made as high as \$20 per day with one machine, and can easily average \$10 per day."

—W. B. Johnstone, Los Angeles, Cal.

"I have worked your Duntley Cleaner for ten days and am now ready to buy the machine. I made \$65 the first six days."

—Chas. Clemme, Chicago, Ill.

"The first Duntley Cleaner I received has earned us \$300, and we have only put in about half the time."

—C. H. Tostee, Portland, Ore.

## A Business of Your Own

The vacuum cleaning business is new. It is a coming business—a profitable business. You can make a success in it—for experience is not necessary.

There is a harvest to be reaped with Duntley Cleaners in your town. You can reap this harvest by being first in the field.

I have started scores of men in business with Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners who have made big money. I will show you how to build up a business that will make you \$10 a day or more—that will enable you to employ others and make a profit on their work.

As little as \$25 will start you in a vacuum cleaning business of your own.

## Let Me Prove This to You

I will send you a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner and give you full instructions for engaging in the vacuum cleaning business.

I will print unique and attractive advertising matter in your own name, that will get the business for you.

You can use the machine for ten days to **prove** it will do what I claim—

To prove that you can make \$10 a day.

I'll take all the risk.

You simply fill out and mail me the coupon below—but do it **now**—today.

**J. W. Duntley, Pres., 464 Harvester Bldg., Chicago**

— — — — — Cut Out and Mail This Coupon To Day — — — — —

Duntley Manufacturing Co., 464 Harvester Bldg., Chicago.

Tell me how I can make \$10 or more a day with a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner.

Name .....

Address .....

County .....

Town .....

State .....

# POINT & PLEASANTRY



## True Politeness

ONE evening as the mother of a little niece of Phillips Brooks was tucking her snugly in bed, a caller was announced. The mother told the child to say her prayers and promised to be back in a few minutes.

When she returned she asked the child if she had done as she was bidden.

"Well, you see, mamma, I was awfully sleepy, so I just asked God if he would n't excuse me to-night, and He said, 'Oh, certainly, don't mention it, Miss Brooks.'"

—R. M. WINANS.

## The Fox and the Straps

ONCE upon a time there was a fox who boarded a street-car and looked about in vain for a seat. At length he espied above his head several bunches of fine straps. He tried to reach them but could not. He tried again and again, but they always eluded his grasp. Finally he gave it up. "Oh, very well," said he, with some heat, "I don't care. They're probably germ-laden anyway."

Accordingly he got off, notwithstanding he wanted to catch a train and had already paid his fare.—ELLIS O. JONES.

## Honesty

I WAS sitting at my desk when black Sam, who sometimes waits on me at my restaurant, entered my office.

"What can I do for you, Sam?" I asked.

"Ah got a chance to change mah situation, Misseh Clahk," he said. "Yo' kin seh a good wud' fo' me, cain't yo'? Tell 'em Ah'm hones', 'n sich?"

"Of course," I hesitated, "you're a good waiter, Sam, but I don't know anything specially about your honesty."

"Well, tell 'em dat, an' say yo' thinks Ah'm hones'." Dat'll be enough."

So I promised I would.

"Thank yo', thank yo', Misseh Clahk," he said, with a deep bow. "When yo' come over to-morrow, sit at mah table 'n Ah'll give yo' a sho't check."—S. H. CLARK.

## Loomis's Face Again

HANK JOHNSON had long enjoyed the distinction of being the homeliest man in Canyonville, so it was somewhat of a shock to him when Steve Billings came into the Tourist's Retreat and announced: "Boys, there's a homelier man than Hank over at the depot. Feller by the name of Charles Battell Loomis, that gives lectures."

Without a word Hank started across the road and was gone some time.

"Waal," Steve said when Hank returned, "d'ye give up?"

"Heck!" Hank replied, with supreme disgust. "He's a professional."—W. E. P.

## The Change He Wanted

IN a small California town a drummer brought the hotel porter up to his room with his angry storming. "Want your room changed, mister?" politely queried the porter.

"Room changed, no!" fumed the drummer. "It's the fleas I object to, that's all."

"Mrs. Leary," shouted the porter to the landlady down below, "the gent in No. 11 is satisfied with his room but he wants the fleas changed."

IT is wonderful the number of reasons that come to mind for doing what we wish to do, also for not doing what we wish not to do, and more wonderful still that we really believe them reasons.

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."

## Distorted Proverbs

From which Truth is Not Eliminated

MORE haste, less heed. Love laughs at goldsmiths.

A stitch in mind saves time.

Truth is scarcer than fiction.

Never put on to-day what you can not take off to-morrow.

Those worth doing at all are worth doing well.

There's many a kick 'twixt the pup and the nip.

Too many cooks spoil the boss.

All the world loathes a loafer.

A miss is as good as her smile.

He laughs best whose laugh lasts.

Alimony is the root of much evil.

Many a rude word is spoken with zest.

Uneasy lies the head that bears a frown.

It's a wise child that knows its own fodder.

Where ignorance is bliss 't is jolly to be nice.

Where there's a will to break, there's a way.

One touch of nature faking makes the whole world skin.—JOHN E. QUINN.

## The Accommodating Night Clerk

UP to the night clerk's desk goes Abe Perlmutter, a Chicago traveling man. "I wonder," he says, "could you find me somebody to play a game of pinochle for an hour or two to-night?"

"Why," says the clerk, "I guess so," and he runs his eye over the register. "Boy," he calls, "page Mr. Gutwillig." Before long Mr. Gutwillig is found and introduced to the pinochle-hungry Perlmutter, and a game is arranged. "How did you know I played pinochle?" Mr. Gutwillig asks the clerk. "Oh, I—" begins the clerk. Just then emerges from the bar a young man, triple-plied with wine. He staggers up to the desk and says: "Shay, I wanna fight! D'ye hear? I'm lookin' f'r a scrap!"

Thus the clerk: "Boy, page Mr. Kelly and Mr. O'Brien."—F. P. ADAMS.

## My Son and I

"MY NAUGHTY little son," quoth I as he Lay flat across my stiff paternal knee, Face downward, and for some small bit of sin

Was tasting discipline,

"Pray bear in mind that every single whack I herewith lay athwart your aching back

Hurts me ten times as much as it does you.

Each stinging slap of all the twenty-two Is like a hundred lashes unto me,

And pains me grievously."

His roars he stayed, and to the dampened floor The tears that he'd been shedding ran no more.

"Is that true, father dear?" he cried with glee, His squirmings ceasing quite perceptibly.

"I grieve to say it is, my lad," I cried As lustily the hair-brush I applied.

"Each whack of this small hair-brush gives me pain The like of which I hope that ne'er again

I'll have to suffer." Whereupon the child Right sweetly smiled,

And then he thus apostrophized me: "Pop, If that's the case I beg you will not stop,

But lay it on as hard as you know how— I rather like it now!"—JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## Trapped

THE perpetually clever man listened solemnly to the tramp's hard-luck story.

"That's the same old yarn you told me last week," he said, winking at his companion.

"Maybe it is," admitted the weary one as he started on. "I'd forgotten having met you. I was in the penitentiary last week."—H. H. NORTHROP.



# The Moving-Picture Revolution

[Continued from page 240]

dollars a day and three dollars "overtime" by film manufacturers. In ten months their salaries have advanced more than one hundred per cent., and now few of them receive less than seventy-five dollars a week. When you know that the average stage season is thirty weeks, while the motion-picture actor has a season of fifty-two weeks, you understand why the best class of playerfolk is becoming reconciled to the new order.

In New York alone five hundred actors are employed in this way, and with the increased demand for new films, the chances of increased companies are becoming greater. On occasions when outdoor pictures are to be made, all the expenses of the players save the fundamentals are paid by their employer. In the latter part of January, three such organizations left New York for long trips and extended stops in distant parts where hundreds of rolls of films were to be exposed amid novel environments. One company was taken to Cuba and Porto Rico, another to Mexico and a third to Los Angeles. In each case the personnel of the organization was notable for experienced and able players, all of whom were trained swimmers, horseback riders and canoeists, for, in the wide range of subjects to be pictured, all-around accomplishments are necessary on the part of the actors. These actors, especially the women, are chosen for histrionic ability rather than for looks, although they must be persons who can "look" their respective rôles and can "take" good pictures. Time and again attempts have been made to use beautiful girls—artists' models generally—instead of actresses, but the result invariably has been failure because of their inability to simulate anything save the physical attributes of the characters whom they are impersonating.

## How the Picture Films are Made

A rehearsal of a motion-picture play prior to the taking of the pictures is interesting. Indoor photographs are made on a stage with a very small proscenium opening—sometimes not more than eight feet and seldom more than twelve. While there are no lines for the actors to speak, they invariably do use proper words when they arrive at any decisive moment in the play, because they can not express in pantomime the thought behind the action. On several occasions the results of this rather natural practice have been funny. The Biograph Company made an elaborate "picture" some months ago in which the leading figure, a state prison convict, was represented as saying farewell to the warden, whom he hated with an intensity scarcely human. To make apparent his feeling, the actor, while the film was being exposed, used language which would look bad in print, but which expressed correctly his attitude toward the official who had browbeaten him for years. When the picture was thrown on the screen for a trial exhibition the audience burst into laughter. It was only too easy to understand exactly what the departing convict was saying, and the entire film was destroyed forthwith.

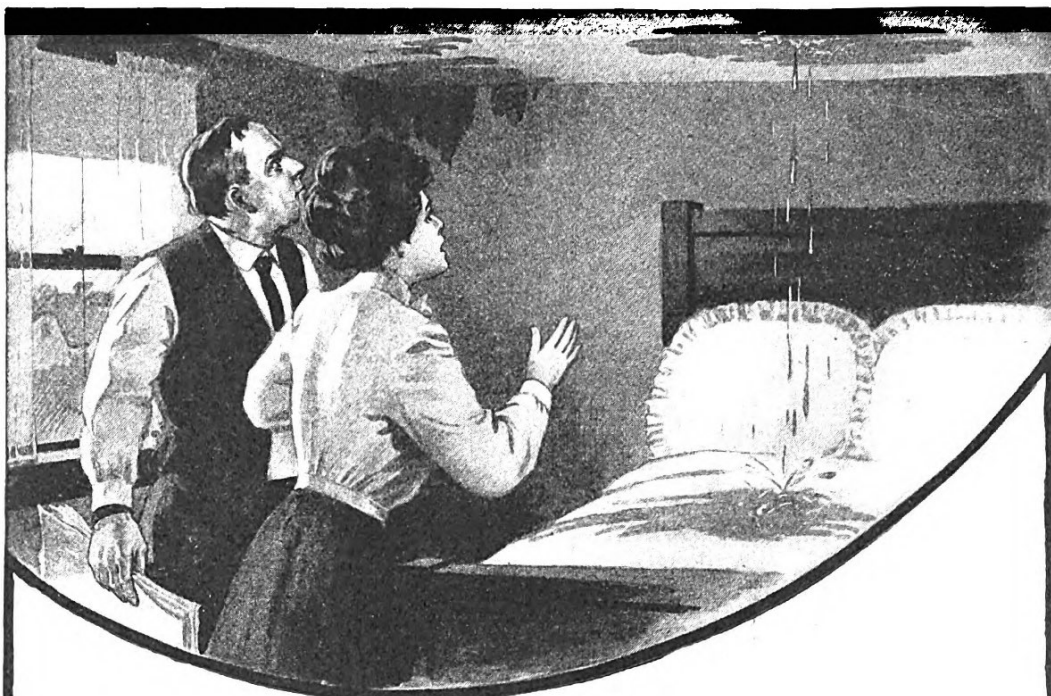
The stage directors of motion-picture companies are the highest salaried stage directors in existence. There are four in this country who receive salaries of from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year and commissions on every foot of exposed film turned out. These men direct the work of the actors through megaphones. They do not suggest words or lines to their people, but suggest the "business" which is just about to come, always keeping in mind that a photographic result is the only thing to be gained. The actors do not "make up" as they would to withstand the glare of the footlights, but, instead, accentuate the eyes to an alarming degree because so much depends on their expression. White is never used in costuming save in the men's evening dress. It does not photograph properly, therefore some more decisive color, such as gray or cream, must be worn. Every picture is made twice, to be sure of a satisfactory product, and never more than seven or eight rehearsals are held before the film is exposed. By a working agreement between the manufacturing companies, the releasing of films is limited so that only two pictures of 1,000 feet each are sent out weekly by each factory. This means that thirty reels are released weekly by American producers and about the same number by European makers. The rental price of these pictures depends upon their importance and their newness. The first film of the Wright Brothers during aviation week at Rheims brought \$1,000 for the week. The next week one hundred duplicates were released at greatly reduced rentals, and two months later any manager could secure the film for fifty dollars.

One of the most interesting effects of the growth in popularity of the motion-picture is to be seen in the gentle art of prize fighting. Because of the value of the picture privileges it is certain that for years no great pugilistic battle will be decided in fewer than eight rounds. The men must pound each other at least that long; else the "pictures" are too short to be valuable. Everyone will recall that before Mr. Jeffries and his Ethiopian antagonist had signed terms for their coming fight, one film company offered \$60,000 in cash and thirty per cent. of the proceeds for the privilege of taking exclusive pictures, and it is pugilistic history that the final terms agreed upon make it necessary for Messrs. Gleason and Rickart, the successful bidders, to pay \$100,000 to the contestants before they step into the ring, and to guarantee them 66 2/3 per cent. of the picture profits.

The motion-picture has put the biggest dent into theatricals that the amusement industry has ever received. It has also made it possible for a "Travel" lecturer to "clean up" \$70,000 during his annual fifteen-week season.

Some sixty years ago an old gentleman, in reviewing his life of almost one hundred years, had something to say about the downfall of the drama—it seems the drama was falling even then. "If the stage has fallen from its high estate," said he, "let not its sad decline rest solely with the representatives of Shakespeare and Jonson; let something be ascribed to the revolution of taste and the mutability of popular opinion."

He was right.



## This Doesn't Happen When You Have a Ruberoid Roof

There are no leaky RUBEROID roofs. They are weather-proof, sun-proof, wind-proof, and fire-resisting.

Its long life—with almost no expense for repairs—makes it the most economical roofing material in the world.

There are 300 imitations of genuine RUBEROID Roofing. This is one of the most convincing proofs of its high quality. A worthless article is never imitated.

Every house-owner should have our roofing books—"All About Roofing" and "The Ruberoid Album."

They tell all about the various kinds of roofing, and contain many pictures of buildings roofed with RUBEROID. Write for them to-day.

Request the RUBEROID dealer in your locality to show you a piece of the "17-year-old roof." It is an interesting exhibit. It is a

sample of RUBEROID cut from a roof laid in 1892, and is still in good condition. If the RUBEROID Roofing dealer nearest you does not happen to have a piece of this 17-year-old roof, write direct to us, and we will send you a sample by mail.

# RUBEROID

(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Office)

## Roofing

Standard Paint Company, 100 William St., New York

# VOSE

## PIANOS

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

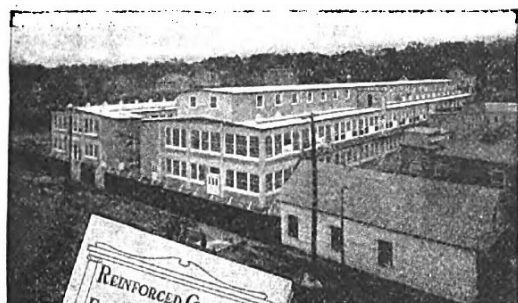
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## The Power Behind The Republic

[Continued from page 247]

All this is for the grand-stand and the world's refreshing, doubtless, but suggests pertinent and most serious conclusions about our government, which is Business; and about Business, which is our government. As thus:

At no time have we been dealing in theories. This is merely an inquiry into facts. We shall waste our time to say that Business ought to do thus and so. There is no "ought" about it. We have here a condition wholly novel in this world. We have a government by Business and we are trying to determine whether this novel kind of government is likely to endure.

We found, last month, that assuredly Business will end in its own destruction unless it abolishes the slum, because poverty and the slum are increasing upon it and the outcome of that increase will be deficient consumers and deficient producers—both fatal to Business.

We may now add the conclusion that if it is to survive, Business must also, and with no less diligence and at whatever cost, try to spread education and the highest and best forms of education among all its subjects, whatever their station, even the humblest.

Now this will reverse the present controlling view that Business holds of this vitally important subject, and the fact sharply suggests again the question whether Business is wise enough for its task; whether it has been wise; whether it has not been grossly unwise; whether the time has not gone by for it to retrieve its errors; whether because of its lack of wisdom there is not serious trouble ahead for Business and all of us.

Hitherto Business has looked upon education as it has looked upon the wide-open policy for cities—that is to say, only in the light of its daily balance-sheet. In both instances it will have to extend its vision if it is to survive. The common and (it must be admitted) the natural opinion of Business has not been that education is not really necessary for the masses and the children of the toilers. It is not necessary, and indeed, in a way, it would be pernicious for them. Superficially viewed, education would tend to make them discontented with their lot; therefore they would not be good workmen. Most manufacturing, as it is carried on to-day, does not require educated toilers. Apparently all they need to know (from the employer's point of view) is to do well the thing before them, to turn the wheel, guide the sheet of leather or of metal, turn the piece of steel beneath the hammer. Education would not enable them the better to perform these tasks; it would, on the other hand, give them ideals and ambitions inconsistent with their station in life and which they could never gratify. What was needed was a large body of workmen, industrious, contented and faithful to their employers, and education would in no way help to supply this want. Therefore, the growing tendency of Business has been to limit and reduce the opportunities for education enjoyed by the children of the poor, and it is a question of fact for us now whether this policy of Business has been (for the sake of Business itself) wise and prudent, and whether it will not inevitably destroy Business if it be persisted in.

### A Suicidal Attitude Toward Education

As to the fact of restricted education, that is not to be disguised by genial and unctuous formulas about America, the land of free opportunity and the public school. The well-to-do and fairly prosperous have an incurable habit of thinking that because their children are being educated all children are being educated, just as they think because they are well fed all persons must be well fed. But here, as in so many other instances, the accepted and parroted formula and the actual facts are widely at variance. On even a casual reference to the statistics, it appears that the children of the poor that constitute the majority of the population are receiving very inadequate education. Most of those that go to school leave before they complete the grammar grades. Persons that contemplate this fact are, I believe, prone to accept it as inevitable because the children, being the children of the poor, must leave school to go to work; but a change in our system easily introduced by the Business that rules us and every phase of our affairs would make it possible for all children, of the poor as of the rich, to be trained properly for the realities of life and the duties of the citizen. But instead of furthering such a reformation Business has steadily opposed even the first steps thereto. It has reached out its great, mysterious, irresistible power and strangled every attempt to mitigate the horrors of child labor, although one can easily demonstrate that this system of hell in the midst of a civilized country is sowing the seed of national decline and therefore of the death of Business. Who can tell just how the anti-child labor bills are always killed? Who can tell just how tariff reduction is always manipulated and brought to naught? Yet all men know that in all such instances, though the voice may be the voice of Aldrich or another, the hand is ever the hand of Business. And in all this is Business wise?

The antagonism of Business toward popular school extension has had curious manifestations and a place in the long category of the things we all know and yet absolutely refuse to connote for significance. There is not a large, nor, I think, a considerable city in the country where the school accommodations are adequate in both quantity and quality for the reasonable education of the children of the masses. At this point I shall expect a violent outcry of protest from Mr. Complacent Blindman and Mr. Let-us-Alone, but it is nevertheless a literally true statement. The school accommodations are inadequate, and by no possibility can you get Business to consent that they be otherwise. Any proposal to build the kind of schoolhouses we ought to have, and to build enough of them, with ample room, grounds, light, accessories and staffs of teachers, would be fought to the death by Business. In New York Business will not even agree to cease cheating women teachers of half the pay they earn. It will gladly appropriate any sum demanded to build armories and maintain the militia because these are useful adjuncts in suppressing strikes. It will also respond to schemes of

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manual training in the schools because these produce workmen that are outside of the influence of the labor unions. But it will not grant adequate sums for general and popular school training.

