

SUCCESS

MAGAZINE

FOUNDED BY
ORISON SWETT MARDENCONTENTS FOR
•MAY 1910•

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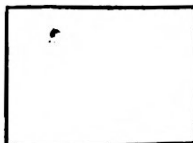
Our Advertisements

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

Expirations and Renewals

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

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



IF the watch you have now is nearing the end of its usefulness, or is disappointing to you in any way, get an *Ingersoll-Trenton*. From the minute you put it in your pocket you will be sure that you have at last found a watch that will not fail you—the only watch you will need for the rest of your life, barring accidents.

Every *Ingersoll-Trenton* is finely jeweled and keeps time to the minute. We guarantee this; you prove it through long years of use. It is a joy to carry such a watch.

Ingersoll-Trenton

JEWELLED WATCHES

If you want to spend only \$5.00 you can get an *Ingersoll-Trenton* in a durable nickel case. Make it \$7.00 and the case will be ten-year gold-filled. For \$9.00 you can get an *Ingersoll-Trenton* in a twenty-year gold-filled case—a superb watch fit for the most critical user.

Possibly you are ready *right now* for a practical demonstration in watch-economy and watch-satisfaction. In that case do two things: first, *rely on this advertisement*; second, *go straight to your jeweler and tell him what you want*. INSIST on an *Ingersoll-Trenton*. There!—that is absolutely the best thing we can tell you about watch-buying.

"As time goes on" we continue to make more than one-half of all the watches made in the United States.

We also manufacture the famous *INGERSOLL* Watches at \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. We have been doing this for seventeen busy years. *Ingersoll* models are sold by 60,000 dealers.

The Right Time in Connecticut

"I have compared my *Ingersoll-Trenton* watch with Standard time daily for fourteen days. It has apparently not varied even a fraction of a second."

W. D. TUCKER,
Middletown, Conn.



Side view of movement of *Ingersoll-Trenton* Watch.

RESOLVED: that the *Ingersoll-Trenton* Watch has fully earned its place in the Hall of Fame devoted to the world's accurate timepieces.

Our illustrated fact-book about watchmaking will open your eyes and save you money. Send for a copy. Read it yourself and loan it to your neighbors. It's a good book.

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

Five Times Last Year's Call for Overlands

The demand for Overland automobiles is five times last year's record. Yet the Overland last year was one of the big-selling cars. It is a wonderful thing when an output jumps so quickly to 140 cars daily. When a car does that, against today's competition, you ought to know that car.

Our Amazing Sales

The four Overland factories, employing 4,000 men, turn out an Overland every four minutes. Yet during February—ending just before this was written—our orders received for immediate delivery amounted to twice our production. And February is a midwinter month.

Now a fifth Overland factory is being equipped. We are preparing to work nights and days. The Overland dealers—in 800 cities—are going to be kept supplied.

The demand for Overlands is twenty times as large as two years ago. It is five times as large as last year. It is larger now, and is growing faster, than for any other car on the market.

And all this demand is solely due to the records the cars have made. Each car has sold others, and the others sold others. For, until two months ago, there was no Overland advertising.

The car which is winning these legions of buyers—which has so outrivalled a hundred competitors—is bound to win you when you know it.

The Main Reasons

The Overland was designed by a mechanical genius, after most other cars had been fully developed. He was able to compare the work of a hundred designers by actual results in use. Thus for every part he chose the best device that the best engineers had worked out.

Then he created a wonderful engine—powerful, simple and all-enduring. Next he reduced the number of parts as the best way to minimize trouble. A single part which he invented did away with 47.

Then he simplified the operation. Three of

the Overland models operate by pedal control. Push a pedal forward to go ahead, and backward to reverse. Push another pedal forward to get on high speed. The hands have nothing to do but steer.

As a result, a child can master the car in ten minutes. A novice can run it the first time he takes the wheel.

And the Overland is almost trouble-proof. Give it oil and water and it will always keep going. We have run one of these cars 7,000 miles, night and day, without stopping the engine. Many an owner has run from 7,000 to 10,000 miles without even cleaning a spark plug. The car has been run as far as 28 miles on one gallon of gasoline.

That is why Overland owners sell these cars to others. They are as faithful as horses, as economical as horses, as easy as a horse to drive and to care for.

Our Costly Machinery

About \$3,000,000 has been invested in plants and machinery to produce the Overland car. The parts are made by automatic machines, so that error or variation is out of the question. Accuracy is secured—just as in watch making—to the ten-thousandth part of an inch.

The various parts of the car, in the process of making, pass more than 10,000 inspections.

Then every chassis, before the body is added, is given a thorough test on hard roads. As a result, every Overland car goes out in perfect condition.

The Cutting of Cost

In the past year alone we have cut our costs 20 per cent. We have done this through multiplied output, labor-saving machinery, and

through making the parts which other makers buy.

This year we are selling a 25-horsepower Overland, with a 102-inch wheel base, for \$1,000. No other car of equal power and size is sold at near this price.

We sell a 40-horsepower Overland, with a 112-inch wheel base, for \$1,250. For \$1,500 we are selling a car with all the power and speed—all the style and appearance—that any man can want. All prices include five lamps and magneto.

No other maker can afford to give what the Overland gives for the money. We use four separate cylinders, employ a five-bearing crank shaft—use for every part the very best that men know. But our modern machinery and enormous production give us a vast advantage.

Ask for the Facts

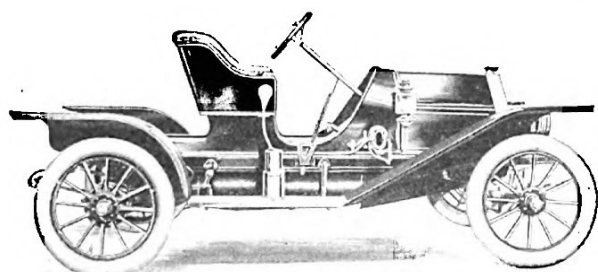
We have two books which every man should read if he wants to keep up with motor car progress. They are fascinating books and they tell a wonderful story. Cut out this coupon as a reminder to ask us to send them free.

D94

The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio

Licensed Under Selden Patent

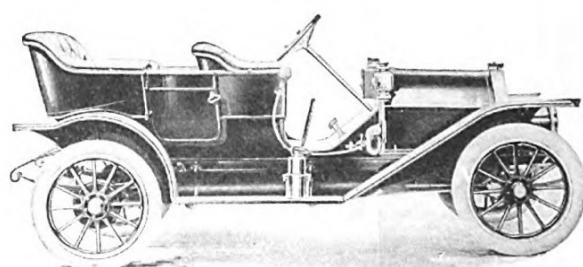
Please send me the two books free.



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

The Overland

Two of the many Overland Models



A 40 h. p. Overland with 112-inch wheel base. Price with single rumble seat, \$1,250—double rumble seat, \$1,275—with 5-passenger Touring or Close-Coupled body, \$1,400

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"Somebody Wrote to His Congressman"

ON MARCH 19, by a vote of 191 to 155 on the Norris resolution (the Insurgents voting with the Democrats), the Speaker of the National House of Representatives was removed from the Committee on Rules, which until that time had been the inner citadel of machine control of the House. The newspapers have familiarized the entire country with the details of that fight. Our own comment will be found on page 330 of the present number. We wish here simply to call the attention of our readers to what seems to us the most significant fact in all this bloodless revolution.

This fact is—

"Somebody wrote to his Congressman."

Those of us who believe in the genius of democracy have of late years observed the trend of social and political affairs with some concern. We have recognized that there is a considerable number of citizens scattered about the country who do not believe in democracy at all, who could never be brought to put their trust in the plain people of whom the nation is mainly composed. These are the ones who deprecate "mob rule" and "popular hysteria," who pin their faith to "sober second thought" and deplore any disturbance of "the established order." Sometimes it has seemed as if these conservative ones were destined to triumph for the apparent reason that the plain ones could not be made to understand the complexities of the economic basis of our political structure.

We have seen the most powerful and adroit politicians, lawyers, bankers, manufacturers and caterers to the public service building up barriers against the public in order that none of this "hysteria" should seriously threaten their structure of privilege and power.

We have seen the leaders of the Senate and the House, after perfecting their bicameral machine and selling it outright to the highest contributor, so develop the black art of political jugglery and hocus-pocus that a bewildered and vaguely discouraged public has for a long time appeared to accept extortion and deceit as its humble daily portion.

But it became evident some time ago that this great commercial-governmental system was vulnerable at certain points; particularly in the House, which, in spite of the rule of the ring, was close enough to the people to be responsive to public opinion now and

then, under great pressure. How to apply this pressure was the problem.

And then—

"Somebody wrote to his Congressman."

Then another wrote—and another. The trickle became a stream, the stream a flood.

Letters and telegrams, each from a voting unit, poured in by the thousand. The Congressman read, frowned, then called his secretary and dictated a reply. That Congressman has never felt quite so easy, quite so cock-sure, since the receipt of that first letter. When it came to voting on the "Cannonism" issue he thought of those letters. He also thought of what he would have to face if he should ignore them. Truly it is a great thing to "hear from the country."

The fight is far from won. The corporations still rule the country, though they have lost a skirmish or two. Congress is in chaos. This is bad, of course; but is not democracy worth a little discomfort? Some of our fathers died for it. If you check the people so that they can not rule, somebody else will rule. You must believe either in democracy or in something else.

We shall probably never have a real democracy until we find a way to simplify our Government and fix responsibility clearly. Even then it will probably not be effective without some substantial devices of the nature of the initiative, the referendum, and the recall.

But until we shall have better devices for insuring that the people shall rule, we have something. We have the postal service. We can send letters, tens of thousands of them—letters of commendation, of criticism, and of friendly counsel. The "interests" keep the wires and mails busy. So should we. Not one citizen among us is too humble. These messages would go a long way toward counteracting the influence of those letters and telegrams from the interests. Good friends, in this idea lies a direct application of the democratic principle. We can make ourselves felt, as thinking, voting, democratic units; and if there are enough of us we can even make our representatives represent us.

Perhaps "the end of Cannonism," slight as the actual victory is, marks not only the destruction of the old but the beginning of the new.

Is it too much to hope?



JOHN NEWTON HOWITT '10

A WAR-TIME REMINISCENCE

Painted for SUCCESS MAGAZINE by John Newton Howitt

Red Dot

FROM his inner sanctum, Average Jones stared obliquely out upon the whirl of Fifth Avenue, warming itself under a late March sun.

In the outer offices a line of anxious applicants was being disposed of by his trained assistants. To the advertising expert's offices had come that day but three cases difficult enough to be referred to the Ad-Visor himself. Two were rather intricate financial lures which Average Jones was able to dispose of by a mere "Don't." The third was a Spiritualist announcement behind which lurked a shrewd plot to entrap a senile millionaire into a marriage with the medium. These having been settled, the expert was free to muse upon a paragraph which had appeared in all the important New York morning papers of the day before.

The Second of the "Average Jones" Detective Stories

by
SAMUEL
HOPKINS
ADAMS



Illustrations
by
M. LEONE
BRACKER

"It would be very easy for Mr. Ross to stop at this door on his way down-stairs."

"REWARD—\$1,000 reward for information as to slayer of Brindle Bulldog 'Rags' killed in office of Malcolm Dorr, Stengel Building, Union Square, March 29."

"That's too much money for a dog," decided Average Jones. "Particularly one that has n't any bench record. I'll just have a glance into the thing."

Slipping on his coat he walked briskly down the avenue, and crossing over to Union Square, entered the gloomy old building which is the sole survival of the days when the Stengel estate foresaw the upward trend of business toward Fourteenth Street. Stepping from the elevator at the seventh floor, he paused underneath this sign:

MALCOLM DORR
ANALYTICAL AND CONSULTING CHEMIST
Hours 10 to 4.

Entering, Average Jones found a fat young man, with mild blue eyes, sitting at a desk.

"Mr. Dorr?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the fat young man nervously, "but if you are a reporter, I must—"

"I am not," interrupted the other. "I am an expert on advertising, and—I want that \$1,000 reward."

The chemist pushed his chair back and rubbed his forehead.

"You mean you have—have found out something?"

"Not yet. But I intend to."

Dorr stared at him in silence.

"You are very fond of dogs, Mr. Dorr?"

"Eh? Oh, yes. Yes, certainly," said the other, mechanically.

Average Jones shot a sudden glance of surprise at him, then looked dreamily at his own finger nails.

"I can sympathize with you. I have exhibited for some years. Your dog was perhaps a green-ribboner?"

"Er—oh—yes; I believe so."

"Ah! Several of mine have been. One in particular, took medal after medal; a beautiful glossy brown bulldog, with long silky ears, and the slender splayed-out legs that are so highly prized but so seldom seen nowadays. His tail, too, had the truly Willoughby curve, from his dam who was a famous courser."

Mr. Dorr looked puzzled. "I didn't know they used that kind of dog for coursing," he said, vaguely.

Average Jones smiled with almost affectionate admiration at the crease along the knee of his carefully pressed trousers. His tone, when next he spoke, was that of a youth bored with life. Any of his intimates would have recognized in it, however, the characteristic evidence that his mind was ranging swift and far to a conclusion.

"Mr. Dorr," he drawled, "who—er—owned your—er—dog?"

"Why, I—I did," said the startled chemist.

"Who gave him to you?"

"A friend."

"Quite so. Was it that—er—friend who—er—offered the reward?"

"What makes you think that?"

"This, to be frank. A man who does n't know a bulldog from a bed-spring is n't likely to be offering a thousand dollars to avenge the death of one. And the minute you answered my question as to whether you

cared for dogs, I knew you did n't. When you fell for a green ribbon, and a splay-legged, curly-tailed medal-winner in the brindle bull class (there's no such class, by the way), I knew you were bluffing. Mr. Dorr, who—er—has been—er—threatening your life?"

The chemist swung around in his chair.

"What do you know?" he demanded.

"Nothing. I'm guessing. It's a fair guess that a reasonably valuable brindle bull isn't presented to a man who cares nothing for dogs without some reason. The most likely reason is protection. Is it in your case?"

"Yes, it is," replied the other, after some hesitation.

"And now the protection is gone. Don't you think you'd better let me in on this?"

"Let me speak to my—my legal adviser first." He called up a downtown number on the telephone and asked to be connected with Judge Elverson. "I may have to ask you to leave the office for a moment," he said to his caller.

"Very well. But if that is United States District Attorney Roger Elverson, tell him that it is A. V. R. Jones who wants to know, and remind him of the missing letter opium advertisement.

Almost immediately, Average Jones was called back from the hallway, whither he had gone.

"Elverson says to tell you the whole thing," said the chemist—"in confidence, of course."

"Understood. Now, who is it that wants to get rid of you?"

"The Paragon Pressed Meat Company."

Average Jones became vitally concerned in removing an infinitesimal speck from his left cuff. "Ah," he commented, "The Canned Meat Trust. What have you been doing to them?"

"Sold them a preparation of my invention for deodorizing certain by-products used for manufacturing purposes. Several months ago I found they were using it on canned meats that had gone bad, and then selling the stuff."

"Would the meat so treated be poisonous?"

"Well—dangerous to any one eating it habitually. I wrote, warning them that they must stop."

"Did they reply?"

"A man came to see me and told me I was mistaken. He hinted that if I thought my invention was worth more than I'd received, his principals would be glad to take the matter up with me. Shortly after I heard that the Federal authorities were going after the Trust, so I called on Mr. Elverson."

"Mistake Number 1. Elverson is straight, but his office is fuller of leaks than a sieve."

"That's probably why I found my private laboratory reeking of cyanide fumes a fortnight later," remarked Dorr, drily. "I got to the outer air alive but not much more. A week later there was an explosion in the laboratory. I didn't happen to be there at the time. The odd feature of the explosion was that I had n't any explosive drugs in the place at the time."

"Where is this laboratory?"

"Over in Flatbush where I live—or did live. Within a month after that, a friendly neighbor took a pot-shot at a man who was sneaking up behind me, as I was going home late one night. The man shot too, but missed me. I reported it to the police, and they told me to be sure and not let the newspapers know. Then they forgot it."

Average Jones laughed. "Of course they did. Some day New York will find out that 'the finest police force in the world' is the biggest sham outside the dime museum business. Except in the case of crimes by the regular, advertised criminals, they're as helpless as babies. Did n't you take any other precautions?"

"Oh, yes. I reported the attempt to Judge Elverson. He sent a secret service man over to live with me. Then I got a commission out in Denver. When I came back, about a month ago, Judge Elverson gave me the two dogs."

"Two?"

"Yes. Rags and Tatters."

"Where's Tatters?"

"Dead. By the same road as Rags."

"Killed at your place in Flatbush?"

"No. Right here in this room."

Average Jones became suddenly very much worried about the second button of his coat. Having satisfied himself of its stability, he drawled, "Er—both of—er—them?"

"Yes. Ten days apart."

"Where were you?"

"On the spot. That is, I was here when Tatters got his death. I had gone to the washroom at the further end of the hall when Rags was poisoned."

"Why do you say poisoned?"

"What else could it have been? There was no wound on either of the dogs."

"Was there evidence of poison?"

"Pathological only. In Tatters' case it was very marked. He was dozing in a corner near the radiator when I heard him yelp and saw him snapping at his belly. He ran across the room, lay down and began licking himself. Within fifteen minutes he began to whine. Then he stiffened out in a sort of spasm. It was like strychnine poisoning. Before I could get a veterinary here he was dead."

"Did you make any examination?"

"I analyzed the contents of his stomach, but did not obtain positive results."

"What about the other dog?"

"Rags? That was the day before yesterday. We had just come over from Flatbush and Rags was nosing around in the corner—"

"The same corner where Tatters was attacked?"

"Yes; near the radiator. He seemed to be interested in something there when I left the room. I was gone not more than two minutes."

"Lock the door after you?"

"It has a special spring lock which I had put on myself."

Average Jones crossed over and looked at the contrivance. Then his glance fell to a huge, old-fashioned keyhole below the new fastening.

"You did n't use that larger lock?"

"No. I have n't for months. The key is lost, I think."

Retracing his steps the investigator sighted the hole from the radiator, and shook his head.

"It's not in range," he said. "Go on."

"As I reached the door on my return, I heard Rags yelp. You may believe I got to him quickly. He was pawing wildly at his nose. I called up the nearest veterinary. Within ten minutes the convulsions came on. The veterinary was here when Rags died, which was within fifteen minutes of the first spasm. He did n't believe it was strychnine. Said the attacks were different. Whatever it was, I could n't find any trace of it in the stomach. The veterinary took the body away and made a complete autopsy."

"Did he discover anything?"

"Yes. The blood was coagulated and on the upper lip he found a circle of small pustules. He agreed that both dogs probably swallowed something that was left in my office, though I don't see how it could have got there."

"That won't do," returned Average Jones, positively. "A dog does n't cry out when he swallows poison, unless it's some corrosive."

"It was no corrosive. I examined the mouth."

"What about the radiator?" asked Average Jones, getting down on his knees beside that antiquated contrivance. "It seems to have been the center of disturbance."

"If you're thinking of fumes," replied the chemist, "I tested for that. It is n't possible."

"No; I suppose not. And yet, there's the curious feature that the fatal influence seems to have emanated from the corner which is the most remote from both windows and door. Are your windows or transom left open at night?"

"The windows, sometimes. The transom is kept double-bolted."

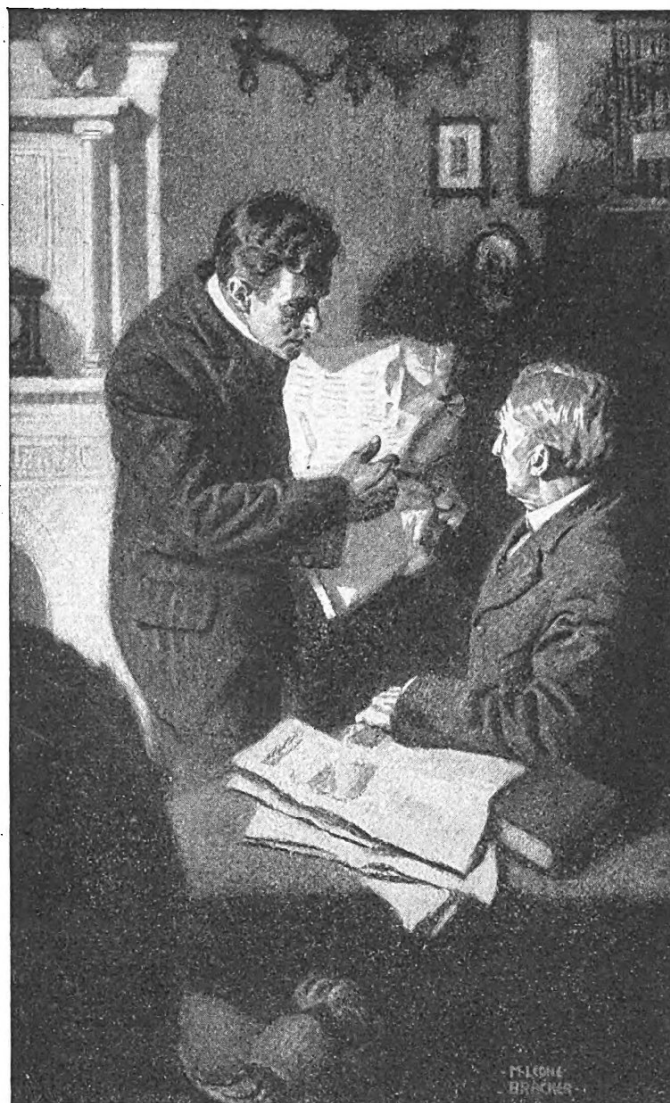
"Do they face any other windows near by?"

"You can see for yourself. that they don't."

"There's no fire-escape and it's too far up for anything to come in from the street." Average Jones examined the walls with attention and returned to the big keyhole, through which he peeped.

"Do you ever chew gum?" he asked suddenly.

The chemist stared at him. "It is n't a habit of mine," he said.



His eyes were directed to a paragraph telling of the death of an Italian child

"But you wouldn't have any objection to my sending for some, in satisfaction of a sudden irresistible craving?"

"Any particular brand? I'll 'phone the corner drug store."

"Any sort will suit, thank you."

When the gum arrived, Average Jones, after politely offering some to his host, chewed up a single stick thoroughly. This he rolled out to an extremely tenuous consistency and spread it deftly across the unused keyhole, which it completely though thinly veiled.

"Now, what's that for?" inquired the chemist, eyeing the improvised closure with some contempt.

"Don't know, exactly, yet," replied the deviser cheerfully. "But when queer and fatal things happen in a room and there's only one opening, it's just as well to keep your eye on that, no matter how small it is. Better still, perhaps, if you'd shift your office."

The fat young chemist pushed his hair back, looked out of the window, and then turned to Average Jones. The rather flabby lines of his face had abruptly hardened over the firm contour below.

"No. I'm hanged if I will," he said simply.

An amiable grin overspread Average Jones's face.

"You've got more nerve than prudence," he observed. "But I don't say you aren't right. Since you're going to stick to the ship, keep your eye on that gum. If it lets go its hold, wire me."

"All right," agreed young Mr. Dorr.

"Whatever your little game is, I'll

play it. Give me your address in case you leave town."

"As I may do. I am going to hire a press-clipping bureau on special order to dig through the files of the local and neighboring city newspapers for recent items concerning dog-poisoning cases. If our unknown has devised a new method of canicide, it's quite possible he may have worked it somewhere else, too. Good-by, and if you can't be wise, be careful."

Dog-poisoning seemed to Average Jones to have become a popular pastime in and around New York, judging from the succession of news items which poured in upon him from the clipping bureau. Several days were exhausted by false clues. Then one morning there arrived, among other data, an article from the Bridgeport *Morning Delineator* which caused the Ad-Visor to sit up with a jerk. It detailed the poisoning of several dogs under peculiar circumstances. Three hours later he was in the bustling Connecticut city. There he took carriage for the house of Mr. Curtis Fleming, whose valuable Great Dane dog had been the last victim.

Mr. Curtis Fleming revealed himself as an elderly gentleman all grown to a point: pointed white nose, eyes that were pin-points of irascible gleam, and a most pointed manner of speech.

"Who are you?" he demanded rancidly, as his visitor was ushered in.

Average Jones recognized the type. He knew of but one way to deal with it.

"Jones!" he retorted with such emphasis that the monosyllable fairly exploded in the other's face.

"Well, well, well," said the elder man, his aspect suddenly mollified. "Don't bite me. What kind of a Jones are you, and what do you want of me?"

"New York Jones. I want to know about your dog."

"Reporter?"

"No."

"Glad of it. They're no good. Had my reporters on this case. Found nothing."

"Your reporters?"

"I own the Bridgeport *Delineator*."

"What about the dog?"

"Good boy!" approved the old martinet. "Sticks to his point. Dog was out walking with me day before yesterday. Crossing a vacant lot on next square. Chased a rat. Rat ran into a heap of old timber. Dog nosed around. Gave a yelp and came back to me. Had spasm. Died in fifteen minutes. And hang me, sir," cried the old man, bringing his fist down on Average Jones's knee "if I see how the poison got him, for he was muzzled to the snout, sir!"

"Muzzled? Then—er—why do you—er—suggest poison?" drawled the young man.

"Fourth dog to go the same way in the last week."

"All in this locality?"

"Yes, all on Golden Hill."

"Any suspicions?"

"Suspicious? Certainly, young man, certainly. Look at this."

Average Jones took the smutted newspaper proof which his host extended, and read:

"WARNING—Residents of the Golden Hill neighborhood are earnestly cautioned against unguarded handling of timber about wood-piles or out-buildings until further notice. Danger!"

"When was this published?"

"Was n't published. *Delineator* refused it. Thought it was a case of insanity."

"Who offered it?"

"Professor Moseley. Tenant of mine. Frame house on the next corner with old-fashioned conservatory."

"How long ago?"

"About a week."

"All the dogs you speak of died since then?"

"Yes."

"Did he give any explanation of the advertisement?"

"No. Acted half-crazy when he brought it to the office, so the business manager said. Wouldn't sign his name to the thing. Would n't say anything about it. Begged the manager to let him have the weather reports in advance, every day. The manager put the advertisement in type, decided not to run it, and returned the money."

"Weather reports, eh?" Average Jones mused for a moment. "How long was the ad. to run?"

"Until the first hard frost."

"Has there—er—been a—er—frost since?" drawled Average Jones.

"No."

"Who is this Moseley?"

"Don't know much about him. Scientific experimenter of some kind, I believe. Very exclusive," added Mr. Curtis Fleming, with a grin. "Never associated with any of us neighbors. Rent on the nail, though. Insane, too, I think. Writes letters to himself with nothing in them."

"How's that?" inquired Average Jones.

The other took an envelope from his pocket and handed it over. "It got enclosed by mistake with the copy for the advertisement. The handwriting on the envelope is his own. Look inside."

A glance had shown Average Jones that the letter had been mailed in New York on March 25th. He took out the enclosure. It was a small slip of paper. The date was stamped on with a rubber stamp. There was no writing of any kind. Near the center of the sheet were three dots. They seemed to have been made with red ink.

"You're sure the address is in Professor Moseley's writing?"

"I'd swear to it."

"It does n't follow that he mailed it to himself. In fact, I should judge that it was sent by some one who was particularly anxious not to have any specimen of his handwriting lying about for identification."

"Perhaps. What's your interest in all this, anyway, my mysterious young friend?"



Professor Moseley felt himself responsible

"Two dogs in New York poisoned in something the same way as yours."

"Well, I've got my man. He confessed."

"Confessed?" echoed Average Jones.

"Practically. I've kept the point of the story to the last. Professor Moseley committed suicide this morning."

If Mr. Curtis Fleming had designed to make an impression on his visitor, his ambition was fulfilled. Average Jones got to his feet slowly, walked over to the window, returned, picked up the strange proof with its message of suggested peril, studied it, returned to the window, and stared out into the gray day.

"Cut his throat about nine o'clock this morning," pursued the other. "Dead when they found him."

"Do you mind not talking to me for a minute?" said Average Jones curtly.

"Told to hold my tongue in my own house by an uninvited stripling," cackled the other. "You're a singular young man. Have it your own way."

After a five minutes silence the visitor turned from the window and spoke. "There has been a deadly danger loose about here for which Professor Moseley felt himself responsible. He has killed himself. Why?"

"Because I was on his trail," declared Mr. Curtis Fleming. "Afraid to face me."

"Nonsense. I believe some human being has been killed by this thing, whatever it may be, and that the horror of it drove Moseley to suicide."

"Prove it."

"Give me a morning paper."

His host handed him the current issue of the *Delineator*.

Average Jones studied the local page.

"Where's Galvin's Alley?" he asked presently.

"Two short blocks from here."

"In the Golden Hill section?"

"Yes."

"Read that."

Mr. Curtis Fleming took the paper. His eyes were directed to a paragraph telling of the death of an Italian child living in Galvin's Alley. Cause, convulsions.

"By Jove!" said he, somewhat awed. "You can reason, young man."

Together they went down the hill to a poor little house, marked by white crêpe. The occupants were Italians who spoke some English. They said that four-year-old Pietro had been playing around a woodpile

the afternoon before, when he was taken sick and came home, staggering. The doctor could do nothing. The little one passed from spasm into spasm and died in an hour.

"Was there a mark like a ring anywhere on the hand or face?" asked Average Jones.

The dead child's father looked surprised. That, he said, was what the strange gentleman who had come that very morning asked; a queer, bent little gentleman, very bald and with big eye-glasses, who was kind, and wept with them and gave them money to bury the "bambino."

"Moseley, by the Lord Harry!" exclaimed Mr. Curtis Fleming. "But what was the death-agent?"

Average Jones shook his head. "Too early to do more than guess. Will you take me to Professor Moseley's place?"

The old house stood four-square with a patched-up conservatory on one wing. In the front room they found the recluse's body decently disposed, with an undertaker's assistant in charge. From the greenhouse came a subdued hissing.

"What's that?" asked Jones.

"Fumigating the conservatory. There was a note found near the body insisting



A queer, bent little gentleman gave them money to bury the "bambino"

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MAGICIANS OF MUSIC

The Mysterious Thrilling Power of the
Great Musicians

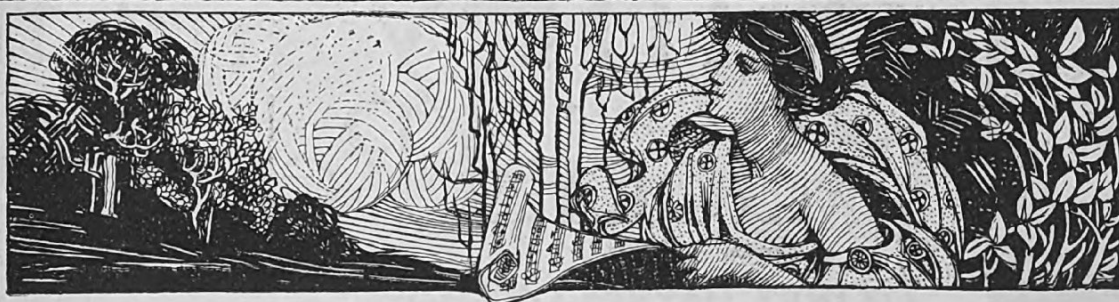
By A. E. THOMAS

Author of The Comedy, "Her Husband's Wife" and "The Barnacles on
the Ship of State"

THE days of wizardry are not over. It is true that we no longer persecute certain ill-favored members of society and burn them at the stake by way of punishment for their supposedly malevolent designs upon their victims. Our wizards and witches, on the contrary, we shower with public praise and adulation, and smother with cash, flowers and critical approval. But that is merely because it is benevolent magic, white magic, under whose spell we sit and by whose inspiration we are, from time to time, whenever we have opportunity and can afford the price, uplifted and inspired. Our magicians are those of the musical and dramatic stage.

There was a time when wizardry upon the dramatic stage was not uncommon—when it was possible to visit a theater and see great acting—acting that transported the beholder to realms of the imagination, that thrilled him to the core of his being, and that sent him away from the playhouse uplifted and translated





out of himself into a higher and a nobler sphere. The present generation of playgoers can remember such actors. Edwin Booth was one, and Richard Mansfield, in certain of his rôles, was another. But, with the possible exception of Mrs. Fiske, those marvelous players have all passed from this temporal stage. They have left behind them many artists and a great swarm of sleight-of-hand performers—theatrical prestidigitators. Many of them give much genuine intellectual pleasure and a great deal of intelligent entertainment. But none of them is a magician. It is not wholly their fault. A great deal of the blame must be borne by the men who write our plays. The modern drama is, perhaps, in some ways not inferior to the elder, but it is very different. The naturalistic school of play-writing has not thus far been prolific in the creation of great parts, and great parts make great actors. But whatever the cause, the magicians of the dramatic stage are gone and it may be that we shall not look upon their like again.

Upon the musical stage, and, more particularly, the concert stage, conditions are different. Here the magician is still to be seen and heard and his magic was never more marvelously compelling than it is to-day—in the midst of the most material age of the most materialistic country the world has ever seen—and the marvel of this sort of magician is infinitely more baffling and mysterious than was ever the mastery of the wizard of the theater. I do not refer to the

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Janey and the Social Revolution

by INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE ~ Illustrations by ADA C. WILLIAMSON

"MOTHER, it is the funniest thing: I can't seem to believe that I'm going to see Elsa. Here I've been waiting all this week for Friday to come, and now's it's come, it does n't seem as if it was really here. And, mother, sometimes I can't recollect just how Elsa looks—I mean I can't *presackly* recollect. Sometimes I can see her face so plain and then again I can't remember her *at all*."

The small young person who emitted these remarks bounced up and down on the velvet seat of the car to emphasize them. She was a very small person, indeed, and very young. She sat beside a tall, slender woman, black-clad and rather elegant, who was her mother. In her lap the small young person clutched a shabby, cheap "Alice in Wonderland" which bulged with enclosures of alien matter, a splendid new Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" which also bulged, and a pamphlet, much soiled and dog-eared, entitled "A Thousand Riddles." On the turned-over seat in front of her rested a small, well-ventilated wooden box, in which a Maltese cat, unmistakably given over to meditations both morose and melancholy, alternately napped and mewed.

"You've dropped Lamb," the young person's mother said, suddenly. "Janey, if you ever do such a thing again as to hide three books away while I'm packing, I'll leave them in Boston. It's perfectly ridiculous, their not being safe in the trunk. Who ever heard of a trunk being lost?"

"But, mother, I had another reason. I wanted to have them ready to read to Elsa, because I have some bee-yu-tiful games to play out of them. And if I'd lost the riddle-book—oh, mother, will you *please* let me ask you some riddles now? You need n't guess them. Only pretend. I could ask the whole thousand between here and Scarsett."

"Certainly not, Janey. If there's anything I hate it's guessing riddles. How Jim ever came to send you such an absurd book I can't see. Now you've dropped 'Alice in Wonderland.'"

"Well, mother, you'll have to admit they're both partickly slippery books," her daughter answered patiently, rescuing her treasures.

The small young person's name was Jane Elizabeth Blair, and, as has been indicated, she was nicknamed Janey. It must be admitted here at the beginning that she was not pretty.

The least and the most that can be said of her is that she was just little girl. Indeed, she might have posed for a picture of little-girlhood, but little girl so deliciously normal, so piquantly average, so strikingly usual that she ended by being *sui generis*. Looking at her for the first time, your mind immediately whisked back to some period of childhood. You saw another little girl, the counterpart of Janey. You saw her in pantalets and ankle ties; you saw her in silk jersey, kilt skirt and stocking cap; you saw her in ruffled nainsook "tires;" you saw her in a navy-blue sailor suit trimmed with flat white braid; you saw her in rompers or a middy blouse—it all

depended on how far back or how near back your memory went. Her figure was straight and slim. Her hair was straight and tow. In the midst of her little round face there bunched, higgledy-piggledy, a pair of blue eyes, quicksilver in their glances, yet full of a shy friendliness, an ardent curiosity, a nose which made havoc of her profile, a mouth so sensitive to the pull of her emotions that it would be hard to say what its prevailing expression was—all plentifully sprinkled or surrounded with freckles. Every bounce of her body proclaimed her the happiest little girl in the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

And, indeed, Janey was happy, for she was going to Scarsett. In the winter, Janey lived in Boston in a boarding-house. In the winter, Janey went to a sober city school. In the winter, Janey spent her out-of-doors hours walking primly with her mother or playing with the succession of queer little girls who surged transiently through their shiftless, faded neighborhood. All this began

late in October, when Janey came back from Scarsett. All this ended early in the spring, when Janey returned to Scarsett.

For Scarsett had every attraction that was possible to offer a small female being. In the first place, there was Uncle Jim, who spent all his summers in Scarsett writing novels, and all his winters—this was his own phrase—"gold-bricking editors and publishers" in New York. In the second place, there was a glorious month and a half in the spring and a glorious month and a half in the fall in which Janey attended the Scarsett school. And then there was always Elsa. And as for Elsa—but perhaps I have said enough. Let Janey speak. She will always speak if encouraged. It is her mother who is chorus.

"Mother, do you suppose that Elsa will be down at Scarsett? Do you suppose she has grown very much? Do you think she'll think I've grown? You did have to let down *one* tuck, did n't you, mother? Maybe Elsa has n't grown so much this year as she did last year. You see, if she has n't grown so much and I've grown a lot, we'll be much nearer together. I wonder how God can keep it in His mind to stop everybody growing when the right time comes. Would n't it be funny if He forgot once and the person kept on growing until his head hit the sky? I do wish Henry James would stop mewing, don't you, mother? And Saturday, if Elsa has to take her music-lesson, you'll let Hazel Snow come over to spend the day with me, won't you, mother? And the next Saturday, if Elsa's busy, you'll let me go to Hazel's house? And I'll see the barn again, and the cows and the pigs. I love Hazel. Next to Elsa I love her better than any little girl I know. I do hope I'll have Miss Myrick in school. I perfectly *love* Miss Myrick. I'm going to make the prettiest May basket for Elsa this year. You'll help me, won't you, mother? Oh, do you really think Elsa's down yet, mother?"

Chorus answers "Yes" ten times without removing her eyes from her book.

INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Introducing to you "Janey" Elizabeth Blair



"Mother, do you think I'm going to be a dwarf?"



"In 'The Merchant of Venice' Portia gave Bassanio a ring"

In an absent, detached manner she continues: "Don't bounce so, Janey."

"Just think, mother, there'll be a long, long time before anybody else comes to Scarsett and Elsa will play with me every day. Oh, I'm so happy!"

Mrs. Blair put down her book. "Oh, Janey, that reminds me. Cousin Marcia's going to spend the summer with us. She has sent the children to New Hampshire, all except little Caroline. She'll bring her to Scarsett. So you see, you won't be very lonely, for when Elsa's taking her music lessons, you'll always have Caroline."

"Oh, that will be lovely!" Janey said. She bounced. "Caroline's a partickly cunning little girl, is n't she, mother?" Janey smiled with condescending approval of the tiny creature, lint-locked, roly-poly, whispering, who always trotted adoringly at her heels. Then a shadow dimmed this brightness. "I hope Elsa'll like her. Elsa most genally hates children. And if she hates Caroline, I hope Caroline won't butt in."

"Don't say 'butt in,' Janey."

"I don't see how Elsa can help liking Caroline. Caroline's such a darling. But if she should dislike her, you must not neglect your little cousin. Remember that Caroline is your guest. If you give up anybody, it must be Elsa. Don't bounce so, Janey! But I don't see why—"

Janey's hand went to her mother's wrist and clutched it tight. Thus, always, she palliated interruption. "May I say *one thing*, mother?" I could *never* give up Elsa. I just perfectly love and adore Elsa." Janey's tone was final. "Mother, do you suppose I shall ever have golden curls like Elsa?"

"No, Janey," Mrs. Blair said firmly, returning to her book, "your hair will never be golden or curly. Don't ask me that question again, because I shall always have to say the same thing to you."

"Then, mother," Janey said, adapting herself with characteristic flexibility and fortitude, "will I ever have jet-black curls like Hazel?"

"No," Mrs. Blair said impatiently, "your hair will always be the same color it is now, and *nothing* would ever make it curl. *Don't bounce so!*"

"Then, mother, the moment I grow up, I shall buy a bottle of that stuff Mrs. Jenkins had at the boarding-house—I remember the name perfectly—'Bleachine.' And I shall take care to put it on better than Mrs. Jenkins did, so that my hair won't all be brown at the roots. I watched her do it one day and I know just how."

"Janey Blair, what are you talking about? When were you in that Jenkins woman's room? Don't, for goodness' sake, say anything about 'Bleachine' in Scarsett—and I a blonde. Janey, if you bounce again—"

"Mother, I shall not move for five minutes." And move Janey did not. It helped her to remain quiet that she was thinking hard. Her mind had recurred to the problem, Elsa versus Caroline. The slight gloom still lay on her spirit. She was too young to formulate what she was thinking even if she had been conscious of it. But vaguely, she anticipated social trouble. Janey adored Elsa Morgan with her whole, huge, unselfish capacity for hero-worship. Elsa was three years older

and at least five years taller than Janey. Janey would have been content to play with nobody but Elsa all summer long. But there were other girls in the group, all older and all much bigger than Janey. There was Colette Kingdon, Cordy West, Lucy Locke, Hannah Merrill, Betsy Clark, and Pink Hollis who were permanent summer citizens of Scarsett. And every season sent them half a dozen infantile novelties among the people who came to the Scarsett Arms. But Janey was the only little girl who was permitted to mingle with the elect of twelve-and-over. Janey was proud of this social distinction; prouder still that it was the games of her versatile invention that these bigger girls played from morning till night. Janey knew that they would never permit Caroline to tag their fun. If Caroline's presence even threatened her position—Then Janey suddenly recalled the game, the *chef-d'œuvre* of her whole winter's thought. She thrilled with pride. Nobody could afford to ignore the inventor of *that!* But, oh, if she could only grow three years in one! If, at least, her little slim body would only lengthen!

"Mother, do you think I'm going to be a dwarf?" she asked suddenly. In her panic, she exploded in a series of bounces.

"A dwarf! What a question! I never did see a child. Janey, will you stop bounce—" She never finished.

"Oh, mother. Here we are! Here we are! There's the Partridges' lilac hedge. Please, help me on with my coat. I'll carry Henry James. We're most there, kitty. Oh, do hurry, mother! Suppose the train would go on because we were n't ready."

"Janey, be quiet! Stop jumping up and down! Stop it, I say! I would rather travel with a grasshopper. Yes, you may take kitty. Oh, if I could only put you on a leash, Janey, or send you down by express! There, now you've dropped Lamb again. What in the world is all that stuff? Paper dolls! Why did you bring all those paper dolls? There must be a hundred. For Elsa? And Elsa with everything in the world that a child could want. Well, pick them up. Pick them up, I say! But don't ever—"

After the interminable wait which precedes all railroad stops at Scarsett, the train glided into the station. Mrs. Blair transferred Janey, Henry James and much hand-luggage to the stage. In a few moments they were rattling down the road.

Chorus speaks.

"Yes, I think it has been painted. No, I don't think they're here yet. Yes, the house looks as if it were closed. No, I don't know what kind of flowers they are. Yes, it is a queer-looking tree. No, I don't know why it does it. The tide goes out because—because it does. I don't know exactly why—something to do with the moon, I think. No, I don't know why the river does n't sink in. No, it is n't. Yes, it does. I don't know I'm sure. *Janey Blair, hold your tongue!*"

Janey furtively seized a small moist pink tongue-tip and held it, hoping that her mother would notice her discomfiture and be struck with remorse. The stage rattled across a bridge and up a drive which curved over the cliff to the front of a big, rectangular, colonial house. And then the small pink tongue suddenly resumed business.



"You don't know what a baby I am"

"Uncle Jim!" Janey shrieked. "Uncle Jim!" She jumped out of the stage before it had quite stopped. Released by this acrobatic feat, Henry James cut a Maltese arc in the atmosphere and gained piazza sanctuary. Unheeding, Janey leaped straight at the throat of a big, middle-aged, twinkling-eyed gentleman who received her transports with a fair imitation of composure. A big English bulldog trundled through the open door and impartially embraced and slobbered the whole group.

"Hullo, Miriam," ejaculated Uncle Jim, "My eye, but I'm glad to see you! Elizabeth Jane Blair, alias Janey, you are throttling me! Down, George Meredith! Miriam, I think you are looking pale. Elizabeth Jane Blair, Janey-for-Long, you young wildcat, you! Ouch! Kindly remember that I am not a ladder. George Meredith, I'll whale you in a moment." Uncle Jim kissed his sister over the melange of niece and bulldog.

The party swept into the big living-room. A fire was crackling in the open fireplace. "Oh, I'm so happy, happy, happy, Uncle Jim!" Janey said, dancing from hall to living-room and back, a canine firecracker exploding at her heels. "I guess I'll hug you again."

"Miriam, if you have any influence with your offspring, kindly request her to remove herself from my system," Uncle Jim pleaded, holding Janey so tight that wild horses could not have pried them apart.

"I have as much influence as ever, which is none at all. She will certainly be the death of me with her animal spirits. But of course your own conscience must tell you who has spoiled her."

Uncle Jim waived argument. "A telegram from Marcia!" he said. "She comes with Caroline to-morrow. The Morgans won't be here for a whole week."

"Oh," Janey wailed, "a whole week! I can not *exist* another week."

With Elsa definitely seven days away, Janey found herself living for the moment which would deposit Caroline at her beck and call. Only childhood or young love could have made an eternity of the ensuing twenty-four hours. But at last Caroline came; a Caroline a whole year older and a whole year bigger, which meant very big indeed compared with the Janey of the same age; a Caroline as solid as if molded from melted lead; a Caroline whose face hung like a little brown pear out of a straight thatch of light-brown hair.

For a whole week the two little girls were inseparable. Janey, of course, spent much of the day in school, but from three o'clock, which saw her return, until half-past seven, which was bedtime, she and Caroline tasted the first sweets of country and spring freedom.

The Warriner house perched on a cliff so steep that you walked out the back of the second story on to the side of a hill. On the front of the great square chimney was the date 1779. An apple orchard made a background of green for its colonial white. In front, where the cliff flattened out to the road, was the tennis-court. All beyond had been permitted to revert to its original wildness. And what tangles of green and blossoms were there, what violets and iris in the spring, what wild roses, daisies and buttercups in the summer, what sumach and golden-rod in the fall, what treasure of bird's-nests, of wild strawberries, blackberries and blueberries, it would take a Janey to enumerate. Perhaps more wonderful than this were the beautiful big rocks which lay everywhere, half concealed by bushes. Perhaps most wonderful of all was what Uncle Jim called "the mud-hole" and Janey called "the fairy-pond;" a spoonful of water on the lower corner of the place, fed by a threadlike spring. This pond, though near, was remote and romantic; it was surrounded by rose-bushes so high that the reflection of their blossoms lay on the water like painted pink stars.

Janey pointed out these places to Caroline. "Do you see that one? That's House Rock where we play house. That mound is Pook's Hill. See that biggest one of all? That's our Golden-rod Palace. The wonderfulest game in the wide, wide world's going to be played there. It's a secret now, Caroline dear. I have n't told a soul yet. And I shan't tell until the golden-rod's grown high, for it can't be played till then. But I'll tell you one thing, Caroline Benton, it's about a princess and a little boy named Curdie."

At these wonder-places Caroline gazed, awed, dumb. Her eyes seemed to grow bigger and rounder as each new marvel was revealed to her.

Janey was almost happy. When Elsa came, she told herself, there would be no flaw in the perfection of life. But deep down in her conscience—and a more bulldozing conscience never hectored little girl—Janey knew that she must be honest with Caroline. And so, "You know, Caroline," she said again and again, "when Elsa Morgan comes, p'raps I won't be able to play with you so very often. You see, Elsa's my chum. Elsa does n't love little girls so terrible much, and she and I play very grown-up games. Prob'ly she'll let you play sometimes, but not always. You won't

mind, will you, dear, when you consider what a very little girl you are?"

"No, I won't mind," Caroline whispered. To-morrow with Caroline, was so firmly embedded in a far-distant future that virtually nothing existed for her but a rose-hued present. So Janey, realizing that the *now* was casting no fetters of obligation upon her, plunged deeper and deeper into it.

But the week of waiting went by, and on Friday the stage from the earliest train brought to the Morgan house a full harvest of Morgans, and what Uncle Jim called "Morganettes." From this time, save as she ate and slept in it, her own home knew Janey no more. Little Caroline lived an uneventful life alone, picking at crumbs of Janey's presence where once she had feasted from the full loaf. But if she complained, only her dolls or George Meredith or Henry James heard it.

"Oh, Janey," Elsa said, "you have n't grown a *bit*, have you? My, are n't you the *tiny* thing!"

And "Oh, Elsa," Janey said, the rapture of reunion healing even this sting, "how pretty you are!"

Elsa was pretty. Her little pointed face, pond-lily white except where a drift of pink made apple-blossom bloom in her cheeks, emerged from a torrent of flying golden hair. Her big blue eyes, in the midst of this pinky white and gold, flashed spots of blue like a very clear, glassy ice. All this color, although assisted by the dew of childhood, concealed only to children a certain hard inexpressibility of feature, a certain meagerness of curve. In fact, had Elsa been shorn of her golden mane, she would have looked like a sheep.

