

SUCCESS

MAGAZINE

FOUNDED BY
ORISON SWETT MARDEN

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JUNE 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

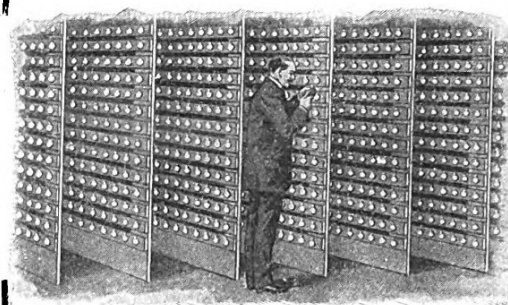
If you find a blue pencil cross in the space below, your subscription expires with this (*June*) issue; if a red pencil cross it expires with the next (*July*) issue.

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



84,000 Ingersoll Watches

—all in one room and
all ticking at the
same time!



They make a sound like the buzzing of a million bees. This happens every day at the Ingersoll factory, which turns out *twenty-five new watches every minute of the day*—twelve thousand watches between every sunrise and sunset.

These eighty-four thousand watches are ticking in this room *for a purpose*—they are being *tested*. It is the business of an Ingersoll watch to *keep time* and it is made to *do it* before it leaves the factory. Every Ingersoll is tested three ways—hanging up, lying on its back, lying on its face. The testing and regulating of each watch takes *seven days*.

After these eighty-four thousand Ingersoll watches are *proved* to be faithful timekeepers, they are distributed among sixty thousand dealers who sell Ingersolls. These dealers "keep store" in nearly every city, village and hamlet in the United States. *Everybody knows the Ingersoll watch*. One person out of every five you meet carries an Ingersoll. You can get it at the cross-roads store.

Ask *anywhere* for Ingersoll. Take it with you *everywhere* you go. It is a good companion.

Ingersoll watches are made in four styles, 1st, the famous Dollar watch; 2nd, "The Eclipse" which sells for \$1.50; 3rd, the Junior, a medium-sized watch with a thin, graceful case, costing \$2.00; and 4th, the little Midget, the ladies-model Ingersoll, also at \$2.00.

The Ingersoll booklet tells you **ALL** about these watches. Shall we send you a copy?

"INGERSOLL-TRENTON models are made at a factory one hundred and fifty miles from the one in which Ingersolls are manufactured. Beside being different in construction, they are *jeweled* and more finely adjusted. They cost \$5, \$7, \$9."

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.
30 Frankel Bldg., New York

This Is Success Mag-

Our 1910 Campaigns

A YEAR and a half ago we took the lead in the fight for progress in National affairs by centering our attack on the arch-obstructionist, Speaker Cannon. To-day we have to witness the spectacle of an old man, clinging desperately to his husks of power, denied even the partial satisfaction of political martyrdom by his victorious opponents. The fight was finally won only this spring. As we said six months ago, "Mr. Cannon is merely a misguided and unenlightened man who has succeeded for a brief time in standing between a great nation and the forward movement which that nation is determined to take. The nation will go on—will go over Mr. Cannon, since he has been unable to see the advisability of stepping aside." The nation is to-day engaged in the act of going on over Mr. Cannon.

In "The Power Behind the Republic," a series of articles of vision and power, Charles Edward Russell has analyzed the vast and perplexing problem of our politico-business Government as it has never been analyzed before. These articles have let a new light into hundreds of thousands of troubled minds. They have been quoted and reprinted from coast to coast.

"Uncle Sam in Blunderland," by Arthur I. Street, which began last month, strikes the keynote of the approaching political campaigns.

The great Marriage Series begins in the present number. This also is commented on in greater detail elsewhere.

"That Dynamic Force," Orison Swett Marden

ORISON SWETT MARDEN founded SUCCESS MAGAZINE. His writings have appeared in every number since the beginning. Perhaps, excepting Theodore Roosevelt, no other living American has stimulated and inspired so many persons, young and old, to the vigorous efforts and the self-control which alone make life worth living.

A Year of Splendid Fiction

FOREMOST among the fiction features of the year are the two big serial stories. "The Sky Man," Henry Kitchell Webster's timely Arctic story, was concluded in the March number. Leroy Scott's fascinating serial romance "The Shears of Destiny" has yet several months to run.

A better and better magazine in editorial strength and interest; and a bigger and bigger circulation

The Samuel Hopkins Adams stories are among the distinctive contributions of the year. In Average Jones, the Ad-Visor, Mr. Adams has provided a new and distinct type of detective. So far we have published "The B-Flat Trombone," "Red Dot," and, in this number "Pin Pricks." There are more to come. The Janey stories, by Inez Haynes Gillmore, we count among the season's prizes. Mrs. Gillmore, we hope, will continue to furnish them as long as Janey Elizabeth Blair stays young and lovable and captivating.

In every way we regard this as our most successful fiction year. During its first half we have published such unusual stories as John Luther Long's "The Unjust Judge" and "Baby Grand." Mary Heaton Vorse's "Her Complexion" and "The Well Beloved." "Through the Spirit of Iapi," by Hamlin Garland and "Literature in Our Village," by Joseph C. Lincoln. There were Richard Wightman's, "The Things He Wrote to Her," humorous stories by Ellis Parker Butler, Rupert Hughes, Louise Closser Hale, Barton Wood Currie, Hugh Pendexter, and Howard Markle Hoke; and tales of sentiment by Porter Emerson Browne, James Oppenheim, Elizabeth Payne, Louise Forsslund and William Mailly.

But if we go too much into reminiscence there will be no room for prophecy. In another place we shall talk about July. We can't resist telling you again that "Molly Make-Believe," which turns up about August is one of the most charming things that ever came from Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's pen. In fact stories of humor and good cheer will abound in the summer and fall numbers with Harris Dickson's "Tenderfoot Tales," John Kendrick Bangs's "Wall Street Fairy Stories," Wallace Irwin's "My Body for Yours," George Fitch's "The Second Hand Tombstone," and many other good things.

The Best Writers Are With Us

Besides those noted elsewhere, the following prominent writers are 1910 contributors: Woods Hutchinson, Evelyn VanBuren, Roy Norton, Charles Battell Loomis, Henry M. Hyde, G. B. Lancaster, Fred Bates Johnson, Walter Prichard Eaton, A. E. Thomas, Glenmore Davis, Walter Weyl, Judson C. Welliver, Louis Brownlow, Sloane Gordon, A. E. Van Valkenburg, Henry Beach Needham, H. Addington Bruce, Franklin C. Clarkin, Bannister Merwin, Charles Samuel Tator, Charles N. Crewdson, Charles Johnson Post, Anne Story Allen, Jeannette Marks, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Franklin P. Adams.

Illustrations That Really Illustrate

WE are sparing no expense to secure the best work from the foremost artists—men and women who can really portray the characters and incidents created by the author. This is our utmost endeavor, and we believe you will agree with us in the opinion that SUCCESS MAGAZINE never has ranked so high in both illustration and general appearance. Our plans contemplate still further improvements and still greater expenditures for art work.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE has long enjoyed an enviable reputation for strikingly beautiful covers. It was the first to present the brilliant cover paintings of J. C. Leyendecker and others who have since attained much prominence as cover producers. We mean to maintain our high standard, even to surpass it if possible. For the next six months we already have in preparation cover pictures by George Gibbs, who painted the very popular golf girl of the October (1909) number and the picture which graces the front cover of this June number, Walter Tittle, B. Cory Kilvert and others no less talented.

SUCCESS

MAGAZINE



Published monthly by The Success Company,
Success Magazine Building, 29-31 East Twenty-
second Street, New York City. Branch Offices: Dan-
ville, Ill.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Oklahoma City, Okla.;
Petersburgh, N.Y.; Philadelphia, Pa.; San Jose, Cal.; Toledo, O.

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

In the Editor's Confidence

THERE is a paradox at the root of the business of magazine publishing. As is now generally known, the newsstand and subscription prices of a publication like SUCCESS MAGAZINE are insufficient to cover the cost of editorial matter, manufacture and distribution; and therefore the publication is dependent on the advertising revenue for its very existence. To-day, when business and the financial web that envelops business have been drawn together into something very like a "system," the business "interests" have become dominant in politics and in public affairs generally. Yet SUCCESS MAGAZINE, in company with a few other outspoken publications, strikes boldly out against certain phases of the "established order" in a way which can hardly be wholly inoffensive to many manufacturing and advertising interests.

"How can you do it?" asks a friend.

"They'll get you fellows yet," observes a friendly Congressman.

Well—can we? And will they?

Suppose we try to answer these questions with a plain statement of our attitude. Editors are sometimes supposed to live in high altitudes, where the air is rare and cool and where such sordid facts as advertising patronage and money are never thought of. But the habitat of the editors of SUCCESS MAGAZINE is not up there. We are deeply interested in the prosperity of the magazine. We would qualify this statement only by saying that we are interested in the right kind of prosperity.

If the public really wanted the bribery, the "snake" and "joker" legislation, the exploitation of public property, and the perversion of city, State and national governments by dealers in merchandise and dealers in vice which have of late years been dragged before our eyes as painful evidence of the excesses of the "established order,"—if the public really wanted these things we should have either to advocate them, ignore them, or go out of the magazine business.

As a matter of fact we have been growing pretty bold of late. Every time that we have let these bold, healthy statements go out to our readers we have waited in some anxiety for the returns. But every time, strange to say, the returns have been so hearty and even so enthusiastic in their commendation and support that it is going to be an exceedingly difficult task to convince us that the American public—and the public necessarily includes a great many individuals who advertise—objects to bold, honest, effective journalism.

We wonder if it has occurred to our readers that among the supporters of Roosevelt, Hughes, Ben Lindsey, La Follette, Beveridge, Cummins and the other "Insurgents" in State and nation there must be a good many advertisers. When Aldridge, the misguided boss of Rochester, was recently defeated in his attempt to break into Congress, is it not likely that among the thousands of disgusted Republicans who went to the polls and voted for that very modern sort of Democrat, James S. Havens, there were a few advertisers here and there?

Should all the advertisers in America band together for the purpose of killing SUCCESS MAGAZINE, they could do it.

But they won't.

Why?

Because health is as catching as disease. There is a good deal of unchecked health floating about the United

THE ADVERTISER AND THE EDITOR

States at the present time. SUCCESS MAGAZINE is growing in circulation and in advertising revenue in so far as it truly expresses in its pages the healthy spirit of America. Our belief is that it is not the fighting which builds the best circulation; it is the *being right*. Probably we are not altogether right yet; if we were we should soon have all the

circulation there is except the wrong kind. Also we should have all the advertising there is except the wrong kind.

Why?

Because the magazine that commands the respect and faith of a nation-wide circle of readers commands the respect of the advertisers who wish to reach those readers. It all comes down to a matter of business science; and business science, if it is a science at all, is exact, healthy and clean.

There are advertisers—we know some of them—who will withdraw their advertising because of a deep-seated dislike of the editor's necktie. There are other advertisers who will undertake to discipline a publication for the purpose of "bringing it into line." We of SUCCESS MAGAZINE have learned to let both go, if go they must, with only a superficial ruffling of our philosophy. Indeed, we sometimes smooth down the ruffles by reflecting that the advertiser who tries to force a concealment of facts regarding public questions is more than half likely to be concealing facts regarding his own wares. Why should a perfectly square man fear free speech?

Without the advertisers SUCCESS MAGAZINE would cease to exist. But we have not the slightest fear of our advertisers. That the public is healthy-minded and progressive is evidenced by the growing support we receive as we try to become more healthy-minded and progressive ourselves. *We are printing more high-class advertising now than ever before in our history.* And we could n't, if we tried, separate the advertisers from the public.

Let us close with an illustration.

Last winter we became convinced that all was not well in the field of irrigation bonds. As we were carrying the advertising of several banking houses that were marketing these issues, it began to look as if some of our readers might be caught in unsound investments. We investigated the character of these securities thoroughly, and Mr. Rollins prepared his articles on the "Pitfalls of Irrigation Securities" which appeared in the March and April numbers. In advance of the publication of the articles letters were sent to all our financial advertisers advising them that the articles were to appear, and frankly giving them due opportunity to withdraw their advertising.

Exactly one advertisement was withdrawn. Hard-headed bankers, instead of resenting our action, wrote and telephoned to congratulate us. *They liked it!*

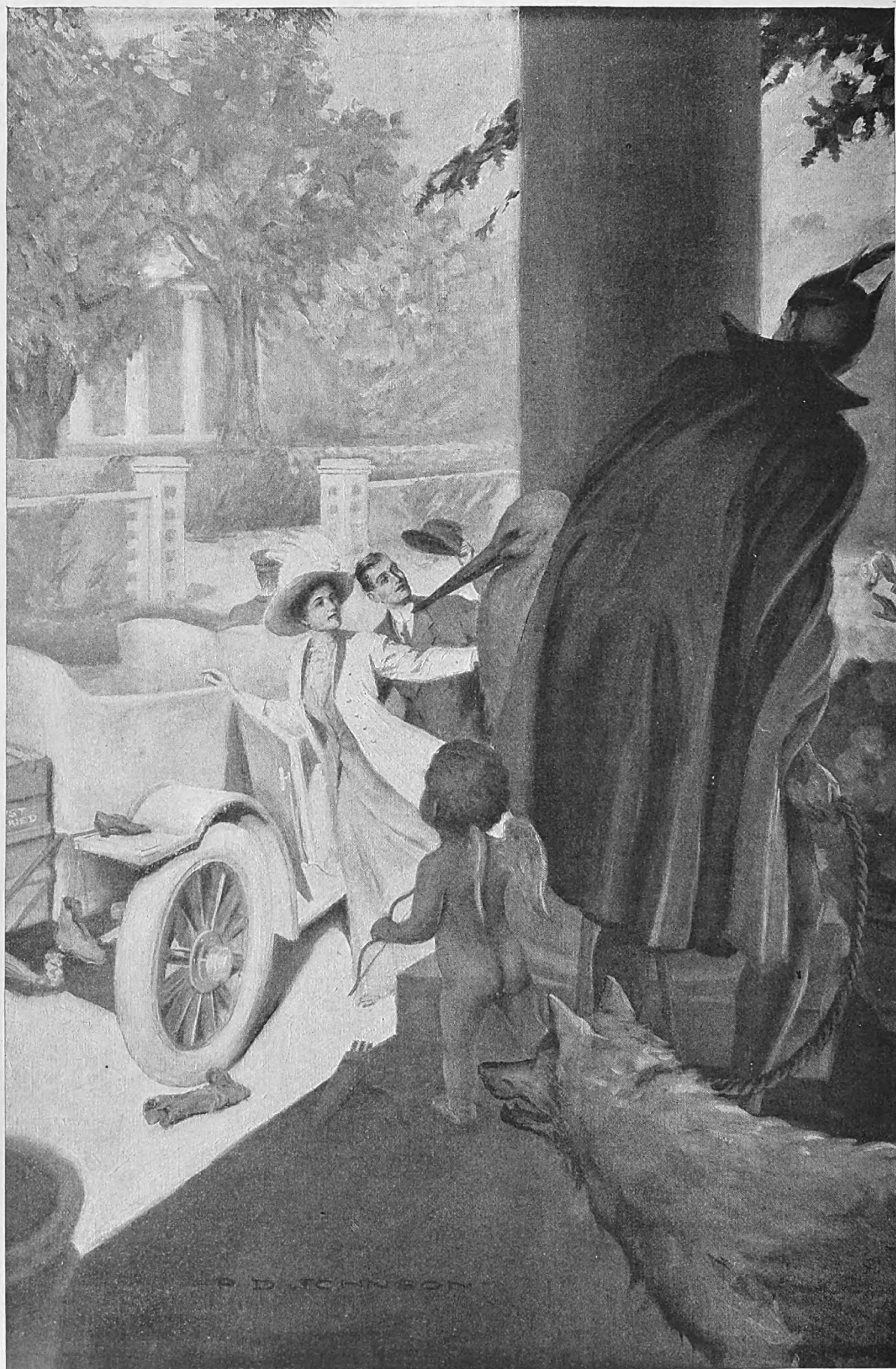
Why?

Because the advertiser likes to see character in an individual and in a publication. Character, you know, is not at all a bad thing in business.

Perhaps SUCCESS MAGAZINE has n't much character. We who are closest to it are not its best judges. But we like to believe that it has—some, anyway.

In that belief we purpose going straight ahead, painting things as we see them "for the God of things as they are."

And we are inclined to think that we shall receive just about as much circulation and as much advertising as we deserve. One thing ought to be tolerably certain; what we do receive of either will be the right kind.



THE CONSPIRATORS

Painted by P. D. JOHNSON

MARRIAGE IN AMERICA



AMAKER of French proverbs once said that marriages were made in heaven. If he had lived to see the dawn of this mechanical age he would have qualified that statement. For the earthly factory has found that it can turn out marriages in far greater quantities, and consequently much cheaper than its aerial competitor. It does this by sweating the young girls and holding up the old, wornout ones as warnings.

These cheap marriages rank among the chief outputs of cheap factories. The worse the industrial conditions, the more discordant the wedding bells which they set in motion.

In factories of the lower type the girl operative is almost certain of discomfort, nervous exhaustion, disease and premature old age. The lottery of marriage offers her a way of escape from these things. So she escapes, but at some risk to herself, to the community and to the America of the next generation.

How do American factory girls feel about the marriage question?

Rather dubious. All in all they consider matrimony a profound failure. So far as I can determine, only three of them in every ten believe that more marriages turn out happily than unhappily.

But there is another question about which many seem to be still more dubious. That is the question of staying single.

"Marry?"

Helen D. burst for a moment into cynical laughter. Then the weary lines came back around her mouth.

"Why, I'd marry anyone to get out of this."

She was just seventeen and small for her age, but her features looked twenty-seven. She stooped and coughed incessantly, and her worn little hands would not be still.

Marrying to Escape from the Factory

The "this" that Helen would go such lengths in escaping was a bag factory up in Minnesota, owned by a leading philanthropist—one of those storage-battery philanthropists, complete in themselves, who manufacture tuberculosis economically in their factories and then use part of the proceeds in building tuberculosis hospitals.

The factory was dark and very dusty. The sanitary arrangements were unspeakable, and when a girl was taken sick—which often happened—there was not even a cot to lay her

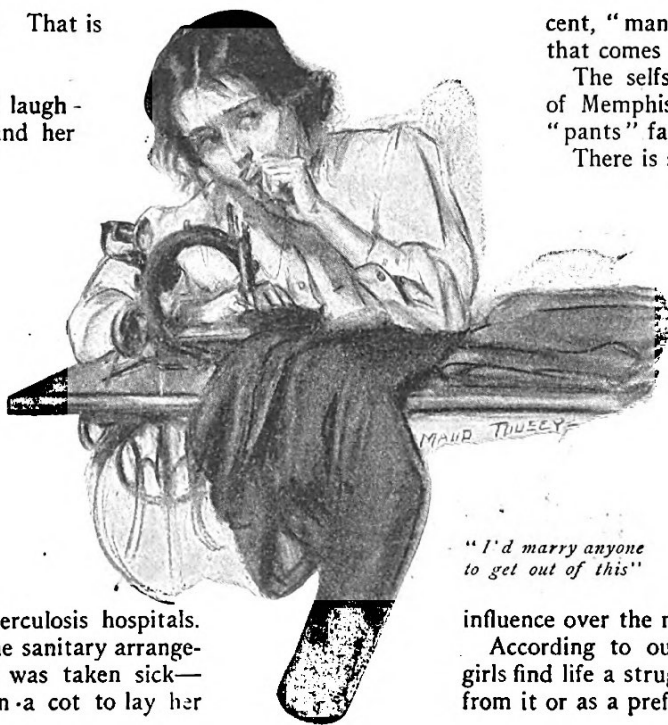
The Marriage Factory

by Robert Haven Schauffler

Author of "The Country Preacher's Wherewithal" and "To Happiness by Trolley"

Illustrations by Maud Gousey

THE series of which this article is the first is based on one of the most exhaustive investigations ever undertaken by a magazine. More than a score of trained social students have been working for many months from Maine to California and from Minnesota to Mississippi among working girls, college girls, girls of the leisure class, country girls, etc.—under the direction of Mr. Schauffler and the editors of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. The method followed has been that of selecting, as the foundation of each article, a few hundred individuals, each one thoroughly typical of the great class of girls to which she belongs, and of making a searching study of herself, her environment and her personal attitude toward marriage, home-building, motherhood and divorce. Mr. Schauffler's conclusions are therefore based not only on his own observations and on those of the doctors, ministers, lawyers, teachers, settlement workers, factory and tenement inspectors, police matrons, etc., with whom he has been in touch, but also on hundreds of carefully prepared depositions, each of which gives the mental attitude of an unmarried girl toward these vital problems. It is our belief that this investigation furnishes actual information regarding the extent to which the feminine unrest is stirring in the hearts of those millions of unmarried girls who are to be the mothers of to-morrow's citizens; and it is our hope that this information, startling though some of it may be, will prove so interesting and so valuable as to justify the heavy cost and effort of acquiring it.—THE EDITORS.