In some of our great cities, New York and Chicago conspicuously, and others to a less extent, this niggardliness has produced an astounding spectacle. In the crowded quarters where education is most needed and most withheld, the schoolhouse accommodations are so meager that the children have gone to school in detachments, one attending in the morning and the other in the afternoon. In other words, they have received only half of the poor little modicum of education that Business ostensibly allows them.

And what do they do in the time when they are not allowed to go to school? Why, wander in the streets, of course—or work.

Now, in this again, is Business wise? For its own sake, I mean, not from any theory, or doctrine, or sentiment, or reason of patriotism, but merely for its own sake, that it may continue to thrive and reap its great advantages.

Not if one looks attentively at the economic history of the last few months.

### Trying to Cure the Symptoms

We have been confronted in this time with this bitter and acute situation, resulting from the rapid increase in the cost of living. And what are the remedies that have been seriously proposed for it and seriously attempted?

1. To boycott Business and refuse to buy some of its products. 2. To put Business men in jail. 3. To destroy Business by enforcing certain ridiculous, idiotic and medieval laws that now adorn our statute books, whereby we should abolish the organizations and combinations by which alone Business is able to do its work and to supply man with the things he must have to sustain his life.

Look in turn at each of these remedies.

In the first place, the boycott is absolutely illegal, and having been so declared by the highest courts is likely to land its practitioners in jail. If you can not boycott stoves you can not boycott sausages; that is certain. But laying aside this consideration, it is obvious that we can, by refusing to eat, achieve nothing except that, if we persevere long enough, we may work a considerable injury upon ourselves. The substance of this remedy, then, is that we make laws, the corporations violate them, and we punish the corporations by starving ourselves. That seems to push vicarious atonement to unwarrantable excess, and, anyway, how in the name of soberness can it ever affect evolution?

As for putting people into jail, suppose, for the sake of example, we were to seize the three persons at the head of the great packing houses of Chicago and imprison them for life. Suppose we were to put into jail with them all the managers, sub-managers, superintendents, clerks and foremen. How on earth would that reduce the price of meat? It might possibly increase the price, because, for a time, it might make production more difficult; but it could never reduce the price. The great Armour establishment would have to go on if Mr. Armour were in jail; the great Swift establishment and the great Morris establishment could not stop if all the Swifts and Morrises in the world were locked up. They would go on and go on exactly as they go now, and the prices they charged would be then, as now, independent of the will of any man, and produced by great economic causes that were first great economic results of other great causes.

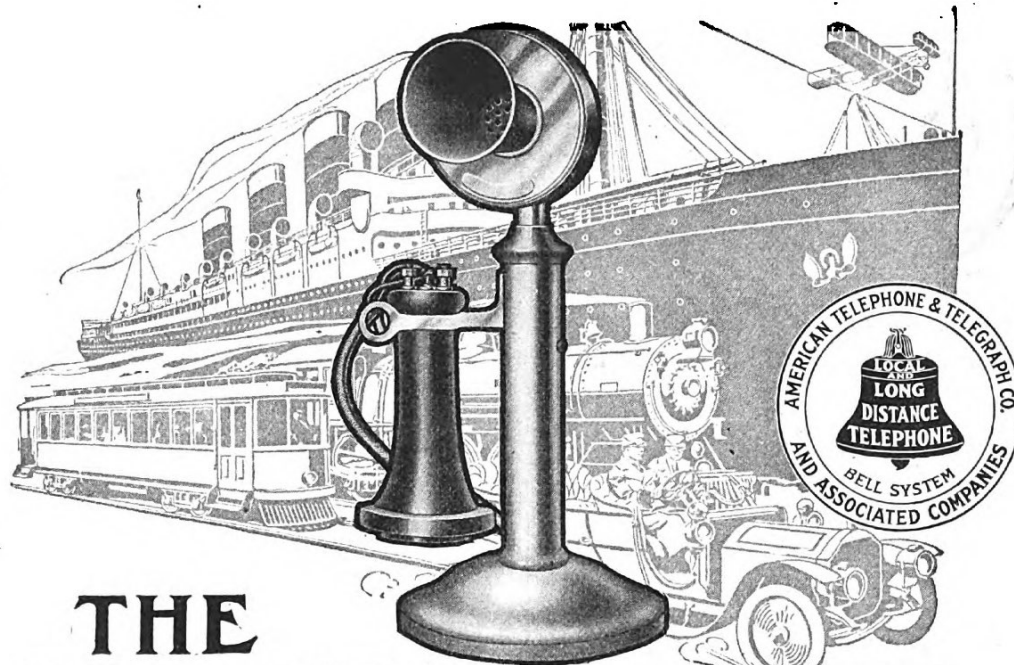
As for legal war upon Business organizations, as for dosing them with dear old Dr. Sherman's Anti-Trust Herb Tea, as for attacking them with ancient statutes, we had much better spare ourselves the labor. We have an order now from one of the lower federal courts commanding the Standard Oil Company to dissolve itself, break up its amalgamated units and return to the condition of sixteenth century competition. Let us suppose this order to be sustained by the Supreme Court and enforced. Of course it never will be, but let us strain our imaginations to the utmost and suppose that it is and that all the trusts are ordered to dissolve themselves and return to the abandoned practices. That is, I believe, what the eminent trust doctors want—Dr. Roosevelt, Dr. Bryan, Dr. Taft and the rest. Let us suppose that they have their own way in every particular and that these pernicious trusts (held to be responsible for the increased cost of living) are broken up, dissolved, annihilated and made to cease from being in the world of men. What then?

### Suppose We Dissolve the Beef Trust

Take, for instance, my old, warm, personal enemy, the Beef Trust. That is composed of three great houses bound together through a fourth, the National Packing Company. Each of the three great firms owns a third of the National Packing Company stock, by which simple device competition is eliminated and prices are made uniform.

Well then, let us descend upon this arrangement and do our worst. Let them summon the majesty of the law and of Dr. Sherman and go to the limit. What then? Are we to compel Mr. Armour to sell his National Packing Company stock, or are we to take it away from him? We must do one or the other, and one is lawless tyranny and the other is confiscation. You will say: Let us dissolve the National Packing Company. Good round phrase! Here it is, an amalgamation of a dozen smaller concerns that about fifteen years ago were in actual separate operation, and later sold out. Shall we hunt up these former owners and tell them they must take back their plants? Some are dead and some have moved far away. How shall we reach them, and when we reach them what is the method by which we can compel them to take things that they do not want?

But suppose we succeed in finding all these gentlemen, and suppose we coerce them into taking back their former enterprises, how shall we make them operate in competition with one another? If they do not wish to compete shall we stand at their heads with pistols and force them into competition, whether or no? And how can we prevent them from selling their property again to a combination company, just as they sold it before? Shall we pass a law forbidding them to sell what is their own? And



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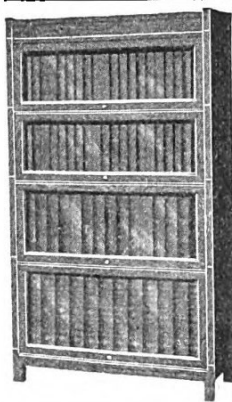
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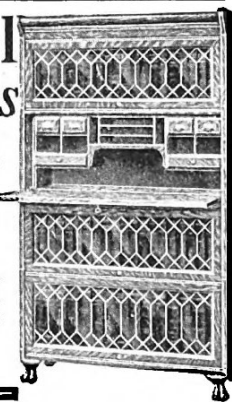
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if they may sell their property is it not clear that they will sell to another National Packing Company which again will be owned by Armour, Swift and Morris, and that exactly the present situation will be restored?

Then what is the use?  
And again I ask, how can we compel men to compete if they do not wish to compete? If Armour offers 7.20 for hogs shall we oblige Swift to offer 7.25 and Morris to offer 7.30? And if Armour sells beef at 8½ cents a pound shall we compel Swift & Company to sell it at 8½ and Morris to sell it at 8½?  
Behold how foolish a thing is a statesman when he lays aside his wits and goes forth to do battle with evolution! But here is something else you may care to think about.

## The Trusts Prey Upon One Another

It is not the depravity of the packers, nor of the butchers, nor of any class of men that makes prices high. These men are no more depraved than the rest of us and not in any way different. Attempts to make them the villains of the piece are merely hysteria. Like the rest of us, they are the creatures of conditions. If we care to see how, look at this:

Let us say that you are at the head of one of the great packing houses of Chicago, in your charge an enterprise worth sixty million dollars and a business so great that your bank clearances often exceed a million dollars a day.

You do much business with the railroads. All the railroads are enormously capitalized. Of their total capitalization more than half is water (or latent value) and this kind of capitalization is steadily being increased. Naturally the cost of the service must be increased so as to support the increased capitalization. In spite of the rebates and other advantages that you secure as a great shipper you must bear your share of this increase year by year or even month by month.

You use a great deal of machinery and of articles of steel and iron. All these are procured through the Steel Trust in which properties worth \$300,000,000 are capitalized at \$1,200,000,000, and this capitalization tends to increase.

You consume a great deal of coal which you purchase of the Coal Trust, which has also a very great capitalization of latent values or earning power or water, and which in turn pays tribute to similar capitalization in the Steel Trust and the Railroad Trust.

You consume a great deal of salt and for that you pay tribute to the latent values capitalized in the Salt Trust, which in turn pays tribute to similar values in the Steel Trust and the Railroad Trust and the Coal Trust.

You consume lumber and for that you pay tribute to the latent values or water capitalization in the Lumber Trust, which in turn pays tribute to the Steel Trust, the Railroad Trust and the Coal Trust.

You buy cattle and hogs of the farmers, who buy their machinery of the Harvester Trust, which has monstrously watered its stock, and which in January of this year, in the midst of the agitation about the cost of living, added to its capitalization a \$20,000,000 "melon" or stock dividend on which the dividends must be dug out of the farmers. And these farmers already pay tribute to similar capitalization in the Railroad Trust, the Steel Trust, the Lumber Trust, the Salt Trust, the Elevator Trust, the Woolen Trust, the Sugar Trust, and eleven other similar organizations.

You see all these great corporations about you augmenting their capital and levying increased prices to support the augmented capital. You see that these increased prices mean a huge increase in the cost of your product. Accordingly you obey the universal law of Business (compared with which the work of the legislatures is an idle jest) and you increase your capitalization, and accordingly your prices increase with the rest.

Whereupon Eminent Persons want to put you into jail. Why not put everybody into jail?

## Injuring Business is no Solution

Now, of course, we shall not put Mr. Armour into jail nor any other alleged violator of the social regimen of Dr. Sherman. We are not so far gone in hysteria as that would imply. But the point to consider is that if we do not know any more about economics than to think that a jail term will lower prices, then Business should look at once and most soberly to our educational arrangements. If, after more than a century of what is called general education, we know so little of basic economic truths, that we ascribe a world-wide evolution to the spells and incantations of a pork-packer, Business had better give its first attention to reforming our schools—not to say our colleges.

And this is a point of very great importance to Business. You will observe that all the remedies proposed and advanced for the cure of the present situation are aimed against Business. All of them purpose some kind of lynching of Business. To-day the lynching may be defeated. To-morrow it may not be. The spirit that in the last few months has been manifested against Business ought to make Business stop and think. From a widespread disposition to destroy the nation's only source of indispensable supplies any upheaval might be predicted. After clamoring to imprison men for a process of evolution the next natural step would be to lead a mob up Fifth Avenue.

Suppose the decision against the Standard Oil Company should be upheld and suppose the unthinking element at Washington should undertake to apply dissolution to the other great Business combinations. There would ensue the greatest panic ever known in our history. We might not be, and probably should not be, recovered in many years from the depression that would follow, and in those years Business would be prostrate. Not one thing would be achieved against the "combinations in restraint of trade" because these can not possibly be abolished until you provide in their place a substitute source of supplies; but confidence would be shaken, the price of stocks would drop like rocks, many firms and many individuals would be ruined, and in the catastrophe industry would be sorely distressed.

If in that crisis the persons that now want to put trust magnates into jail should foster a belief that the trust



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magnates were responsible for the situation, no one could foretell the results. We might have scenes and events that afterwards we should bitterly regret, and beyond all question there would be conditions the worst possible for Business.

#### Our Salvation Lies in General Enlightenment

Therefore we may say that next to general health and the best possible environments for the people, the welfare of Business demands universal education, and that of the highest type. For its safety and permanence it requires a public too well informed to rise up and rend man's source of supply because world-wide conditions produce disagreeable results; a public too well-informed to listen to the foolish imaginings of incompetents and the dull party leaders. Business ought to see to this. In the opinion of foreign visitors that take good note of us, we are politically the least informed of all civilized peoples. Cabmen in Paris and yokels in Germany will discuss political problems with far more intelligence than the average American Congressman. The evils of such a condition are not merely sentimental, but most practical—as we are very likely to find before long. The surest ally of Business (that in the present stage of evolution supplies our primal necessities) is a high and general intelligence.

I admit that, superficially considered, some of the spectacles about us do not argue always for a spread of such university education as we have now in America. A President that is also a Yale graduate and lends himself to the clamor against individuals is not the most edifying thing in the world. But if the reforming of the university is indicated, good; let us have that, too. Only let us not lose sight of the fact that nothing but general enlightenment will save us from foolish ideas and foolish movements that are to-day for the laughter of the gods and to-morrow may be for our infinite humiliation and sorrow.

Yet it may be that as the rule of Business is only a stage of evolution, even this is now passing away before our eyes. It may be that the failure of Business to perceive its opportunities has already begun to work its downfall and mankind is on the verge of erecting another source of its supplies. Take together some aspects of the situation that we usually view separately (if at all) and see how they look as factors of disintegration.

Take the huge misgovernment of our cities, the alliance between the public service corporation, the fraudulent vote broker, the brothel, the brewery and the saloon, by which alliance that misgovernment is maintained.

Take the corruption of public officers bribed directly or indirectly to do the corporation's will.

Take the undermining of the public conscience that this causes, so you hear men say that to bribe an alderman is no worse than to tip a waiter.

Take the growth of the slums, the increase of poverty and the decline of physical stamina among the slum-dwellers.

Take the folly of certain representatives of Business, as when they force a Pinchot from the public service and compel the recognition of fraudulent claims to the public lands.

Take Cannonism and all that it implies.

Take the control of the public press for ignoble ends so that we have no longer (in our newspapers) a free vehicle of public information.

You might think the whole system was on the verge of collapse. You might think that we had already reached a stage where these things could go on no longer and that a new era and a vast new method were at hand.

#### Evolution Does Not Go Backwards

But if this be true (and the next year will show) no man need be so great a fool as to think that what impends is a return to any measure of competition. Evolution does not go backwards. The days of competition are dead and gone forever. Competition served its purposes, was worn out, and progress discarded it absolutely just as progress has discarded other methods and other devices that men have used and now need no longer. Then will you but see how foolish look the champions of regulation and repression! All the purpose of their efforts, bills, prosecutions, diatribes and effusions is to check combination and restore competition. They might as well try to restore the stage-coach and the dugout. What should we think if Mr. Taft should send a message to Congress asking that American soldiers be armed with bows and arrows and carry cowhide shields, or that we rebuild the navy with wooden sailing ships? And yet such proposals would be no whit more absurd than this idea that we can reduce the price of butter by putting somebody into jail, or the idea that to dissolve the Standard Oil Company would do any good, or the idea that the evils of our railroad system can be cured by a Court of Commerce, or the idea that under any conditions competition can come again.

No; if there is to be a change, it will bear no trace or relation to the plans of the regulative and kindergarten school of thought. Organized Business, with all its trusts and all its features of good and evil, is our present source of supply for man's primal necessities. It is, therefore, above all attacks as above all laws and all regulations. It may have undermined itself; it may have, by unwisdom, brought its dominance to an end; but it never has been and never will be affected by any attempt to curb or regulate it. And if its day is coming to an end it will be succeeded by other sources of supply organized upon its lines and still further removed from that competition desired by Regulators and Reformers and aimed at in the Golden Specific and Anti-Trust Chologogue of Dr. Sherman. The trust, the great Business combination, the perfected and articulated organization for efficient and economical production, represented an incalculable advance upon all previous methods of Business. Its installation has been attended with many minor evils and one great radical fault. So far it has operated to confer its benefits almost entirely upon its owners. The next obvious step is to operate it so that it will confer its benefits upon the community. That will be again a great advance. What the Regulators and Reformers want to do with it would be a huge retrogression.

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## The Well-Beloved

[Continued from page 245]

she might have forgiven him if she had not, for what Fulvio did in his wretchedness was a matter of so little importance to Italians that Mary's attitude, had they known it, would only have left them gaping. Hurt as he was, living on the crumbs of time that Mary threw him, he drifted back into the train of that light-hearted lady who had been snubbed by the ambassador's wife. I don't think he saw her often—I am sure he never saw her alone, and it was no more than a matter of killing time; but it set people's tongues wagging, as they do in Rome about any shifting of power.

There were plenty of ladies in Rome who were pleased enough to set a rumor going that any of Mary's crown jewels had been taken from her. To do Mary justice, she paid little attention to this till she met them face to face strolling on the Pincio.

Mary bowed graciously enough, but her voice was hard and level as a frozen pond as she said to me:

"So what they say about Fulvio is true."

"What do you mean?" I temporized.

"I mean," she exclaimed lucidly, "that Fulvio is—a friend of that woman! There was a curious note of concentrated emotion in her voice that gave me pause."

"I don't see," I told her calmly, "exactly what right you have to criticize Fulvio. You deny him the right to criticize you. You have no claim on him. You are not engaged to him."

She checked me with a gesture.

"I will tell you the claim I have on him," she answered. "I have listened while he made love to me; I have been patient with his silly moods and his silly jealousy; I have almost cared for him—" her voice nearly broke; "I have treated him as though he were a man. There is no man who can play with me, no living man who can insult me, and for him to appear publicly with her after—after everything, is an insult!" At that moment I understood why people thought her beautiful, but it was a beauty of some self-righteous and avenging angel and no madonna.

"And after all the dear, lovely things he said to me, that he can make a spectacle of me, mix up my name in this affair, put me on the footing of rival to his affections with a woman like that—for you know that is what they have been saying about me!" She turned somber, angry eyes upon me.

"Listen," said I. "You hurt him bitterly by your indecision and your heartlessness." She quivered at that and flung her head up with a beautiful, free gesture.

"Yes, your heartlessness," I repeated, "and now, when, for a little comfort and a little forgetfulness, he turns to an old friend, you blame him for what you have made him do."

"He can have all the comfort he wants, all the forgetfulness," Mary threw at me, "for I shall never see him again. People shall not talk about me."

As if her flirtations had not been the talk of Rome! The suddenness of her onslaught left me speechless.

I knew that Mary's statement that she would never see Fulvio again was no threat, and just why she explained to me. Her indignation was quite gone now. She was tired as though from dragging herself through some stony, sun-scorched road.

"Of course I know all about her. Oh, you can be sure there is not much about Fulvio I don't know. They've taken good care to tell me everything—the way people do here in Rome. And after things had been between them as they say they were, and between us as they are now, it is like cutting off our—" she hesitated and chose for the name of it—"friendship—with a knife. You see there is nothing left for me to do but to go away at once. You will have to explain why I have gone; I can not, of course, discuss it with him." Her head bowed as though crushed with some unspeakable shame; then she flung her hand out toward the window.