Elsa stopped before the glass and she and Janey admired the picture there. Elsa even permitted herself that self-gratulation which she could indulge only in the presence of Janey. "I am pretty," she said, composedly. Then, "Do you think I'm the prettiest girl in Scarsett, Janey?"

"Oh, yes," Janey said, deep-voiced with conviction.

"Prettier than Colette Kingdon?" Elsa looked at herself hard. Evidently it was a serious moment. Evidently recent happenings had shaken her from a long-established conviction.

"Oh, much," reassured Janey. Then something caught her up. Janey loved her whole world. And, with her, loving persons meant thinking them pretty. She did love Colette. Mentally she balanced with Elsa's Colette's claim to pulchritude. Colette had a profile like statues. Colette had a skin permanently burned a bronzy, brown-red. Colette had gray eyes as clear as lakes. Colette's hair rippled and waved. But—but—but it had to be acknowledged, Colette's hair was brown, and Elsa had the hair inexorably ascribed by tradition and illustration to princesses in fairy tales. Argument was futile.

"Colette is sweet," Janey said. "She's dear—she's darling. I *love* her. But nobody is so pretty as you, Elsa. Nobody has such hair."

This recalled Elsa's wandering thoughts. She shook her hair loose from the brown ribbon which confined it. It flooded down her back, tangible sunshine. Janey gloated over it.

"What are you taking it down for?" she asked. "It is bee-yu-tiful that way."

"I guess I'll fix it differently," Elsa said, carelessly. "I'm tired of it like this. I've had it that way long enough." She pulled a blue ribbon from her pocket and tied it over her left ear. Also she changed her boots for a pair of gray suede slippers ornamented with iridescent beads. They went oddly with her sailor suit. "Aunt Molly promised me she'd give me all her cast-off slippers," Elsa explained. "She's just sent me three pairs. They fit me perfectly."

"Caroline's with me, Elsa," Janey made tremulous proclamation.

"She's going to stay all summer. But she's promised me she won't butt in. Come over and play this afternoon, will you?"

"All right, if you walk over to the post-office at five with me. Mother won't let me go alone. Who do you suppose is down here?"

"Not Betsy Clark?"

"Oh, no. That stuck-up thing! I should hope not. No, Edward Hollis. You know he was here for a little time last year. He's going to spend the summer. He went to the same dancing-school with me last winter. Colette Kingdon's crazy about him. She's always trying to get him to dance with her, but he danced with me oftener." Elsa stole another glance at the mirror. What she saw there evidently reassured her. "She tried to make him promise to dance every Virginia reel with her this summer."

Something vaguely portentous swooped down on the gaiety of Janey's supreme hour. Dancing! Virginia reel! Both these terms seemed to thrust a horrid iconoclasm into her relations with Elsa. And when it came to Edward Hollis! When it came to the boy sex—if there was anything Janey despised it was a boy. In her conception of the

[Continued on page 343]

The Soul of Day by Jeannette Marks

WHITE as a moth the soul of day
Dawns in the East,
Dimming the star that crowns the hill,
Stillling the wind,
Hushing the deep
Of the water's sleep!

FLUTS like a moth's white wing in the night
To the peak of mast
And the spire of tree,
Touches the nest and its thrush to song,
Flutters the edge of the sky along.

WHITE, like a soul,
Dawn slips away,
Bright in apocalypse of light.
Rose and gold and green of the world,
Wind and bird and the great sea's lay
Possess the day!



This is the first of several articles by Mr. Street designed to make plain in the most vigorous way the need of a revolutionary and wholesome reform in administering the Federal business

Uncle Sam in Blunderland

An Inquiry Into the Antique and Chaotic System of Accounting Which Is Costing the Citizens of the United States Approximately \$300,000,000 a Year in Sheer Waste

by ARTHUR I. STREET

THIS article is not written to hurt anybody—unless it be You and Me, Mr. Reader.

The author went to Washington merely to learn. He went there as you would go to your office if you had been away for a long time and wanted to find out how things stood. For, you know—or you ought to know—that You and I have an office in Washington, and that we are absent from it a great deal more than is for its good, or ours. A lot of things keep growing up there that we don't like—cobwebs, extravagance, deficits, debts. Our employees and representatives become careless. They serve themselves and their friends too often where they ought to serve us. If they are bookkeepers or clerks, they waste too much time or are extravagant about the things they handle. If they are Congressmen and Senators, they abuse the franking privilege. If they are soldiers, and the Government says that a horse shall cost no more than \$160, they do not try to make it cost less. If they are naval or other officers who have to do with supplies and contracts, they "tip off" their friends. If they are heads of executive departments, they play too much politics and too little business.

Our Washington Office Is In Bad Shape

And so our accounts get out of order. Where, with all our enormous wealth, we ought to have a tidy balance in black, we find one in red. Where, with all our native business acumen, we ought to be running on the closest possible margin, we find we are running on the loosest.

Now and then some of us have gone to Washington and tried to stir things up. We did it after the Civil War, but the visit did n't last long. We did it in the seventies, but no one remembers that now. We did it in 1881-1882 and published a huge volume telling about it, but the volume is all that remains. Finally, we tackled it again under Roosevelt—in the guise of the Keep Commission, as you will recall. Yet to-day we are losing more money than ever; we are talking of borrowing more money than we have borrowed at any time since 1864; and even Aldrich, the arch-representative of that faction at the Capitol which most of us don't like, says that we are doing so badly that he himself could save us \$300,000,000 a year if we would give him the chance.

It Costs Every Voter Fifty Dollars Annually

What is it that is wrong? Can not some of us—can not You and I—go down there to headquarters and stay there long enough to make a change? Can't we dig in deep enough to find the root of the evil? There is n't anything in the public affairs that we can not examine. The books are all open. There is nothing secret except diplomacy and national defense. And if we can not reach the bottom it must be either because we have n't the patience, have n't the interest or have n't the patriotism.

Is it hard to be patriotic about figures? Then how about tariff bills? Don't they put these over on us by alleging that the figures—the books—require them? And aren't we learning that tariff bills have some-

thing to do with the cost of living, with monopolies, and with driving You and Me out of business?

Look this thing squarely in the face. Here we are, as a nation, spending about a thousand million dollars a year. That means more than ten dollars apiece for the total estimated population of ninety millions, or fifty dollars apiece if you figure on the basis of the voting population, which probably embraces most of the supporters of families, or those who pay the family bills, which is to say, that every man of us has had to go down into his jeans and haul up fifty dollars in cold coin. Pretty nearly as much as many of us earn in a month! Certainly more than most of us earn in a week!

Do we want to contribute that much to the Government? Do You want to? Do I? Do we want a Government that asks us to contribute that much?

Furthermore, the figures show that that fifty dollars is not enough. For we ran behind sixty million dollars last year and forty millions the year before, which is more than five dollars apiece in the two years—to say nothing of the \$2,600,000,000, or one hundred and fifty dollars apiece we were already in the hole as a result of previous operations. And we are planning some huge things on which we do not wish to "fall down"—the big ditch at Panama, irrigation and reclamation, dredging and channeling the rivers "fourteen feet through the Valley," building highways and the like, all of which will cost new millions and increase our taxes and enlarge our debt.

Are we willing to stand for it? Do we want our tariff to go up again, so that our foodstuffs and wearing stuffs may advance once more, or the grip of the monopolies become greater? Do we want our bonded

debt to rise, and continue to rise, until we become slaves to interest and taxes and full-fledged creatures of money markets and artificial panics?

Figures Are Not Tiresome To Politicians.

Or shall we galvanize this patriotism of ours, throw off our coats, and go to it with the arithmetic? Shall we try to lift the lid of this thousand millions a year and see what they mean? Shall we see if we need to spend so much? Shall we not see if we are wasting what we do spend—if we are getting all the revenue we ought to get under the laws we have already enacted—or find if there is some great hole in the wall somewhere through which our money keeps dribbling away—or whether there are men digging tunnels under the floors and tapping the vaults and secretly lugging away what belongs to us?

A thousand millions is a heap of money, and a five per cent. waste or a five per cent. graft would be some pickings for somebody and some losings for us, would n't it? It would pay all the expenses of improving our rivers and harbors and leave fifteen millions besides. It would pay our annual public buildings bill four times over. It would pay twice the amount we paid last year for the increase of the navy, or cover one-third of our pension bill, or meet the deficit in our post-office nearly three times running.

Would it not be good patriotism, then, even though it cost the agony of going through some figures, to discover whether there is such a leak or such a graft, and, having discovered it, to trace it to its source?

So suppose we tackle it. Recollecting what little bookkeeping we know, or mindful of many financial statements of banks, promotion companies, and so on, such as we have all seen at some time or other, let us begin by hunting for our assets and liabilities. We know, by way

As a simple business proposition—

Which Wins?

UNCLE SAM spends a billion dollars a year. He clings to single entry bookkeeping. He does not know how much property he has, what it has cost him, or its actual present value. He can not follow a business transaction through and check it up. He can not even strike a true balance.

THE FINANCIAL GROUP who underwrite his bonds, control his natural monopolies, manage his public utilities, dictate his tariff laws, construct his warships, erect his public buildings, and sell hundreds of millions of dollars worth of supplies to him, know down to the smallest details the condition of their business.

NOTE.—The writer acknowledges his indebtedness to the Hon. Alexander Del Mar for calling his attention to the general state of the Public Accounts, and for outlining to him many of the flagrant misdirections thereof, some of which are alluded to in the accompanying article. This acknowledgment is made because Mr. Del Mar has never received the public credit he deserves for a lifelong fight to secure better accounting; and the least the writer can do is to tender him this tribute of personal appreciation.

of assets, that we have many millions of acres of public lands—the last official figures gave them as about seven hundred and fifty-five millions, or more than eight acres to every man, woman and child in the country. We know that we spent millions of dollars in buildings and their sites, and barring a few fires and a few sales they are practically all left to us. We know that we have spent other millions for ships, for fortifications, for coaling stations and kindred martial things, most of which have not yet been blown up by powder or seized by the enemy. And we presume that there is an infinite range of purchases and possessions beyond these which, in our hundred and a quarter years or more, must have become part of our national inventory. So we expect to find them somewhere in our books, tabulated, summed up and ready for our examination, like this:

Assets	
Public Lands, 775,000,000 acres at — per acre	Blank millions
Public buildings and grounds	Blank millions
Martial possessions	Blank millions
Miscellaneous	Blank millions
Total	Blank millions

And then, of course, by way of liabilities, we know that we owe a great deal of money—\$1,300,000,000, if you count in one way; \$2,600,000,000, if you count it another. We know that we are supporting an immense establishment which must be paid for. We know that we have millions of dollars outstanding in contracts for buildings, for ships, for arms, for clothing and provisions, for all the incidentals of government. And we expect to see these things also tabulated and summed, as we expect to see the assets, like this:

Liabilities of the United States Government	
Public debt	Blank millions
Annual administration expenditures	Blank millions
Outstanding contracts	Blank millions
Miscellaneous	Blank millions
Total liabilities	Blank millions

By putting these tables together we shall be able to determine our national status. If we have more assets than liabilities, we are solvent. If *vice versa*, we are bankrupt.

Uncle Sam Keeps Books Without Assets and Liabilities

But—and here is the first “But” in our undertaking—government books, at least American government books, are not kept that way. The American government does not estimate its assets except as to cash and taxes. Its buildings might pile to Mars, its ships might stretch out over a mythical sea to Neptune. They would not count as assets, for assets are things that books keep track of, and buildings and ships and the like are things that grafters and people who feed on government waste wish to have You and Me forget. Buildings grow old and need repairs or reconstruction, and if You and I know nothing about them, we also know nothing about the repairs and the rebuilding, whence comes the pelf. Ships and other instruments of war soon lose their up-to-dateness and need new steel, new revolving turrets, new turbine engines; if we know nothing about them we know nothing about the cost of replenishing them, whence contractors are made wealthy and dishonest officials are made corrupt.

So, of these things, these fundamental totals, we find nothing in our books—at least nothing in our treasurer's book, the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the State of Finances. This is the volume that is put out for general public consumption for You and Me who have no time for all the balance. In it everything begins with receipts and disbursements. We are lugged away at once from the staple and the permanent, from the material evidences and fruits of our past to the question of what we took in and what we paid out. If we wish to hunt for that possible five per cent. waste or that possible five per cent. graft which is causing our deficit, we must look for it, not in the misuse of our possessions, but in the administration of our contemporary cash. What we owned at the beginning of 1907 may have been worth, for instance, a thousand million dollars, or the equal of our annual expenditure; what we added to it by way of additional expenditure in 1908 may have been worth a hundred and fifty millions. Yet, if for reason of graft or fire or accident, or of natural depreciation, the value of the old plus the value of the new is less than \$1,150,000,000, or if, for reasons of appreciation of value, it is worth more than \$1,150,000,000, we are not permitted to know it. We are expected to be satisfied with the fact that we spent the one hundred and fifty millions. And if we are not satisfied, our only recourse is to the receipts and disbursements.

Our extravagance of expenditure, or whatever it may be, has led us to where You and I must “dig” every twelve months for that cold fifty, including the interest we must pungle up on the one hundred and fifty dollars we owe. We can, at our own sweet pleasure, balance the income against the outgo, as we sought to do with the assets and liabilities. We can rake the one or the other, or both, with a mucker's rake and draw a mucker's conclusion. We can declare that the revenue is preposterously small, or that the expenses are suspiciously lavish. Or, we can put our sad O. K. upon it all and say that neither can be bettered.

Such Bookkeeping Would Wreck a Country Store

That is, we can do this if this tale of our government's figures is satisfactory. But—and here comes our second “But”—the tale is not

satisfactory. If you and I, who know nothing of bookkeeping, turn ourselves loose in its variegated fields, we will wind up like a prospector lost in the Valley of Death in southern California. Do we attempt to take our direction from the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, we will find that we have been led into paths that do not carry us safely through the rest of the desert of weary figures. What is set forth in this volume as one thing may be set forth as something else in another volume, and what is presented to us on one page of this compact and useful book may come out on another page of the same book under another title and with another significance.

Do we, for instance, in the eagerness of our quest for possible waste and graft, seek to follow down the sources of our revenue, we can not do it with clearness or precision. For, on one page of the report we shall find our receipts from customs to have been \$300,711,933.95, and on another page we shall find some \$700,000 more of income from the same source, which we must add before we can feel satisfied that our total is correct. Do we seek likewise for a full knowledge of the public land service, we shall find that the secretary gives us one large item of about \$7,700,000 for receipts under the head of Sales of Public Lands, but hides away under a caption of “Miscellaneous” about half as much again which proceeds in one way or another from the same branch of our activities and possessions.

Or, our ambitions and our arithmetical dexterity alike becoming greater, if we stretch our limbs and our wits in an effort to gather the total of our income, we find that our secretary has given it to us only in sections, and that each section is accompanied by something that has to be subtracted or “deducted.” We learn, for instance, that we took in \$603,589,489.84 from “ordinary receipts,” but we get this total only by subtracting \$598,362, a “difference arising in adjustments—moneys not covered by warrants in the fiscal year of deposit in the treasurer's cash”—whatever that may mean. On another page we learn that we received in connection with our Public Debt, which here means our currency issues, a face sum of \$810,134,239.50, but that we can not count this as receipts until we have deducted from it \$631,750,000 of cash which we paid into a “trust fund” and \$132,940,000 of good notes which we gave back to those who brought us worn out and mutilated ones.

A Slight Disagreement About the Deficit

Were we to figure on the entire total receipts by the light of our own crass and common intelligence, we would conclude that the whole sum of money taken in and handled in our Washington office, compared with the secretary's total, was as follows:

Receipts	
Our Total	\$1,649,615,483.54
Secretary's total	883,507,120.62
Disbursements	
Our total	\$1,725,296,403.17
Secretary's total	1,002,303,040.25

This would not contribute to our satisfaction, either with the secretary's tale or with our own desire to find what we are seeking. It gives us an aggregate deficit for the year, on our count, of \$75,680,919.63, while our secretary says the deficit is \$118,795,919.63. So we must feel that the mistake is ours.

Furthermore, the one hundred and eighteen millions appear to contain a deficit of \$59,372,530.50 on the part of the Public Debt itself, which, to our untrained and inexpert intelligence, would seem to be a logical and inseparable part of our obligations. If we wish to know why it stands apart, or rather, why the secretary and other public officials do not talk to us as they do about other obligations—we get little illumination from the secretary's volume. Do we examine the secretary's debt table, we find that we received only \$45,624,239.50 from the national banks as security for the currency which we were to issue and brand for them with their own names, while as a matter of fact we issued and branded \$89,562,083.00—which difference would account for about three-quarters of the whole debt deficit. But, as most of us know nothing about this complicated matter of national bank notes, we have to let it go at that, and satisfy ourselves with the thought that there is this fifty-nine and a half millions of deficit and that it must be taken into our reckoning in making the hunt for the cause of our involved finances and our inability to run on an even keel, or, as the landsman would say, to make our wheels trail.

There is a Reason for Confused Bookkeeping

There must be something fundamentally wrong in a set of government figures which the average government citizen can not comprehend. There must be some motive deeper and stronger than yours and mine that serves to sustain and foster the obscurity. What is it? Is it the fault of the officials—of the present Secretary of the Treasury and his staff, for instance, who are working arduously, self-sacrificingly, toward certain big changes which they deem necessary? Is it the fault of the general organization of our government that it does not permit even earnest and zealous representatives to do that which they know is for the public good? Or is it something back of all this—something that stalks mysteriously through all our halls and offices, gives its say-so subtly or defiantly, as the case may require, causes the machinery of our administration and of our government to serve its ends rather than ours? Is it,

possibly, that same something that we have found lurking and working in all the palaces of our municipalities, controlling votes, framing laws, dominating courts and ruling even the church, education and charity?

In other words, is it Business, as Mr. Russell calls it—Business, the Power Behind the Republic; Big Business, as Mr. Steffens called it; The Beast in the Jungle, as it is named by Judge Lindsey?

Let us see.

The Beast never successfully covers his trail. Big Business is so big that it ceases to be astute. The Power Behind the Republic grows so daring that it comes out into the open. If our eyes are keen, we shall find the footsteps even in the crooked and desert course of figures that we have but just tried to cross. If our courage is good, we shall hunt the thing down, even though it takes us into cherished haunts—into tariff policies and currency principles, into party citadels and personal reputations. If we have any intention that our power shall remain supreme and that that which now works and thrives behind us shall continue to abide in the hinterland, we will enforce reform even if we have to overthrow administrations and put an end to parties.

The Traditions of the Treasury Are Bad

Take again that same Secretary of the Treasury's annual report. Mr. MacVeagh, who prepared it, is a conscientious and progressive public officer. He seeks to put our government upon a business basis, and, while he had been in office much less than a year when this, his first report, was issued, we may assume that he organized his work with care and honor. If the result is obscure and confusing, the report can hardly be his. If his compilations are not simple and clear, they are only the compilations as tradition or law compelled him to make them. At the outset, he shaped his conclusions into four groupings: Ordinary, Panama, Public Debt and Postal, because we have always had them that way; or at least because we have had them that way for many years—barring, of course, the Panama group, which is as recent as the Panama Canal. He gave us our "ordinary receipts and disbursements" first because he wished, under an order which originated in the Roosevelt régime, to keep them separate from the extraordinary ones involved in Panama. He separated the Public Debt because all accounts, governmental and private alike, do that in some fashion or other. And, finally, he put the Postal statement off by itself because, possibly, we have grown into the habit of viewing that institution as our particular pride and worthy of signal eminence and segregation.

The Report Does Not Show "Cash on Hand"

But—and here is our third great "But"—even in this report of a conscientious officer, if, waiving aside all other criticisms and accepting summaries as they are, we go ahead seeking for such further orderly array as our ordinary and unspecialized mentalities can grasp, we shall fare no better. For in some singular wisdom of those who have gone before us, or by some reason from which we have yet to lift the lid, the secretary's great book of accounts fails to begin, as do other great books of account, with the cash on hand—fails to begin as would, perhaps, even your little account and mine when, at night of the ending month, with bills all paid and balances all squared, we hold our few pennies in our hand and count how much we have to go on with until the next batch comes in. To us as a government, judging from the treasury reports, our first consideration is not how much we have, but how much we are going to take in.

For here is how the table stands in the treasury accounts:

Cash received during year
Cash expended during year
Excess of expenditures over receipts

And here is how it would stand with us—how it stands in the British treasury:

Cash on hand first of year
Cash received during year
Total Cash received during year
Cash expended during year
Cash on hand at end of year

To get the total we would thus easily arrive at in the ordinary form of business by one table, our habit-ridden governmental report has to make an entirely new table, like this:

Cash on hand at beginning of year
Excess of expenditures over receipts
Balance on hand at end of year

And You and I, who have started out with limited time to try to understand, to try to learn what's the matter with us, have the same double work to do; the same double comparing that the traditions of our treasury thus put upon its secretary. That is, we have unless we are willing to concede that what we are going to have is more important than what we have at present.

If so, possibly You and I, who are hunting through these entangled figures to find wherein lies the root of our disease, may discover at least one source of the fever that besets us. A revenue total that is based upon a continuing high tariff that remains large and abundant is clearly a demonstration of the wisdom of that tariff, even though the year's cash may be low and to-morrow's cash in hand be perilously short. And a revenue total that is low—that is, as the one of 1909 was thirty-six millions behind that of the previous year's—is but a demonstration of the necessity of a higher tariff still.

This presumption, this letting in of light on the nature of our accounting system, does not help us to find specifically where that sixty millions or that one hundred and eighteen and a half millions deficit arises, but it does help us to find what influences are against another sort of bookkeeping system which would, in its turn, keep our thoughts centered upon how we are, not upon how we are going to be. And it does help us, perhaps, to one other thing. At any rate, let us see if it does.

Altogether, by our secretary's report, we took in last year about \$603,500,000 by way of what are called "ordinary receipts"; \$300,000,000 from the customs, \$246,000,000 from internal revenue, \$7,700,000 from lands, and about \$49,000,000 from various other sources. These sums we expended in various ways among the various branches of our government: \$186,500,000 for what the secretary calls the civil establishment, \$161,000,000 and a little over for the military establishment, more than \$115,500,000 for the naval establishment, \$15,000,000 for our wards, the Indians, the munificent sum of \$161,750,000 for our old soldiers, and finally, more than \$21,750,000 for the interest on our debt.

We Don't Know What It Costs to Keep a President

You and I, who are on the quest for explanations, naturally wish, in the face of such figures, to get aboard our machine and follow these outlays to the men who get them and to the things which the outlays bring back to us. If our civil establishment costs us \$186,500,000, we wish to know why, and how, and where. We used to pay our honored President \$50,000 a year, but recently we raised the sum to \$75,000, that he might the more easily meet our demands that he pack his grip every now and then and bring his smiling face at least to the car door as he passes through our village. Recently, too, we enlarged his house and tore down the tennis court which his more athletic predecessor had built. We gave him an automobile and extended other considerations which we were only too glad he should have. But as we look over our books to ascertain how much we are setting aside for our First Citizen as against the rest of us, we wish to know the total of our executive bill. It ought to be in the secretary's report under executive disbursements, and so it appears to be, but it isn't. As we go on through the long list of figures and run them down through the various departments we find that part of the expense of our White House is charged to our War Department, and that part includes even fuel and light and repairs. So far as we can make out, our secretary's total and the real total contrast as follows:

Executive Expenditures

Secretary's total	\$187,529.69
Our total	264,318.11
Discrepancy	\$76,788.42

Which discrepancy is n't a very restful one to discover. Nearly forty per cent. less charged to our Executive Department by the secretary's way of reporting than appears to be the true charge!

Were this anywhere but in the office of the chief executive, perhaps such numbers would make us more than uneasy; but our government has been lucky in its executives and has yet to find the one around whose name it can link the reputation of dishonesty or corruption. Therefore, though the obvious flaw in the books leaves a bad taste in our mouths we will go on and try it again, taking up, say, the legislative.

The Expenses of Congress are Carefully Concealed

Under this head, which includes the House and the Senate and also the library of Congress and some things which are not so easily construed as legislative, the aggregate expense is given as \$13,745,064.12.

[Continued on page 360]

"MARRIAGE IN AMERICA"

A New Series of Important and Absorbing Articles, to begin in the June Number

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

What is going to be the effect of the unrest among women on marriage and on the home? That the American girl no longer drifts into matrimony in the old unthinking way seems to be a fact. To-day she is reading, thinking, asking questions and making demands.

We have had thirty trained investigators working for many months under Mr. Schaufler's direction, with an ingenious new method of finding out what the American girl is thinking concerning the one vital topic. This inquiry is nation-wide, and includes many types, such as "The Girl of Leisure," "The College Girl," "The City Working Girl," "The Girl of the Mill and Factory Town," "The Country Girl," etc. The result promises to be not only an absorbing and important series of articles, but also an extraordinary collection of human documents.

Her Polar Star

A story of the stage

by Louise Closser Hale
Author of "The Actress" "A Motor-Car Divorce"
 Illustrated by Walter Tittle

THIS is a story with a moral, otherwise I should not lay bare the secrets of the theatrical calling which I love and esteem. It has to do with falsehood, proving conclusively that the telling of a fib leads to ruin—but no, does it—or rather, in this case, to whose ruin did it lead—to mine or the Polar Star's?

Well, anyhow, when I received word from the New York office that I was to be taken out of the Western "Search for a Duke" company ("The Search" we grew to call the play, of course) and put into an Eastern one, I felt that my cup of joy was simply foaming over and would have to be cut with a knife. Indeed, it was kept within bounds by some such means, the knife being Alicia Merritt. Naturally, Alicia was n't pleased with my advancement, although the way she said she was "genuinely sorry" for me drove me to admit that she had not yet been granted the place on the ladder of fame which her art deserved.

She gave reasons for being sorry. "You're up against an awful proposition in your star," she explained, as we were making up on the night I was told of my coming transfer, "I suppose you know that."

I didn't, and I said so. "That's one of the funny things about James Averill," I continued, "I never read anything of him at all. I don't even know what he has for breakfast, and I'm amazed at his press man. Of course, he's ideally handsome, and I don't like that type. They're always so sure of themselves. Does he pursue one?"

Alicia snorted. "Not so you could notice it. He's as elusive as a theater cat when it's making for the stage, and as unresponsive as the prompter when you've gone up in your lines. When the women engage with him for the season they refer to it as joining the polar expedition and lay in a stock of tippets and arctics."

"You don't mean he's stuck up?" I cried in genuine dismay, for I am a friendly person and like to enjoy myself both in and out of the theater.

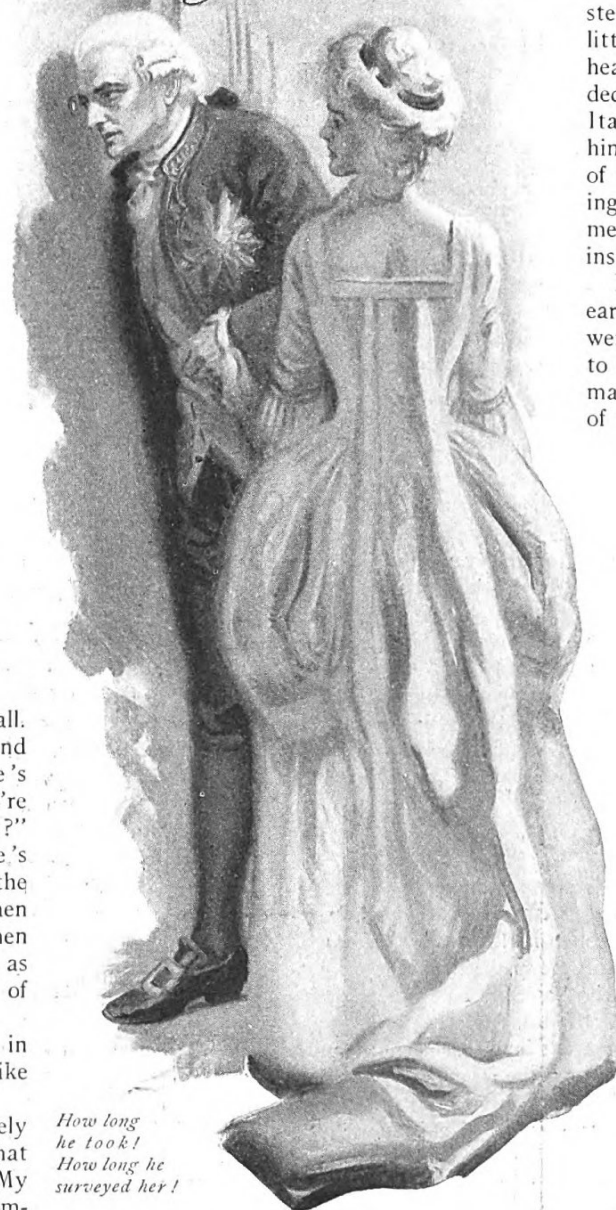
Alicia unpinched her puffs from her knee, all nicely curled, and splashed them around on her head in that natural way she has, before she answered me: "My dear girl, mucilage made in Mars is a slimy commodity compared to that man's attitude toward the world. Go, if you must, but don't say I didn't tell you."

"I shan't," I replied, trying to be grateful; and for just one moment I thought I would wire the office that I'd rather play Texas and Oklahoma. But I choked that down, for this was the first intimation I had received that I was capable of doing good work in a good company at a better salary, and I knew that opportunity opens its door but once to us players.

I went on to Washington and came to the rehearsal at ten Monday morning, as I had been told to do. All of them were there except James Averill, and all disposed to be friendly. To be sure, I heard a few covert remarks about the "child wonder from out of the West" needing a hair net, to which a man rejoined, after my best scene, that she didn't have to play behind a net anyway, so I really felt quite warm and toasty towards them in spite of the remarks as to my overflowing red locks.

"Isn't Mr. Averill coming?" I asked the stage manager. "All my scenes are with him." But the stage manager said that Mr. Averill didn't like rehearsals, and that he, himself, would stand for the part, which he did, and his own as well, skipping from one side of the stage to the other, trying to be two people at the same time, until I became hopelessly mixed.

I thought I would sound one or two of the company as to their opinion of the star, and see if they didn't agree with me that he had been extremely rude in refusing to appear, but they were so cheerful over the fact that he hated rehearsals and never had them if they could be avoided, which of course was a relief to the rest of the cast, that I couldn't discover what they thought of him as a man. One of the older women kept calling him "a dear," but as she applied the same epithet to the stage-door man, her hotel clerk and my fur muff, I didn't take much stock in her flattering allusions. The inference I drew from their guarded expressions was that they were a controlled lot, and not likely



*How long
he took!
How long he
surveyed her!*

to give themselves away before a newcomer.

As the result of this reasoning I didn't long to die as I had expected to when the hour for the performance was at hand. Instead, as I began making up that night, a little coal of resentful fire glowed in my heart against my new star, and I had about decided to make my first appearance in the Italian garden wearing ear muffs just to show him that I was "on," when various members of the company, on their way to their dressing-rooms, began knocking at my door to wish me luck, so naturally I decided to do my best instead.

But goodness knows I needed them—the ear muffs, I mean. Just before the curtain went up, the stage manager brought me over to the side where both Mr. Averill and I made our entrances, and there he was, on one of the two chairs the property man placed for the duke and the lady, looking very dukely—and very, very icy. "This is Miss Jeanne Hurlburt, our new 'Lady,' Mr. Averill," the stage manager said by way of introduction, and then seemingly fled to thaw out by a neighboring calcium. As for the star, he arose promptly, which greatly pleased me, and just about as I was to return what I expected to be a low bow, he pulled his chair away from mine, and after a few stiff words, sat down with as many feet between us as the sidewall permitted. It was the sort of thing there was n't any answer to, beyond putting on my gloves in a nonchalant manner and watching him out of the corner of my eye—very mad.

From time to time some of the company passed, and they would say "good evening," to which he would reply; but no one ventured to inquire with that solicitous air which is applied only to stars if he had a comfortable hotel or was his neuralgia gone. The old lady *did* stop and gush out that she had thought of "Governor dear" when it turned cold during the night, and I suppose it was my nervousness over the play, combined with Alicia's report of his frigidity that made me laugh out loud

all by myself on my lonely chair.

As for the two, they looked at me inquiringly, and I had to pretend to be amused because I was putting the left glove on the right hand. "But you're not," that dreadful star replied—as, indeed, I was n't—although who would have thought those unseeing eyes would have noticed anything as unimportant as my glove. The incident didn't add to my peace of mind, in spite of the fact that his advice to the old lady not to think about him at all would have endeared any other person to me.

"He simply is not interested in anything," I decided to myself, and way down in my heart I made up my mind (if the heart is any place to make up one's mind) that he was going to be interested in me if I had to set the theater on fire to attract attention.

We made our entrance together, and when the cue came he clanked his spurs toward the door, wishing me success just as a more honest man would say, "I wish you'd break your neck!"

But nothing mattered to me then for I had the dreadful ordeal before me of playing the same rôle, but with people whose readings, movements and appearance on the stage were absolutely different from those with whom I had been associated for months. Of course, their inflections all seemed wrong to me at first, and it was not until I had grown accustomed to them, days afterward, and had learned to tune my voice to fit in with theirs, that I realized that the performance as a whole was much better than the ragged one we had been giving out West.

As for James Averill, from the moment that we stepped on the stage together (all of the company standing as though paralyzed so as not to detract from his "reception" by the movement of an eyelash), I knew that if any one could make me act he could. It was like walking out of a cold storage vault into a hothouse. He radiated warmth and kindness and love—when in the play. The only trouble was I had to go back into cold storage as soon as the scenes were over.

Of course, I did n't want him to go on breathing admiration down my neck throughout the entire evening; stage love does and ought to end with the fall of the curtain. But one would have thought, as time advanced and I became friends with the rest of them, that some such remark as "did I step on your dress?" or "how the audience coughed to-night!" might have passed between us. But no. Bing would go the curtain; bang, would go his arms down to his sides; and off he would clank to his dressing-room without uttering so much as a word on any subject.

It humiliated me, and the worst of it was the company did n't seem to mind the way he acted at all. They would generally retort that he always paid full salaries Holy Week or offer some other sordid reason when I claimed I was getting the rheumatism through these sudden transitions from summer to winter temperature; and then I had to pretend I was joking or they might go and tell him.

Being the leading lady I did n't dress with any of them, so I could n't get right into the family circle and find out how they actually felt about him, but I did get well acquainted with the character woman, whom I knew would have sense enough to keep my affairs to herself since she hugged her own so closely, and one night when he almost stepped on my head in the dark change, I said right out what I thought of him.

Perhaps the dark change should be explained. During the preceding scene, I, being the Ladye, was crazy with fear in the tower-room waiting to be rescued. In fact, the suspense was too great, and I had to faint full length at the open window just as the Duke appeared in the glare of the blue moon spot-light crying, "Mademoiselle, I have come to save you!" That was the end of the scene and every light in the house went out while the stage hands turned the tower room walls the other side round, making them the outside of the castle. The ceiling was pulled up in pitchy darkness, borders of trees were dropped down and the Duke and the Ladye, making their way across the stage, felt for a ladder and were discovered on the lowest round, the Ladye in the Duke's arms, as though he had carried her down.

All this took less than thirty seconds and called for prolonged applause from the audience, and shrieks of delight, as well, if a clearer in his shirt sleeves was discovered also sneaking off from the middle of the garden with a chair out of the tower room in his arms. In the Western company we had to drop the curtain for this change, as the working crew of the cheaper houses were not sufficiently skilled to strike and reset the scene within the minute. It was no trick at all to rush across the stage with the lights on and take up our positions, but in the dark it was three steps one way, two another and eight across, like a figure in a dance, to avoid the workmen, who were equally methodical.

On the second night I lost count and received a fearful blow on my forehead, but of course I made no outcry—for we are a well-trained people—and afterward when I met a little stage hand with a bump equally large on his forehead, complaining that he had been hit on his head by what he thought was a piece of scenery, I even saw some humor in the situation. But when I learned that the hero who had come to "save me" was surrounded by a girdle of carpenters the minute the curtain dropped on his noble speech, and was wafted across the stage in a ring-around-the-rose fashion, the humor was tinged with gall. And on the evening that this same knight-errant almost crushed my head in before I could get up from my faint, I said a few things aloud regarding "Man" as I felt my way across, that must have suggested to the audience a meeting of suffragettes in a cellar.

I made myself just as heavy as I could as a punishment, so he had to go staggering off with me, which aroused something like a titter from the house, and I suppose that was what enraged him so, for when he put me down—very hard—after we had gained the wings, some of his stage warmth, if not ardor, lingered with him while he assured me in almost human tones that he had taken it for granted that I was protected also, and where was the manager? I had n't the smallest doubt that the manager was sent for to draft my two weeks' notice to leave the company since I had talked so loudly and so forcibly, and after that I did n't feel the necessity of holding back from the character woman anything I had in the way of an opinion of James Averill.

"It's just because I'm a cheap little actress out of a cheap little company with so many things yet to learn that makes him despise me, and—and step on my head. In all the other companies I've played with I've been a favorite, yes, even with the star, although we shared equally good press notices; and now this iceberg comes along. He can't complain that I do anything but help his scenes and I am not a sight from the front, at any rate, and I have a respectable family, if they are Baptists, and—and—he walks on my face!"

"But he did n't mean to," soothed the character woman, closing the door of my dressing-room, for she was a careful person. I did n't care if everybody heard.

"Well, suppose he did n't," I sobbed. "Take it as a figure of speech, then. He's always walking on my face in real life. He does n't seem to see me, but I'm going to make him—somehow or other. I vowed it on the first night and I vow it again. He's going to notice me if I have to spoil every scene he plays!"

The character woman broke in upon me: "Oh, I would n't do that. Our last leading lady tried it, and she nearly lost her toe."

"Frozen off, I suppose," I retorted, too angry to be astonished.

"No," continued my new friend, "she was n't a very pleasant woman, to tell the truth, but Averill put up with her, as he dislikes rehearsing, and allowed her to do a good many things during his scenes which she should n't have done—walk around during his speeches and break in all the time with 'ohs' and 'ahs'—but you know how generous he is—"

"I have never denied that!" I exclaimed. "All good actors are generous. And he's a genius at love-making, but if he'd just show a little of that generosity and nobility in the wings—"

"Hear me out, child!" again assuaged my friend. "When she began kicking the chair in the throne-room scene just at the end of his speech about what man owes to woman, so as to stop his applause of course, I could see that the bad taste of her action rankled, to say the least."

"But did she succeed in killing the hand?" I asked, eagerly, a mean hope welling up within me.

The character woman looked at me reprovingly, and I felt ashamed—a little. "For a while," she went on, "the chair rolled easily and that distracted the audience so they forgot to applaud, but elated by her success she grew to kick it more and more vigorously until one evening, my dear, it did n't move at all! All we heard was a shriek of pain from her, for, will you believe me, the property man had screwed that chair firmly to the floor!"

I stared in horror. "And did Averill plan that?"

"No, he assured me he did n't know anything of it, and reproved the property man; but don't ever tell me that star of ours has n't humor. Why, his eyes actually danced! It nearly broke her toe, and that evening she sent in her notice, which was a great relief to all of us, for you've taken her place."

The character woman arose and began to fasten me up in my gown and pull me about affectionately, "and we love you," she completed.

Then I put my head on her shoulder and cried a little and felt better after it, but still hopeless about the star. "Breaking ladies' toes and faces," I murmured, "what an awful creature!"

Again my new friend championed him: "He's nice enough to the rest of us ancient ones, and he won't stand for any of that flattery most stars are fed upon, which is worth a frosted glance now and then. I'll tell you! Make yourself interesting to him somehow or other. I see you both read good books—he's absolutely immersed in them—catch his eye by flashing a tasty volume. The chances are he's never even noticed you outside your rôle."

This last was supposed to be kindly, so I did n't resent it, but fixed my blurred make-up and went back to be married to him with a "well, he's heard from me at the top of my lungs, so I think he'll take notice in the future—if there is going to be a future," for, you see, it was Saturday night and I thought I'd get my walking papers with my salary.

But I did n't, and the next day while we were waiting on the windswept platform for a train that was late—this kind of misery always brings us closer together—I began an attack upon his "interest." I suppose I grew a little rattled or the awful thing would not have happened which did—the falsehood, I mean, which is really this whole



Various members of the company began knocking at my door

story although I have been ages in getting to it. I had "The Life of the Bee" under my arm, and I intended to refer to it in some way and then go on to Schopenhauer, just to show him I had learned my alphabet, but at this moment the juvenile, a perfect idiot, began reading aloud from a Sunday paper about a man who had married a woman he had never seen because she was worth a million. Naturally I was forced to step out of my literary attitude and comment on it, as the star was listening, though it wasn't the tool I should have chosen for my safe-blowing.

"Could any one be so base?" I shouted, very morally, heart beating fast, and wondering if I could finish with "Could bees, for instance?" and in that way get back to my book, when the star turned upon me rather humorously—for him—and said: "Why not? I could."

"Could you?" I echoed, in a panic, not wishing to let the scene down by a pause. And then came the lie, without a second's thought: "Well, I know a woman, Mr. Averill, who is worth four million dollars and is perfectly mad to marry you."

You see, it was just to make myself interesting, and of course I didn't know a woman in the world worth four cents. Then James Averill turned and looked at me fully for the first time in his life, I believe, and I really hoped he was going to say, "What an imagination," and end the thing, but instead he smiled out—yes, smiled out—"Indeed! I should like to know more of this lady," and then, thank heaven, the train came along.

I suffered a good deal during the journey to Pittsburg, but we strollers can overcome almost anything in twenty-four hours except a bad press notice, and by Monday evening, when I went over to sit on my lonely chair in the entrance, I felt that the falsehood had passed into nothingness, as everything else does. But no, the minute I saw James Averill with his chair fairly nailed to mine, I knew that if I had sowed the wind I must reap the whirlwind, and I went on fibbing.

"When shall I see her?" he asked, in what I suppose might be called a jesting manner, except that I seemed to see the gleam of avarice in his eye.

But I would not give in. I said she lived in Cleveland (we did not play Cleveland), and as he was disappointed in this and seemed to lose interest, I assured him that she was so insistent upon knowing him that distance did not count and she might be in front any night. "Of course, railroad fare is nothing to her," I concluded.

"No, I imagine not," he returned, rising for his entrance, and for one moment it occurred to me that he might be as insincere as myself but for that new light in his eyes. Nothing more of note happened during the evening except in the dark scene, when I was seized the minute the lights went out, pulled to my feet, and piloted across the stage by a brawny, silent workman.

I felt awfully guilty for my tantrum of Saturday night, so when I passed the Star's room I paused and said, "thank you," almost inaudibly, for I realized then why Averill had called the manager. But the gentleman had again become the Polar Star, only shrugged his shoulders in reply, and, in fact, throughout the entire week the only way I could get any forwarder with him was to talk about that four-million-dollar friend of mine.

She did not come on to Pittsburg after all—to my great surprise—but I told him on Saturday that I had heard from her, explaining her despair graphically; also, that she was staying in Cleveland to see about a wheat deal. "She is a fine business woman," I added; and "just what I want," he declared, and that somehow annoyed me.

"I should think," I said, for I had grown quite free in my speech when speaking of her, "I should think that being so big and strong yourself, you would like some frailer person."

But he said no, he should hate a frail person, and then I moved my chair from his (I was in a draught) and, wonderful to relate, he pulled his up to mine again and asked if he could not see her letter.

It took me some time to recover from the sudden shock of the question. I had to pretend to be wounded, then managed to reply with a good deal of dignity that I did not think such a thing would be honorable, and he just had time to say that it would be all right, since he would certainly ask her to marry him the minute they met, when our cue came.

So I had to dodge him all the rest of the evening and I really felt it was a deprivation, for I had grown to enjoy the fib—or something—and the next day on the way to Buffalo I was sorry to confess that I had lost the letter.

It was a very pleasant ride to Buffalo. Mr. Averill invited the character woman and me into his stateroom for tea, and since we could not talk about the heiress, as he termed her, before any one else, we talked books instead; not Schopenhauer, as I found he had read him, but Galsworthy and

very good men. I also talked business and he almost laughed. He said I shouldn't bother about such weighty things, and I felt a little sad in knowing how he admired his heiress for her knowledge of finance. However, I swallowed my grief and enjoyed myself.

But so variable is the life of the player that it seems impossible to have two good days in succession. On Monday night in Buffalo while the minuet was going on down front and we were standing up stage together looking out of the throne-room window over stage-hands-by-moonlight he said: "What's her name?" just like that—quick.

And just like that—quick—I answered, "Miss Hunka!" Now Hunka is no name for a lady; no name for anything. I could have wept, but the Star did not. He smoothed out his gauntlets very leisurely and replied that he thought it a very nice name and he hoped that she, in turn, would like Averill as well, or better.

The fact that a man could so utterly lose his sense of humor for four paltry millions did not trouble me at the time. I was busy stilling a fear which had been creeping over me of late—a fear of consequences, a financial fear, although I was not a business woman—relative to losing a position in the middle of the winter if a Star ever knew he was being laughed at. Sometimes during that Buffalo week I would wake up in the night with this terror hanging over me, not like an angel, but a mosquito. Even while sweeps of satisfaction shook me at the thought that I had made this proud Star interested, combined with a certain angry pity that so fine a man could fall so low, this little insistent fear kept buzzing around my head. So I regretfully decided to do away with Isabella Hunka. (It was on Tuesday that he learned her Christian name was Isabella.) I would not kill her nor yet marry her. After her letters, breathing fire, he might not believe me, but she would cease to write me steadily and be vague in her future when she did, and, perhaps, go in desperation to South America, there to wear her heart out among her people—she had Spanish blood.

So Wednesday came. I've always hated Wednesday matinée; now I know why. The Star and I had striven to reach our chairs as soon as possible—there seemed to be so much to talk about. They were close together also, and he often was there first, the lust of money in his eyes, and on this Wednesday matinée he called aloud to me, rising, as he always did of late, and pulling out the crumpled floor cloth to protect my train: "And Isabella," were his words, "must she stay in Cleveland all next week?"

Now the following week we played Detroit and I knew he rather counted on Miss Hunka coming on, but I squelched that. "She must. I've just had a note, the merest scratch; the wheat is acting something awful and she dare not leave!"

Do you know, he was relieved! So much so that my respect for him revived. Perhaps he was not as mercenary as might at first appear; perhaps he really did not care for her; perhaps he cared for some one else—or something. "I'm glad of that," he said, "for our date's changed. We don't go to Detroit; we get Cleveland for a week!"

What I suffered! I sent back a hat, bought because the Star had grown to notice mine, ate two meals a day, counted my hard-saved money-orders, wrote home and asked the family how they were doing, and of course they were all doing badly, and on Monday night before the curtain rose on our first appearance in the Cleveland theater, was just as near to dying as one could be and still live. In a strange sort of way I had grown almost to hate James Averill.

He knocked on my dressing-room door long before the overture began, equipped for conquest. His dresser had sewn clean ruffles in his costume, and he wore the starchiest of stocks. His eyes were brilliant. Yes, he was looking very well. "She's in front, of course," he almost quavered out.

"Of course she is!" I snapped.

He beckoned with that authoritative gesture which I suppose made him a star. "Come!" he said, just like a boy, "look through the curtain and point her out to me!"

I shrank back, grieved. "Oh, please, please do not do that! Why, it's unlucky," I protested. "It would kill our houses for the week!"

"What's ten thousand dollars to four millions?" he made answer. "Come!"

I felt as though chewing-gum was sticking to my soles as I dragged myself up to the curtain. A peeping stage-hand made way for me, and then, without an effort, I picked out Isabella Hunka. She was in the right proscenium box, a huge, gross woman, overlapping her chair and billowing in folds of flesh all over the six other places. She was awful to look upon, flashily dressed.

I didn't hesitate an instant. I stepped aside and pointed to the little peep-hole:

"Of course, she can't have everything," I said to him. "We never talked of Isabella's size. Look in the right proscenium!"

Then I waited. How long he took! How he surveyed her! It made me feel quite sorry

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The Home-Coming of Katie Devlin

A STORY

by William Mailly

Illustration by Will Colby



"It do be terrible the price some men ask to pay to learn a bitter lesson"

THE Widow Brady waited until her son Danny had quite finished his supper before she said what was uppermost in her mind to say. She watched him as he devoured the meal, down to the slab of apple pie to which he was so partial, asking him only such routine questions as referred to the day's work in the mine—questions which he answered in his customary brief and matter-of-fact way.

She waited until he had wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, pushed his chair back, and arose to get his pipe and tobacco. He was quite comfortably settled before she let the words come.

"They had word about Katie to-day, Danny."

She watched his face to see how he took it. He had not sufficient control over himself to prevent a quiver from showing itself. She continued rapidly before he had a chance to speak, if he had wished to; and while she talked she cleared off the table, pausing every now and then midway between it and the kitchen sink, with the dishes in her hands.

"An' it was n't good news they had, nayther. They would n't have heard it if it had been. It's the bad news that folks always do be carryin' the quickest. It was Callie Moran that brought it, she that has the job in the Beehive store in Pittsburg. She's home to-day on a vacation, so she says, an' she's hardly back in camp before she gallops down to Devlin's with the news about Katie."

"She says she met Katie in the street wan day, an' had a talk with her. An' she learns the poor girl is hard up—mighty hard up she is, too. It seems that ever since that rascalion of a railroad man she run away with got sent up for lavin' his own lawful wife, Katie has been pickin' up a livin' doin' odd jobs around—char work, waitin' on tables an' such. Callie says Katie's just about played out. Katie's mother was all worked up over the news an' she sent Jimsie over for me. When I got there she was sittin' cryin' like her heart would split."