"I'd marry anyone to get out of this"

on; nothing but the dirty boards. It stood in the heart of the Tenderloin district (if, indeed, the Tenderloin can be said to have a heart), and its location was the one evil that really appealed to the philanthropist's wife when the committee came and told her how her husband made his money. She acted promptly. She had all the factory windows nailed down, so that the Board of Health had to have the nails pulled out.

That, in general, was Helen's "this." In particular, it was the bench where-over she bent ten hours a day. I watched her rocking from one foot to the other and folding bags with painful, rythmical motions. Often the little hands would miss a bag on the forward lunge, but they would follow through just the same. She was too tired to know that she had missed.

"I'd marry anyone to get out of this."

Here and there "all over America" I heard echoes of Helen's pitiful cry.

In a gloomy, foul-smelling sweat-shop in Philadelphia, Leah K. (which is not her real name) bent feverishly over a sewing-machine which had just been "speeded up" from 2,200 stitches a minute to 4,400 without "speeding up" her wages at all. "Yes, ah, yes," she exclaimed with her pretty Russian accent, "many times, to escape, I would go to anyone that comes along."

The selfsame cry went up from the box factories of Memphis, the cigar factories of New York, and the "pants" factories of San Francisco.

There is something very shocking in such cynicism on the part of a young girl. But there are to-day a million and a half of girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five, employed in industries in this country, and fortunately only a small proportion of them feel as Helen and Leah feel. Merely a few hundred thousand of the future mothers of Americans. For it is only the most sweated, wearing, dangerous, brutalizing industries that can humble the proud spirit of American girlhood to the point of marrying "anyone to get out of this."

But even if industry does not drive a large proportion of girls to these extremes, it still has a sufficiently sad influence over the marriages of most of its girl employees.

According to our investigation, two-thirds of all factory girls find life a struggle and look on marriage either as a refuge from it or as a preferable sort of struggle.



"I hate my work and I'm very miserable," said Alma G., a pretty Chicago laundry worker of twenty-two. "I'm looking for an old man with money. There ain't no such thing as love."

Young Girls With Middle-Aged Ideas

Susie A., a seventeen year old shoe stitcher of Brockton, Massachusetts, whose beauty was already fading, declared that she would n't marry unless she could better her condition, but in that case "love would n't have nothin' to do with it."

These two opinions, although they represent a much larger class than Helen D. does, are, fortunately, hardly as typical of the average factory girl's views as are the words of Addie M., a New York millinery worker:

"What's the use of working all the time? A girl has to get married some time. Long as I like my friend all right and he is able to make a comfortable living and is willing to get married, I think that I will be better off in my own little home and will not have to think of the dull season and be always afraid of my job."

The factory is a barren soil for romance. It is rather risky to wait for

a pure love match there, because you are likely to keep on waiting all your life. And when it does come, you will, like as not, have to go back to work to support your husband. A factory girl who would let her heart have full sway in choosing a husband is almost as hard to find as a genius. Only five per cent. of the girls studied were pure romantics, and three per cent. consisted of Jewesses from Russia. Even when found, this type is apt to be represented by a newcomer in industry. To-morrow's experiences may bring her a change of heart. This is still truer of the girl whose romance is already tinged with materialism.

"Yes," declared a young shirt-waist striker in Philadelphia, "I would only marry in case I loved. But the older girls say they have felt as I do, only to have their resolutions melt away as they faced a life of drudgery and faultfinding, ending pretty soon in consumption."

And here is an interesting warning to romantic girlhood from a San Francisco necktie worker who knows:

"Yes, I was in love with a young man, but he has to support his family and so is unable to get married. I believe that if any girl can't get the one she loves she should take the one that loves her, even if he does not reach her ideal. If a girl gets a little old, they all have something to say to her, and when she goes to apply for a position they think, 'Oh, she is a cranky old maid,' and even at work it is unpleasant for her."

To realize the cheap quality of the marriages which are turned out by the marriage factory, it is sufficient to know that more than a third of the girls in industry would marry on a purely materialistic basis without a thought of love; while less than a third would allow romance to outweigh material considerations. In a later article it will be interesting to compare with this aspect the attitude of the business girl toward romance.

In grinding out its sorry product, the marriage factory works on a girl from within as well as from without—spiritually as well as physically. One reason why these machine-made marriages are such cheap affairs is because the factory, with its crude, realistic chemistry, is apt to destroy the precious part of a girl's ideals and leave only the sordid, materialistic part. It transmutes her ideals—if one may coin a word—into "reals." In fact, by a forcing process, the factory does to her in a few years what life should do to her in many. As it ages her young body it matures—or rather, pre-matures—her philosophy of existence. This is abnormal and makes for abnormal matches.

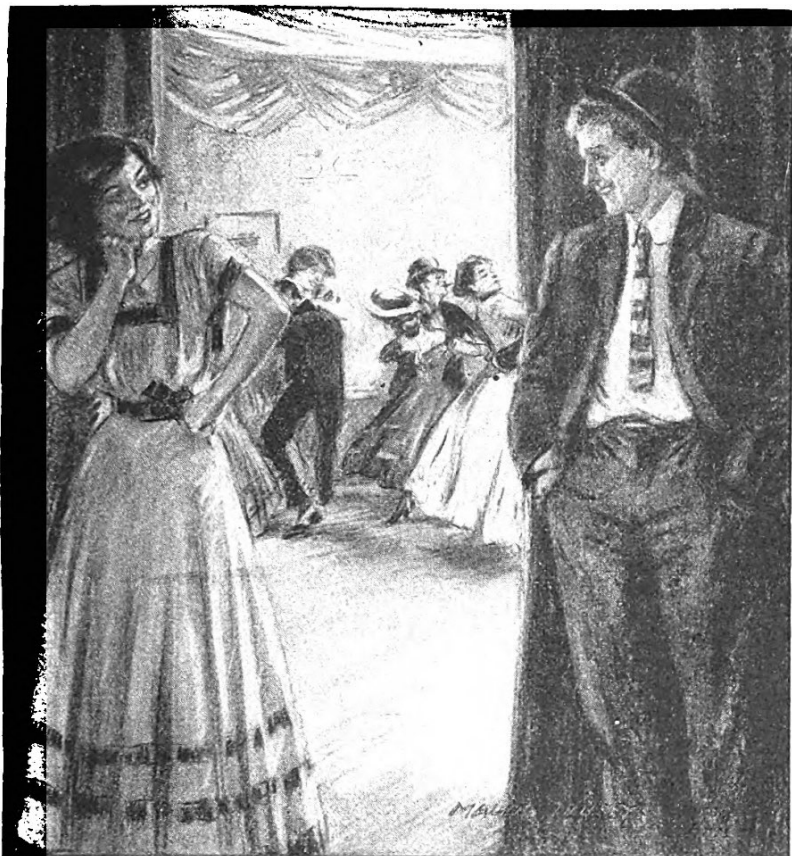
The normal state of affairs has been well described by Lavinia Hart: "The young folks live in the Tropics and hope to reach heaven by climbing a tree of orange blossoms. The old folks live in the Arctics and endeavor to create heaven by making sure of the wherewithal for the iceman. Why is it that our daughters think only of 'How much do you love me?' and our parents, 'How much have you got?'"

Not so in industrial society. The factory girl has no designs whatever on orange trees. When nineteen or twenty years old she has generally assumed an elderly point of view toward the question of love and marriage. From childhood, she has skipped over youth straight into age. She has, as it were, become her own parent.

It saddens one to hear how agedly the young things talk. Eva M. is twenty-three and works in a Mississippi "pants" factory. "I used to be the prettiest girl in town, if I have got to say it myself." She



"Swell dressing frightens a man away," declared Lena C. "If a man sees a girl all dressed up, he thinks: 'Oh, I'd never want her—she'd make me poor!'"



Introductions are dispensed with and any man may dance with any girl

heaved a little sigh. "But I've broken, something awful, these last three years."

Listen to the world-weary accents of this maker of artificial flowers from St. Louis, who is in her twenty-fifth year:

"Wish I was married. Wish I had had chances when I was only eighteen years old. At that age young people are easier to please; more happy with each other; don't expect so much. Now I know too much; find some faults in everybody. Would n't marry unless he earned at least five or ten dollars per more than I do. Girls and boys should be married young."

No Factory Work After Marriage

Is the factory girl willing to keep on with the factory after marriage? She has made up her mind very firmly on this point. Only one girl in four would be willing to do so. This fourth girl, however, is full of arguments, like those of Mathilde R., a pretty Italian laundry worker in Brooklyn:

"Why not? Will not my legs and arms and eyes be the same after the priest makes me a signora? Besides, even a child knows that two can earn more than one. And when you are young you should work."

But here we must notice a startling connection between this question and the love problem. A girl is seldom willing to return to the factory after marriage unless she is of the vital, exuberant kind that enjoys her work and is able to win the more desirable positions in industry. This is exactly the sort of girl whose excess vitality is apt to overflow into romance. She is the highest type of worker and the highest type of wife; and, by a pathetic sequence, this admirable young woman is exactly the one who is most likely to break up the home by keeping on with the factory.

It is good to reflect, however, that three-quarters of the girls would not be willing to return to the factory after marriage, except in case of an emergency.

Why do they feel thus? Almost one-half of them say that they hate the factory too much. One-third consider that a wife's place is in her home, which will suffer if she deserts it. That is the way the Philadelphia chocolate dipper felt:

"A feller says to me not long ago: 'Your wages and mine together would make a very nice sum. We could get a little house.' I says to him: 'Not for me, thanks.'"

Some of the others would be afraid of spoiling their future husbands: "Y' know, if you do it at first a man 'll think you can just keep on doing it." Another put it thus: "What do you s'pose I'd marry fer? To support a man? Never!"

The factory girl is more of a "home body" than the girl of business. Four out of five would prefer the work of a housewife to the work of the factory. And, of the remainder, three-quarters have never been initiated into household mysteries and are incompetent.

Little Rebecca L., who makes men's shirts in Philadelphia, voiced the prevailing sentiment: "Housework is easier than factory work because you are your own boss. Then it isn't so much of a slavery like it is in a factory."

There has been considerable agitation recently about race suicide.

We have been warned that the so-called upper classes are threatening to die out and leave the country to the prolific industrial classes. In view of all this there is a considerable fascination in studying the attitude of America's future mothers toward motherhood. With her mature, disillusioned mind the factory girl has pondered deeply on this subject, and she will talk openly about it with no more false modesty than a grandmother would show in talking of her grandchildren.

Slightly fewer than one-sixth of the girls are unwilling ever to have children. Most of these have been elder daughters in large, poor families, and "Little Mothers" to an endless procession of brothers and sisters. The maternal instinct has been frightened out of them by what they have seen at home.

"Kids? Not fer me! I know what ma's been through," exclaimed Margarita, who is a picture-postal packer in Chicago and the eldest of thirteen.

A few are fatalistic in attitude, with the stolid fatalism of the Italian peasant who looks at marriage and a staircase effect in little heads as a thing as inevitable and pleasing as death, and to be accepted as passively. This feeling is strongest among the Roman Catholics.

A slightly larger number are neutral in their attitude. "I'd bear him a child if he deserved it," said a nineteen year old Philadelphian.

"As for the children—who can tell?" demanded a New York laundry worker, an Italian, but emancipated from her national traditions. "Perhaps one I will have, for they say a child keeps a man steady. But it is wrong to have many. My mother had eleven and she is dead before she is sixty. It is easy to have many children, but it is very wrong."

About two-thirds of all the girls want children. In a few, the natural instinct of womanly women has never been curbed by practical considerations. Hilda M., a sweatshop girl in Brooklyn, fairly longs for children. "I want to feel their arms about my neck. Not other women's babies, but my own. It seems as if God gave little ones to keep husband and wife together. I'd like three or four."

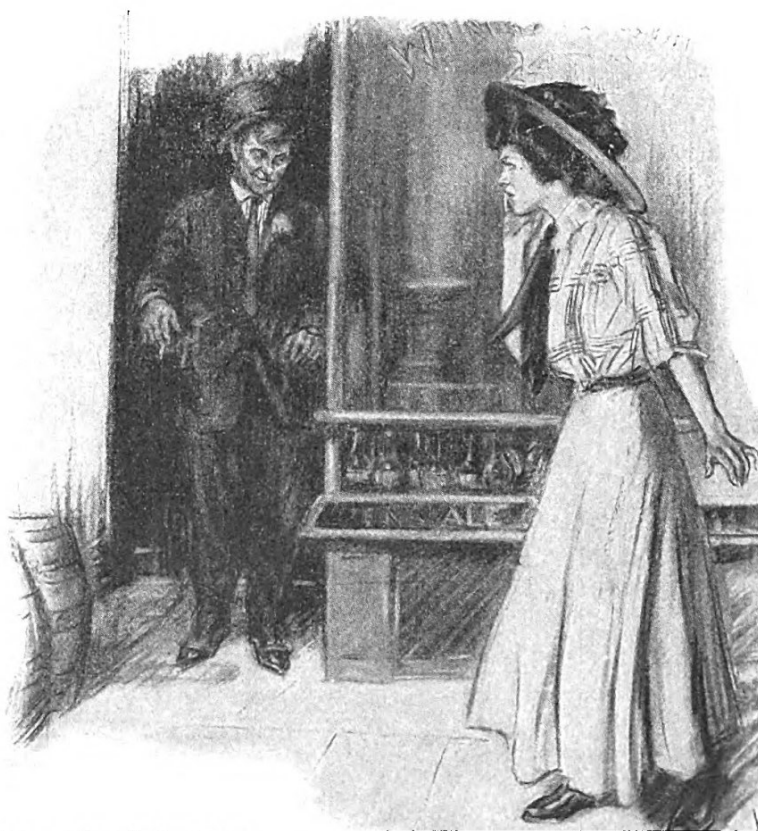
"I want lots of children!" exclaimed Jennie L., who works in a San Francisco piano factory. "Little babies are so cunning. And they've got something to teach you, too. When I look at a little child's eyes, seems 's if it had learned something before it come here."

But—and here is the arresting fact—very few factory girls to-day agree with Hilda and Jennie. Most of those who want babies *want only one or two*. "I don't believe," they say, "in bringing children into the world unless you have the means to care for them." And what with the cost of living careering skyward and wages hugging the earth, they see very little hope of ever being able to have more than two.

A few of the more intellectual even think beyond the loaves and fishes in considering the welfare of their future sons and daughters. Sarah G., a New York embroiderer, shall be their spokeswoman:

"Why should a woman bring more children into the world than she can care for? I don't mean just food; I mean caring for their minds. I think a girl should think about that and not have so many children that she has no time to study and help those that come first. And to-day it's not like it was with our mothers. They thought a woman's

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There are few sharper pangs reserved for her than the pang of that moment when she first sees her lover come reeling out of the saloon's swinging door.

MALDEN



Janey and the Stork

by Inez Haynes Gillmore *Illustrations by* ADA C. WILLIAMSON

THE sunlight poured through the sixteen-paned windows of the Blair dining-room. It oozed like a lustrous golden varnish along the side-board of ancient San Domingo mahogany. It filled the plates and platters of old Canton in the china-cabinet with pools of blue light. It turned the smoothly-laundered breakfast doilies into circles of silver. It twinkled in the coffee-silver. It sparkled in the finger-bowls. It brought out streaks of flaxen-gold in Janey Blair's straight hair, and revealed to the smallest pin-point dot the colony of freckles on her absurd little nose. Also it revealed the scowl of discontent on her forehead.

Of all times, it was hardest for Janey Blair to keep silent at breakfast. Floods of sun seemed to bring out in her floods of chatter. But she knew as well as she knew her name that the most tiny remarks would be met by the most gigantic of rebukes. For with the exception of Janey and Caroline everybody was opening mail.

Stout, grizzled, twinkling, his outing-shirt turned away in a broad V from his hairy chest, Mr. James Warriner, or Uncle Jim, the bachelor head of the house, sat at one end of the table. With the precision of a machine, he slit the flaps of the long business-like-looking envelopes, extracted, studied, crumpled and dropped their contents. Tall, slender, blonde, very fresh and womanly in her starched white morning dress, Mrs. Blair, his widowed sister, mother of Janey, presided at the head of the table behind a pile of correspondence of all shapes and colors. At Uncle Jim's right sat their cousin, Mrs. Benton, Aunt Marcia, mother of Caroline, a stout, dumpy little woman with a sallow look of lassitude. Only one letter lay at her plate. Beside her sat five-year-old Caroline, roly-poly, tanned, whispering. Opposite sat Janey.

Janey, who saw everything, noted that Uncle Jim's correspondence was all type-written. "Editors!" was her brief mental comment. She noticed that the pretty pages which came out of her mother's trim envelopes were covered with a billowy hand-writing through which, to Janey's great admiration, Mrs. Blair skimmed like a bird. "Ladies!" Janey said to herself. She noticed that Aunt Marcia's letter had a yellow stamp on it. "From Uncle Joe," Janey conjectured. Uncle Joe, Janey knew, was away on a six months engineering job. Because, as Mrs. Blair had explained, to Janey, Aunt Marcia was not well, the three older children had been sent to New Hampshire, and Aunt Marcia had come with little Caroline to spend the whole summer in Scarsett.

"Oh, Marcia!" Mrs. Blair exclaimed suddenly. "Do listen, Jim! Hilda Morris has just had another baby—a little girl. Oh, isn't it too lovely? Jim, you remember Hilda—she went to St. Agnes' with me."

Uncle Jim did not display a glimmer of that enthusiasm with which every female at the table was immediately fired. "She's got six already, hasn't she?" he remarked in the tone of one who presents damaging evidence.

"Well—what's that got to do with it?" his sister asked in a non-plussed tone.

"And Stuffy Morris gets only forty dollars a week," Uncle Jim persisted, standing by his guns.

"Yes, but Hilda's tickled to death and so is Edward. Please don't call him Stuffy, Jim."

"I see I'm getting in bad," Uncle Jim commented. "As mere man

I really can't see how it's an occasion for fireworks, Miriam. It's their funeral, of course."

"Now Jim," his sister remonstrated, "You know you were perfectly crazy when Janey was born."