"Oh, I hate it all!" she cried. Then she kissed me and went away like the silent, ashamed ghost of her triumphant self.

She had loved it as only an Anglo-Saxon can love the laughter and glitter of it, and now she hated it with the inner loathing that an Anglo-Saxon has.

That was how Mary Gordon went away and how it came that I had to explain the inexplicable to Fulvio. It was my hand that dealt the blow that killed him.

He stood before me as submissive as a child. I remember he repeated in that still little impressive voice of his: "I don't understand; I have done nothing. I don't understand."

He accepted it all in a dazed, hushed way. He was so still, indeed, that I did not understand until afterwards that Fulvio, the Well-Beloved, had died. I was so blind that I even let him know that she was sailing at once from Naples, and he nodded his head as one who says, "It had to be; it is Fate!"

I am told that he watched her boat leave the harbor and that Mary leaned over the rail and looked down upon him kindly, and he stood with his head bared and his face upturned to hers. And so, without speaking, those two creatures, so close together, so far apart, took leave of each other. What happened next all Rome knew the following day, for Fulvio got a boat and rowed out after the steamer. He never came back. They found the boat upset in the bay.



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## Our National Game

[Continued from page 242]

the umpire. He stands with his cap in one hand awaiting his chance, and the chance always comes. The other side is at the bat. He has noticed that his pitcher is weakening. Casey, of the other side, makes a steal from second to third, has to slide for it, and reaches the base about the same second that the ball reaches the third baseman's hand. "Safe on third," says the umpire in his matter-of-fact tone. The captain slams his cap to earth with an air of pained disgust. His fielders lie down where they happen to be; his catcher tears off his mask and makes a run for the umpire, swearing like a madman; his third baseman stands with both feet on base, holding the ball flat against the back of the base-runner. The base-runner lies flat on the ground with his hand firmly grasping the bag. The knowing spectators go home at this point, but the amateurs hang around for the riot to begin or the game to go on. Neither ever happens. The umpire—he knows it is none of his business—walks over to one side of the field, and engages in conversation with the prettiest girl he can find; the opposing captain makes the usual bluff of anger, and argues with the losing captain. Outsiders butt in, and explain exactly how the man was put out, or exactly how he was safe. The members of the two nines slowly disappear into the saloon on the corner, and reappear dressed to go home. Half an hour later a small group of angry spectators who are still arguing about the decision suddenly discover that they are alone. They grumble a little, and then they also go home, and the game is over.

### The Rise and Fall of Skinny Dolan

These games are far from perfect. The score-cards have no place for "errors," for nearly every play is an "error." The teams are apt to be as evenly balanced as a teeter-totter would be with an elephant on one end and a fly on the other. The first inning begins beautifully, with Skinny Dolan in the box, and Skinny has a wonderful delivery. One after another the batters drop before his curves. He wears a cool, disdainful smile—and lasts about four innings. In the fifth inning two men hit him for home runs, six for two-baggers, and eight for one-baggers, and three get bases on balls. His appearance in the next inning is away over by the cemetery fence in left field. He gets into the box again in the seventh inning, after Slug Wilson had given six men bases on balls, and everybody makes home runs. That is when his captain begins to watch third base for a close decision.

It is a game of this kind that provides character study, for character comes out boldly in stress, and these games are stress from start to finish. I have seen a quiet little Sunday afternoon game in which every man on either side told every man on his own and the other side just what he thought of his character. One captain began by telling his pitcher what he thought of him, and ordered him off the field, and the pitcher remarked that if he had a catcher who knew how to catch a ball once every week or so he would be able to use some speed. This seemed to displease the catcher, and he remarked in no gentle tones about the pitcher's general ability and the shortsightedness of a captain who would have such a man on his nine. This gave pleasure to the opposing nine, and they showed it by appropriately guying remarks, and were taken to task by the nine men of the other side. The two hundred spectators who had gathered to see the ball game then told both nines what they thought of them, and were given to understand that not a man on either nine cared a faded fig for—An hour later the umpire went home, or in the direction of home, but the two captains were still discharging their men. I have seen one stout catcher discharged eight times in one seven-inning game, during which period he resigned four times of his own accord.

### Capital Punishment for Umpires is Going Out

But it is the umpire of these games who has the sinecure. The old custom of going after the umpire with a bat is about played out. In professional games he is so enclosed in rules and regulations that he is safer than a knight in full armour, and in non-professional and semi-professional games he is only permitted on the diamond as a sort of decoration. So long as the decisions apply only to points that a two-year-old child could decide he is allowed to have the fun of making the decision; but the moment a decision is close he is forgotten, and the two captains double up their fists and talk it out. It doesn't matter in the least what the umpire has said. It is all a question of lungs, vocabulary and bluff. If Captain A is three runs ahead, and the decision does not affect his chances of victory greatly, and his pitcher is still strong, he will merely argue for half an hour and then let the other side have the decision, and the meek little umpire will be called back into the diamond and allowed to fritter away his time calling balls. But if the game is close, and Captain A's pitcher has begun to weaken, then justice must hold her sway. The rule seems to be, let the umpire make a decision; then let the side decided against make a protest; then the umpire goes to the side-line and talks about the weather while the two nines argue the

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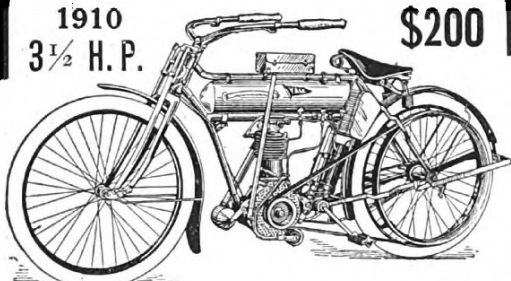
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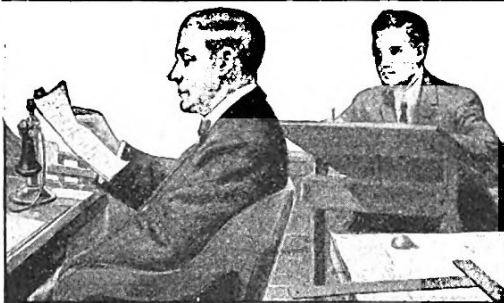
The Yale team (3 riders) won the Chicago Motorcycle Endurance Contest and Silver Trophy Cup, July 9-10-11, '09. 600 miles averaging 20 miles per hour—vibrator, carburetor, battery box and spark plug sealed. A perfect score—not one adjustment!

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| Illustrator          | Civil Engineer         |
| Designer & Craftsman | Building Contractor    |
| Civil Service        | Architect              |
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decision; when they have settled it to suit themselves, someone tells the umpire how it has been settled. If he objects, a new umpire is secured. This method is much more refined than the old way of killing the umpire between the sixth and seventh innings.

Baseball deserves to be our national game. It is not gentle, and we are not a gentle nation. Its best exemplification is by specialists, and as a nation, the specialists are doing our best work in all lines. There is nothing we like so well as to sit around and watch our specialists do their work, and then to get off somewhere and tell each other how much better they might do it, if they would only take our advice. We are hero-worshippers, and professional baseball creates just about the right number of heroes to go around. It is not necessary for each man to have the same hero, which soon becomes tiresome. The comic element is introduced by the umpires, who have become a national joke and rank with the mother-in-law witticisms. Baseball is a grand game.

### A Safe Game for On-Lookers

As for myself, I would rather go out and see a baseball game than be a baseball player and stand up and let one of those modern pitchers, who throws a ball with the speed of a four-inch gun, cast a wiggling ball at my person, and take a chance on the ball dodging around me before it bored a hole through me. I have been hit by a baseball thrown by a gentle hand, and I know how hard a baseball is. Nor would I care to take to pitching as a serious occupation. To one unacquainted with the game it may seem a safe job to stand up and throw hard balls at the other fellow, but once in awhile a batter hits the ball, and hits it hard, and it makes a bee-line for the pitcher. The pitcher is usually an agile man, but he is seldom agile enough to lie down in time to let the ball pass safely above him, and if he did, his captain would possibly be angry. The ethics of the game require the pitcher to stand right there and let that mile-a-minute ball bore itself into his hands. I did that once, and the palms of my hands still palpitate with fear when I think of it. It was soon after that hot liner that I retired from baseball permanently. Some persons of weak character would never have wished to see another game of ball after such a harrowing experience, but I still love to see the national game, if I can have a seat in the grandstand, with a stout wire netting between me and the scene of slaughter.

### It Happened in South Africa

"Yes, indeed, old chap," said Captain Cholmondeley-Smithers, of H. M. 408th Cavalry, "your policemen are certainly handling the traffic much better than when I was last here, but, dash it! you have not got it down to the point we have in London—as yet. You've got your policemen educated and drivers trained, but your horses are a bit raw."

"Did you ever hear how the English came to lose the Battle of Spioensfontein during the Boer War? No? Well, we were not particularly proud of the incident, and it was such a bally low trick on the part of the Boers that it is not at all strange that they have not circulated the story."

"You see, the 408th Cavalry were called out in 1901, during the horse famine in South Africa, so many of 'em having been killed off in battle, d'ye see. We happened to reach the seat of war simultaneously with a consignment of cavalry mounts that had been drafted from London in an emergency—bus and cab horses. Dash me if they did not put us on those brutes trained in the London streets!"

"Well sir, in the thick of Spioensfontein my regiment was given the order to charge a Boer battery that held the pivotal position. We swept down on them, ten to one, and for some reason we could not comprehend for the moment, they held their fire."

"What do you think the poltroons had done? Dash me if they had not dressed out one rank of soldiers in the uniform of a blooming lot of London bobbies! Just as we rose in our stirrups to strike, these bounders, helmets and all, stepped out in front of the battery, with their backs to us, and each held up a big paw in a white cotton glove. Of course the horses in our front rank stopped short, and their riders went over their heads, and in the fraction of a second the 408th was rolling over itself on the ground. That's how we came to lose one of the most important engagements of the war."

### A Big Contract

WINSTON CHURCHILL, the novelist, described at a dinner in New York the difference between romanticism and realism in fiction:

"To make my meaning clearer," he ended, "I will take the case of a young man and girl—sweethearts. The young man, a romanticist, said passionately to the girl:

"Darling, it shall be my life's one purpose to surround you with every comfort and to anticipate and grant your every wish."

"The girl, a realist, smiled faintly as she answered: "Oh, Jack, how good of you; and all on nine dollars a week, too."

## NEW INVENTION A DUSTLESS HOME THE WORK

**New Home Vacuum Cleaner** New Principle. Double suction. Cleans carpets, rugs, matings on floor. Takes place of broom, brushes, dust cloths. Cleans without sweeping. Raises no dust. Constant powerful suction draws dust, dirt, grit and germs through body and fibre of carpet into cleaner. No electricity, motor, power or operating expense. Child or delicate woman operates easily. Mrs. M. V. Buckingham, Nebr.: "Home Vacuum Cleaner certainly takes fine dirt out of carpets. Prof. Geo. S. McDowell, Pa.: "Took 51 owners fine dirt from carpet 10x13 ft." So they go. Hundreds of letters of praise and satisfaction.

**Lady had matting too old to take up.** Cleaner saved it; cleaned on floor. So handy, so easy. Weighs 8 lbs. Think of it! A dustless home-cleaner than ever before—without sweeping, dusting, housecleaning. New Home Vacuum Cleaner. Price \$8.50. Does same work as high-priced machines. This great blessing heretofore possible only for the rich, now within reach of all—rich or poor—village, city or country. Sent anywhere. Order now—you won't regret it. Not sold in stores.

**Free Sample to Agents.** \$50 to \$180 per week. W. H. Morgan, Pa.: "Send 60 Cleaners at once. Sold \$22 so far this week, making 75 in 9 days." C. E. Goff, Mo.: "Sold 5 Vacuum Cleaners last Saturday—my first attempt." Not an old, worn out proposition. Entirely new. Field untapped. Necessary. Take every family by storm. Sell it. Make money easy. Men or women. All or part time. Show to families, sell 9. Enormous demand. Think of millions of homes wanting—needing Vacuum Cleaner. Start now in a profitable, easy, important business. Money comes easy. Don't delay. Don't let someone else beat you to it. Write today for Agents' Big Profit Plan. Risk a penny to bring tidal wave of success.

**R. A. ARMSTRONG, INC.,**  
664 Alms Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

\$8.50

touching—unlimited. Experience unnecessary. Take every family by storm. Sell it. Make money easy. Men or women. All or part time. Show to families, sell 9. Enormous demand. Think of millions of homes wanting—needing Vacuum Cleaner. Start now in a profitable, easy, important business. Money comes easy. Don't delay. Don't let someone else beat you to it. Write today for Agents' Big Profit Plan. Risk a penny to bring tidal wave of success.



"3-in-One" is a household oil, lubricating, cleaning, polishing and preventing rust—

Try for oiling sewing machines, clocks, locks, guns, bicycles, etc. Try for cleaning and polishing any furniture; fine pianos, old tables, etc. Try for preventing rust on any metal surface. Trial bottle sent free. 3-in-One Oil Co., 67 Broadway, New York.

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**Agents Coining Money**

Thousands being sold. Great big money getter for agents. Handy Automatic Home Fastener. No straps—no buckles—no chains—no freezing of fingers in cold weather. A square deal offer. Horsemen stop—look—listen—buy one—then a dozen. Agent writes, "Hurry up my order—sold out first day." Cary says, "Made \$9.00 yesterday—rush order."

This is only one of over 2,000 fast selling articles we furnish agents: Write today—now—for our latest proposition. Headquarters for agents. No experience needed. Just write—we show how. We want agents—crew managers—men or women—all or part time—home or traveling—to show, take orders for our goods. Write today for FREE SAMPLE. You will make more money than ever before.

Costs nothing to investigate—write at once—drop everything else—act quick—time short—let us start you—demand is big—be a Thomas Agent and get the money.

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## The Plight of the Liar

[Continued from page 261]

false colors, trying to make black appear white, will always have a hard time of it. Nobody will long believe him, no matter how smooth his tongue, how long-headed or cunning he may be. Things are so planned that if a man is ever to get very far or to accomplish very much in this world he must be honest, for the whole structure of natural law is pledged to defeat the lie, the sham. Only the right, ultimately, can succeed.

What would you think of a man who tries to defeat the laws of mathematics? He is a bigger fool who tries to get ahead of right, tries to defeat justice by lying and deceit. No man ever yet got around God, good, justice, right. It is true a man may get something in the wrong—so may a thief. But the wrong always defeats itself because it has no principle in it. A man in the wrong is out of place for the same reason that discord is out of place in the presence of harmony.

Not long since nine students were suspended at Brown University for cribbing in their examinations. A great many well-intentioned students lie by cribbing in all sorts of ways in their recitations and examinations. They put formulæ and figures and suggestions and all sorts of helps upon their cuffs and shirt bosoms, finger nails and paper rolls, to help them during their recitations or examinations, thus laying foundations for future forms of deceit and dishonesty on a large scale, which may ultimately ruin them.

Many prosperous business men who are very conscientious about telling verbal lies are consummate liars in the deceptions they work into their manufactures, their commodities. I know a man who is always talking to his sons about telling the truth, yet he has for nearly half a century been selling lies in his store, boxes of lies, barrels of lies, lies in "foreign" silks made in New Jersey, and all sorts of "imported" articles.

American liars in high places have recently had the flashlight of public scrutiny turned upon them. Men who not long ago stood high in the American regard are worse than nobodies to-day, for they are despised by their fellow men.

Does it pay to sell one's birthright for a little mess of pottage?

Veracity to a man should be as priceless as virtue to a woman. When he has lost truthfulness and the reputation for it, he is a burned-out man, a mere shell, like one of our great skyscrapers gutted by fire.

Can any amount of money or any temporary satisfaction compensate for the contempt of one's better self, for the awful isolation which one feels when condemned by his fellow men, and exiled from his own self-respect because of his own self-inflicted infamy? Money and all the luxuries and splendor which it can purchase are powerless to bring happiness to a soul self-condemned.

Think of the terrible suffering which must come to Dr. Cook, if he is sane, for having deceived the whole world! When Aristotle was asked what a person would gain by telling a falsehood he replied, "Not to be credited when he shall tell the truth." Is it not a pitiable sight, a most lamentable thing when a man who is supposed to represent the highest state of the world's civilization should propose to call upon a semi-savage Eskimo to convince his fellow men that he is telling the truth?

Think of the position of this man, who, but a few months ago, received the plaudits of men all over the world, but who is now the butt of ridicule, the subject of jest and caricature in the press the world over! Wherever Dr. Cook goes, he will meet with the contempt of the world. Whichever way he turns, he can not escape his worst accuser, which is within him, and which is constantly upbraiding him for selling out the best thing in him for the sake of three months of admiration and the divided worship of mankind.

When a man turns traitor to himself, there is no power in wealth or fame to still the accuser within which is ever reminding him of his infamy and taunting him for his treason against himself.

Does it pay to take such chances with one's reputation? Nothing can compensate the lily for a smirch upon its whiteness; nothing can compensate the rose for the loss of its perfume and beauty.

What is a man good for when the best thing in him is rotten, when all that makes him a man, all that marks him from the brute, is decayed.

The time will come when the liar will be despised and ostracised by all decent people. The liar is a mere burlesque of a man, a perverted human being. We might as well call a composition full of discordant notes, played on an instrument jangled out of tune, by the name of music, as to call him a man who has violated the fundamental principles of his God-given nature. Just in proportion as a man departs from the law on which he was made—truth—he approaches the brute and should be so classified by all decent people. Is there a sadder sight in America to-day than that of so many young men gambling with their reputations, taking chances with their good names, for the sake of a few more dollars or a little notoriety with as little thought as they would bet on a race-horse?

What use is a fortune so gained that wherever the owner goes he will be pointed out as a man who has "sold out"—sold out his honor, his good name, his friends—everything that a manly man holds dear?

## Some Inside Facts About the Enger 40

### That the Prospective Automobile Buyer Ought to Know

By H. C. George

The reader may or may not know that there are two distinct methods of building an automobile. One is to construct it without reference to any other car—the sole aim being to build according to certain price (rather than high-efficiency) specifications. This is an extremely simple method. It sometimes produces a car that is worth what is asked for it. It always produces an "automobile."

The other method is to build according to a definite pattern—to model after a selected car of known merit. This method is by no means an easy one; as it involves securing only the highest grade of material—some of which is not used at all in cars of no required standard of merit.

As to which of these methods will come nearest to producing the kind of a car you would like to own nothing need be said.

The writer of this advertisement was impressed with the marked advantage of the reproduction method of building during an investigation of the Enger 40.

Here is a car selling for only \$2,000, fully equipped, that has the size, the wheel base, the lines, the power, and those miscellaneous advantages that one expects in "cars for the rich," but not in cars at two thousand dollars.

Cars of this Enger kind do not "happen"—they are invariably reproductions.

Mr. Enger (who is a manufacturer of unlimited means) gave me this explanation of his method in building his 40.

"For several years I have owned a car that is known the world over as being one of the five best cars manufactured—either American or Foreign. The car is as fine a piece of mechanism as it is possible to build when no thought of cost is considered.

"Two years ago it occurred to me that if it were possible—at a nominal cost—to duplicate my car minus the luxuries that are wholly unnecessary, the car would

meet an immense demand from those who want the vital working parts of the best cars, but who are willing to sacrifice the luxurious and costly extras.

"The Enger 40 is the result."

This statement explains many of the features of the Enger car and is the best possible guarantee of its high quality.