The Widow Brady halted in her talk for a few minutes. She wiped off the oilcloth table cover and put the table back into its corner before making her next announcement, meanwhile watching Danny from the corner of her eye. The young man's face was stolid and immovable as he slowly puffed his pipe and gazed beyond his mother through the open kitchen door to the gathering dusk without.

The Widow Brady braced herself and came out with it at last.

"An', Danny, Callie says that Katie—is—goin' to have a baby."

"Mother!" It was more a cry than an exclamation.

Under the coal grime, which all the scrubbing in the world could never quite take off a miner's face, Danny's skin went white. The cry that came from his heart was but an echo of the one that struggled in his mother's own. She stood shaking a little as she gazed at his drawn features, the pain in his eyes deepening as he stared at her. It was not a new pain she saw there, only it had a new edge to it, and it set her heart atremble as she had never known it before. But he soon recovered himself and resumed his pipe in silence. And in silence his mother washed and wiped the dishes and put them away in the little kitchen cupboard. Then she lit the oil lamp and placed it where the light would not fall too strongly on Danny's face. Presently, in answer to his thoughts, as plain to her as if he had spoken them, she said:

"The ould lady Devlin does n't know what to be doin' at all. She says Katie can't come home—she dassen't let her. The ould man would be fur killing her—at laste he would n't let her stay in the house. It's my own opinion I have of him, so I have, an' I'd be tellin' him—but what's the use of me talkin'? He is n't my man, thank heaven!

"Though I told her what I'd do. 'Maggie Devlin,' I says, 'if Katie was my daughter—an' God knows I wish she was—I'd have her home if I had to go all the way into Pittsburg myself to get her. She's yer own child,' I says, 'an' she's entitled to yer protection an' yer care an' she ought to have it. Why don't ye go,' I says, 'an' I'll come over here an' help feed the boarders while yer gone. They'll not starve wid-out ye for a day or two.'"

"Oh, ye don't know my Jim," she wails. "He'd disown me, so he would, just as he's disowned poor Katie—an' I can't do it," she cries, "I dassen't do it."

"An' there ye are. I come away an' left her, for I see I could do no good. But I'm wonderin' what's to become of Katie, meantime."

Danny knocked the ashes from his pipe into the wooden coal box, arose from his chair and walked into the room which served as his bedroom, coming out a moment later with his hat and coat on.

"Ye're not goin' out to-night, Danny, are ye?" queried his mother. "Ye said ye'd stay in."

"I know I did, but I've changed my mind," said Danny. "I'm going over to the union meeting."

"But ye don't have to go, do ye? Ye said it was n't particular to-night."

"I know it. Well, I want to go now; I'll not stop late."

His mother strained her eyes after him until the thickening gloom swallowed up his form. The lights twinkling from the other cottages near by became a blur to her. She raised the apron in which her hands were clasped and buried her face in it.

"My Danny, my poor Danny!" she sobbed. "'Tis the heavy heart ye have, an' it's little I can do to lighten it."

The tears she shed "let her down," as she would herself have expressed it, and she felt better as she closed the kitchen door and carried the lamp into her own room. There she took down her rosary and began to pray, as she had done throughout all of her fifty-five years.

It was not for lack of devotion that the Widow Brady told her beads more with her mouth than with her heart that night. As her lips moved according to habit, her thoughts would run off to Danny and his trouble and to the girl in Pittsburg whom Danny loved and had lost.

It was to these things and to all that had grown out of Katie Devlin's running away that the Widow Brady's mind kept wandering over and over again, as she fumbled her beads with her toil-creased hands. Age as it passed had touched lightly the widow's brow. She had been a handsome woman in her young days; she was handsome even yet, despite a stormy life. Her hair was fast turning white and lines had gathered around the gray-blue eyes and mouth, but the eyes were still keen and youthful, with a mingling of sadness and humor, and the mouth was still soft and sensitive. The buxom form had begun to lose its fullness and the step was not as firm and light as it once had been. Much care and trouble had she known in her time, but not enough to quench the generous impulses of her big heart or stifle the natural sweetness of her soul.

It was very quiet in the little three-roomed cottage that the Bradys called home, though they did rent it from the company at a figure that the widow said "had paid for the ould shack ten times over." Only the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece and the noise of shunting cars and puffing engines on the railroad tracks not far away kept company with the old lady and her thoughts.

Her rosary told, she settled herself to wait until Danny came home,

for she never went to bed while he was out at night, even when he was working on night-shift. "I never sleep contint until I know he's safe under the roof," she said. "In the daytime it's not so bad, for I can see the pit from the back door, but even then I'm not certain he's comin' home at all until I set eyes on him."

Her vigil extended longer than she anticipated, and her head gradually dropped as she dozed off into a light sleep, from which she awakened with a little jerk from time to time. Each time she would listen intently for Danny's footsteps, only to relax and doze off again.

It was from one of these short naps that she awoke with a stronger start than usual, feeling rather than hearing a knock at the kitchen door. She waited a moment before stirring, but there was no sound except the tick-tick of the clock. The Virgin with the bleeding heart exposed still looked down upon her from the cheap framed picture over the fireplace; the lamp held its steady flame and the same shadows were thrown from it.

The moment passed and it was a knock that the Widow Brady heard this time. She arose and picked up the lamp. "It can't be Danny," she muttered to herself, involuntarily. "Sure, he always comes right in without knockin'."

At the door she cried, "Who's there?"

The voice that replied made her jump. She opened the door quickly and the lamp trembled as she held it up and peered out eagerly. The October air that flickered the lamp flame had a late autumn chill in it. Out of the darkness by the side of the house, into the streak of light, there stepped the figure of a young woman.

"Katie Devlin! Holy Mother of God, 'tis Katie Devlin herself," cried the widow. "It's come home ye have, acushla. Come in, Katie! It's glad I am to see ye this night!"

The young woman—she was merely a girl—entered and stood uneasily, with downcast look, while the widow closed the door and put down the lamp. Then she swept the girl's figure with a glance, and took her hands and pulled her to her.

"Wait," whispered the girl, drawing back. "Danny? Is he here?"

"He's not, Katie," answered the widow, "an' it'd make no dif'rence if he was. He'd be as glad to see ye as I am. He's at the meetin', an' I expect him in every minute."

The girl relaxed. She slid into the widow's arms and crushed her head on the broad breast as she wept bitter tears.

"Oh, Mother Brady, Mother Brady!" she wailed, "You were always the real mother to me, so you were. I had to come to you first. I could n't stay there among strangers. I had to come home. You'll take me in, won't you? You'll not turn me away, will you?"

"Turn ye away, is it? Would I turn me own flesh an' blood away? Am I not glad to see ye an' welcome ye? There, there, now, hush yer cryin'. Ye'll have me off, too, if ye don't. Be a woman, now. Aye, ye are a woman—but don't let's stand here takin' on. Come into the room an' sit down. Ye must have yer things off."

Into the room they went, and the Widow Brady soon had Katie comfortably placed in her own big rocking-chair. Then she busied herself getting a cup of tea and something to eat for the tired, half-famished girl. And there was no talking until Katie had eaten, and then, because the widow saw she was in no condition to do other than rest and sleep, into bed she was hurried, with the admonition that she could "tell all about it in the mornin'."

Barely had all this been accomplished when Danny's hand was heard on the latch of the kitchen door, and his mother hastened to meet him, lamp in hand.

She closed her room door behind her and stepped forward with her finger to her mouth. Danny gazed at her, astonished. He had come home with a resolution in his heart and the words to express it framed on his lips.

"Danny, darlin', she's come; she's in there."

"She? Who?" asked the startled Danny.

"She? Why, Katie, of course—Katie Devlin. Whist! She's just gone to sleep. She's wore out, poor thing. I don't know how she got here; she'll tell me to-morrow. Danny! Why, Danny! What's the matter with ye?"

Her son was staring at her with burning eyes and twitching mouth. She seized him by the arm and shook him gently.

"Danny! Danny!"

"Yes, mother."

"Don't look that way, Danny, dear. She'll be all right—she is all right. Ain't ye glad she's here, Danny?"

"Yes, mother, I'm glad—but—oh, mother! mother!"

He sank to his knees and buried his face in her skirts. He sobbed convulsively. His broad shoulders shook. They were the first tears he had shed in many a day. His mother waited, her hand on his head, until the storm had passed.

"There, there, Danny, dear. Cry if ye want to. It's relief it'll give ye. It would have been better if ye'd cried long ago, so it would. My poor Danny, my own Danny."

It was over in a few minutes, and Danny soon had control of himself. His mother already had a program mapped out for him. She would have to use his bed for herself that night and he would have to sleep on the floor; there were quilts enough to relieve the hardness. In the morning he was to run over to Devlin's the first thing and let Katie's mother know, advising her to come over when all the men had gone to

work. Then he had to slip into the doctor's office—the company doctor, the only one in the camp—and tell him to drop in to see the Widow Brady.

The widow did not occupy her son's empty bed that night after all. She was too anxious and excited to lie down, so she sat by the girl's bedside until morning came, dividing her attention between the tossing, feverish mother-to-be and the sounds of restlessness on the part of her son in the adjoining room; for Danny found it hard to rest, not because his bed was harder than usual, but because of the thoughts that pounded through his brain and denied him sleep.

Her mother's visit next morning did not help Katie very much. The woman could do little but weep and wail, in contrast with the Widow Brady's calm self-possession and effective energy. When the doctor came, the widow got Mrs. Devlin into the kitchen and gave her a cup of tea. "There's nothin' like a drop of tea to soothe wan, whether in sorrow or in anger," was one of her maxims.

"There, don't take on so," cheered the Widow Brady. "She's goin' to come out all right—an' anyway, cryin' won't help her. What I want to know is, what about her father? Ye're goin' to tell him, ain't ye?"

"Oh, I don't know what to do," sniffled Mrs. Devlin. "It'll be hard. He'll never see her. He's set agin' doin' that." She consoled herself with more tea.

"Humph!" said the widow, contemptuously. "He's got to see her. She's his own daughter, ain't she? Hasn't the man any heart in him at all?"

Mrs. Devlin only mumbled a reply.

"I'll tell him myself if ye don't," persisted the widow. "He's got to know, an' if he don't see her, then it'll be him that'll be to blame, so it will. But ye'd better tell him yerself."

"Oh, I can't, I can't," moaned the mother. The widow almost lost her patience. The doctor came from the sick-room in time to save it for her. His face was grave and his opinion discouraging.

"She's in a bad way," he said. "She's overexerted herself and I'm afraid it'll be a stiff pull for her. I think you had better stay right by her, Mrs. Brady. I'll be over again this evening, or whenever you want to call me. There's not much that I can do that you can't."

When he had gone the widow turned on Mrs. Devlin.

"D'ye hear that? What did I tell ye? I thought she was in a bad way. I have n't been at women's bedsides for the last thirty years for nothin'. She overreached herself walking from Benson up beyant. She said she got off the train there so as she could walk into here without anybody seein' her. That's what false shame an' cruel gossip does."

Mrs. Devlin only rocked herself helplessly, the picture of tearful impotency. The widow got down to business, as she saw the situation demanded.

"Ye'll be tellin' him to-day, d'ye hear? Tell him when he comes from the pit this evenin'. An' if ye don't send word to me by six o'clock that ye've told him, I'll come over myself. Now, you go an' mind yer house while I mind Katie."

Yes, Katie Devlin was in a bad way; there was no doubt about that. Her fever had mounted and her head tossed to and fro on the pillow, her dark hair waving loosely, her eyes bloodshot and restless, her hands clutching the counterpane. Even her father, hard man as he was, would have melted at the sight of Katie, so plainly was she in a bad way, poor girl.

The Widow Brady tended her with all the skill acquired through much practical experience. As a usual thing the widow was in her element on occasions of this kind. There was not a child running around Coalhill but had been helped into the world by the Widow Brady's kindly and ready hand; not a prospective mother but had stipulated in advance for the presence of the widow at the bedside when the fateful hour came. A birth in the camp without the Widow Brady clearly meant something dire as to the fate of the newcomer from the first. But on this occasion the Widow Brady could not be as cheerful as was her wont, though outwardly she gave no sign other than cheerfulness.

Once Katie had ceased her tossing long enough to call the widow to her. The elder woman put her arms around her gently and smoothed the tangled strands of the girl's hair with her free hand. She waited for what she felt Katie wanted to say.

"Mother Brady," she whispered, "I want to ask you something. May I?"

"Ask me what ye like, dearie, as if ye were me own young wan."

"It's about Danny. Is he angry at me?"

"Not a bit angry, Katie, darlint. He loves ye too well for that. He's grieved sore about ye these months."

"Yes, Mother Brady, I know, I know. Don't speak of that. I've thought of him often, too. What I want to ask of you is—will you ask him to—if anything happens to me—will you ask him to forgive me? I treated him wrong. I was n't fair with him. Will you tell him, Mother Brady?"

"I'll tell him, Katie, dear; but he does n't think of forgiveness, child—he does n't think of anything to forgive ye for."

"Yes, yes, but tell him what I said, won't you?"

"And there's another thing I want you to do for me, Mother Brady—only one thing. You were always the good friend to me, Mother

The Women's National Game

THERE is in our country what is known as a chain of stores. You may find them anywhere throughout the Middle and Eastern States, and, for all I know, they travel as far west as the Pacific and as far south as New Orleans. There really does n't seem to be any reason for their stopping anywhere, appealing, as they do, to one of the basic instincts of mankind. Brilliant red paint surrounds a plate-glass window in which is displayed candy, jewelry, lamp-shades, sidecombs, cooking utensils, undergarments, toys—everything for five or ten cents. In the country these stores are more modest and meager, but they attain their florescence in the great cities.

There is one in New York that gives one a feeling of wealth; that makes any possessor of a dollar a rich woman. With these own eyes I saw there a certain curly black cast-iron dragon of a candlestick with a red twisted candle in a red shade, to be sold for ten cents, while only the day before I had seen the twin brother of that candlestick perched proudly in an aristocratic stationer's window, up-town; and there he was sold for two dollars. As it is with candlesticks, so it is with other objects; you go in with a dollar and buy what seems to be twenty dollars' worth of "goods."

Bargain Day in a Ten-Cent Store

One morning I chanced to be in that shop and noticed at one end a crowd of women that surged and eddied around some central object, and clung together as thick as bees outside a hive. A woman came speeding past me and joined the crowd. I turned to the young lady who was waiting on me.

"What is going to happen down there?" I asked.

She smiled upon me. "There's goin' to be such a time that they'll tear each other's hats off," she confided. "Yes'm, I've known the day when rats was found on the floor afterward, they'd fought so hard. You'd have to pay me more'n I'm gettin' a week to join that mob. Why? 'Cause it would cost me more in wear an' tear on clothes an' nerves 'n what I'm gettin'." You ain't ever seen one of our sales? Well, it's a sight! You go to the reception platform an' just look."

In the middle of this store, I must explain, there is a raised platform with a railing around it, the size of a large room, and furnished with comfortable chairs and settees. This serves

The Sporting Instinct in Bargain Hunting

by Mary Heaton Vorse

Author of "What Women Might Do For Their Towns," "The Well-Beloved," etc.

Illustrations by G.H. Mitchell



"What is going to happen down there?"

as a meeting place; it is here you leave the children with elder sister while mother shops; it is here you rest and sort your bundles. You reach the platform by three or four steps, and from it you may get a panorama of all the things that five and ten cents may purchase.

"They are selling embroideries," my friend told me. "Splendid valyers. But I say there ain't no valyer in embroideries nor anything else that'll pay me for

havin' my clothes torn offen me."

There is always something impressive about a crowd that is swayed by a single emotion; you get an impression of force. These women, who a few moments ago had been quiet shoppers, formed a mob. They swayed and pushed as though moved by a common impulse toward a table where were the embroideries. From their throats came a little dull growl, a curious noise—the whisper of a mob. The noise of a mob in joy or in anger or in fright, or just its restless murmur as it waits, is different from any other noise that comes from the human throat—quite distinct, of a curious animal timbre. I heard it once on the occasion of the throwing of a bomb; again from a crowd waiting for a bank to open, and a third time in a theater when fire had been called; and now here it was in miniature from a couple of hundred women waiting to buy ten-cent embroideries. They were poor women with shawls and baskets, women with babies in their arms, women with threadbare clothes carefully brushed, who must think before spending each dime in the dollar, but for once indulging in the great sport of American women—bargain hunting.

The Wild Joy of an Embroidery Hunt

A cordon of saleswomen kept shoppers' hands from the embroideries, and soon two employees of the store, men this time, elbowed their way through the mob and stood at either end of the table. A hoarse shout broke from the players of the bargain game. The chase was on! It was a struggle well worth witnessing, for now the women fought with each other for first rank. They threw their hands above their heads or

held them out pleadingly; they plucked at the clothes of the men and the saleswomen, who threw them pieces of embroidery as one throws bits of meat to hungry dogs. There was no buying about it; it was a game of chance—now and then a game of strength.

Hats went, hair came down; I heard the sound of a dress ripping from its binding and saw the owner retreat, holding her torn skirts about her, but retreating triumphantly, a white length of embroidery grasped in her hands. A woman detached herself from the crowd, dashed nimbly up to the platform beside me, sat down solidly on her two pieces of embroidery, and said to me in German, quite unconscious that perhaps I might not understand: "This time they shall not snatch it from me!"

Below in the crowd, small hand-to-hand encounters were going on, as when two women would get hold of the two ends of a piece of embroidery. Here and there were scuffles when a piece dropped to the floor through grasping fingers, and always the roar of: "One to me; I ain't got none!" grew louder and more shrill, while the men, with the impassiveness of machines, threw impartially into the various corners of the crowd, trying to place a coveted length of white cloth in the hands of those who had none.

Then, when the last piece was thrown, the crowd dispersed, some in triumph to get their purchases wrapped up and paid for, and some grumbling. The floor beneath their feet was strewn with small articles—pieces of skirt-braid, dropped



Here and there were scuffles when a piece dropped to the floor through grasping fingers

parcels, sidecombs, hairpins, the trampled remains of a hat, and hatpins.

It had been a disgusting sight, but impressive, as the unchained emotions of the human animal always are when one can watch them from a safe place and in a philosophical mood. It was an exhibition of one of the master passions of the women of this country, stripped of all elegance, brought down to elementary principles; brutal, but in its very brutality and in the poignancy of the desire of these women, a curiously instructive example of the hold this sport, this passion, if we may call it that, has taken upon our women.

How many of these women had started forth in the morning to buy a length of embroidery? How many of them knew what they were going to do with it? What were these women looking for? A trimming, an adornment, a coveted article that fitted into their scheme of life? Not at all. A bargain was what they were after—simply a bargain!

There were the habitués who came every week; there were the women who chanced past the counter and learned that these wonderful



A woman came speeding past me



It was a struggle well worth witnessing

embroideries were to be sold at a certain hour, and whether they wanted the embroideries or not, they remained to buy—bargains. The rest of the women were those who had come after some legitimate purchase and who had been attracted by the mob and remained to fight for—bargains. It is no trifling emotion that will make a woman reckless of her clothes, forgetful of her manners, forgetful even of the baby she is carrying in her arms, in the fight for a ten-cent piece of embroidery. It takes a master passion to do this, and this is exactly what this sort of shopping has become to the American woman. It is not merely to furnish the clothes a woman needs or even those she does not need for adornment that has made the drygoods business what it is—that has caused life-sized department stores to blossom in little towns. For some women shopping is a life-work; for others it is recreation. Shopping gives many women the same excitement their husbands find in horse-racing and card-playing; for others it is a sport, and for some almost a necessity.

I have known women who dressed marvelously on tiny incomes. How did they do it? They put their lives into it, of course, the way one must do to be successful in anything. Their bargain hunting resembles the slow, careful work of the angler. They pass days in the shops, watching and waiting for the real sale. They know what places really "mark down;" they know that certain smart shoemakers sell their broken lots of shoes incredibly low at certain seasons of the year, and don't advertise. They know the shops where there are always bargains in broken lots of high-priced shirt-waists and hosiery, and they, the intelligent hunters, wait and stalk and track, day in, day out. These women have an end in view. It is to clothe themselves and their families like their friends on a fraction of the income that their friends can spend. With these women the passion is perhaps at its highest, as, after all, they have some legitimate reason for shopping. You may not think it is a noble way of spending a great part of your life, but let one who has never entered the sport of bargain hunting cast the first stone.

How many women are there in this country who have not, at some time or other, gone out with the intention of buying winter stockings and have come home with five yards of pompadour ribbon or a muslin kimono instead? How many are there who make out

a shopping list and sternly buy what they intended to? How many can turn their faces from "a wonderful value" and refrain from buying a marked-down piece of goods they may some day want, instead of buying the useful but uninteresting things they need to-day? It is said such women exist, and if they do they are either very noble and possess wonderful will-power, or else are utterly without the sporting instinct or imagination, for it is the sporting instinct that shopping, as it is done in this country, appeals to.

Is it the sordid desire of getting something for nothing that makes the American woman read the massive Sunday advertisement columns? It is hard to think it. Is it pure acquisitiveness that sends her faring forth into the mighty jungle of the department store day by day? No, it is not that; it is the instinct of the game, for most women are not shrewd bargain buyers.

Not How Useful, but How Cheap?

Think of your own experience of buying summer things late in the year. You bought a beautiful hand-embroidered linen dress dirt cheap. It pleased you. Small matter if there was no place to wear it; that it did not hang quite well. You needed plain tailored shirt-waists, but the joy of the sport led you aside and you bought fine linen waists, size forty (you wear thirty-six). You told yourself you would make them over, but in the end you paid the dressmaker to do it. You bought a pale pink silk petticoat for \$2.98; it was the last thing on earth you needed, but \$2.98

made in holding down a job; and if killing were all a hunter wanted, he could wring the necks of chickens in the back yard. So if the mere buying were all, women would go to an unemotional, small store, get the few necessary things and away. If it were mere desire to buy little for much, purchases would be made with more shrewdness, and if it were their desire to adorn themselves there would be more relation between the objects purchased and the person who is to wear them.

Take the case of the hat, for instance. Hardly a woman living in a city where hats are plentiful, has not had this strange gaming instinct assail her when proposing to buy a useful hat—a hat for a certain amount, a hat that should be plain enough to wear downtown on occasions, and yet modish enough to be appropriate at a small luncheon or tea. Many a sensible mother of a family has come home the possessor of a hat that could be worn only on the most dressed-up occasion, and then would have looked better on another type of woman, and which cost a third more than she had



She didn't need it, but she wanted it

intended to pay. Why did she buy it? It was not cheap, but it was cheap for its kind. She did not need it, but she wanted it—then.

Is there a house harboring women where there can not be found ribbons and laces for which there never will be found a use, trimmings and garnitures which never will adorn any dress, garments inappropriate, or too large or too small? The woman does not exist from whose bureau drawers such trophies of the chase can not be unearthed; things bought under such psychological circumstances as those which made the women fight with one another for the cheap embroideries which they did not need.

A Costlier Sport than Yachting

More money is wasted every year by women buying needless things under the excitement of the bargain hunt than is spent in all the gambling houses and race-tracks put together. When you say that I have no statistics to prove this, I answer that I have common sense and have spent much time in city shops. I know, too, what I am capable of, and I am but a half-hearted hunter. I

know what my friends do. It is not for nothing that I have seen earnest young students of economics succumb to this hunting instinct and fare forth to buy ninety-eight cent undergarments. I have a friend in mind who went to such a sale; she returned, having lost an expensive hat-pin, a real tortoise-shell side-comb

[Continued on page 362]



They pass days in the shops, watching for the real sale

for a pale pink silk petticoat!

There is a certain fevered atmosphere in the big shops that is guaranteed to turn the head of the strongest minded woman sometimes. The advertisements in the papers contribute to it by working one up to a fine expectancy, as if a gambler should read stories about the strange freaks that luck has taken. No one pretends that gamblers play merely to make money. Any one knows that there is more money to be

SINCE I resolved to look for Joys
In all created things,
To turn my back on what annoys,
And hush all murmurings;

TO look upon my neighbor as
A man who means me well,
And let the cloud that lowers pass
All heedless of its spell;

The Road to Youth by John Kendrick Bangs

TO seek the brighter side of all
That comes athwart my way,
And every morning to recall
Some happy bygone day;

TO thrust from out my heart and mind
All evil thoughts, and mean,
And everywhere I glance to find
Some beauty in the scene,

I FIND that though my days increase
My years diminish. Truth
To tell, the method brings me Peace,
And holds me close to Youth!

In This Article Mr. Russell States His Conclusions

*The Power Behind**the Republic**by Charles Edward Russell**Sixth Article ~ ~ ~
Big Business ~ Our Master
or Our Servant ~ ~ ~*

WITH this paper Mr. Russell finishes the series of articles which began in the December number, and in which he has shown that the real power behind the republic—the force which rules our governmental machinery, our parties and our press—is and must be Business. Here Mr. Russell reaches his logical conclusion that if they wish to get back the control of their government the people must democratize Business.

wish it otherwise, but evolution takes no heed of sentiment; and this is evolution.

I confess, also, that about the situation of the independent trader fighting single-handed against tremendous odds is something that moves all the sympathies of all lovers of fair play. He is alone; the department store or the great corporation that he is combatting is an army. He is poor; his enemy is rich. He fights with his unaided wits and from an exposed position; his enemy has many heads, and shelter behind a vast fortress. At any moment he may be overwhelmed; by no chance can he overwhelm his enemy.

Even the coolest blood must stir a little over that kind of warfare.

So he goes, the independent man; trying to meet the cuts in prices; trying to buy with a thousand dollars of capital as cheaply as his enemy can buy with a million; trying to make his store bright and attractive; trying to hold his customers, to pay his rent and to meet his bills falling due; trying to keep his head above water and his reputation right as an American merchant; trying to provide for his family after his favorite ideals. He understands now that he will never make

a fortune nor a competence from his enterprise; that is a lost hope. All his ambition is narrowed to keeping his enterprise alive and causing it to yield a livelihood. And in spite of all, he loses it sometimes and takes his place with other salaried employees of Organized Business; a cog in

an illimitable machine, with a time-check on his comings and goings and fines for his delinquencies.

It is a melancholy story. No wonder men revolt from it. Indeed, we all revolt from it. We heartily wish it were not true.

The Independent Business Man Almost Extinct

More and more in the cities and towns the independent business man is being overwhelmed by the advance of the department store, while in the country and in the small towns looms up the mail-order house.

The natural impulse is to think that these changes must be due to the evil ways and inordinate greed of certain men, and that our first duty is to restrain such men. As a matter of fact, no conceivable power can stop these changes, and they have nothing to do with the greed of any man. They are simply Business in the present stage of evolution. Greater economies, greater efficiency, greater profits lie in combination, concentration, organization, the simplification of processes. That is all—and enough. Human power could not check any such development any more than it could reverse the sea-tides.

All lines of commercial activity are profoundly affected by this mutation. For years we have been familiar with the progress of the Trust movement in enterprises requiring great capital, as in transportation and manufacturing. Possibly we have not always noted that the same development is rapidly changing over retail trade from an inorganic to an organic state. Yet it is.

Take the most familiar and necessary divisions of retail trade. Take a thing as familiar as the corner grocery. For years it has been subjected to the increasing competition of the department store. What is left from that struggle seems doomed now to be absorbed into the newly developed "chain" which is consolidation under another name. All persons can not journey to the department store to purchase all their supplies, but the neighborhood grocery store that lies by their doors may be as much a part of the combination and as much of a machine as any department store. And that is what is now going on. The independent grocer is being eliminated. One combination in New York City now owns a hundred and ninety grocery stores and steadily adds to its list. It is by no means alone in the city or country. Another "chain," extends through the Eastern States and has operated in the smaller towns with no less success, while a third great "chain" is developing in the South.

Wherever a "chain store" appears it means an independent tradesman turned into a wage-earning employee.

Or take the drug store. Two companies in New York now own or control nearly one-fourth of the drug stores in the city and will certainly continue to absorb others. Twenty-five years ago the ambition and assured expectation of every young man that studied pharmacy was to have a drug store of his own. To-day his expectation is to obtain a salaried position with some company that owns one of the "chains" stretching about the country. Not only have the "chains" absorbed a great part of the drug business, but the next inevitable step has even now begun. On January, 1, 1910, one of these "chains," called the Owl Drug Company, owning and operating something like two hundred stores in the West, was taken over by the American Tobacco group (also called the Tobacco Trust), already heavily interested in such enterprises and constituting one of the final great powers to which all the "chains" of this kind and all others will eventually lead home.

Or shall we take the shoe trade? The great shoe manufacturing companies with their hundreds of retail stores have made the independent shoe dealer comparatively rare and will make him rarer. When the great company undertakes not only to make the shoe, but to vend it and eliminate all profits between, what chance on earth has the middleman?

The "Chain" System of Selling Goods

Or shall we take bakeries? Early in the year a hundred and sixty independent bakeries in New York City were absorbed into one company with \$6,000,000 capital. Of this "chain" company each formerly independent bakery is now a branch with a salaried manager in the place where he was formerly owner. The

WHEN Henry Ward Beecher, in March, 1887, was seized with the illness that closed his brilliant career, I was assigned to what is called the "death-watch." I was obliged to keep in close touch with my newspaper, and to that end established lines of communication through the telephones in two small stores not far from the Beecher house.

One was kept by a German, one by an American. These were of about the same age, equally ambitious, just making their start in life, and equally (though in different ways) interesting types of youth under American systems and ideas.

Starting Life in Health and Hope

The German, remembering his boyhood spent in different conditions, was impressed with the freedom of opportunity that pertained to his American citizenship. Here every man had an equal chance. Here was no weight of class upon him. All attainments were within his reach. He could even have a home of his own and a competence.

The American looked far beyond these modest heights, being fired with the examples of so many men that, beginning as he began, with only their brains, hands and wills, had won to conspicuous wealth. A. T. Stewart was his model. Stewart started in just such a little store, similarly unhelped. He could see no reason why he should not do as Stewart had done.

I came to know both men fairly well; they had been extremely good-natured and obliging about the telephone, and the varying chances of a reporter's fortune took me frequently into their neighborhood, so that for some years we kept track of one another, even in the bedlam of city life. They were really well worth knowing and observing, if only for the examples they offered of the virtues whereof success is traditionally wrought. They were, for instance, among the hardest working men I have ever known, rather unreasonably honest, and at least one was enthusiastic to a degree that almost caused pain.

At the end of five years I thought both had extended their trade and were doing well. After a time I was not so sure. Then I perceived that they had apparently gone as far as they could go, and next, that the evidences of decline were but too apparent. Then they were engaged obviously in a bitter and hand-to-hand struggle for existence. After eighteen years the German had committed suicide and the American had closed his shop and was the head of a small division in a department store; a man on wages for the rest of his serviceable years. After that, I don't know—to live on his children, maybe.

They had been crushed, both of these good men, by the steam roller of the department store. One had given up in despair and the other had yielded grimly to the inevitable. To him his recollections of his youthful ambitions were sometimes bitter. He told me so. At first he thought the fault must be in himself; he must lack the capacity and ability to climb the path that Stewart and so many others had climbed. His own first estimate of his faculties compared with the way of his life would sting him into ironical laughter.

Growing more philosophical, and seeing thousands of other men swept like himself into the same defeat, he began to perceive that all alike were merely the batted handballs of an inexorable change in conditions, and that the days of the A. T. Stewarts had gone and would never return.

The avenues of fortune-making in commerce had been walled across. Equal opportunity for all had become a myth.

Opportunity Is No Longer Equal

This is plain dealing with a rather painful subject. So long as we can, we cling with all our strength to our little raft of old formulas and old platitudes. That is human nature. We always hate to go adrift. And yet, in good truth, the old formulas will not keep afloat any longer, and without theories and without doctrine we may as well face the facts as we find them.

The truth is, then, that under the conditions produced by Business in its present stage of evolution, the chief and almost the only prospect before the young man in America to-day is the prospect of spending his life as somebody's hired man.

I think you will find that quite unassailable in any way you may turn it, and generally as applicable to a professional as to a commercial career.

The great feature of the changes going on to-day in the social structure is the elimination of the man that is independent.

I know that in many ways this is deplorable and even pathetic, and we might

IS IT not true that the next inevitable stage of Business will be Business conducted for the communal profit instead of Business conducted for the profit of Mr. Morgan and the Standard Oil Company?

Is there, in fact, anything else possible to us? We can not go back to the days of competition. I take it that as a nation we are unwilling to devote all our lives to the augmenting of a few swollen fortunes, even if there were not terrible and inevitable evils attendant upon such a condition. Yet as the individual can no longer work for himself in the old way, is it not reasonably clear that he is next to work for himself by working for us all?

Is there, in fact, anything else for us to do if we are not to fall into a state of industrial servitude?

MORE and more in the cities and towns the independent business man is being overwhelmed by the advance of the department store. In the country and the small towns looms up the mail-order house.

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success of this enterprise is already so apparent that another on similar lines is being formed, to be followed doubtless by still others.

Or shall we take confectionery? You must have noticed in every considerable city, confectionery stores with the same name, but you may not be aware that this name covers a steadily lengthening "chain" nor that it is already controlled by one of the final powers of American Business. But you surely must have observed that in these days the cigar and confectionery counters are two very important adjuncts in the typical drug store, and you should be interested to know next that the American Tobacco group, which has lately gone so heavily into the retail drug business, can now supply its own drug stores with its own cigars and its own confectionery.

Against such a condition competition by the druggist not yet absorbed must seem like a forlorn hope.

Or shall we take restaurant keeping? The Standard Oil interests control one "chain" of restaurants and the American Tobacco interests control another.

Or printing? One house in New York issues and prints twenty periodicals, and the small independent printer, like the small independent publisher, is disappearing.

Milk? The Standard Oil interests own the Milk Trust.

Foundries or iron works? The Steel Trust looks after them.

Tobacco? The United Cigar Stores Company owns about six hundred retail stores and will own many more when the present chances of litigation are removed.

Machinery? Largely controlled by institutions like the American Shoe Manufacturing Trust, a particularly vicious form of these combinations.

Men's clothing? Passing into the "chain" system. One company owns thirty-seven clothing stores in the West.

Banks? Owned or controlled chiefly by the Standard Oil, Morgan or Beef Trust "chains."

Butcher shops? Under process of absorption through the absorbed grocery stores, or becoming practically the agencies for the Beef Trust.

Dry-goods of all kinds, stationery, toys, furniture, carpets and rugs, millinery, hats, drugs, clothing, notions, cigars and tobacco, books, periodicals, trunks and travelers' requisites, dentistry, lamps, crockery, glassware, stoves, men's furnishings, umbrellas, pianos and other musical instruments, sheet-music, pictures, dressmaking, harness, shoes, all kinds of leather goods, and some other things are usually included in the department stores.

The department stores constantly increase in number and in size.

What does that mean?

It means that the men that in a past generation would have been independent merchants are now the employees of these stores, and never can be anything else: employees on wages with time-checks, fines, and their daily work dependent upon a manager's caprice. That is their prospect in life. It is hard (in some of its aspects), and we dislike to admit it, but it is the truth.

The gigantic department stores and mail-order houses are built of the ruins of independent stores, just as the Christian churches of Rome were built of the fragments of the old temples, and each independent store destroyed is an independent merchant turned into a salaried employee.

The Approaching Day of the One Great Trust

Staples were long ago monopolized in their original supply. Transportation, coal, oil, artificial light and heat, sugar, flour (to a great extent), woollens, cottons, rubber, leather, paper, meat, matches, iron and steel, all controlled by trusts. The substance of the new movement is that these and all other things that men must have are to be supplied to him directly by similar agencies, to be gradually consolidated as the process continues.

Of all this no doubt can be left in the observant mind.

First the small combination, then the larger; then all to find their way into a comparatively few gigantic organizations such as those we now see directed by the Morgan interests or the Standard Oil Company or similar groups. At no time a halt in the process nor a backward turn of evolution, but one continued advance from the day of the first partnership to the day of the colossal trust.

Is it any wonder that these combinations that now so largely represent Business in its totality—represent, that is, the supplying of man's necessities—have become the Power Behind the Republic against which blind men thunder in vain?

I have here two little lists that indicate (as an example of our present stage in the development), a part of the activities of the men comprising two of these great groups. It is incomplete because it gives in one instance only the names of the companies in which the Standard Oil men are directors, and in the other only the companies that the American Tobacco Company was recently found to be secretly operating. Yet it is worth your study:

1. Standard Oil Group.

JAMES STILLMAN

Audit Company of New York.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.
Bowers Savings Bank.
Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company.

Citizens' Central National Bank.
Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company.
Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley and Pittsburgh Railroad Company.
Fidelity Bank.
Fidelity Trust Company.
Fifth Avenue Safe Deposit Company.
Hanover National Bank.
Lincoln National Bank.
Lincoln Safe Deposit Company.
Louisiana Western Railroad Company.
Michigan Central Railroad Company.
Mohawk and Malone Railroad Company.
Morris and Essex Railroad Company.
National Butchers and Drovers' Bank.
National City Bank.
New York and Harlem Railroad Company.
New York and Ottawa Railway Company.
New York and Putnam Railroad Company.
New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company.
New York, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad Company.
New York State Realty and Terminal Company.
New York Trust Company.
Newport Trust Company.
North British and Mercantile Insurance Company of London.
North British and Mercantile Insurance Company of New York.
Queens Insurance Company of North America.
Riggs National Bank of Washington.
Rutland Railroad Company.
St. Lawrence and Adirondack Railway Company.
Second National Bank.
Syracuse, Geneva and Corning Railroad Company.
Terminal Railway Company of Buffalo.
Terminal Warehouse Company.
United States Trust Company.
West Shore Railroad Company.
Western Union Telegraph Company.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

American Linseed Oil Company.
Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company.
Standard Oil.
United States Steel.

JOHN D. ARCHBOLD

Standard Oil.
National Fuel and Gas Company.
National Transit Company.
New York Trust Company.

O. H. PAYNE

American Tobacco Company.
Chihuahua Mining Company.
Coal Creek Mining Company.
Great Northern Paper Company.
Interlake Pulp and Paper Company.
International Cigar Machinery Company.
International Railroad Company.
International Traction Company.
New York Loan and Improvement Company.
Standard Oil.
Tintic Company.
Virginia and Southwestern Railway Company.

H. C. FOLGER, JR.

Standard Oil.
Tidewater Oil Company.
Tidewater Pipe Company.

H. H. ROGERS, JR.

Amalgamated Copper Company.
Atlantic Coast Electric Railway Company.
Atlas Tank Company.
Boylston Manufacturing Company.
National Copper Bank of New York.
Richmond Light and Railway Company.
Southfield Beach Railway Company.
Staten Island and Midland Railway Company.
Virginian Railway.

WALTER JENNINGS

National Fuel Company.
National Transit Company.
New York Trust Company.
Standard Oil.

F. Q. BARSTOW

American La France Fire Engine Company.
Corn Products Refining Company.
Hegeman and Company.
Railway Steel Spring Company.
Standard Oil.
Thompson-Starrett Company.

H. M. FLAGLER

Cuba Company.
Florida East Coast Railway Company.
Jacksonville Terminal Company.
Morton Trust Company.
New York Trust Company.
Peninsular and Occidental Steamship Company.
Standard Oil.
Western Union.

CHARLES M. PRATT

Hoagland Laboratory.
Long Island Railroad Company.
Mechanics' National Bank.
Metropolitan Trust Company.
New England Navigation Company.
New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company.
American Express Company.
Brooklyn City Railroad Company.
Brooklyn Trust Company.
Chelsea Fibre Mills.
Corn Products Refining Company.
Pratt and Lambert.
Self-Winding Clock Company.
Standard Oil.
Union Mortgage Company.

C. W. HARKNESS

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company.
New York Trust Company.
Standard Oil.

J. A. MOFFETT

Corn Products Company.
National Transit Company.
New York Transit Company.
Standard Oil.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

American Linseed Co.
Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company.
Standard Oil of New York.

H. M. TILFORD

Gilbert and Barker Manufacturing Company.
Standard Oil.

W. C. TEAGLE

Triple Gas Company.

WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER

Standard Oil Company.
Amalgated Copper Company.
Anaconda Copper Mining Company.

Brooklyn Union Gas Company.
Central New England Railway Company.
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company.
Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railway.
New York Mutual Gas Light Company.
New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company.
New York, Ontario and Western Railway Company.
New York State Realty and Terminal Company.
Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad Company.
Poughkeepsie Bridge Railroad Company.
Rutland Railroad Company.
St. Lawrence and Adirondack Railroad Company.
Standard Oil Company of New York.
United Metal Selling Company.
United States Trust Company.
West Shore Railroad Company.
Consolidated Gas Company.
Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company.
Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley and Pittsburgh Railroad Co.
Hanover National Bank.
Harlem River and Portchester Railroad Company.
Hartford and Connecticut Western Railroad Company.
Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company.
Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad Company.
Michigan Central Railroad Company.
Mohawk and Malone Railroad Company.
National City Bank of New York.
New England Navigation Company.
New York and Harlem Railroad Company.
New York and Ottawa Railroad Company.
New York and Putnam Railroad Company.
New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.
New York, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad.

Besides these interests this group has many others, including the Borden Milk Company, American Casket Company, the Hegeman drug stores and Child's restaurants.

2. The American Tobacco list is as follows:

Nall & Williams Company, Louisville, Ky.
R. A. Patterson Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va. (Smoking and plug)
Bland Tobacco Company, Petersburg, Va. (Plug)
B. Leidersdorf Company, Milwaukee, Wis.
F. R. Penn Tobacco Company, Reidsville, N. C. (Smoking and plug)
Queen City Tobacco Company, Cincinnati, O. (Scrap)
Day & Night Tobacco Company, Cincinnati, O. (Scrap)
Craft Tobacco Company, New Orleans, La. (Cigarettes)
Michigan Tobacco Company, Detroit, Mich.
Pinkerton Tobacco Company, Zanesville, O. (Scrap)
Wells-Whitehead Tobacco Co., Wilson, N. C. (Cigarettes)
H. N. Martin Tobacco Company, Louisville, Ky. (Plug)
Reynolds Tobacco Company, Bristol, Tenn. (Smoking)
Manufacturer's Tobacco Company, Louisville, Ky. (Plug and smoking)
D. H. Spencer & Sons, Martinsville, Va.
Lipfert-Scales Company, Winston, N. C. (Plug)
J. S. Young Company, Baltimore, Md. (Licorice)
Johnston Tin Foil and Metal Company, St. Louis, Mo.
United Cigar Stores Company.
Standard Snuff Company, Nashville, Tenn. (Snuff)
Nashville Tobacco Works, Nashville, Tenn. (Plug and smoking)

Besides these, of course, are the Morgan interests, having such ramifications as only an expert could assume to follow. We know in a general way that the Morgan investments include banks, railroads, trust companies, steamship and steamboat lines, coal-mines, the Steel Trust, machinery, manufacturing and wholesale enterprises, and that almost weekly the master hand is revealed in a new activity. Lately Mr. Morgan has founded a \$500,000,000 automobile trust and has absorbed into it five of the largest automobile factories in the country.

Where the Trusts Join Hands

These indicate some of the connections that radiate in a thousand directions not generally suspected. Kindly note—only some of the connections.

Through the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad and their banks the Standard Oil interests touch hands with the Beef Trust; through their coal railroads with the Coal Trust; through Mr. Payne with the Tobacco Company; through the International Paper Company with the Paper Trust; through many traction holdings with the Street Railroad Trust; through the electric light holdings with the electric light combination; through Hegeman & Company with the drug store combination; through gas holdings with the gas combination; through Amalgamated Copper with the great copper combination; through many bank holdings with bank "chains;" through Mr. Moffett and Mr. Pratt with the Glucose Trust; and so on through a catalogue that I should but weary you to relate.

Contemplate these facts and observe next the list of railroads in which these gentlemen are directors. Add to these the railroads like the Union and Southern Pacific controlled by the same interests without open acknowledgment. Add to that the railroads controlled by their close allies and the total amounts to about two-thirds of the railroad mileage of the United States.

The conclusion then is obvious. A tremendous force is at work drawing all kinds of enterprises into combinations and these into greater combinations. This is the way of Business.

Against these operations legislative enactments of all kinds, National and State, have been employed for twenty years without result.

It is now gravely proposed that we shall continue to tinker these footless laws, issue further bulls against comets and perform other feats for the laughter of the generations to come. After a twenty years' demonstration of the folly of the Sherman Act, we want to experiment with it further. After trying for twenty-three years to curb the railroads with one foolish court we are urged to try and curb them with two foolish courts.

Is that really the best we can do?

How should we fare if instead of further comedy of this sort we were to recognize things as they are?

[Continued on page 328]

The Vanishing Host

by Howard Markle Hoke

Illustrations by H. J. Mowat

PARRY read and reread the note handed him by the hotel clerk. It informed him that Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Knighton would be very much pleased to have him dine with them at seven o'clock.

The invitation was just the thing for an evening that had promised to be dull, but he did not know the Knightons from Adam and Eve. He ransacked his memory to recall the people he had met most casually during his three years' residence abroad, from which he was then returning, but without finding a clue. At thirty, though, a healthy, active, alert man like Parry should love adventure as he loves life itself, so, without stopping to make inquiries regarding his entertainers, lest the keen edge of the affair be dulled, he hurried into his evening clothes, and at a quarter to seven arrived by taxicab at the curb of the street and number written in the note.

The November darkness had fallen, but the street electric lights showed a block of modern dwellings of the pretentious sort, and the rows of lighted windows spoke of luxurious interiors.

His ring was answered by a man whose manner and dress announced the host, and who said, with a comically worried air, as he helped Parry remove his overcoat and conducted him into the drawing-room:

"I did not intend to receive you in this ridiculously informal style, but the truth is, the deuce is to pay at a most awkward time for us. Our servants have struck and are raising Cain in the kitchen."

Parry studied the man intently, and though there was something elusively familiar about him, he decided that he had never seen him before.

"I trust you won't put yourself to inconvenience," he said. "I can easily ask you to excuse me, you know."

"That would spoil everything," the host hastened to say. "We'll get this kitchen rumpus quieted all right." Then he added with a laugh, "I see you are trying to place me, and you can't."

"You're right," Parry owned. "I've never even heard of you before, and to be entirely frank, I don't understand why you invited me here."

"Of course you don't," Knighton responded with a chuckle that suggested some highly agreeable feature of the entertainment. "That is the conundrum you are to guess. It is quite possible, is n't it, that friends of mine may be close friends of yours? Do you begin to catch on now?"

"No, I don't. If any friends of mine are—" "Sh-h!"

Knighton's fingers rose to his lips. Skirts rustled upon the stairs, and in a moment two women appeared in the doorway.

"My wife, Mr. Parry," Knighton introduced the foremost.

She welcomed him in a manner that, like her husband's, suggested something delightful in reserve, though it was much more gracefully and artfully done.

"Let me present you to my friend and guest, Miss Estelle Whitford, of Chicago," she said, turning to the beautiful girl by her side.

"I'm mortified to death," the hostess continued with mock desperation. "My cook is the ringleader of a rebellion, and I'm afraid my dinner will be dreadfully late. Albert, take Estelle and Mr. Parry up to the library, where I'm sure you will be much more comfortable than here. I know you'll excuse me under the circumstances."

Reaching the tastefully appointed library on the second floor, Knighton paced the floor for a time, as if afraid that the trouble with the servants would ruin his plans for the evening.



The lights still burned in the hall

Parry could not otherwise interpret his manner. He doubted, however, whether this interpretation was altogether right, for there was a suggestion, uncertain, baffling, of something about the man that he could not approve.

"Bless me," Knighton cried after a time, jerking out his watch, "no dinner yet! I'll have to go and put down that rebellion with a strong hand. Excuse me for a time, will you? I'm confident that Chicago will furnish you with interesting topics until we can ring for you."

It did, but when a half hour passed with no announcement of the dinner, Miss Whitford suddenly rose from her chair. Parry rose also and they faced each other across the mahogany center table.

"You are uneasy, Miss Whitford," he said.

"Yes—very."

"You are a visitor of the Knightons, and I do not criticize," he said, "but I must tell you that I have never seen either of them before this evening."

She caught the edge of the table. "Why were you invited here, then?" she asked.

"Don't you know why?" he asked in return.

"I do not," she answered in a low tone. "I did not even know who was in the drawing-room when I went down. I arrived only this afternoon to visit Irene for a week or two. She hinted that she had a surprise for me. I have seen you in Chicago, Mr. Parry. Friends of mine are friends of yours, and—"

"Mr. Knighton gave me that hint," he inter-

rupted, striving to put the best face on the matter. "He intimated that there was a great pleasure in store for me, and the moment you came into the drawing-room I—"

"Our meeting is too trifling as an explanation," she interrupted in turn. "There is more, much more, to be understood. I have been here only a few hours, but I have already realized that things are not right in this house."

"In what way?"

"That is it. I don't know."

"What do you know of these people, if you care to tell."

"Irene and I were classmates at Vassar," she explained, "and she was the most lovable girl in our set, but when I came to-day, after a separation of four years, I saw at a glance that she was not the cheerful, mischievous girl I knew. There was a flaw in her welcome. I could feel it. Did n't you see that her joking about the servants was forced?"