"Sure! I was strong for Janey." Mr. Warriner smiled across the table at his little niece. That young person was using an extraordinary feat in oatmeal-architecture as an excuse for dumping half a bowl of powdered sugar into her saucer. "I would n't sell Janey for ten million dollars but I'd sell her successor for ten cents." Mr. Warriner's look became gloomily reminiscent. "Remember, Miriam, I used to walk the floor nights with her."

Mrs. Blair's sense of humor did not cover the subject of babies. She frowned at the blasphemy. "I'd give anything I own," she said, "if Janey had a little brother."

Janey dropped the sugar bowl. Her mother's words flew like a flock of doves into her heart and nestled there cooing. A little brother! Somehow—she was not conscious of this herself—but that remark seemed to crystallize a great deal that was floating vague and dim in her mind. Ever since Aunt Marcia had come, she and mother had talked about nothing but babies, their care, their training, their inherent lovability. In another instant, Janey had made up her mind that she had been wanting a baby in the house ever since she could remember. A little brother! She and Caroline, left stranded on the shores of infancy by the older children of Scarsett, often ran out of schemes for entertainment. But with a baby in the house, one could dispense entirely with games. A little brother! And mother would like one just as much as she. How lucky! Janey's imagination suddenly soared into inter-stellar space. Janey's heart suddenly gave a great thump. Janey's active mind had suddenly said: "Why not?"

Absorbed in dazzling meditation, Janey docilely ate everything that was put before her.

Immediately after breakfast, she followed Mrs. Blair up to the sewing room: "Mother," she said, "I have made up my mind that I would just love to have a little brother. Won't you please buy one for me. You can have all the money in my bank."

"No, dear," Mrs. Blair said. "I'm afraid I can't, so don't ask me again."

Experience had taught Janey that mothers could be reasoned with. "Let me say just one thing more," she pleaded. "Why not?"

"Because," Mrs. Blair said. Her tone indicated that the conversation was at an end. But the mother of Janey had learned the

utter futility of the "because" answer as far as her daughter was concerned. "Little girls who haven't any fathers can't have any brothers and sisters," she added.

This silenced Janey, but only for an instant. Then, "I should think if they didn't have any father, that would be all the more reason why they could have more brothers and sisters."

Mrs. Blair had given up trying to cope with Janey's remorseless logic. "Well, I can't talk all the morning, Janey," she said impatiently. "You can't have a little brother and that's all there is to it. Now run out and play."

But the seed of determination had been planted in Janey's mind. As ordered, she went out on to the piazza. She did not play. She sat down beside confiding little Caroline. For a long time she did not speak. She was thinking. Caroline kept silent too, for wonderful things always happened when Janey took to thought.

"Caroline," Janey said after a long while, "do you know what we need in this house?"



"I'd give anything I own if Janey had a little brother"

"No," Caroline replied placidly. "We need a baby. What's more—we're going to have one. You've prob'ly noticed, Caroline Benton, that grown folks never 'tend to matters. That's why you don't get a lot of things you want. Now I'm going to 'tend to this myself. And you watch what happens, Caroline Benton. There'll be a baby in this house 'fore I get through. I know presackly where to go to ask for one. Do you know who brings the babies, Caroline? The doctor—in a green bag."

Caroline demurred. "In kindergarten," she said, "Wilthion thaid the sthork brought them."

Janey shook a superior head, although inwardly she was reconciling conflicting theories. "Sometimes the stork *does* bring them, Caroline dear," she admitted in her most saccharin tones of patronage. "And sometimes the doctor. Most genally the doctor. How I know is, Hazel Snow said Dr. Bigelow brought her cousin a baby. She saw him go into the house with a green bag. It was full of something. When he came out, there was nothing in it, but there was a baby lying beside her cousin in the bed. When the stork brings it, the doctor gives it to him. Now let's walk up the road till we meet Dr. Bigelow. He goes to see Grandpa Wade every morning since he cut his leg off."

The two little girls trotted across the bridge and along the sliver of dusty road pulled taut and gray between stretches of emerald marsh. At the cross-roads they disappeared under a green Gothic arch made by meeting branches of huge old wine-glass elms. Came along presently a comfortable old buggy, filled with the comfortable bulk of a big middle-aged man. He was sitting back, half asleep, the reins caught in a hook on the buggy hood.

"Dr. Bigelow!" Janey called in her soft voice. "Dr. Bigelow! Oh please stop!"

"Whoa, Bess." Dr. Bigelow caught the reins and peered over the wheel. "What's this—breakers on the lee bow? Oh, it's you Janey. What do you want? Here, wait a minute. Suppose you two young women come aboard. I'll take you for a little cruise. Look out for the larboard rein there, Janey."

Dr. Bigelow helped them in. He deposited Caroline on the seat beside him and Janey on the floor between his knees, facing him. He hung up the reins. Old Bess jogged on.

"Now what is it, cap'n?" Dr. Bigelow asked.

Janey looked trustfully up into the snapping eyes. She liked Dr. Bigelow. Dr. Bigelow had followed the sea in his youth. He did not look like a doctor and he certainly did not talk like one. His short thick black beard was cut square; it was shaped like a dust-pan. His voice was always pretending to be gruff, and his blue eyes were always pretending to be stern; but neither voice nor eyes had ever deceived his most devoted follower, Miss Jane Elizabeth Blair. He had seen her through every terror of childhood from tummy-upset to measles. He mostly gave her nice medicines—sugary pills which came out of pretty, slender, thin-glassed bottles. After all the pills were taken, she could have the bottle. Sur-reptitiously, Janey was always swallowing extra doses that the bottle might empty quicker. Janey came straight to her point. "Dr. Bigelow, I want a little brother dreadfully. I've come to ask you to bring one to my mother."

Dr. Bigelow seemed to think this a perfectly natural request. You might almost suppose that he had often met it before. His face screwed up into its most serious expression. But a twinkle in his eye, which even heavy iron-gray brows could not conceal, showed Janey that he was quite in sympathy with her.

"Well, cap'n," he said in a regretful tone, "you've come at a bad time—a very bad time. I'm just out of babies. All gone except one little pickaninny. How about a black baby, Janey. Don't suppose it would do, would it?"

"Oh, Dr. Bigelow," Janey said rapturously, "I'd love it, and so would Uncle Jim. He'd be just crazy about it. But mother would send it back the moment it came into the house. I know her."

"That's what I was afraid of," Dr. Bigelow said, and he seemed disappointed. "Brightest little black thing you ever saw."

"When I grow up," Janey said, "I'm not going to be fussy like my mother. I'm going to have a black baby and a Chinese baby and a Japanese baby and an Indian baby and an Eskimo



The little wad of flesh before her became of all things the most desirable

baby—just like in 'Seven Little Sisters'—are n't you, Caroline?"

"Yeth," said Caroline, "and loths of twinths. Dr. Bigelow, where do you keep the babieth?"

"Caroline," Dr. Bigelow answered impressively, "I can't possibly answer that question, for you see, if it got out where I kept the babies, little children would always be stealing them from me. I don't mean nice little girls like you two." He looked hard at his small interlocutors and they managed to develop an expression of conscious rectitude. "Promise me if you ever happen to find out my hiding-place, you'll never tell it to a living soul. Cross your throats."

Awed, the little girls performed this dreadful function.

"And where do you keep the sthork?" Caroline continued with undiminished curiosity.

"Oh it's this way about the stork," Dr. Bigelow said carelessly. "I let him fly about loose. Now, when I'm too busy to attend to the matter myself, I just whistle up Johnny—his name's Johnny, you know—tie a basket to his claw, put the baby in the basket and send Johnny off with it."

Janey bounced. "Dr. Bigelow, you'll be getting some new babies in pretty soon, won't you? Will you please save one for us?"

Dr. Bigelow took from an inner pocket a narrow thin, red note-book. He poised a pencil over a blank page. "What kind of a baby do you want, Janey?" he said in a business-like tone.

"I want him to be a fat baby," Janey answered immediately, "with curly golden hair—wouldn't you have it golden, Caroline?"

"And dimpleth in hith elbowth," Caroline added.

"Fat boy baby," Dr. Bigelow wrote, "golden curls, dimples in his elbows. All right. Next time a new cargo comes in, I'll be on the lookout. Here's Grandpa Wade's now. What do you suppose I'm bringing him?"

Neither Janey nor Caroline could guess.

"A nice new wooden leg. You two little ladies better disembark now and steer a straight course home."

He helped the children out of the buggy, clucked to old Bess and resumed his half-asleep position. But in another instant, Janey came running alongside. "What is it now, cap'n?" Dr. Bigelow asked.

"Oh, Dr. Bigelow," Janey panted, "don't have him too red, please. And please don't leave him to the stork. You bring him yourself. I feel you're more—more—sponsible."

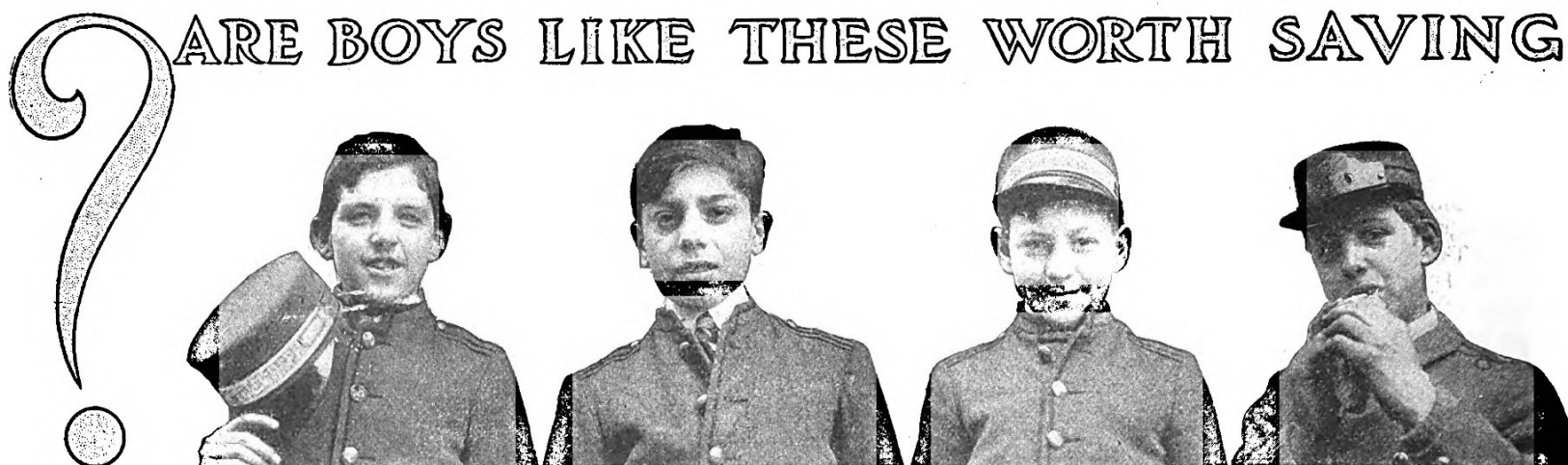
"All right, cap'n," Dr. Bigelow said gravely.

For the next week, two better behaved little girls could not have been found in all Scarsett. Janey exhausted herself in preparations for the addition to the family. It was not a period of unmixed delight for elders, because the children stuck close to the house. They did not dare to leave for fear that in their absence Dr. Bigelow, carrying a bulging, squirming green bag, would drive up to the house. "Just think, Caroline, of not being here to thank him!" Janey said whenever temptation

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Dr. Bigelow caught the reins and peered over the wheel



IN EVERY city of any considerable size in the United States young boys are being dragged downward to a ruin comparable in character and extent to the ruin of girls who are victims of the white slave traffic. These are the boys engaged in the night messenger service, in the employ not only of the telegraph companies doing a national business, but also of the smaller messenger companies which are found in all the larger cities. Thirty companies in all have so far come within the scope of the recent investigation by the National Child Labor Committee, on which this article is based.

A Blind Alley that Leads to Ruin

This investigation uncovers a condition which must appal every decent man and woman and which should rouse to protest and to action every person who regards citizenship as the foremost of our national assets to be fostered and conserved. The committee has studied the night messenger service in twenty-six cities of seven States—cities ranging in population from fifty thousand up to New York's four millions. Naturally, the conditions vary somewhat in the different cities,

owing to differences in laws restraining vice, and whether these laws are strictly enforced—owing, in short, to whether the town is "closed" or "wide open." But despite these local variations, the general situation is everywhere fundamentally the same. In brief, the night messenger service is, as one student of the facts recently wrote, "a blind alley industry, with a gambling den and a house of prostitution at this end and the bread-line and penitentiary at the other."

It is with great difficulty and great diffidence that I approach the presentation of the following facts, for the facts relate to topics which the American idea of decorum forbids one publicly to discuss. But the thousands of boys who have been ruined, the thousands who are being ruined, the thousands who will be recruited into this ruinous service—these boys must be my excuse for violating any accepted ideas of propriety.

Human lives are a greater consideration than convention; and it is solely of these young lives, needlessly sacrificed, whom the public can save, that I think and would have you think.

There is another difficulty I encounter in presenting this matter, and this is to present the truth in full. That I can not do. What I relate hereafter falls far short of being a complete presentation of the committee's evidence; this article is of necessity an understatement.

Few of us who have called a messenger boy for such legitimate services, as delivering a package, carrying a suit-case or running an errand, ever imagine the perils by which that boy is constantly menaced and allured. We never suspect the quite different missions on which this boy, who is at the beck and call of everyone, may be sent. These perils which may cripple, perhaps ruin, the whole future of the boy, rise from two causes—the conditions amid which he works, and the conditions that exist within himself.

The work of the day messenger boy is carried on under conditions which are more or less similar to those which surround most city workers; his telegrams or errands take him, in the main, only to honest homes or places of legitimate business. But with the night messenger boy the situation is far different. With a few exceptions, all legitimate business is closed. Illegiti-

The Evils of the *by Leroy Scott*

mate business has opened its doors; the office hours of vice are the night hours. Instead of being the errand boy of necessary industry, the night messenger has become the errand boy of immorality. To be sure, there are a few telegrams to be delivered, and a few legitimate calls from the theaters, hotels, restaurants, newspapers and business establishments running night-shifts, but the majority of the calls made upon this young boy are the calls of the "Tenderloin."

"How do you fellows get to know the sporty side of life so well?" one boy who had astounded an investigator by his knowledge of the Tenderloin was asked.

"Oh, we work right in it," he answered. "Most of the calls in this region after nine or ten o'clock come from fast women or their friends. We get to know them pretty soon. We have to." And the simple statement of this New York boy was repeated in substance by dozens of messengers in other cities.

Boys at the Most Impressionable Age

The second danger to the boy lies in his youth—in the changes that are going on within himself. The boys in the night messenger service range from fourteen to twenty (boys who had entered the service at nine were found in Baltimore), with the average about sixteen. This is the age of adolescence; the age when the sex instincts are awakening, when morbid curiosity is at its height, when reason and experience and self-restraint are lacking, and when the boy needs the wisest care

and counsel and protection. And it is at just this perilous age that the night messenger service throws the boy into the most intimate contact with every conceivable form of vice.

It must be borne in mind that the messenger boy can be secured not only to perform some particular errand, but that he can be hired by the hour for as many hours as the patron desires him. And to secure the boy, the patron has only to ring a messenger box or call up a messenger office by telephone and ask to have a boy sent to a certain house, or a certain hotel room, or a certain street corner, or a certain saloon. The companies work upon the theory that the value of their messenger service to patrons lies largely in the fact that it is confidential, and that this value would be decreased, even destroyed in many cases, if the name of the patron and the nature of the call should be demanded. Hence, no questions are asked at the office; the name of the customer and the character of the work may be volunteered, but they are not required. There is no adequate effort to protect the boys from vicious calls; in fact, investigation warrants the belief that the immediate superiors of the boys are fully aware of the nature of the vicious calls.



ARE BOYS LIKE THESE WORTH SAVING?



Night Messenger Service

Illustrations ~
from Photographs

On the other hand, the boys can hardly protect themselves, even if they desire. Among them is the feeling that they must answer the calls or lose their jobs. A boy of sixteen, straight from the country, in his own words "as green as they make 'em," received a call to a low house his very first night on duty, and the service he was there required to render and the scenes he witnessed dazed him for weeks afterward.

"Did you tell them about it at the office?" he was asked.

"Yes, but they just laughed. You see, every boy gets his breaking in sooner or later in this work."

"Suppose you refused such a call as this?"

"Well, you'd have to quit, that's all. This is no kid's job here."

The Boy Must Obey or Lose His Job

The attitude of this boy toward orders is the general attitude, as is shown by the fact that of all the many scores of messengers called upon in the course of this investigation to perform services of a questionable nature, only one refused to obey the order given him; and the order in this single exception, compared to others un-

hesitatingly fulfilled, was a harmless one—to go out and buy liquor—and it is worthy of note that the single messenger who refused was not an immature youth, but a man of thirty-five.

The variety of vicious services these boys are called upon to render can not be enumerated, so long and varied is the list, so unprintable are the demands. But among the calls the night messengers receive are to buy liquor for patrons after midnight or on Sundays, when it is illegal to sell liquor; calls to gambling houses; calls to "show the town" to strangers, which means to show the sights of the Tenderloin; to carry notes from prostitutes to their men friends; to carry food and drinks from restaurants; to act as lady's maid; to buy opium, morphine and other drugs and to buy "knock-out drops" which the women slip into the drink of the men they propose to render unconscious and rob.

Of all these enumerated services the most harmless to the boy is that of buying liquor at times when saloons are required by law to be closed. Nothing is simpler to the person with an after-midnight or Sunday thirst than his part in this transaction. He calls a messenger, gives his order, and the messenger obediently disappears. The boy knows behind what darkened side-door liquor will be unhesitatingly sold him, and a few minutes later he returns to his patron and delivers the required flask of whisky. As has just been remarked, this service is comparatively innocent, but in the brief period of his absence this boy of fourteen or sixteen, in obedience to business orders, has been in a saloon and has been party to two infractions of the law—to the sale of liquor at an illegal hour, and to the sale of liquor to a minor.

The guiding of strangers about

"The Tenderloin," or "The Bad Lands," or "The Levee," can also be classed as of the least harmful of these demoralizing services. How easy it is for would-be tourists of the Tenderloin to get a boy for this purpose is shown by this verbatim telephone conversation in New York between an investigator and the night manager of a messenger company.

"I want a wise boy," said the investigator, giving no clue to his identity, "one who has been in this district some time, and can show me the sights for an hour or two. One who knows the Tenderloin and everything in it. Understand?"

"Sure," was the response. "We'll send the best one we've got right along."

A few minutes later the boy appeared at a designated street corner, and, as events proved, he certainly did know the Tenderloin and everything in it.

Here is another verbatim telephone conversation, typical of dozens of others, that likewise reveal how readily the companies cater to this demand. The *dramatis personæ* are the same, but the scene is in Cleveland, Ohio.

"I want a boy who can tell us about this city at night," said the investigator, "and who can show us the things strangers always want to see after dark in a city. You understand?"

"Oh, yes," answered the night manager. "We will send you just the kind of a boy you want. You want to go down and see the—" He paused significantly. "You understand, don't you?"

"You're wise," answered the investigator.

The manager laughed. "All right; the boy'll be there straight off."

Cleveland is supposed to be a city where the lid is down tight, but there is rottenness beneath the lid, and the boy who answered this call showed a perfect familiarity with all the city's hidden wickedness.

With the same ease, and the same anonymity, boys were everywhere secured as guides through the underworld—through low Chinese restaurants and degrading dance halls. In Baltimore one guide was still in short trousers. He said he was thirteen and that he had been in the service four years. Until half-past two in the morning this child led the way about, chaffing with disorderly women who sat at open windows, pointing out the more notorious low resorts, telling the names of proprietors, telling of the calls he had received to these houses and the scenes he had witnessed therein, and revealing an intimacy with vice that was appalling.