It explains the size of the car;

It explains its style;

It explains its rich upholstery;

It explains its easy-riding quality;

It explains the quietness and power of the engine;

And it explains the exceptional finish that is readily noticeable to a trained eye.

This car is obviously intended for those looking for genuine quality and refinement—

For those who would much prefer to pay \$4000 or \$5000 but who are not ready to do so, and want the nearest possible approach, at moderate cost, to cars selling at these prices.

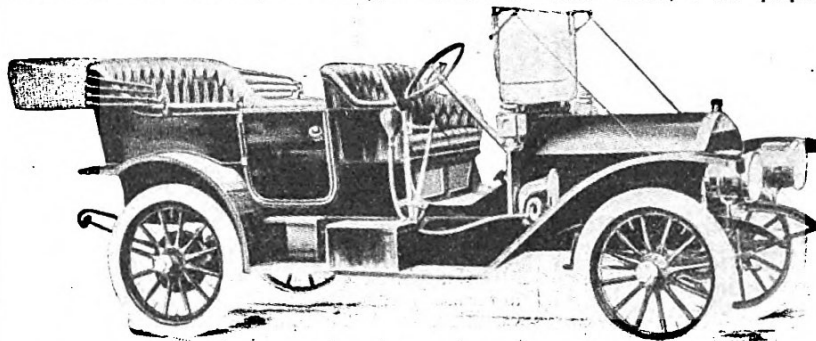
In order that you, as a prospective automobile buyer, may get a more definite idea of this build-to-model car, and know WHY you ought to buy it in preference to other makes, I am preparing a pamphlet entitled

"Seven reasons why you should buy an Enger 40" (Ask for "pamphlet A" for short). This pamphlet goes into detail about the car and tells you what you want to know.

It gives illustrations of the working parts of the car, as well as detailed specifications.

You ought to get a copy of it no matter what car you buy.

Drop the Company a line (a postal will do) while you have it on your mind. Address



"Just get Oil and Gasoline and Start."

Enger Motor Car Company, Summer and Gest Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio

## To Boys Who Want To Make Money

If you haven't got all the spending money you want, Uncle Bob can help you. He is the kind of a boy's friend that all good uncles ought to be. He knows more ways for boys to make money than anybody else. He is the Manager of the Moneymakers Club of "Success Magazine"—the club so many boys are joining. If you have n't heard of it you should read Uncle Bob's monthly talk to boys on page 285 of this number of "Success Magazine."

And then you can find out how to earn lots of spending money, and maybe get a regular monthly salary from the Club, by just dropping a line of inquiry to

UNCLE BOB

Manager Moneymakers Club

29 East 22d Street

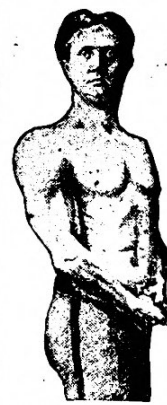
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IN ADDITION TO THIS

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I WILL ALSO BE PLEASED to answer any questions pertaining to the development or reducing of any other part of your body without additional charge.

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No ordinary investor has the time, the money or the experience properly to investigate the security upon which any issue of bonds is based. Therefore, such an investor has to buy on the recommendation of an investment firm which has the time, the money and the experience to make an investigation sufficient to establish to its satisfaction the safety of the issue.

This is an important part of our service. We are selling public service, municipal and railroad bonds of which we are the owners, and which we have bought only upon an investigation so thorough and searching that we are able to recommend them unqualifiedly to our customers.

*Write to-day for circular G-44 describing offerings yielding from 4 to 6 per cent.*

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## How to Choose an Investment

We have prepared two booklets explaining in easily understood terms the various purposes for which bonds are issued and what safeguards an investor should look for before purchasing any security.

We shall be glad to send these booklets free of cost to all who are interested together with circulars describing special issues.

Ask for No. 4-A, "Public Utility Bonds as Investments"

No. 7-A, "A Financial Courtship"  
Circular No. 47-A.

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Oldest Municipal Bond House west of New York

**SPITZER & CO. Bonds**



## The INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR

### Pitfalls of Irrigation Securities—Second Article

By MONTGOMERY ROLLINS

IN the last number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE numerous objectionable features entering into the financing of irrigation projects were exploited by the writer. The balance of the argument is to be divided between the irrigation district and the Carey Act issues. In the natural historical order we will take up first

#### Municipal District Irrigation Bonds

California was one of the earliest States to adopt this plan through the formation of irrigation districts under what is known as the "Wright Act." Many millions in bonds were sold, and almost all either repudiated or scaled down in principal or interest. The taxpayers found the obligations imposed upon them so burdensome that, in self-defense, they sought a loophole of escape, and found the same through the law.

Why should we expect the taxpayers in the districts in other States to feel a much greater happiness in what must seem to many bond men a tremendous percentage of indebtedness to the valuation?

There has been a great deal of misunderstanding about irrigation bonds put out by municipal subdivisions of this nature. The impression has been growing, and has been willingly fostered by certain promoters, that they are county obligations, which is far from the truth.

In a prominent financial journal, which should have investigated the matter more thoroughly before speaking, appeared this:

"The important fact, however, about municipal irrigation district bonds . . . is that they are good bonds, not because they are irrigation bonds, but because they are municipal bonds. We take it that if the irrigation scheme for which they are floated turns out to be a disappointment the bonds will still be good as a municipal obligation."

We will show the fallacy of that statement as we proceed.

Does it occur to the reader that dealers in municipal issues for all other purposes have thought it important to furnish such helpful facts as the population, assessed valuation, etc.? Never, as yet, has the writer been able to find the assessed valuation of an irrigation district given, and but seldom the population. It is also the custom for the State laws to limit municipal indebtedness, but it does not seem to be the case with municipal districts. This would strike any old line municipal bond man as a fearful deficiency.

Now, as to the belief that an irrigation district issue would still be a municipal issue, and paid as such, if the irrigation scheme in itself did not turn out satisfactorily. The foregoing must make it plain that district irrigation bonds are not hedged about by laws which experience has shown to be proper in the case of other municipal obligations.

The great point, however, is that for land in the district to ever become resourceful enough to liquidate the indebtedness created against the same, the very object for which the money is borrowed must be a substantial success. Let us ask, therefore, if the inhabitants would not, in voting for irrigation district issues, take the chance of the indebtedness on the basis of their having everything to gain and practically nothing to lose by so doing?

#### Nine Voters Authorize \$2,000,000 in Bonds

The utter absurdity of this whole municipal scheme is shown in a district where there were only nine votes cast, authorizing the issue of two millions of bonds. Investigation disclosed only about twenty taxpayers of one kind and another in the district. The interest charge on this issue of bonds is one hundred and twenty thousand dollars per annum, to say nothing of the yearly payments on the principal. This interest alone is equivalent to an annual charge of six thousand dollars on every farmer within the district at the time.

When the bonds are sold, more difficulties are encountered. The laws are quite uniform in providing that bonds shall not be sold for less than 95 per cent. of their face value. As this rate of discount has not proved particularly attractive, owing to the more lucrative profits to be obtained from bonds issued under the Carey Act, the districts have been hard pushed to interest bankers in their securities, so they are commonly

taken by the contractors in payment for work. But, as the contractors have to find a market at a greater discount than five per cent., they, in turn, figure it into the charge for the work, the result of which is that the districts may not be getting in real value more than seventy to eighty cents on a dollar for the amount of the bonds issued.

#### How Colorado Safeguards the School Fund

As an inducement to sell Colorado district irrigation bonds it has been stated that they are an authorized investment for the State school fund. Here is another attempt to mislead, whether wilfully or otherwise. It is an indisputable fact that such authority has been given, but a reading of the law will disclose some peculiar features.

The State Board of Land Commissioners, which handles the investment of the school fund, has doubted whether it has power to make such investments, and up to the present time no investments have been made. The law provides that the land commissioners are authorized to enter into a contract with the directors of an irrigation district and purchase the bonds after the State Engineer has certified that the system has been fully completed and a sufficient water supply secured to successfully operate the same. Districts developing systems for purposes of irrigation need money to pay for construction, and it would be a difficult matter for the directors to complete a system before receiving the proceeds of a bond issue. This condition practically prohibits a district from entering into a contract with the Land Commissioner for a sale of bonds to the school fund.

This is a good hint to others not to invest in an issue of an unfinished development. If the legislators of one of the States most prominently identified with this subject safeguard the investment of the school funds in this way, should not those who are totally inexperienced and at a distance use even greater precaution before placing their savings?

One circular claims that on the edge of a certain district there are ten (names given) towns, creating the impression that the region is very populous. Investigation will show that many of these towns are not nearer to the edge of the district than twenty miles. Further claims were made that for many years a large acreage within the present boundaries of the municipality had been irrigated from a certain reservoir by direct irrigation from a nearby river. This is true, in so far as the land within this district has been irrigated, but, although within the municipal limitations, the land was not included as a part of the district for taxing purposes, for the land was petitioned out of the district as is the usual custom if any particular land owner does not wish to be included in the scheme. Here was the foundation for a most unhappy and erroneous false impression.

#### Some Good Features of District Issues

It was not the intention to set forth anything except the demerits in this field of investment, but we seem to have made such a sweeping denunciation of the district form of issuing that it is better to make it clear that there are some good features. Theoretically, district issues should have the preference. A casual investigation would lead one to suppose that they might be and should be the better security and more sure of payment, but the writer is forced to believe that they are, as a class, the most unsafe of any; still there are good features, and a great many of these issues have turned out all right. It is a little dangerous, therefore, to criticize any specific enterprise without very careful investigation, because history has proved that districts which, in their inception some years ago would have created a feeling of distrust on the part of any careful investigator, have turned out remarkably well.

In truth, there are districts and districts. It makes a great deal of difference, for instance, whether the indebtedness is ten to twelve dollars an acre or thirty-five to forty dollars an acre. The writer knows of one district in Nebraska which has been running along successfully for a number of years, but which started with a very small percentage of indebtedness, and has recently been marketing an issue for the refunding of part of the



## 5% Bonds

¶ Ten years ago the average investor was satisfied if he obtained a return of from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 per cent. on his money, and yet to-day there is a growing and insistent demand for investment securities yielding from 5 to 6 per cent.

¶ In ten years the cost of living has by actual statistics increased nearly fifty per cent; that is to say, the value of gold has depreciated to such an extent that it now takes a dollar and a half to buy as much food or clothing as one dollar would formerly purchase.

¶ To apply these statistics to the investor, we will consider the case of a man who has fifty thousand dollars invested in four per cent. bonds and is therefore annually receiving two thousand dollars in interest. When he made the investment, two thousand dollars may have been ample for his needs, but two thousand dollars ten years ago was almost the exact equivalent of three thousand dollars at the present time, and unless our investor has been able to increase the amount of his capital he often finds himself obliged to replace his four per cent. securities with others yielding greater return.

¶ We own and are offering in lots to suit the purchaser a number of railroad, equipment, guaranteed irrigation and high-grade industrial corporation bonds to net from  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 6 per cent. If you are interested in re-investing your money so as to obtain a better interest return, we should be pleased to have you write to us.

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To meet this demand which is made more acute by a lowering of the Savings bank rate in some sections, we have selected an issue of well assured Steam-Railway Bonds which we are offering at prices

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Those who know the value of dealing with a responsible and established Banking House will appreciate the attractiveness of this offer.

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present debt and extending the system, and yet the total indebtedness is not much above ten dollars an acre. That may be called a seasoned security and one that is worth further looking into.

To sum up the subject of district irrigation bonds: To the writer's mind one of the weakest points is that a very large influx of farmers is required before sufficient crops can be raised to justify what may be considered a mortgage indebtedness of from twenty to fifty dollars an acre, and newcomers must, from the start, assume their share of this back-breaking indebtedness.

### The Carey Act

Theoretically, there are many good features about this act, but in practise the investor must use extreme care in every instance. Whereas, one of the good points is that the speculative "taking up" of land is next to impossible, yet this has not prevented speculation in land on the part of the promoters. One of the main purposes of the act has been to discourage the old form of "land grabbing" which was so disastrous to many sections of the West. However commendable the efforts of the Government have been in the direction of safeguarding both the irrigator and the investor through the provisions of this act, there are countless ways in which a scheme may miscarry which no legislation can prevent.

A great many of the remarks in the article which preceded this, as well as the ideas brought out in the foregoing pages in relation to district issues, apply with equal force to the Carey Act securities, but a very important point is that it is all too soon to be able to definitely state that this plan is an absolute success. This point may be more clearly appreciated when it is understood that by common agreement there shall eventually result a transfer of the irrigation system to a corporation composed of the purchasers of the water rights. This is very commendable and certainly in the right direction, but the number of projects in which enough land has been sold to permit the carrying out of this provision is so small that no definite conclusion can as yet be drawn therefrom.

### Land Speculation

There is no lack of evidence of drawing upon the imagination in connection with the Carey Act issues, but we will take only one example of this optimism: "The margin of security is generally four to one."

This statement is subject to modification. The average rate of indebtedness against these lands is about twenty-five dollars an acre, yet the land is sold by the State at fifty cents an acre, and, in turn, it is sold to the settler and a mortgage taken back at from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars an acre, and immediately the statement is made that the land is worth one hundred dollars or more an acre—a tremendous advance for the mere prospect that water may be delivered upon it.

At the risk of some repetition, it is suggested that this brings us up to the real hazard in this whole field of promotion, and again the danger is proclaimed: One comes somewhat sadly to the conclusion that it is not a bond proposition at all, but a land speculation pure and simple.

Bear in mind, however, that we are generalizing, and not specializing against any particular proposition.

### The Mortgage behind the Bond

It has long been the custom to safeguard the investor in every way possible in the drawing of the mortgage securing each bond issue. It is believed that in irrigation issues this rule is by no means being lived up to as it should be.

It is unquestioned that enterprises for the development of the arid lands are being carried out which will be of immense value to humanity. But no permanent harm can come if investors will put a temporary restraint upon themselves while taking a second thought, and apply conservative rules, instead of placing their savings at interest in such an indiscriminate manner as is the fashion of the moment.

When the deluge comes, as come it may and probably will, the houses which have been handling the good issues of irrigation bonds will suffer with the rest. They will experience many trying moments, for investors holding bonds which are doubtlessly good, will, in their uneasiness, pester their bankers for facts and figures to relieve the natural anxiety which they will suffer.

After all, what is the average irrigation issue but a bond on a prospect? Very few issues are ever brought out under conditions known to the bankers as "seasoned securities," that is, with the plant finished, in operation and the water turned on, and everything pronounced a success. It would be practically an impossibility to finance more than a beggarly small percentage of projects in that way.

Not until the last few years has the financing of irrigation projects been undertaken in anything but a haphazard sort of way. The previous history of these issues has been such an almost unbroken record of failure and the margin of success has been so meagre that it gives but little assistance in carrying out the principle, "Go, thou, and do likewise."

Salt Lake City

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The bonds are secured by a first and only mortgage on all the property of the Company. The gas plant is new and modern—built in 1907. The franchise runs for 20 years beyond the life of the bonds. The mortgage provides for a sinking fund.

The management is efficient, and the capital investment is liberal. The earnings, now about twice interest charges, are showing a rapid increase.

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We offer these bonds, subject to previous subscription, at 95 and accrued interest, netting the investor about 538%. We consider that the First Mortgage Bonds of the only gas company operating in so important a city form, at this price, a very attractive investment.

Circulars on request.

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In order to afford a measure of protection against the adverse effect of unforeseen contingencies, there is a growing tendency among firms and business men to set aside some percentage of earnings as a Reserve Fund, and to invest the money in sound investment bonds.

We have issued a special letter in which we explain the desirability of creating a Reserve Fund, and why the wisdom of such a policy appeals to the best judgment of conservative business men. We include in the letter recommendations of six bond issues which are suitable investments for a Reserve Fund, as well as for persons dependent upon income. The bonds yield from about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 per cent., which, in our judgment, is approximately the highest return now to be had from bonds suitable for a Reserve Fund. The bonds have been purchased by conservatively managed institutions.

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## "Tth! Tth! Tth!"

(Continued from page 230)

before she knew it she was cryin' an' the tears was all black because of the smooch on her face an' she was so lonesome if only she hadda had a little brother to keep her company like what I've got—

"You said dat onct!" said Bat trying to disguise in a gruff tone the melting softness of his mood.

"Well, zize sayin', after she laid on the clinkers cryin' an' cryin' an' wishin' she'd never been born, what do you s'pose popped right out of the stove?"

"Another clinker?"

"Naw, an old witch."

"Gee!" said Bat looking warily over his shoulder at the shadows beginning to deepen in the room. "Wh—what did the old witch do—hit her wit' a broomstick?"

"Naw, she was a nice old dame an' she says you poor little rat why ain't you up to the palace an' Clinkereller says I ain't got nothin' fit ter wear, an' the old witch says would you like to go an' Clinkereller says would a duck swim an' the old witch says eenymeenymynimo an' zip-boom-bang an' Clinkereller's old dirty rags was swiped off her an' she was standin' there dressed like one o' them beautiful ladies you see in the movin' pitcher shows an' her hands an' face was all clean an'—"

"Without scrubbin' 'em wit' soap?" gasped Bat with a new sense of the painless delights of magic. Sliver nodded and galloped on.

"An' Clinkereller looks herself over an' she's so beautiful she t'inks she's somebody else but the old witch says it's still her all right all right an' now you can go to the party an' nobody there will be dressed finer than what you are an' Clinkereller makes a break for the door an' stops an' says I can't go I ain't got no street-car fare an' the old witch laughs an' says I'll git you sumpun better than street cars an' she goes to one of them cots where the sisters sleeps an' hits it a swat with her stick an' says eenymeenymynimo an' what do you s'pose?—it was changed into a tottermobile, the most beautiful thing you ever see like a taxicab only painted poiple with green silk cushions inside an' a vase full of flowers nailed to the wall an' Clinkereller looked at it an' says Hooray but then her heart sank an' she says Gee I can't run one of them things it's all I can do to keep from gettin' run over by 'em an' the old witch looks round an' sees a mouse scamperin' across the floor an' she says eenymeenymynimo an' the mouse was changed to a swell sheffoo with a cap an' goggles an' gloves an' a great big coat made of a real imitation sealskin an' he hops on the front seat an' opens the door an' Clinkereller starts to git in an' she puts her foot on the step an' she sees—what do you s'pose?"

"A hole in her stockin'?"

"Naw, her stockin's all right, an' theyse nearly silk, but she ain't got no shoes on an' she toins to the old witch an' says Gee I can't go to no palace in me stockin' feet. An' the old witch laughs he-he-he an' says I forgot an' she looks round an' sees a coupla imitation cut glass dishes what her sisters got from the coupons dat comes wit' dere cigarettes an' she says eenymeenymynimo an' them dishes toined into slippers an' Clinkereller put 'em on an' they was the most beautiful things you ever saw you could see her stockings right troo 'em."

"Aw, go on," said Bat, "quit your kiddin'; she could n't wear glass shoes, they'd cut her toes off."

"These slippers did n't!" Sliver shrieked. "They was fairy slippers an' fairies can do anything."

There was no disputing this, so Bat subsided with a glum: "Well, I'd rather she wore patent ledder slippers."

"Then you tell the story yourself!" and Sliver was sulking. Bat yielded the point.

"Go on, an' let her wear any old t'ing you want."

"Well, Clinkereller hopped into the poiple taxicab an' the sheffoo squonched his honker an' away they went."

"Hold on!" said Bat. "How did they git out of the room an' down the stairs?"

"Fairies!" shouted Sliver, with a glare that silenced any further skepticism from the materialist. Sliver carried her heroine through the streets to the palace and up the grand stairway. When she arrived at her destination she had to go back.