"So was Knighton's," he said.

"Here is the truth, Mr. Parry," she whispered, with a glance over her shoulder. "Irene is in some horrible trouble. It shows in every line of her face—a terrible anxiety."

They looked at each other for some moments in silence. "Tell me all you know of Knighton," he requested in a low tone.

"He married Irene four years ago at her home in Milwaukee. They went abroad at once. Only a few weeks ago they returned and came here to Philadelphia to live. She wrote that she must see me soon, and I came to-day. All I ever heard of Mr. Knighton before the wedding was good, but as soon as I saw him to-day, I—"

She stopped abruptly. Her face had grown pale as if at an alarming perception. She stepped cautiously to the doorway and stood tensely there a moment; then, fluttering back to him and raising her arm, she said:

"Listen! The house is absolutely quiet."

They leaned forward, straining their ears. Not a sound rose from the well of the staircase. She gripped the edge of the table and peered between the curtains into the hallway. Out of the silence crept the chill of mystery.

"Where can they be?" Her lips scarcely formed the words.

"I'll go down and see."

"Not alone!"

They went warily down the stairs. The lights still burned in the hall. Stealing cautiously to the dining-room, they stopped upon the sill. It was dark. Parry fumbled for the button. When the chandelier blazed, both gave a cry. The table showed not a sign of the expected entertainment. Thoroughly aroused now, they ran across the room and opened the door of the kitchen. It was dark also, and when Parry pressed the button of the electric light, not a trace of cook, servant or dinner was to be seen.

"Gone!" Miss Whitford said, with a touch of indignation. "We are deserted."

Parry made an effort to laugh the suggestion aside. "Not at all. Our hostess is up-stairs in hysterics and our host is dutifully trying to convince her that inviting people to dinner and giving them none is not a killing matter. They're ashamed to meet us, that is all. We'll go up this back way, and you can quiet her with the assurance that it is n't half way round the world to a good restaurant."

Her eyes told him that she knew he was not speaking his mind. They crept up the dark stairway, and, in the light of a red globe over the landing above, they stole along the upper hall until, rounding a corner, they again saw the bright light shine from the library.



"Bless me," Knighton cried, "no dinner yet!"

"Rap upon Mrs. Knighton's door," he suggested.

"Irene! Irene! Irene!" her calls rose in pitch and force after she had rapped without bringing an answer. She came back to Parry, her face showing alarm. Without a word they ran into the library and again faced each other across the table.

"If you have an idea, a supposition, even a hint of what this means," he urged, "tell me."

"I have n't," she cried. "But it must have been something terrible to induce Irene to leave me like this."

"I must not leave you alone," he said. Have you friends in the city?"

"Not one I can recall. If it were New York I could name dozens."

"The same with me. I'm staying here for a few days to meet a friend from Buffalo. Is n't there some business acquaintance of your father's whom we could call by phone? Think! Think! We must do something at once."

She began to pace the floor, with hands clasped. Into the silence the phone bell broke sharply. He sprang to the receiver. Stopping in her walk, she leaned eagerly forward. He listened intently, then, hanging up the receiver, he turned toward her and said:

"Get your hat and cloak, but don't take time for anything else."

"Was there a message?"

"Yes, meant for Knighton."

"What was it?"

"Wait until we are outside."

"No, now."

"The man said, 'They are coming,' and left the phone."

"Who?" She leaned toward him with parted lips.

"We must not stop to think. Quick! Your wraps!"

"Where can we go?"

"We'll talk of that when we are clear of this house. You'll find me at the foot of the stairs."

Within a few minutes she hurried down to him, as if the house held terrors. He, too, showed the spur of fear, for the nature of his coming to the place, their desertion and the strange message suggested a trap so deliberately planned that the air seemed charged with peril.

"Ready?" he whispered.

"Yes."

"I've decided upon a plan."

"Tell me."

"We'll drive to police headquarters and report this matter and—"

He stopped short. They looked at each other in startled wonder. A sharp peal of the bell had sounded through the lonely house.

"They are here," she said.

"The rear door," he suggested in a low tone,

and catching her arm, he ran with her through the dining-room to the outlet to the area. As he was about to turn the key, gruff voices sounded outside.

"Surrounded," she said.

"Yes. Be calm and think."

"I am thinking, but my thought makes this matter all the more mysterious."

"What is the thought?"

"Did you notice how much Mr. Knighton looks like you?"

"No, I did not.

I thought there was something familiar about him, but I see now that that was it.

"He is about your size," she said. "His hair and mustache are black like yours, and there are other striking resemblances."

He paced the floor puzzling over this new development. "But what can this resemblance have to do with the affair?" he asked. "It must be accidental. He—"

"Mercy, how they ring the bell!"

The peals were now supplemented by a pounding that threatened to break down the door.

"Come," Parry said, "we can do nothing but welcome our guests, whoever they may be."

"But who can they be?" she asked.

"The best way to find out is to go and see," he tried to smile, as they walked through the hall.

"I know," she said, with a startled look at him. "Those men at the kitchen door have shown me. The house is guarded on all sides by police. Why?"

"We shall soon know," he answered, pausing at the door. Then he called: "Who is there?"

"Open in the name of the law," came a stern order.

"We can obey from the library," she suggested, as they made for the stairs.

In the room above, Parry turned a small crank. They heard the door-bolt slide, and in a moment the tramp of heavy feet sounded in the hall.

"Steady!" he counseled.

"See!" she said, and held an untrembling hand toward him.

Her smile was still shining as a burly sergeant appeared in the doorway. He paused for a moment, then stalked in, followed by an ordinary patrolman.

"We've run you down at last," chuckled the former.

"Who are *we*?" Parry asked.

"He's going to play foxy, as we expected, Jim," said the sergeant, with a laugh that showed how much he loved his authority. "I don't mind giving you a chance to cut a few capers. You may also be proud of your names. Albert S. Knighton, alias Billy Brigondier, alias Harry Watfield, alias The Flea. That's a neat nickname you got from the way you slipped from under the fingers of the French and German and English police."

Parry and Miss Whitford broke into a laugh.

"You're in earnest, sergeant," he said, "but you are funny. I happen to be Donald Parry of Chicago."

"Oh, come, Knighton, on this side of the Atlantic we know a man when we nab him," the sergeant boasted. "There ain't a point in the description you don't answer."

Sobering a bit the captives exchanged glances. Knighton's game was growing clearer.

"He is Mr. Parry, officer," Miss Whitford expostulated, "and I am Estelle Whitford, a visitor in the house."

"Mighty pretty, Mrs. Knighton," the blue-coat smirked, "but we happen to know how you helped the Flea make his famous jumps. Down to the cab, both of you, and hustle."

"Let me cut one caper, my man," Parry said. "Ask the Hotel Walton if Donald Parry is n't registered there?"

"Do it, Jim," the sergeant agreed indulgently. "The squirming of a villian like you, Knighton, is the funny side of our business. I wondered what you'd try to work off on us. Donald Parry now, are you? Ho, ho!"

The patrolman joined the laugh as he turned from the phone. "Won't do, Knighton," he said. "The Walton says that Parry has paid his bill and gone."

Knighton had not neglected a detail of his game. The captives looked dumbfounded, and the sergeant roared with laughter. Parry put in hotly:

"While you think you are cutting a dash here, man, the Flea is making another jump that will be famous. One of his accomplices studied the hotel guests until he found one who looked like him. That was myself. He banked

[Continued on page 345]



"Bagged at last, Blinders. I guess you'd better drop that gun"

Emergencies & & The Test of Ability

by Orison Swett Marden &

GUNS intended for our Government battle-ships are taken to Sandy Hook, loaded much beyond their normal capacity, and fired to see whether it is possible to burst them. Many that do not stand this severe test would not burst in ordinary use. But the Government must know to a certainty that they will be equal to any possible emergency.

In every engine or locomotive there is always a reserve over and above the horse-power required for ordinary use. If you order a twenty horse-power engine, the builder will make it thirty horse-power, giving it a reserve of ten horse-power. For all ordinary uses, this surplus, this reserve force would not be necessary, but the builder must prepare for emergencies. He must make sure that the *possible* power is there.

In a shipyard in Glasgow, I saw a huge punching machine whose great steel fingers pushed through the hard, thick plates of steel as easily as a cook could put her fingers through a piece of dough. There was not the slightest jar or quiver in the mighty machine. In looking for the secret, I found an enormous balance-wheel where the surplus power was stored up, and which distributed and equalized the otherwise destructive shock, so that when these fingers struck the steel plate it was impossible for them to hesitate or falter. They go through and through and through, apparently with the utmost ease, because the power stored in the balance-wheel is so much greater than the obstruction which the steel plate presents.

A man with great mental reserve, with a finely balanced judgment, with poised character, does not waver or falter in great panics or emergencies where superficial men lose their heads.

Great merchants know very well that many men in their employ could probably run the business when times are flush and money easy, but that it takes a financial general; a long, shrewd, hard, level head to guide a great business through hard times or a panic, when men without great reserves go down.

It is not so much the knowledge, experience or power actually used in the transaction of business that distinguishes a great business man, as the subtle reserve power which those who know him and deal with him feel he *might* exert in some great business stress or panic. This reserve power is to the man what money surplus, not usually drawn upon or used, is to a great banking institution.

One reason why so many men do such little things all their lives, when they might do greater things, is because they often lack this surplus force, this reserve power. They do not take time to prepare for anything very great, or anything outside the usual routine.

The result is that they use all their resources as they go along in the ordinary transaction of business, and they have no great reserve of mental training, discipline or experience for emergencies, so that when anything uncommon occurs; when a crisis, hard times or a panic comes, they go to the wall.

I was once in a town the day after a cyclone had swept through it, and there was nothing left standing but the solid, substantial structures. All the weak, rotten trees and light, flimsy buildings—everything that was weak and shaky—had gone down before the terrific force. The weakest are always the first to go down in times of great stress. A severe business crisis weeds out the weak, inefficient business men who lack great reserves of capital, experience and hard business sense.

During our last great panic thousands of weak business men went to the wall because they lacked reserves of capital and experience. Bradstreet's, in their last estimate, give, as a cause of thirty-three per cent. of the failures of the last eight years, lack of sufficient capital.

Many of those who failed would probably have pulled through if the times had continued good. Banking houses with insufficient reserves are constantly going to the wall. "Failed because he had no reserves" would make a fitting epitaph for tens of thousands of failures.

The same principle is true in great disease epidemics. Those with the least physical reserve, the least disease-resisting force, are the first to go down. Only the stalwart, strong and vigorous remain.

We all know people who have no surplus force back of them, no great store of information, no adaptation in education or training for their specialty, no great mental deposit to draw on. They use all they have in their ordinary life routine.

There are crises and emergencies all through life that demand tremendous reserve, mighty momentum, or disaster and ruin are certain. Everyday faculties and everyday ability are all right for ordinary demands, but emergencies call for qualities of another kind and a different degree of power.

The merchant who started in his business as a boy and worked his

way from the bottom up, accumulated experience and capital that carried him through the commercial crisis when it came. *It is the reserve that tells.* Great generals have often

won victories by having a few of their best troops and supplies in reserve at the critical moment, while the general who uses every man in the battle and has to forage for fodder for his horses as he goes along stands very little chance of victory.

It was not so much Wellington's superior ability that won the battle at Waterloo as his reserves—Blucher and his thirty thousand Germans. In this Wellington was favored by the delay of Napoleon's reserves. The battle went against Napoleon because he could not reenforce himself quickly enough.

Every defeat is a Waterloo to the man who has no reserves.

Often decisive power in a nation's army is not so much in the actual fighting force as in the reserve corps—the power which may be called into action in case of necessity.

How many men and women break down in life because they do not store up surplus power; because they have not made themselves larger than the thing they are doing by storing up a reserve of physical energy, of knowledge, of education and discipline to enable them to meet some unusual demand, some great crisis!

There is not in the entire history of the world a more notable example of political foresight and building up of overwhelming reserve force than the course that was taken by Von Moltke in making ready for the Franco-Prussian War that overthrew Napoleon III and his empire.

Thirteen years before hostilities began he had planned every detail. Every military officer, every man in the reserve guard had written or printed instructions which told him exactly what to do in case of war. Every commander in the kingdom had, in sealed envelopes, confidential and special instructions as to the final direction and disposition of troops, which were only to be used on receipt of the command to mobilize the forces. The military stores, too, had been placed just where

they could be reached with the least possible delay, and with the least congestion of the railway facilities in case of war.

This program Von Moltke constantly changed and adjusted to up-to-date conditions all through those thirteen years, so as to be *ready at any moment for the call of war.* It is said that the final plans that were carried out in 1870 were made in 1868, and that the first plans were made as early as 1857. The movements of the great German army under the leadership of that master mind were like clockwork.

What a contrast in the French war office to Von Moltke's painstaking, far-seeing, strategic, sagacious plans! He left nothing to chance; France everything. French officers telegraphed from the frontier to the general headquarters that they had no supplies, no camping material and that they could not find all their troops. Everything was in such confusion that never anywhere was the French army a match for its antagonist. *It was outplanned, outgeneraled, outwitted, outbrained everywhere!* The result was one of the most terrible humiliations that any nation ever experienced.

It was the reserve force stored up in the years of conquest and the habit of triumphing in whatever they undertook that gave such power to the Washingtons, the Lincolns, the Gladstones and the Disraelis.

It is the reserve power which we feel back of the words and between the lines of a powerful book; not what is actually in the printed words that impresses us most.

We are not so much affected by what an orator like Webster actually says as we are by what he suggests; the latent power, the mighty reserve force that we feel he might put forth were the emergency great enough.

Webster's celebrated reply to Hayne, the greatest speech ever made in this country, was a superb example of the use of mighty reserve in an emergency. The debate had dragged for days. Hayne had made a brilliant, and, as he thought, unanswerable speech. Webster felt that Hayne's "unanswerable" speech must be answered next morning. He had no time to prepare, to consult records or authorities, to read history or to refresh his memory. There he stood, alone, without books or outside help, at a turning-point in our nation's history. Everything depended upon his reserves; upon what he had stored up in his previous life. His great speech was apparently prepared between the adjourning of the Senate at night and its convening the next day, but Webster said that much of the material came from notes on a very carefully prepared subject for another occasion, which were tucked away in a pigeon-hole.

[Continued on page 353]

The Shears of Destiny

By Leroy Scott

Illustrated by Alexander Popini



8th Instalment The SENTENCE of DEATH

CHAPTER XXI

FREEMAN laid off his overcoat and stood before the countess with triumph and exultation in his dark eyes.

"Well—it's all over," he whispered.

"A success—a tremendous success!"

"Tell me all about it."

He glanced toward the portière behind which Drexel stood. "You are alone? There are no servants about?"

"I had sent them to bed before you telephoned you were coming."

"What's that noise overhead?"

"The people who live up there having a party." He now noticed her pallor. "How white you are, Zenia!"

"Am I? I suppose it's the suspense of waiting to hear how things came out."

"I had to see Berloff first, you know, before I could come to you."

"You have seen him, then?"

"No. I went to him to report, but he was not in. I'm going back in an hour."

They sat down, the countess turning her chair so that she faced the curtains, he with his back to them.

"How did you manage to escape?" she asked.

"Captain Nadson saw to that."

"But your presence there at the time of the arrest was an unnecessary risk, a very great risk."

"It is by taking big risks that you win big prizes! I thought in the excitement of the moment they might let something drop that would be of great importance."

"But the danger from the revolutionists. If they had suspected—"

"I played my part so well they couldn't suspect! I killed three or four gendarmes myself. They are cheap. Berloff told me to shoot a few to keep up my reputation."

He leaned toward her and his eyes glistened. "I tell you, Zenia, the risk was worth while!"

"Then you learned something?"

"Did I? Listen. I learned that Borodin is Borski, and that the young woman arrested with me is the one that shot at Berloff. But that is not the best."

"No?"

"I won't tell you what it is now; Prince Berloff may wish it kept an absolute secret for a while. But it is something he'll be glad to know, and he will pay well for it, too! It will be our fortune, Zenia, or I miss my guess!"

Only the countess's self-control enabled her to restrain a cry. For the curtains had parted, and Drexel, very white, had stepped noiselessly out.

As it was, she went suddenly pale.

"What's the matter?" queried Freeman.

There was an outburst of merriment in the apartment overhead. Drexel paused, considered, then slipped noiselessly back.

She regained her composure. "Nothing—just a thought," she returned. "And how about Mr. Drexel?"

"I failed there—temporarily," Freeman continued. "He escaped. In the beginning, to make sure of him, I accused him of being a traitor, and was on the point of shooting him myself, but I happened to think that if it got out that I had killed him it might queer me among the revolutionists and might later make living in America uncomfortable. Besides, I was sure Nadson would get him."

"And Nadson did not?"

"He let him escape. I suppose Berloff will be mad. Berloff had it all arranged that Drexel's death was not to leak out till after the marriage; the Howards were to suppose that he was merely detained in the south."

"And The White One, and the others?"

"All safe in Peter and Paul, as I telephoned you; and as for Drexel, I'll get him later—sure. He doesn't suspect me—we're certain to meet sometime soon—and then!"

The countess led him on with questions, asked for the sake of the man behind the portières. For ten years, Drexel learned by fitting together fragments of Freeman's



She went suddenly pale. "What's the matter?" queried Freeman

answers, Freeman had been a Russian spy. Most of the time he had been in New York, his duty there having been to pose as an active sympathizer with political refugees, gain their confidence, and forward to the Russian Government information on which their comrades in Russia could be discovered and arrested. His cleverness had caused him to be brought to Russia where he had been able to deliver into the government's hands scores of leading men and women. Even those of the revolutionists who opposed his violent methods had no doubt of his sincerity, so wonderfully daring was he, and so wonderfully successful had been his terroristic plots. They did not guess that the government for its private reasons desired to get rid of

these officials whom Freeman slew, and by secretly aiding Freeman's terrorism had not only achieved this immediate purpose but had reinforced the position of its best spy among the revolutionists.

That scene between Freeman and Prince Berloff in the Hotel Europe had been merely a bit of pre-arranged play-acting. The pair knew that the Central Committee was aware of Berloff's position, and they feared that the committee was beginning to suspect Freeman of secret relations with the prince; and this public display of hostility had been to disarm suspicion.

Freeman spoke exultingly of the rewards that were as good as in his hands. "Fifty thousand from the government for the arrest of The White One and the others; another fifty at least from Berloff's own pocket for what I have to tell him; fifty for Drexel, whom I'll not let slip again. Zenia, never before has a spy made such a haul as this!"

"Never before was there such a clever spy."

"We are a pair, you and I! This business won't last forever; but there are plenty of other things in which wits and beauty count. When we are married, we'll be a match for the world—my Zenia!"

"Let's not speak of that now," she said, nervously, looking apprehensively toward the curtains.

He caught the look. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she said, "nothing."

He glanced about at the curtains, then turned back.

"Yes, we'll be a match for the world," he went on. "Ah, but you are a clever one, my dear! Only once have you ever failed. And I don't understand yet how the other night at Berloff's you let Drexel get away from you. But with us both the case—"

She went suddenly white. "Let's speak of other things," she broke in.

He caught a second nervous glance at the portières. "Is there something wrong with those curtains?" he said, and he quickly rose and made for them, his hand instinctively reaching for his pistol.

"Don't! Don't!" she cried, and she sprang forward to catch his arm.

But already he had parted the curtains. He saw no one and passed on into the hall, and the curtains closed behind him. Pallid, breathless, the countess awaited the sudden uproar of the struggle.

But after a minute Freeman reappeared.

"There was no one?" she asked.

"No one. But what made you try to stop me?"

"Just nerves," she said.

They sat down and Freeman ran on about the fortune that was almost theirs until interrupted by a ring of the door-bell. The countess opened the door. Into the room walked Drexel.

A baleful exultation leaped into Freeman's dark face, but his impulse to shoot Drexel was instantly checked by the realization that the shot would bring down the merry-makers overhead as witnesses to his deed.

"Why, hello!" he cried, holding out his hand. "How did you escape? I'm mighty glad to see you!"

"And I to see you," said Drexel, quietly.

He avoided the outstretched hand by turning to the countess. "I came to tell you of our disaster. But Mr. Freeman must have told you."

"Yes," she said. She was very white, and looked with sickening dread from man to man.

"Then I will not stay. The police are after me and I must get into hiding."

"Wait, I'll go with you," Freeman eagerly put in. "I was just leaving, and I want to talk over some plans for retrieving our loss."

Drexel had counted on just this offer when he had decided it would be safest not to try to take his vengeance here. But he did not show his satisfaction.

"Very well," he said. "Come on."

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. 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 and 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. Drexel takes active part in a plot to free Borodin. The plotters are betrayed by James Freeman, an American in the employ of the Russian government who has pretended to be one of them. Sonya and The White One are captured but Drexel escapes.

Freeman slipped on his overcoat, and as he did so he swiftly transferred his pistol to the overcoat's outer pocket. "I'm ready. Good-night, countess."

She knew that Freeman was armed, that Drexel had but his bare hands. "Don't go yet, Mr. Drexel," she said, trying to speak calmly.

"Thank you, but I must," he returned.

She laid a hand upon his arm. It seemed a casual touch, but the fingers gripped him tensely, warningly, with wild appeal.

"But I want to hear your story of the affair. Please stay."

"Do not think me rude, countess. But as Mr. Freeman says, we have some things to talk over. So good-night."

She saw the changeless determination beneath his apparent calm. There was nothing more that she could say. He knew what he was walking into, and any further warning to him would be but a warning to Freeman.

"Good-night," she breathed. And clinging to a chair-back, her face ghastly, she watched the two go out.

"I have a sleigh waiting below," said Freeman as they went down. "I wanted to be unobserved, so I left the driver behind. We can ride about and talk. Let's go through the State Garden; there'll be no danger of our being overheard there."

Drexel knew well why Freeman suggested that lonely park, sure to be deserted at this midnight hour. But he acquiesced, for it suited his own purpose no less than Freeman's.

They got into the little backless sleigh. Freeman took the reins in his left hand and slipped his ungloved right into his overcoat pocket. The horse was of that big, black, powerful breed the rich of Russia have developed for carriage service. At Freeman's word he sprang away at a swift trot, and they sped along the broad Fontanka Canal, Drexel listening to a clever fabrication of Freeman's escape. He kept the tail of his eye on Freeman's pocketed right hand, for he knew what that hand clutched, and held himself in tense readiness for that hand's first swift, hostile move.

They entered the park—broad, white, with the hush of midnight brooding upon it. Drexel's eye never left that right hand, which he knew would now dart out at any moment with a serpent's deadly sting.

He preferred to choose the moment himself. He slipped an arm behind Freeman's back as if to support himself.

"Freeman," he said in the same quiet tone in which he had thus far spoken, "there is one thing that I know which I have not yet told you."

"What is that?"

His voice rang out with sudden fierceness. "That you are the traitor who sold us out!" Instantly he pinned Freeman's arms to his sides in a tight embrace, rendering helpless, as he thought, that pistol hand.

"And now you are going to pay for it!"

Freeman must have been startled, but he was not the man to lose a second. He dropped the reins, twisted his body like a snake in the powerful grip that held him, bringing his right side toward Drexel.

"Am I?" he cried with a sardonic laugh. And without trying to draw out his hand, he fired through the pocket.

The bullet missed, but at the shot the big black snorted and sprang away at a frenzied gallop. Drexel gave Freeman no chance for a second shot. He loosed his embrace and seized Freeman's right wrist. The pistol came out and instantly the four hands were struggling over it—Freeman's to aim it but a moment, Drexel's to wrench it free.

Drexel had known that the man was stronger than he seemed, but he had not guessed that that lean body possessed such steely strength as it now revealed. Each time he tried a wrench or a trick, Freeman matched it, and laughed tauntingly at his failure. So, swaying about in the tiny sleigh, each struggling for an instant's possession of that which meant the other's death, they dashed past snow-shrouded shrubbery, past statues done up in straw to ward off the marble-chipping cold, out of the park, down an incline upon the frozen river. And still they struggled, and still the big black galloped madly over the ice.

Drexel saw that his chance of gaining the pistol was doubtful, and he determined that at least Freeman should have no advantage from it. As they struggled he cautiously shifted his grip on the pistol till his fore-

finger slipped into the trigger guard. As swiftly as his finger could work, he five times pulled the trigger, and five times harmless fire spurted toward the stars. The sixth time he pulled there was only a sharp click that announced the pistol to be empty.

Instantly he dropped the weapon and drove his right fist into Freeman's face. The blow unbalanced Freeman; he went reeling backward from the sleigh, dragging Drexel with him, and the horse dashed away through the night.

Locked together the two fell heavily upon the ice and rolled over and over. In the same moment that Drexel had struck Freeman with his right hand, his left had stretched out and clutched the spy's black-bearded throat; and now, as they tumbled and twisted about, his hand held on with savage, death-lustful grip and his fist drove again and again into the spy's face. Freeman beat the wrist of the hand at his throat between hammer-like fists, but the hand only bit the deeper.

"You'll never play Judas again!" Drexel gloatingly gasped in the other's face, which gleamed defiantly back into his. Somehow he realized they lay fighting in the shadow of Saints Peter and Paul, where this man had sent Sonya. He drove his fist more fiercely. Freeman's struggles grew weaker, yet he spoke not a word for mercy; whatever he was he knew how to die game. Then the struggling ceased, and the body lay limp. Still Drexel's vengeance-mad fists drove home.

He had not noticed that, upon firing the shots, several figures had started running from the banks across the ice. So he was now startled when a rough voice called out, "Stop! What are you doing?" and when a hand fell upon his shoulder.

He rose from the motionless body and saw that he was surrounded by policemen. He was giving himself up for lost, when the policeman who had spoken said: "Oh, I see you are a gendarme."

Drexel caught at the chance. "Yes," he panted. "I had arrested him, and he tried to shoot me. He's a political."

"Of any importance?"

A bold idea came to Drexel. "You heard of Captain Nadson's great arrest to-night?" They had; in fact they had all been ordered to be on the watch for a man who had escaped from Nadson—a foreigner.

"That's the very man," said Drexel.

"Was he indeed?" they exclaimed. One stooped and put his ear to Freeman's chest.

"Is he dead?" asked Drexel.

"No."

A mighty pang of regret went through him.

"He will probably come to in a few minutes," added the policeman.

Drexel thought quickly. If Freeman revived, this would be no company for him. "Will you take charge of him, and take him to headquarters?" he asked. "I want to catch my horse."

They were proud to lead to their chief this prize prisoner. Tired as he was, Drexel set off at a swift run in the direction taken by the big black. He sped over the ice till he knew the night cut him out of the policemen's vision; then he made for the bank and doubled about in obscure streets.

Now that his fury was spent, the great agony of his love swept into him; and obeying its direction, he made his way among government buildings and palaces, and came out again beside the river and stood leaning upon its granite wall.

Behind him was the hushed mansion of the Kuratoffs. He gazed up at the dim-lighted window where watch was being kept over the sick princess—her for whom all noble St. Petersburg was anxiously concerned. If St. Petersburg only knew the peril in which she stood at that hour!

Then he cast his eyes across the river to where, in the moonlight, like some fearsome, man-consuming monster of tradition, lay the long, low, black shape that was the fortress of Peter and Paul, wherein, for close upon two hundred years, men and women distasteful to the Czars had been tortured, murdered, driven mad—wherein this night, in some dark and soundless dungeon, lay the woman of his love, awaiting on the morrow—who knew what?

CHAPTER XXII

THIS same evening Prince Berloff dined with the Howards at their hotel. There were a score of noble guests, the highest of the new friends Berloff

would bring to Alice, and the dinner was as elaborate as Russia's capital could provide. In a way this was a farewell function given by her parents in honor of Alice; on the day after the morrow, in the gilded splendor of St. Isaac's Cathedral, she was to become the Princess Berloff.

The prince, in his dress uniform of a colonel of the Czar's Guards, with his breast a-glitter with jeweled orders, looked a bridegroom worth any millionaire's money; and Alice, flushed with excitement, given a new dignity by the nearness of her ennoblement, looked a bride well worth the payment of any princely name.

Berloff knew what was due to happen, while they sat at table, in the house over in the Three Saints' Court. But the expectation that, even while he ate and chatted, he was being put in direct command of the Howard fortune by Drexel's death, did not make a ripple upon the surface of his composure. He asked Mr. Howard if any further word had been received from Drexel, and affected satisfaction when told of a second letter giving reassurance that Drexel would be back in time for the marriage.

Beneath that calm front blazed a desire to know if all had gone as planned, but midnight had long passed before he could with propriety quit the company and hurry to his apartment. He found Captain Nadson waiting in his study. The captain told of the arrest of the famed White One, and of the evening's other successes.

"Yes—very good," said the prince. "But the foreigner?"

The captain hesitated. "He escaped."

"Escaped!" The prince stood up, his face suddenly dark. "How?"

As Nadson told him, his thin lips drew back from his white teeth. "Fool—blockhead!" he cried.

"But, your excellency, I succeeded in all else—and I have got the girl that shot at you," protested the abashed officer.

"You failed in the one thing I laid stress upon!" was the cold and fierce retort.

It might have gone hard with Nadson then and there, had not a servant knocked and entered with a card. Berloff glanced at it.

"Wait without. I'll settle with you later," he said ominously to the captain. He turned to the servant. "Show him in."

The big gendarme, thoroughly cowed, went out. The next moment Freeman weakly entered.

The Prince stared. And well he might, for there was not a patch of white in Freeman's face. It was all purple and green, and so swollen that his eyes were but two narrow slits.

"What's the matter? Who did it?"

"Drexel," Freeman coolly returned.

"Drexel! When? How? I thought he escaped."

Freeman calmly sat down and related what has already been told, adding that he had been taken as a political prisoner to police headquarters, where he had been recognized and released. The prince's lips parted in wrath again. He rose and stood menacingly above the spy.

"This is twice you people have had him in one night, and twice you have let him escape! Such infernal blunders!"

Freeman stood up and his pulpy, discolored face looked straight into the pale, high-bred one.

"Prince," said he slowly, and the narrow slits blazed, "do you think you can talk to me as you do to your Russian officers?"

They gazed at each other for a silent moment. "Pardon me—I lost my temper," said the prince.

Freeman nodded and sat down.

"That Drexel must have the nerve of the devil!" Berloff continued.

"He has," was the calm response.

"And I suppose we shall not get another chance at him."

"Won't we?" I have twice the reason I had before—and I'll get him, sure! So don't worry about his escape. Besides, if I have lost you Drexel I have brought you something even more important."

"More important? What is it?"

"We'll talk a little business first. I believe that after his children, you are the next heir to Prince Kuratoff."

"What are you driving at?"

"I'll tell you in good time. You are, are you not?"

"You know I am."

"And I believe you would be quite willing to have these intervening heirs disappear—permanently—provided no blame attached to you."

The prince's eyes narrowed, and he tried to read Freeman's meaning in his face, but that was too blurred a page.

"Suppose I say yes."

"Suppose, then, I can arrange to put it in your power to remove them, safely—hum—how much?"

There was as stealthy silence. "How much do you want?"

"Fifty thousand."

Again a silence. "Very well."

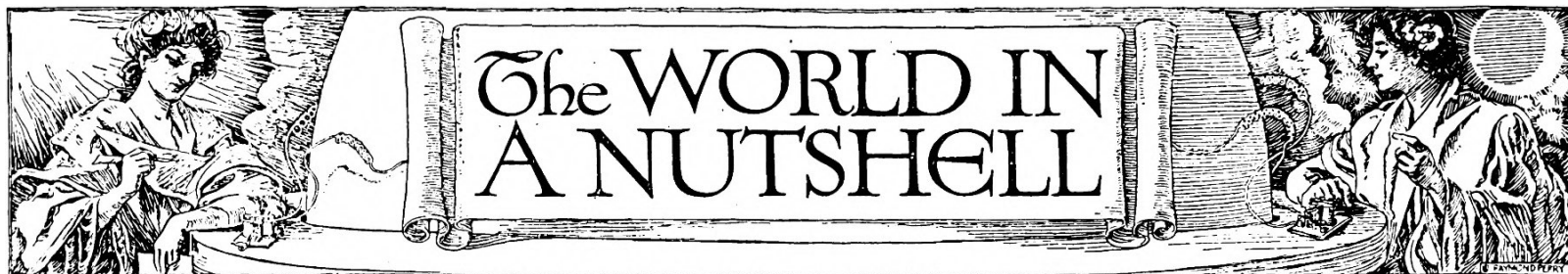
"Agreed!" said Freeman, and his slits of eyes glittered. "Then I have the pleasure to tell you that the job is done."

"Done?"

"Yes, done! Prince, I have made some great



"You'll never play Judas again!" Drexel gasped



The Month in America

THE event of transcendent importance during the past month was the successful revolt against Cannonism in the House of Representatives.

The Democrats and Insurgent Republicans secured control of the House by a sharp parliamentary trick and held it until they had adopted a far-reaching amendment to the rules, by which the Committee on Rules is increased from five to ten members, the Speaker is made ineligible for membership, and the House is to elect—instead of the Speaker appoint—this all-powerful committee.

The House organization fell into its own trap. The organization wanted to pass a resolution relating to the census, to which there was objection. The ruling was made and sustained, that because the census is required by the Constitution, the House rules can not be invoked to delay a measure relating to the census; constitutional privilege being superior to any rule. But the Constitution also provides that the House may make rules governing its procedure. The instant the census resolution was disposed of, Representative Norris of Nebraska, whose parliamentary acumen has led the Insurgents to almost every victory they have won, introduced his resolution for reorganization of the rules committee, and demanded immediate consideration. He insisted that if constitutional privilege gave the right of way to one procedure specified by the Constitution, it must give the same right to every constitutional procedure. He demanded immediate consideration for his resolution instead of reference to the deadly rules committee.

The point of order was promptly made that the Norris resolution was not privileged. On this the sensational twenty-five-hour session of the House ensued. Theoretically, the long debate was to inform the Speaker on the point of order, before he should rule. Actually, Mr. Cannon was in the chair only about ten hours. He refused to rule until his lieutenants had made an exhaustive canvass of the House in the effort to line up votes enough to carry the day. In the end they failed. At noon on March 19th the Speaker ruled that amendment of the rules was not privileged. Mr. Norris appealed, and the House sustained Norris by a vote of 182 to 160. Like Procrustes of old, the organization had made its bed, and the allied Insurgents and Democrats insisted that it occupy the bed. The Norris resolution was adopted with unimportant modifications. The revolt had become a revolution.

SPEAKER CANNON, whose sturdy fighting quality never made him appear to better advantage than in the hour of his undoing, addressed the House, declaring he would not resign, but he would entertain a motion to vacate the Speakership. Mr. Burleson, Democrat, of Texas, promptly made the motion and there is reason to believe that he did so at the request of the Republican regulars. The Democrats unanimously supported it, but most of the Insurgents, believing such a step would precipitate a long Speakership fight and jeopardize the legislative program, opposed it. Thus an honest difference of opinion arose among the Insurgents as to whether they should be satisfied with a rules victory or go further and oust Cannon from the Speakership. As a result, Speaker Cannon escaped with what looked very much like a vote of confidence from the Republican majority.

Cannon Saves His Face

A tremendous demonstration by the Cannon people greeted the announcement of the vote. The Insurgents undeniably had been "put in a hole" in the moment of their success, and robbed of much of its satisfaction.

How much has been gained by the Norris amendment? When it came to electing the new rules committee the Insurgent Republicans entered their party caucus and, of course, were hopelessly outvoted. Six old-line Republicans, Smith of Iowa, Dalzell, Lawrence, Fassett, Smith of California and Boutell were selected. The Democrats chose as their members Champ Clark, Underwood, Dixon and Fitzgerald.

What the Victory Means

For all present purposes this committee will reflect the will of Cannon quite as accurately as did the Re-

publican majority of the old committee. The House will not be restored to the control of its own affairs until the power to name committees shall be taken from the Speaker. So long as that authority resides in the presiding officer, he will continue to be czar. The committees ought to be selected by the House and be absolutely responsible to it. The Speaker should not even be a member of the House. He ought to be a great parliamentary expert; fair, nonpartisan and judicial. There is every indication that a complete reform of the House rules will take place soon—perhaps in the present session.

In this thought lies the significance of the late revolt. The Insurgents are not assuming that their little victory has brought anything like complete reform. It is important that the country shall not make this error. What has been done is not the accomplishment of reform, but the demonstration that reform is possible. And because of that potentiality, Cannonism, at least in its more malignant phases, is at an end.

INSURGENCY in the House is spectacular, but for insurgency in its more constructive phases we must turn to the Senate. At present the fight of the plucky little Progressive group in the upper House is upon the Railroad Bill. Guaranteed under the pure food political program of Messrs. Taft, Wickersham and Aldrich, this bill was brought out of committee with the request that it be passed without amendment. Yet, when it was laid before the Senate, nobody from that committee seemed prepared to defend it, and the first speech made on the measure, contrary to all precedent, came from the opposition. Senator Cummins spent three days in a masterly analysis and arraignment of the measure along the lines suggested in the minority report of which we spoke last month. Senator Elkins made a perfunctory defense of the bill and later Senator Root came to the rescue. The managers of the measure made some of the amendments demanded by the Insurgents and may make further concessions.

Fighting the Railroad Bill

While the bill was under discussion in the Senate, it was reported from the House Committee on Interstate Commerce, considerably amended. The changes reflected accurately the opinions of the Senatorial critics. There seems now to be a fair chance that the Railroad Bill, divested of its harmful features, will pass both Houses this session.

While the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation has been dragging along, the House Committee on Territories has taken a vast amount of testimony incident to its hearings on the administration bill to reorganize the civil Government of Alaska. This same bill, it will be recalled, was withdrawn as unfinished business before the Senate as a result of persistent charges that if passed it would turn Alaska over to the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate. No sooner had the bill been sidetracked in the Senate than prodigious activity was manifested in its behalf in the House. Indications are that the bill will be reported from the House Committee in a form very acceptable to the big Alaskan interests. Even if the Senate amends it to protect the public interests, the House may pass a bad bill and give a chance in conference to save those parts which have come to be looked upon as jokers in the Morgan-Guggenheim interest.

THE first weeks of the administration's second year have been marked by significant crystallization of disaffection with the new régime. The President's supply of amiability seems to have become exhausted as he has noted the evidence that the critics presented, not a jaundiced and prejudiced attitude of mind, but an accurate reflection

Dangerous Bill in the House

of national sentiment. A poll of the Republican newspaper editors of the East conducted by the Chicago *Tribune* showed them opposed to the Aldrich tariff law in a proportion of 590 to 181.

While President Taft declined to be drawn into the late conflict in the House, the result is a severe rebuke

Portent and Omen

to a man who enjoys confidential relations with the President, and in whose cause the President has conferred constantly with apostles of regularity.

Just when the committee on the cost of living inquiry was getting handsomely launched on its project of whitewashing the new tariff and when the President was reiterating his praise of that measure, the fourteenth Massachusetts Congressional district, in a bye-election, went Democratic on the tariff issue by a majority which becomes a national sensation. He is a *rara avis* indeed, who, since the Foss election, has dared maintain that the Republicans will carry the next House.

Insurrection in Massachusetts

In the 1908 election, William C. Lovering, Republican, was elected to Congress from the fourteenth Massachusetts district with a majority of 14,250. It was the largest majority given in any Massachusetts district. Mr. Lovering having died, a special election was held, and Eugene N. Foss, ex-Republican tariff reformer, was elected as a Democrat by a majority of 5,640. In 1909, Mr. Foss was the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, the tariff was almost the sole issue, and Foss was defeated by less than 8,000. Mr. Taft carried Massachusetts by a little over 110,000.

MASSACHUSETTS has become a doubtful State and the seat of Henry Cabot Lodge is actually in danger. So is Ohio, which most Buckeyes expect will reelect Governor Harmon, Democrat, this year. So is Indiana, the chances favoring the Democrats on everything save Senator. So is Nebraska, with Democratic success likely. So is Kansas, and so is New York, where exposures of corruption have rent the party asunder. In both Ohio and New York Mr. Taft's efforts to restore party harmony have been futile. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to Mr. Taft's conduct of the Presidential office, there is no denying the almost pathetic failure of his political leadership.

"The whole condition," said a Michigan Republican paper a few days ago, "is in sad contrast with the strong, unified party which Theodore Roosevelt turned over to Taft."

So many millions of admiring Americans are asking each other this question that it may be regarded as the paramount political issue of the day.

The purblind leadership of Toryism which persisted in confidence that Roosevelt would come back from Africa's wilds to endorse, willy-nilly, the Taft administration, was rudely awakened by the report that Gifford Pinchot had been summoned to Rome to meet Mr. Roosevelt.

The call to the deposed forester for council can mean nothing less, as the politicians view it, than that Mr. Roosevelt has profound misgivings about the security of "my policies" in the hands of his successor. And by way of further heartening to the "back from Elba" movement, former Secretary of the Interior Garfield, just about the same time, permitted intimation to reach the public that he did not care to run for Governor of Ohio this year because to do so would require him to occupy a platform endorsing the administration.

At Khartoum, at Cairo, at Naples, advisers awaited Mr. Roosevelt and a vast mail had accumulated. One adviser told the ex-President frankly that the country was determined next November to rebuke the Republican Party, and that if by the interposition of his personal influence and authority he should stave off that rebuke and save the House to the Republicans, the victory would be accepted by the Hale-Aldrich-Cannon leadership as endorsement of their past performances and justification for continuing a like course throughout the remainder of this administration. The inevitable result must be disaster to the party in the 1912 election. Mr. Roosevelt therefore was urged not to interpose his hand to save the House this year, lest by so doing the disaster be postponed until presidential year and involve the party in ruin instead of merely giving it a wholesome corrective.

To all these reports and advices the ex-President has made no reply except that he shall decline to discuss political matters until he has returned to America and has had time to study the situation at first hand.

What Will "Teddy" Do?

THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

THE death of Justice David J. Brewer of the Supreme Court removes one of the veterans of that great tribunal. Justice Brewer was the only member of the court from west of the Mississippi, having been appointed from Kansas. During his very long service he had developed the conservative type of mind, and in his later years was looked upon by many people as the most vigorous representative of conservatism on the bench. President Roosevelt and Justice Brewer entertained most cordial dislike for each other because of their extreme divergence of views upon some of our social and economic problems.

Justice Brewer's Death

With Justice Moody too ill to sit with the court, this vacancy has left only seven supreme justices. President Taft has been quoted as indicating that he will not appoint a successor to Justice Brewer for some time. In administration circles it is not thought there is serious danger of getting minority opinions in the big pending cases, such as the Standard Oil, the Tobacco Trust and the Interstate Commerce cases. The administration is not only confident of winning these cases, but expects to win them by such decided preponderance of the court as will make the decision certain to stand despite any early changes in the personnel of the court.

WHILE the country is waiting to learn from the Supreme Court whether the Standard Oil Company is a criminal conspiracy, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, head of that company, has had presented in Congress a bill to incorporate his vast estate into the Rockefeller Foundation. The Foundation is to be perpetually chartered to administer the estate as a business proposition, and to spend its income in charity, benevolences, education, religion and other good work. The proposal thus to donate to humanity the greatest fortune ever built by one man called forth an amount of eulogy which must have been soothing to the much-berated and belabored Mr. Rockefeller.

A Gift With a String to It

At the risk of seeming to sound a discordant note, we venture that society would be better served if the talents of men like Mr. Rockefeller could be kept at work for it without paying such tremendously high wages as to make a man a billionaire. It is good of Mr. Rockefeller to give us back our billion; but we should not forget that it is our billion, piped into his coffers by means of facilities which the laws granted, or at least have not effectually denied to him. At best, Mr. Rockefeller's gift, with its great possibility for good, looks like a poultice to public sentiment. At worst, the possibility is suggested that if the Supreme Court dissolves the Standard Oil Company, this new Rockefeller Foundation might prove the means to negative the court's mandate by giving a new lease of life to the great monopoly, in the guise of a magnificent charity. The Rockefeller Foundation has asked a most unusual grant of corporate powers, including exemption from taxation.

A St. Louis man has patented a device for street-cars which announces by means of a sign the name of the street or station that has just been reached. Like the modern magazine, this sign not only gives useful information but it pays for itself by displaying with each remark a fresh advertisement. The idea is that while watching for his street to appear, the passenger will learn much to his or somebody's advantage about tooth powder, folding-beds, hair renewers and real-estate.

Something for Every One

To get the best results the ads. should be consistent with the locality. Suppose, for example, the device was installed in the New York subway. One could read:

Wall Street: Invest your money with Stingem & Co. You may get some of it back.

Brooklyn Bridge: Get Squally's pocket baby carriage. Grand Central: Eighty-nine minutes to Arcadia. Lots \$1 a week.

Times Square: If you are not tired already, see Dolly Dimples in the Silver Toothpick.

New and startling possibilities in publicity unfold themselves with the passing hours.

SEVENTEEN cities and towns in Kansas have adopted commission government, Neodesha being the latest recruit. Kansas now leads in the number of cities which have abolished the old ward lines, even surpassing Texas, where the idea originated. Sioux City, Iowa, and Eau Claire, Wisconsin, are recent converts and there are now about sixty cities in all, representing sixteen States. Thus far there has been no disposition to go back to the old irresponsible system of ward politics.

The New Rule Popular

As there are no facts available to warrant Mr. Schiff's assertion, we must conclude that there is some reason not unconnected with stocks and bonds why he wants a war scare. People who run newspapers or who build battle-ships have scares when they are helpful—why not bankers?

THANKS to the diplomacy of President Taft, the threatened tariff war with Canada seems to have been averted. An agreement growing out of the President's meeting with Governor-General Earl Grey at Albany was made possible by concessions on both sides, and it is to the credit rather than the discredit of the President that the United States made most of the concessions. As a result, not only has a tariff war which would have been a great misfortune to both countries been averted, but the exchange of letters between Secretary Knox and Finance Minister Fielding justifies a hope for further reciprocal trade relations with our neighbor on the north.

Trade Peace With Canada

VARIOUS bills to recognize and reward Commander Peary's discovery of the North Pole were sent to a sub-committee of the House Committee on Naval Affairs. To the surprise of everybody and the disgust of nearly everybody, the sub-committee found that it wasn't really certain Peary had ever been to the Pole. It opined that before he was granted the thanks of Congress or a promotion, he ought to come before the committee with his proofs and present conclusive demonstration that he had n't Cooked the community. The fact that there is n't a man on the Naval Committee, much less on the sub-committee, with any possible qualification for passing on Peary's proofs, made no difference to these cautious patriots. They wanted to see the goods. This cavalier treatment of a man now recognized and honored by almost every important government except his own, caused a vigorous outburst of indignation.

Peary Must Show Proofs

AMONG other efforts which Mayor Gaynor of New York is making to improve this city's government is his serious proposal to abolish the personal property tax. He and Lawson Purdy, president of the tax board, have discovered that the personal property tax is almost obsolete, that it is a fruitful source of perjury on the part of our more opulent citizens, and that it has actually driven many rich people to take up their residence elsewhere. Mr. Purdy shows that only four and a half million of dollars a year are collected from personal tax, and that a tax rate increase of six or seven cents on real estate would cover this comparatively trifling sum. He believes that the increase in values resulting from the complete abolition of this tax would more than make up the loss to the city, and there would be a substantial balance in the way of honesty and truth-telling left over. This question is one with which not only New York but all of our cities will some time have to deal, and there is a significant trend, these days, toward single-tax ideas.

Abolishing the Personal Tax

SENATOR LODGE's committee, which has undertaken to acquit the tariff of any responsibility for high cost of living, examined a Baltimore retailer who said half the retailers in his town were on the verge of bankruptcy. He mentioned that the poorer people were spending so much money at five-cent moving-picture shows that they could n't pay their bills. Whereupon the committee displayed much concern about the influence of the moving-picture show, and the tendency of the proletariat to squander its substance. The fact that the moving-picture shows are credited with keeping many people out of saloons, and with providing the cheapest and least harmful amusement, was overlooked. We can only hope the committee will not impose on the five-cent shows the entire burden which somebody will have to carry if tariff and trusts get their expected acquittal.

Moving Pictures and High Prices

ONE of the advantages of great wealth is the ability to own a private war scare. Jacob H. Schiff is one of the latest to acquire one. Japan, the financier says, has joined hands with Russia and England against China and the rest of us, and if we are not very careful we shall be drawn into a controversy, with disastrous results. As Mr. Schiff was the financial representative of Japan in America during the Russian War, his remarks have occasioned considerable alarm. So we are all cordially invited to join Mr. Schiff in a little war scare.

Schiff's War Scare

As there are no facts available to warrant Mr. Schiff's assertion, we must conclude that there is some reason not unconnected with stocks and bonds why he wants a war scare. People who run newspapers or who build battle-ships have scares when they are helpful—why not bankers?