The following instance will reveal even more clearly how intimate may become the relation between the night messenger service and the world of vice.

One Manager Cooperates in This Degrading Business

Two investigators of the Child Labor Committee went one night to a messenger office located in one of the busiest business districts in New York and asked for a guide to show them through the Tenderloin. The night manager volunteered, in case they could wait a little while, to conduct them himself. The investigators expressed a wish to go at once, so the manager detailed one of the boys to act as guide. The manager then stated that the night manager of an office of the same company located in





the Tenderloin knew more than he did about what places were really interesting. He called up this second manager on the telephone, asked for a list of houses, and wrote down the addresses that were dictated to him. This list is in the possession of the committee. The manager also arranged for a boy from the second office to join the party at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street. He then instructed his own boy fully on how to conduct the expedition, laying special emphasis on the point that if any of the places should

refuse admission, claiming to be respectable houses, he should not let himself be bluffed out but should say that he knew better and take the two gentlemen right in. This boy led the way to Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street, where, sure enough, the second messenger was waiting; and in charge of these two boys the investigators made a tour according to the list that had been furnished them. No difficulty was encountered, for the second manager had telephoned to the houses that the party was coming and preparations had been made to receive them.

Messengers Are Sent for Dangerous Drugs

As errand boy the night messenger is widely used for making purchases of pernicious drugs. In its investigations the Child Labor Committee has bought through messenger boys "shells of opium" (for smoking), cocaine and "knock-out drops," and messengers have frankly admitted that they are frequently called upon to perform such errands. The sale of opium for smoking is a penitentiary offense in New York, a felony in Ohio and an offense of varying degree in other states; the illegal sale of other pernicious drugs is likewise attended with severe penalties. So it is seen that the boys, in obeying calls on which the companies send them, are made agents in a criminal trade—are themselves made criminals.

"But aren't the people down here in the Tenderloin afraid to let you boys into everything, like buying knock-out drops for women?" a New York boy of sixteen was asked. "Aren't they afraid you might give things away?"

"Oh, no," was the answer. "Our uniform guarantees and protects us at the same time. In this uniform I can go anywhere and no one will say a word. People know they can ask me to do anything and I am bound to do their work confidentially. That is why the girls send me out for hop (opium) and for red pills (knock-out drops), and that is why the Chinamen will sell them to me. They have to send messengers after the pills because usually the Chinaman who sells them will let only messengers buy them. That's done constantly down here."

"The hop comes in little shells of Chinese nuts. There is just one smoke to a shell. You put it right into the middle of an ordinary pipe and smoke it, and they say you have all kinds of dreams for awhile afterward. I don't know, I never tried it. I have taken the red pills when I could n't sleep though. A good many messengers do that."

"But what about the red pills?" he was asked. "What do they do with them?"

"Why, they use them to drug victims. A red pill is a little red ball of powder so small that they can put it between their fingers and it can't be seen. They can give it to a man in a glass of wine; it dissolves right off and does n't leave any taste. Or they can open a cigarette and put the pill in the middle of it and that does the work. See that house over there? That's about the worst house down here. I used to know a lot of the girls who lived there—had to go out and get their red pills for them and their booze. It's one of the most dangerous places in the city. A girl will get a man in there, give him some wine with a red pill in it or a doped cigarette, go through his pockets and light out to the street. He wakes up some time the next day."

Dozens of other boys have given in substance the same story—have shown the same intimacy with, and the same participation in, this commerce in vicious drugs. "But do you messengers not know what these red pills are when you buy them?" another boy was asked.

"Why, sure," he said, surprised at the question.

"And does your manager know you buy these things?"

"Of course. Why, they all do. And almost all messenger boys down here have to buy them."

In cities where the sale of drugs is not watched there may be little or no participation of the messenger in the trade; the consumer can

without danger or difficulty buy his drug direct. In some cities, where the sale is watched with particular care, a circuitous system for their purchase has been developed. In one city, for instance, at least two conscienceless doctors have become participants in this business. When a drug-fiend desires some cocaine, say, he or she calls a messenger boy and gives the order. The boy goes to a doctor who is in the game, gets a prescription for which he pays fifty cents, gets this prescription filled at a drug store, and carries the cocaine back to his customer. I have before me two packages of cocaine bought in this manner with the greatest ease; also the names and numbers of the two messengers and the names of the two doctors who furnished the two prescriptions.

The Errand Boys of the Underworld

There are a great number of services, differing with the desire and predicament of the patron, which can not be classified. How infinitely varied the nature of the uses to which the boys' services are put will be suggested by the following experience of a New York messenger.

In response to a call he went to a room in a low class hotel. A girl for whom he had done errands before was awaiting him. In the words of the boy, "She told me she had frisked (robbed) a man the night before. After getting his coin she had lit out and come to this hotel, to be out of the way in case the man raised a holler. She was afraid to go back to her room because she thought mebbe the cops were in her room waitin' to nab her if she showed up. She wanted me to go and see how things was. I went down to her room on Thirty-fourth Street. Sure enough, when I went in there was two detectives in her room. I just asked for some other name and beat it back and told her. She had me watch for several hours after that but they didn't leave, so I took her over to another hotel and she stayed there from that time on."

The most common calls that the boys get from low hotels, brothels and rooming-houses are to carry notes to men and to bring in food and liquor. Frequently the call comes from the restaurant itself (likely a Chinese restaurant), to deliver an ordered meal to one of these places. These calls, taking the boys right into these resorts as they do, force the boy to be a witness to every variety of demoralizing scene.

The Boy Becomes Incapacitated for Honest Work

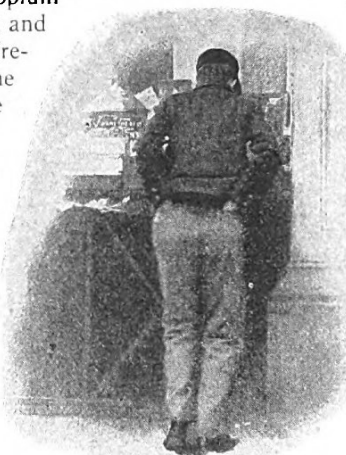
Such are the conditions, and such the temptations, amid which the night messenger's employment compels him to work. Only, I must repeat, for the truth's sake, that the truth has not been half told. And I must ask the reader to remember that the boy who is subject to these conditions and temptations is at the critical age when he should be surrounded by every influence calculated to make him strong and clean-minded. Instead of the best influence he gets the worst. Instead of the path of vice being a closed road to him, it is a broad, inviting pathway which his work compels him to tread.

Upon the average adolescent youth this intimacy with vice can have but one effect. However much the boy may be shocked at first, vice soon becomes attractive to him. All that is base in him is roused; all that is noble, weakened. Vice quickly grows to seem to him the normal order of conduct. He becomes a victim, a practitioner of the vices he has witnessed and of which he has been the servant; and, speaking in terms of the average, he is morally undone for life.

It would not be fair to say that the boys are all immaculate when they enter the service. To be sure, a large proportion do get their first initiation into vice in the course of their work as messengers; but many or these youngsters are already sadly familiar with the lore of evil before they enlist. Granting this, however, the great fact remains unaltered that the service gives, rather forces upon these sophisticated boys, opportunities for learning more of vice, opportunities for indulgence, opportunities for utter demoralization such as otherwise would have been denied them.

The average messenger boy, after he is "broken in," is eager for these calls which take him into scenes of the underworld. Not only are his base instincts appealed to and gratified, but the most money is made out of such calls. The people who tip the messenger most liberally are disorderly women and their men associates. Since they are his best customers he tries to please them, and tries to be with them as often as he can.

Drinking is stimulated among the boys by the nature of their work. It is common for men being shown the town to "set up the drinks" to their young guides; it is common for the customers to give some of the liquor to the messenger who has brought it; and many a boy has become a slave to drink from such a start.



The Great Man

By RICHARD WIGHTMAN

THEY said that his lips were white-hot
With the touch of a coal from some fire divine;
They said that his will was of iron—he stood
For the Cause and hewed straight to the line;
They said that his courage was born of the God
That was in him, directing his might;
They said that his torch was a heavenly flame
To guide a vast people aright.
But, in his own heart, he was conscious each hour
That the faith of a woman was suckling his pow'r.

Some of the panel
and their excuses
for not being able
to serve as jurors



Sore Toe



Twins



Mother-in-law



Deafness

On Jury Duty

by

Ellis Parker Butler

SERVING on a jury, like the exercise of suffrage, is one of the great American duties. It is one of the few things a man can do and his wife can not, and for that reason it is one of the most prized prerogatives of the male. It is a pleasant sight to see the thousands of clear browed American men clamoring around the jury commissioner very morning, begging to be allowed to serve on a jury. It is a puzzling thing that the ladies who are whooping so strenuously for the ballot have overlooked jury duty. Here is a prerogative of the male that they can grab, and not a male will utter a peep. Any lady wanting my jury prerogative is welcome to it and may have it by asking for it on a return post card. If someone would just stand up and tell the "Votes For Women" ladies that they will be granted, with gladness, the right to vote early and often, but it must be understood that jury duty goes with it, the last suffragette would utter a dismal squawk and go back to the culinary department.

The jury system is an arrangement by which the blame of deciding a law case is spread among twelve men, so that they may make the verdict as idiotic as possible without anyone in particular being to blame. In choosing a jury a large number of men are drawn into the court-house with a rake call'd a subpoena. When all of these men are gathered together in the court-room, the judge turns to the clerk of the court and remarks that the court-room smells worse than a tannery and bids the court officer to open several windows. This collection of embryo jurors is called a panel, this being more delicate than to call them out and out block-heads, while still suggesting that they are wooden. The judge then looks over this collection of galley slaves with a sad, discouraged look, heaves a sigh, and tells the clerk to let-her-go-Gallagher.

Immediately nine-tenths of the panel stand up in line and prepare to explain to the judge why they cannot possibly serve as jurors just then. The excuses available are as follows:

- Sore toe.
- Twins.
- Acquaintance with Boss Murphy.
- Mother-in-law at the house.
- Deafness.
- Epizootic.
- Fits.
- Cold feet.
- Spring fever.

The judge listens to those excuses with an air of considering them carefully, and then tells the man that knows Boss Murphy that he may go. The others file back into the panel with sheepish grins, and the law takes its course.



The man that knows Boss Murphy

Twelve victims are asked to step into the jury box. One is dismissed because he can't chew tobacco without getting too much of it on his beard; another is let go because his nose is like Aaron's. Other jurors are put in to fill their places; the lawyers ask obnoxious questions, and at last the trial begins. Eight of the jurors immediately turn their eyes on the pretty girl on the seat at the left, third row back, and try to look handsome. The foreman assumes a studious appearance and places his fingers on his forehead. One jurymen begins chewing the ends of his nails. The twelfth juror is an intelligent, fine-looking, well built American citizen. I need not say who he is. In every case where I have served on a jury the jury has been composed of one intelligent citizen and eleven semi-idiotic and unbelievably stubborn donkeys.

Let us suppose the case is that of a man. The man is said to have stolen a cow. He is said to have gone into the pasture and removed the cow to his own barn. The other man wants the cow back. You see, the case is very simple. If the lawyers had sense enough to leave it that way even the eleven sodden jackasses on the jury could see through it, but after one lawyer has had his fun with the witness, the other lawyer—the lawyer of the cow stealer—wants to show that he is earning his pay. The one intelligent man on the jury has heard enough. He has made up his mind just how that matter ought to be settled, and he is annoyed at the childishness of going any further with such a clear case. He resents it. He turns away from the lawyer and looks at the pretty girl. She is the daughter of the man whose cow was so unjustly stolen.

But the lawyers are not willing to leave the case that way. They keep introducing more and more evidence, or what they are pleased to call evidence. It seems that the man that stole the cow claims he did not steal the cow. He claims it was his cow, and that it was only in the other man's pasture to

eat the succulent grass. He claims he put the cow in that pasture every morning and took it out every night, and all that he ever did was to agree to pay the man so much a month for the use of the pasture, and the reason the other man claimed the cow was his cow was because the man that stole the cow had never paid for the use of the pasture. And the reason he had not paid for the use of the pasture was because he had loaned the man that owned the pasture a horse.

Then the man that

Characterized by
B. CORY KILVERT



Epizootic



Fits



Cold feet



Spring fever

claimed he owned the cow, and that it was stolen from him, put on an expert witness to prove the value of the cow and the value of the use of the pasturage, and to prove that the value of the use of the pasturage had amounted to just the value of the cow, and that in claiming to own the cow he was perfectly right. Or else the other man did this. One of them did, anyway. Then one of them claimed that the horse had died, and proved the value of the horse, and that it did, or did not, just equal the value of the cow and of the use of the pasturage. The other man proved that he had bought the horse outright, and had paid for it, so the horse had nothing whatever to do with the cow, but the other man proved that the horse was paid for with a check and that the bank had refused the check and assessed him four dollars and sixteen cents protest charges on the check. Then the other man, or the same one—one of the two men, at least—proved that when the cow was stolen it was hurried to the other man's barn so rapidly that it was overheated, and damaged, and that he ought to have damages for that. Then the other man introduced a witness to prove that the man that claimed he owned the cow had never owned it at all, but had bought it with a note and had let the note go to protest, and that the man that held the note was the real owner of the cow, and he, if any one, should have the damages or be put in jail for stealing the cow. Then witnesses were put on the stand to prove an alibi for the man that stole the cow, and other witnesses were put on to prove an alibi for the cow. Then each side put on witnesses to prove that neither of the cow owners nor any witness on either side was worthy of the slightest belief, but that they were all perjurers and chicken thieves, or worse.

This ended the testimony and the two lawyers made their pleas to the jury. One lawyer talked for an hour, but the other talked for two hours and six minutes, so the first had the sentiment of the jury strongly in his favor. The judge then charged the jury and advised them that nothing the two lawyers said was worthy of the slightest credence, and that it should not be considered for an instant. He then explained the case in his own way, and told the jurors they had nothing whatever to do with the law in the case. All they had to do was to consider the evidence and that this was such a simple case they should have no trouble in deciding it. Finally he told them what kind of a verdict they should bring in. If what the cow stealer said was true, they should bring in a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree, arson or suicide, but if they decided that what the other man said was true beyond a reasonable doubt, they could bring in a verdict for punitive damages, using the United States mails for fraudulent purposes, or assault and battery. He then sent the jury into confinement in the jury-room, first calling the court officer aside and warning him to keep an eye on us, as we looked like suspicious characters. The jury filed out, keeping one eye on the pretty girl.

I have gone into the details of this case so that the reader may be able to understand the arguments that took place in the jury-room. Otherwise all would be blank to him.

Upon being locked in the jury room the fat German—juror No. 7—took the easiest chair and immediately went to sleep. Occasionally, during the discussion that followed, we awakened him to vote; but generally we voted for him as it saved trouble. He was a most inconsiderate juror and every time he was asked to vote, he required a statement of the case, as we had argued it out up to that time and in explaining it to him the jurors got so mixed that those who had argued on one side found themselves giving arguments for the other side, and the voting had to be postponed until

they could remember which side they were on before they began explaining to juror No. 7.

As soon as we entered the room, and while juror No. 7 was falling asleep, the foreman pulled a chair up to the table and began tearing a sheet of paper into slips.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "I suppose we want to proceed in an orderly manner, and as I understand it, the foreman should be the chairman. I will appoint jurymen 5 and 8 as tellers. I propose that the first thing we do shall be to take a vote. It may be that we are all of one way of thinking, and if so a vote will show it, and there will be no need of wasting time, because I have about three hundred chickens at home and I ought to get home in time to feed them."

"I have a lot of chickens, too," said juror No. 11, "but I should n't let them interfere with my duty as a juror. No sir! I believe that when a juror has sworn to do his duty as a juror, and has sworn to do it, it is his duty to do it if he has sworn to, and I am surprised to hear the foreman speaking in this way. I won't say anything about jurymen being bribed; all I say is that I say if a jurymen has sworn—"

"All right," said the foreman angrily, throwing down the slips of paper, "maybe you know how to do my duty better than I do. What have you got to suggest?"

"I have got to suggest," said jurymen No. 11, "that what we ought to do as sworn jurors in this case is to take a vote without thinking of chickens. It does n't matter whether chickens are fed or not fed—we've sworn to settle this case."

Just here juror No. 4 arose, and poked his peaked little face with its spectacle-straddled nose close to the foreman's face.

"Mr. Foreman," he squeaked, "I am in favor of voting too, but before I vote I want to ask a question. What is it about the chickens? I went to sleep in the jury box, and I missed all that about the chickens. Some men might go ahead and vote on a case like this without knowing all about it, but I am from New England and I've got a conscience. I can't vote on a thing I don't know all about. Whose were the chickens?"

"Say," said juror No. 11, "if I swore to do my duty as a juror and went to sleep I would shut up. That's what I'd do. The chickens belong to me and the foreman here. Now, sit down."

The conscientious juror bent his knees as if to sit down.

"I should n't think that anyone that had chickens in the case should be on the jury in the case," he said, and then he sat down.

"Them chickens ain't in the case," said No. 11, spitefully. "I'll tell No. 4 all about them chickens—"

"Oh, shut up, and vote!" said juror No. 8. "I don't want to stay here all night listening to you fellers gas. Get a move on and vote."

The foreman handed the slips of paper to the tellers who distributed them, and when they were inscribed, gathered them in a hat and poured them upon the table. When they had listed the votes they reported the result to be as follows:

Conviction	5
\$5,000	1
Abduction	2
Not Guilty	1
Blank	1
Suicide	1
\$8.45	1

When the foreman heard the result he was greatly pleased, and said that it looked as if a verdict would be reached without much trouble. Five, he said, were already for conviction, and if the other seven came over it would be unanimous. He asked all who were in favor of conviction to stand up. Three stood up. The foreman looked discouraged, but he said that as the convicts were still the most numerous he would proceed in an orderly manner and ask the three convicts to explain why they favored conviction. At this juror No. 11, said he voted to see the cow stealer convicted because he thought it was his duty as a sworn juror to abide by the evidence. Juror No. 6 arose and said he was in favor of conviction too, but he was in favor of convicting the other man, because it was plain to him that a man with a wife and six children should not vote to harm a man with a wife and five children. He said he knew how it was to have a wife and six children because he had a wife and six children himself, and the man with a wife and five children might have a wife and six children at any time. Then he sat down. Juror No. 2 said he was in favor of conviction because he was always in favor of it; crime was growing right along and whenever a jury could convict anything or anybody it ought to do it, but he did n't care which man was convicted, or what for. He said all he cared for was to see somebody convicted and he would stick to that if he had to stay there all night. He said he was an honest man, but the country was getting too full of thieves.

"You talk like an anarchist," said juror No. 4. "I voted 'Not Guilty,' and I am not ashamed to say so. I know plenty of cases where innocent men have been sent to jail by juries, and I'll never stand for anything like that. No, sir! I voted 'Not Guilty,' and I'll vote the same if I stay here a week."

"Well, Mr. Foreman," said juror No. 3, arising, "I voted a blank and I had a reason. I have listened to these gentlemen, and their arguments are fine. They are all right and they convinced me. But I've been on juries before, and I know you will never get a verdict that way. You've got to compromise. That's why I voted a blank. I'm willing to go the way the majority goes, every time, and what I say is that we take these twelve ballots and figure them out and split the difference. Now, here is one for \$5,000 and one for \$8.45, and the compromise would be \$2,504.22½. Then there are five for conviction, and one for not guilty. That would leave four for conviction, by subtracting one from five. Then there is one for suicide and we are willing to admit, I guess, that the horse committed suicide. There are two for abduction and we can split that up easy. Each of those farmers claimed that the

[Continued on page 427]

The Star

By EDNA VALENTINE TRAPNELL

I SAID: I am true to a star, my star,
But the rose is rarely sweet.
And far is the way where her wan heights are—
I will rest at the rose's feet.