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Just as the taxicab was scootin' troo the door an' down the stairs the old witch says Hay an' the sheffoo puts on the brake an' the old witch says one thing I must warn you Clinkereller. You gotta git home before midnight or you'll be sorry. The janitor locks the front door at twelve sharp an' he's awful savage if you distoib him. So don't you let the clock strike twelve on you whatever happens. Keep your eye on the clock an' along about happest 'le'm you beat it, understand, before it's twelve or it's twenty-three for yours, see? An' Clinkereller hollered back, I'm hep, Mrs. Witch. An' then the old witch vanished an' nothin' was left of her but her voice sayin' Have a good time you poor little rat for onct in your life."

"When she come to the palace it was lit up to beat the band an' the music was playin' like a million street pianers at once an' everybody was dancing ragtime an' waltzes an' minurets but when Clinkereller come in an' walked up the grand stairway like she was a fairy queen in a theayter everybody stopped an' looked an' says Hully cheese! git on to the beaut what's just blew in an' her own sisters seen her an' never suspicioned nothin' she was that dressed up an' so clean you'd never know her. Well as soon as they seen her all the gents in the palace left their lady friends an' come to ask Clinkereller would she dance an' she did n't know what guy she otter choose. All of a sudden she hoid a voice like a angel's an' the handsomest man you ever seen come pushin' troo the gang like a policeman goin' troo a crowd an' he says Stand back gents this lady dances the foist dance with yours truly and there before her stood—the prince!"

"What's a prince, Sliver?"

"What's a prince! say, have I gotta put you wise to everything? Don't you know nothin'? Why a prince is—a—er—a prince—everybody otter know what a prince is—he's a kind of a—a—well he's a hero an' a poifeck gempman an' the son of a king an'—"

"Did he wear a gold hat?"

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"Well a kind of a gold cap anna sword like what the soldiers wears in the p'rades, a sash an' t'ings with gold fringes wobblin' over his shoulders an' all sorts of t'ings an' he says to Clinkereller Hully cheese but you're a swell looker an' a hot dresser, princess—for Clinkereller was that gorgorous he t'ought she was a princess an' she says 'The same to you an' many of 'em Mr. Prince an' he says I'd be much obliged to dance the next cake walk wit' you an' she says You're welcome an' he says Maybe before we begin you'd like somepump to eat an' drink fer I've got a turrible toist meself an' Clinkereller says T'ank you, mister prince, I ain't specially toisty though I could manage a choklat sody but I must say I have a nappette on me that would relish a coupla ice cream sanwidges. So he says Sure an' he leads her to a solid gold sody fountain an' says two ice cream sodies—none of your five centers but reglar ten centers an' when she had squinched her toist he leads her to the dinin' room an' says to the waiter Give this lady what she wants—"

Bat's chops were working as he gasped "Gee, I wisht they was a prince to do that to us." Sliver shook her head with infantile atheism. "It's on'y in fairy stories that princes does dem t'ings, Bat. They don't happen in real life." This was Bat's philosophy from experience, too, and he contented himself with saying:

"What did Clinkereller eat, Sliver?"

Sliver gave fancy a free rein; fictionists can afford to be generous:

"Well she begins with a dozen ror oystures an' follers 'em wit' some apple pie an' a big slab of beefsteak an' onions an' a plate of bean soup an' some sof' shell crabs an' some more apple pie an' a chunk of toiky wit' cram-burry sass an' a coupla hot tomalies an' some wienerwoist an' a plate of ice cream—two kinds—strawberry an' vanellar an'—oh I forgot—she had some—"

"Cheese it," Bat gasped, "I can't stand nottin' more. If Clinkereller eats any more t'ings I'll go out an' molder somebody."

The riotous extravagance of Sliver's hospitality to Clinkereller had devastated her audience. Bat's appetite grew to heroic proportions and the void within him swelled to a mammoth cave. He could endure no more romance; he wanted food.

"Say, we gotta hurry or we'll be too late to ketch that Greek kid. I bet it's way after se'm o'clock."

Sliver had wrought her own hunger to a frenzy by the dangled sweetmeats of imagination, and she was wavering with faintness.

"All right," she said, "come along."

As she took Bat's hand, compunction seized her with as harsh a clutch as hunger's. She was going forth to steal. Her previous thefts had been venial; small matters of impulse, and unimportant. Now she was entering upon premeditated crime, and all the instincts, all the stifled, choked and inhibited ideals of honor she had acquired by accident from her miserable environment rose in a cloud about her to plead against the awful step.

But the devil's advocate of hunger hailed her forward under the disguise of altruism, for it was her brother's hunger that tormented her most.

Her little thwarted, stunted soul was a chaos of warning fears—fear of starvation, fear of her brother's tears, fear of crime, fear of police, fear of bruises and jeers and shame and—fear of everything. But she felt that above all she was her brother's keeper, above all duties was the duty not to die; she put away every other claimant on her soul and accepted her destiny.

There was a soft knock on the door. Was it the crafty summons of a revengeful Chinaman who had tracked them to their cover? Was it the sneaky tap-tap of a Polack? It lacked the assurance of a policeman or an evictive landlord. It might be a detective.

Sliver clapped her hand over Bat's wide mouth, a work of supererogation, for he could not have made a sound. The knock at the door was repeated with increased urgency, and the children sat like waxen figures of terror. Eventually the knob turned and the hearts of Bat and Sliver seemed to turn with it. The door opened slightly, then whacked the barricade they had heaped up.

Thence the outsider evidently reasoned that somebody must be at home. The flimsy structure the children's panicky hands had erected gave way like wicker before the thrust of an adult shoulder, and, as the cot and the chairs were shoved back, a head looked through the gap.

Sliver's first glance showed her that the invader was neither Mongolian nor Semitic. Nor was he the landlord nor any of his known agents. He might be a plain clothes man sent by the Chinaman. She glanced down to where one of his feet was visible. A single glance of her expert eye assured her that it was not the broad-soled brogan of a policeman—*ex pede constabulum*.

Her eyes flew back to the face peering through the lattice of chair legs. It seemed to indicate a very nice young man dressed in the height of style—according to Sliver's standards—though she could not see him very well in the dim light from the hall. He could not see them in the dark at all, till he came in and struck a match. When he descried the cowering waifs there was a whole letter of introduction in the tone of his first words:

"Hello, you poor little rats, are you all alone here? It's too bad—tth-tth-tth!"

The words reminded Bat of the old witch, and he wondered if she had turned herself into a swell guy. Neither of the O'Sheas spoke a word. They sat like caged mice, staring with beady eyes while the newcomer shoved his way in, found a lamp and lighted it.

Somehow Sliver was reminded of the prince who squeezed through the jungle to kiss the sleeping beauty. She wondered if he would try to kiss her, and blushing wished that she had pretended to be asleep. But it was too late, and the young man was in the room, peering about and shaking his head at the squalor. He said:

"We just heard that your mother had been—had left you again, and the Society sent me to look after you. I'm lucky to find you both at home. I am Mr. Pringle. Won't you shake hands?"

He bent down where they crouched on the floor, and took both of their right hands in his. He looked at the cold, dirty little paws and the tiny forearms attached to them, patted and squeezed them and shook his head.

It seemed to him that God Himself must shake His head in sorrow over the estate of these children and the myriads

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like them. Young Pringle was of too cheerful a constitution to indulge in epic lamentations over the *Weltschmerz*. He suffered from the sufferings of others and made it his trade to retail relief, but he was no Jeremiah and his watchword was none of the world's great cries of Alas!—the *oimoi*, the *vai*, or *vay* or *wah* or *guai* or *hélas*.

He had seen too much miracle by way of hot water and soap, clean underwear, warm rooms, food and a job to be grandly pessimistic. He did not wring the idle hands of despair, but kept his hands active and his feet beautiful upon tenement stairs. He found the city full of pathos but not of wanhope, and his watchword was:

"Tth-tth-tth!"

Where another would sit at home and weep over the pity of the fate of orphans, or write a poem on the cry of children, Pringle went into the slums and picked up the fledglings pushed out of the nests, fed them bird-seed and kept them in comfort till their wings were ready.

His Society, having learned that a certain lady of bibulous habit had been called away from home, leaving a brace of young children to shift for themselves, had sent him down to shift for them. He made elaborate inquiries of the neighbors, the landlord and the mission workers of the region. Then he went personally to call upon the O'Shealets. They met him with the fear, the pride and the hostility he was used to, but he was a diplomat, and he had soon established a cordial enough *entente* to say:

"Seems to me it's getting pretty cold here, and I'll bet you both are just a tiny mite hungry, eh?"

Silence and stares were their answer. They were doing their best to be haughty. He seemed to realize this for he explained.

"When I was your age I was always hungry. In those days I used to like ginger snaps mighty well. Maybe I've got some in my pocket."

And so he had. And he offered them of his bounty. They did not mean to accept charity, but he acted as if he would have been hurt if they refused his hospitality, and there was a peculiarly savory, gingery aroma about the wafers that was a sort of invitation in itself, and you see they had been waiting some time for their dinner.

Bat was the first to put out a hand, and when he dug his eager teeth into the kickshaw it tasted so good that he cried as he munched. But he liked salt on his food.

Sliver retained as much of the *grande dame* as she could, but even *grandes dames* are human. She had never been taught that one should not eat and talk at the same time, so her hollow little jaws served the double function of mastication and narration. She told their story, concealing as much of the humiliation as possible, but not understanding half its pathos or any of her own deserts. Mr. Pringle wanted to know all about the family, and Sliver dressed the dingy chronicle up in its Sunday best; but he seemed to be beforehand with her in all her knowledge, and he kept saying:

"Tth-tth-tth!"

Finally, when he had pretty well learned the history of Bat and Sliver and their kith and kin, he said:

"And can you tell me how long your rent is paid up to, Delia?"

Her own name was so rare in Sliver's ears that she did not recognize it at first. She came to herself with a start. "Yes, ma'am; the rent is paid up to the middle of last month."

"And is the landlord willing to have you stay on here indefinitely?"

"No, ma'am—sir; he comes for the room or the rent to-morrow."

"So he told me," said Mr. Pringle.

"He told you?"

"Yes; I was asking him a few questions; and he said he would be needing this apartment to-morrow. Where will you go then?"

"I had n't decided yet," said Sliver with a kind of majesty.

"You ought to have a place to sleep, ought n't you?"

"Well, the nights is kind of cold these days, for Bat. He's awful young an' ain't so very strong," said Sliver.

"I am so!" said Bat, and Mr. Pringle said, "Of course you are, Bat."

"How would you like to come with me? I can furnish you with a nice dinner to-night and a good warm room for you and another for Bat."

Sliver shrank back uneasily:

"Bat's never slep' away from me yet."

"Well, you can have a room together."

Bat broke in stoutly:

"Watchu goin' have for dinner?"

"I'm not sure, but it's hot and there's a lot of it."

"I'm ready," said Bat.

Since Bat was willing to go, Sliver was willing. Mr. Pringle seemed greatly pleased.

"You'd better bring along anything you want, for I doubt if you'll be coming back soon."

It took but a small bundle to contain such gewgaws and trinkets as had any value even to them. An old towel held everything.

Sliver paused to look the place over for the last time. It was the only homeish thing she had known, and her eyes were full of elegy as she closed the door, not knowing how completely she closed it. Then they went downstairs, Sliver slipshod with reluctance, Bat running ahead and scouting for ambuscaders. They reached the street in safety, and around the corner Mr. Pringle found a strange vehicle waiting.

In broad daylight under ordinary circumstances, it would have resembled a patrol wagon, but to the hungry children under the guidance of a fairy prince it took on the glory of a fiery chariot or a fairy taxicab.

As soon as Sliver and Bat and Prince Pringle were aboard, the unseen "sheffoo" cracked his whip, and the journey began. The passengers could hardly see each other, but they felt their thoughts, and each knew that the other was thinking of Clinkereller's magic coach.

Eventually they debarked at a building which Sliver vaguely recognized as a kind of palace. They were received with a homage which they supposed was accorded only to people of royal rank. They saw no gold hats and no glass footwear, but there was a sense of nobility in the very atmosphere. A lady beautifully dressed in snow-white apron and white cuffs and wearing a white linen crown took Sliver in charge and said:



magnates were responsible for the situation, no one could foretell the results. We might have scenes and events that afterwards we should bitterly regret, and beyond all question there would be conditions the worst possible for business.

#### Our Salvation Lies in General Enlightenment

Therefore we may say that next to general health and the best possible environments for the people, the welfare of business demands universal education, and that of the highest type. For its safety and permanence it requires a public too well informed to rise up and rend man's source of supply because world-wide conditions produce disagreeable results; a public too well informed to listen to the foolish imaginings of incompetents and the dull party leaders. Business ought to see to this. In the opinion of foreign visitors that take good note of us, we are politically the least informed of all civilized peoples. Cabmen in Paris and yokels in Germany will discuss political problems with far more intelligence than the average American Congressman. The evils of such a condition are not merely sentimental, but most practical—as we are very likely to find before long. The sure ally of business (that in the present stage of evolution supplies our primal necessities) is a high and general intelligence.

I admit that, superficially considered, some of the spectacles about us do not argue always for a spread of such university education as we have now in America. A President that is also a Yale graduate and lends himself to the clamor against individuals is not the most edifying thing in the world. But if the reforming of the university is indicated, good; let us have that, too. Only let us not lose sight of the fact that nothing but general enlightenment will save us from foolish ideas and foolish movements that are to-day for the laughter of the gods and to-morrow may be for our infinite humiliation and sorrow.

Yet it may be that as the rule of business is only a stage of evolution, even this is now passing away before our eyes. It may be that the failure of business to perceive its opportunities has already begun to work its downfall and mankind is on the verge of erecting another source of its supplies. Take together some aspects of the situation that we usually view separately (if at all) and see how they look as factors of disintegration.

Take the huge misgovernment of our cities, the alliance between the public service corporation, the fraudulent vote broker, the brothel, the brewery and the saloon, by which alliance that misgovernment is maintained.

Take the corruption of public officers bribed directly or indirectly to do the corporation's will.

Take the undermining of the public conscience that this causes, so you hear men say that to bribe an alderman is no worse than to tip a waiter.

Take the growth of the slums, the increase of poverty and the decline of physical stamina among the slum-dwellers.

Take the folly of certain representatives of business, as when they force a pinchot from the public service and compel the recognition of fraudulent claims to the public lands.

Take Cannonism and all that it implies.

Take the control of the public press for ignoble ends so that we have no longer (in our newspapers) a free vehicle of public information.

You might think the whole system was on the verge of collapse. You might think that we had already reached a stage where these things could go on no longer and that a new era and a vast new method were at hand.

#### Evolution Does Not Go Backwards

But if this be true (and the next year will show) no man need be so great a fool as to think that what impends is a return to any measure of competition. Evolution does not go backwards. The days of competition are dead and gone forever. Competition served its purposes, was worn out, and progress discarded it absolutely just as progress has discarded other methods and other devices that men have used and now need no longer. Then will you but see how foolish look the champions of regulation and repression! All the purpose of their efforts, bills, prosecutions, diatribes and effusions is to check combination and restore competition. They might as well try to restore the stage-coach and the dugout. What should we think if Mr. Taft should send a message to Congress asking that American soldiers be armed with bows and arrows and carry cowhide shields, or that we rebuild the navy with wooden sailing ships? And yet such proposals would be no whit more absurd than this idea that we can reduce the price of butter by putting somebody into jail, or the idea that to dissolve the Standard Oil Company would do any good, or the idea that the evils of our railroad system can be cured by a Court of Commerce, or the idea that under any conditions competition can come again.

No; if there is to be a change, it will bear no trace or relation to the plans of the regulative and kindergarten school of thought. Organized business, with all its trusts and all its features of good and evil, is our present source of supply for man's primal necessities. It is, therefore, above all attacks as above all laws and all regulations. It may have undermined itself; it may have, by unwisdom, brought its dominance to an end; but it never has been and never will be affected by any attempt to curb or regulate it. And if its day is coming to an end it will be succeeded by other sources of supply organized upon its lines and still further removed from that competition desired by Regulators and Reformers and aimed at in the Golden Specific and Anti-Trust Chologogue of Dr. Sherman. The trust, the great business combination, the perfected and articulated organization for efficient and economical production, represented an incalculable advance upon all previous methods of business. Its installation has been attended with many minor evils and one great radical fault. So far it has operated to confer its benefits almost entirely upon its owners. The next obvious step is to operate it so that it will confer its benefits upon the community. That will be again a great advance. What the Regulators and Reformers want to do with it would be a huge retrogression.

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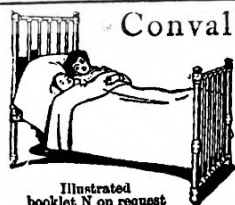
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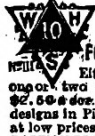
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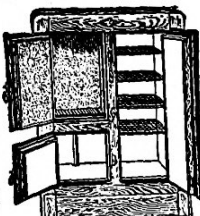
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## The Well-Beloved

(Continued from page 245)

she might have forgiven him if she had not, for what Fulvio did in his wretchedness was a matter of so little importance to Italians that Mary's attitude, had they known it, would only have left them gaping. Hurt as he was, living on the crumbs of time that Mary threw him, he drifted back into the train of that light-hearted lady who had been snubbed by the ambassador's wife. I don't think he saw her often—I am sure he never saw her alone, and it was no more than a matter of killing time; but it set people's tongues wagging, as they do in Rome about any shifting of power.

There were plenty of ladies in Rome who were pleased enough to set a rumor going that any of Mary's crown jewels had been taken from her. To do Mary justice, she paid little attention to this till she met them face to face strolling on the Pincio.

Mary bowed graciously enough, but her voice was hard and level as a frozen pond as she said to me:

"So what they say about Fulvio is true."

"What do you mean?" I temporized.

"I mean," she exclaimed lucidly, "that Fulvio is—a friend of that woman! There was a curious note of concentrated emotion in her voice that gave me pause. 'I don't see,' I told her calmly, 'exactly what right you have to criticize Fulvio. You deny him the right to criticize you. You have no claim on him. You are not engaged to him.'"

She checked me with a gesture.

"I will tell you the claim I have on him," she answered. "I have listened while he made love to me; I have been patient with his silly moods and his silly jealousy; I have almost cared for him—" her voice nearly broke; "I have treated him as though he were a man. There is no man who can play with me, no living man who can insult me, and for him to appear publicly with her after—after everything, is an insult!" At that moment I understood why people thought her beautiful, but it was a beauty of some self-righteous and avenging angel and no madonna.

"And after all the dear, lovely things he said to me, that he can make a spectacle of me, mix up my name in this affair, put me on the footing of rival to his affections with a woman like that—for you know that is what they have been saying about me!" She turned somber, angry eyes upon me.

"Listen," said I. "You hurt him bitterly by your indecision and your heartlessness." She quivered at that and flung her head up with a beautiful, free gesture. "Yes, your heartlessness," I repeated, "and now, when, for a little comfort and a little forgetfulness, he turns to an old friend, you blame him for what you have made him do."

"He can have all the comfort he wants, all the forgetfulness," Mary threw at me, "for I shall never see him again. People shall not talk about me."

As if her flirtations had not been the talk of Rome! The suddenness of her onslaught left me speechless. I knew that Mary's statement that she would never see Fulvio again was no threat, and just why she explained to me. Her indignation was quite gone now. She was tired as though from dragging herself through some stony, sun-scorched road.