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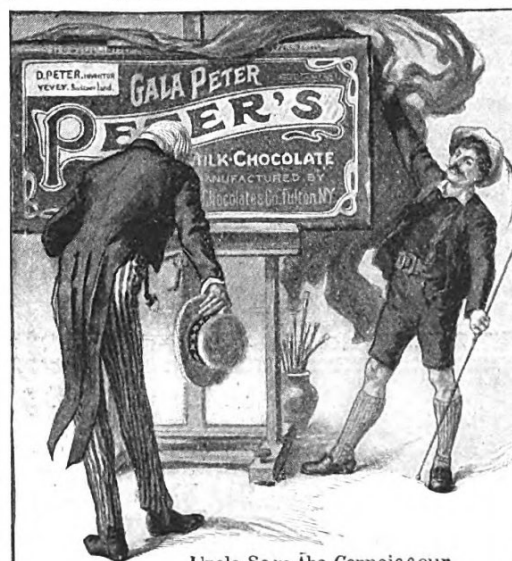


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THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

AN UNSUCCESSFUL but apparently sincere effort to settle the Philadelphia car strike was made by Senator Boies Penrose, who acted as mediator between the traction company and the strikers and secured a promise of liberal concessions from the company. While the union doubtless had good reasons for refusing the terms offered, which did not include recognition, it is obvious that the responsibility for the continuance of the strike was shifted on that day from the company to the men.

The Philadelphia Situation

As we write, the car strike continues but the general strike has been called off, having been only partially successful. The union leaders propose forming a labor party in Pennsylvania and putting a ticket in the field before the next election.

MEANWHILE, strikes, the inevitable results of high prices, are breaking out everywhere. There is still grave menace of a big strike of railroad employees throughout the West, and in the East the Pennsylvania, Reading, and New Haven railroads have been compelled to raise wages. The strike of street-railway employees in New Jersey was practically a sympathetic strike inspired by the Philadelphia struggle. Paper-mill workers in New York State struck for recognition of the union, and troops were called out to prevent disorder. Finally the long threatened strike of bituminous coal miners has occurred and 300,000 men have been called out.

Strikes Everywhere

Governor Fort of New Jersey declared in a recent speech that revolution would yet result from the labor problem unless effective provisions were made to enforce arbitration. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has called upon the Federal Government to enforce the antitrust law against the Steel Corporation as vigorously as the same law has been invoked against organized labor.

CAPTAIN FRITZ DUQUESNE, native of the Transvaal, secret service officer of the Boer Government, African hunter, naturalist, author and lecturer, proposes to introduce in the southern and southwestern part of the United States some of the most useful animals of the African rivers and deserts. He declares that many of them would flourish in our climate and become a very valuable addition to our fauna. He says they would produce leather, meat and other commercial articles in great quantities from regions which now are almost unproductive. The proposal has met with favor in influential circles in Washington.

African Animals for the Southwest

PRESIDENT SHONTS, of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company in New York City, a few weeks ago found seventy-five million antique tickets in his storeroom. These tickets bore the name of the Manhattan Railway Company, which no longer exists, but Mr. Shonts, who is an economical soul, decided that they could very well be used on the elevated railroad, and a considerable printing bill saved. The true inwardness of this device became plain later on when the public discovered that these tickets became brittle when carried in the pocket, and went to pieces. As it is not feasible to approach the ticket man with a dozen small pieces of dirty paper and ask him to let you ride on his train in exchange for them, it is quite possible that President Shonts has hit upon a brand new idea in traction finance—tickets which are buyable but not usable. The profit to the company under this system might well be marvelous, and in time, the troublesome and expensive running of trains might be dispensed with entirely.

A New Form of Economy

THE office of assistant to the Attorney-General was created for the head trust-buster of the National administration. Mr. Wade Ellis of Ohio having resigned this position, President Taft has nominated W. S. Kenyon of Iowa to succeed him. Mr. Kenyon has been general attorney of the Illinois Central Railroad. This railroad connection has occasioned some misapprehension about his predilections in the matter of trust-busting. For years, in Iowa politics, Mr. Kenyon has been a leading Progressive, an ardent supporter of Senators Cummins and Dolliver and a strong tariff reformer. He has long wished to get out of the corporation practise, and the position to which he has been called was particularly acceptable because it offered the opportunity. Mr. Kenyon can safely be written down as a man of large ability, wide experience, and thoroughly modern and progressive viewpoint.

A Promising Trust-Buster

THERE is, of course, nothing new in the idea that the body of a person who recovers from a contagious disease contains something antagonistic to that malady. This is the principle underlying serum treatments which have done so much to combat smallpox and diphtheria. Experiments are now being made along similar lines with typhoid fever. Three hundred officers and men in the army station on Staten Island have been inoculated with typhoid fever germs and the medical authorities are hoping for valuable results. At the same time, Dr. Hodenpyl of the Roosevelt Hospital, New York, has been making experiments along slightly different lines with cancer, and while he disclaims having discovered a cancer cure his reports are decidedly encouraging. Experiments were first made with mice, and, when the harmlessness of the treatment was absolutely established, with human beings. Fluids taken from the body of a recovered cancer patient were injected into bodies of those suffering and beneficial results were obtained.

Combating Typhoid and Cancer

SENATOR OWENS of Oklahoma has introduced a bill providing for a Federal Department of Health, with a secretary who shall be a member of the Cabinet. He proposes to transfer to that department all of the health and medical work now being done in some eight or more departments, and to create bureaus of biology, chemistry, veterinary service and sanitary engineering.

In support of his bill, Senator Owens made a vigorous speech denouncing the haphazard, unrelated, inefficient health efforts now being made by the Government at a cost of over fifteen million dollars annually. He showed that the six hundred thousand lives lost annually by preventable disease and the three billion dollars per annum cost from death and sickness could largely be saved by a Federal health department. The Committee of One Hundred, of which Prof. Irving Fisher is president, is backing this movement heartily and urges its friends to write their Congressmen in support of the measure.

THE report comes from one of our great universities that animal spirits are on the decline among the undergraduates. There is a greater tone of seriousness on the campus these days, they say, and in certain localities unmistakable tendencies toward an interest in books. Eccentricity and riotous excesses have given place to gravity and a desire to get on in the world.

A Department of Health

WHILE we should all be sorry to see some of the picturesque student customs disappear, we can easily spare the old-time putting cows in the chapel, painting numerals on university property, harassing instructors and man-handling fellow students. It takes a strong will-power to laugh at some of the typical college pranks of the older day.

SOME folks in Boston were inclined to be grieved when a Harvard professor came forward with a demonstration that the Norsemen of the eleventh century didn't visit Boston at all. Boston, however, rose to the occasion and consoled itself finally with the reflection that it was so much the worse for the Norsemen.

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FORMER Secretary of the Interior Garfield, testifying before the Congressional Committee investigating the Ballinger-Pinchot dispute, declared that on September 17, 1908, Mr. Richard A. Ballinger, then a private citizen, came to Secretary Garfield with an affidavit signed by Clarence Cunningham, declaring that the Guggenheims had no interest whatever in the Cunningham coal claims in Alaska. Mr. Garfield pointed out that this statement had since been shown to have been false, by the testimony of Messrs. Birch and Steele, of the Guggenheim-Morgan syndicate, who before the Senate Committee on Territories a few weeks ago admitted that at that time the syndicate had made a contract with Clarence Cunningham to take over the claims as soon as they should have been patented. Mr. Garfield's testimony as a whole was most damaging to the case of Secretary Ballinger.

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THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

The Month Abroad

THE only thing of which Colonel Roosevelt seems incapable is halting long between two opinions. He had not been in Cairo a week before he was getting himself involved in Egyptian politics. "All good men," he

Roosevelt Stirs Egypt

said in his address at the University of Cairo, "all men of every nation whose respect is worth having were inexpressibly shocked by the assassination of Boutros." As Boutros Pasha was assassinated by a member of the Egyptian Nationalist party, and as the act was approved by the Young Egypt movement, the ex-President's remarks were regarded as an endorsement of British rule. The Nationalist newspapers criticized his address warmly and a group of students came around and "demonstrated" in front of his hotel, though he was away at the time lunching with Prince Eitel Friedrich.

In other quarters Mr. Roosevelt's bold remarks were warmly commended. In short, he was the center of a storm of praise and criticism that was quite reminiscent of old times.

BEFORE the tumult and the shouting had time to die, Mr. Roosevelt was off to Rome—and to another controversy. It seems that while still back in Africa Mr. Roosevelt had written asking for an audience with the Pope. His holiness would be delighted, came the reply through the proper channels, and only hoped that nothing would arise to

Also Rome

prevent it, such as the much regretted incident which made the reception of Mr. Fairbanks impossible. The ex-President, realizing that this meant that he must not visit the Methodist church in Rome, respectfully declined to submit to any conditions which would limit his freedom of conduct, and after further exchange of cablegrams the engagement was called off. While at Rome Mr. Roosevelt did not visit the Methodist church. He addressed a communication to his fellow Americans through *The Outlook*, in which he protested that he had acted in the only way possible for an American to act.

While conceding the Pope's privilege of receiving or not receiving whomsoever he chooses, most Americans justify Mr. Roosevelt in declining to submit to any restrictions.

THE British Conservatives are playing their parliamentary cards well. It is now pretty apparent that before forcing another appeal to the country they mean to allow the budget to be adopted and the budget issue eliminated from current political consideration. Likewise, under the leadership of Lord Rosebery, they have taken a long step toward depriving the Liberals of the House

The Self- Reforming Lords

of Lords issue. The Hereditary Chamber, by an almost unanimous vote, passed a resolution declaring that reform of the upper chamber is inevitable, and "that a necessary preliminary to such reform and reconstitution is acceptance of the principle that possession of a peerage should no longer of itself give the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords."

At the same time the Liberals in the House of Commons have not surrendered their privilege of reforming, and Mr. Asquith is pressing his measure to take the absolute veto away from the upper House. Between the two methods the Lords will find it difficult to escape being regenerated.

THE Conservatives are preparing for a campaign during the summer or early autumn on the question of protection. The outlook is not promising to the Liberals. The millions of unemployed in the United Kingdom are unable to believe any change could make their condition worse.

Preparing for a Death Struggle

The best advices from England are that the forthcoming election is likely to be a defeat for the Liberals without being a victory for the Unionists; that is, that no matter which party is called to form a Government, it will be unable to command anything like a permanent working majority in the Commons. There will then be in sight a long period of propaganda by the Socialists and other extreme Radicals, and of persistent resistance by the Conservatives. Plainly, the real struggle between Socialism and Toryism in Britain is going to be postponed until the line can be drawn much more sharply than it is now. But the crisis will come in Britain sooner than in any other country simply because Britain has traveled further around the economic circle.

THE serious social and industrial condition to which England has come is shown in a report of a committee of prominent British statesmen and sociologists headed by Lord Milner. In their investigation they

Degenerate English Children

found that the British people are undergoing a moral and physical retrogression. Children are mostly below the standard of useful units, and are constantly entering the ranks of the unemployed and loafers and criminals. The cause lies in child labor, and the remedy, according to the committee, in stringent prohibitive laws against street-selling, reduction of hours of labor in industries and compulsory education up to the age of seventeen.

THAT troublesome Electoral Bill passed the Prussian Diet on March 16, by a vote of two hundred and thirty-eight to one hundred and sixty-eight. Liebknecht, the veteran Socialist, made a speech denouncing the Government for its refusal to grant equality of suffrage to the workingmen and referred to the Diet as a den of hucksters who had bartered away the rights of the

More Suffrage Troubles

people. The Conservatives left the hall in large numbers while Liebknecht warned the Government that the fight for suffrage would go on. Riots and rumors of a general strike followed the passage of the bill.

The German Reichstag adopted a resolution demanding that the chancellor (which means virtually the Kaiser) be responsible to that body for his administration. This bill is aimed at Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg because of his unpopular attitude on the suffrage question, and if passed will force his resignation. Thus the fight for a just franchise in Prussia, instead of being settled has grown more tense than ever.

THE friends of Nicholas Tchaykovsky and of the cause of freedom in Russia are rejoicing over his acquittal by the St. Petersburg court. Mr. Tchaykovsky, who is seventy-four years old, is called the Father of the Russian Revolution, and it was feared that the Government would not overlook his lifetime of devotion to the cause of liberty.

Joy and Sorrow in Russia

His innumerable friends, however, in America and in Europe petitioned the Russian Government for his life and the result shows that even that shameless autocracy is somewhat amenable to public opinion.

But joy over the release of this grand old man was cut short by the announcement that Katherine Breshkovskaya, "the Little Grandmother," also well known in America and loved wherever liberty is loved for her life of devotion to the cause of the people, had been sentenced to exile in Siberia after a hasty and secret trial. She is seventy-seven and this, of course, is her farewell.

UNDER the inspiration of the high and increasing price of rubber, London is indulging itself in a perfect orgy of speculation in the stock of rubber plantations. The fever pervades all classes of society, and many a hard-earned shilling is going into the stock. Over thirty-five million dollars have already been subscribed and some sixty new companies have been formed to relieve

Rubber Hysteria in London

the distress of people who have money to invest.

Of course the real basis for this speculation is the fact that automobiles have caused a greater demand for rubber than the market can readily supply, and that this bids fair to increase for some time to come. On the other hand, innumerable things may happen to the rubber market during the ten or more years while the trees of these new plantations are maturing. Suppose some cheap substitute for tire material is discovered, or what is more likely, the high price forces new methods of marketing the limitless supplies of Africa and Brazil? The bottom may drop out of the market and spill out an immense number of good English sovereigns.

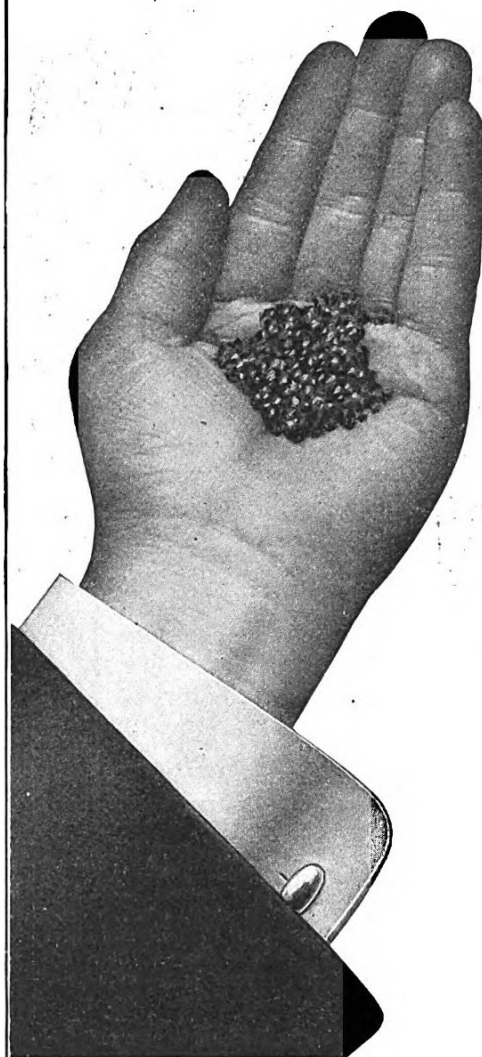
JAMES A. PATTEN will doubtless cut wide circles around Manchester, England, when he goes to that country again. Believing him responsible for the rise in the price of cotton, the members of the exchange in the great city of textiles jostled the

Patten's Adven- tures in Manchester

Chicago speculator out of the front door and the "clarks" and "cos-termongers" hooted him down the street until he was rescued by the "bobbies." Mr. Patten is back in our midst now, rather disgruntled because his particular brand of genius is not appreciated in England. Why did n't he try Monte Carlo?

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HIGHEST AWARD, CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR, 1893.
Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904

THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

Women Everywhere

SIR CHARLES McLERAN is championing in the English Commons a series of bills to reorganize the marriage service with a view to making it honest. The High Church service enjoins: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands as unto the Lord," which, Sir Charles says, the ladies never have any intention of doing, and which, Sir Charles's wife says, involves an arrogation to the men of Godlike quality which she regards as a characteristic bit of masculine buncombe. Further on the service contains the man's vow: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," which Sir Charles and Mrs. Sir Charles declare is just a plain lie. He never means it for fifteen minutes after the knot is tied.

The Dishonest Marriage Service

A BANK exclusively for women has been opened in London. Its manager is Miss May Bateman, a novelist, and she has two women assistants. On the opening day in March the bank had over four hundred deposits, many of which had been transferred from Farrow's Bank, of which it is a branch. Mr. Farrow is the man who recently started an automobile bank which travels through the country receiving deposits and paying withdrawals.

PRESIDENT TAFT's promise that he will address the Forty-third Annual Convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association in Washington this month has given much cheer to the suffrage workers. It will be the first time a President has appeared as a speaker before this convention. The striking revival of interest, especially among men, in the woman's suffrage movement, suggests that the men are really more likely to force the suffrage on the women than the women are to make effectual demands for it themselves. The proposal of a national straw vote of women, to indicate how many of them want suffrage, has not been amiably received by leaders of the movement, who admit that such a vote would probably record a large majority of women in the negative, but utterly decline to be satisfied with such an expression. They say the fact that many women have not yet come to appreciate that to vote is a duty and not a privilege ought not to be made an apparent argument against requiring women to perform their part of the social obligation.

President Encourages Suffragists

DO WASHERWOMEN contribute to the spread of contagious diseases? Atlanta has been looking into this question and has found cases in which disease germs have been sent home with the laundered clothes. The washerwomen there are mostly negroes and their homes are sometimes unsanitary. To remedy the difficulty it is proposed to forbid women taking in washing while there is a case of contagious disease in the house, or afterward until thorough disinfection. Realizing that this rule must work both ways, housekeepers are also forbidden to send out soiled linen from a house where there is contagious disease.

Washerwomen and Disease

SEÑORITA AMANDA AZAR, a beautiful Syrian girl, has been playing the rôle of a modern Helen of Troy for the Santo Domingan Republic. Despite that she was of foreign birth, the fetching señorita was nominated for queen of the National Carnival. The know-nothing element protested vigorously, and reports declare that the National Cabinet, the army and the police force of the capital became hopelessly divided on the issue. The Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Minister of Finance endorsed the Liberal movement to the extent of offering to marry Miss Azar. Santo Domingo is not unaccustomed to cabinet crises, but this was a strictly new kind and President Caceres had a hard time maintaining his neutrality and preserving the peace. A string of duels of the innocuous Parisian kind was instant to the crisis. On the popular vote, Miss Azar's dark, pensive eyes and dainty olive complexion won in a walk and she was chosen queen. Then it was charged that the ballot-box had been stuffed, though the supporters of Miss Azar disclaimed knowledge of any padding. Compromise was finally effected by choosing an assistant queen, a native daughter, and the twain presided jointly over the festivities.

A New Kind of Revolution

THE men of Chicago have been waging war upon the long and dangerous hatpins now being worn by women. They carried their grievance to the city council, declaring that they were led to this ungallant stand only by the danger to their faces and eyes.

Women's Hat Legislation

"If women care to wear carrots and roosters on their heads," said one objector at the public hearing, "that is a matter of their own concern, but when it comes to wearing swords they must be stopped." Women should not be an exception, they thought, to the law against concealed weapons.

The council voted for disarmament amid feminine cries of "shame," and made it a fifty-dollar misdemeanor to wear a pin extending one-half inch beyond the crown of the hat.

One House of the New Jersey Legislature, about the same time, passed a bill forbidding the wearing of birds on hats.

PERSONS of the MOMENT

"BOSTON, 1915," has chosen as its executive director James P. Monroe. He is said to be a man of great ability and breadth of view. It is thought that he will be able to do much for this movement.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, the British explorer who attained the farthest south, has accepted the American challenge for a race to the other Pole. He has been lecturing in the United States and was entertained by President Taft at the White House.

THE death of Dr. Louis Klopsch has caused mourning in religious, philanthropic and magazine circles. As editor of the *Christian Herald* he is said to have raised and disbursed nearly four million dollars for the relief of suffering and the advance of Christianity throughout the world.

THE charges against Jotham P. Allds, the New York Senator, accused of bribery were sustained by his colleagues by an almost unanimous vote. Aldridge, the boss of Rochester, who was involved in the fire insurance bribery scandal, promptly announced his candidacy for Congress on the Republican ticket.

WALTER SCHWAB, a Baltimore newspaper reporter, recently inherited \$5,000,000. When he came out of the trance he went back to his job with the observation that he would stick to it until he had received a few sample remittances and got better accustomed to the sensation.

SINCE Wm. J. Bryan disclaims any intention of running for United States Senator in Nebraska, Gilbert M. Hitchcock proposes to stand in an exposed spot where the Democratic nomination may easily fall upon him. Mr. Hitchcock edits the *Omaha World-Herald* for a living and goes to Congress for recreation.

THE other day it was announced that Daniel Waldo Field, millionaire several times over, aged forty-five, had withdrawn from active business and entered Harvard. Mr. Field is the head of several big corporations, a single one of which in the shoe business employs between 4,000 and 5,000 hands. He has decided to take the college course because he wants it.

THE King of Italy has designated the handsome and dashing young Duke of the Abruzzi as his personal representative at the International Exposition at Buenos Aires. Report is that the duke will visit the United States on his way home, and the gossips are much concerned about whether the romance of the Duke and Miss Katherine Elkins is about to enter upon a new phase.

RECENT developments in Ohio have increased the probability that Governor Judson Harmon will be reelected by the Democrats the coming fall. Such a result will make Governor Harmon a more promising Presidential possibility even than he has been heretofore. Meanwhile it becomes increasingly apparent that the same old ultra-conservative element in the Democratic Party which nominated Parker in 1904 is organizing to back Harmon for the leadership in 1912.

POINT & PLEASANTRY



Too Much

LATE one afternoon Michael Flannigan and Dennis O'Rourke met upon the avenue. Mike was considerably under the weather.

"Moike," asked O'Rourke, "why don't yez brace up, and lave the dhrink alone?"

"Oi've thried, Dinnie, but the job's too big for me."

"Thry this once more, Moike. Here's a church forinst us. Go in there, old man, and confiss and take a frish start. I'll wait outside."

He waited until he was tired, then, peering into the darkened building, said in a hoarse whisper:

"Moike!"

"Phwat?"

"Have yez confissed?"

"Oi have that!"

"Where's the prast?"

"E gorrah, Dinnie, and Oi think he's gone out to call a cop."—A. J. KOLYN.

Halter for a Hungry Fish

TO MAKE sure the youngster was not disobeying the bass-fishing law, the game warden took his string of fish out of the water and found only catfish, perch and suckers on the line. A few feet further down the stream he found a large black bass wiggling on a string weighted down with a stone, and asked the boy what he was doing with that fish.

"Well you see," answered the boy, "he's been taking my bait all the morning, and so I just tied him up there until I got through fishing."—C. M. GRISSOM.

A Neighborly Precaution

THE new clerk at the drug store returned the prescription to the old customer with a request that he wait till the boss returned.

"But why can't you fill it out?"

"I could if you was a stranger, but I ain't to fill 'em for folks that lives about here."—R. F. HOUSE.

Modern Science

JOHN, on his return from Sunday-school, announced with some interest that the Arnold boys had capsize their sailboat and had been picked up nearly drowned and brought ashore by Captain Jim.

"That comes of sailing on Sundays," snapped auntie.

"Oh, no," explained John with disconcerting superiority, "Captain Jim said it was because they had the sheet made fast."—MARY STARBUCK.

Biblical Baseball

TWO colored baseball fans were discussing the age of the Great National Game. One said he had traced it back to 1850.

"I can trace it back to the beginning of the world," said his companion. "The Bible tells us that Eve stole first, Adam got put out at the Garden of Eden, David struck out Goliath, the Prodigal Son made a home run and Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea."—H. C. WARD.

Undeniably

The milk of human kindness is never condensed.

You can't preserve friendship in alcohol.

It's safer being bent on economy than broke on extravagance.

Many family trees are shady.

If the birds were all early, there would n't be worms enough to go round.

The ancients believed the world was square. Perhaps it was in those days.

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."

Sightseeing

ON A visit to his grandmother, Harry examined her handsome furniture with interest and then asked: "Grandma, where is the miserable table that papa says you always keep?"

—R. M. WINANS.

Just a Little Exercise

THE elevator conductor of a tall office building, noticing that the colored janitor had ridden up with him several times that morning, remarked: "Sam, this is the fifth time I have taken you up, but you have not come down with me." "Well, you see," Sam replied, "Ah been washin' windows on de 'leventh floor, and every now and agin' Ah misses mah hold and falls out."

—GEO. L. WHITMORE.

Higher Criticism

GEORGIANA was making preparations for her doll's birthday party and her brother stood by helplessly, receiving instructions. "Oh, Palmer," she exclaimed suddenly, "first we must take this child over to church and have her criticized."—ANNE PARTLAN.

Advice for the Waiter

JACK BARRYMORE dropped into a Broadway restaurant the other day and fate assigned to him a waiter who, to quote the actor, was "solid ivory from the chin up."

Failing to get anything he ordered, he at last lost patience.

"Waiter," he said, "you are the ultimate thing in punk dispensers of gastronomic provender! Why don't you chuck this job and try piccolo-playing at the opera?"

"I no can play-a da peecalo," said the waiter.

"That's all right," replied Barrymore. "Why waste all your incompetence in one place?"—GLENMORE DAVIS.

Summer Plans and Specifications

GET out the time-tables, Lucy, surely we're late this spring.

For it's time to plan vacation and the annual summering. We who have planned together junkets and trips and tours—

Harken to my plans, Lucy, and I will listen to yours.

First we must go to the mountains, up where it's clear and dry—

"But I don't like the mountains; they're likely to be too high.

Rather for us the seashore, by the Atlantic deep—"

But I don't like the ocean; its noise never lets me sleep.

"Why not a trip to Europe, where we can have a change?"

But I am afraid of Europe, where everything seems so strange.

"Well, let us try the Rockies, and travel the boundless West—"

But that would be work, my dearest, and the thing we both need is rest.

"Haply, then, Nova Scotia, cool as a mountain grot—"

Cool? Don't you ever think it! Sometimes it's terribly hot.

"Well, let us seek the country, up in the woods of Maine—"

Perish the very notion! Miles from a boat or train!

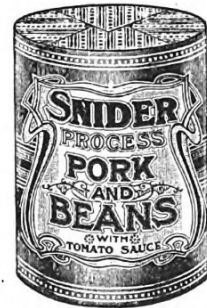
I could go on forever, telling each futile plan, Reporting each conversation that ends right where it began;

But here's the *motif* of my ballad, this is the crux of my pome:

That Lucy and I do this each year—and end by staying at home.

—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

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for
the Next
Meal



A plate of steaming delicious

Snider Pork & Beans

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People Who Radiate Force

A NOTED cripple once said that he classified his friends by the degree in which they reminded him of his deformity or made him forget it. It is interesting to note how different people affect us by their thoughts about us, their presence and influence. The moment one man comes into our presence he seems to touch the very springs which let loose all that is mean and contemptible, defiant in us. He arouses our antagonism every time he speaks. He chafes us, irritates us, arouses our opposition even against our will.

He belongs to a type of character that does not harmonize with the best that is in us. We have an instinctive dread of people of this kind. They stir up and give new life to the very traits of character which we try to eradicate. These irritators drag out to the light the skeletons we have tried to bury. If they do not always mean to injure us, they do, nevertheless. We try to be agreeable to them, but they throw a wet blanket on our enthusiasm, put a damper on our spontaneity, our buoyancy, until we actually suffer in their presence, and feel that a great load has been lifted from us when they depart.

On the other hand, there are people who are a perpetual inspiration to us. Every time they come near us, we feel as though we had taken a spiritual tonic, a mental bath. Where the others made us feel ten years older, these people renew our youth. We feel the tingle of young life coursing through our veins. All the antagonism we felt toward the irritators has gone in an instant; the sun has broken out of dark clouds and brought fresh life and cheer, and we feel a new joy of living.

These delightful people multiply our good qualities and traduce our bad ones; they make us touch heights we could not approach alone. When they are with us we do things and say things easily which would have been impossible in the presence of those who antagonize or depress us.

No matter what sorrows or difficulties we may be passing through, these inspiring characters come with a healing balm in their presence; they bring hopefulness and joy and peace and comfort. We long for their coming; we dread to have them go, because they have changed our very climate from an arctic to a temperate one. We take new courage when they come again; they add strength to our determination to make the most of life.

In the presence of these rare characters we feel an added force of power which we can not describe, but whose potency can not be questioned.

No one has ever been able to explain this personal power, but we have all felt its effects. Laura Bridgman, the famous deaf-mute, said that she felt a distinct force when certain people came near her which either attracted or repelled her according to the character of the person. Her attendants said she would instinctively shrink, as though something was going to harm her, whenever a bad person came near her. She could feel character; could sense moral status.

Whatever this personality-force may be, we know that it is a power for good or evil.

Some noted bad characters in history ruined a great many people because of this tremendous personal force, this magnetism, which practically hypnotized others, just as birds are sometimes held by the magnetism of a snake's eye until they lose their power of resistance and fall to the ground.

A bad man or woman with great brain power and a strong magnetic force can do untold injury to those who come within the magic of their influence, just as a clean, pure, large-hearted, large-brained person, with strong magnetic qualities, can do infinite good in attracting people from the wrong to the right.

The right kind of magnetism is just as cultivable as the wrong kind, and what a glorious thing it is to be able, wherever we go through life, to make ourselves magnets for good, attracting people toward the true, the noble, the beautiful.

It is not a very difficult thing to cultivate the ability to radiate power, to be felt as a real force in the world. It is not a very difficult art to acquire. *It is the positive qualities that radiate force, the plus, the creative qualities that send out beneficent power.*

Your reputation will depend upon the quality of the impression you make upon others. If you make a weak impression, you will be taken for a weakling. On the

other hand, if you radiate constructive force and power you will carry weight in your community.

How refreshing it is, what a tonic, to meet a person who is an original force and who has such a strong individuality that we instinctively feel that we have met a real man. A stranger once accidentally met Webster. He said that although he did not know who he was, after talking with him a few minutes he was conscious that he had been in the presence of a tremendous power, an original force.

Bee-lines, Short Cuts and Quick Methods

WITHIN the last ten years our great railroads have spent many millions of dollars straightening curves on their lines, often just to save a few minutes' time. The late Mr. Harriman spent vast sums for this purpose. In early railroad days the great object was to avoid expense. The railroads often took a serpentine direction, winding around mountains, hills and long distances to avoid heavy cuts, fillings or bridges. Time was not so valuable then as now, but, as life became more strenuous, competition keener and men's time of more worth, the roads were shortened and better beds, heavier cars and heavier rails came.

Modern business men consider it great economy to take short routes and fast trains because of the rapidly increasing value of time. "Anything to save time" is one of the great mottoes of to-day.

Everything possible is now done to save time, ensure speed, safety, and economy of energy. Any railroad to-day which could cut the Twentieth Century Limited's time between New York and Chicago half an hour would very quickly put the Twentieth Century out of business, unless it also could increase speed. This is an age of bee-line short cuts and quick methods in everything.

Business men will pay more for any device or facility which will save time than for almost anything else. No expense or ingenuity is spared, especially by the great railroads which run competing lines, to accomplish shortened routes, to quicken service.

In the pioneer stage days of our history, before competition had become so fierce, a liberal education and special training were not so necessary as they are to-day. Now the youth must be a specialist, must spend years in training for his specialty. He must lay a larger and firmer foundation for preparation than formerly if he expects to get anywhere near the top of his vocation. He must remove all possible obstructions, must have a better training, better equipment and more scientific outfit in every way, or he can not hope to succeed. As the railroad to-day which will persist in winding about hills and meandering long distances to avoid a river crossing or tunneling hills or mountains stands no show for competition with up-to-date roads, so the young man who expects to get on can not afford any handicap which will retard his progress or reduce his chances of success.

The trouble with most youths is that they do not pay enough attention to straightening their tracks and reducing grades. They try to speed on crooked, ill-made roads and dangerous grades, with light rails, poor equipment, and the result is thousands of wrecks.

Every man should lay out a clean, straight, level track to his goal. All obstructions should be removed, all dangers and risks reduced to a minimum, making his road straight, firm, solid and safe.

When great railroads make test trials in competing for the transcontinental mails, they not only see that the tracks, the cars and the engine are in perfect condition; they even pick out the finest pieces of coal, those containing the greatest possible amount of energy, and which leave the smallest amount of clinkers or ashes. The utmost care is exercised in lubricating bearings. Tracks are kept clear, and everything possible is done to secure speed and safety.

Yet everywhere we see people making their great life race in poor, broken-down cars, on crooked tracks, light, loose rails, over heavy grades. They are always losing time by reason of hot boxes and accidents of all kinds, yet they wonder why they can not compete with those who are better equipped. They took little or no precaution to insure success when they started out on their trip; little regard was paid to the condition of their roads or cars, to the food fuel as to its energy and bulk, or to any of the essential things on which success depends. Yet they wonder why they do not win in the race.

The Magic of Optimism

I KNOW of no one thing, excepting good character, that will help a young man so much as the persistent cultivation of robust optimism. It is a great health-builder, business-getter, friend-maker. It increases one's happiness and doubles one's ability.

I have a friend in New York who three years ago was so afflicted with tuberculosis that he was confined to his bed most of the time, and yet he is of such a sunny nature, so hopeful and cheerful, that, in spite of the diagnosis of his physicians that he must die, he not only managed to conduct an enormous business of which he is head, carry himself successfully through the panic when some of the financiers and banks backing him went to the wall, and everybody predicted that he would fail, but he has actually regained his health, to the amazement of his physicians.

His creditors say that had it not been for his wonderful optimistic disposition, his most unusual, cheerful, hopeful outlook upon life, he certainly would have failed in business, and there is no doubt that the very fact that he is alive to-day is largely due to the same cause.

The president of his bank says that during the darkest days of the panic, when this optimist's affairs seemed hopeless to everybody but himself, he asked him if he thought he could pull through, and the man replied that he was like the man who was reported to have fallen off the roof of the Flatiron Building in New York, who, as he passed the thirteenth story, shouted to his terror-stricken employer standing in the window: "I'm all right so far."

I have rarely ever seen a man so perfectly dominated by optimism, who so radiates hope and cheer from every pore. A chat with him is like taking a refreshing mental bath.

This man says that the laughing habit is encouraged in his establishment, and that a good joke is never allowed to stop until every employee has had it. No matter how discouraged or despondent those around him may be, this wonderful optimist is always like a ray of sunshine.



Failed and Never Knew Why

EVERYWHERE we see people going to the wall, disappointed and never knowing what has caused their disappointment; never knowing the real cause of their wrecked lives, for lack of self-analysis or because no one ever told them. They can tell when a neighbor gets into a rut; when his business is shrinking. They can see the paralysis creeping through his factory or other place of business, the evidence of the dry rot that is ruining him, but they can not see how they stand themselves. Familiarity with the gradual deterioration about them has paralyzed their vision; blinded them to their condition. They can criticize other people and see their danger, but can not see their own.



Poise

WHEN you lose your temper, when you procrastinate, when you get nervous, excited, when you are blue and disappointed, when you worry, you lose much of your energy, your efficiency; you can not bring the whole, complete, positive man to your task. A discordant, troubled, unbalanced mind is in no condition to create, produce. It is negative, and a negative mind can not produce.

Never mind what others do; run your own machine, think your own thought, live your own life. Let others fret and worry, if they will; keep your poise, your serenity. Do not imitate, follow, pretend or pose. Be fearless, self-reliant, independent. Be yourself.



Be a Real Power In the World

IT is a great thing to start out in active life with the resolution that you will not be a mere cipher in your community, but a real constructive force; that you will stand for something more than a real living-getter or a dollar-gatherer; that you will not be merely one more citizen, but a strong, robust, vigorous force; a power respected; a force that moves things.

To be known as a progressive man who stands for everything that is for the betterment of his community, every one should be ambitious to be something as a citizen besides a specialist in his vocation.



How Do You Take Your Defeat?

THE way a man takes his defeat is a pretty good test of his caliber. The strong man uses his failures for stepping-stones instead of stumbling-blocks.

I know a very successful young man who has made it a rule of his life to use every misfortune that comes to him as a point of departure for something better. He has had losses and misfortunes which would have crushed most men, but they only stiffen his resolution, nerve him up for a new start. They only make him more determined to conquer the next time.



Where Are the A-1 Men?

A millionaire business man writes me that out of hundreds of letters in answer to advertisements for a bookkeeper he got barely half a dozen that were even decently written. Here is one of them:

"Read your advertisement for bookkeeper. I can fill the job to a T. Let me know what you pay for an A-1 man. How long a day; whether I should have to work Saturdays. How long a vacation do you give?"

This man says: "I have hired men and offered to pay their expenses at a night school if they would learn to write, and I rarely have had one who would take the trouble to do it. Many of the men one hires are always blundering, making the same mistakes over and over again, and they usually offer some flimsy excuse rather than make an effort to improve."

There are openings for A-1 men in every line of work, but where are the men?

A Satisfied Customer

YOU may bring customers to your store once by shrewd schemes and advertising, but you can not hold them by this means alone. Unless you satisfy them, give them good value for their money, you can not induce them to come again. But the satisfied customer is a perpetual advertisement. He not only comes again himself, but he sends his friends, and they furnish a perpetual mouth to mouth advertisement which gives stability and permanence to a business which can never come from mere newspaper advertising.

Many young men going into business seem to think that price is the only element that enters into competition. But it is really only one of many. There may be a score of reasons besides price why customers flock to one store and pass by a dozen half-empty stores on their way. For instance, a great many people never learn to depend upon themselves in their buying. They do not trust their own judgment, but depend upon the clerk who waits on them. A clerk who knows his business can assist a customer wonderfully in a very delicate way, by suggestion, his knowledge of goods, of qualities, of fabrics, of durability.

The courtesy and affability of clerks in one store pull thousands of customers right by the doors of rival establishments where the clerks are not so courteous or accommodating. Everybody appreciates courtesy, and a little personal interest goes a great way in attracting and holding customers. Most of us are willing to put ourselves to considerable trouble to patronize those who are accommodating, who show a disposition to help us, to render us real service.

He is a shrewd merchant, therefore, who keeps only courteous, accommodating employees.

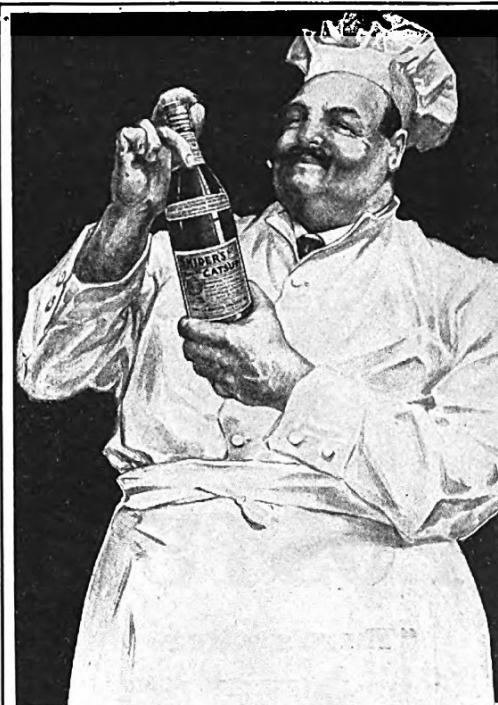
Confidence has everything to do with patronage. We like to patronize the firm which has a good reputation, and many prefer to pay more for articles in a reliable store that guarantees their quality, than to buy similar articles at a much lower price in an unreliable store. People are afraid to go to unreliable places, even though the prices are cheaper. They have a feeling that they will be swindled somewhere; that, the lower price only covers up poor quality. There is no one thing that has so much to do with a business man's success as the absolute confidence of the public.

You Did n't Put Vim Enough Into It

A FRIEND of mine bought a horse at auction some time since, which seemed to be a perfect model. He was as handsome as a picture, beautifully proportioned; he had all the earmarks of the thoroughbred and there did not seem to be an out about him. Yet he was absolutely good for nothing as a driver or draught horse, and he could not be used under the saddle. He seemed to be all right and to have plenty of spirit until he was harnessed. Once in a carriage, he fizzled; there was no life or energy in him. My friend was soon glad to get rid of him at any price.

A good many young men are like this horse. They seem to be superbly equipped. They have fine physiques, talk intelligently and impress you as having great possibilities; and yet there is nothing to them; they are nobodies in life. They never get anywhere. They barely get a living; just vegetate, and you can hardly tell why.

"You did n't put vim enough into it," wrote a man to a friend who had failed in business. This tells the story of thousands of unsuccessful lives. There is not enough vim in them.



The most skillful

Catsup Chef

In all the world is at your service in every bottle of

Snider Tomato Catsup

For over a quarter of a century Snider Quality in Catsup has been the World's Best—every bottle produced has not only maintained, but extended its enviable reputation.

The fine color of **Snider Catsup** comes from the perfectly ripe, selected tomatoes of which it is made, without one particle of artificial coloring.

The unequaled flavour—mild, sweet and teeming with an aromatic, spicy zest—is that of the luscious fruit reduced to a heavy body and blended with the world's choicest pure spices.

Snider Catsup does not turn dark in neck of bottle—but keeps perfectly through its own perfection of materials and methods of manufacture, without chemical preservatives of any kind.

Snider Catsup is healthful, doctors claiming that the mild acidity of perfect tomatoes is an aid to digestion, and can be used freely by old and young.

A juicy steak, a toothsome roast, chops, game or a plate of pork and beans are made more appetizing by **Snider Tomato Catsup**, and it adds a charming flavour to salads, sauces, gravies, soups, etc.

Sometime—somewhere—someone may produce a catsup the equal of Snider's, but no one will ever make better—

"It's the Process"

Snider Tomato Catsup, Snider Chili Sauce, Snider Pork & Beans and all other Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the world.

The
T. A. Snider Preserve Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio.



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It's the Little Things of Life

That go to make up the big things—

**Health, Wealth,
Success, Happiness.**

For a start, quit coffee and try a steaming cup of well-boiled

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

**10 PENNIES LEAD
10 MEN TO
GET \$32,034.81**

Fortunes made with Strange Invention. New, gigantic, money-making opportunity. No longer controlled by a few—now open to any man or woman. Astounding but true; over \$2,000 in 2 weeks an actual record. Read the grand glorious news, how 10 men like yourself earned over \$32,000.00 simply because they had something everybody was longing, hoping, wishing for: Of this sum Korstad (Farmer) sold \$2,312 in 2 weeks; Zimmerman (Farmer) orders \$3,456 in 30 days; Stoneman (Artist) sold \$2,481 in 30 days. No wonder Cashman says: "A man who can't sell your goods couldn't sell bread in a famine." But listen! (Asp (Agent) sold \$1,085 in 73 days; Juell (Clerk) \$6,800; Oviatt (Minister) \$4,000; Cook (Solicitor) \$4,000; Rogers (Surveyor) \$2,800; Hoard (Doctor) \$2,200; Hart \$5,000 and took 10 orders in 3 hours. Rogers writes "Selling baths has got me one piece of property. Expect to get another." Hundreds already getting rich. You should too; why not? Experience don't matter. Now easy—just show money yours—75% profit.

Allen's Bath Apparatus gives every home a bathroom for \$6.50; all others \$150; yet do less. Think of it! So energizes water, 1 gallon simple cleanses almost automatically; no plumbing. Could anything be more popular? It's irresistible. Reese (Carpenter) saw 60 people—sold 55; result \$20. "Sell 8 out of 10 houses," writes Maroney (Clerk). **LET US START YOU** as exclusive agent, salesman, manager; cash or credit plan; all or spare time. **Caution**—This ad may not appear again. Territory going fast. Reader wake up; don't plod; get rich. **Risk 1 cent now—a postal—for free book, proofs and remarkable offer.**

THE ALLEN MFG. CO. 1888 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.
"Lucky I answered ad. Money coming fast." A. L. M.



Hair Like This

FREE Let me send you a remarkable treatment for Baldness, Dandruff, Gray Hair, etc., at my own expense. It will surprise and delight you.

Write to-day to
WM. CHAS. KEENE, President,
LORRIMER INSTITUTE,
Dept. 2862, Baltimore, Md.

MONEY IN MUSHROOMS

Write today for our new big 32 page free booklet showing our beds and farm, and learn how to grow mushrooms for big profits in cellars, stables, sheds, boxes, etc. Surprising return from small space with little expense. Markets waiting for all you can raise. Previous experience unnecessary. We make and sell the best spawn and teach you our methods free.

NATIONAL SPAWN & MUSHROOM CO.
Dept. 28, Boston, Mass.

How I Sell Squabs for \$6 a Doz.

by a customer (new book mailed for 2c. stamp). He uses a simple advertising device, fully explained. Get the big profits. Our cloth-bound book now 32 pages, 136 illustrations. It's great. We take subscriptions for the new splendid *Country Squab Magazine* (monthly). Specimen copy ten cents. Plymouth Rock Squab Co. 147 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

GET YOUR MEXICAN PARROT

direct from the importer and save money. Mexican Red Head \$2.50, Isle of Pine \$3.00, Mexican Double Yellow Head—see my booklet illustrated in color. Birds shipped C. O. D., privilege of examination. Wholesale business established in Victoria, Mexico, in 1893. Geo. Gleason, Box 264, San Antonio, Tex.

Grow Mushrooms

For Big and Quick Profits
Ten years experience enables me to give practical instructions that will add \$5 to \$60 per week to your income without interfering with regular occupation. For full particulars and free book, address JACKSON MUSHROOM FARM, 5633 N. Western Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Mrs. CURTIS'S HOME CORNER

"No," said Mrs. Hull, "I'm dead agin' lettin' young ones have spendin' money. It don't go with any ideas I have about bringin' up children. 'Easy come, easy go,' say I."

Mrs. Erskine shook her head. "I believe in it. I give my Lindy fifty cents a week. 'Fifty cents a week? Land's sake!' Mrs. Hull laid down the frock she was working on and stared at her neighbor incredulously. "Give a young one half a dollar of spendin' money a week an' you stitchin' away for dear life to earn it!"

Mrs. Erskine lifted her head quickly. "You would n't believe how careful of it Lindy is. She's the most unselfish little thing, too. Her grandfather took her to town last week, and she could hardly wait to get out of the wagon when she come back, she was that excited. She'd been savin' for weeks to buy me a purse. My old one's clean wore out. It was the nicest sort of a purse—real leather—you could tell by the smell of it. She keeps herself in shoes an' gloves an' han'-kerchiefs an' hair ribbons."

"You can't change my way of thinkin'." Jane Hull set her mouth firmly. "There's Densie. Do you suppose I'd trust her with fifty cents a week? Not by a jugful. An' yet I reckon I have twenty dollars to your one."

"I reckon you have." Mrs. Erskine's delicate face flushed. "I'm not settin' my opinion against anybody's; only it would n't hurt Densie any more than it does Lindy to have a little spendin' money. I was raised by a stepmother. She wa'n't what you'd have called downright mean to me, but she jest countered every wish I had when I was a little girl. When I wa'n't more'n knee high to a hoptoad I made up my mind if ever I had a young one she'd have a happier time than I had."

"Well," Mrs. Hull snapped out the words as sharply as she snipped off her thread, "you're a foolish woman, that's all I've got to say, sewin' out for a dollar an' a quarter a day an' settin' Lindy up with spendin' money. Now, about this sleeve; do you want me to finish it with a hem or a facin'?"

Ten minutes later Densie Hull was having a frock tried on. She was a pretty little thing with copper-colored hair and wistful brown eyes. "Mrs. Erskine," she said, when her mother left the room, "ain't ma goin' to let me have some trimmin' on my frock? It looks terrible bare. I hate brown, anyway."

"It's goin' to look real nice with your pretty hair." The dressmaker patted the child's head softly.

"All the girls 'll know it's a made-over." They've seen mother in that old dress for years. I wore a brown made-over the first day I went to school. Nellie Wilson christened me Snuffy Hull. Some of them call me Snuffy Hull to this day, when they are mean."

"I make over my old dresses for Lindy," said Mrs. Erskine comfortably.

"Her new red one ain't a made-over." "Yes, 'tis. It is my old gray cashmere dyed. I used a little bit of plaid to piece it out."

"Dear," cried Densie wofully, "I do think mother might let you fix my frocks the way you do Lindy's. There ain't a girl in No. 6 dressed as homely as I am."

There were several customers in Miss Richards' small notion shop when Densie entered to buy tape and hooks and eyes for the made-over dress. She sauntered about looking at the display of pretty things, lingering longest in front of one case where, spread enticingly on a white satin cushion, were bead necklaces that shimmered in the sunlight. Densie loved everything beautiful with an almost extravagant delight.

"Ain't them necklaces beautiful?" asked the shopkeeper. "They come in last night. I've sold one already. Mary Ellen's goin' to have it for a birthday present."

"Who's givin' it to her?" asked Densie eagerly. "Her Aunt Converse, only you must n't whisper it to a soul. She paid a dollar seventy-five for it."

"A dollar seventy-five?" asked Densie eagerly. "Yes, only a dollar seventy-five. They're three dollars at Dodd & Marshall's, an' not a bit prettier than them."

Densie turned away reluctantly. Miss Richards lifted a necklace and clasped it about the child's neck. "Them topazes is just the color you'd ought to have with that hair of yours. Why don't you get your mother to buy this one for you?"

A Little Parable for Mothers

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

Densie almost gasped her protest. "Mother would n't ever get me anything like that."

"Then buy it yourself." Miss Richards' voice was very enticing. "I—I haven't a cent," confessed Densie.

"Your mother has money—plenty of it. You can pay for it any time. Christmas is most here. Little girls always get money for Christmas presents."

"Oh, I can't." Densie almost sobbed as she thrust aside the temptation.

"There's only one of them topaz necklaces. It's your color to a T. If you do think of gettin' it, you'd better hurry up. Mrs. Hiram Rowe's been lookin' at it."