OH, I shall be true to the star so high,
But I'll tarry awhile and rest.
Soon I'll set my gaze on the rare, pale sky;
Now I'll wear the rose on my breast.

A STAR it was that the Wise Men led,
And as surely my star led me,
But I'll dally awhile with the rose (I said),
Then my star again I'll see.

FROM a withered rose I raised mine eyes
Where my star shone pale and lone;
But black, all black, are the midnight skies
And the light of my star is gone.

On the Ebb Tide

by

Wilbur Daniel Steele

Illustrations by Alexander Popini

MR. PICK'S shop peered out at the steamer-landing across the street of the New England fishing village with a seductive "old family" air like a somewhat advanced maiden lady with an eye to all the chances.

I will call Mr. Pick a dealer in the obsolete, because of the easy inclusiveness of that word, covering, as it does, both phases of his business activity—the winter months in which he bought junk of the villagers and the remainder of the year when he sold antiques to the "summer people." By this simple expedient Mr. Pick maintained the universal balance of supply and demand.

Mr. Pick was thin; astonishingly thin. His face was thin and his hair was thin and his voice was thin. Those who claimed a domestic familiarity with Mr. Pick reported that he drank his tea—and soup—unusually thin.

Mr. Pick was advanced in age and failing in health. He was alone in the world, so far as relatives went, and his business astuteness was supposed to have brought him in a very comfortable fortune. According to a popular superstition, Mr. Pick, always in a state of rapid decline, was destined at death to leave this comfortable fortune to his "help."

In consequence, a long succession of ambitious youths and keen-sighted men had been "help" at one time or another in Mr. Pick's establishment. And, being entirely human, each had, in turn, ceased to be "help" in that establishment after a short period. Mr. Pick, besides being thin, was sarcastic.

This particular summer of which I am telling, Mr. Pick was unmistakably nearing his journey's end.

It was on a misty evening in early July of this summer that I came upon a familiar figure sitting on the end of the Long Wharf. The owner of this familiar figure was a fat gentleman with a humane brow and a benign slouch hat, whose name I had never inquired, from feelings of natural delicacy. I had seen a good deal of him, once before, out in Liberty, Missouri, in a labor of love for his fellow men, uplifting them, spiritually through faith in the Book of Mormon (always with collections), and physically through the medium of the "Royal Red Remedy," a bottle of which he had tried to sell me before he came to look upon me in the light of a friend. After that event, however, he had regaled me with many wonderful tales of the world and its peoples, and now, on the wharf, in the gloom of the black hat and the faint blur of the ministerial tie, I saw prospect of good cheer.

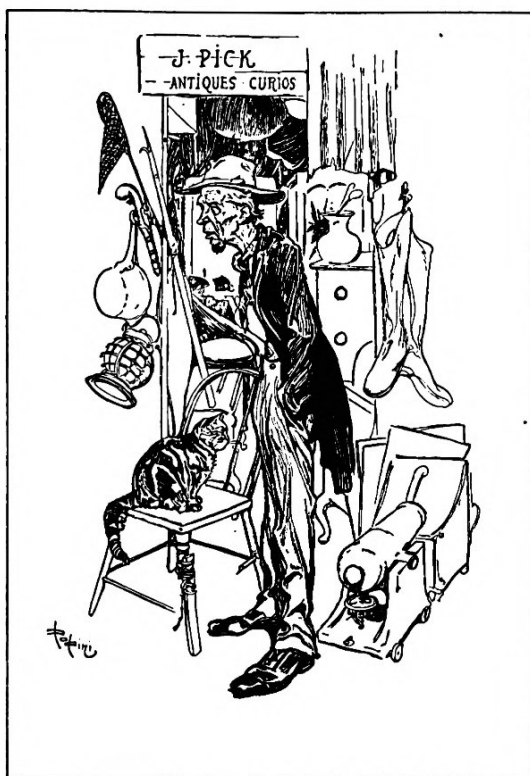
He knew me at once and greeted me with a magnificent wave of the hand. I offered him a cigar as a preliminary to conversation. We smoked in a silence that lasted so long I began to grow apprehensive.

"Ah—let's see," I ventured; "the last time I saw you, you had about decided to discover a gold mine. I wonder how that came out. Or maybe you've gone back to the medicine business?"

"Nope—mine. I and Gloomy have just closed up that little philanthropy comfortable for all hands. Which is part of the story. I suppose I might as well tell you all about why I'm here, right off—you always get it out of me in the end."

Deeply cut by this unwarranted attack, I did not venture on words. After a moment he went on, speaking more to the pulsing tides of the great ocean than to me.

"Hadh't a man ought to be allowed to pass out of this world, easy in his mind over the dross and stuff he leaves behind him? Huh?"



Mr. Pick, a dealer in the obsolete

A sudden light of inspiration broke over me. "I see—I see." I was sincerely delighted with myself. "So you're 'help,' are you?"

"Nope," he contradicted, "I ain't anything so short or well known as 'help.' Gloomy's 'help.' I'm 'moral staminy.'" He slapped himself on the chest with dignity while I turned this over in my mind, hoping vainly for another flash. He came to the rescue.

"Yep. The very words of a friend of mine in Boston. I and Gloomy was in to his office on business about that mine—and let me say that was the best mine either of us have ever been—the "Gold Stone Mining Company of Montana"—fine. I don't just know where the mine is, but Gloomy almost does, and the lawyer that wrote the prospectus was born and raised right across the street from the properties."

"Well, we're sitting there when in, trots this Pick person and putters around with the quotation boards awhile, all the time asking fool questions of Craft; that's my friend. After he'd left, Craft tells us all about him and his troubles and ends up by saying that any man with moral staminy could clear up the whole dang show, see Mr. Pick to a happy finish and distribute the goods to charity."

"It looked like it was the finger of Providence had pointed the old gent into that office and it looked a lot more like it when up jumps Craft and offers to take the company off our hands if we want to follow up this game. I and Gloomy showed how indifferent we was for the proper length of time and then all of a sudden we decided to let our mine go. So Craft gave us enough

real money to see this through comfortable and we turned over the books and stock-paper and prospectus and come way. Ain't this an easy people? When we got outside we flipped up for jobs. Gloomy got the best two out of three so of course we kept on until I got the best five out of nine. I'm 'moral staminy'—Listen—"

Someone was coming out over the boards with the nervous step of an emotional man. My companion got to his feet and settled the hat more firmly on his head.

"I have an idea that's the 'help' coming now," he said, "and from the way he puts his foot down he's in search of comfort."

It was an enormous hulk of a man that emerged from the mist and came to a stop in front of us with an elusive suggestion of freight engines and much pent up steam. My friend waved his hand by way of introduction. He waved his hand, I had discovered, by way of almost every human emotion.

"As you can see for yourself," he remarked, "my co-worker was stunted in youth by studying too much at night. And you would discover if you was in the light that 'Gloomy' is Patagonian for 'very red hair indeed.' Aw—aw—it's almost an ideal evening, ain't it, Gloomy, and have you heard how the war is going on and what about—"

At this place he was interrupted by the co-worker who had attained to the point of words after an obvious struggle. Following the first few lines, which were almost unintelligible, concerning themselves chiefly with Umpty-ump-ump-ump, I made out that he was speaking about the washing of dishes. From familiar words and phrases which crept in here and there, I gathered that Gloomy had hired out originally as a "store keep" and now found himself in the position of general menial whose duties were in no wise lightened by the conversation of the master. All this to his deep disgust, the one thing in the world that Gloomy could express supremely well.

He ended up with a full inventory of Mr. Pick's treasures which he (Gloomy) neither liked nor admired, "antics" and "briky-brack" in no way fulfilling the spiritual needs of a sturdy Nebraskan soul. In final conclusion, he wished them sincerely in a distant place which he mentioned. After that he stood up with feet wide



spread in an attitude of offense. The apostle of brotherly love coughed slightly and moved away from the edge of the pier.

"I seen Mr. Pick on the street to-day," he commenced cheerily, "and he ain't long for this earth. No, sir. He's got one foot in the grave, Gloomy. We're on the ebb tide."

"Why, you umpty-ump-ump-ump—" Mr. Gloomy relapsed into his native tongue once more. Chance phrases revealed the fact that Mr. Pick was not to pass away until the cows should have come home, condemned, and a certain locality had entirely and hermetically frozen over tight. It was clear that the "help" had not found himself in congenial surroundings.

Somewhat later in the evening, when he had left us for the "little home," as my friend had put it in a moment of enthusiasm, the latter seated himself wearily on the edge of the wharf, mopped his damp brow, and said he thought he would give up smoking. I handed him the required materials and he fell into deep thought.

"I don't know how fortunate that coin fell after all," he remarked at length.

Following this time, I spent a great many evenings on the end of the wharf. As the weeks dragged by in their lazy, summer fashion that hour in which the "help" fell back on his "moral stamina" became more and more distressing and exciting.

There was no doubt that Mr. Pick's hold on the world was rapidly loosening, as was feelingly pointed out on the one hand during these interviews. There was still less doubt that he was not dead, as was still more feelingly indicated on the other. The co-worker never failed of some new indignity to draw forth fresh examples of umpty-ump and before long I found that not the least of these indignities were the actions of our mutual friend, the apostle.

I thought I had noticed, some while back, a change in the latter's relations with Mr. Pick. At first he had left the shop severely alone, only meeting his co-worker in the hour of twilight. Now all was different; he might be seen at any hour of the day on the front porch of that shop, talking over the affairs of men with Mr. Pick, and, like a model guest, agreeing perfectly with all that his host had to say. Since the host's remarks dealt mainly with the shortcomings of his helper, the guest laid himself open to a number of intense evenings. He explained that he was trying to divert Mr. Pick's mind from the "help," but each evening, after that personage had left us, the handkerchief mopped a damper brow.

For personal safety at these times, I fell back behind an armament of ready cigars. My hand was never without one to thrust forward at sign of danger.

The conversation of my friend, these nights, before the arrival of his confederate, was liable to be fragmentary and listless, as though he felt himself in the shadow of some impending catastrophe. The ordeal once over, however, and dissolution thrust back out of the immediate present, he would smoke vast numbers of cigars and tell the most wonderful tales. He took me up and showed me the wealth of the world, how it clogged and throttled humanity, how humanity might be saved by a determined and devoted man.

So July slipped away, and in its passing saw the "help" nearer and nearer the point of explosion and the apostle more and more deeply engrossed in diverting Mr. Pick's mind from that same "help." And so August came on and the end was not far distant.

It was like the lull before a storm when Mr. Pick flitted away to Boston on business, leaving the co-worker to a two day's respite of peace and serenity. But he spoiled the whole effect on the day after his return by telling Gloomy some of the principles of gold-mining; Gloomy, who had cut his teeth on a miner's candle. The apostle, who had been present as usual, gave me the details of the scene.

"Of course I had to agree with everything the old boy said," he concluded, "and I thought Gloomy'd bust."

That was a difficult evening. The next day, however, I knew the end had come when the co-worker was called upon to darn Mr. Pick's nether garments.

The night that followed that day, the fog came in from the ocean at sunset and buried the village in heavy obscurity, as though the guardians of the weather, with some foreknowledge of events, had conspired to blot out all unnecessary, and confusing detail.

The co-worker slipped into our narrowed circle much later than usual, on this night. I was surprised. I had rather expected it to be earlier, from the glimpse I had caught of him in the afternoon, cozy on the front porch of the "little home" with needle and thread and a very



"My co-worker was stunted in youth."



He lowered himself into a dory

ethereal and very acrid Mr. Pick in full conversational flower.

Contrary to expectation, again Gloomy was not talkative. He sat and glared at the blank wall of the mist in brooding and ominous silence while the apostle ran through his ritual of faith, hope and patience; for once, without interruption. With nervous persistence, I pressed upon him the propitiatory cigar which he did not notice at all. The apostle, who knew something of the domestic scene I had witnessed,

was clearly in a panic and took refuge in rapid speech on all subjects. During the infrequent pauses, the note of many horns crept in to us from vessels seeking haven under the fog. The minutes, heavy with constrained uncertainty, dragged by like hours as we sat there, severally glaring at nothing at all, fluttering the cigar of peace, and improvising instances of sudden death from old age—with wills.

At last Gloomy spoke, slowly and with great pains, leaving long pauses between his words as if conscious that he were omitting a great part of what he really wanted to say.

"I'm through," he stated to the fog. "Now I'm going away."

The look my friend threw at me said as plainly as words, "this is the end."

"But the little home—" He was leading a forlorn hope. Gloomy went on without appearing to hear.

"Old Pick goes up to the doctor's. Then I takes the place to pieces with my hands. I leaves the house but I smashed them blankety-blank—" The strain had been too great and Gloomy toppled headlong into a flood of familiar speech. He was still itemizing the destruction of the "antics" and "briky-brack" when the approach of a fourth party cut him short.

The fourth party was evidently surprised to see us. I recognized him, when he spoke, as the local attorney-at-law.

"Ah," he said, "I did not think to find such a jolly party out on a night like this." He sat down sociably and, evidently mistaking the purpose of the weapon in my hand, appropriated it and lit up.

"I was out," he went on, "enjoying to the full the sense of absolute isolation."

The apostle grunted his fervent appreciation. "Do I recognize in the center," he continued, "the employee of my client, Mr. Pick?"

II

THE apostle laid a soothing hand on the employee's arm.

"I am indeed fortunate in finding you here. I have, I may say, a slight professional matter to communicate to certain of you. Ah—" He drew this out in deliberate enjoyment of our very obvious interest.

"I might better have said, a moment back, 'my late client, Mr. Pick,' for such is the case. I have just met the doctor at whose home he passed away, very quietly. The walk was evidently a little too much for him. We are prostrated—but—to come to business."

During the interesting pause that followed, I took a hasty survey of my friends. I never saw men so wonderfully changed for the better. The fog had lost its fascination for Gloomy and he now leaned forward in heavy expectancy. The apostle was melancholy but serene.

"To make it short, I must say that Mr. Pick's last will leaves to the person in his employ at the time of his demise, such articles of merchandise, antiques, bric-a-brac—in a word, his entire collection of valuable curiosities. May I offer my congrats—What!"

"Is that all?" Gloomy had risen from the earth like a certain character of mythology renewed for battle.

"All!" I should say that was a good deal." The lawyer went on, serenely unconscious of certain ominous sizzlings emanating from the employee of his late client. "The remainder of his rather handsome fortune—and this is the surprising part—he bequeaths to a friend of whom he has grown extraordinarily fond, of late. I refer to our companion on the extreme right." He nodded to the apostle.

The sizzlings came to an abrupt close and Gloomy underwent another change for the better. He almost purred as he snuggled down beside his comrade. Their labors were over and they had come into their own.

His comrade arose thoughtfully and made his way to the other side of the little group. After a moment's rumination, he addressed the cigar he held in his hand.

"The ways of Providence is always just. Who knows—it might have turned Gloomy to evil. He's already showed he had n't no control when wealth had him. Ah yes—maybe it's better for him to go back to that humble sphere 've tried to lift him out of." He started nervously as Gloomy scrambled to his feet.

"What are you trying to come on me?" he growled. "Ain't we in this together? Huh?"

"We was. Now heaven seems to have took it into her hands to give each of us his rightful share, probably meaning that it's best we should part." He moved toward the center of the wharf, keeping a thoughtful eye on the late co-worker.

"Don't be a-scared of me," rumbled that individual. "I would n't touch you. I'm going away." I had never seen him so coherent. Wrapped about with a majestic gloom, he stood and glared at the blank fog to seaward. Then he raised a hand impressively.

Gardening

By Blakeney Gray

TO DIG and delve in nice clean dirt
Can do a mortal little hurt.

TO LIVE 'mongst lush and growing things
Is like to give the spirit wings.

WHO WORKS 'mid roses soon will find
Their fragrance budding in his mind.

AND MINDS that sprout with roses free—
Well, that's the sort of mind for me!

"I'm going away to far countries. There's ships out there."

With imposing dignity and without hurry, he lowered himself into a dory and rowed out into the fog. No one spoke for some time. At length, the apostle broke the silence.

"Gloomy was a good fellow, but ignorant. Ah—I hope he catches a fine, fast ship."

"He may," I assured him, "but there are nine chances in ten he won't catch any. From the last I saw of him, he's aiming about at the middle of the fish traps out there and they're nice tangly things to get out of, especially on a night like this."

We had not been sitting there long before my predictions turned out to be correct and sounds of intense agitation crept back to us through the night air. As nearly as I could

judge at that distance, our mutual friend was calling upon the utmost capabilities of his mother tongue for the expression of his emotions. The apostle's satisfaction with the world warmed and expanded with each fresh outburst.

"He's visiting quite a few, ain't he?" he chuckled. "By the way, you say friend Pick was fixed pretty comfortable?"

"Rather tidily," the lawyer assented. "And you'll be interested to know that the money is not idle. Oh no; no talent-in-the-napkin for him. He had every cent planked right down in securities."

"Do you remember what they are are?" A sudden unreasoning foreboding had come over me. The apostle rubbed his hands together and murmured, "Interesting."

"Indeed," affirmed the lawyer, "very fresh in my mind, as it was only a few days ago that Mr. Pick closed the deal. He was assured by his broker in Boston, Mr. Craft, that it would be very profitable so he went in with every available dollar, acquiring practically the entire stock issue of the Gold Stone Mining Company. The properties are in Montana, I believe. Yes, Mr. Pick was a progressive financier."

A profound, almost palpable silence followed these remarks. After what seemed an hour in that suspense of uncertainty, the apostle of brotherly love got to his feet wearily and selected a dory.

"Maybe I was a little rough on Gloomy a few minutes back," he soliloquized. "Maybe I've misjudged him. Gloomy's a good fellow, and he's honest. I and Gloomy ought to be friends."

We watched his melancholy countenance fade away in the fog as he rowed out on the ebbing tide toward the voice in the night. That was the last I saw of him.



The Potomac



Mr. Vernon



The Washington Monument



The White House



The Lafayette Memorial



The Capitol

HIS SNAPSHOTS OF PLACES OF NOTE IN WASHINGTON, TAKEN ON THEIR HONEYMOON

Painted by P. D. Johnson

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Pin Pricks

The Third of the "Average Jones" Detective Stories

by

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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

Illustrations by M. LEONE BRACKER



BUSINESS was booming in the offices of Average Jones. Through the glass door with its glaring inscription, "A. Jones, Ad-Visor," and its offer of gratis advice on subjects pertinent to advertising,

flowed a stream of the cautious, the inquisitive, the wrathful, and the lachrymose, seeking counsel, revenge or solace. Only six months had passed since the young dilettante of the clubs, in desperate boredom had undertaken the enterprise of "expertising" the paid matter of the public prints. Already the experiment had broadened into a career. Average Jones was no longer bored, though he was often excessively weary. He had become the slave of a profession which was at the same time a hobby, and, like all true hobbies, involved and included its own reward. Now and again, amidst the patient drudgery of familiarizing himself with the thousand and one illicit schemes which are the poisonous fungi upon the strong and healthy growth of the advertising world, the Adventure of Life had flashed before him, and the hope of its recurrence kept him faithful to his task.