"Of course I know all about her. Oh, you can be sure there is not much about Fulvio I don't know. They've taken good care to tell me everything—the way people do here in Rome. And after things had been between them as they say they were, and between us as they are now, it is like cutting off our—" she hesitated and chose for the name of it—"friendship—with a knife. You see there is nothing left for me to do but to go away at once. You will have to explain why I have gone; I can not, of course, discuss it with him." Her head bowed as though crushed with some unspeakable shame; then she flung her hand out toward the window.

"Oh, I hate it all!" she cried. Then she kissed me and went away like the silent, ashamed ghost of her triumphant self.

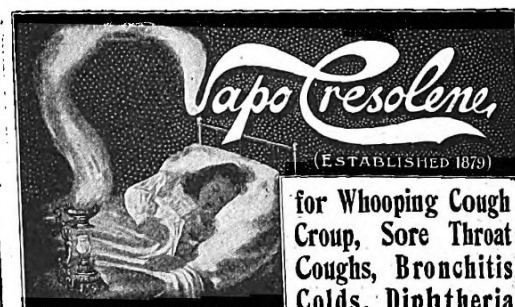
She had loved it as only an Anglo-Saxon can love the laughter and glitter of it, and now she hated it with the inner loathing that an Anglo-Saxon has.

That was how Mary Gordon went away and how it came that I had to explain the inexplicable to Fulvio. It was my hand that dealt the blow that killed him.

He stood before me as submissive as a child. I remember he repeated in that still little impressive voice of his: "I don't understand; I have done nothing. I don't understand."

He accepted it all in a dazed, hushed way. He was so still, indeed, that I did not understand until afterwards that Fulvio, the Well-Beloved, had died. I was so blind that I even let him know that she was sailing at once from Naples, and he nodded his head as one who says, "It had to be; it is Fate!"

I am told that he watched her boat leave the harbor and that Mary leaned over the rail and looked down upon him kindly, and he stood with his head bared and his face upturned to hers. And so, without speaking, those two creatures, so close together, so far apart, took leave of each other. What happened next all Rome knew the following day, for Fulvio got a boat and rowed out after the steamer. He never came back. They found the boat upset in the bay.



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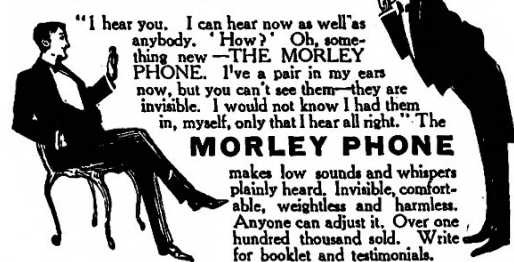
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**FREE** Send for our Fine Illustrated Book—"Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"—It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and users. **10 Days Free Trial.** When you get our book, if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, wear it ten days, and if you don't find it exactly as represented, send it back and we will cheerfully refund every cent paid. **Other Skirts—**If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you—same guarantee—Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write to-day to  
Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. D Buffalo, N. Y.

**WARNING**  
To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the FINE-FORM MATERNITY SKIRT is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back—all substitutes offered will rise in front during development—a fault so repulsive to every woman of refined tastes. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patent.

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LIFEBUOY is the best soap made for  
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It destroys the germs which you can't see while removing the dirt that you can see. LIFEBUOY is distinguished from ordinary soaps by that clean smell.

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They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, granite, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface; three million in use. Send for sample pkg. 10c. Complete package assorted sizes, 50c postpaid. Agents wanted.  
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**NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., No. 55 Bar St., Canton, Ohio**



## Our National Game

[Continued from page 242]

the umpire. He stands with his cap in one hand awaiting his chance, and the chance always comes. The other side is at the bat. He has noticed that his pitcher is weakening. Casey, of the other side, makes a steal from second to third, has to slide for it, and reaches the base about the same second that the ball reaches the third baseman's hand. "Safe on third," says the umpire in his matter-of-fact tone. The captain slams his cap to earth with an air of pained disgust. His fielders lie down where they happen to be; his catcher tears off his mask and makes a run for the umpire, swearing like a madman; his third baseman stands with both feet on base, holding the ball flat against the back of the base-runner. The base-runner lies flat on the ground with his hand firmly grasping the bag. The knowing spectators go home at this point, but the amateurs hang around for the riot to begin or the game to go on. Neither ever happens. The umpire—he knows it is none of his business—walks over to one side of the field, and engages in conversation with the prettiest girl he can find; the opposing captain makes the usual bluff of anger, and argues with the losing captain. Outsiders butt in, and explain exactly how the man was put out, or exactly how he was safe. The members of the two nines slowly disappear into the saloon on the corner, and reappear dressed to go home. Half an hour later a small group of angry spectators who are still arguing about the decision suddenly discover that they are alone. They grumble a little, and then they also go home, and the game is over.

### The Rise and Fall of Skinny Dolan

These games are far from perfect. The score-cards have no place for "errors," for nearly every play is an "error." The teams are apt to be as evenly balanced as a teeter-totter would be with an elephant on one end and a fly on the other. The first inning begins beautifully, with Skinny Dolan in the box, and Skinny has a wonderful delivery. One after another the batters drop before his curves. He wears a cool, disdainful smile—and lasts about four innings. In the fifth inning two men hit him for home runs, six for two-baggers, and eight for one-baggers, and three get bases on balls. His appearance in the next inning is away over by the cemetery fence in left field. He gets into the box again in the seventh inning, after Slug Wilson had given six men bases on balls, and everybody makes home runs. That is when his captain begins to watch third base for a close decision.

It is a game of this kind that provides character study, for character comes out boldly in stress, and these games are stress from start to finish. I have seen a quiet little Sunday afternoon game in which every man on either side told every man on his own and the other side just what he thought of his character. One captain began by telling his pitcher what he thought of him, and ordered him off the field, and the pitcher remarked that if he had a catcher who knew how to catch a ball once every week or so he would be able to use some speed. This seemed to displease the catcher, and he remarked in no gentle tones about the pitcher's general ability and the shortsightedness of a captain who would have such a man on his nine. This gave pleasure to the opposing nine, and they showed it by appropriately guying remarks, and were taken to task by the nine men of the other side. The two hundred spectators who had gathered to see the ball game then told both nines what they thought of them, and were given to understand that not a man on either nine cared a faded fig for—. An hour later the umpire went home, or in the direction of home, but the two captains were still discharging their men. I have seen one stout catcher discharged eight times in one seven-inning game, during which period he resigned four times of his own accord.

### Capital Punishment for Umpires is Going Out

But it is the umpire of these games who has the sinecure. The old custom of going after the umpire with a bat is about played out. In professional games he is so enclosed in rules and regulations that he is safer than a knight in full armour, and in non-professional and semi-professional games he is only permitted on the diamond as a sort of decoration. So long as the decisions apply only to points that a two-year-old child could decide he is allowed to have the fun of making the decision; but the moment a decision is close he is forgotten, and the two captains double up their fists and talk it out. It doesn't matter in the least what the umpire has said. It is all a question of lungs, vocabulary and bluff. If Captain A is three runs ahead, and the decision does not affect his chances of victory greatly, and his pitcher is still strong, he will merely argue for half an hour and then let the other side have the decision, and the meek little umpire will be called back into the diamond and allowed to fritter away his time calling balls. But if the game is close, and Captain A's pitcher has begun to weaken, then justice must hold her sway. The rule seems to be, let the umpire make a decision; then let the side decided against make a protest; then the umpire goes to the side-line and talks about the weather while the two nines argue the

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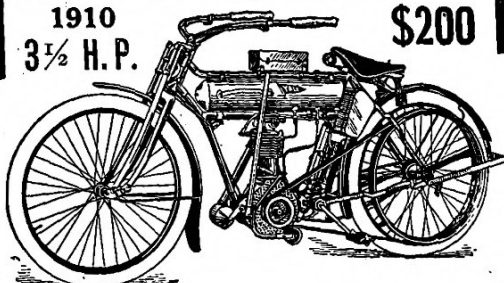
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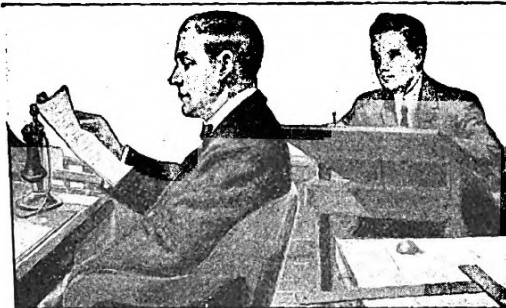
The Yale team (3 riders) won the Chicago Motorcycle Endurance Contest and Silver Trophy Cup, July 9-10-11, '09. 600 miles averaging 20 miles per hour—vibrator, carburetor, battery box and spark plug sealed. A perfect score—not one adjustment!

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Mechanical Draftsman  
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decision; when they have settled it to suit themselves, someone tells the umpire how it has been settled. If he objects, a new umpire is secured. This method is much more refined than the old way of killing the umpire between the sixth and seventh innings.

Baseball deserves to be our national game. It is not gentle, and we are not a gentle nation. Its best exemplification is by specialists, and as a nation, the specialists are doing our best work in all lines. There is nothing we like so well as to sit around, and watch our specialists do their work, and then to get off somewhere and tell each other how much better they might do it, if they would only take our advice. We are hero-worshippers, and professional baseball creates just about the right number of heroes to go around. It is not necessary for each man to have the same hero, which soon becomes tiresome. The comic element is introduced by the umpires, who have become a national joke and rank with the mother-in-law witticisms. Baseball is a grand game.

### A Safe Game for On-lookers

As for myself, I would rather go out and see a baseball game than be a baseball player and stand up and let one of those modern pitchers, who throws a ball with the speed of a four-inch gun, cast a wiggling ball at my person, and take a chance on the ball dodging around me before it bored a hole through me. I have been hit by a baseball thrown by a gentle hand, and I know how hard a baseball is. Nor would I care to take to pitching as a serious occupation. To one unacquainted with the game it may seem a safe job to stand up and throw hard balls at the other fellow, but once in awhile a batter hits the ball, and hits it hard, and it makes a bee-line for the pitcher. The pitcher is usually an agile man, but he is seldom agile enough to lie down in time to let the ball pass safely above him, and if he did, his captain would possibly be angry. The ethics of the game require the pitcher to stand right there and let that mile-a-minute ball bore itself into his hands. I did that once, and the palms of my hands still palpitate with fear when I think of it. It was soon after that hot liner that I retired from baseball permanently. Some persons of weak character would never have wished to see another game of ball after such a harrowing experience, but I still love to see the national game; if I can have a seat in the grandstand, with a stout wire netting between me and the scene of slaughter.

### It Happened in South Africa

"Yes, indeed, old chap," said Captain Cholmondeley-Smithers, of H. M. 408th Cavalry, "your policemen are certainly handling the traffic much better than when I was last here, but, dash it! you have not got it down to the point we have in London—as yet. You've got your policemen educated and drivers trained, but your horses are a bit raw."

"Did you ever hear how the English came to lose the Battle of Spioensfontein during the Boer War? No? Well, we were not particularly proud of the incident, and it was such a bally low trick on the part of the Boers that it is not at all strange that they have not circulated the story."

"You see, the 408th Cavalry were called out in 1901, during the horse famine in South Africa, so many of 'em having been killed off in battle, d'ye see. We happened to reach the seat of war simultaneously with a consignment of cavalry mounts that had been drafted from London in an emergency—bus and cab horses. Dash me if they did not put us on those brutes trained in the London streets!"

"Well sir, in the thick of Spioensfontein my regiment was given the order to charge a Boer battery that held the pivotal position. We swept down on them, ten to one, and for some reason we could not comprehend for the moment, they held their fire."

"What do you think the poltroons had done? Dash me if they had not dressed out one rank of soldiers in the uniform of a blooming lot of London bobbies! Just as we rose in our stirrups to strike, these boudiers, helmets and all, stepped out in front of the battery, with their backs to us, and each held up a big paw in a white cotton glove. Of course the horses in our front rank stopped short, and their riders went over their heads, and in the fraction of a second the 408th was rolling over itself on the ground. That's how we came to lose one of the most important engagements of the war."

### A Big Contract

WINSTON CHURCHILL, the novelist, described a dinner in New York the difference between romanticism and realism in fiction:

"To make my meaning clearer," he ended, "I will take the case of a young man and girl—sweethearts. The young man, a romanticist, said passionately to the girl:

"Darling, it shall be my life's one purpose to surround you with every comfort, and to anticipate and grant your every wish."

"The girl, a realist, smiled faintly as she answered: "Oh, Jack, how good of you; and all on nine dollars a week, too!"

## NEW INVENTION A DUSTLESS HOME AIR DOES THE WORK

**New Home Vacuum Cleaner** New Principle, Double suction. Cleans carpets, rugs, matting on floor. Takes place of brooms, brushes, dust cloths. Cleans without sweeping. Raises no dust. Constant, powerful suction draws dirt, grit and germs through body and fibre of carpet into cleaner. No electricity, motor, power or operating expense. Child or delicate woman operates easily. Mrs. M. V. Buckingham, Neb.: "Home Cleaner certainly takes fine dirt out of carpets." Prof. Geo. S. McDowell, S. C.: "Owners find dirt from carpet 10x13 ft." So they go. Hundreds of letters of praise and satisfaction.

**Lady had matting too old to take up. Cleaner saved it; cleaned on floor.** So handy, so easy. Weighs 8 lbs. Think of it! A dustless home-cleaner than ever before—without sweeping, dusting, housecleaning. **New Home Vacuum Cleaner, Price \$8.50.** Does same work as high-priced machines. This great blessing heretofore possible only for the rich, now within reach of all—rich or poor—village, city or country. Sent anywhere. Order now—you won't regret it. Not sold in stores.

**Free Sample to Agents.** \$50 to \$150 per week. W. H. Morgan, Pa.: "Send 50 Cleaners at once, sold \$250 for this week, making 75 in 9 days." C. E. Goff, Mo.: "Sold 5 Vacuum Cleaners last Saturday—my first attempt." Not an old, worn out proposition. Entirely new. Field untouched—unlimited. Experience unnecessary. Takes every family by storm. Sells itself. Make money easy, men or women. All or part time. Show to families, sell 9. Enormous demand. Think of millions of homes wanting—needing Vacuum Cleaner. Start now in a profitable, easy, important business. Money comes easy. Don't delay. Don't let someone else beat you to it. Write today for Agents' Big Profit Plan. Risk a penny to bring tidal wave of success. **K. ARMSTRONG MFG. CO.** 664 Alma Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

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touched—unlimited. Experience unnecessary. Takes every family by storm. Sells itself. Make money easy, men or women. All or part time. Show to families, sell 9. Enormous demand. Think of millions of homes wanting—needing Vacuum Cleaner. Start now in a profitable, easy, important business. Money comes easy. Don't delay. Don't let someone else beat you to it. Write today for Agents' Big Profit Plan. Risk a penny to bring tidal wave of success. **K. ARMSTRONG MFG. CO.** 664 Alma Building, Cincinnati, Ohio



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Try for oiling sewing machines, clocks, locks, guns, bicycles, etc. Try for cleaning and polishing any furniture; fine pianos, old tables, etc. Try for preventing rust on any metal surface. Trial bottle sent free. 3-in-One Oil Co., 67 Broadway, New York.

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This is only one of over 2,000 fast selling articles we furnish agents. Write today—now—for our latest proposition. Headquarters for agents. No experience needed. Just write—we show how. We want agents—crew managers—men or women—all or part time—home or traveling—to show, take orders for our goods. Write today for FREE SAMPLE. You will make more money than ever before. Costs nothing to investigate—write at once—drop everything else—act quick—time short—let us start you—demand is big—be a Thomas Agent and get the money. **THOMAS MFG. CO., 670 Wayne Street, DAYTON, OHIO**

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You can be a salesman. Increase your power to convince others, and clear \$1,200 to \$10,000 a year. I am the only man teaching salesmanship who is sales manager of a wholesale house and an official of United Commercial Travelers of America. Write for my free magazine, "The Salesman," and full details of my correspondence course. My graduates hold paying positions. I can assist YOU to profitable employment. Write me today. The Trotter School, Dept. 10, Kansas City, Mo.



## The Plight of the Liar

[Continued from page 261]

false colors, trying to make black appear white, will always have a hard time of it. Nobody will long believe him, no matter how smooth his tongue, how long-headed or cunning he may be. Things are so planned that if a man is ever to get very far or to accomplish very much in this world he must be honest, for the whole structure of natural law is pledged to defeat the lie, the sham. Only the right, ultimately, can succeed.

What would you think of a man who tries to defeat the laws of mathematics? He is a bigger fool who tries to get ahead of right, tries to defeat justice by lying and deceit. No man ever yet got around God, good, justice, right. It is true a man may get something in the wrong—so may a thief. But the wrong always defeats itself because it has no principle in it. A man in the wrong is out of place for the same reason that discord is out of place in the presence of harmony.

Not long since nine students were suspended at Brown University for cribbing in their examinations. A great many well-intentioned students lie by cribbing in all sorts of ways in their recitations and examinations. They put formulae and figures and suggestions and all sorts of helps upon their cuffs and shirt bosoms, finger nails and paper rolls, to help them during their recitations or examinations, thus laying foundations for future forms of deceit and dishonesty on a large scale, which may ultimately ruin them.

Many prosperous business men who are very conscientious about telling verbal lies are consummate liars in the deceptions they work into their manufactures, their commodities. I know a man who is always talking to his sons about telling the truth, yet he has for nearly half a century been selling lies in his store, boxes of lies, barrels of lies, lies in "foreign" silks made in New Jersey, and all sorts of "imported" articles.

American liars in high places have recently had the flashlight of public scrutiny turned upon them. Men who not long ago stood high in the American regard are worse than nobodies to-day, for they are despised by their fellow men.

Does it pay to sell one's birthright for a little mess of pottage?

Veracity to a man should be as priceless as virtue to a woman. When he has lost truthfulness and the reputation for it, he is a burned-out man, a mere shell, like one of our great skyscrapers gutted by fire.

Can any amount of money or any temporary satisfaction compensate for the contempt of one's better self, for the awful isolation which one feels when condemned by his fellow men, and exiled from his own self-respect because of his own self-inflicted infamy? Money and all the luxuries and splendor which it can purchase are powerless to bring happiness to a soul self-condemned.

Think of the terrible suffering which must come to Dr. Cook, if he is sane, for having deceived the whole world! When Aristotle was asked what a person would gain by telling a falsehood he replied, "Not to be credited when he shall tell the truth." Is it not a pitiable sight, a most lamentable thing when a man who is supposed to represent the highest state of the world's civilization should propose to call upon a semi-savage Eskimo to convince his fellow men that he is telling the truth?

Think of the position of this man, who, but a few months ago, received the plaudits of men all over the world, but who is now the butt of ridicule, the subject of jest and caricature in the press the world over! Wherever Dr. Cook goes, he will meet with the contempt of the world. Whichever way he turns, he can not escape his worst accuser, which is within him, and which is constantly upbraiding him for selling out the best thing in him for the sake of three months of admiration and the divided worship of mankind.

When a man turns traitor to himself, there is no power in wealth or fame to still the accuser within which is ever reminding him of his infamy and taunting him for his treason against himself.

Does it pay to take such chances with one's reputation? Nothing can compensate the lily for a smirch upon its whiteness; nothing can compensate the rose for the loss of its perfume and beauty.

What is a man good for when the best thing in him is rotten, when all that makes him a man, all that marks him from the brute, is decayed.