Densie was walking slowly to school the next day when Lizzie Wood overtook her. "Are you goin' to try for the prize, Densie?" she asked. "The *Star* is givin' a prize of three dollars each to the boy an' girl that writes the best composition on the biggest city they've visited. Maggie an' me's only been to Worcester an' Providence. Jess has been to New York, but she can't write worth shucks. You were in Boston, and anyway you can beat us all out on composition."

A wave of crimson swept across Densie's face while she read the clipping. Three dollars—and the topaz beads cost only one-seventy-five!

When Densie returned from school that afternoon, Mrs. Erskine was waiting for her to try on the made-over frock.

"Mother didn't let you trim it up none?" She choked down a sob while she asked the question. "I think I might have one pretty party frock. There ain't a girl in school wears a dress like this to a party. Annie Hurd's mother is as poor as can be, but she's got her a crossbarred muslin for Mary Ellen's."

Miss Richards smiled when Densie entered her store the following day. "After the necklace, Densie?" she asked cordially. "You're just in time. There's half a dozen folks got their eye on it."

A sudden temptation assailed Densie. She forgot the pins she had come to buy and looked longingly at the tawny beads. "Did you say, Miss Richards, I could take it now and pay for it in a few weeks?"

"Certain." The woman held the necklace up in a dazzle of sunshine. "You'll have Christmas money to pay for it. There's your Uncle Munson. He'd ought to fork out handsome. You're the only niece he has."

Densie did not answer. She was thinking of the gold piece, for which she had to write a stilted little note of thanks each Christmas. All of Uncle Munson's Christmas gold pieces were earning interest at the bank. "I'll take it," she said hastily.

When she reached home, she went straight to her own room and dropped the pasteboard box into her shoe bag. She did not have a chance to look at the necklace till bedtime. Then, with a candle close beside the mirror, she sat down, clasped the beads about her throat, put her chin between her hands and stared at herself. The pearls in the necklace were no whiter than the child's neck, and the topaz beads were the color of her eyes. Densie's face suddenly flushed. She had heard people call her pretty, but it made only a passing impression. To-night it was different. She loved beauty in inanimate things; she could not shut her eyes to beauty when she saw it in a mirror.

Night after night while her mother sat with her fingers flying over her crochet or knitting, Densie toiled at her essay on Boston. At last it was written. One noon Densie read it aloud to a group of the girls. They were generous children and good critics.

"Tain't much use us sendin' ours in," said Lizzie; "tain't only because there is so much to tell about Boston, Densie Hull can write better'n any of us can."

That evening, after Densie was dressed for the party, her heart sank as she glanced at her reflection in the mirror. An instinctive idea of harmony taught her that red ribbons and a coral brooch would go badly with topaz beads. Besides, she abominated white stockings with black shoes. She stood gazing at herself for a moment after her mother had gone down-stairs; then she clasped the beads about her neck, pinned a little shawl tightly about her and buttoned her thick coat.

"Don't you care, Densie Hull," she said, smiling bravely at her own reflection. "When you are grown up you can pick out your own clothes."

After the fun began she forgot the made-over frock.

In Mary Ellen's cheerful home, clothes were a secondary consideration. Densie even forgot the precious necklace after the girls' first outburst of admiration. At nine o'clock she skipped home beside Rebecca. One happiness was treading fast upon the heels of another, for to-morrow was Saturday and at twelve o'clock the *Star* office would bulletin the prize winners. She would go straight to Miss Richards; it would be such a joy to pay for the necklace with money she had earned herself. The debt of even a week had begun to hang heavily on Densie's conscience.

Before the noon whistle blew, next day a throng in front of the newspaper office surged out beyond the sidewalk. Every boy and girl in the school was there. The children were betting marbles, jack-knives and pencils on the winners. Densie heard her own name shouted everywhere. She stood leaning against a telegraph pole. Her face grew white with anxiety as she watched a man climb into the window with a sheet of paper in his hand. A hush fell on the noisy crowd. The man turned the bulletin around and tacked it on the window frame. Densie felt a sickening throb of terror. She saw her own name in small type. Over it she read a large headline: "Annie May Davis." Beneath were the names of Lizzie and some of her girl friends. Maggie was speaking in an excited whisper.

"My, you ain't first, after all, Densie Hull. Who would have thought of Annie May Davis gettin' the prize? She hain't been in anything worth callin' a city."

Densie did not speak; she was shivering as if with cold and her teeth chattered. The crowd about her grew smaller. Noisy, excited children were pushing into the *Star* office.

"You're second," said Maggie, kindly. "You've won a fan. It's a shame, though. Father says they never play fair at competitions. I'm fourth; that's a puzzle. Ain't you comin' in to get your prize?"

Densie shook her head and tried bravely to smile.

"Shall I get it for you?" cried Maggie eagerly.

"You can if you want to."

Densie walked home silently between Maggie and Jess. "Anyway," said Jess, "I guess we oughtn't to grudge Annie May the prize. She needs money worse'n any of us does. She works out mornin' and evenin' for Mrs. Hopper, doin' all sorts of chores. Mrs. Hopper says she's an awful good, faithful little girl, an' helps her mother like everything."

"Well," said Maggie, "it will be interestin' to read the essays when they come out. Roy Calder got the other prize. All the boys were bettin' on him."

Christmas passed and school reopened. The girls wondered among themselves what had changed Densie Hull. She had been one of the merriest girls in No. 6; lately she had grown irritable and listless. The teacher reprimanded her day after day for badly prepared lessons. She had lost interest in school life. Her mother noticed the change. She took Densie to the doctor, who prescribed a bad-tasting dose and more outdoor exercise.

Mrs. Erskine sat one evening in her spotless kitchen. Lindy bent over a table snipping tissue paper into lace-like things. When pasted and painted and pressed they became gorgeous valentines.

"Aren't they lovely, mother?" asked the little girl.

"Just lovely, dear. Far prettier than the gaudy things in the stores. There's the bell, Lindy; see who it is. I don't want to take the pins out of this pattern."

"It's Densie Hull, mother. She won't come in."

Mrs. Erskine went out into the small entry. She returned again in a minute. "Lindy, dear," she said, "I want you to go up to grandma's. Stay there till I come after you."

When Lindy had gone Mrs. Erskine led Densie into the bright, warm kitchen.

"Don't speak a word," she said, "till you're thawed out. My word! You're fairly froze. Whatever made you come out on a night like this without a thing about you? I reckon you ran every step of the way, you're breathin' so hard." When she knelt to take off the girl's wet shoes, Densie threw her arms around the woman's neck and burst into a paroxysm of sobs.

"There, there," whispered Mrs. Erskine. "Cry away. Cryin' sometimes takes a lot of misery out of one."

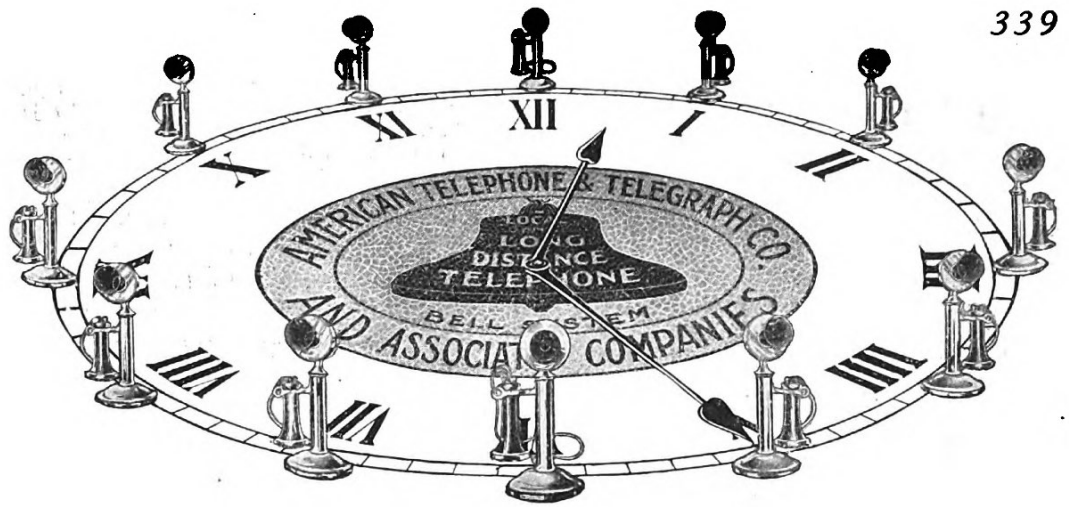
"I did something awful, awful," moaned the child. "I can't think of a soul to tell it to but you. Mother'll put me out of the house when she knows."

Mrs. Erskine lifted Densie as if she had been a baby, and seating herself in a big chair beside the stove, murmured soothingly: "Tell me everything, dear, I'll understand."

Densie did not move while she told her story. Her head was laid on Mrs. Erskine's shoulder and her arms clasped her tightly. "I don't know why I ever did it," confessed the child. "Long before Christmas I got a string of beads at Miss Richards'. She said I need n't pay for them till I got some money. I thought I'd get the *Star* prize. I did n't; I got a fan. Uncle Munson sent me ten dollars at Christmas. I begged an' begged mother for a little of it. She wouldn't give it to me. She put it in the bank. I could n't get money any way I tried."

"You poor little soul," cried Mrs. Erskine, kissing the wet cheeks.

"Then," sobbed Densie, "Miss Richards got awful. I offered her the beads back—I'd never worn them but



The Always-on-Duty Telephone

Your Bell Telephone is on duty 1440 minutes every day. So is the telephone exchange; so are the toll lines which radiate through the neighboring communities; so are the long distance lines which connect you with far-away cities and other radiating systems.

The whole Bell System is on duty 1440 minutes a day—and if any of these minutes are not used, their earning power is irrevocably lost.

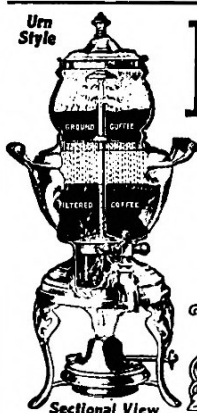
Like the Police Force or the Fire Department, the telephone is not always working—but it is always on duty and always costing money. But you would not be satisfied with the fire department if your burning house had to take its turn; nor with the police force if you had to wait in line to receive protection.

You want service at once. That is exactly what the Bell System endeavors to give you—immediate attention, instantaneous service. It strives to be always ready to receive your call at any point, and connect you with any other point—without postponement or delay.

It would be much cheaper if telephone customers would be content to stand in line, or if their communications could be piled up to be sent during slack hours; or if the demand was so distributed as to keep the whole system comfortably busy for 1440 consecutive minutes a day.

But the public needs immediate and universal service and the Bell System meets the public's requirements.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES



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Circulating Coffee Percolator

(Patented)

—For making coffee as it *should* be made—with *all* the coffee aroma, flavor and goodness and *none* of the harmful element.

The grounds *cannot* steep or boil as in the old-fashioned coffee pot—*because they are kept above the liquid*. The hot water is *sprayed over them*, extracting only the enjoyable part. No uncertainty—no failures—coffee always right—always appetizing—always healthful.

Made in Urn Style with alcohol burner for table use, and in Coffee-Pot Style for stove use. Very durable and handsome—real **MANNING-BOWMAN QUALITY**. Over 100 styles and sizes. All leading dealers. Write for free Book of Recipes and Catalog 'E-29'.

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO., Meriden, Conn.

Makers of Manning-Bowman Alcohol Gas Stoves and "Eclipse" Bread Mixers



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Cornell Portable Buildings are built complete in sections convenient for shipping and handling and are quickly and easily erected simply by bolting sections together. Anyone can set them up, skilled help not being necessary, as all sections are numbered and everything fits. Built of first-class materials by experienced workmen, under the direction of a competent architectural department, in the largest and best equipped portable house factory in America—Cornell Portable Houses give perfect satisfaction. These buildings are as substantial and durable as if built on the grounds by local contractors, are much handsomer and **COST MUCH LESS**. Our houses are painted inside and outside any colors desired and are built to meet every requirement. We pay the freight to any railroad station. Catalog upon request.

WYCKOFF LUMBER & MFG. CO.

421 Adams St., ITHACA, N. Y.



UNCLE BOB'S MONEYMAKERS

A Club for Boys Who Want to Earn Money



The Club Emblem

JAMES DOWNEY and **Uriel Cheuvront** are two pioneer members of the Moneymakers' Club. James is a Yankee—he lives in Massachusetts—and Uriel is a Maryland boy. These boys have become active and successful members of the Moneymakers' Club, as have a host of other boys. What they are doing any boy who is willing to make a little effort can also do. He can get nearly everything he desires, and I am only too anxious to tell those who have not yet learned all about our club how these boys are making business men of themselves and earning money and many of the things they want.



JAMES DOWNEY

In the March *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* I told you about the beautiful solid gold badge which is given to active members, but was unable to furnish a picture which really gave more than a faint idea of its beauty. At the top of this column you will find a better picture. But even it falls far short of showing the beauty of this triumph of the goldsmith's art. The best part of it is that the club emblem is entirely in addition to all the other benefits and rewards—and there are many of them.

Our club continues to get bigger and bigger with each succeeding month. It confirms Uncle Bob's idea that such a club would be attractive to the fellows who read *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*. He wants to hear from every boy who wants to earn money and is willing to study and practise his instructions for learning how to make it. You can become a member without the payment of dues or any other expenses. Members are put in the way of securing, not only cash, but also cameras, bicycles, baseball outfits, and hundreds of other things that boys want and need to carry out their plans.

The opportunities for money-making through the club are unlimited. A regular monthly salary to those who prove to be most successful is only one of the several rewards of membership.

I know, boys, that many of you will tell your parents about our new club and will ask their advice as to joining it. I am especially anxious that the parents of our boys take an interest in the club, and I believe that most parents realize that the best way to help a boy is to teach him how to help himself. This is a commercial age. Most boys will eventually become business men, and their early training will determine whether they are to be good business men or failures. I recently read an editorial addressed to parents under the title, "What will you make of your boy?" and it struck me, as so well put that I am going to quote a part of it for the benefit of the older relatives of my boys and those who expect to join us.



URIEL CHEUVRONT

This article is written for mothers, by a man. It represents the earnest and honest convictions of the writer, who himself has experienced and overcome the conditions of which it treats. As the father of sons whose vocations must shortly be determined, it is a vital question with him, as it is with thousands of parents to-day, and these lines are penned in the hope that they may be read with profit by some perplexed mother.

The writer came to this country in the first enthusiasm of early manhood, and, as he walked up Broadway for the first time, he smiled as he thought of the numerous roads open to him in pursuit of employment and independence. Six months afterward he was actually hungry. The reason is obvious to him now. This country has no use for men who can do things a little; they must do things much, or more than any one else. This fact did not help the writer at the time, and consequently he suffered and grew thinner daily.

Then one day, when it seemed that all shadow of hope had fled, the revelation came. It was absurdly simple, but it was a thousand times more than sufficient. Driven by desperation, he accepted work as a piano salesman on a strictly commission basis. He was to receive no pay until a sale was effected. Then he was to get twenty-five dollars on each sale. Our newly-made piano vender consulted a directory at the first drug store he came to, and found the address of the nearest music teacher; got a list of her pupils, checked off those who had no piano at home, and that afternoon at four he was in the music store playing the "Roth Sarafan" to Mrs. Leyzinsky, who sat crying by the piano as she thought of her childhood in Poland.

He turned his head away when she made the first payment on the instrument. Then he drew his twenty-five dollars and went out and bought some real food, and laughed as he had not laughed for months. His troubles and tribulations were over—vanished like a mist before the rising sun. As long as life and health should last he was provided for.

Why?

He was a salesman. He could sell goods.

As long as there exists the difference between the trade price of a mouse trap and the retail price, a salesman need never be hungry. That's why I say to parents, "Whatever you give your son, and whatever you make of him, make him a salesman first." Money he can squander or lose. His chosen profession or trade may be overstocked, but a true salesman need never be without money.

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once. She would n't take them. I didn't dare go in her store when mother sent me for things. I got the other girls to go. She sent notes to me by Jennie Robson. One night last week she came and called. When mother left the room she said she would wait just one more week for the money."

"Why didn't you come to me?" asked Mrs. Erskine.

"I could n't—sooner," cried the child. "I could n't sleep or eat or study or anything. Mother thought I was sick an' kep' doctorin' me. Yesterday Miss Richards sent for me. She said if I did n't bring her the money before the store closed she would tell mother to-night."

"Miss Richards ought to be in jail," said Mrs. Erskine fiercely.

Densie sat up and clasped her hands together in an agony of misery. "It's Rebecca that's going to jail. What shall I do?"

Mrs. Erskine laid the girl's face tenderly against her own.

"Yesterday, when I come from Miss Richards', mother was out. She had gone to the mothers' meetin' at the church. I knew where she kept her money in the secretary drawer. I took a dollar and seventy-five cents and paid Miss Richards. Mother never missed it till to-night, right after supper. She went straight at Rebecca about it. You know, she says every nigger steals. Rebecca's locked up in her room now, crying. Mother's going to get a policeman in the morning and have her taken to jail."

Densie slipped to the floor and lay there, crying.

Mrs. Erskine carried her to her own bed and wrapped a soft quilt about her. Then she knelt beside the bed, patting the child's face.

"You ain't afraid to be left alone here for a little

spell, are you? Just try to forget all about it and drop off to sleep. You'll be down sick in earnest if you don't." She stooped quickly, kissed the child, then wrapped a shawl about her own shoulders and went out into the moonlit night.

When Densie woke she felt as if she had slept for hours. A slit of light came through the door from the kitchen, and back to her memory came the agony of months, for she heard her mother talking.

"I don't know how you're goin' to make me see it the way you do," she heard her saying. "It was a dreadful, dreadful sin!"

"I know it was," cried Mrs. Erskine earnestly. "Only put yourself in the child's place, with that hard woman after her. Land! I'd have done what Densie did myself, in her place."

"She'd ought to have come and told me."

"She'd ought, I reckon, but it's more'n I'd been equal to. I don't know if you sense what it means to a young one to go year in and year out without a penny she can call her own. I know. Oh!" cried the woman vehemently. "I don't believe you half understand how cruel it is to have a young one misjudged so. Lindy says at school they call Densie stingy. She ain't! She's as sweet an' generous a little girl as ever lived. I know."

"See if she's waked up yet," said Mrs. Hull.

A great throb of hope and relief seemed to change all of life for Densie. Her mother's voice had a tender tone in it she had never heard before.

Mrs. Erskine shut the door and left them together in the darkened chamber. Densie felt herself gathered in her mother's arms. She was sobbing out the misery and happiness—she did not know which was which—upon her mother's breast.



PIN MONEY PAPERS

TO MAKE A FRESH STRAWBERRY PIE hull and cut in halves one quart of strawberries, sprinkle plentifully with granulated sugar and let stand one or two hours. Make and bake well one crust in a moderate sized pie pan, let it cool, then put in the berries and over the top spread thickly a meringue made of the whites of two eggs and four tablespoonfuls of confectioners sugar. Let pie remain in oven only long enough to brown the meringue. Serve at once. Peaches can be sliced and used in the same manner.—G. A. S.

JONQUILS, LILIES AND BULBS of almost every kind should be separated about every two years, preferably about October while they are resting. This will not affect the blooming.—Mrs. R. M. H.

WHEN RHUBARB FIRST COMES IN THE SPRING it is so juicy that, if made into pies, it often boils over, thus losing much of its richness. If a little cornstarch be sprinkled over the bottom crust and mixed with the sugar, this trouble may be avoided, as the juice forms into a jelly-like substance and makes a much better pie than otherwise.—R. D.

IN MAKING THIN SUMMER DRESSES hang the skirts on waistbands one and a quarter inch deep; leave seams of each skirt open one and a quarter inch at top, and set that amount into the band. In case of shrinkage one has only to take off the band to let down the skirt.—Mrs. O. D.

WHEN I MADE MY ELDERBERRY JELLY last fall, not having green grapes or sour apples at hand, I used one-third rhubarb juice to two-thirds elderberries, and the juice of one lemon. All who have eaten it say it is the best they ever tasted.—E. B. M.

WHEN PUTTING AWAY WINTER GARMENTS, last spring, instead of packing heavy coats and overcoats, I hung them up. Being short of hangers I used some barrel hoops. I sawed them in two, cutting off a piece on each end to make them the right length, and made a long loop of stout twine, which I tied in the middle of each piece. I hung clothes in closet, fastened a sheet over them to keep off dust, used moth balls freely around the floor of closet, and on nice breezy days left the door open. In the fall they

Helpful Hints for Every Day from Our Women Readers

were already unpacked, free from moths, and did not need pressing as they do when packed away in trunks and boxes.—Mrs. E. P. B.

STRAWBERRIES AND CHERRIES canned together are much better than either canned separately.

Use equal parts.—Mrs. O. D. L.

A FINE SUBSTITUTE FOR DOWN FOR SOFA PILLOWS is cotton batting, if treated in the proper way. Purchase one or two rolls of cotton, according to size of pillow, pick very fine and fluffy and put in a pan; place the pan in the oven and bake. Have a slow fire so it will not scorch the cotton, but be sure to leave it in till it is thoroughly heated through. It is very important that the cotton be picked very fine and baked thoroughly and then it will never grow hard or mat, and the pillows will be as soft and fluffy as if made from down.—A. B. C.

WHEN CANNING QUINCES save the parings to mix with apples for jelly. The quince gives a flavor that is lacking in the apple.—A. G.

WHILE DOING THE SPRING HOUSE CLEANING, I slip on a pair of bloomers, made from four widths of heavy, dark skirting, making a divided skirt. Gather in a band to button about the ankles and waist. These bloomers are valuable protectors for the skirts and facilitate climbing step-ladders, scrubbing floors, etc.—RUTH ANDERSON.

BEFORE SOWING POPPY SEEDS, mix them thoroughly with sand or finely pulverized soil, then sift the mixture evenly over the well prepared bed and press firmly. The seeds will need no further covering. By this method the seeds are distributed more evenly over the bed, and few if any plants are lost from overcrowding. Poppies will not bear transplanting, and if grown too thickly must be pulled out and thrown away.—C. A. M.

WHEN MAKING SASH CURTAINS, or any curtains of plain goods intended to hang straight from a pole, make a generous hem of equal width at top and bottom, thus saving annoyance and destruction to goods by having to slip rods through too small a groove, as often happens after shrinkage. Curtains made in this way will give almost double wear on account of opportunities to change end for end.—I. T.

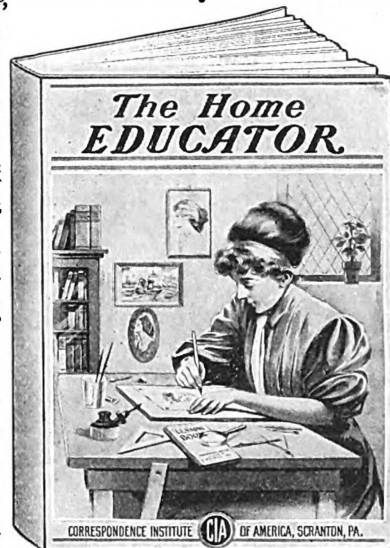
WHEN HOUSE CLEANING THIS SPRING try covering mattresses and pillows with heavy unbleached cotton. This will save the ticking. A cover made to fit the mattress need be removed only twice a year to be washed. The covers on pillows may be removed as often as desirable.—MRS. J. E. R.



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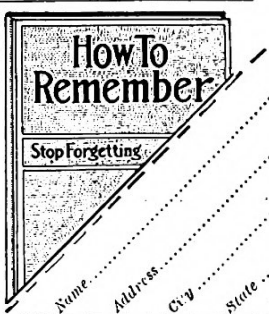
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The Shears of Destiny

[Continued from page 329]

discoveries to-night! First, do you know who Borodin is?"

The prince started. "Not the young Prince Kuratoff?" he cried.

"Yes. And do you know who else he is?" No? He is Borski."

"Borski! The leader of the South Russian revolt?"

"The same!"

"Oh!" slowly breathed the prince, and his eyes glittered back at Freeman's. "But you forget. There still remains his sister, the Princess Olga."

"You have been told that a young woman was arrested to-night?"

"Yes."

"That young woman is the sister."

This was too much for even Berloff's self-command. His thin lips fell apart and he stared at Freeman.

"She the Princess Olga? You are mistaken. The Princess Olga lies dangerously ill at home."

"Pardon me," Freeman calmly returned, "the Princess Olga lies in a cell in Peter and Paul."

"You are certain?"

"She told me herself who she was—and told me before Drexel."

"Drexel knows the princess. You may be right." He walked the floor in repressed excitement. "Yes—you are right! And her pretended illness is only a trick to hide her absence!"

He came to a pause. "But what charge can be made against her? The jail-breaking plot? Shooting gendarmes?"

"An attempt to assassinate Prince Berloff."

"What!"

"She is that woman. She confessed to me."

"Captain Nadson was not mistaken then! But do many know all this?"

"Only you and I, and two or three revolutionists besides those under arrest."

"Then between us two it must remain a secret."

"Of course. But you must act quickly or the revolutionists may decide to reveal it."

The prince paced up and down the room in deep concentration; then he took up his telephone. After long waiting he got the number he desired.

"Is this one of the servants?" he asked. "Yes? Will you awaken General Kuratoff and tell him that Prince Berloff is coming over to see him immediately on a matter of the very gravest importance?"

He hung up the receiver. "Mr. Freeman, I want you and Captain Nadson to come with me to Prince Kuratoff's. I shall want your evidence. I think you will know what to say and what not to say."

Freeman's slits of eyes gleamed, for he fathomed the prince's plan. "Clever—devilishly clever," he commented beneath his breath.

Twenty minutes later Berloff and his two subordinates were admitted to the Kuratoff palace by a sleepy servant. Berloff was ushered into a room richly furnished as an administrative office. The Military Governor raised his tall and portly body from his chair. He wore a dressing-gown of deep crimson, and what with his gray hair, his thick gray beard, his stern, dominant face and his military carriage, he was a rarely imposing figure of a man.

He greeted Berloff with grumbling cordiality. "What fool business is this that pulls a man out of his bed at this time of the night?"

"So important that I did not feel justified in waiting till morning to refer it to you."

"Well, sit down, and out with it."

Both took chairs. "But first," said Berloff, sympathetically, "how is the princess?"

The general's face softened with concern, and he sighed. Those who said that the harsh old despot loved his daughter put the truth conservatively.

"The doctor tells me she is still in serious danger."

"Have you seen her yet?"

"No," returned the general. "He says she must be spared any such excitement."

"Well, you know all St. Petersburg is praying for the best."

"I know—I know." He sighed again. "But what's the business?"

"Of course you have heard about the arrests made this evening."

"Of course. It was a tremendous coup—especially the capture of The White One."

"Some first-hand information has come to me in connection with the arrests." The prince watched the old man's face closely and subdued his voice to a tone of mere official interest. "First, the young woman who was arrested is the woman who tried to shoot me two weeks ago."

"The devil you say. How did you learn it?"

"She told Freeman. You know he was intimate with the group. Besides, Captain Nadson recognized her. They are both here to offer their evidence in person. Of course, I am merely reporting what they told me."

"What is she like?" asked the general.

"You know when she attacked me I saw her only in the dusk. She was then dressed as a lady, but that was probably only a disguise. Freeman can tell you about her."

"But I don't see why her case could not have waited till morning."

"Her case is not all. I have learned the identity of Borodin. He is Borski!"

The general's red figure sprang up. "What! The leader of the South Russian revolt!"

"Yes. The revolutionists confessed it to Freeman."

The general rang sharply. "Show in the two men who are waiting," he said to the servant.

A minute later Freeman and the captain entered. The latter, having the least to say, was the first examined. He testified to the identity of the arrested girl and was dismissed. The general then turned to Freeman, and Berloff slipped back in his chair, withdrawing as it were from the affair.

"Now, Mr. Freeman," the general began, "you declare that this Borodin is in reality Borski?"

"So the revolutionists confided to me."

"They trusted you?"

"They considered me as one of themselves, your excellency."

"Then of course their statement is beyond question. Did they tell you anything else about him? Who he is—what he has done?"

For an instant Prince Berloff held his breath. But he had no reason to do so, for Freeman did not falter.

"Nothing else, your excellency."

"They told you enough," the general said, grimly.

"And now as to the woman. She told you she tried to assassinate Berloff?"

"She said she was the woman wanted for the attack," was the adroit response.

"And she took part in the plot to free Borski?"

"She was its leader."

"Its leader! You did not tell me that, Berloff!"

"I was only summarizing what I had been told," was the quiet reply. "I, of course, know nothing at first hand, and can make no charges. The evidence is all Nadson's and Freeman's."

Berloff was playing his game with utmost skill. When it came out in time who these two prisoners were, as it must, no blame could attach to him; he had merely laid the case before the Military Governor, as in duty bound, and had himself given no evidence and taken no action.

"Who is this woman? What is she like?" the general continued, to Freeman.

"She calls herself Sonya Varanoff," was the ready answer. "She is in the early twenties and is rather good-looking. She belongs, by her appearance, to the common classes—is, in fact, a working woman."

"Yes!" the general wrathfully exclaimed. "That is what all these trouble-makers are—the riffraff of Russia! Do you know anything else about her?"

"Nothing material to the case, your excellency."

A moment later Freeman was dismissed.

"My business is, of course, only to discover political criminals," Berloff began quickly, but without the appearance of haste. "It rests wholly with you, as the possessor of absolute power in such cases, to decide what action shall be taken upon the information I lodge with you. But I did feel, when I discovered these things, that here were cases that you would consider should be immediately and rigorously dealt with. The revolutionists are getting bolder every day; this attempted jail-delivery is but a single instance. We have struck consternation into them by the way we foiled that plot. If, right on top of that, we could deliver them another sudden and severe blow, nothing else would do so much to frighten them into quiet."

"You are right," agreed the general. "It has long been my guiding principle that severe action is the only check for revolution."

"And instant action," subtly suggested the prince.

"And instant action!" repeated the general.

There was little need, however, for the suggestion to this old Vice-Czar, long accustomed to the relentless exercise of autocratic power. He had sent scores to instant death without giving them trial, without seeing them, upon far slighter charges than those now laid before him.

While in command against the South Russian revolt it had been his standing order that any person found with a pistol upon him should be straightway placed against the wall and shot. So now he did not hesitate.

He rang. "Tell my secretary to dress and come here," he ordered the servant. Then he sat down at his desk, drew out two awesome documents, and began to fill in the first. While the general's head was down the prince did not try to hide his excitement. His eyes glittered and his breath came tensely between his thin lips.

The general brushed the first aside, completed, and began the second. He paused and looked up.

"What was the woman's name? Sonya something, was it not?"

"Sonya Varanoff, Freeman said," returned the prince's even voice.

"Sonya Varanoff," the general repeated, as he wrote in the name. A minute later he affixed his signature and his official seal and laid this warrant with the other.

"On these other cases I shall postpone action," he said. "As for The White One, it might occasion some criticism even among our own friends to execute an old and crippled woman."

"What time have you set?" queried the prince.

"Twenty-six hours from now. Four o'clock to-morrow morning."

Berloff adroitly let it be seen that an idea had occurred to him.

"You have a suggestion?" asked the general.

"I was thinking this would have a more awe-inspiring effect if it came without warning—if the revolutionists' first news was the news that all was over."

"Yes—yes. And it will show them how crushingly determined is the government!"

"Then I suggest that you take precaution against your sentence leaking out; that you send along with the warrants an order to the governor of the fortress that the prisoners are to be allowed to speak to no one, and no one is to speak to them—that is, without your permission."

"An excellent precaution." The general took up his pen. As the order was finished his secretary entered, and to him the general gave the orders and the warrants.

"Take these immediately over to the governor of Peter and Paul."

When the secretary had withdrawn, the prince arose. His pale face showed none of the exultant triumph that filled his heart.

"Since all is done, I will be going," he said.

The general's red figure stood up. "An excellent evening's work, prince," he said with satisfaction.

"Excellent," quietly acquiesced Berloff.

The general pushed the button on his desk and followed Berloff into the darkened hall. "Andre! here will show you out. Good-night." In the darkness the sleepy servant stumbled and upset a chair. "Be careful there, you Andre!" he called out sharply. "You'll disturb the princess!" And yawning, and moving very lightly, the old general went back to his bed.

[To be continued in June]

"A Stranger at the Gate"

GILSON yawned. It was time for him to go to bed. Mrs. Gilson laid down her book.

"You put out the lamps," he said, "while I go down-stairs and look at the furnace."

Gilson lighted a match and started down the cellar stairs. Oh, how the wind blew, sweeping the snow up against the cellar window. Gilson started for the furnace.

Suddenly he heard a noise—a wailing sort of noise. He looked up quickly. There against the cellar window was something huddled.

He opened the window and pulled in a mass of quivering fur, wet and cold. He held up to the light of the gas the most miserable, unkempt specimen of street dog that he had ever seen. Gilson deposited him quietly on the floor, hushing him up, and started precipitately up-stairs.

"Say, my dear, there is a dog down there—worst thing you ever saw. There! Hear him scratching?" Mrs. Gilson's voice was firm.

"What did you let him in for?" she said.

"Why, how could I help it? I could n't let him stay out there in the cold."

"Well, we can't have him here. You know what it means. He'll be a nuisance in a day or so. We simply won't be able to get rid of him; we'll become attached to him and it will be awful. No, dear, you must n't. Give him a bone from the refrigerator and let him out again. It won't hurt him. Fresh air is good for him."

Gilson smiled grimly.

"All right," he said; "if you feel that way about him, you go down and put him out yourself."

"I'll do nothing of the sort. You let him in, and you'll put him out. You must! The cook detests dogs. She will leave. Come, get him out at once."

Gilson sighed.

"That's all right," he said. "I appreciate the difficulty. I know it's a nuisance, and we may regret it, but I'll be hanged if I feel like turning him out."

Mrs. Gilson, however, was obdurate.

"It is n't our fault that he came. We are not responsible. Now you go right down-stairs and put him back where you found him, or I shall never forgive you."

Reluctantly he descended, stopping at the refrigerator on his way down. He gave the dog the bone he found, and with a heart like a dead weight thrust the poor beast out in the cold. Whining, he crouched up against the window. Gilson turned away up-stairs.

"Wait," he muttered to himself.

Mrs. Gilson had gone up.

Gilson locked up, taking more time than usual. Then he followed his wife, and going into his own room, prepared for bed.

He lay there for a long time, silent and uneasy. Outside the snow fell silently, but at intervals the wind howled.

An hour passed. Gilson could stand it no longer. He got up stealthily and put on his bath-robe. He stole into the hall. Not a sound. He slipped down-stairs.

"I'll get him," he muttered to himself, "wife or no wife. The servants can leave, everything on earth can happen, we can lose all our money, it does n't matter, but I won't let that poor dog stay out in the cold."

Down-stairs he crept. He reached the cellar. He started toward the window. The dog was gone. He opened the window. A place where the dog's form had lain shivering was still marked out. But it was vacant.

Gilson went back. Regret filled him. It was too bad. Why had he delayed?

He opened the door of his room.

A voice.

"Who is it?"

It was the voice of Mrs. Gilson. He strode across the hall to her room.

"Were you looking for that dog, dear," she whispered.

"Yes."

"Well, don't worry. I've got him here in bed with me."—THOS. L. MASSON.

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It is told that after Professor Aytoun had made proposals of marriage to Miss Emily Jane Wilson, daughter of "Christopher North," he was, as a matter of course, referred to her father. As the professor was uncommonly diffident, he said to her, "Emily, my dear, you must speak to him for me. I could not summon courage to speak to the professor on this subject."

"Papa is in the library," said the lady.

"Then you had better go to him," said the professor, "and I'll wait here."

There being apparently no help for it, the lady proceeded to the library.

"Papa's answer is pinned to the back of my dress," said Miss Wilson, as she reentered the room.

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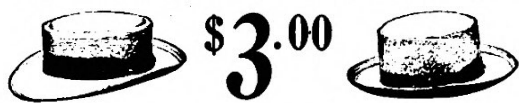
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Janey and the Social Revolution

[Continued from page 312]

universe, boys were only lesser girls, maimed beings from whose make-up the real essence of playability had been entirely left out. Of course, nature had her exceptions—or accidents. Janey had met boys who were almost civilized. Kim Morgan, for instance, who, besides being pleasantly companionable, bore the proud distinction of being brother to Elsa. But when it came to Edward Hollis—utterly codeless in regard to pendant pigtails, to kittens, to little girls' toys, he lived a shameless masculine existence on what Janey considered to be the very outskirts of human decency. Janey changed the subject.

"I've thought of some lovely new games, Elsa. Oh, I can hardly wait to play them all. Please don't keep me waiting this afternoon.

Elsa did not keep her waiting. She appeared at the Warriner house promptly at three, a pair of pink bows in place of the blue one, a pair of yellow Turkish slippers in place of the gray suede ones.

Janey began to pour herself out at once. She was at her inventive best with Elsa. It was as if Elsa's beautiful physique brought out a budding artistic instinct. Elsa was the piano on which she improvised, the canvas on which she drew, the paper on which she wrote.

"We're going to play 'Romeo and Juliet,' Elsa. You'll be Juliet and I'll be Romeo. You have to sit on a balcony, all dressed up, like in this picture."

"All dressed up" was enough for Elsa. She submitted with condescending graciousness to Janey's ministrations. With half a pair of lace curtains for a gown, a white portière cord for a girdle, a worsted lamp-mat for a cap, Janey produced a very tolerable imitation of the Juliet costume in the illustration. Caroline followed the proceedings, goggle-eyed with delight and in the tense, dense silence to which Janey had warned her. But when Elsa discovered that all she had to do was to sit on a turned-round sofa and listen while Janey read an incomprehensible jargon to her, she rebelled.

"I tell you what let's do," she suggested, after a swift glance at the clock. "Let's have a wedding. I'll be the bride."

One half of the lace curtain made a wonderful wedding veil. The other half furnished the train. Elsa unloosed her hair and, departing a moment from bridal precedent, put on it a brass lamp-shade, which gave a crown-like effect. She walked up and down before her ravished audience, one eye on them, the other on the clock. She turned sharp corners or sat down suddenly in a way that brought her train swirling in a long spiral about her feet. She said that that was the way they did it on the stage. Suddenly, in the midst of a profound courtesy, she jumped up. "It's five o'clock, Janey. Here, help me off with these duds. I've got to be over at the post-office by twenty minutes past. No, Caroline, you can't go."

By a curious coincidence, Edward Hollis entered the post-office just as they did. "Hullo, Elsa," he said, poking his visor-cap off his round black head. "Hullo, Edward," Elsa answered. They passed. A little further down the road, singularly enough, they met Edward again.

"Hullo, Elsa," he said, "how's Frank?" "How should I know?" Elsa responded. They passed. A little further on, miraculously, it seemed to Janey, they met a third time.

"Hullo, Elsa, heard from—" Edward began. "How's Colette?" Elsa interrupted. They passed.

"To-morrow, maybe, I'll tell you about a game that will last till—" Janey was beginning. But something intuitive warned her that she had no listener. She looked up at her companion. Elsa's face had turned backward to Edward. So, a little beyond, Edward's face had turned backward to Elsa. Elsa's chin was up; Janey could see the white curve of her neck. Elsa's eye-lids drooped; Janey could see just a gleam of blue between golden fringes of lash. A little strange smile played about Elsa's lips. Janey's vocabulary did not include the word "coquettish," but had it been there she would have fitted it at once to that expression.

Again, Janey did not know "jealousy" by name, but a big, hot, gulping wave leaped up within her, beat all through her body. She clutched Elsa's hand tight. Elsa gave a quick toss of her head and turned about. "What are you saying, Janey?" she inquired languidly. "About the most beautiful game," Janey prattled on, "that we're going to play when the golden-rod grows high—" The wave had died down. Elsa was listening. But Janey continued to hold her hand very tight.

For a week, Janey and Elsa followed the program of that day. All the afternoon until five, they would play together indoors. Elsa developed unexpected caprices. She did not like this game because it was too babyish, that one because it was too silly, the other because it was slow. More and more their dramas went away from fairies and mermaids, from Robin Hood and his Merry Men, from the Knights of the Round Table. More and more they considered teas and receptions and coming-out dances and cotillions and box parties at the theater. At five o'clock the two children took a walk to the post-office. Edward Hollis was always there and the times he managed to pass them seemed to grow in frequency.

One day his sleeve-button caught in Elsa's frock. It took some time to disentangle it. When that feat was accomplished, he turned and walked with them.

ELSA—Heard from Colette yet?

EDWARD—Colette! What would I hear from her for?

ELSA—You know why, I guess, Edward Hollis.

EDWARD—I suppose you get a letter every day from Frank Hall.

ELSA—The idea! I've heard from him only twice.

EDWARD—And picture post-cards. I bet he sends you one every day.

JANEY—My Uncle Jim sends me a picture post-card from every place he goes to. I've got three albums chockablock full, one all foreign ones.

ELSA—See here, Edward Hollis, I've got a bone to pick with you! You give me back that handkerchief you took from me that last day at dancing-school. You've had it long enough.

EDWARD—I shan't neither. I suppose you want to give it to Frank Hall.

ELSA—The idea! I would n't give him anything. He stole a tie of mine once. And I never got it back. He's tried to make me let him wear this ring (Elsa takes off a little gold-and-garnet affair from her finger), but it was too small for him. I bet it's too small for you.

EDWARD—No, it just fits. Guess I'll keep it for a while.

ELSA—The idea, Edward Hollis! Don't you dare keep that ring! Edward Hollis, you give me back my ring. Well, anyway, don't you tell that it's mine. Everybody would think it was the silliest thing. Let me look at your ring.

EDWARD—(slipping off a ring from his finger). All right.

ELSA—(triumphantly putting it on her finger). Now if you want it back, you'll have to give me mine.

EDWARD—I don't want it back.

JANEY—In the "Merchant of Venice," Portia gave Bassanio a ring and Nerissa gave—

ELSA—Edward Hollis, you are the worst boy!

At half-past eight the next morning, Elsa intercepted Janey on the bridge. "I'm coming up to school to meet you to-day, Janey," she said. "Will you give this note to Edward Hollis at recess? And Janey, remember, it is a secret. Can you keep a secret?"

"I kept a secret that Uncle Jim was going to give mother a fur coat for three months, once," Janey replied.

Janey delivered the note. She liked that. She had a pleasant conspirator-sense of being connected with something contraband.

Elsa, true to her promise, was waiting at the door when school let out. A little further down the road, Edward met and joined them.

Every morning thereafter, Janey carried a note. Every afternoon thereafter, Edward joined her and Elsa. One day, when school let out, Elsa was not there. Trotting briskly homeward she overtook her and Edward. "Why didn't you wait for me, Elsa?" she demanded indignantly.

"Oh, I had an engagement with Edward," Elsa explained in her most mature manner.

"Oh," said Janey, although, for the life of her, she could not see what that had to do with it. And then at a turning, Elsa stopped and said, "Edward and I are going for a little walk. Good-by."

Thereafter she always had to run to catch up with Elsa and Edward. Thereafter they always left after a few moments. But in the little interval that they spent with her, she tried her hardest to interest them in the new game they would play when the golden-rod grew high.

And then, suddenly, Scarsett woke up. The road seemed to be full of children walking in pairs. It was as if a bomb had struck infantile society in Scarsett; had exploded it into two. To Janey's distress there seemed to be a slight coldness between Elsa and Colette, but Elsa continued to walk with Edward. Colette Kingdon walked with Stubby West. Cordy West walked with Wentie Kingdon. Sometimes Janey joined one of these couples, sometimes another. Their conversation was all very dull to Janey. She was horrified at her own stupidity, for this was a game of which she could not seem to learn the plays; of which she could not even hear the signals.

One day a crocheting mania seemed to break out at once in the entire set of girls. They gathered indoors every day to work with glistening needles on mysterious, long, silken strips. Janey discovered that these were ties. Elsa was making a green one for Edward, Colette a navy-blue one for Stubby, Cordy a brown one for Wentie. Janey would have liked to make one, too, just for the sake of having a visible bond with her friends. She felt that she needed a bond, for, occasionally, the horrid thought came to her that they could entertain themselves without her help. When Janey joined the Elsa and Edward combination in the afternoon promenade, Elsa was always sending her to Colette and Stubby. Colette would find a message for her to take to Cordy and Wentie. They in turn would turn her back on Elsa and Edward.

But Janey was patient. She believed that when the school closed, things would be different. The girls would have learned by that time how stupid boys were; that they really did not know how to play at all. At her most downcast moments, Janey could always console herself with the thought, "Wait till the golden-rod grows high."

Once she caught a remark. "Let's lose her to-day. She's too young for our crowd." And again, "She talks about nothing but books—books—books."

Janey wondered who this unfortunate unknown was. And she even wished lonesomely that she might meet her. For if she liked books—

And then, one afternoon, she found out. All the boys and girls were gathered in the Morgan orchard. Suddenly, but only after whispering, they made for the Morgan house. Janey started to follow. Elsa stopped her.

"Excuse me, Janey," she said in a superior tone. "I guess you'd better run home now. We're going to have a little dance."

Janey said nothing; she only stared stupidly at her. Elsa waited an instant; then, laughing airily, she turned and went into the house.

For a long time Janey stood rooted, looking after her; for the golden-rod might grow to the skies now; the Princess and the Curdie game would never, never be played.

That night, when Mrs. Blair had tucked Janey into bed, they had one of the long confidential talks which always smoothed over the acerbities of their day relations.

"Mother," Janey said, "I'm through with Elsa Morgan." Her small mouth set in a line positively Janeyesque—there is no other adequate adjective—with determination. "And when I'm through with anybody, I'm through. To-morrow I'm going back to Caroline. Mother"—Janey had the Spartan air of one who, for her own good, disillusions a trusting parent—"Mother, I guess you don't know what a baby I am. Mother, I guess I never'll be very smart. All I seem to care for in the whole world is 'Alice in Wonderland' and Shakespeare."

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The Vanishing Host

[Continued from page 326]

on a young fool being ready for an adventure, and he invited me here for dinner. He landed me all right. He got word somehow that you'd be here to-night, and he had the boldness to stay until the last moment. While I'm trying to force an idea into your brain he and his wife are putting good railroad or steamboat miles between themselves and you."

"A fairy tale like that ain't up to your reputation, Knighton," the sergeant sneered.

"But such a trick would be like the Flea, would n't it?"

"So is the one you're trying to work off now, but there's a point you don't catch. Knighton organized in Europe the slickest gang that ever swindled bankers and they cleared up a cool half million. Suppose you're not Knighton, what's the matter with you and the lady being members of the gang? It ain't much in your favor to be here in the ringleader's house."

"Mr. Parry," Miss Whitford said decidedly, "you are only giving this man the pleasure of showing his authority. It won't hurt me a particle to go to the police station; in fact, I'd rather like the experience."

"Come, then, my fellow bank swindler," Parry laughed, proffering his arm.

"We're ready, officer," she responded, slipping her arm within Parry's.

"You guard the house for the night, Jim," the sergeant ordered, and led the way to the door.

Following him, the prisoners were passing into the hallway when the telephone bell rang sharply. Without asking leave Parry sprang back into the library and took down the receiver.

He listened intently for a few moments, and closed the conversation by asking some one to come at once. Then, turning, he gave Miss Whitford a significant look and said to the sergeant, who had stood impatiently in the doorway:

"The fellow that talked just now mistook me for Knighton—as some others are doing. He's coming over to lay some plan before him. Here's your chance to get another of the gang, sergeant. We'll darken the next room and you and your man here can be ready to spring. I'll try to hold him until he gives himself away. Do you catch the idea?"

"Do I catch it? Well, I think," gloated the sergeant. "What did I tell you coming over, Jim? I said he'd squeal on the rest when we had him good and hard. Generally the way with scoundrels like you, Knighton. But we're obliged to you, anyhow. Jim, you get word to the men in the street not to stop any one that rings."

Parry sat alone at the library table when Jim hurried in from the street and joined his superior in the adjoining room. Catching the significance of his look and words to the officer, Miss Whitford had slipped into the rear hallway. Very soon the door-bell rang. Parry turned the crank, went to the top of the stairs, called to the visitor to come up, and returned to his chair. This arrival gave him the chance of escape he had been seeking. If the newcomer should be one of Knighton's men he would refuse, of course, to transact his business with a stranger, and there would be a speedy and happy end of the affair.

In a few moments a man as powerful as the sergeant stopped in the doorway. His keen eyes took in every detail of the room and warily studied the figure at the table. Parry's hopes sank. The man was evidently a stranger to Knighton. In carrying out the plan of representing himself as Knighton he would further incriminate himself with the officers. But he had put himself into the rôle and must go ahead.

"Are you Knighton?" the man asked, coming cautiously forward.

"Who else do you think I'd be," Parry answered, "King Edward?"

"See here," the fellow growled, "you don't know who I am, do you?"

"No; nor what you are."

"You don't want to be so high and mighty, if you did pull off a good thing across the water," the man grumbled. "We know a thing or two over here, I think. I did a lot of dodgin' cops gettin' to you, and I guess you know that's no cinch. They're hot after me for that bank affair in Illinois last month. One of our crowd—Grafton—wrote me you want a man to rush the game you played over the pond. I'm the man you want."

"Big enough," Parry said, "but how's your nerve?"

"I see you don't know me," the other boasted. "I'm Blinders."