A dull November morning was borrowing cheer now, to Average Jones's eyes, from a glint of "the light that never was on land nor sea"; the imperishable radiance of romance, shining dimly through a fog of commonplace words. The words themselves lay before him. They formed the announcement of an artificial bait concern in lower New York. The advertisement had originally been mailed, under one-cent stamp in an open envelope which also lay on Average Jones's desk. The envelope was directed in typewriting, as follows: "Mr. William H. Robinson, The Caronia, Broadway and Evenside Aye., New York City." Mr. Robinson had enclosed these exhibits in a note to Average Jones, which had given that enthusiast no little food for thought since its arrival on the previous day. The note read:

Mr. A. Jones, 580 Fifth Ave., City. The Caronia, Nov. 18th.
I have tried unsuccessfully to see you twice. Please read the enclosed carefully. If you are the man I believe you to be, from hearsay, you will see and help me. I will call to-morrow at noon.
Respectfully, WILLIAM H. ROBINSON.

Recourse to the directory had developed the not vitally significant fact that the particular William H. Robinson (among numerous others), who lived at the Caronia, was a commission merchant on Pearl Street. Of the Caronia, Average Jones knew only that it was one of the most elegant, and quite the most enormous of the ultra-modern apartment houses each, in itself, a small city, which so picturesquely pattern the skyline of upper New York. Obviously, Mr. Robinson was rather more than well-to-do, and probably he was married. From these meager and dull facts, Average Jones turned, with relief, to the document in the case. It was a stiffish sheet of paper, ornamented on one side with color prints of alluring "spinners," and on the other inscribed with this appeal:

ANGLERS—When you are looking for "Baits That Catch Fish" do you see these spinners in the store where you buy tackle? You will find here twelve baits, every one of which has a record and has literally caught tons of fish. We call them "The 12 Surety Baits." We want you to try them for casting and trolling these next two months, because all varieties of bass are particularly savage in striking these baits late in the season.

DEALERS—You want your customers to have these 12 Shoemaker "Surety Baits" that catch fish. This case will sell itself empty over and over again, for every bait is a record-breaker and they catch the fish. We

want you to put in one of these cases so that the anglers will not be disappointed and have to wait for the baits to be ordered. It will be furnished FREE, charges prepaid, with your order for the dozen baits it contains.

The paper was be-pimpled with tiny projections evidently made by thrusting a pin through repeatedly from the side which bore the illustration. These perforations were widely scattered. Most of them transfixed certain letters. Accepting this as indicative, Average Jones had copied out all the letters thus distinguished, with the following cryptic message for result:

b-n-o-k-n-o-a-b-l (doubtful) i (doubtful) d-o-o-u-t-s-e-b-w-b e-u-a-l-e-w-f-i-b-i-e-l-y-a-n-u-t-t-m-a-n (doubtful) g-e-x-c-s (doubtful) s-e M-e-p-c (two punctures) l-y-u-u-s-o-m-e-r-s-b-a-s i S-k-l-s-a-s-e-l-e-v-a-b (twice) W-y-o-u (doubtful) b-c-s-e-v-t-l-t-f-r (perforated twice) o-a-o-u-c-e-o-u-c (doubtful) m-l (perforated twice) n-o-b-a-e-f-o-u-w-o-r-t-h-i-r-e-d-w-l-l-b (perforated three times) j-u-b-g-e-p-d-h-o-d (doubtful) e-f-b-g-b-t-n-l.

A copy of this had been carried away on the previous evening by his friend, Robert Bertram, of the Cosmic Club. Bertram, like all good "Cosmics," had hobbies. A semi-discarded one had been ciphers. Now, however, Average Jones was mildly reproaching himself for having involved his friend.

While he was still brooding over the paper, not without a look of speculative satisfaction in the clear eyes which redeemed an otherwise unremarkable though clean-cut face, the door opened and Bertram entered. Bertram, the club's synonym for elegant languor, looked irritated. He glowered from Average Jones to the advertisement, then allowed his slender form to lapse into the easiest chair discernible.

"Still at it?" he inquired.

"In a way," assented Average Jones.

"My copy is at the Club. I've spent a night of pseudo-intellectual riot and ruin over it. You've almost slain a young and innocent mind with your infernal palimpsest, Average."

"You *would* have it," returned the younger man with a smile. "It's my fault, though. I put you on the wrong track."

Bertram lifted an eyebrow with an effort. "Meaning, I suppose, that you're on the right one and have solved the cipher."

"There isn't any cipher. If you'd had the advantage of working from the original, as I had, you'd undoubtedly have noticed at once—"

"Thank you," murmured Bertram.

"—that fully one-third of the pin-pricks don't touch any letters at all."

"Then we should have taken the letters which lay between the holes?"

"No. The letters don't count. It's the punctures. Force your eyes to consider those alone, and you will see that the holes themselves form letters and words."

He held the paper up to the light. Bertram, made out in straggling characters, formed in skeleton by the perforations this legend:

ALL POINTS TO
YOU TAKE THE
SHORT CUT DEATH
IS EASIER THAN
SOME THINGS.

"Well, that's a cherry little greeting," remarked Bertram. "But why did n't friend Robinson point it out in his letter?"

"Wanted to test my capacity perhaps. You can stay and ask him if you like. He's due any minute now."

Promptly, as befitted a business man, Mr. William H. Robinson arrived on the stroke of twelve. He was a well-made, well-dressed citizen of forty-five, who would have been wholly ordinary save for one fact. In a room more than temperately cool he was sweating profusely, and that, despite the fact that his light overcoat was on his arm. Not polite perspiration, be it noted, such as would have been excusable in a gentleman of his pale and sleek plumpness, but soul wrung sweat, the globules whereof gathered in the grayish hollows under his eyes, and assailed, not without effect, the glistening expanse of his tall white collar. He darted a glance at Bertram, then turned to Average Jones.

"I had hoped for a private interview," he said in a high piping voice.

"Mr. Bertram is my friend and business confidant."

"Very good. You—you have read it?"

"Yes."

"Then—then—then—" The visitor fumbled, with nerveless fingers at his tightly buttoned cutaway coat. It resisted his efforts. Suddenly, with a snarl of exasperation he dragged violently at the lapel, tearing the button outright from the cloth. "Look what I have done," he said, staring stupidly for a moment at the button which had shot across the room. Then, to the amazed consternation of the others, he burst into tears. Average Jones pushed a chair behind him, while Bertram brought him a glass of water. He gulped out his thanks, and, mastering himself after a moment's effort, drew a paper from his inner pocket which he placed on the desk. It was a certified check for \$100 made payable to A. Jones.

"There's the rest of a thousand ready, if you can help me," he said.

"We'll talk of that later," said the prospective beneficiary. "Sit tight until you're able to answer questions."

"Able now," piped the other in his shrill voice. "I'm ashamed of myself, gentlemen, but the strain I've been under—When you've heard my story—"

"Just a moment, please," interrupted Average Jones, "let me get at this my own way."

"Any way you like," returned the visitor.

"Good! Now, what is it that points to you?"

"I don't know any more than you."

"What are the 'some things' that are worse than death?"

Mr. Robinson shook his head. "I haven't the slightest notion in the world."

"Nor of what the 'short cut' which you're advised to take?"

"I suppose it means suicide." He paused for a moment. "They can't drive me to that—unless they drive me crazy, first." He wiped the sweat from under his eyes, breathing hard.

"Who are 'they'?"

Mr. Robinson shook his head. In the next question the interrogator's tone altered and became more insistent.

"Have you ever called in a doctor, Mr. Robinson?"

"Only once in five years. That was when my nerves broke down, under this."

"When you do call in a doctor, is it your habit to conceal your symptoms from him?"

"No! Of course not. I see what you mean. Mr. Jones, I give you my word of honor, as I hope to be saved from this persecution, I don't know any more than yourself what it means."

"Then—er—I am—er—to believe," replied Jones, drawing, as he always did when interest, in his mind, was verging on excitement, "that a simple, blind threat like this,—er—without any backing from your own conscience,—er—, could shake you—er—as this has done? Why, Mr. Robinson, the thing—er—may be—er—only a rotten practical joke."

"But the others!" cried the visitor. His face changed and fell. "I believe I am going crazy," he groaned. "I didn't tell you about the others."

Diving into his overcoat pocket he drew out a packet of letters which he placed on the desk with a sort of dismal flourish.

"Read those!" he cried.

"Presently." Average Jones ran rapidly over the eight envelopes. With one exception, each bore the imprint of some firm name familiar by extensive advertising. All the envelopes were of softish Manilla paper, varying in grade and hue, under one-cent stamps.

"Which is the first of the series?" he asked.

"It isn't among those. Unfortunately it was lost, by a stupid servant's mistake, pin and all."

"Pin?"

"Yes. Where I cut open the envelope—"

"Wait a moment. You say you cut it open. All these being one-cent postage must have come unsealed. Was the first different?"

"Yes. It had a two-cent stamp. It was a circular announcement of the Swift-Reading Encyclopedia, in a sealed envelope. There was a pin bent over the fold of the letter, so you couldn't help but notice it. It's head was stuck through the blank part of the circular. Leading from it were three very small pins arranged as a pointer to the message."

"Do you remember the message?"

"Could I forget it! It was pricked out quite small on the blank fold of the paper. It said: 'Make the most of your freedom. Your time is short. Call at General Delivery, Main P. O., for your warning.'"

"You went there?"

"The next day."

"And found?"

"An ordinary sealed envelope addressed in pin pricks connected by pencil lines. The address was scrawly but quite plain."

"Well, what did it contain?"

"A commitment blank to an insane asylum."

Average Jones absently drew out his handkerchief, elaborately whisked from his coat sleeve an imaginary speck of dust, and smiled benignantly where the dust was supposed to have been.

"Insane asylum," he murmured. "Was—er—the blank—er—filled in?"

"Only partly. My name was pricked in, and there was a specification of dementia from drug habit with suicidal tendencies."

With a quick signal, unseen by the visitor, Average Jones opened the way to Bertram, who, in a wide range of experience and study, had once specialized upon abnormal mental phenomena.

"Pardon me," that gentleman put in very gently, "has there ever been any dementia in your family?"

"Not as far as I know."

"Or suicidal mania?"

"All my people have died respectably in their beds," declared the visitor with some vehemence.

"Once more, if I may venture. Have you ever been addicted to any drug?"

"Never, sir."

"Now," Average Jones took up the examination, "will you tell me of any enemy who would have reason to persecute you?"

"I haven't an enemy in the world."

"You're fortunate," returned the other smiling, "but surely, sometime in your career—business rivalry—family alienation—any one of a thousand causes?"

"No," answered the harassed man. "Not for me. My business runs smoothly. My relations are mostly dead. I have no friends and no enemies. My wife and I live alone, and all we ask," he added in a sudden outburst of almost childish resentment, "is to be left alone."

The inquisitor's gaze returned to the packet of letters. "You haven't complained to the post-office authorities?"

"And risk the publicity?" returned Robinson, with a shudder.

"Well, give me over night with these. Oh! and I may want to phone you presently. You'll be at home? Thank you. Good-day."

"Now," said Average Jones to Bertram, as their caller's plump back disappeared, "this looks pretty queer to me. What did you think of our friend?"

"Scared, but straight," was Bertram's verdict.

"Glad to hear it. That's my idea, too. Let's have a look at the material. We've already got the opening threat, and the General Delivery follow-up."

"Which shows, at least, that it isn't a case of somebody in the apartment-house tampering with the mail."

"Not only that. It's a dodge to find out whether he got the first message. People don't always read advertisements even when sealed, as the first message-bearing one was. Therefore our mysterious persecutor says: 'I'll just have Robinson prove it to me, if he did get the



Five years ago he became addicted to a patent headache dope

first message, by calling for the second, then, after a lapse of time, he himself goes to General Delivery, asks for a letter for Mr. William H. Robinson, finds it's gone and is satisfied."

"Yes, and he'd be sure then that Robinson would go through all the mailed ads with a fine-tooth comb after that. But why the pin-pricks? Just to disguise his hand?"

"Possibly. It's a fairly effectual disguise."

"Why didn't he address the envelope that way then?"

"The address would n't be legible against the white background of the paper inside. On the other hand, if he'd addressed all his envelopes by pin-pricks filled in with pencil lines, the post-office people might get curious and look into one. Sending threats through the mail is a serious matter."

Average Jones ran over the letter again. "Good man, Robinson!" he observed. "He's penciled the date of receipt on each one, like a fine young methodical business gent. Here we are: Rec'd July 14. Card from Goshorn & Co., Oriental Goods. Message pricked in through the cardboard: 'You are suspected by your neighbors. Watch them.' Not bad for a follow-up, is it?"

"It would look like insanity, if it weren't that—that 'through the letters one increasing purpose runs,'" parodied Bertram.

"Here's one of July 31; an advertisement of the Croiset Line tours to the Orient. Listen here, Bert. 'Whither can guilt flee that vengeance may not follow!'"

"I can't quite see Robinson in the part of guilt," mused Bertram. "What's next?"

"More veiled accusation. The medium is a church society announcement of a lecture on Japanese Feudalism. Date, Aug. 17. Inscription: 'If there is no blood on your soul, why do you not face your judges?'"

"Little anti-climactic, don't you think?"

"What about this one of September 7, then? Direct reference back to the drug-habit implied in the commitment blank. It's a testimonial booklet of one of the poisonous headache dopes, Lemona Powders. The message is pricked through the cover. 'Better these than the hell of suspense.'"

"Trying the power of suggestion, eh?"

"Quite so. The second attempt at it is even more open. An advertisement of Shackleton's Safeguard Revolvers: date, Sept. 22. Advice, by pin: 'As well this as any other way.'"

"Drug or suicide," remarked Bertram. "The man at the other end does n't seem particular which."

"There's the insane asylum always to fall back on. Under date of October 1, comes the Latherton Soap Co's impassioned appeal to self-shaving manhood. Great Caesar! No wonder poor Robinson was upset. Listen to this: 'God himself, hates you.' After that there's a three weeks' respite, for there's October 22 on this one, Kirkby & Dunn's offering of five per cent. water bonds. 'The commission has its spies watching you constantly.' Calculated to inspire confidence in the most timid soul! Now we come to the soup course: Smith and Perkin's Potted Chowder: date of Nov. 3. Er—Bert—here's something—er—really worth while, now. Hark to the song of the p'm."

He read sonorously:

*"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis;
Quae nunc abibis in loca?"*

"By Jove!" cried Bertram, in admiration. "What a quotation to turn loose on a man whom you're trying to drive crazy! Calling his soul names in metrical Latin and asking it for what mysterious destination it is bound."

"'Pallidula, nudula, rigida.'" Average Jones's memory completed the quatrain. "Ghost-pale, stark, and rigid. Yes—that chap's got imagination. Should n't care to have him on my trail."

"But Robinson!" protested Bertram feebly, "What has a plump,



Honeywell was cautious enough not to confine her to the Robinson mail alone

M-LEONE
BRACKER

twentieth century, office-inhabiting Robinson to do with a Pagan emperor's soul questionings!"

"Perhaps the last entry of the lot will tell us. *Palmerton's Magazine's* feature announcement, received Nov. 9. No; it does n't give any clue to the Latinity. It is n't bad, though. 'The darkness falls.' That's all there is to it. And enough."

"I should say the darkness did fall," confirmed Bertram. "It falls—and remains."

Average Jones pushed the collection of advertisements aside and returned to the opening phase of the problem, the fish-bait circular which Robinson had mailed to him. So long after that Bertram hardly recognized it as a response to his last remark, the investigator drawled out:

"Not such—er—impenetrable darkness. In fact,—er—Eureka, or words to that effect. Bert, when does the bass season end?"

"November 1, hereabouts, I believe."

"The postmark on the envelope that carried this advertisement to our friend, reads November. Would n't you think the month when the season has already closed a queer time to be trying to sell bass-lures? What we—er—need here is—er—steam."

A moment's manipulation of the radiator produced a small jet. In this Average Jones held the envelope. The stamp curled up and dropped off. Beneath it were the remains of a small portion of a former postmark.

"I thought so," murmured Average Jones.

"Re-mailed!" exclaimed Bertram.

"Re-mailed," agreed his friend. "I expect we'll find the others the same."

One by one he submitted the envelopes to the steam bath. Each of them, as the stamp was peeled off, exhibited more or less fragmentary signs of a previous cancellation.

"Careless work," said Average Jones, critically. "Every bit of the mark should have been removed, instead of trusting to the second stamp to cover what little was left, by shifting it a bit toward the center of the envelope. Look; you can see on this one where the original stamp was peeled off. On this the traces of erasure are plain enough."

That's why Manila paper was selected: it's easier to erase from."

"Is Robinson faking?" asked Bertram. "Or has someone been rifling his waste-basket?"

"That would mean an accomplice in the house, which would be dangerous. I think it was done at longer range. As for the question of our friend's faking in his claim of complete ignorance of all this, I propose to find that out right now."

Drawing the phone to him he called the Caronia apartments. Thus it was that Mr. William H. Robinson, for two unhappy minutes, profoundly feared that at last he had really lost his mind. This is the conversation in which he found himself implicated.

"Hello! Mr. Robinson? This is Mr. A. Jones. You hear me?"

"Yes, Mr. Jones. What is it?"

"Integer vitae, scelerisque purus."

"I—I—beg your pardon!"

"Non egit Mauris jaculis nec arcu."

"This is Mr. Robinson: Mr. William H. Rob—"

"Nec venenatis grvida sag—Hello! Central, don't cut off! Mr. Robinson, do you understand me?"

"God knows, I don't!"

("If he does n't recognize the *Integer Vitae*," said Average Jones in a swift aside to Bertram, "he certainly would n't know the more obscure Latin of the late Mr. Hadrian.") "One more question, Mr. Robinson. Is there, in all your acquaintance, any person who never goes out without an attendant? Take time to think, now."

"Why—why—why," stuttered the appalled subject of this examination, and fell into silence. From the depths of the silence he presently exhumed the following: "I *did* have a paralytic cousin who always went out in a wheeled chair. But she's dead."

"And there's no one else?"

"No. I'm quite sure."

"That's all. Good-bye."

"Thank Heaven! Good-bye."

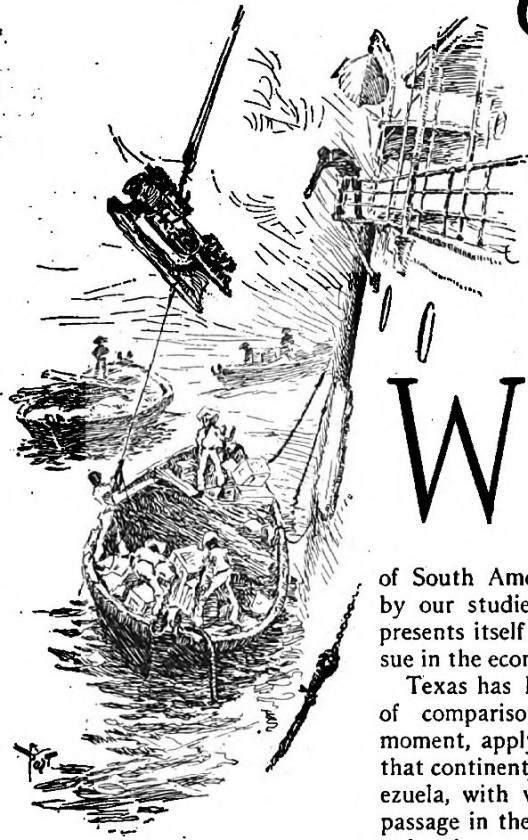
"What was that about an attendant?" inquired Bertram, as his friend replaced the receiver.

[Continued on page 431]

Our Chance in South America

By Charles Johnson Post

Illustrations by the Author



WE have to the south of us a great continent—a tremendous market for our wares—and we are sluggishly indifferent to our opportunities. The little we know

of South America is recalled vaguely by our studies in school and seldom presents itself as a vigorous, living issue in the economics of our commerce.