The time will come when the liar will be despised and ostracized by all decent people. The liar is a mere burlesque of a man, a perverted human being. We might as well call a composition full of discordant notes, played on an instrument jangled out of tune, by the name of music, as to call him a man who has violated the fundamental principles of his God-given nature. Just in proportion as a man departs from the law on which he was made—truth—he approaches the brute and should be so classified by all decent people. Is there a sadder sight in America to-day than that of so many young men gambling with their reputations, taking chances with their good names, for the sake of a few more dollars or a little notoriety with a little thought as they would bet on a race-horse?

What use is a fortune so gained that wherever the owner goes he will be pointed out as a man who has "sold out"—sold out his honor, his good name, his friends—everything that a manly man holds dear?

## Some Inside Facts About the Enger 40

### That the Prospective Automobile Buyer Ought to Know

By H. C. George

The reader may or may not know that there are two distinct methods of building an automobile. One is to construct it without reference to any other car—the sole aim being to build according to certain price (rather than high-efficiency) specifications. This is an extremely simple method. It sometimes produces a car that is worth what is asked for it. It always produces an "automobile."

The other method is to build according to a definite pattern—to model after a selected car of known merit. This method is by no means an easy one, as it involves securing only the highest grade of material—some of which is not used at all in cars of no required standard of merit.

As to which of these methods will come nearest to producing the kind of a car you would like to own nothing need be said.

The writer of this advertisement was impressed with the marked advantage of the reproduction method of building during an investigation of the Enger 40.

Here is a car selling for only \$2,000, fully equipped, that has the size, the wheel base, the lines, the power, and those miscellaneous advantages that one expects in "cars for the rich," but not in cars at two thousand dollars.

Cars of this Enger kind do not "happen"—they are invariably reproductions.

Mr. Enger (who is a manufacturer of unlimited means) gave me this explanation of his method in building his 40.

"For several years I have owned a car that is known the world over as being one of the five best cars manufactured—either American or Foreign. The car is as fine a piece of mechanism as it is possible to build when no thought of cost is considered.

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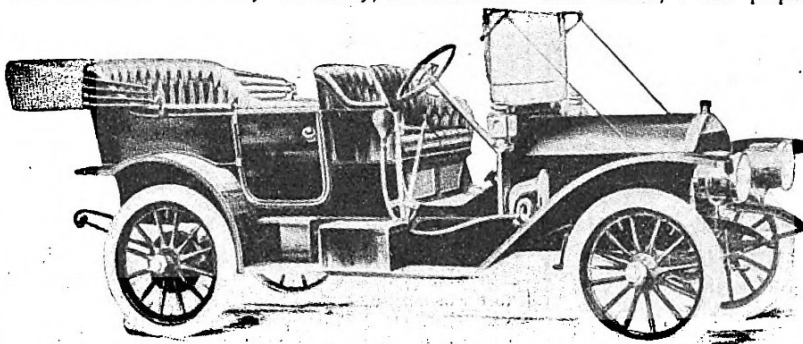
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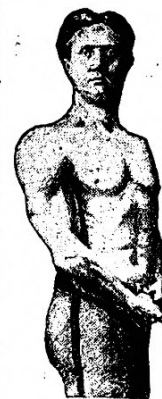
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## The INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR

### Pitfalls of Irrigation Securities—Second Article

By MONTGOMERY ROLLINS

IN the last number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE numerous objectionable features entering into the financing of irrigation projects were exploited by the writer. The balance of the argument is to be divided between the irrigation district and the Carey Act issues. In the natural historical order we will take up first

#### Municipal District Irrigation Bonds

California was one of the earliest States to adopt this plan through the formation of irrigation districts under what is known as the "Wright Act." Many millions in bonds were sold, and almost all either repudiated or scaled down in principal or interest. The taxpayers found the obligations imposed upon them so burdensome that, in self-defense, they sought a loophole of escape, and found the same through the law.

Why should we expect the taxpayers in the districts in other States to feel a much greater happiness in what must seem to many bond men a tremendous percentage of indebtedness to the valuation?

There has been a great deal of misunderstanding about irrigation bonds put out by municipal subdivisions of this nature. The impression has been growing, and has been willingly fostered by certain promoters, that they are county obligations, which is far from the truth.

In a prominent financial journal, which should have investigated the matter more thoroughly before speaking, appeared this:

"The important fact, however, about municipal irrigation district bonds . . . is that they are good bonds, not because they are irrigation bonds, but because they are municipal bonds. We take it that if the irrigation scheme for which they are floated turns out to be a disappointment the bonds will still be good as a municipal obligation."

We will show the fallacy of that statement as we proceed.

Does it occur to the reader that dealers in municipal issues for all other purposes have thought it important to furnish such helpful facts as the population, assessed valuation, etc.? Never, as yet, has the writer been able to find the assessed valuation of an irrigation district given, and but seldom the population. It is also the custom for the State laws to limit municipal indebtedness, but it does not seem to be the case with municipal districts. This would strike any old line municipal bond man as a fearful deficiency.

Now, as to the belief that an irrigation district issue would still be a municipal issue, and paid as such, if the irrigation scheme in itself did not turn out satisfactorily. The foregoing must make it plain that district irrigation bonds are not hedged about by laws which experience has shown to be proper in the case of other municipal obligations.

The great point, however, is that for land in the district to ever become resourceful enough to liquidate the indebtedness created against the same, the very object for which the money is borrowed must be a substantial success. Let us ask, therefore, if the inhabitants would not, in voting for irrigation district issues, take the chance of the indebtedness on the basis of their having everything to gain and practically nothing to lose by so doing?

#### Nine Voters Authorize \$2,000,000 in Bonds

The utter absurdity of this whole municipal scheme is shown in a district where there were only nine votes cast, authorizing the issue of two millions of bonds. Investigation disclosed only about twenty taxpayers of one kind and another in the district. The interest charge on this issue of bonds is one hundred and twenty thousand dollars per annum, to say nothing of the yearly payments on the principal. This interest alone is equivalent to an annual charge of six thousand dollars on every farmer within the district at the time.

When the bonds are sold, more difficulties are encountered. The laws are quite uniform in providing that bonds shall not be sold for less than 95 per cent. of their face value. As this rate of discount has not proved particularly attractive, owing to the more lucrative profits to be obtained from bonds issued under the Carey Act, the districts have been hard pushed to interest bankers in their securities, so they are commonly

taken by the contractors in payment for work. But, as the contractors have to find a market at a greater discount than five per cent., they, in turn, figure it into the charge for the work, the result of which is that the districts may not be getting in real value more than seventy to eighty cents on a dollar for the amount of the bonds issued.

#### How Colorado Safeguards the School Fund

As an inducement to sell Colorado district irrigation bonds it has been stated that they are an authorized investment for the State school fund. Here is another attempt to mislead, whether willfully or otherwise. It is an indisputable fact that such authority has been given, but a reading of the law will disclose some peculiar features.

The State Board of Land Commissioners, which handles the investment of the school fund, has doubted whether it has power to make such investments, and up to the present time no investments have been made. The law provides that the land commissioners are authorized to enter into a contract with the directors of an irrigation district and purchase the bonds after the State Engineer has certified that the system has been fully completed and a sufficient water supply secured to successfully operate the same. Districts developing systems for purposes of irrigation need money to pay for construction, and it would be a difficult matter for the directors to complete a system before receiving the proceeds of a bond issue. This condition practically prohibits a district from entering into a contract with the Land Commissioner for a sale of bonds to the school fund.

This is a good hint to others not to invest in an issue of an unfinished development. If the legislators of one of the States most prominently identified with this subject safeguard the investment of the school funds in this way, should not those who are totally inexperienced and at a distance use even greater precaution before placing their savings?

One circular claims that on the edge of a certain district there are ten (names given) towns, creating the impression that the region is very populous. Investigation will show that many of these towns are not nearer to the edge of the district than twenty miles. Further claims were made that for many years a large acreage within the present boundaries of the municipality had been irrigated from a certain reservoir by direct irrigation from a nearby river. This is true, in so far as the land within this district has been irrigated, but, although within the municipal limitations, the land was not included as a part of the district for taxing purposes, for the land was petitioned out of the district as is the usual custom if any particular land owner does not wish to be included in the scheme. Here was the foundation for a most unhappy and erroneous false impression.

#### Some Good Features of District Issues

It was not the intention to set forth anything except the demerits in this field of investment, but we seem to have made such a sweeping denunciation of the district form of issuing that it is better to make it clear that there are some good features. Theoretically, district issues should have the preference. A casual investigation would lead one to suppose that they might be and should be the better security and more sure of payment, but the writer is forced to believe that they are, as a class, the most unsafe of any; still there are good features, and a great many of these issues have turned out all right. It is a little dangerous, therefore, to criticize any specific enterprise without very careful investigation, because history has proved that districts which, in their inception some years ago would have created a feeling of distrust on the part of any careful investigator, have turned out remarkably well.

In truth, there are districts and districts. It makes a great deal of difference, for instance, whether the indebtedness is ten to twelve dollars an acre or thirty-five to forty dollars an acre. The writer knows of one district in Nebraska which has been running along successfully for a number of years, but which started with a very small percentage of indebtedness, and has recently been marketing an issue for the refunding of part of the



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¶ Ten years ago the average investor was satisfied if he obtained a return of from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 per cent. on his money, and yet to-day there is a growing and insistent demand for investment securities yielding from 5 to 6 per cent.

¶ In ten years the cost of living has by actual statistics increased nearly fifty per cent; that is to say, the value of gold has depreciated to such an extent that it now takes a dollar and a half to buy as much food or clothing as one dollar would formerly purchase.

¶ To apply these statistics to the investor, we will consider the case of a man who has fifty thousand dollars invested in four per cent. bonds and is therefore annually receiving two thousand dollars in interest. When he made the investment, two thousand dollars may have been ample for his needs, but two thousand dollars ten years ago was almost the exact equivalent of three thousand dollars at the present time, and unless our investor has been able to increase the amount of his capital he often finds himself obliged to replace his four per cent. securities with others yielding greater return.

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present debt and extending the system, and yet the total indebtedness is not much above ten dollars an acre. That may be called a seasoned security and one that is worth further looking into.

To sum up the subject of district irrigation bonds: To the writer's mind one of the weakest points is that a very large influx of farmers is required before sufficient crops can be raised to justify what may be considered a mortgage indebtedness of from twenty to fifty dollars an acre, and newcomers must, from the start, assume their share of this back-breaking indebtedness.

**The Carey Act**

Theoretically, there are many good features about this act, but in practise the investor must use extreme care in every instance. Whereas, one of the good points is that the speculative "taking up" of land is next to impossible, yet this has not prevented speculation in land on the part of the promoters. One of the main purposes of the act has been to discourage the old form of "land grabbing" which was so disastrous to many sections of the West. However commendable the efforts of the Government have been in the direction of safeguarding both the irrigator and the investor through the provisions of this act, there are countless ways in which a scheme may miscarry which no legislation can prevent.

A great many of the remarks in the article which preceded this, as well as the ideas brought out in the foregoing pages in relation to district issues, apply with equal force to the Carey Act securities, but a very important point is that it is all too soon to be able to definitely state that this plan is an absolute success. This point may be more clearly appreciated when it is understood that by common agreement there shall eventually result a transfer of the irrigation system to a corporation composed of the purchasers of the water rights. This is very commendable and certainly in the right direction, but the number of projects in which enough land has been sold to permit the carrying out of this provision is so small that no definite conclusion can as yet be drawn therefrom.

**Land Speculation**

There is no lack of evidence of drawing upon the imagination in connection with the Carey Act issues, but we will take only one example of this optimism:

"The margin of security is generally four to one."

This statement is subject to modification. The average rate of indebtedness against these lands is about twenty-five dollars an acre, yet the land is sold by the State at fifty cents an acre, and, in turn, it is sold to the settler and a mortgage taken back at from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars an acre, and immediately the statement is made that the land is worth one hundred dollars or more an acre—a tremendous advance for the mere prospect that water may be delivered upon it.

At the risk of some repetition, it is suggested that this brings us up to the real hazard in this whole field of promotion, and again the danger is proclaimed: One comes somewhat sadly to the conclusion that it is not a bond proposition at all, but a land speculation pure and simple.

Bear in mind, however, that we are generalizing, and not specializing against any particular proposition.

**The Mortgage behind the Bond**

It has long been the custom to safeguard the investor in every way possible in the drawing of the mortgage securing each bond issue. It is believed that in irrigation issues this rule is by no means being lived up to as it should be.

It is unquestioned that enterprises for the development of the arid lands are being carried out which will be of immense value to humanity. But no permanent harm can come if investors will put a temporary restraint upon themselves while taking a second thought, and apply conservative rules, instead of placing their savings at interest in such an indiscriminate manner as is the fashion of the moment.

When the deluge comes, as come it may and probably will, the houses which have been handling the good issues of irrigation bonds will suffer with the rest. They will experience many trying moments, for investors holding bonds which are doubtlessly good, will, in their uneasiness, pester their bankers for facts and figures to relieve the natural anxiety which they will suffer.

After all, what is the average irrigation issue but a bond on a prospect? Very few issues are ever brought out under conditions known to the bankers as "seasoned securities," that is, with the plant finished, in operation and the water turned on, and everything pronounced a success. It would be practically an impossibility to finance more than a beggarly small percentage of projects in that way.

Not until the last few years has the financing of irrigation projects been undertaken in anything but a haphazard sort of way. The previous history of these issues has been such an almost unbroken record of failure and the margin of success has been so meagre that it gives but little assistance in carrying out the principle, "Go, thou, and do likewise."

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## "Tth! Tth! Tth!"

[Continued from page 230]

before she knowed it she was cryin' an' the tears was all black because of the smooch on her face an' she was so lonesome if only she hadda had a little brother to keep her company like what I've got—

"You said dat onct!" said Bat trying to disguise in a gruff tone the melting softness of his mood.

"Well, zize sayin', after she laid on the clinkers cryin' an' cryin' an' wishin' she'd never been born, what do you s'pose popped right out of the stove?"

"Another clinker?"

"Naw, an old witch."

"Gee!" said Bat looking warily over his shoulder at the shadows beginning to deepen in the room. "Wh—what did the old witch do—hit her wit' a broomstick?"

"Naw, she was a nice old dame an' she says you poor little rat why ain't you up to the palace an' Clinkereller says I ain't got nothin' fit ter wear, an' the old witch says would you like to go an' Clinkereller says would a duck swim an' the old witch says eenymeenymynomo an' zip-boom-bang an' Clinkereller's old dirty rags was swiped off her an' she was tandin' there dressed like one o' them beautiful ladies you see in the movin' pitcher shows an' her hands an' face was all clean an'—"

"Widout scrubbin' 'em wit' soap?" gasped Bat with a new sense of the painless delights of magic. Sliver nodded and galloped on.

"An' Clinkereller looks herself over an' she's so beautiful she tinks she's somebody else but the old witch says it's still her all right all right an' now you can go to the party an' nobody there will be dressed finer than what you are an' Clinkereller makes a break for the door an' stops an' says I can't go I ain't got no street-car fare an' the old witch laughs an' says I'll git you sumpun better than street cars an' she goes to one of them cots where the sisters sleeps an' hits it a swat with her stick an' says eenymeenymynomo an' what do you s'pose?—it was changed into a nottemobile, the most beautiful thing you ever see like a taxicab only painted poiple with green silk cushions inside an' a vase full of flowers nailed to the wall an' Clinkereller looked at it an' says Hooray but then her heart sank an' she says Gee I can't run one of them things it's all I can do to keep from gettin' run over by 'em an' the old witch looks round an' sees a mouse scamperin' acrost the floor an' she says eenymeenymynomo an' the mouse was changed to a swell sheffoo with a cap an' goggles an' gloves an' a great big coat made of a real imitation sealskin an' he hops on the front seat an' opens the door an' Clinkereller starts to git in an' she puts her foot on the step an' she sees—what do you s'pose?"

"A hole in her stockin'?"

"Naw, her stockin's all right, an' theyse nearly silk, but she ain't got no shoes on an' she toins to the old witch an' says Gee I can't go to no palace in me stockin' feet. An' the old witch laughs he-he-he an' says I forgot an' she looks round an' sees a coupla imitation cut glass dishes what her sisters got from the coupons dat comes wit' dere cigarettes an' she says eenymeenymynomo an' them dishes toined into slippers an' Clinkereller put 'em on an' they was the most beautiful things you ever saw you could see her stockings right troo 'em."

"Aw, go on," said Bat. "quit your kiddin'; she couldn't wear glass shoes, they'd cut her toes off."

"These slippers did n't!" Sliver shrieked. "They was fairy slippers an' fairies can do anything."

There was no disputing this, so Bat subsided with a glum: "Well, I'd rather she wore patent ledder slippers."

"Then you tell the story yourself!" and Sliver was sulking. Bat yielded the point.

"Go on, an' let her wear any old t'ing you wanta."

"Well, Clinkereller hopped into the poiple taxicab an' the sheffoo squunched his honker an' away they went."

"Hold on!" said Bat. "How did they git out of the room an' down the stairs?"

"Fairies!" shouted Sliver, with a glare that silenced any further skepticism from the materialist. Sliver carried her heroine through the streets to the palace and up the grand stairway. When she arrived at her destination she had to go back.

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Just as the taxicab was scootin' troo the door an' down the stairs the old witch says Hay an' the sheffoo puts on the brake an' the old witch says one thing I must warn you Clinkereller. You gotta git home before midnight or you'll be sorry. The janitor locks the front door at twelve sharp an' he's awful savage if you distoib him. So don't you let the clock strike twelve on you whatever happens. Keep your eye on the clock an' along about happast 'le'm you beat it, understand, before it's twelve or it's twenty-three for yours, see? An' Clinkereller hollered back, I'm hep, Mrs. Witch. An' then the old witch vanished an' nothin' was left of her but her voice sayin' Have a good time you poor little rat for onct in your life."

"When she come to the palace it was lit up to beat the band an' the music was playin' like a million street pianners at once an' everybody was dancing ragtime an' waltzes an' minurets but when Clinkereller come in an' walked up the grand stairway like she was a fairy queen in a theayter everbody stopped an' looked an' says Hully cheese! git on to the beaut what's just blew in an' her own sisters seen her an' never suspicioned nothin' she was that dressed up an' so clean you'd never know her. Well as soon as they seen her all the gents in the palace left their lady friends an' come to ask Clinkereller would she dance an' she did n't know what guy she otter choose. All of a sudden she hoid a voice like a angel's an' the handsomest man you ever seen come pushin' troo the gang like a policeman goin' troo a crowd an' he says Stand back gents this lady dances the foist dance with yours truly and there before her stood—the prince!"

"What's a prince, Sliver?"

"What's a prince! say, have I gotta put you wise to everything? Don't you know nothin'? Why a prince is—a—er—a prince—everybody otter know what a prince is—he's a kind of a—a—well he's a hero an' a poifeck gempman an' the son of a king an'—"

"Did he wear a gold hat?"

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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 99 and interest.

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**\$118,000**

### FIRST MORTGAGE 7%

Gold Bonds of the Lower Yakima Irrigation Company. Date, January 15, 1910. Denomination \$1,000. Total issue, \$350,000. Price, par and interest. Maturities unsold—

|                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| \$ 7,000, due 1915 | \$20,000, due 1918 |
| \$12,000, due 1916 | \$30,000, due 1919 |
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These bonds are secured by first mortgage upon all the property and assets of the Lower Yakima Irrigation Company, located in the heart of the famous Yakima and Columbia River Valleys, Washington, valued at \$1,902,800. These assets consist of complete irrigation plant, water rights, 3,000 acres unsold land, contracts for 4,000 acres land already sold, 4,900 acres excess water rights, dam, 24½ miles canals, 25 miles laterals, town property at Richland Washington, etc.