"Is it possible?" Parry cried, with well-feigned surprise.

Blinders, however, cast an uneasy glance about and said:

"Grafton says he heard the police are onto you, and—"

"They won't do a thing," Parry broke in, with a snap of his fingers. "When they find an uncommonly stupid man over here they make a police sergeant of him. I—"

A ring of the door bell interrupted.

"That's Grafton," Blinders said. "He promised to come and give me a good word with you."

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Once more Parry turned the crank, and some one, plainly used to the house, ran up the steps. In an instant a wiry, ferret-like man paused in the doorway, then, leaping forward, he caught Blinders's shoulder and asked hoarsely:

"What have you told this bloke?"

"Not much," Blinders answered, springing up and wheeling toward the little man. "Why?"

"Because he ain't Knighton any more 'n I am."

Blinders's face went murderous as he turned toward Parry, who rose quickly from his chair.

"Never mind him, Blinders," Grafton said, "he's only a fellow Knighton picked up at one of the hotels because he looks a little like him. One of the men told me all about it since I saw you. Oh, my, the Flea is making a jump to-night that will make the police sit up and take notice, I tell you. But we must be getting a move on. They're coming around to-night, I hear, and you, whatever your name is, you'd better make yourself scarce, for Knighton meant you to be pinched in his place, and while you're clearing yourself he'll make a neat getaway. Come on, Blinders, we're for the outside."

"Too late," the sergeant's voice, bubbling with delight, broke in. "Bagged at last, Blinders. I guess you'd better drop that gun."

RED DOT

[Continued from page 307]

on its being done. "For safety," it said, so I ordered it looked to."

"You're in charge, then?"

"It's my house. And there are no relatives so far as I know. Come and look at his papers. You won't find much."

In the old-fashioned desk was a heap of undecipherable matter, interspersed with dates, apparently bearing upon scientific experiments; a package of letters from the Denny Research Laboratories of St. Louis, mentioning enclosure of checks; and three self-addressed envelopes bearing New York postmarks, of dates respectively, March 12, March 14 and March 20. Each contained a date-stamped sheet of paper, similar to that which Mr. Curtis Fleming had shown to Average Jones. The one of earliest date bore two red dots; the second, three and the third, two. All the envelopes were endorsed in Professor Moseley's handwriting; the first with the one word "Filler." The second writing was "Held for warmer weather." The last was inscribed "One in poor condition."

Of these Average Jones made careful note, as well as of the laboratory address. By this time the hissing of the fumigating apparatus had ceased. The two men went to the conservatory and gazed in upon a ruin of limp leaves and flaccid petals, killed by the powerful gases. Suddenly with an exclamation of astonishment, the investigator stooped and lifted from the floor a marvel of ermine body and pale green wings. The moth, spreading nearly a foot, was quite dead.

"Here's the mate, sir," said the fumigating expert, handing him another specimen, a trifle smaller. "The place was crowded with all kinds of pretty ones. All gone where the good bugs go now."

Average Jones took the pair of moths to the desk, measured them and laid them carefully away in a drawer. "The rest must wait," he said. "I have to send a telegram."

With the interested Mr. Curtis Fleming in attendance, he went to the telegraph office where he wrote out a despatch.

"Mr. A. V. R. Jones?" said the operator. "There's a message here for you."

Average Jones took the leaflet and read:

"Found gum on floor this morning when I arrived.
MALCOLM DORR."

Then he recalled his own blank, tore it up, and substituted the following, which he ordered "rushed:"

MALCOLM DORR,
STENGEL BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.
"Leave office immediately. Do not return until it has been fumigated thoroughly. Imperative."
A. V. R. JONES."

"And now," said Average Jones to Mr. Fleming, "I'm going back to New York. If any collectors come chasing to you for luna moths, don't deal with them. Refer them to me, please. Here is my card."

"Your orders shall be obeyed," said the older man, his beady eyes twinkling. "But why, in the name of all that's unheard of, should collectors come bothering me about luna moths?"

"Because of an announcement to this effect which will appear in the next number of the National Science Weekly, and in coming issues of the New York Evening Register."

He handed out a rough draft of this advertisement:

"FOR SALE—Two largest known specimens of *Tropaea luna*, unmounted; respectively 10 and 11½ inches spread. Also various other specimens from collection of late Gerald Moseley, of Bridgeport, Conn. Write for particulars. Jones, Room 222; 380 Fifth Avenue, New York."

"What about further danger here?" inquired Mr. Fleming, as Average Jones bade him good-by. "Would we better run that warning of poor Moseley's after all?"

For reply Jones pointed out the window. A late-season whirl of snow enveloped the streets.

"I see," said the old man. "The frost. Well, Mr. Mysterious Jones, I don't know what you're up to, but you've given me an interesting day. Let me know what comes of it."

On the train back to New York, Average Jones wrote two letters. One was to the Denny Research Laboratories in St. Louis, the other to the Department of Agriculture at Washington. On the following morning

The big outlaw gave the officers a contemptuous look and let the weapon fall. Sneering at the sergeant, Grafton said:

"But you've lost the Flea all right."

With a rustle of silk Miss Whitford appeared in a rear doorway and came at once to Parry's side.

"Beggings your pardon," said the sergeant with a rather crestfallen bow to his late captives, "what can I do to even up?"

"Two things," Parry answered. "Get these scoundrels out of our sight, and send us a man to help Miss Whitford catch the first express for Chicago."

"He'll be here in a half hour," the bluecoat agreed.

"Move on, you fellows."

"Oh, there's a third," Parry could not resist the chance. "When you're skilful enough to catch the Flea, wire me in Chicago."

Although many of the swindlers were rounded up Knighton was never captured, but about eighteen months later, Parry and Estelle, while spending a two-year honeymoon in Europe, saw a seedy, hungry, haggard man slouching one morning through a street in an obscure Italian village, and they instantly recognized him as their vanishing host.

he went to Dorr's office. That young chemist was in a recalcitrant frame of mind.

"I've done about ten dollars' worth of fumigating and a hundred dollars' worth of damage," he said; "and now, I'd like to have a Missouri sign. In other words, I want to be shown. What did some skunk want to kill my dogs for?"

"He did n't."

"But they're dead, are n't they?"

"Accident."

"What kind of an accident?"

"The kind in which the innocent bystander got the worst of it. You're the one it was meant for."

"Me?"

"Certainly. You'd probably have got it if the dogs had n't."

The speaker examined the keyhole, then walked over to the radiator and looked over, under and through it minutely. "Nothing there," he observed; and, after extending his examination to the windows, book-shelf and desk, added:

"I guess we might have spared the fumigation. However, the safest side is the best."

"What is it? Some new game in projective germs?" demanded the chemist.

"Oh, disinfection will kill other things besides germs," returned Average Jones. "Luna moths, for instance. Wait a few days and I'll have some mail to show you on that subject. In the meantime, have a plumber come here and solder up that keyhole so tight that nothing short of dynamite can get through it."

Collectors of *lepidoptera* rose in shoals to the printed offer of luna moths measuring ten and eleven inches across the wings. Letters came in by every mail, responding variously with fervor, suspicion, yearning eagerness, and bitter skepticism to Average Jones's advertisement. All of these he put aside, except such as bore a New York postmark. And each day he compared the new names signed to the New York letters with the directory of occupants of the Stengel Building. Less than a week after the luna moth advertisement appeared, Average Jones walked into Malcolm Dorr's office with a twinkling eye.

"Do you know a man named Marcus L. Ross?" he asked the chemist.

"Never heard of him."

"Marcus L. Ross is interested, not only in luna moths, but in the rest of the Moseley collection. He writes from the Delamater Apartments, where he lives, to tell me so. Also he has an office in this building. Likewise he works frequently at night. Finally, he is one of the confidential lobbyists of the Paragon Pressed Meat Co. Do you see?"

"I begin," replied young Mr. Dorr.

"It would be very easy for Mr. Ross, whose office is on the floor above, to stop at this door on his way down stairs after quitting work late at night when the elevator had stopped running and—let us say—peep through the keyhole."

Malcolm Dorr got up and stretched himself slowly. The sharp, clean lines of his face suddenly stood out again under the creasy flesh.

"I don't know what you're going to do to Mr. Ross," he said, "but I want to see him first."

"I'm not going to do anything to him," returned Average Jones, "because, in the first place, I suspect that he is far, far away, having noted, doubtless, the plugged keyhole and suffered a crisis of the nerves. It's strange how nervous your scientific murderer is. Anyway, Ross is only an agent. I'm going to aim higher."

"As how?"

"Well, I expect to do three things. First, I expect to scare a peaceful but murderous trust multimillionaire almost out of his senses; second, I expect to dispatch a costly yacht to unknown seas; and third, I expect to raise the street selling price of the evening "yellow" journals, temporarily, about one thousand per cent. What's the answer? The answer is—'Buy to-night's papers.'"

New York, that afternoon, saw something new in advertising. That it really was advertising was shown by the "Adv." sign, large and plain, in both the papers which carried it. The favored journals were the only two which indulged in "fudge" editions; that is, editions with glaring red-typed inserts of "special" news. On the front page of each, stretching narrowly across three columns, was a device showing a tiny mapped outline in black marked Bridgeport, Conn., and a large skeleton draught of Manhattan Island showing the principal streets. From

the Connecticut city downward ran a line of dots in red print. The dots entered New York from the north, passed down Fourth Avenue to the south side of Union Square, turned west and terminated. Beneath this map was the legend, also in red:

Watch the line advance in later editions.

It was the first time in the records of journalism that the "fudge" device had been used in advertising.

Great was the rejoicing of the "newsies" when public curiosity made a "run" upon these papers. Greater it grew when the "afternoon edition" appeared, and with their keen business instinct, the urchins saw that they could run the price upward, which they promptly did, to as high, in some cases, as a nickel. This edition carried the same "fudge" advertisement, but now the red dots crossed over to Fifth Avenue and turned northward as far as Twenty-third Street. The inscription was:

Upward and Onward. See Next Extra.

For the "Night Extra," people paid five, ten, even fifteen cents. Rumor ran wild. Other papers, even, took the matter up as news, and commented upon the meaning of the extraordinary advertisement. This time, the red-dotted line went as far up Fifth Avenue as Fiftieth Street. And the legend was ominous:

When I turn, I strike.

That was all, that evening. The dotted line did not turn.

Keen as newspaper conjecture is, it failed to connect the "red-line maps," with the fame of which the city was raging, with an item of shipping news printed in the evening papers of the following day:

"CLEARED—for South American ports: steam yacht *Electra*, New York. Owner JOHN M. COLWELL."

And not until the following morning did the papers announce that President Colwell, of the Canned Meat Trust, having been ordered by his physician on a long sea voyage to refurbish his depleted nerves, after closing his house on West Fifty-first Street, had sailed in his own yacht. The same issues carried a few lines about the "freak ads," which had so sensationally blazed and so suddenly waned from the "yellows." The opinion was offered that they represented the exploitation of some new brand of whiskey which would announce itself later. But that announcement never came, and President Colwell sailed to far seas and Mr. Curtis Fleming came to New York keen for explanations, for he, too, had seen the "fudge" and marveled. Hence, Average Jones had him, together with young Mr. Dorr, at a private room luncheon at the Cosmic Club, where he offered explanation and elucidation.

"The whole affair," he said, "was a problem in the connecting up of loose ends. At the New York terminus we had two deaths in the office of a man with powerful and subtle enemies; that office being practically sealed against intrusion except for a very large keyhole. Some deadly thing is introduced through that keyhole; so much is practically proven by the breaking out of the chewing gum with which I coated it. Probably the scheme was carried out in the evening when the building was nearly deserted. The killing influence reaches a corner far out of the direct line of the keyhole. Being near the radiator, that corner represents the attraction of warmth. Therefore, the invading force was some sentient creature."

Dorr shuddered. "Some kind of venomous snake," he surmised.

"Not a bad guess. But a snake, however small, would have been instantly noticed by the dogs. Now let's look at the Bridgeport end. Here, again, we have a deadly influence loosed; this time by accident. A scientific experimentalist is the innocent cause of disaster. Here, too, the peril is somewhat dependent upon warmth; since we know, from Professor Moseley's agonized eagerness for a frost, that cold weather would have put an end to it. The cold weather fails to come. Dogs are killed. Finally a child falls victim, and on that child is found a circular mark, similar to the mark on Mr. Dorr's dog's lip. You see the striking points of similarity?"

"Do you mean us to believe poor old Moseley a cold-blooded murderer?" demanded Mr. Curtis Fleming.

"Far from it. At worst an unhappy victim of his own carelessness in loosing a peril upon his neighborhood. You're forgetting a connecting link; the secretive red-dot communications from New York City addressed by Moseley to himself on behalf of some customer who ordered simply by a code of ink-dots. He was the man I had to find. The giant luna moths helped to do it."

"I don't see where they come in at all," declared Dorr, bluntly. "A moth a foot wide could n't crawl through a keyhole."

"No; nor do any damage if it did. The luna is as harmless as it is lovely. In this case the moths weren't active agents. They were important only as clues—and bait. Their enormous size showed Prof. Moseley's line of work was the selective breeding of certain forms of life to two or three times the normal proportions. Very well; I had now to ascertain some creature which, if magnified several times, would be deadly, and which would still be capable of entering a large keyhole. Having determined that—"

"You found what it was?" cried Dorr.

"One moment. Having determined that, I had still to get in touch with Professor Moseley's mysterious New York correspondent. I figured that he must be interested in Professor Moseley's particular branch of research or he never could have devised his murderous scheme. So I constructed the luna moth advertisement to draw him, and when I got a reply from Mr. Ross, who is a fellow-tenant of Mr. Dorr's, the chain was complete. Now, you see where the luna moths were useful. If I had advertised, instead of them, the *lathroedectus*, he might have suspected and refrained from answering."

CONGO

NEVER LEAK ROOFING

A
Guarantee
Bond
With Every
Roll



10
Years'
Service
Absolutely
Assured

Fac-simile of Surety Bond in Every Roll of Congo Roofing

Guaranteed for Ten Years

Guaranteed! That's it exactly. Not merely a verbal guarantee which can be dodged and evaded, but a written guarantee signed by this Company and underwritten by the National Surety Company of New York City, a Two-Million Dollar Company of the highest standing.

The guarantee is in the form of a Bond that absolutely protects you in regard to your roofing for the period of ten years. This applies to the standard 2 or 3 ply Congo Roofing.

We know that Congo is the best ready roofing in the world.

We know that a Congo roof will last longer than ten years. Therefore we are safe in a guarantee for

that time. On the other hand you are absolutely sure of ten years perfect roof protection.

If the roofing should fall short of the guarantee, we are obliged to make good. And we would willingly do this because our chief aim is to give absolute satisfaction to all. Congo has a reputation which we intend to preserve.

Send for free sample of Congo and booklet telling all about it. Send to-day.

UNITED ROOFING & MFG. CO.

603 West End Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Chicago

San Francisco

\$1,288.20 CLEAR PROFIT IN THE FIRST 60 DAYS



A young man working for about \$18 per week installed four of our Box Ball Alleys with the above results. He purchased on our easy payment plan and his original investment was less than \$300.00.

A doctor realizing the great value of Box Ball for physical exercise, bought one alley and had it run by a young man, and his profit on one alley was over \$500.00 for the first two months.

We want you to start this business in your town. Remember, Box Ball is no gambling device, but legitimate and thoroughly honorable. A high-class amusement and splendid physical exercise, and never fails to attract the patronage of the good people.

Box Ball pays big profits in any town. One man with two alleys in a town of only 500 population took in all the alleys cost him in forty days. We sell only one customer in towns of moderate size. We have sold nearly 6,500 alleys. Quickly installed, conveniently portable, small expense, easy payments. Catalog and particulars free. Write today.

AMERICAN BOX BALL CO.

510 Van Buren St. (16) INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

CONCRETE BLOCKS
Clear Big Money making
Ideal Concrete Blocks. We furnish full equipment and instructions. Previous experience unnecessary, but good business ability and sound judgment essential. Special offer and service for established lumber dealers, contractors, architects and home builders. Write at once for information and booklet. Ideal Concrete Machinery Co. 3 Americ St. South Bend, Ind.

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including 400 plates, frames, etc. Finished photo buttons sell readily at 10c and 15c each—cost only 2c. Start a rapid fire, outdoor, money-making business. Camera takes, develops and finishes picture, ready to wear in 30 seconds. A big money-maker for carnivals, fairs and outdoor celebrations. Can be set up in 20 seconds ready to operate. No experience necessary; complete instructions with each outfit. Easy to move with the crowd. Weighs 4 pounds. Will ship upon deposit of \$5.00 balance C.O.D. SCHNADIG SALES AGENCY, 216 Crilly Bldg., Chicago

Salesmen Wanted

Traveling Salesmen earn from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year and expenses. Over 700,000 employed in the United States and Canada. The demand for good Salesmen always exceeds the supply. We will teach you to be an expert Salesman by mail in eight weeks and our FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU will assist you to secure a good position. We received calls for Salesmen from over 5,000 firms last year and could not fill our orders. Hundreds of our graduates who formerly earned \$25 to \$75 a month have since earned from \$100 to \$500 a month and expenses. Hundreds of good positions open for the spring rush. If you want to secure one of them or increase your earnings, our free book, "A Knight of The Grip" will show you how. Write or call for it today. Address nearest office.

Dept. 422, National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Atlanta.



Have you a Dog?

If so send at once for Polk Miller's 50 page booklet "Diseases of Dogs and Their Treatment." It tells how to prevent every disease that a dog can have. It may save your dog's life. It also tells how you can secure free medical advice for a year. It contains Senator Vest's masterful "Tribute to a Dog" and the celebrated poem "A Taller Dog's Love for a Nigger." Will send book for 5c stamp, just to advertise Ferguson's Famous Dog Remedies. Address: POLK MILLER DRUG CO., 837 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

Be Careful in ordering by mail from our advertisers to write your name and address plainly. A little care in this will save all much trouble. Better mention Success Magazine, too.



Four-Square Advertising

4.—As An Efficient Measure of Assistance to the Retailer.

Vigorous sales methods and that character of advertising which distributes the goods and places them in the hands of the retailer is only one step toward their final sale. It is the duty of the manufacturer to move his goods off the retailer's shelves as fast as his sales department can put them there.

High-grade goods are sold by high-grade retailers. High-grade retailers have high-grade customers—people who read high-grade publications.

Advertising of an inferior nature, placed in indifferent or suspicious company, is of no assistance to the retailer who caters to the right sort of people. What he wants, and what he is entitled to, is advertising in those publications which his customers read and believe in. He has a right to demand of the manufacturer whose goods he carries Four-Square Advertising in Four-Square mediums—that is to say, advertising which tells the truth, printed in publications which not only tell the truth but which admit no advertising of an unworthy character; no advertising which misrepresents; no advertising of fake goods.

Good advertising, in such mediums, fosters the faith of the retailer in the goods, creates a demand for them from his best customers, and keeps them moving in a healthy, permanent manner.

The Four-Square medium not only keeps out all advertising unfit to associate in such good company, but protects the manufacturer against unworthy competition, and the consumer against loss by 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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"What's the *lathrodectus*?" demanded both the hearers at once.

For answer Average Jones took a letter from his pocket and read:

BUREAU OF ENTOMOLOGY,
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 7TH.

MR. A. V. R. JONES,
380 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

DEAR SIR:

Replying to your letter of inquiry; the only insect answering your specifications is a small spider, *Lathrodectus mactans*, sometimes popularly called the Red Dot, from a bright red mark upon the back. Rare cases are known where death has been caused by the bite of this insect. Fortunately its fangs are so weak that they can penetrate only very tender skin, otherwise death from its bite would be more common, as the venom, drop for drop, is perhaps the most virulent known to science.

This Bureau knows nothing of any experiments in breeding the *Lathrodectus* for size. Your surmise that specimens of two or three times the normal size would be dangerous to life, is undoubtedly correct, and selective breeding to that end should be conducted only under adequate scientific safeguards. A *Lathrodectus mactans* with fangs large enough to penetrate the skin of the hand, and a double or triple supply of venom, would be, perhaps, more deadly than a cobra.

The symptoms of poisoning by this species are spasms, similar to those of trismus, and agonizing general pains. There are no local symptoms except, in some cases, a circle of small pustules about the bitten spot.

Commercially, the *Lathrodectus* has value, in that the poison is used in certain affections of the heart. For details I would refer you to the Denny Laboratories of St. Louis, Mo., which are purchasers of the venom.

The species is very susceptible to cold, and would hardly survive a severe frost. It frequents wood-piles and out-houses.

Yours truly,

L. O. HOWARD, Chief of Bureau.

"And now," said Mr. Curtis Fleming, "will some one kindly explain to me what this Ross fiend had against our friend, Mr. Dorr?"

"Nothing," replied Average Jones.

"Nothing?" Was he coursing with spiders merely for sport?

"Oh, no. You see, Mr. Dorr was interfering with the machinery of one of our ruling institutions, the Canned Meat Trust. He possessed information which would have indicted all the officials. Therefore it was desirable—even essential—that he should be removed from the pathway of progress."

"Nonsense! Socialistic nonsense!" snapped Mr. Curtis Fleming. "Trusts may be unprincipled, but they don't commit individual crimes."

"Don't they?" returned Average Jones, smiling amiably at his own boot-tip. "Did you ever hear of Mr. Adel Meyer's little corset steel which he invented to stick in the customs scales and rob the Government for the profit of his Syrup Trust? Or of the individual oil refineries

which mysteriously disappeared in fire and smoke at a time when they became annoying to the Combination Oil Trust? Or of the Traction Trust's two plots to murder Prosecutor Henry in San Francisco? I'm just mentioning a few cases from memory. Why, when a criminal trust faces only loss, it will commit forgery, theft, or arson. When it faces jail, it will commit murder just as determinedly. Self-defense, you know. As for the case of Mr. Dorr—" and he proceeded to detail the various attempts on the young chemist's life.

"But why so roundabout a method?" asked Dorr, skeptically.

"Well, they'd tried the ordinary methods of murder on you through agents. They didn't work. It was up to the Trust to put one of its own confidential men on it. Ross is an amateur entomologist. He devised a means that looked to be pretty safe and, in the long run, sure."

"And would have been but for your skill, young Jones," declared Mr. Curtis Fleming, with emphasis.

"Don't forget the fortunate coincidences," replied Average Jones, modestly. "They're about half of it. In fact, detective work, for all that is said on the other side, is mostly the ability to recognize and connect coincidences. The coincidence of the escape of the Red Dots from Professor Moseley's breeding cages; the coincidence of the death of the dogs on Golden Hill followed by the death of the child, the coincidence of poor Moseley's having left the red-dot letters on the desk instead of destroying them; the coincidence of Dorr's dogs being bitten, when it might easily have been himself had he gone to turn on the radiator and disturbed the savage little spider—"

"And the chief coincidence of your having become interested in the advertisement which Judge Elverson had me insert, really more to scare off further attempts than anything else," put in Dorr. "What became of the spiders that were slipped through my keyhole, anyway?"

"Two of them, as you know, were probably killed by the dogs. The others may well have died of cold at night when the heat was off and the windows open. The cleaning woman would n't have been likely to notice them when she swept the bodies out. And, sooner or later, if Ross had continued to insert red dots through the keyhole, one of them would have bitten you, Dorr, and the Canned Meat Trust would have gone on its way rejoicing."

"Well, you've certainly saved my life," declared Dorr, "and it's a case of sheer force of reasoning."

Average Jones shook his head. "You might give some of the credit to Providence," he said. "Just one little event would have meant the saving of the Italian child and of Professor Moseley and the death of yourself instead of the other way around."

"And that event?" asked Mr. Curtis Fleming.

"Five degrees of frost in Bridgeport," replied Average Jones.

The Power Behind the Republic

[Continued from page 324]

Thus: Business is not a bad thing but a good thing. It is not to be repressed but encouraged. It is not to be hampered but made free. It is engaged in supplying man's necessities; the most useful and therefore the most honorable of all undertakings. It is going through a process of evolution. True, it has not always been wise, for it is allowing poverty and the slums to increase alarmingly upon us; it has unwittingly created a machine for the production of paupers; it has tolerated and fostered corruption; it has erected the means for its own destruction and our grave peril.

Yet we may freely admit that it has done the best it could with the light it had, and it has not been conducted by bad men but by good.

It seems now to have reached or to be reaching the stage where it has carried on the world's work as far as it can. On one hand it is making of the generality of men the servants of a few groups of Interests, and on the other, while it is absorbing the nation's wealth into the hands of these groups, it begins to fail of the adequate supply that men must have.

To take up but one phase of this situation, it is clear that in the process we have been noting we are all shortly to be the hired men of some Interest. The purpose of our employment will be to increase the private fortunes of Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller and some other men already very rich. How would it do, instead, to be hired men of the community, and to have for the purpose of our employment the profit of the Common Good?

In other words, is it not true that the next inevitable stage of Business will be Business conducted for the communal profit instead of Business conducted for the profit of Mr. Morgan and the Standard Oil Company?

Competition is Gone Beyond Recall

Is there, in fact, anything else possible to us? We can not go back to the days of competition. I take it that as a nation we are unwilling to devote all our lives to the augmenting of a few swollen fortunes, even if there were not terrible and inevitable evils attendant upon such a condition. Yet, as the individual can no longer work for himself in the old way, is it not reasonably clear that he is next to working for himself by working for us all?

Is there anything else for us to do if we are not to fall into a state of industrial servitude? I put the question in no argumentative way. If any one that does me the honor to read these lines can suggest any other possible trend of evolution or any other outcome of Business, I shall be glad to have it mentioned to me, for so far I have not heard of one nor heard of anybody that has heard.

Business above all; it is man's indispensable supply; but Business for the good of the community, not for the pillaging of useless fortunes that embarrass as much as they degrade the possessors.

Let me give a concrete illustration. Take the one primal necessity of transportation, in the present stage of Business supplied to us by one of these great combinations. Take transportation within our cities.

The streets and avenues of a city belong to the people thereof and to no one else. Years ago we chose to sur-

render some of these highways of ours into the exclusive possession of a few individuals who have used our highways to draw from us great fortunes. In return they have given us an inferior kind of transportation, and, as a rule, they have also inflicted upon us deadly injuries from which we shall not recover for many years.

The Lesson of the Philadelphia Strike

Observe, for instance, the case of Philadelphia, which furnishes an exact epitome of all that we have been considering.

First, there were many separate street railroad enterprises; twenty or more, I think. Then these underwent the inevitable process of consolidation and reappeared in about five groups. Then the five groups were combined into two large groups and these two became one.

Each stage of this process was marked (as always) by the issuing of additional securities based upon the saving of expenses and increase of income to be made by the consolidation.

With the final fusion of groups the mass of securities had become enormous. Naturally it was in effect a heavy annual tax upon the community, which must furnish the dividends and interest these securities required.

To maintain itself in its privileges in the streets, each original company, each successive company, and the final combined company were obliged to corrupt the city government.

This they did methodically and thoroughly. In combination with other corporations similarly situated, they made the government of Philadelphia the most corrupt in modern times, and possibly the most corrupt in history.

All the money expended in maintaining this corruption was (in effect) charged to the capitalization on which the public must pay the interest and dividends. In other words, the community paid with its own money to be despoiled of its own streets and to have its own public servants corrupted. It continues to pay on these charges, and will so long as the system endures.

Because of the extent of the capitalization and the great sums that must be earned thereon, the company renders an inadequate service and underpays its employees. The cars are insufficient in number, shockingly overcrowded, dirty and slow. By the practise of these impositions the company secures the increased revenue it must have to pay its interest charges.

The underpaid employees strike. That is to say, the community's supply of one primal necessity stops. The part of Business engaged in furnishing this supply fails to perform its function. In consequence the community suffers great discomforts. The transportation it must have is denied it.

The city government attempts with force to break the strike. The people, sympathizing with the strikers and hating the company, resent the action of the city government. Then rioting begins in the streets, persons are killed or maimed, and the rest of the world looks with disgust upon a state of practical civil war.

Here are two undeniable facts about this situation:

I. If the company had never capitalized any "latent

value" in its enterprise, never issued any stock beyond a cash investment, never spent money for corruption, never maintained a political machine, it could afford to pay all of its employees liberal wages and afford to give the public a good service.

2. Under the existing system and conditions, the capitalizing of the "latent values" was not only legal, but absolutely right. In no other way could the consolidations have been made; in no other way could the value of the property have been realized.

So long as we have the present system we must have this process of consolidation. So long as we have this process we must have the capitalizing of latent values. So long as we have the capitalizing of latent values, we shall have results like those in Philadelphia.

Transportation Of, By and For the People

But in most of the cities of Great Britain, of the Continent of Europe, of Australia, of New Zealand, and elsewhere on the earth, any such situation as that in Philadelphia would be utterly impossible, because in those cities the community's primal necessity of transportation is not supplied by private enterprise for private greed, but by the community for the community's sole benefit.

In the transportation systems of these cities there is no capitalizing of latent values, no piling up of unwarrantable securities on which interest and dividends must be paid, no illegitimate privileges secured by corruption, no franchises secured by bribery, no public service impoverished and drained to make private fortunes. There used to be such things when the public transportation supply was administered for private greed, but now it is administered by the community for the community's sole benefit.

You will notice how different is the situation in Philadelphia and other American cities.

Yet we must multiply these examples many times and into many phases to judge accurately of our tendencies. If, for instance, we turn from the street railroads with a capitalization of three-fourths of what is called water, to the steam railroads with two-thirds of water, and the industrial trusts with sometimes four-fifths of water, and reflect that all our supplies are now passing over to corporations thus organized, it is evident that we confront an astonishing and unprecedented situation.

More than that, it promises soon to become impossible. There is not wealth enough in the country to sustain any such system. All of these great corporations are accumulating at a faster rate than the nation's growth in total wealth. They are therefore obviously doomed to collapse of themselves, and to cease to be the Business that furnishes us with our necessary supplies.

If the Service is Public Why Not the Profit?

Nor need this change cause us any concern. The present method, although unavoidable at this stage of Business, is eminently illogical and absurd, if we once stop judicially to consider it. The result of its operation is to draw from the community great fortunes for private owners. But of what possible benefit to us are these great fortunes? We derive nothing from them. Our only interest is that we shall be supplied with the things we need and these fortunes are merely an unnecessary tribute levied upon us for a service that we can have without any such tribute.

For example, take this same matter of intramural transportation. Mr. Yerkes in Chicago made from it in fifteen years a fortune of \$40,000,000. The people of Chicago derived nothing from that fortune. It meant nothing to them except many years of extreme discomfort, insufficient service, the final wreck of their system and its eventual rescue at a new and burdensome cost to themselves.

Or take the steam railroads. Mr. Hill, Mr. Morgan and others derive from the supply of this form of transportation an incalculable wealth. But that they should grow rich rapidly confers no benefit upon us.

The same conclusions pertain to the other supplies now furnished in the present stage of Business for private gain instead of for the Common Good. It is of no benefit to us that this man or that makes so many hundred millions by controlling the supply of some staple. Our only concern is that we shall have meat, flour, coal, and the other necessities by which man supports his life, and all these fortunes are merely artificial tributes levied upon us for supplies that we can have without any such tributes.

And we should note next that Business so conducted would obviate every evil we have been considering. The slums would not spread under Business for the Common Good, but would be destroyed; disease would not be disseminated but lessened; crime would not be fostered but abated. Business would have no need to buy legislatures; to maintain Cannons and Aldriches, to violate the laws about land under the sidewalks, to support corrupt city administrations. All these evils result solely from Business conducted for private profit. Business for the general welfare would have no other impulse.

At all times and under all conditions Man in the mass is the only subject worth thinking about or legislating for. Day by day this becomes more and more apparent around the globe, and none of its manifestations is so important as this impending change in Business by which it shall be conducted for the sake of Man in the mass and not for the sake of a fortunate and overfed class.

So far as men have been able to foresee, this is the certain trend of evolution. To agitate, to complain, to demand restrictive legislation, to fulminate, to try to distinguish between good trusts and bad trusts, to denounce, to regret the days that are past, to prosecute, to indict, are equally vain and equally foolish. Nothing will come of these employments but some very sorry spectacles. We live in the twentieth century, not in the fifth. We ought to be as willing to admit economic as geological facts, and the age of competition has passed from this earth as surely as the age of shellfish. Now comes the age of Man.

Business is right, necessary, honorable, and not without sound reason. It is to-day the Power Behind the Republic. All it needs is to be democratized that it may become Man's best friend and the People's chief bulwark instead of that peril that now appeals us all.



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¶ 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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The INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR

TO ANY one who gives the matter reasonable thought, it should be apparent that there have been remarkable changes in the magazine world during the past decade. But in no way, it is fair to say, have the changes been more noticeable than in the attitude which these publications have taken toward the subject of finance. Ten or more years ago, the number of subscribers to any popular periodical of the weekly or monthly type who would have read the "Investors' Column," as it is known to-day, would not have been worth considering. The interest on the part of the general public had not been stirred to a point of desiring to know "how" and "why." Investors were too prone to rely upon the advice of others; accept the word of the too often inspired financial columns of the daily press as infallible; or flock under the paternal wings of the savings-bank as easy, but not always well-advised means of solving the investment problem.

Investors no Longer Take Statements on Trust

But with the coming of Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidential office, together with the disagreeable disclosures in the New York insurance investigation, so searchingly brought to light by Governor Hughes, and the constant stimulant injected into so many readers for so long a period by a certain frenzied financier, the investing world gradually became possessed of a keen desire to be better posted. Whatever the cause for this great wave of seeking financial knowledge, the fact that it exists, and with increasing momentum, is indisputable. The magazines at once took advantage of the situation, and to-day there is hardly a weekly or monthly publication that does not contain a column or more upon matters relating to securities and banking. Even those in the agricultural field are pursuing a similar course. It is reported that there are ten millions of low-priced magazines circulated monthly; one hundred and twenty millions yearly, and scarcely one of them without the element of grave public discussion. Think of the effect of this mass of literature in the molding of public opinion! Any one who fails to appreciate its influence will blunder in regard to matters of national welfare. In a financial way, these, rather than the daily press, are very generally giving their readers honest and helpful advice.

Wall Street—as we broadly term it—has neglected to take them into consideration, and it was their influence upon the horde of small investors which taught them to buy at lowest prices during the last panic, and which was a saving factor at the time. This great educational movement is a power to be reckoned with, and unless those who would mold financial and industrial affairs can in some way control this great output of low-priced reading, they can not persuade a long-suffering public to buy and sell at will, as in the past.

So far, so good; and very good. But it seems to the writer that, in the majority of cases, those conducting the financial departments in these periodicals have gone at things in a haphazard sort of way, and have conducted them upon a disconnected plan. This is not intended as a criticism, for much praise is really deserved, and the work that has been accomplished and the good that has been achieved are of great magnitude. Probably it was essential that the Investors' Department should go through a preliminary testing out of this vast scheme, as it were, and it is very likely that nothing better could have been done up to about the present time; for it is doubtful if the investors, as a class, were ready for any different treatment of the matter. Thus, it was necessary to hold their interest by taking, each time, the topic uppermost in their minds. But it would appear that we have now progressed to a point where investors who have been alive to the situation, and who have followed the magazines in their work, would welcome a more or less comprehensive covering of the vital and fascinating subject of investment finance.

Information Loses Value if Disconnected

Looking broadly, therefore, at the work which has gone before, the impression upon the writer's mind is that there has been no connected attempt at teaching these matters. First one subject has been written up and then another, according to the popular clamor of the moment. But the idea, for instance, of taking a

The Nation's Development Through the Investment Banker

By MONTGOMERY ROLLINS

bond in its inception, through its creation, its purchase by the banker and following its course through the office and on to its final resting-place, the hands of the ultimate investor, has not been consistently and definitely worked out. In order that the reader may thoroughly under-

stand the placing of his money at interest and the handling of his investments after they have been made, would it not be well that he should be fairly well posted, starting at the very beginning with information based upon the knowledge that the banker applies in his own larger experience in conduct of his business affairs?

The patchwork way of explaining the bad points of first one security and then of another, as a means of teaching the fundamentals of investment, may be likened to teaching agriculture by describing a certain popular apple, giving the best ways to judge its defects and virtues. The idea may be advanced that a wide knowledge of agriculture is not necessary for the careful purchase of a barrel of Baldwin apples. Very true; but the illustration will serve, for the investor has far different things to consider, and for his own protection he can not know too much regarding his subject. Everything appertaining to the purchase or sale of a bond is of almost as great value to him as to the dealer.

This seems, perhaps, a needlessly long discussion, but it leads up to the plan which SUCCESS MAGAZINE hopes to carry to fruition in these columns. Our purpose is to introduce a method of education very much along the lines advocated above. Now and then it may be necessary to deviate from the general scheme long enough to treat of some security which, at the time, has a claim of sufficient moment upon the interest of the public to warrant giving it immediate attention. This is well illustrated by the way in which SUCCESS MAGAZINE has been constrained to take up the subject of irrigation securities in the past two issues.

When, in the regular run of things, we reach a subject which we have already recently covered, we shall then refer to it, so that, if desired, it may be read again in its proper place, or the subject taken up anew in a somewhat different form. A proper understanding of the general proposition demands a brief sketch of the history of the development of the investment field, and the extent to which the growth of the nation has been dependent thereon.

A Heavy Burden of National Debt

For the purposes of these pages, it does not seem necessary to make an earlier beginning than the period of the American civil conflict, when we were launched upon an era of wholesale security issuance which, with its accompanying disgraceful repudiation, none other than a country of immense latent natural resources could have survived. In 1861 our debt had been increased, as a result of the Indian War, to about ninety millions. That this was not a large debt will appear from the fact that at no time previous to the actual breaking out of our Civil War was the debt of the United States Government as great as the present debt of what is known as the Metropolitan District of Boston and Vicinity. With an increase of the Government indebtedness to nearly two and a half billions of dollars, it will be seen that we have entered into an era of debt contracting which makes the indebtedness of 1861 look very insignificant in comparison.

The fact that the nation, on account of its receipts from customs, sales of public lands, internal revenue, etc., has a means of revenue not available to States and municipalities, makes it possible suddenly to increase its funded indebtedness in times of emergency and find a market for its issues not possible to its less favored subdivisions. Outside of the earnings of some State or municipally-owned properties, such as wharves, docks, water-works, gas and electric light plants, to which may be added receipts from license fees, etc., there is practically no income available to the latter except that arising from direct taxation.

Certain western States have received generous aid from the National Government, which has allotted them portions of the public lands, the proceeds from the sale of which go to the benefit of the permanent school funds. This is one reason for the extremely good record of payment which western school bonds have enjoyed. In the same manner, the arid States are to-day getting most

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material assistance because the Government has been devoting the receipts from the sale of its lands within those States to reclamation projects situated therein.

California has for many years derived a large income from its state-owned wharves and docks. But State and municipal income of this nature is not on a plane with the ability of the Government to rapidly increase its receipts in time of emergency, based upon which ability it can, with safety, suddenly expand its indebtedness.

Up to the period of the close of the war of the sixties, our record for the payment of Government, State and municipal obligations was a remarkably good one, everything considered. But soon followed an entire reversal of this situation by repudiation of State and municipal indebtedness fearful to contemplate. The "Reconstruction Period" and the expense of war deluged us with a flood of bonds. Many of the State and county debts were created in the aid of railroads—Railroad Aid Bonds, as they were called. It often happened that no proper value was ever received for the aid given; thus there was instilled a marked feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest into those regions so baldly defrauded. Money for which the municipalities became obligated, in order to rehabilitate a country devastated by fire and sword, was largely squandered or dishonestly appropriated. The enterprises for which the debts were created were not realized—the debts were found extremely burdensome—interest and principal soon defaulted.

A Statement That May Prove Interesting

It was surprising to read in a financial paper, not long since, a statement that practically no cities in this country had repudiated; and still further, it astonishes one to find in a financial dictionary published by a well-known Wall Street man, these words:

"The high sense of honor in our American municipalities is such that, notwithstanding the immense volume of municipal bonds issued in this country annually, the number of bonds that are repudiated, or even attempted to be repudiated, is so small that its percentage is scarcely ascertainable."

It seems hardly fair to make the foregoing declaration as of the present only. The past record should be coupled with it, and to that end the following extract is given from the writings of John F. Hume, which appeared in 1884:

"We may commence the list of defaulting cities with Duluth, on the waters of Lake Superior, and on our way down take in Keokuk and McGregor in Iowa, Quincy and Cairo in Illinois, St. Joseph and Cape Girardeau in Missouri, Leavenworth, Lawrence and Topeka in Kansas, Nebraska City in Nebraska, Little Rock and Helena in Arkansas, Memphis in Tennessee, New Orleans and Shreveport in Louisiana, Houston in Texas, and we stop only when the waters of the Gulf of Mexico are reached at Mobile. And then we have told but a small portion of the story. The list of defaulters among counties and townships and the smaller and less prominent cities would swell the aggregate to startling dimensions. Of over three hundred municipalities in the rich State of Illinois that issued bonds in aid of railroad building, more than one-third have refused payment and endeavored to avoid it. Of one hundred counties, townships and cities issuing bonds in Missouri, nine-tenths have defaulted. The record in Kansas is somewhat better, but still humiliating; while the bonded communities of Arkansas have been unanimous in attempting repudiation. Nor have these four States by any means furnished all the delinquent municipalities. Such municipalities can be found almost within sight of the steeples of New York City."

Now, taking up the question of the States, the record for repudiation, attempted repudiation, and scaling down of principal and interest, is a disgraceful one. We find States both sides of the Mason and Dixon line included in this roll of dishonor, although, in some instances, it occurred before the Civil War. Seventeen States comprise the list, with an aggregate amount of indebtedness, with accumulated interest estimated at considerably in excess of three hundred millions of dollars. These States are Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia.

Many were the schemes of the repudiators to outwit the innocent investors, and any loose methods, afterwards unearthed, which had occurred at the time of the issuance of the securities, were hailed with delight as an opportunity to evade payment.

The repudiated county and city indebtedness has been estimated at over one billion dollars. Although very much of this repudiation followed the war, and is now history, there have been a few instances of more recent knavery, of peculiar interest.

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away. The few remaining found it impossible to pay the high interest—ten per cent.—upon the water debt, and requested a reduction in the rate on the part of the bondholders; which was refused. Consequently in order to escape the liability, the surviving inhabitants moved their houses bodily across the border line of the city, and established a new municipality, which, by the way, was near the pumping station of the water-works. Default inevitably followed upon the bonds, and some ten years later the holders secured possession of the water-works, which, in turn, were sold for \$8,000 to the migrating municipality.

This is one of the few instances of the wholesale moving of buildings beyond a city's jurisdiction for the sake of escaping the burden of debt.

It must be borne in mind that we are almost entirely dependent upon the good intentions of a State for the payment of its obligations. A State can not be sued by an individual, although one State can bring suit against another. As a means to collect payment of some of these long-standing defaulted obligations, bonds have been donated to other States for the purpose of obtaining judgment, through such a medium, against the defaulting State.

These are mostly matters of the past, and although there are pending a few attempts at settlement of these old debts, such as an effort on the part of Virginia to compel West Virginia to stand its proportion of the indebtedness of the former, which had been incurred previous to the formation of two separate States, yet the bulk of these old securities will never be collected and will continue needlessly to occupy space in vaults and safe-deposit boxes, or be discarded as worthless.

Repudiation of Debt Always Hurts a State

Repudiating States and cities have suffered in more ways than one by failing to meet their obligations, and, frequently, the indirect loss in money value has been far greater than the direct gain by repudiation. Their acts still rankle in the minds not only of our investors but of our legislators, as appears in the laws that have been passed relative to the investment of bank funds by so many States. Almost all of these laws recognize, in some way, this repudiation.

To illustrate, it is provided that in certain States the bonds of any incorporated city having a population of not less than twenty thousand—with the exception of certain named cities, and with certain other conditions imposed—are legal investments for the savings-banks of Connecticut. Provided, further, that the city issuing such bonds has not defaulted payment of any of its funded indebtedness, or interest thereon, within fifteen years next preceding the purchase.

However, let us not be too hard upon those southern communities which saw fit to escape the payment of their debts, either through legal technicalities or by direct repudiation. We must be reasonably lenient in our criticism of a people upon whose soil a great and historic war had but recently been fiercely fought, and to whom the following days of "reconstruction" were most disastrous. Many felt, with reasonable justice, that they had been wantonly defrauded, and were unwilling to pay for what they had never received. Nevertheless, this does not excuse all, for in many cases the successful evasion of their burdens by those whom the promoter had truly defrauded set examples to others who had no such justification, and who, likewise, threw their municipalities into default.

Such a widespread state of affairs is not likely to again occur in this country, so far as man may now predict. Conditions have changed, and methods have changed. It would no longer be possible to effect a wholesale output of securities for the purposes for which those repudiated issues were made. The bond men have accomplished a vast work, not only in an educational way, but in the standard of their own requirements, which would prevent their being used as a medium for the distribution of securities of that class.

Through the efforts of the investment banker, more has been done for the welfare of the investor than may be realized. Most of the good laws, particularly in the West, which have been enacted for the protection of the investing public, are largely the result of earnest endeavor on the part of the bond houses.

The repudiation of a State or municipal issue must in the future be a rare occurrence, although a note of warning may be sounded against the enormous debts some of our large graft-ridden cities are piling up; debts almost as large as those of a nation, with a steadily increasing interest account, and a budget sufficient to run an empire.

Former Comptroller Metz, in speaking of the municipal budget of Greater New York, made the following pungent remarks:

"New York is reaping richly the rewards of many past administrations, some of them not unduly fastidious in distinguishing between expenditures from current revenue and those properly to be provided for by issues of fifty-year bonds. Taxpayers of the present generation are paying for brooms used in the street-cleaning department nearly half a century ago. Removal of snow in some remote period of the nineteenth century still calls for annual contributions for interest and sinking-fund charges."

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Emergencies the Test of Ability

[Continued from page 327]

"When Hayne made that attack upon me and upon New England," he said, "I was already posted, and had only to take down my notes and refresh my memory. If Hayne had tried to make a speech to fit my notes, he could not have hit it better. No man is inspired by the occasion. I never was."

Webster's enemies had been jubilant over Hayne's victory, but the giant Defender of the Constitution, conscious of his mighty reserve, rose to the occasion as though it were a common occurrence with him.

Those who heard him said that it seemed as though he were capable of something infinitely greater. He displayed no great passion. The language flowed so easily from his lips that he did not give the impression that his brain was working to its utmost by any manner of means. Hayne made a very much greater effort, but he was not large enough, did not have reserve enough to suggest his capacity for a much greater speech than he was actually making. It seemed to be his limit, the utmost of what he was capable. Webster, serious and self-balanced, did his work so easily that it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to do it. He was as calm and unruffled as a summer sea. It was one of the sublimest spectacles in all our history.

The great majority of law cases could be conducted fairly well by small lawyers, but those half-prepared, not well grounded in the principles of law are never equal to great emergencies. They are always losing their cases or making blunders, costly for their clients.

Recently the following humorous items appeared in the bill of a specialist:

For doing the work . . . \$25.00
For knowing how . . . \$9,975.00

It took only a short time to do the job; but there were a great many years of dry, dreary drudgery, of hardship, of struggles to overcome obstacles represented in the other item. It was the knowledge, the ability to do the work promptly and with skill and efficiency that cost.

A great many people can not understand why professional experts charge such enormous prices for their services; why an eminent surgeon, for example, should charge \$5,000 or even \$10,000 for a single operation, or a great law specialist like Elihu Root, \$2,500 for a few hours' work in cross-examining a witness.

They do not take into consideration that the surgeon has spent years in learning how to perform quickly and efficiently the difficult operation which saves a life that might have been lost in less skilled hands.

Much of the training of the specialist is to enable him to meet the unusual, the unexpected demand. The surgeon trains for the rare operation, the possible emergency. He knows that there are times when it is knowing what the ordinary surgeon did not think it worth while to learn that may save a life. There are surgeons now living who never had a dozen emergency cases in all their experience which called into play the utmost power and skill of which they are capable, but it was these few extremely dangerous operations which gave them their great reputation and enabled them to get enormous fees.

It is not the good surgeon, but the superb operator, the man who knows a little more about anatomy, who has a little steadier nerve, a more acute touch, a little better education, that is sought to perform the delicate operation in the emergency, when life hangs by a thread.

Think of a young surgeon who, at a critical moment, with a precious life on the operating table dependent upon his skill, did not know exactly where the dangerous artery lay, and let his knife slip but a very little. A life was lost—lost because the student did not think it worth while to be thorough in his preparation for his life-work.

Perhaps the fatal result could be traced back to his boyhood, to the making of his sleds, the sort of work he put into the construction of a boat, or a henhouse, or anything else he attempted to put together. Perhaps nobody told him to saw the board straight, or showed him how to put the dovetail joint together, and these slipshod methods, which he never expected to hear from in later life, follow him and mar his success forever.

When Webster was a young lawyer, he took the case of a poor blacksmith. After looking in vain through all the law libraries at his command, he ordered at an expense of \$50.00 the necessary books, and charged the blacksmith only \$15.00, thus losing \$35.00 in cash, besides all his time.

Years afterwards Aaron Burr consulted him on a puzzling case then before the Supreme Court. Webster saw in a moment that it was an intricate question of title, exactly like that of the blacksmith's case, and it enabled him to give an expert opinion.