Texas has long been the standard of comparison, so let us, for the moment, apply the Texas measure to that continent and its countries. Venezuela, with whom we had a trifling passage in the days of Castro, is over twice the area of Texas; Colombia is

almost double, and Bolivia and Peru are nearly three times the area of that State. The Argentine would hold Texas four times and then have enough left over to hide the Prussian Kingdom, while Brazil is larger in extent than the United States itself, leaving out Alaska. As a continent, South America is larger than North America. It is a willing and eager market at our very doors, and yet, to those opportunities and possibilities, we remain inert and stupid or contemptuously hostile.

Why Shouldn't We Have a Finger in This Pie?

Germany and England are bending every energy to the commerce and the profits that have hardly stirred our imagination; no method of conciliation; no appeal to this market do they neglect; the training they give their business agents for this particular field is the best in the world; consequently they are getting the business that should be ours, despite the fact that their ports are twice the distance from South American countries as are our ports. Our lack of trade is not the result of any lack of ship subsidies or steamer lines; we have ample lines of steamers to handle the slight amount of commerce that has so far drifted to us. The difficulty lies in the fact that we have not the orders for goods and fail in the ability to get them against this foreign competition. It gets down to a question of selling—of salesmanship. Perhaps our splendid vanity in our national shrewdness has its weak spots.

It was on a smoking-car in one of those Latin republics that I listened unobtrusively to an impromptu lecture that illustrated the practical application of our general business policy in the Spanish-speaking countries of our Southern hemisphere.

The wicker chairs of the smoker were all filled with wealthy tobacco-planters and brokers, politicians, merchants, sugar-growers—*hacendados* in pajamas and diamond rings who would later get off at some forlorn station and disappear into the back-country where they would reign as feudal barons—and a pair of chatty American traveling salesmen.

How Not to Build Up Trade

"Gee, but these ginks and greasers are a bum crowd," said one of the salesmen, waving his hand carelessly over the car. "Did you ever see a queerer bunch o' faces?"

"They sure are for fair," the other responded. "I'm down here on a flier for the house, but I'm writing them back that there's nothing doing. These spiggoties have no more notion of business than a lazy truck driver up home, and if ever you do pin 'em down to cases, they get wild-eyed over fancy credits that we don't give our best trade in the States. After I get back with my report and account of orders

and expenses, I don't think we'll waste any more time on speculating for nigger trade in South America."

"Well," responded the first, "I guess my house is coming to pretty much the same result. We had a lot of inquiries from these countries down here, and they got the idea it was a good stunt for me to come down and try 'em out. I've been associating—in business hours only though, you bet—with spiggoties and niggers from one end of the island to the other, and I'm in

luck that the trip has just about paid for itself. What orders I've booked are a nuisance, anyhow. They want their goods packed just so for their bum old mule trails and they put up all kinds of holler over breakage and loss. I've been down through the other South American countries—some—and it's worse there, if anything.

Yankee Salesmen See Only Their Own Side

"When we want to do business down in these countries," he continued, "we've got to do what we've done in Porto Rico and the Philippines; put them under our flag and fix a tariff that'll make them do business whether they want to or not. That'll settle this question of German and English competition, I guess. No more black-and-tan republics for mine. I'm tired of waiting into the office of some spiggoty—just a plain nigger, generally—that ought to be brushing clothes in a Pullman, and talking to him as if he was a white man. Oh, I use tact with 'em or I could n't have made the showing I have, but I've drawn the line at eating with them. I don't hurt their feelings, but I make it plain that I'm with them for business only, and that we can see enough of each other in business hours."

And so they went on with their flamboyant jingoism and racial hostility, although over half the occupants of the car spoke English.

Here were two men who had been sent out by their respective houses to secure new business in a new field among a nation, who, by racial instinct, are among the most punctiliously polite people in the world. Perhaps they were good salesmen back in the States. They may have been star men, under conditions absolutely different from these, but they were not even competent to understand the causes of their own failure or make a report that could in any way assist their houses to develop this field, whose trade is worth the greatest effort of any nation.

A Big Trade in Which We Have Small Share

The total foreign trade of South America, imports and exports, for one year, was over one billion six hundred and sixty-seven million dollars, out of which our country's share was, roughly, but sixteen per cent. South America imported seven hundred and sixty million dollars' worth of products—all of which we manufacture—and yet of this amount we sold them but fourteen per cent. In Cuba, where, with the close relations we have held since the Spanish war we might expect ourselves to make a fine showing, the statistics indicate that there must be some flaw in our methods. Cuba imported one hundred and four million dollars' worth of merchandise of which we sent them but forty-seven million dollars' worth—less than half, although she is our closest neighbor. In the ten years of our intimate relations with Cuba we have bought from



"Gee, but these ginks and greasers are a bum crowd"

her three hundred million dollars' worth more than we have been able to sell there—hardly a triumph for our commerce.

In the enormously important commercial field throughout Central and South America, we have to compete with German and English houses who have shrewdly used the past years to entrench themselves in the preferences, customs and trade of those countries. They have met the needs of the rough transit down there with proper packing and have satisfied the peculiar local demand for a special style; they have studied the economic necessities and have erected the commercial schemes necessary to meet them; their salesmen are prepared and equipped for this Spanish field and have a commercial training surpassed by none in the world.

There are many factors in relation to our scanty trade with South America; questions of economics, banking, transport and custom. One factor stands out in marked prominence; the generally unsuitable character of the representatives chosen for this field and their lack of ability and training to grasp the problems and conditions found therein. This applies not only to commerce but to the large enterprises of develop-

ment and even to our diplomatic activities. When a manufacturer plans a campaign to enter a new territory in the United States, he studies the desires of his possible customers—even their idiosyncrasies, their needs and the methods that have made his competitors successful in that same field. He plans to meet these conditions with appropriate intelligence. No publish-



The German or English trade representative idles in the café

ing house running strongly to Bible commentaries would care to entrust their fate to agents whose personality might prove offensively unfamiliar in a clerical study; nor would a bond house accredit a representative on the strength of a fine record introducing a new brand of whisky in the mining towns of Pennsylvania. Personality is nine-tenths of the game of selling and here in the States we properly appreciate its emphasis. But with a fatuous misconception of the conditions in our Southern Hemisphere, which we regard *en bloc* as a series of brawling, turbulent republics, populated by "niggers" and half-breeds who are but slightly removed from primitive barbarism, we solicit trade in a half-hearted but thoroughly stupid manner. Curiously, it is only in this export direction that we make this blunder.

A Great Deal Depends Upon the Packing

The matter of packing has been so often handled in the consular reports from South America that it ought to be well understood here. The West Coast will not buy bottled or fragile goods from us on account of the enormous breakage, while in cotton goods

England holds its trade solely on the grounds of superiority in shipment. There being practically no docks on that coast, lighters with Indian crews bring the cargoes to the mole or through the surf. Much is dropped carelessly overboard in the heavy Pacific swells. Once, off Chili, a locomotive was dropped in sixty feet of water. I recall a bale of English prints that was salvaged after three days in the ocean and there was no reclamation for damage to the contents. One English whisky house tested its cases by dropping one from the first story window; and if a bottle broke the consignment was repacked—and the boss packer fired. It built up an unassailable market by this feature and never had a claim for breakage to settle.

Once, three miles off shore from Peru, I watched an American pump lowered into the plunging lighter alongside. It had been crated with light stuff nailed together, but only a few scraps of board wired to the piston rods were left, as a guarantee of the original intent. No provision had been made for handling it by derrick, and as the easiest way, the Chileno sailors slipped the hooks under the valve-rods of the steam-chest. When it finally arrived, sixty miles back on the plantation, it was worthless until new rods could be shipped or turned at the nearest shops in Iquiqui, six hundred miles away. These are some of the little factors that do not help us.

In each of the Latin republics some certain pattern of commodity has the preference, which any new competition must recognize and defer to. For example, the machete is the universal implement in any Spanish country. It is the ax, hatchet, sword and scythe, and yet each locality has its own typical machete. In Cuba the machete demanded is a long blade like a huge knife; in Bolivia it is a stubby, broad-bladed affair. There is a firm in Connecticut who have been making machetes for a

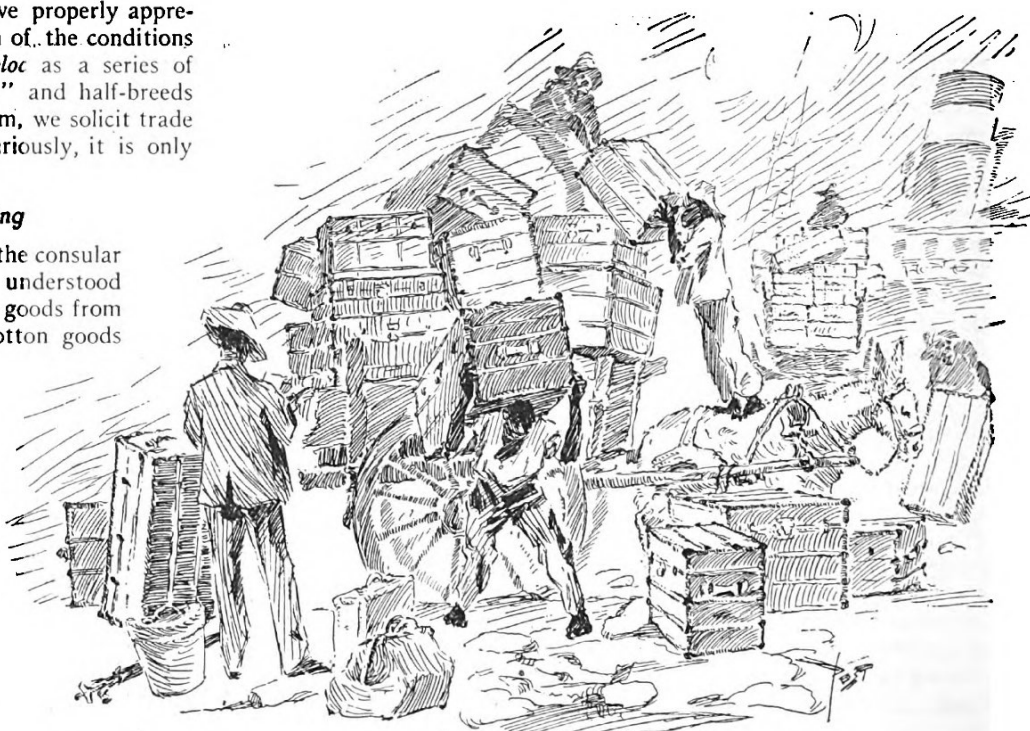
century and who supply the world. It is one of the few American firms that have been successful in the South American field. Their shapes and patterns have become the types in Spanish countries, and the trade-mark of "Collins" has become a standard. They sell to South America what it wants and ship it the way it wants it.

Some years ago an oil refining company, one of the independents, decided to go into the German market with its product. After this move had been decided by the directors, months were spent in selecting a representative. The Company investigated scores of those brought to its attention and sought the assistance of the German Embassy, branches of German firms and banks having American offices. The directors were shrewd enough to realize that none of their own staff had received the training that would have fitted him to handle and get results in this particular field. Finally they made their selection. It was a German, a gentleman—in either the American or European sense of the word—who had received a German business training and who had just completed five years in the United States. The fact that at the period of his selection he was ignorant of the oil business was of less importance than the fact that he had the fundamental equipment that was needed; the personality that could reach the custom they were looking for—the German.

For the following six months he worked in their plant here learning the oil business, and then they sent him over to open up in Germany. At the end of two years he had more than made good; the German export end had become one of the most important departments of the refinery. With a similar plan of campaign they began operating in Italy, perfectly certain of the successful results that followed. They were looking for the German and Italian trade and they went for it on the German and Italian basis and took no chances of exciting an offensive personal hostility. They succeeded. It is a curious fact that this same refinery views the opportunity for their product in South America with disgust; they have tried that continent and made a failure of it by a careless policy that was the exact and stupid antithesis of the one that brought their success in Europe. For their South American experiment they had picked out a man from their own force and used indifferent judgment. In less than two years the venture was closed; a dead failure.

A Diplomat and a Salesman in One

The German and English salesmen with whom we are thrown in competition in those Latin republics are shrewd and able. They play



His total equipment consisted of some fifty-odd sample trunks

their game by adapting themselves to the environment to which they have been assigned and for which they have been trained. What might be considered the typical American characteristic, the abrupt, keen, clean-cut, incisive method, the I-won't-waste-your-valuable-time-and-I-can't-afford-to-waste-mine has no place in those latitudes. The "hustler" who is the star in his own firm and the admired standard of those outside, can accomplish nothing more than a wasted expense account on any trip to those climes. Do not imagine the Germans and English are ignorant of this type and his value in certain fields, but in dealing with a Spanish-American country they send out diplomats and not merely drummers.

A German or an English trade representative idles in the café at the universal hour of the morning cocktail that precedes the noon breakfast in all Spanish countries and negligently spends an hour or so

in the local Bois at the fashionable period in the afternoon. You meet him in a box at the bull-fight or the races; he is in the line of mourners at the funeral of a local celebrity whom he knew personally; he is a guest at a christening or a grand ball during the carnival; he is a non-resident member of the leading clubs and is sure of his cards for the leading functions. He is as much at home in those countries and as welcome as the native-born and gets business on the strength of his personality. Back in his own country, when the order is secured, the firm uses as much tact in following the needs and peculiarities of that trade as their agent did in catering to the idiosyncrasies of the individual.

A Pleasing Personality Helps Business

For some weeks I had a very pleasant acquaintance with one of these salesmen. His training was German, although he happened to be representing an English house. His total equipment consisted of some fifty-odd sample trunks, although, for certain portions of his territory, many of these grades and patterns were useless. He generally operated with about thirty pieces of baggage. He hired a vacant room in the central part of the city, hired a boy from the streets to dust off in the mornings and then proceeded to enter upon what was apparently a purely festive life. Sometimes, for half an hour in the morning, you would find him in his office supervising his lone office-boy, but the rest of the day he was cheerfully following the program outlined above. As the shadows lengthened in the afternoon he would go for a drive, picking up a social acquaintance or so on the way. On the occasions when I had the privilege of being with him I had a glimpse of certain phases of his system.

I noted that he never drove directly to the Paraiso, as the local Bois was known, but invariably rattled for some time in an aimless way through the street and alleys of the badly paved city, bowing profoundly to acquaintances of his whom he would point out with a brief comment.

"We are coming to the Señor Fulano, coffee and commission merchant."

"The leetle fat one owns fourteen stores and is a big *haciendado* of the interior."

"That one is chocolate and hardware—very wealthy."

After a few weeks of this style of enjoyment I remarked to him:

"You seem to be having a pretty good time. When do you expect to open up for business?"

"Business?" he said, "Why I'm doing it now. You think I can do business by showing samples? What do they care about samples? They know that my goods are as good as any one else's, and as long as they like me they will buy from me."

"Also," he went on, "I never talk business unless they ask me. I show the samples when they want to see them, although this is generally only in the case of things that are novelties and of new designs and patterns. So far I have sold thirty thousand dollars' worth without a sample. If times were not so hard and poor here I should have sold double that in this time."

That morning the little American colony had said good-by to a drummer



of the opposite type and tactics; fervid, energetic, keen and shrewd and of a personality that presents no objectionable features to the Anglo-Saxon mind. A few hundred dollars represented his sum total of sales. The German had booked in one place, as I happened to know, an order for eight thousand dollars' worth of hardware without a single visible effort, while the other had been busily and hopelessly trying to get even a small share of it.

It is this factor of being personally pleasing to the client that has built the German and English trade to its huge proportions in South America. Apparently their salesmen are merely idling; there is no rushing around with samples and displays and crisp interviews, concise and to the point. In some way, later, the order drifts to their man just as casually and indifferently as it apparently has been sought. That is the Latin way.

Not alone do the manufacturers of the United States seem to possess this peculiar inability to select advance agents for the field of the Latin countries but it is found with equal frequency in the large enterprises involving concessions and their operation and development.

A Valuable Concession that Went Astray

I recall a large rubber concession in the heart of South America in which American capital had been heavily invested. It was not one of these fly-by-night companies formed for the purpose of exploiting investors, but a substantial enterprise that held a great profit as a reward of intelligent development. The man who was selected to assume the duties of management was equipped with a draft of one hundred thousand dollars and absolute authority. In the capital of the country in which his concession was to be operated, it did not take him forty-eight hours to earn the cordial dislike of everyone with whom he came in contact. There was no country like the United States and no people like the Americans; of this fact he arrogantly boasted when sober and when drunk would fight a native or kick an Indian to prove it. His heavy drinking had nothing to do with his unfitness—at least from the local point of view, for the country was one of excessive drunkenness—but he was by his past training and accomplishments totally unfitted to succeed in this field. He had no tact, but when a routine was laid before him, could drive it through with a harsh aggressiveness that may possibly have seemed a valuable qualification. These factors were worthless for his mission. In his necessary contact with officials in arranging certain phases of the concession, he met with a barrier of scrupulous politeness, but the number of ordinary things that became impossible of accomplishment was remarkable; little things, big things, courtesies and favors that can so easily be made to flow by the exercise of a little tact in those easy-going lands were locked and sealed against him behind the barrier of suave courtesy. Finally his headquarters were established in a little frontier town where trade was little advanced beyond the stage of barter; here he settled down for a while with a series of pleasant little rows with the natives and bossed his employees like the bucko-mate of a cattle steamer.

In a far-off community like that, competitors in business meet on a friendly footing of necessary mutual aid that finds expression in anything from the lending of the scanty specie in emergencies to exchanging mule trains and rafts for the transportation of their rubber and merchandise. No house can be sufficient unto itself in the many emergencies that arise. This man had had no experience of that kind. He messed up those arrangements of his earlier predecessors and felt, at last, when he had freed his company from what he regarded as entanglements, a pride in the surly independence he had achieved. Once, over a question of transportation by raft in the interior rivers of his territory, he gave truculent warning to an expedition about to set out; he had been shipping in arms and ammunition to his people, and his intimation was to the effect that all the rafts and canoes on the river were to be respected as under his control by virtue of some drunken figment of his imagination, and his intimation was plain that his men would resent with rifles any other operation or claim on the rafts. This was a direct challenge to a rubber war, a serious affair in those lawless frontiers, and very nearly resulted in the annihilation of his company's property. The warned expedition bought four more Mausers and a thousand rounds of ammunition, and had a shot been fired at them they were prepared to fight—and that meant, with their superior equipment and knowledge, the absolute wrecking and devastation of the *gomale*. All of these possibilities he had overlooked. Fortunately for him, his subordinates on the ground had more sense than he and warded off the actual hostilities. Had his tactics prevailed, there would have disappeared five hundred thousand dollars of development work, with no possibility of reparation of the innocent investors in the company.

After a blustering career of inefficiency he equipped out of his inexperience a trading expedition of his own—with the company money. He



The botanist was appointed

[Continued on page 427]



Uncle Sam in Blunderland

by ARTHUR I. STREET

CONGRESS-HELPLESS AND HOPELESS

IF you, my dear friend and partner in citizenship, feel that you have not had your share of the gentle and appealing comforts of life that some people call luxuries, persuade your comrades and friends to elect you to Congress.

For there, under the great dome of the Capitol and in the magnificent office buildings recently erected, there is little that will be denied you. You may have great divans of leather to lounge upon and costly desks to hold your blotting-pads, and chairs as soft as feather beds in which to do your reading. You may have marble bath-rooms and the finest Turkish towels. You may have brilliantine for your mustache and and cosmetics for your cheeks. You may have your stationery of that handsome "embossed blue" that you have so long coveted; and of engraved cards, there shall be no limit—because Uncle pays for all these things for Congressmen.