Price, par and interest, to net 7%

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**\$75,000** Seattle 5 Year 7%. Date, July, 12, 1909. District 1690. Issued for Sewers. North and West Queen Anne Districts.

**\$32,000** Seattle 5 Year 7%. Date, July 8, 1909. District 1807. Issued for Sewers. Mt. Baker Park and Intersecting Streets.

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"Well a kind of a gold cap anna sword like what the soldiers wears in the p'rades, a sash an' t'ings with gold fringes wobblin' over his shoulders an' all sorts of t'ings an' he says to Clinkereller Hully cheese but you're a swell looker an' a hot dresser, princess—for Clinkereller was that gorgeous he t'ought she was a princess an' she says 'The same to you an' many of 'em Mr. Prince an' he says I'd be much obliged to dance the next cake walk wit' you an' she says You're welcome an' he says Maybe before we begin you'd like somepump to eat an' drink fer I've got a turrible toist meself an' Clinkereller says T'ank you, mister prince, I ain't specially toisty though I could manage a choklat sody but I must say I have a nappette on me that would relish a coupla ice cream sanwidges. So he says Sure an' he leads her to a solid gold sody fountain an' says two ice cream sodies—none of your five centers but reglar ten centers an' when she had squinched her toist he leads her to the dinin' room an' says to the waiter Give this lady what she wants—"

Bat's chops were working as he gasped "Gee, I wisht they was a prince to do that to us." Sliver shook her head with infantile atheism. "It's on'y in fairy stories that princes does dem t'ings, Bat. They don't happen in real life." This was Bat's philosophy from experience, too, and he contented himself with saying:

"What did Clinkereller eat, Sliver?"

Sliver gave fancy a free rein; fictionists can afford to be generous:

"Well she begins with a dozen ror oystures an' follers 'em wit' some apple pie an' a big slab of beefsteak an' onions an' a plate of bean soup an' some sof' shell crabs an' some more apple pie an' a chunk of toiky wit' cramburly sass an' a coupla hot tomalies an' some wienerwoist an' a plate of ice cream—two kinds—strawberry an' vanellar an'—oh I forgot—she had some—"

"Cheese it," Bat gasped, "I can't stand nottin' more. If Clinkereller eats any more t'ings I'll go out an' moider somebody."

The riotous extravagance of Sliver's hospitality to Clinkereller had devastated her audience. Bat's appetite grew to heroic proportions and the void within him swelled to a mammoth cave. He could endure no more romance; he wanted food.

"Say, we gotta hurry or we'll be too late to ketch that Greek kid. I bet it's way after se'm o'clock."

Sliver had wrought her own hunger to a frenzy by the dangled sweetmeats of imagination, and she was wavering with faintness.

"All right," she said, "come along."

As she took Bat's hand, compunction seized her with as harsh a clutch as hunger's. She was going forth to steal. Her previous thefts had been venial; small matters of impulse, and unimportant. Now she was entering upon premeditated crime, and all the instincts, all the stifled, choked and inhibited ideals of honor she had acquired by accident from her miserable environment rose in a cloud about her to plead against the awful step.

But the devil's advocate of hunger hailed her forward under the disguise of altruism, for it was her brother's hunger that tormented her most.

Her little thwarted, stunted soul was a chaos of warning fears—fear of starvation, fear of her brother's tears, fear of crime, fear of police, fear of bruises and jeers and shame and—fear of everything. But she felt that above all she was her brother's keeper, above all duties was the duty not to die; she put away every other claimant on her soul and accepted her destiny.

There was a soft knock on the door. Was it the crafty summons of a revengeful Chinaman who had tracked them to their cover? Was it the sneaky tap-tap of a Polack? It lacked the assurance of a policeman or an evictive landlord. It might be a detective.

Sliver clapped her hand over Bat's wide mouth, a work of supererogation, for he could not have made a sound. The knock at the door was repeated with increased urgency, and the children sat like waxen figures of terror. Eventually the knob turned and the hearts of Bat and Sliver seemed to turn with it. The door opened slightly, then whacked the barricade they had heaped up.

Thence the outsider evidently reasoned that somebody must be at home. The flimsy structure the children's panicky hands had erected gave way like wicker before the thrust of an adult shoulder, and, as the cot and the chairs were shoved back, a head looked through the gap.

Sliver's first glance showed her that the invader was neither Mongolian nor Semitic. Nor was he the landlord nor any of his known agents. He might be a plain clothes man sent by the Chinaman. She glanced down to where one of his feet was visible. A single glance of her expert eye assured her that it was not the broad-soled brogan of a policeman—*ex pede constabulum*.

Her eyes flew back to the face peering through the lattice of chair legs. It seemed to indicate a very nice young man dressed in the height of style—according to Sliver's standards—though she could not see him very well in the dim light from the hall. He could not see them in the dark at all, till he came in and struck a match. When he desisted the cowering waits there was a whole letter of introduction in the tone of his first words:

"Hello, you poor little rats, are you all alone here? It's too bad—tth-tth-tth!"

The words reminded Bat of the old witch, and he wondered if she had turned herself into a swell guy. Neither of the O'Sheas spoke a word. They sat like caged mice, staring with beady eyes while the newcomer shoved his way in, found a lamp and lighted it.

Somehow Sliver was reminded of the prince who squeezed through the jungle to kiss the sleeping beauty. She wondered if he would try to kiss her, and blushing wished that she had pretended to be asleep. But it was too late, and the young man was in the room, peering about and shaking his head at the squalor. He said:

"We just heard that your mother had been—had left you again, and the Society sent me to look after you. I'm lucky to find you both at home. I am Mr. Pringle. Won't you shake hands?"

He bent down where they crouched on the floor, and took both of their right hands in his. He looked at the cold, dirty little paws and the tiny forearms attached to them, patted and squeezed them and shook his head.

It seemed to him that God Himself must shake His head in sorrow over the estate of these children and the myriads

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like them. Young Pringle was of too cheerful a constitution to indulge in epic lamentations over the *Weltschmerz*. He suffered from the sufferings of others and made it his trade to retail relief, but he was no Jeremiah and his watchword was none of the world's great cries of Alas!—the *oimoi*, the *vai*, or *vay* or *wah* or *guai* or *helas*.

He had seen too much miracle by way of hot water and soap, clean underwear, warm rooms, food and a job to be grandly pessimistic. He did not wring the idle hands of despair, but kept his hands active and his feet beautiful upon tenement stairs. He found the city full of pathos but not of wanhope, and his watchword was:

"Tith-tith!"

Where another would sit at home and weep over the pity of the fate of orphans, or write a poem on the cry of children, Pringle went into the slums and picked up the fledglings pushed out of the nests, fed them bird-seed and kept them in comfort till their wings were ready.

His Society, having learned that a certain lady of bibulous habit had been called away from home, leaving a brace of young children to shift for themselves, had sent him down to shift for them. He made elaborate inquiries of the neighbors, the landlord and the mission workers of the region. Then he went personally to call upon the O'Shealeys. They met him with the fear, the pride and the hostility he was used to, but he was a diplomat, and he had soon established a cordial enough *entente* to say:

"Seems to me it's getting pretty cold here, and I'll bet you both are just a tiny mite hungry, eh?"

Silence and stares were their answer. They were doing their best to be haughty. He seemed to realize this for he explained.

"When I was your age I was always hungry. In those days I used to like ginger snaps mighty well. Maybe I've got some in my pocket."

And so he had. And he offered them of his bounty. They did not mean to accept charity, but he acted as if he would have been hurt if they refused his hospitality, and there was a peculiarly savory, gingery aroma about the wafers that was a sort of invitation in itself, and you see they had been waiting some time for their dinner.

Bat was the first to put out a hand, and when he dug his eager teeth into the kickshaw it tasted so good that he cried as he munched. But he liked salt on his food.

Sliver retained as much of the *grande dame* as she could, but even *grandes dames* are human. She had never been taught that one should not eat and talk at the same time, so her hollow little jaws served the double function of mastication and narration. She told their story, concealing as much of the humiliation as possible, but not understanding half its pathos or any of her own deserts. Mr. Pringle wanted to know all about the family, and Sliver dressed the dingy chronicle up in its Sunday best; but he seemed to be beforehand with her in all her knowledge, and he kept saying:

"Tith-tith!"

Finally, when he had pretty well learned the history of Bat and Sliver and their kith and kin, he said:

"And can you tell me how long your rent is paid up to, Delia?"

Her own name was so rare in Sliver's ears that she did not recognize it at first. She came to herself with a start. "Yes, ma'am; the rent is paid up to the middle of last month."

"And is the landlord willing to have you stay on here indefinitely?"

"No, ma'am—sir; he comes for the room or the rent to-morrow."

"So he told me," said Mr. Pringle.

"He told you?"

"Yes; I was asking him a few questions; and he said he would be needing this apartment to-morrow. Where will you go then?"

"I had n't decided yet," said Sliver with a kind of majesty.

"You ought to have a place to sleep, oughtn't you?"

"Well, the nights is kind of cold these days, for Bat. He's awful young an' ain't so very strong," said Sliver.

"I am so!" said Bat, and Mr. Pringle said, "Of course you are, Bat."

"How would you like to come with me? I can furnish you with a nice dinner to-night and a good warm room for you and another for Bat."

Sliver shrank back uneasily:

"Bat's never slep' away from me yet."

"Well, you can have a room together."

Bat broke in stoutly:

"Watchu goin' have for dinner?"

"I'm not sure, but it's hot and there's a lot of it."

"I'm ready," said Bat.

Since Bat was willing to go, Sliver was willing. Mr. Pringle seemed greatly pleased.

"You'd better bring along anything you want, for I doubt if you'll be coming back soon."

It took but a small bundle to contain such gewgaws and trinkets as had any value even to them. An old towel held everything.

Sliver paused to look the place over for the last time. It was the only homelike thing she had known, and her eyes were full of elegy as she closed the door, not knowing how completely she closed it. Then they went down stairs, Sliver slipshod with reluctance, Bat running ahead and scouting for ambuscaders. They reached the street in safety, and around the corner Mr. Pringle found a strange vehicle waiting.

In broad daylight under ordinary circumstances, it would have resembled a patrol wagon, but to the hungry children under the guidance of a fairy price it took on the glory of a fiery chariot or a fairy taxicab.

As soon as Sliver and Bat and Prince Pringle were aboard, the unseen "sheffoo" cracked his whip, and the journey began. The passengers could hardly see each other, but they felt their thoughts, and each knew that the other was thinking of Clinkereller's magic coach.

Eventually they debarked at a building which Sliver vaguely recognized as a kind of palace. They were received with a homage which they supposed was accorded only to people of royal rank. They saw no gold hats and no glass footwear, but there was a sense of nobility in the very atmosphere. A lady beautifully dressed in snow-white apron and white cuffs and wearing a white linen crown took Sliver in charge and said:



"You'd better have your bath, my dear, before you have your dinner."

Then promising the uneasy child that she would see Bat soon again, she led her away to a wonderful room all of white, with shiny walls, and solid silver rods draped with an overpowering wealth of huge white towels big as rugs. And there was a big tub, long, white and nearly marble—a huge, white china dish from a giant's table.

While Silver peeled off the few and uncouth elements of her attire, the water was gushing from solid silver faucets, and the princess was testing it with her hand.

Silver wished that the fairy prince had done for her what the old witch did for Clinkereller, and had furnished her with cleanliness and beauty and fine raiment before he brought her here. But the prince, not being a lady witch, could hardly be expected to understand what grievous humiliation it was for Silver either to wear or to remove such sorry rags from such uncomeliness as hers in the presence of the snowy garb and radiant health of the princess in the white cap.

Silver was glad of the deep waters of the long tub, and her chilled frame seemed to be thoroughly warmed for the first time since summer had parched her. She fairly simmered in the creamy suds, and luxury steamed through her like slumber. She closed her eyes and wondered if she would drown if she fell asleep, and was so ready for sleep that she hardly cared.

After a dreamy while, she heard the princess speak. She opened her eyes and found herself still in the china room. She looked for the chair where she had piled her clothes. They had disappeared, and in their place was an array of folded things, white and wonderful. Silver had always seen a strange beauty in white things folded.

At the princess's behest she rose, dripping, from the foam, imagining herself a mermaid and hardly recognizing her own flesh. The princess threw around her a towel as big as herself, and rubbed her till she was rosy. Then the princess helped her into the new things into which her old togs had been bewitched. She was sorry she had closed her eyes and missed the miracle.

Dressed in a new skin and new clothes and with her hair combed, brushed and tied with a ribbon, she was led from the room. She passed a mirror and thought she saw another girl—and she did. She realized that the same abracadabra had been worked upon her as upon Clinkereller, only by degrees instead of all at once.

She marched down the hall, standing straighter than usual and trying to keep from giggling aloud, and was ushered into a room where she found a pink-skinned Cupid clad in a glorious new suit.

It took two looks to inform her that the gentleman cherub was Bartholomew O'Shea—it would never do to call him Bat. It was his turn to be amazed when the young lady who hugged him turned out to be "Silver."

Then they were led to a table, and just they two were all the guests. The prince and the princess waited upon them and apologized—would you believe it?—apologized because the banquet was wanting in some respects. But Bat and Silver searched in vain for fault.

The program of delicacies contained none of the things that Silver had catalogued for Clinkereller's feast, yet everything was even more satisfying, and very filling. Their ravenous hunger was held in order by wonderment, and a sense of awe supplied the place of a schooling in etiquette. But for all that, they took on cargoes whose quantity was eloquent concerning the emptiness of their holds. They ate and ate and ate, and then they ate some more because it seemed a crime to leave a crumb.

The princess's eyes grew wet as she watched them, and Mr. Pringle kept saying "Tth-th-th!"

At last, replete within and complete without, the O'Sheas pushed back from the table, weary of festival and heavy headed with drowsiness. They were offered picture books for amusement, but no fairy story could equal their own, and sleep was fairly smothering them. So the prince bade them good-night and promised to see them in the morning, and the princess led them to a room where two beds with linen like drifts of snow summoned them out into space.

Bat kicked off his new shoes and flung his new coat on a chair and was for turning in as he was, but the princess gave him a white gown and politely turned her back to help Silver out of her finery and into a similar gown.

The two children crawled into the white sheets like tired nestlings burrowing in down, and the princess tucked them in with strangely comfortable dabs. She kissed them both on their heavy eyes and murmured "Good-night; pleasant dreams!"

They wondered what dreams could equal the reality. They were the prisoners of human love, tiny jailbirds of the community. The long arm of organized charity had reached out and down and plucked them from the depths. To-morrow they would be taken to the home of the youngest daughter of justice, the Children's Court, and all the ritual of their adoption by the State made formal and final. They were to know no more the besotted animals who had brought them into the world and taken no ennoblement from their responsibilities. The children must be rescued from evil environment and sent out to the wide West or the South, to a new world of pure air, where opportunity rolled as wide as the prairies. Bat and Silver were henceforth the children of the People.

But of this they were not yet aware. They were aware only of palatial comforts, the commonplace of other children, but to them creations of witchery.

Out of the dark came a sleepy voice.

"Say, Silver, I t'ought you said they was no such t'ings as fairies in real life."

"I ain't sure we ain't asleep a'ready."

Silence. Then—

"Ouch!"

"What's wrong wit' you, darling?"

"I just pinched myself to see if I was awake, and I hurted myself like—"

"For he'm's sake, Bat, don't swear or we'll wake up sure."

Silence again. Then from somewhere in the distance a drowsy gong boomed; and Silver woke with a start, remembering the fate of Clinkereller.

"Listen once!—it's a clock!—t'ree, four, fi, six, se'm, eight, nine, ten, 'le'm—" Silence. "We gotta hour yet, anyway."

## UNCLE BOB'S MONEymAKERS

A Club for Boys Who Want to Earn Money



The Club Emblem

LAST month I promised you a picture of the new badge of the Moneymakers' Club, and here it is. This emblem is in the form of a solid 14-karat gold lapel button. The cut is a rather unsatisfactory representation of the face of the button, but the emblem itself, with its inspiring and appropriate design in raised characters, is something every member will be proud to wear. Perhaps a little story of the design will be of interest to my boys.

The figure of the man turning a wheel up a steep roadway has long been employed as a sort of trademark for SUCCESS MAGAZINE. Some have asked if the picture did not represent the fabled Ixion, while others were sure it was Sisyphus, another mythical gentleman. It is neither. Ixion, as those of you who have ever studied ancient mythology know, was doomed to whirl forever, chained to a revolving wheel, while Sisyphus was compelled eternally to roll a huge stone up a hill without ever reaching the top. The punishments invented by the ancient poets for their characters were singularly cruel, and have no place in the ideals of SUCCESS MAGAZINE or those of our club. The design on our badge is simply the artist's idea of how best to picture the spirit of achievement through honest effort, which is the keynote of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. It was originally drawn as a decorative tailpiece for a single issue of the magazine. Later, when in search of an appropriate "trademark" design, it was selected from among a number of others. The artist had no idea when he drew it that it would play so important a part in the history of SUCCESS. A good lesson for us all, boys: do well each task, no matter how humble, and your talents will gain full recognition in the end.

It is fortunate that this stirring design is at once so well suited for the magazine and our own club. Nothing could fit the club spirit and purpose any better. In size the face of the button will be a trifle smaller than a nickel.

"How can I get one of these beautiful emblems?" is the question I know you have been waiting to ask. Well, this is really and truly a case of getting something for nothing. I intend that every active Moneymaker who makes even a modest success of this task shall have one of these buttons as a present from Uncle Bob. The other kind of fellows can't get them for love or money. I have already written those who have thus far enrolled, telling them when to look for their buttons, and others can get the information by writing to me as directed at the bottom of this page.

Although it is only a little over a month since the announcement of the plans for the Moneymakers' Club reached our boy friends, there is already a solid phalanx of boys marching under the Moneymakers' banner and well on toward the achievement of their ambitions. Nothing could be more encouraging in my work for the good of the club than the kind of letters I am getting from boys who want to join our organization. One manly youngster says:

"My father is dead, and I am left to take care of my mother and earn some money. I would be very glad to have you give me some advice."

I certainly want to help this boy, and have written to him of a plan whereby he may help materially in adding to the family bank account.

Another boy, who happens to live in the same state, writes that he is preparing to enter high school. The high school is a long way from his home and he wants to get a bicycle to make the trip quickly. "I have not said a word to my folks, as I wish to secure this myself and show them what I can do." This is a most commendable spirit of independence. I have given him a plan which ought to mean that he will possess the coveted wheel within a short time. I shall be very much surprised if he does not secure it.

For the benefit of those who have not already learned of the plans and purposes of our club, let me say that it is strictly a body of workers. If you are a boy who wants to obtain something without effort, or are unwilling to put in a little time in return for what you want, then you will be wasting time to enroll with the Moneymakers, for the rewards of our club are not for the drones. Every bee in Uncle Bob's hive must be a busy bee.

There are no dues or other expenses attached to a membership. The object is merely to devise simple and practical means whereby its members can make money. Any boy can join. The only conditions are that he shall be interested in learning how to make money, and willing to make the necessary effort. There is virtually no limit as to how much money a member may earn, nor to what things may be procured through the club, aside from the amount of effort a member is willing to put forth. I have already arranged to secure a number of bicycles, rifles, shotguns, phonographs, canoes, etc., for those already enrolled, as we have a special plan which makes it very easy to get such things through the club instead of securing them independently. And, by the way, it will be well in writing me to mention anything which you are specially anxious to possess.

One of the most attractive features of the club is a plan for paying our most active members a regular salary, this being entirely in addition to all other club benefits and advantages.

If you want to join the club, or to know all about its plans, you will receive full particulars by return mail if you will address your inquiry (a postal card will do) to

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