Aaron Burr was so surprised at Webster's ready knowledge that he asked him if he had been consulted before upon the case.

"Most certainly not," replied Webster, "I had never heard of your case until this evening." Webster received a larger fee for his expert opinion.

The young man who expects to do anything of great importance in the world must be prepared for the possible emergency. He must be large enough for the greatest chance that could come to him.

In every department of life, physical, mental and moral reserves are of incalculable value. Many people work so hard that they exhaust their physical energies each day. They make it a matter of conscience to wade through just as much work as possible every day, no matter how painfully it is done, not realizing the tremendous value of keeping oneself vigorous, buoyant.

No life can be vigorous if it is not kept fresh, responsive, by great physical and mental reserves. As hibernating animals, like the bear, in cold climates sustain life through the winter wholly upon the reserve fat and nutriment stored up in the tissues, so patients who have splendid physical reserves and resisting power are carried through severe sicknesses and sustained through severe

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This is the title of our new book, based on 16 years of experience with Drainage and Irrigation Bonds. It is a notable production—a veritable text-book on farm lien securities. Ask us to send *your* copy—just from the press.

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Reclamation bonds include Drainage and Irrigation, and they offer a wide choice in each. Some are based on the rich Delta Lands of the South, and some on the most productive lands in the West.

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They who know the facts, as told in our book, will find it hard to conceive of any better security.

[25]

How Selected

Our book also explains our extreme care in selecting the Reclamation Bonds that we buy. It names engineers and attorneys of national fame whom we employ to investigate projects.

It tells how water supply, rainfall and drainage area are determined by Government records. Also how soils are analyzed so we may know their exact fertility.

It tells how we keep in touch with the best of these projects. How an officer of our Company almost constantly travels in sections where land is reclaimed. And how we are thus able to select for our customers the cream of these securities.

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In the past 16 years we have bought and sold 78 separate pieces of Drainage and Irrigation Bonds. This book names them all. No investor has lost a dollar through default in interest or principal.

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SEATTLE

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illnesses by this reserve surplus, stored-up vital power, while those who lack it, those who have dissipated it in abnormal living and excesses, often lose their lives, even in much less severe illnesses.

Great business men accomplish marvels with their reserves. Many of them work but a few hours a day, but they have such tremendous physical reserves and so much stored-up mental energy that they are able to accomplish wonders in a short time, because of their ability to work with great intensity and powerful concentration.

People who keep their physical and mental surplus drawn down very low by working a great many hours and almost never taking vacations, who do not fill their reserve reservoir by frequent vacations and by a lot of recreation and play, do not work with anything like the freshness and mental vigor of those who work less hours and constantly accumulate great reserve power.

There comes into every life worth while a time when success will turn upon the reserve power. It is then a question of how long your stored-up energy will enable you to hold out. There will often arise emergencies when your success will depend upon how much fight there is in you.

Within the last few years several buildings have either fallen down or had to be taken down, because the owner tried to build one or more stories on the top of an old building which did not have a sufficient foundation to carry the new structure.

Similar experiences are constantly happening to men who, in youth, thought they would not require very much of a structure for the conducting of life's business, and then did not lay much of a foundation in their education and early training. But later in life, when their business grew and they tried to build another story or two, they found their foundations would not stand it, and the life structure fell with a crash. They did not have sufficient education to keep track of their accounting department. Their bookkeepers, cashiers, took advantage of their ignorance. They did not have sufficient technical training to keep up with the growth of their manufacturing interests, and they went to the wall. It is the emergency that tests the preparation.

On every hand we see young men and young women starting out in life without being flanked and buttressed on every side with great reserves—preparation, education, training—and they are constantly failing. Like a weak bank there is nothing back of them, nothing behind them to protect them in an emergency, to enable them to meet an unusual run, an unexpected demand. The great secret of success is in being ready for the unexpected.

Many years of every life that is worth while were employed in storing up power which is never used except in emergencies.

A man must be able to answer the *unexpected* questions and solve problems that are not in the text-books. It is the emergency, the unexpected crisis, that tests a man's caliber. The man who is not only ready when he hears the bugle call, but through years of fine training and infinite painstaking has stored up a great surplus power that will enable him to meet any emergency, is the man who will come off victorious in the great life-battle.

Most of the training of horses for speed is done for the last few seconds. There are plenty of horses that can come up to this point with comparative ease, but it is the last few seconds that test the reserve of training, of spirits and of blood.

Many a man is drawing a meager salary to-day because he did not think it worth while to fit himself for something better. He was not willing to pay the price for the skill and training which would advance him to a first-class position. He never thought it worth while to spend spare time to improve himself or make good the deficiencies of early education. He followed routine and never tried to find a better way of doing things. And now his meager salary, slipshod appearance and doleful outlook on life tell the story of a "don't-think-it-worth-while" young man.

Everywhere we see men in middle life, with splendid ability, filling very ordinary positions; cramped, handicapped, kept back by lack of early training. We see them stumbling over figures because they skipped the hard problems at school. We see them failing to get promotions because they did not think it worth while to prepare for the higher place, while others, with much less ability but better prepared, get promoted over their heads.

How many bookkeepers there are, and people doing other clerical work, who can not advance just because they were not willing to pay the price for their advancement by a thorough preparation. They do not write a good hand because they hated the drudgery of practising handwriting. It is so disagreeable to them that they prefer to remain where they are, in poor or mediocre positions.

In other words, a great many people prefer to slide along the line of least resistance, to get along just as easily as they can, to paying the price in preparation for something better. They are not willing to prepare themselves for a wider, larger place. They know that their education is deficient, that they lack special training; and they know that they could manage, somehow, to repair their deficiencies but they lack the energy to do so. They prefer to slide along in an easy-going way, with the least trouble possible to themselves.

How many wrecks, how many incomplete and wretched lives we see everywhere because people did not think it worth while to prepare for much of a career! They thought they would get just a little education to help them along; just enough for practical use. They did not think it worth while to dig down deep and lay broad foundations. They did not see life as a whole.

The reason why the lives of so many people are mean and stingy and juiceless is because they put so little into them, they make such a meager preparation in education, in culture, in training, in thinking. Their harvest is small because they sow so little and such inferior seed.

If the youth expects a rich, golden harvest, he must prepare the soil, he must do some good sowing in the seedtime.

You can not take out of your life what you have not put into it, any more than you can draw out of a bank what you have not deposited.

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Her Polar Star

[Continued from page 318]

for the poor, unknown creature—but at least the end had come for her—and me. When he wheeled around again I ducked my head instinctively as for some sort of frigid bomb explosion, but oh, no; not at all!

"Why do you say that Isabella has n't everything?" he asked suavely. "I don't miss anything—but me, and that will soon be remedied."

"Do you say that?" I breathed at him.

"Of course. Ask her to sup with us to-night."

I turned away, ashamed of him.

Toward the end of the play, however, I had gripped myself again. I would fib on and on and on, but as for asking Isabella out to supper, that I could n't do. Isabella was very careful of her hours; indeed I more than intimated that she would be so sad to learn that one whom she respected would suggest a supper to her—a late supper.

James Averill was terribly perturbed; he saw the millions slipping from him. He exclaimed, "this game must end!" and held the curtain of the last act while he, himself, wrote a long note begging for the honor of her company at luncheon the next day, with Miss Jeanne Hurlburt also. He gave it to me as he rushed upon the stage, begging me to send it to her. I struggled with my better self, and then I buried it, unread, although the envelope was flapping, beneath a thousand garments at the bottom of my trunk. I did n't dare destroy it; I would n't read it. Oh, how I told myself I loathed him while we were getting married all through that act! He, himself, searched my face as I came on, then set his lips as though he felt my scorn.

That night I looked from the window of my hotel and saw the glowing colors of an all-night drug store. There was blue stationery in the window; a vivid, horrid blue. I slipped silently down the corridor, past the stately suite of my once Polar Star whom I had thawed for some fictitious person, and bought a box of that blue paper. A big clock boomed that it was three when I fell into bed, but a letter had been written in a marvelous hand, unlike my own, regretting that the illness of the poor scribe's brother Ferdinando, in far-off South America, would take his Isabella on the morning train. It was addressed to Averill and at high noon I took it to a messenger office and watched the boy come back with it.

I imagined I could hear the tearing of the envelope as I walked the narrow confines of my room. What could happen now? Would I get my two weeks' notice? Would he give credence to the contents of the letter, and if he did, oh, would he care? Surely he would n't. The two weeks' notice was somehow a mere pin-point to his caring.

I walked about some more and then there came a fateful knock at my door. I couldn't answer it. With my hands pressed to my noisy heart I flattened myself against the farthest wall, staring at the resounding panels. After a minute I heard a swishing sound, and underneath my door an envelope was thrust; a blue envelope; a horrid, vivid blue like mine, addressed to me in the firm characters of my once Polar Star.

And so I was outwitted! I grew very quiet in my heart. I picked up the letter, breaking the seal with a calm thumb. Then I turned faint and thought it must be for Isabella, after all; but no, it was addressed to me. Then I waxed very warm and happy. Yes, and surprised, though I could not have gone on living had there been inside the envelope anything but:

"The letter which I wrote last night to Isabella was to say I loved you and that I wished to marry you. I might have known that you would not have read it, but I know nothing. I'm a stage lover, in terror of real women in real life. I don't dare look them in the face. I didn't know you were a soft, charming little thing that should be sheltered until I found you on that windy platform telling that delicious fib. I had to go on playing Isabella with you that I might be close to you when it was light. But in the dark I've sheltered you. In the play and in the dark I fear no woman! Do you suppose it was a workman that guided you across the stage each night after you cried aloud that I was 'a cruel pig of an icicle?' And from my window I saw you after midnight go into the drug store. You out on the streets alone! I followed, with discretion, and made a similar purchase. But I can't play Isabella with you any more. Give me the right to go with you more boldly! Give me the right to love you! Fix a way in your agile brain for me to meet you in the hotel parlor (poor, homeless strollers) and let me tell you this. Wigwag down the corridor, for I am at my door, if there is any chance for me.

"Your blundering
JAMES."

I wigwagged!

Every-day Latin

"THE first class in Latin will please come to order," announced the teacher. "Tommy, will you please construe the word 'restaurant'?"

"Res: things; laurus: a bull," responded Tommy; "bully things."—J. L. FRENCH.

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The Home-Coming of Katie Devlin

Brady, ever since I can remember. You were always more to me than my own mother, so you were. I'd been different if you had been my own mother. I've thought of it often, and, oh, if anything does happen to me, I want to go with your arm around me just as it is now. Mother Brady—it won't be so hard then—it'll be easier. Promise me, won't you?"

"It'll be as ye say, Katie, never fear. There, lie back and rest now—ye've talked over much already. Ye must get some sleep now."

Katie slept until Danny came home, earlier than usual, dirty and grimy from the mine, and with anxiety eloquent in his eyes. His mother told him the truth in her own way, as she knew he wanted it, and then retired while he washed himself, in gloomy silence, in a big tub by the kitchen stove.

By six o'clock no word had come from Mrs. Devlin other than inquiry about Katie, and to make sure, the Widow Brady sent Danny over to the boarding-house to get the news. He returned with Mrs. Devlin herself, as he had been instructed to do if she had not informed her husband of Katie's arrival.

Jim Devlin was sitting reading in what was called the sitting-room of his boarding-house when the Widow Brady walked in on him. She came through the rear entrance, and when she saw that he was alone she closed the door that led to the long wide porch where the boarders were "talking shop" after they had eaten supper.

Old man Devlin—he was yet in his fifties—looked up in surprise and was about to speak when the widow held up her hand and stopped him. She did not want to parley; she had made up her mind, on the way over, what to say and how she would say it.

"Jim Devlin," she began, "I came over to tell ye that yer daughter Katie is at my house; don't jump—sit still. Yes, she's there. She came last night an' she's a sick woman. She's going to have a young wan, an' it'll be a question whether she lives or the baby does. D'ye know what that manes, Jim Devlin? I know ye do. Well, I'm over here to tell ye. Yer wife, Maggie, knows, but she could n't bring herself to tell ye, so I've done it meself."

Devlin turned in his chair and looked out toward the kitchen, as if about to call his wife.

"Oh, she's not there," said the widow. "She's over at my house where she ought to be—where you ought to be, too. Are ye goin'?"

"No, I'm not," said Devlin, his eyes blazing, the muscles of his face twitching and the shaggy chin whiskers bristling. "She's made her bed, now let her lie in it. She's no daughter of mine."

The Widow Brady came close to him. She leaned one hand on the table beside which he sat, to steady herself. She looked down into his eyes until he turned them aside, but his face abated not a jot of its stubborn passion.

When the widow spoke again it was in a different tone; her voice had lost its defiance and aggressiveness. A softness had entered into it; it was subdued, searching, and yet passionate.

"That's an ould sayin', that about wan makin' wan's own bed, but listen to me, Jim Devlin. I've got something to say to ye. Look at me. Ye know me—ye've known me for years an' ye know me for what I am—a dacint, hard-workin' woman who's raised her own family in dacincy an' the fear of God. It's true I've only wan left, but they were all as dacint as he is—an' ye would have liked him for a son-in-law at wan time."

"I say ye know me, Jim Devlin, an' nayther ye nor anybody else ever heard a bad word about me, for all the foul mouths some people do be havin'—God forgive them! But for all that, ye don't know wan thing about me, an' I'm going to tell it to ye in the hope that the hearin' of it will put some heart into ye for yer own flesh and blood—no, ye've got to listen to me."

"Well, then, ye don't know I was like your Katie wanst—only I didn't run away with no man. It happened in the ould country, before ever ye knowed me or mine. I was young then an' I loved the man who was the father of my first-born, even though he never married me for a whole year after Mickey came. Yes, Mickey was his name, an' the foine bye he was, too—there's no better. Danny's a foine bye, too, and I wouldn't be disloyal to him, but he's nothin' like Mickey was. An' I lost him as I lost all the others—in the mines underground—all except Danny, the only wan that's spared to me."

"I was like Katie in them young days, like her in more ways than wan, an' I'd've gone down to hell with the world mockin' me, if I had n't had an ould mother—God rest her soul!—wise out of her time, who stood by me an' nursed me an' trated me as if I had stood at the altar before the priest an' been married with the banns, like all the other young people."

"That's what saved me, Jim Devlin, an' I never forgot the lesson. It gave me strength to find the right path, an' after Dan Brady married me fair an' square there was nothin' to turn me away. True it is he left me—that was after Danny came—for some reason of his own, an' where he is now I don't know, but that's nayther here nor there. Only I know he's alive yet an' it's a widdy I am only in name. The good Lord won't let him go without me seein' him again."

"But what I want to ask you, Jim Devlin, is if ye're goin' to stand by yer daughter, as my mother stood by hers? Are ye goin' to help her or are ye goin' to let her die without a kindly word or a look from ye?"

She paused, almost breathless, so excited had she become.

There was a short silence before Devlin spoke. His head was turned away and it was plain by the set of his neck he was having a struggle with himself. But whatever it was that decided him, the old, evil, stubborn spirit prevailed and he leaped to his feet with an oath.

"No, by God, I won't!" he cried. "She can help herself now, for she's only herself to blame."

"Don't say that, Jim, for the love of God!" pleaded the Widow Brady. "Ye have yer chance now to show us what—"

"I'll show ye nothin' that ye want, Widow Brady, an' if ye don't like it ye can go as fast as ye like an' tell that blatherin' wife of mine to come home where she belongs!"

"Now, may God forgive ye for them words, Jim Devlin, for I can't," said the Widow Brady, as she gathered her shawl around her and passed through the door. "Ye'll rue the day ye said them, mark me, an' that time's not far off, I'm thinkin'."

There was no sleep for those in the Brady shack that night. In the widow's room Katie Devlin fought the fight of pain and life and death with the odds against her. Backward and forward, around and about the bedside moved the doctor and the Widow Brady, with Mrs. Devlin hovering helplessly on the outskirts and Danny, walking up and down outside, taking poor consolation from the stars, until the tardy dawn paled them into invisibility.

The miners passing on their way to work gazed curiously at Danny parading in front of his house with no pit clothes on yet. They nodded, and wondered if he was laid off for the day or was going on night-shift.

The whistle had blown at the mine, the signal for beginning work, before the Widow Brady emerged from the cottage and came down the steps to where Danny stood. His eyes searched her face for news.

"It's come," she whispered. "It's a girl. Danny, dear, don't take it too hard, son, but I've got to tell ye—she can't stay long—it's been too much for her, God help her. Such a time we've had! But it's not for that alone that I come out. Danny, I want you to go after Jim Devlin and bring him here. Tell him he's got to come. He was stubborn an' vexed last night, but he's had time to sleep on it. We'll give him another chance. Besides, she wants to see him, though he doesn't deserve it. Run, Danny; tell him if he wants to see her live he'll have to run, too."

But Danny was already away, and his mother turned back into the house.

And Danny brought Jim Devlin—not as fast, perhaps, as he might have, for the father still had stubborn feet, but they moved faster the nearer they drew to the Brady cottage. What it was that Danny said, if he said anything more than his mother had told him to say, or whether it was because of Danny's coming for him, or just because the bitter spirit in the father had broken at last, no one ever knew, but it was enough that Jim Devlin was coming to see his daughter Katie, and coming in his pit clothes, for he had already started to work.

As he reached the flight of steps that led to the Brady cottage and his eyes saw the door beyond which his daughter lay, he paused as if to argue the matter with himself again. But he didn't stop long, for Danny's face was at his shoulder and Danny's hand was urging him on.

The door opened as if to welcome him, but it was not the Widow Brady that greeted him. It was the doctor, hat in hand, a look of finality on his face.

"You're too late," he said slowly, before the father could speak.

"Too late!" cried Danny Brady.

"Too late!" cried Jim Devlin, finding his voice. He staggered as if to fall. Then he strode into the room. It was all clear to him at a glance. The picture remained distinct and ineffaceable with him forever after.

Katie Devlin—poor, wayward, warm-blooded Katie Devlin—was lying dead, a strained, puzzled and pained look on her young face. Her head was on the Widow Brady's breast and one arm was limp around her neck. At the foot of the bed sat Jim Devlin's wife, holding something very tiny and frail looking in her arms—just a wisp of life it seemed to be—and over it her head drooped sorrowfully.

Jim Devlin flung himself on his knees beside the bed and took the small, fast-chilling hand of his dead daughter in his own.

"I'm too late," he moaned as he buried his head in the bedcovers. "My Katie, my little Katie!"

"Aye, it's too late!" repeated the Widow Brady, as she released herself from the dead girl's embrace and laid the dark head gently back on the pillow. "It do be terrible the price some men ask to pay to learn a bitter lesson." And, wiping her tears away with her apron, she went over to where her son Danny stood and put her arms around his neck and kissed his dry and bloodless lips.

Magicians of Music

[Continued from page 309]

grand opera singer, for his necromancy he achieves with aids and assistants comparable to those of the great actor. The great actor was assisted by the illusions of scenery, lights and costumes. The same accessories are employed by the singers in opera. It is more particularly to the magician of the concert stage that I refer. This giant of music furnishes the most difficult problem of all. His feats of wizardry are nothing less than astounding, for the reason that his tremendous effects are achieved alone, single-handed, unassisted. By the sole power of his own overmastering personality he is able to seize upon three thousand human beings, hold them breathless, speechless, motionless, hanging upon his slightest sound; sway them as a field of wheat is swayed by a rushing storm, overwhelm them with a heaving tumult as the bosom of the sea is stricken by a hurricane. He is able to wake at will a psychic storm of emotion that stirs within them depths of feeling hitherto unsuspected even by themselves, until, wet-eyed, exhausted, shaken, they go from his presence into a strange world—a world that has been glorified by the power of the white magic of the master magician.

Now what is the secret of this amazing power?—a power that has been felt in greater or less degree by every one who has heard the violin playing of Ysaye, the Belgian; the piano playing of Paderewski, the sunn-haired Pole; the singing of Nellie Melba, the Australian. It is certainly not to be accounted for merely by excellence of technique in instrumental or vocal musicians, or by surpassing quality of voice in singers. For the list of these magicians includes the names of several singers whose voices are in no way remarkable, and a number of players whose mastery of technical difficulty is far surpassed by other performers whose playing by no means deserves to be described as magic. This generation has heard and is still hearing a number of soprano concert singers whose voices are of finer quality than that of Marcella Sembrich, though none, it is true, who better understands the management of her voice. And there is at least one concert singer who has repeatedly proven his capacity to sway audiences almost to the verge of hysteria, who has, practically speaking, no voice at all and is proud of the fact. He is Doctor Wuellner, the German baritone.

The marvel of musical magicians is no new thing. Every age, since the birth of music, has been stirred by them.

"Orpheus, with his lute, made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing."

All down through the ages these wizards of the ivory keyboard, the horsehair bow and the vocal cords have executed their various marvels and wrought their fine enchantments. Records of their achievements remain in the form of sculpture, folk-lore and the written records of keen but sympathetic observers. Perhaps the most notable of all written records of such achievements is that which Heinrich Heine, the German poet, committed to the black and white of ink and paper regarding the violin playing of the famous Paganini nearly a century ago. Paganini was, like Napoleon, a Corsican, and from beginning to end of his career a man of mystery. In these materialistic days we should have scoffed at all the obscurity which enshrouded his history and accused him of employing a highly ingenious press agent. Yet the records of his time preserve the fact that so sinister was the man's mien, so obscure his origin, so enveloped in mystery his appearances and disappearances, and so amazing the effect of his playing, that it was soberly published and widely believed that he had sold his soul to the devil and that the price he received from Beelzebub was the ability to sway the hearts and souls of men with his violin as they had never been swayed before. It is indeed an extraordinary picture which Heine painted of the violinist's personal appearance.

"It was indeed Paganini himself," runs the poet's account, "whom I then saw for the first time. He wore a dark-gray overcoat which reached to his feet and made his figure seem very tall. His long black hair fell in neglected curls on his shoulders and formed a dark frame around the pale, cadaverous face, on which sorrow, genius and hell had engraved their indestructible lines. . . . But if Paganini seemed mysterious and strange enough when I saw him walking in bright midday under the green trees of the Hambourg Jungfernstieg, how his awful, bizarre appearance startled me at the concert in the evening! . . . At last a dark figure, which seemed to have risen from the underworld, appeared upon the stage. It was Paganini in his black costume—the black dress coat and the black waistcoat of a horrible cut, such as is perhaps prescribed by infernal etiquette at the court of Proserpina, the black trousers anxiously hanging around the thin legs. The long arms appeared to grow still longer as, holding the violin in one hand and the bow in the other, he almost touched the ground with them while displaying to the public his unprecedented obeisances. In the angular curves of his body there was a horrible woodenness, and also something so absurdly animal-like, that during these bows one could not help feeling a strange desire to laugh; but his face, which appeared



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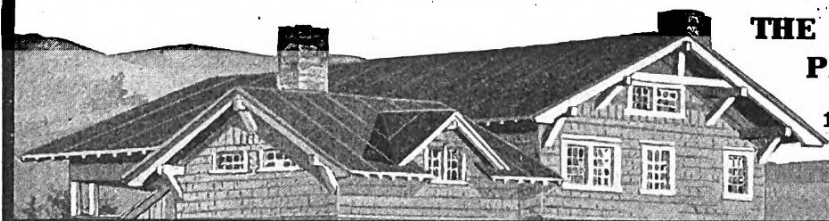
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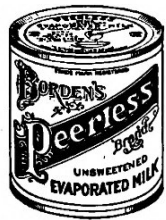
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still more cadaverously pale in the glare of the orchestra lights, had about it something so imploring, so simply humble, that a sorrowful compassion repressed one's desire to laugh. But all these thoughts were at once stilled when the wonderful master placed his violin under his chin and began to play."

The poet goes on to describe the almost ineffable visions which the playing of the Corsican conjured up. For example: "The melody gently developed itself, majestically billowing and swelling like an organ chorale in a cathedral, and everything around, stretching larger and higher, had extended into a colossal space which not the bodily eye, but only the eye of the spirit, could seize. In the midst of this space hovered a shining sphere upon which, gigantic and sublimely haughty, stood a man who played the violin." Was that sphere the sun? I do not know. But in the man's features I recognized Paganini, only ideally lovely, divinely glorious, with a reconciling smile. His body was in the bloom of powerful manhood, a bright blue garment enclosed his noble limbs, his shoulders were covered with gleaming locks of black hair; and as he stood there, sure and secure, a sublime divinity, and played the violin, it seemed as if the whole creation obeyed his melodies. . . . A holy, ineffable ardor dwelt in those sounds, which often trembled, scarce audibly, in mysterious whispers on the water, then swelled out again with a shuddering sweetness, like a bugle's notes heard by moonlight, and then finally poured forth in unrestrained jubilee, as if a thousand bards had struck their harps and raised their voices in a song of victory."

It is to be remembered, of course, that these are the impressions produced by a magician upon the mind of an immortal poet, and that they are by him put into the mouth of an imaginary youth who was supposed to be trying to soothe and occupy the last days of a friend stricken with consumption. But, making all allowances, it is clear, both from Heine's account and from a variety of records, that the violin playing of Paganini produced upon his contemporaries so profound an emotional impression that it was not strange that the unenlightened declared him a magician whose wonders were so marvelous that they could have been accomplished only with the assistance and connivance of Satan himself.

It is true that this is not a demonstrative nation, nor a demonstrative generation. Yet there are many men and women still living whose memories run back to the days when Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," was the idol of the hour; who can remember the furore that her singing aroused. Perhaps there are still living some of the men whose hands took the horses from her carriage and dragged her in triumph from old Castle Garden to the hotel where she lived. At all events, they can remember that it was done, and perhaps they saw it, even if they did not help to do it.

We do not take the horses from the carriages of prima donnas any more. The prima donnas now ride in costly motor-cars, and gasoline can not be removed with the same facility as horses. Even if the singers still used horses, it is doubtful if we should interfere. But, though our ways of showing it are less ingenuous, we are still as ardently the slaves of the great magician as ever we were. We still greet with keenest interest the cabled announcements of the discovery of some new wonder-worker in the field of song or instrumental music. We thrilled last summer when we were told by the veracious newspaper that, in a young man named Carasa, Mr. Hammerstein had discovered a new Caruso, and when we were disillusioned we were sad. But we didn't blame Mr. Hammerstein or Mr. Carasa. We commiserated them both and ourselves no less, and we didn't quite give up hope. There must have been a time when Paganini was n't Paganini. And we said hopefully to ourselves: "Who knows? Perhaps this young Mr. Carasa will yet sell his soul to the devil." Or, if we did not phrase it quite like that, we spoke optimistically in some sort.

No, neither the magicians nor our love of their magic is dead. We may be no longer moved either to behave like children in our wonder at the wizardry, nor to credit old wives' tales regarding its origin. But we still love above all things to fit beneath the old, yet ever new spell of the personal mastery of the great musicians and, though we are less demonstrative and more sophisticated than our forebears, we are by no means stodgy or stoical when the enchantment has done its work.

A hard-headed business man went a year or so ago to hear Paderewski play. The man is not a musician. He spends his days trying to buy cotton when it is low and sell it when it is high. This is how he described his experience at the piano recital.

"You know, I'm not easily stirred up and I don't know anything about music. I wouldn't know whether a man was playing the piano extremely well, or just fairly well. But I do know that Paderewski played one thing that afternoon that stirred me up as I never was stirred in my life. I don't remember what it was. I couldn't have told whether he was playing an hour or five minutes. All I know is that it stirred up feelings within me I had never felt before. Great waves of emotion swept over me. I wanted to shout and I wanted to cry, and when the last chord was struck I found myself on my feet, waving my umbrella and shouting like a wild Indian. I went out of that hall as

weak as a rag and happier than I'd been in years. I can't account for it. I've tried, but I can't explain it. Can you?"

The secret of this white magic is, in fact, baffling and mysterious. It is about as difficult to account for it as to define genius. . . . In fact, if it were possible to do the one, it would be superfluous to bother about the other. The most inexplicable thing about it is that it takes so many and such various forms. There are no two magicians of music alike. The mystery occasionally inhabits the strangest and most unlikely tenements. It almost seems, sometimes, as if it went prowling houseless about until it encountered some particularly curious and not to be expected dwelling place, and remarked to itself: "I'll just take up my residence here and surprise people."

Take, for example, the case of Mischa Elman, the young violinist who has been for two years playing before American audiences with overwhelming success. Elman is a Russian Jew. He is still a boy, not yet out of his teens. When he makes his appearance before a strange audience a little gasp of surprise is almost always heard. His is an odd figure, boyish, undersized, with short, badly bowed legs, just a faint suggestion of the dwarf hanging intangibly about him, and a round, closely cropped, bullet shaped, blond head surmounting the narrow, sloping, undeveloped shoulders.

Smiling pleasantly, he stands waiting quietly with his violin and bow in either hand. The conductor raises his baton, and the orchestra glides softly into the opening bars of the concerto accompaniment. Most violinists wear a bored and detached look until the moment arrives for them to begin playing. Not so, Elman. With the first notes of the orchestra a look of sympathy begins to creep over his face. His eyes light up and he inclines his head, quite understandingly, toward the other players, and when at length he tucks his violin beneath his chin and sweeps the bow for the first time across the strings, it is not in contempt but in sympathetic comprehension of, and in answer to what the others have played. And from that moment on he listens to what the violin tells him; he yearns upon the message of the 'cellos, and what they give he takes gladly, gratefully, and incorporates it into his own splendid singing. The voice of the clarionets he welcomes, too, as if he had been waiting for it all the while, nor are his ears deaf to the mellow message of the oboes, the flutes and the basses. They all speak to him and he to them, and before long he is in the full flight of his power, rocking gently back and forth upon his toes, picking up, one by one, the various texts that his fellow players are announcing and weaving them into one mighty, glorious message, ablaze with all the colors of the rainbow of sound and shuddering with all the beauty of life—fairly quivering with vitality and splendor. And when the dazzling fabric is complete, in a final burst of titanic power, he fairly hurls it across the footlights at his palpitating audience. The flood of sound ceases as suddenly as if a granite gate had been closed upon it. But its effect goes quivering on. It is as if a great wind were rushing over a field of naked souls. Is it any wonder that audiences, so moved, respond with shouts and yells and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and that many behave as if for the moment bereft of their wits? The white magic of music hath them in thrall.

After considering Elman's technical mastery of the violin, which is, to be sure, very great, and his other purely musicianly qualities, one must seek still further for the explanation of the magical effect his playing produces. His conquests over double stopping, fingering and bowing and similar technical difficulties may excite the admiration of the experts, but these things do not greatly move the crowd. It seems in Elman's case to be, after all, the result of an amazing flood of sheer animal vitality, a torrent of physical and cerebral vigor poured out in a resistless tide through the medium of violin music—a radiant stream of rushing power poured foaming into the transparent and glowing mold of a violin concerto. This conclusion seems to be supported by the fact that when Elman plays music of a more contemplative and subtle character, he does not achieve such profound effects. He is still a master violinist, but it is only in the mightier forms of music that he stands revealed, one of the few, one of the true magicians.

Ysaye and Fritz Kreisler are both entitled to inclusion within the list of modern wizards of the violin; yet they are totally different from one another, while neither of them remotely resembles the boyish Elman. Kreisler is a tall, slender, graceful man, always well-groomed, close-cropped and clad in the height of fashion. Entirely aside from the technical side of his playing (a matter which is not under consideration at any place in this article), perhaps his most extraordinary quality is the poignant sweetness of his tone. It is a sweetness that at times seems to cut right into the very hearts of those who hear him. It is so lovely a tone that sometimes it seems as if it could scarcely be supported. It has all the melancholy beauty of a gray November day, all the gorgeous coloring of autumn foliage, and all its sadness as well. Kreisler is at his best in the more intimate compositions for the violin—compositions that are intended for chamber music. In this field he is indeed supreme. His wizardry is not of the cyclonic type. Scenes of hysteria seldom follow his playing, but its uplift has all the wonder of the

spheres circling silently in their cosmic harmony—the morning stars singing together.

Ysaye, like Elman, seems a strange tenement for the great mystery to inhabit. In appearance he is the opposite of the Russian Jewish boy. Tall, broad-shouldered, ill-dressed in a loosely fitting black suit, he is an uncouth spectacle. There is little about his visible personality that is prepossessing. His long, black locks tumble disheveled about his great, clumsy shoulders, quite as Paganini's are said to have done, and there is an oleaginous look about him.

But all that is forgotten when he begins to play. Somewhere within the great, loose-jointed body a giant has his dwelling, and when the violin is tucked under the heavy chin and the cumbrous arms begin to swing the bow, the giant awakes and the language that he speaks is elemental. In the broader and heavier fields of violin playing Ysaye has no peer. In the Bach concertos, for example, he is supreme. His tone is deeper and darker than Kreisler's. It is a kind of cosmic velvet. It sounds bottomless pits and soars to the dizzy heights. It booms and wails and snarls and pleads. When it is at its best it is as if the air were filled with the rush of mighty, unseen wings. His is triumphant playing, indeed, and he is the gloomiest, most heart-rending magician of them all.

Paderewski, of course, is the greatest of all the wonder-workers who practise their sublime art with the assistance of the piano. In his field there is none like him. Others there are, perhaps, who as specialists are greater in their various lines (no one plays Chopin like De Pachmann), but no pianist whom the present generation can remember is his equal in all the mysteries and difficulties of the ivory keyboard. Nor has any musical magician of the modern school ever surpassed his exploits in the domination and swaying of vast audiences.

Here, too, it is a triumph of personality, and when we seek to analyze that personality we are baffled in the end. Tremendous vitality Paderewski certainly has, like Elman, yet that is not his secret. Amazing technical mastery he surely has, yet that is not his secret. Great musical intelligence is his, yet neither is that his secret. All of these elements enter into it, yet, when all is said and done, I think we shall have to find the real explanation in the fact that Paderewski is at bottom an inspired singer whose voice is the piano. In fact, no other pianist is able to extract from his instrument so sweet and steady and flexible a singing tone as this Pole with the aureole of sunny hair, and he never forgets to sing, even in the most dazzling flights of runs, cadenzas and double octaves. Everything that he does, and he does superlatively well all that a pianist can do, he subordinates to the song that he is trying to sing. Everything is made somehow to contribute to the lyric. And after all, it is always the song that most deeply touches the human heart. Technical achievements may dazzle, cyclonic outbursts of sheer power may overwhelm, but, in the end it is the singer who most deeply stirs and touches the hearts of humanity. And Paderewski is the great singer of the piano.

It is not rash to say that no person now alive has ever heard the Liszt transcription of Schubert's deathless "Hark! Hark! The Lark!" played as Paderewski plays it. The thing is a complicated fabric written over in a maze of octaves, and its effect is that of sublime joy—a triumph of sheer tonal beauty. Or take the first movement of the "Moonlight Sonata." Here, perhaps, Paderewski touches the supreme reaches of the pianist's art—here, as nowhere else, he is the singer divinely inspired.

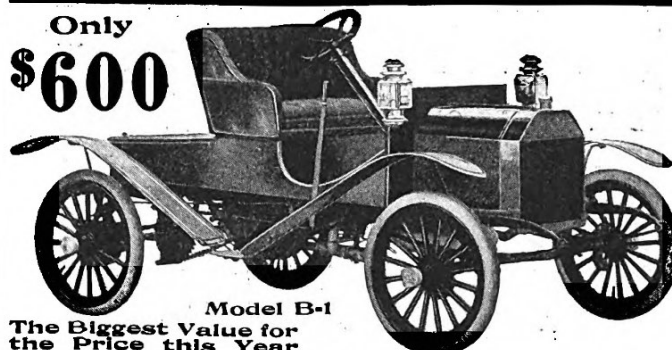
Perhaps the loveliest magician of them all is Marcella Sembrich. At no time could this remarkable singer, a countrywoman of Paderewski, have had a voice of the very finest quality, and to-day it is not even what it has been, for Mme. Sembrich is no longer young. Yet no singer ever heard on either the operatic or concert stage has displayed a more complete mastery of the human voice or a deeper comprehension of the art of singing.

The fact is that Mme. Sembrich, singer though she calls herself, is in reality a poet—a poet of the voice. "Poetry," somebody has said, "is a criticism of life in terms of the emotions." If Keats was a poet, if Shelley was a poet, then surely Mme. Sembrich is a poet; for many of her finest efforts produce upon the hearer an effect comparable only to the reading of Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale"—such lines as

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown;
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that o'er-times hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."

Not that these ethereal effects are the only ones that Mme. Sembrich produces. Far from it. Her art is many-sided, and she is at home in every field of song, but it is here that her singing reaches the topmost heights and becomes, in fact, magic—no less.

No; the days of wizardry are not over. We may be a material people, but there is still hope for the imaginative side of us while we can thrill at the will of these master magicians of music.



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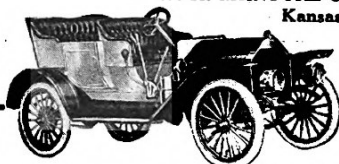
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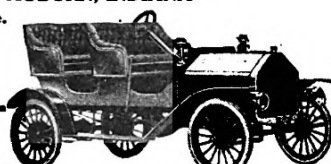
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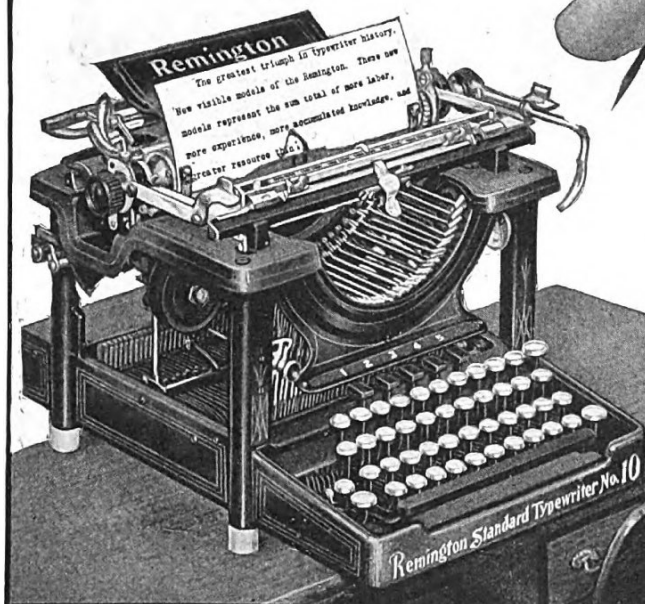
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Uncle Sam in Blunderland

[Continued from page 315]

But following the habit that is coming upon us of looking into other parts of our books before accepting totals as final, we glance down column after column, and discover under the Interior Department a charge of over \$20,000 for "Superintendence of the Capitol Buildings and Grounds" wherein our legislative assemblies meet; of more than \$75,000 for care and repair of Capitol buildings; of about \$25,000 more for improving the grounds and lighting both buildings and grounds. We find a charge of nearly \$1,500 for "engine-house and Senate and House stables." And finally we encounter over \$2,400,000 charged directly to construction, furnishing and maintaining the office buildings of both House and Senate!

More than \$2,500,000 under the Interior Department that probably has to do with Congress, to say nothing of the other elements of the so-called legislative!

Why?

The table of it looks this way:

Legislative Disbursements

Secretary's total	\$13,745,064.12
Our total, approx.	16,245,064.12
Discrepancy	\$ 2,500,000.00

Perhaps we can find the answer in still another department, which, in some respects, is somewhat along the same line as this: say, in the Treasury Department under the subhead of Public Buildings. There we have a grand total of \$12,452,502 given to us, and we presume it is the grand total of our expenditures for the structures within which we do our business. But again our unrelenting suspiciousness, born of the many lapses that we have seen up to this point, goes on over the columns and finds that things are no better in this than in the case of the legislative and the executive. For, so far from being a total of our public buildings, it seems to be only a total of the buildings which are paid for out of the treasury of the Treasury Department itself. Away and beyond it, and scattered through every aspect of our government we find other buildings—those of the House and the Senate mentioned above, those in the District of Columbia, those at the military posts and reservations, those at the navy yards and docks, \$870,000 for an emigrant station at Ellis Island, \$162,000 on the account of the Judiciary, \$46,000 even for the small bureau of fisheries, and so on.

The discrepancy between the secretary's total and the real total appears incalculable. Besides, nearly every department reports repairs to buildings which are really an addition the value of those buildings, or at least to their cost; and these repairs are not segregated so that we can bring them into addition to the total.

Is such a thing as this the secretary's fault? We can not believe it. It could not be any business man's fault. Back of it, as back of the other things that we have seen, must be something that is beyond the pale of his control. Back of it must be something that is akin to that original motive which we suspected when we found that our books of receipts were made to show, not so much where we stand to-day as where we can be led—by new taxes, by new favors to ulterior interests—to stand to-morrow.

We Take Our Public Buildings on Faith

For a small "Public Buildings" total—a small total, that is, that appears in the accounts under the head of "Public Buildings"—looks good to the man who is interested in adding another item to it, doesn't it? And public buildings are excellent pabulum for politics. By them Congressmen and Senators often rise and fall in the communities from which they are elected. He who bestows one upon his town or upon his district usually goes back to his post, while he who does not is very likely to fall by the wayside. Also, in public buildings lie many favors to powers—to those that are above, behind, around and under this whole governmental concern of ours. Even while this article was being written, for example, an award was being made in Washington for the stone-work on a District of Columbia building, and the word went along from a certain Congressman high in office, though none too secure in his elevation, to make the award to a certain firm. The award was made by some of those keen methods that stand-in men know how to work without technical violations of the law. Does it need a blow with a pikestaff to indicate to You and Me how, thereafter, Mr. Congressman-in-High-Place might call to his aid Mr. Certain Firm?

And does it need much more of a blow with a pikestaff to suggest to us the value of a low apparent total of public buildings, so that there may be more and still more awards susceptible of this kind of treatment? Or the value of having the actual total of public buildings so scattered from department to department, and the repairs so variously entered that we can not total them at all?

Of course, we are not going to be foolish enough to conclude at once that all Congressmen do as did Mr. Congressman-in-High-Place the other day. Many of our Representatives are as honest as we would have them be and as diligent as Mr. MacVeagh and his staff. But, even to the fairly honest, a confused account is often better than a clear one. Or, at least, the initiative necessary to prompt an agitation for the clear account lacks personal spontaneity. Besides, figures are as forbidding to most Congressmen as they are to You and Me, and few of them have time, natural gifts or heroism enough to go into the thing and "raise the Cain" necessary to bring about the reform. What holds with regard to a simple matter like public buildings is likely to hold even more so in more complicated matters, such as the fulfillment of army and navy contracts, the purchase of, clothing and provisions, the supply and aid of the Indians, the technical equipment of the various phases of the work of the Department of Agriculture. If an account, so easily followed, and so much within the range of the average man's knowledge as that of buildings can not be segregated on the books of the government and brought con-

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cisely within the view of the average citizen, it is not likely that accounts that have to do with armor plates, with coast defense cannon, with scientific instruments, with revenue cutters and lighthouse tenders will be any more successfully treated. So Congressmen leave the whole problem alone. It is too big for them; too intricate. They leave it for us—for us in such a day of reckoning with the necessities of the Almighty Now as at present confronts us. They may mean no harm by their neglect. They may mean no lack of patriotism. They are only letting what has been, be.

We Do Not Keep Account of Stock

And so are we, too, if we do not gather our conclusions from this much of what we have seen and resolve to go on with the inquiry. Thus far we have found only a few simple and general lines in which our public accounts fail to give us satisfaction. Beyond this narrow range we must conclude that there is an infinite lay of similar shortages and inefficiencies. If we have no inventory of the things we have bought in the past, if our inventory of what we have bought during the current year is imperfect, how can we imagine that we have the inventory principle at all in our whole system of accounts? And if we do not, what protection have we against endless pilfering and endless embezzlement? How can we know even that our navy is what we have paid that it should be? Or that the clothing we buy and the tents we buy and the foods we buy are what we are supposed to buy?

And, again, if we do not have the inventory principle, which is the same as saying if we do not keep track of our stock, how can we know that honesty prevails in those totals of receipts which we find in our books for government property sold? How can we know that those "naval stores" and "army stores" that you and I have seen in many a town where army brogans and army shirts and army and navy what-nots are sold at a song, do not exist by collusion with members of the army and navy itself?

Or, still further, if we have no stock account, no record in which is posted a periodical account of what we own, how can we make an account of Profit and Loss? How can we know how long a ship has lasted us before it has gone to the scrapheap, or a horse before he has gone to the boneyard? How can we know that our provisions and our mules are not sold off when they should not be, and sold back to us again at the same price which we originally paid for them? If we can not, in one column of the treasury reports, find the total, the absolute total, of receipts from customs, and in the opposite column the total expenditures, the absolute total expenditures for the collection and administration of these customs, how can we ever know whether our "drawbacks" are correct, our collectors efficient, our warehouses free from smuggling? If we take no stock, how can you and I, who may have goods in the bonded warehouse, be sure that we will ever get back the goods we put in there?

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Long, long ago—seventy-three years by actual count—Great Britain abandoned the folly of the ways we are now pursuing. To her mind, all this confusion smacked of the single entry, and the single entry became antiquated as a method of bookkeeping before almost any of us now living were born. But we, poor, bewildered citizens of a free republic, have held unto that which Alexander Hamilton gave us at the end of Century Eighteen—because it pays some of us, because it robs others of us, and because none of us has the energy to demand that it be thrown away.

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Jones was strolling down the street one evening when he met Doc Smithers rushing along at breakneck speed.

"Evening, Doc. Say, Doc, what's—"

"No time to stop, Jones," gasped Doc and rushed on.

"Huh! Funny Doc's in such a hurry. Wonder what's—Good evening, reverend."

"Good evening, Mr. Jones."

"Say, just a minute. What's Doc—"

"I am in a great hurry, Mr. Jones. Good-night."

"Well, I declare! Something's up sure when Reverend Thomas has no time to talk. Now I just wonder—ah! How-de-do, judge. In a hurry? I just wanted to ask you—what? Have n't time? Well, don't it beat the world. Now I wonder what the judge—how are you Aunt Sally? Where are you going? What do you suppose—"

"Now, Mr. Jones, I just can not wait a minute."

"Dear me, if that is n't about the strangest thing. Doc and the preacher and the judge and Aunt Sally all in a hurry. I wonder what's up out this way."

Jones sauntered on down the street and shared his astonishment with Bill Conway, Elias Peters and other citizens.

The final conclusion of this convention of citizens was that something serious had happened. It could be nothing else. An accident—a death, perhaps! So the company began to move west. As they walked, the number was augmented by newcomers at every corner.

On up the street they pressed, talking, gesticulating and prophesying, until they came to the home of Mrs. Arkwright—Judge Gross's daughter. Here they halted. The judge was just leaving the house. Jones motioned the crowd to silence and addressing the judge in an awed whisper, inquired, "What is it, judge?"

The judge straightened up, smote his chest with pride and answered, "It's a boy, by gum!"—JAMES HERMAN DODD.

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The Women's National Game

[Continued from page 322]

and her purse, nor did she get one of the coveted garments. But did this have any effect upon her? Did she give up bargain hunting? She did not.

It is not only in the stores frequented by poor or uneducated women that I have seen the more brutal instincts of the human race come to the surface. I have seen a charming looking elderly woman in a high-class store snatch a dress length of gray voile from the hands of another elderly woman, and the reason I happened to see these sights was because I myself was at the sale looking at garments I did n't want and did n't need, and buying them.

The bargain chase, the shopping-game passion or sport, life-work or recreation—for it may be any one of these, according to the temperament of the woman—has American women well in its grip. Hardly one of us escapes some one of the psychological deviations from the normal which I have mentioned.

Women Can Not Resist a Credit Account

When the cash account runs low there comes the wily shopkeeper with his temptation of unlimited credit. A large book exists in every city which gives the rating of one's husband, and any householder who has paid his running expenses promptly will get numbers of missives like this in the course of a year:

"In the belief that it will be of value to us both, we have arranged a charge account in your name which is available for use either by yourself or by the members of your family without any further credentials. We have done this in the hope of acquiring your continued patronage.

"We note that at various times purchases have been made by you, and feel sure that the saving of time and the convenience of a charge account will cause you to become a frequent customer."

Or perhaps a woman buys a garment in a store and pays for it; shortly after, she receives a letter:

DEAR MADAM.—Some time since we arranged a charge account for you. In looking over our records, however, we find that you have not taken advantage of it. We trust that this failure on your part to take advantage of the account open to you is not due to any unpleasant experience that you may have had while making purchases in our store. In this case we would deem it a favor if you would give us full particulars concerning the incident," etc., etc.

Furnished with some accounts like this in the big stores, a woman can give free rein to her love of hunting bargains. She can argue with herself that it is cheaper to buy things at their lowest cost instead of waiting until the time when she has ready money at hand and then have to buy them expensively. It is a very plausible argument, and because of it a large number of hard-working men are in debt to-day.

No Law Against Bargain Gambling

For people in another class of life there is another kind of store. These sell garments of every kind, without references, on the installment plan. There are grave men who say that the charge account system and the installment plan system are becoming a national vice. There are people who state that excessive playing at any game, even the game of bargains, is bad for the national health as well as costly, but who is going to stop it?

There is no law that is going to prevent a woman making the fascinating bet with herself, when she buys something she does n't need because it is cheap, that she will some day need it. There is no moralist strong enough to stop the scenes that take place around any bargain table of a Monday morning. Meantime, the big stores multiply and the great American sport for women goes on.



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