Uncle Sam Is Good to His Congressmen

He gives them bags to travel with and puts gold initials upon them, if desired. He furnishes them with pocketbooks and bill-rolls—those handy little three-folds that keep your yellowbacks from crumpling. And, if you wish, you may have your bill-rolls made of costly seal. In your pockets he puts the fountain pens to draft your bills with, and, lest you lose them, donates the "clips" to hold them in place. Knives—pen-knives, erasing-knives, etched knives, Empire knives—you have but to take your choice and they are yours.

You may have one of those nerve-saving safety-razors, or, if you have one already, Uncle will give you a new set of blades, or a device for sharpening old ones. And should not even the razors and the cosmetics and the brilliantine suffice to make you as beautiful, as presentable and happy as a representative of the great American people should be, you may have a manicure-set, gold-initialed; you may have a vanity-bag, a bandbox, or a jewel-case.

Forsooth, Uncle does n't wish you, while you are in Washington in his service, to do without anything that could add to your joy or save you from the great circle of the disgruntled. Does it so happen that at your house you have been in the habit of being "at home" Thursdays, he will print your "at home" cards for you. Does Cupid dance about your woods, winging his arrows for your charming daughter, Uncle may even let you have the "announcement" cards that tell your friends the gladsome tidings of her betrothal.

Nay, more; you may ask for, and he will not refuse you sets and pads wherewith to while away your hours in bridge or in plain whist. Know you the ropes of his inner compassion, he will not so much as deny you even the elusive and perilous poker-chip. You may sit in those luxurious chairs and around those costly tables

till the wee sma' hours and beyond them; headaches may come upon you and parched throats, and still you will not find your Uncle unthoughtful. The touching of a button will bring you a dose of bromo-seltzer or a seidlitz powder or a bottle of smelling salts.

This Is All in Two Little Books

Don't you believe it? It does n't sound very likely, does it?

And yet, it is true—more than true. We have the Congressmen's own word for it, in two little books which they publish, full of figures; those same figures to which the writer alluded in an article in *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* last month. Only, of course, it is n't told to us just this way. It is called "Stationery." It is entered as "stationery" in the book which you and I, as citizens and responsible members of the Government, have the privilege of seeing annually, and, unfortunately, it is entered as "stationery" in the consciences of the Congressmen themselves.

Years ago, the national legislature decided that a fair allowance for each member of Congress for his official correspondence-paper, envelopes, pens, inks, inkstands and the like would be about \$125 per year, and accordingly, such allowance was voted in blank. It was left at the option of the member to use it all, or part of it, or none. Then, to make things cheaper, the members united, created a stationery department, and bought their supplies wholesale. The department became official; it was given office-room in the Capitol at public expense, it was placed in charge of a stationer and a corps of assistants at public expense, and when Congressmen wished anything from it, it was brought by a page at public expense. Seemingly, the value of "public expense" grew upon the minds of the legislators, and they began utilizing the wholesome principle of the department for the purchase of things more personal than writing paper and ink and pencils and blotters. They bought knives and shears, and, growing bolder, they bought even as we have stated above. And since they each had an allowance of \$125 per year, they applied the allowance to these new things. They argued that, inasmuch as the allowance had been made them, it was their business whether they spent it for stationery or

poker-chips—even as it is a traveling man's business whether he spends his daily allowance to live at a \$4 a day hotel or saves it for his own use by putting up at a \$2 one.

But—and here is that same old "But" again that we met in the last article—by law they had to put all the transactions of the Stationery Department into the books. They could not merely write down that \$125 had been paid to each member for stationery allowance. And in the books it stands to-day: **Manicure-sets classed as stationery! Poker-chips classed as stationery! Bridge-whist sets classed as stationery! "At home" cards classed as stationery!**

What would you think, if, suddenly returning to your business-office as you and I are now returning to our office at Washington, you should find your entire administrative staff charging you up with cosmetics and collar boxes and shoe daubers? Suppose your business happened to be running for the time being on a somewhat ragged edge, would you expect men who would do things like this to go far toward saving you from tipping over onto the wrong side of the edge?

Congress Does n't Understand What This Means

Yet, this is exactly the situation at the National Capitol. In more ways than one, the United States Government is on the ragged edge. Founded and cultured as a democracy, it leans perilously toward plutocracy. Intended to be a political joint stock company, it threatens to become a close corporation. Plethoric in resources and boundless in industry, it is made to run behind in national revenue at the will of ulterior interests and to be driven to issues of

bonds at every new commercial crisis or at the beginning of every new work of magnitude. The taxation by which it seeks to raise revenue is dictated by forces which it can not control; and the balance on its books is juggled up or down as suits the purposes of cliques and combinations which seem more powerful than the Government itself.

And yet our Congress—our Board of Directors, as it were—allow themselves to commit this petty pilage and to make this petty perversion of ac-

counts. Many of them stoutly berate the sinister developments which they and we alike can not but behold. Many of them are able opponents of the corrupted tariff. Many of them realize that if changes are not promptly and effectively made, the Government may pass beyond recovery. But they let this paltry pilfering go on and salve their consciences with the excuse that it has always been done.

Why?

Because there is not a man in either House of Congress—or, if there is, he has not been disclosed—who knows what his pilfering means. There is not a man who seems to realize that if, at the top of the Government, facial cream and bromo-seltzer can be accounted for as stationery, there is something wrong at that top which must be cleared up before there can be any righting in the levels below.

The writer went from man to man among the leaders of both Houses, asking who, if any, had given his attention to this matter. And the answer he got was always that there was no one.

"We have no time—"

Said a leading Congressman to Mr. Street. "A man no more than begins to grasp the duties of his office than somebody out in his district turns loose on him, and he has to shoot for home to get himself reelected.

"We have no time to make a business study of the Government."

Said Burleson of the Appropriations Committee of the House, speaking with much feeling: "I was a lawyer before I came here. I know nothing of bookkeeping."

Said Underwood of Alabama, the ranking minority member of the Ways and Means Committee and one of the ablest statisticians in the House: "I have found that it was about all I could do to attend to the tariff, and even in that I can hardly master more than one or two features."

Said Murdock of Kansas, one of the strongest leaders of the Insurgents: "I don't know of anyone who has gone thoroughly into the subject, and, for my part, I never could get through my head the difference between single and double entry bookkeeping."

Said Tawney, chairman of the Appropriations Committee: "If SUCCESS MAGAZINE will pursue the subject of the fiscal reorganization of the Government with the same persistency with which it has pursued Mr. Cannon and myself, it will do immeasurable service to the country."

Said Dolliver of the Senate, the keenest of all masters of the tariff: "I did not know that the costs of the Senate and House office buildings, for instance, were charged to the Interior Department. I thought they were charged, as they should be, to Congress."

Said Cummins of Iowa, one of the most active of the Radicals in the Upper Chamber, "I have been giving all my time to railroads, the postal savings banks, and the tariff."

Too Busy to Do the Important Work

And these men were typical. All of them are hard working, self-sacrificing, public spirited officials. They desire to see the Government operated in the interest of the people. They do not spare themselves, their purses, or their energies. Tawney has been at the edge of nervous prostration from overwork. Underwood has given up half a dozen subjects, such as the ship subsidy of which he was once a master, because he could not cover the field and do it well. Murdock has fought with vigilance and relentlessness at every phase of the campaign led by Judge Norris to break Cannonism. **But not one of them has been able to touch the accounts. Not one of them has thought of beginning at the top and sweeping clean the careless and extravagant habits of Congress, and then working down through the Departments.**

Year after year, these men have been coming up against the colossal complications, burdens and ingratitude of congressional effort, and have not realized why the *impasse* is always the same. Year by year they have seen the number of bills introduced grow in volume—from 16,000 in the 50th Congress to 38,000 in the 60th; and the number passed—even the number reported out of the committees perpetually reduced in proportion. They have not realized that by the simplest devices they could begin to change it.

They have been confronted with appropriation bills and legislative responsibilities. They have been besieged by demands from constituents and assailed by the shafts of enemies and critics. But they have not been able to get down to the simple undertaking of a fiscal revolution, with its starting point within their own body. Why?

Because, as Burleson said: "I was a lawyer before I came here. I know nothing of bookkeeping." Or, as Murdock said: "I never could get into my head the difference between single and double entry."

The matter of a misleading stationery account is purely one of business. There is nothing political in it—nothing criminal—nothing intentionally wrong. Not one of the 483 members of Congress, probably, cares a picayune whether he gets his \$125 stationery allowance

or not, or whether, having it, it buys him whist sets or pen-knives or jewel cases or quarts of ink. It is simply that the Congressional habit of mind does not run to finance and accounts. **Congress is a body of men chosen politically to preside over a Government which has outgrown its politics and become commercial. It has jurisdiction over nearly three thousand millions of cash every year, and disposes of those millions, not according to the laws of trade and finance, but according to the customs of tradition and the exigencies of personal influence.**

ARE THESE THINGS STATIONERY?

Playing Cards (including whist and bridge sets)	Shopping Bag
Poker Chips	Cigar Lighter
Pocketbooks and Purses	Jewel Case
Shears and Scissors	Ash Tray
Hand Bags	Opera Bags
Suit Cases	Quinin Pills
Souvenir Bags	Listerin
Vanity Bags	Peroxide of Hydrogen
Pass Cases	Pepsin
Nail Clips, Files and Brushes	Trional
Manicure Sets	Soda Tablets
Safety Razors (and extra blades)	Witch Hazel
Matches	Smelling Salts
Wedding Announcement Cards	Ammonia
Post Card Albums	Cough Drops
Photograph Envelopes	Antikammia
Hunting Knife	Jamaica Ginger
Cuff Cases	Vaseline
Button Box	Olive Oil
Glove Stretcher	Court Plaster
Band Box	Rose Extract
Sewing Box	Brilliantine
	Seidlitz Powders
	Bromo-Seltzer

They are so entered in the books of Congress, and are supplied to the Congressmen themselves at public expense.

This is petty pilfering, of course, and involves no very large expenditure. But can Uncle Sam afford to entrust the men who have drifted into this lax attitude toward the public money with the expenditure of a billion dollars a year?

One hundred years ago, when most of the present habits of Congress were formed, the total cash handled by the Government was less than twenty million dollars, the debt of the Government only fifty-three million dollars, the disbursements less than sixteen million dollars; and in those days constructive political statesmanship was more important than the sense of money. But, half a century later, when we got into war in our own family and our expenses jumped from one hundred and seven million dollars to two thousand five hundred and forty-two million dollars; our debt from eighty-seven million dollars to two thousand six hundred and seventy-five million dollars, there was a transformation like a palace revolution. Finance stepped into the council-chamber, business into the lobbies, and constructive statesmanship into the retiring rooms. Commercial interests wanted profit out of our one thousand million dollars a year of war expenditures. Monetary sharps wanted usury out of our two thousand six hundred million dollar debt. Manufacturers wanted graft out of our tariff. And politics and parties, politicians and statesmen became the pawns in the strife. Men were sent to Congress, not to solve problems of state, but to serve hidden purposes of trade. Men were chosen for distinction, not because of their knowledge and capacity, but because of their ignorance of finance and their susceptibility to bargains which they did not understand.

And that condition has intensified, rather than moderated, down to the present day. We are now spending less than three hundred million dollars for things martial, but our aggregate

business of all kinds is up to one thousand million dollars, our debt is as much more, and we keep sixteen hundred million dollars of solid gold and silver in our treasury. In our expenditures of a thousand million dollars lie infinite opportunities for commercial profit. In our one thousand million dollars of debt and our sixteen hundred million dollars of cash lies practically the whole nub of national finance. Banks rest their prosperity and financiers their power upon these two things.

Men who manufacture clothing seek their share in supplying our one hundred and fifty-eight thousand soldiers and sailors. Men who furnish provisions clamor for their proportion of the ten to twelve million dollars' worth of foodstuffs which the Government buys every year for these same one hundred and fifty-eight thousand. Men who build buildings, who quarry stone, who deal in patent processes, press for contracts and lend their aid to the demand for new structures.

"And our experience," said Chief Clerk Ucker of the Interior Department, "is that men who do business with the Government expect a profit of three hundred per cent."

Shipyards and ordnance factories want the millions which we spend on our navies, cannon and rifles, while powder trusts and submarine inventors urge their influences both for business for themselves and for the principle of expanded navy and army.

Furthermore, more than five hundred million dollars of the one thousand million dollars which we spend are raised by a system of revenue which affects in one way or another every commercial interest in the nation; and, as recent controversies over the maximum and minimum have shown, every commercial interest in the world. And all these interests mass themselves in and around the offices of the Government. They infest the bureaus of administration. They surround the rooms of the Congressional committees. They bring their intimate and highly specialized knowledge of their own affairs into the framing of tariff bills, and Congress can not controvert their representations. They trade one interest against another, one section

of the country against another. California lemon-growing and Montana wool against Massachusetts hides and Alabama steel. To be the more sure of their results, they participate in Congressional elections and oppose or aid the candidates whom they hope to influence or at whose hands they might suffer commercial reverse.

The Tricks of the Financier's Trade

As Senator Dolliver told the writer: "When I was running for Congress a number of years ago, Chairman Babcock of the Republican Congressional Committee, offered to send me five thousand dollars campaign money, although I had an assured majority of twenty thousand and didn't need a cent. It was because I was a member of the Ways and Means Committee which frames the tariff. I rejected the offer and told him to give the money to some poor devil who had a close district."

Or, as the minority members of the Appropriations Committee of the House say of Chairman Tawney: "Tawney is an honest man, conscientious and earnest. But what can he do? The interests put him in. The interests gave him his chairmanship. The interests have bound him hand and foot."

Similarly with the one thousand million dollars of debt and the sixteen hundred million dollars in the vaults. Bankers want the use of the bonds because of the currency that is based upon them, and the more nearly they can come to controlling the issues of the bonds the more nearly they can come to controlling the nation's money. They make their wealth by the fluctuations of the money

market, even as merchants do by the fluctuations and margins in the values of merchandise. And, if by influence exerted at Washington, they can either retain or expand a power acquired in the Civil war days to depress or enhance the prices of Federal securities, or to expand or contract the volume of available currency, they are ready to take all risks and chances that extraordinary shrewdness or unexampled cunning may enable them to impose upon an unskilled and uncommercial Congress. And, accordingly, they, too, infest the bureaus of administration and envelop the halls of legislation with their agencies and influences.

They stand in with the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, as Jay Cooke did after the war, when he carried a fraudulent loan of three million dollars on the books of the Government for six months. They trick a candidate for the Presidential office, as they did Seymour in 1869, when they followed the election of Grant by passing a "credit-strengthening act" which was Greek to most of the men who voted for it. In the rush hours of a Congressional session, as in 1873, they slip through into the provisions of a currency enactment a clause for the demonetization of silver, and an unbusinesslike Congress knows nothing of the matter until it is all over and a President publicly repudiates it. Year after year they continue the process of rendering both gold and silver ever more and more scarce, until, as in 1893, the whole conspiracy culminates in a panic, a President and his party are discredited, and the reins of Government are practically handed over to those whose proper name of malefactors is not given them until the caustic pen of a Lawson and the indomitable courage of a Roosevelt unite to drag them into the light.

Our Interests Are in the Hands of Amateurs

Nay, more, even under Roosevelt they play a cunning and subtle game, too profound for Roosevelt's penetration. Through their control of the currency they create a purely bank panic in the hope of sending Roosevelt and his followers to the same Coventry to which they sent Cleveland and the Democrats. And, although they do not succeed, they come back to Roosevelt's easy-going successor, cement a new alliance between him and the personnel which they maintain in Congress, and succeed in forcing into the form of purely party issues a measure for railroad legislation which will undo all the work of the Roosevelt régime, and a measure for postal savings banks which will rob the entire scheme of its intended benefits and leave the banking interests still masters of the public savings.

Against this combined force, against all this shrewdness, this personal interest, this commercial and monetary intricacy, Congress stands, still constituted as it was a century ago—its members politically elected, politically criticized, and in their turn politically dethroned.

One of the leaders said to the writer: "We are not statesmen. We can't be. We are politicians. A man no more than begins to grasp the duties of his office than somebody out in his district turns loose on him and he has to shoot for home to get himself reelected. We have no time to make a business study of the Government."

No time to make a business study of the Government! Is it any wonder that business gets all the advantages and the Government all the losses? Is it any wonder that business makes plunder of this ignorance? And what is an insignificant \$125 stationery expenditure for things that are not stationery, as compared with all the other possible \$125 expenditures within a total expenditure of a thousand millions for things which are not what they are reported to be?

No time to make a business study of the Government, and yet the men who are in this position

are the ones who direct every dollar of the Government's expenditure and originate every scheme for the Government's income! The authority vests in them by virtue of the Constitution and they guard it jealously. Annually each executive official is required to submit his estimates of needed appropriations for the ensuing year in the most minute and intimate detail to the committees of both Houses of Congress, and annually these committees sit in grave and earnest conclave "to pass or not to pass" upon the demands put before them. Twenty men, chosen because of faithfulness to party or of pliability to influence or because of necessity of some sort of political favor being bestowed upon them, summon before them, for instance, the expert officers of the army and navy and seek to pronounce judgment upon the durability of khaki, the cost of a ration or the life of a cannon. Nineteen others, similarly chosen, attest to the penetrability of armor-plate, the motive power of the turbine-engine or the velocity of a two thousand pound projectile, although none of them may have walked through a steel mill, witnessed a schooner take the ways, or heard an explosion louder than a firecracker.

And so on through the whole range of Government administration. These men, who have no time to make a business study of the Government, must decide upon everything from the price of sulphuric acid in the Department of Agriculture to the cost of mules in the Island of Luzon. Sitting first in committees and then as a whole body, they must balance all these things against one another, paring here and enlarging there, yielding to pressure from one side and resisting pressure from another, and out of it all, they must evolve a budget that shall be within the revenues, or a revenue that shall cover the budget.

Is it any wonder that the result is a recurring deficit, or an unnecessary surplus, or a financial policy that is directed from without, or a tariff law that serves those who are strong and extorts from those who are weak?

Let us take just one of the sixty-two committees of one House—the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives—and see its functions, some of its efforts, and its results. At one time this committee had full jurisdiction over every expenditure of the nation, and most people think it has now. But in 1885, when the Cleveland administration was trying to break the power of the Republican ring which had controlled the country's affairs since the war, there was a split-up, and the naval, military, Indian, and some other appropriations went to other committees, leaving the Appropriations Committee in charge only of the legislative, executive and judicial, the District of Columbia, the fortifications, the pensions, the sundry civil, and the deficiency bills.

"In charge *only*," we say. But fancy what that "only" means! It means practically every civil-office salary paid by the American government. It means almost every building in which the Government transacts its affairs. It means every lighthouse that erects its luminous head over dangerous shoals or throws its effulgence out over the darkness of the sea. It means every dollar that is expended to prevent moon-shining or to save you and me from the impostures of oleomargarine. It means responsibility for the entire revenue-cutter service, which is Uncle Sam's auxiliary navy and his policeman at sea. It means jurisdiction over every ounce of bullion that the miner takes to the mint, or every golden eagle, greenback or copper cent that the common citizen is lucky enough to have in his pocket.

Nor does this begin to be all that it means. The public-health service which imposes quarantine and exterminates plague, the interstate-commerce commission which regulates railroads and analyzes traffic, the army engineers who deepen the rivers and buttress the harbors, the Interior department which provides the public with free lands and directs the new work of reclamation, and the immigration bureau which raises the gates against the incoming of the diseased, the infirm, the criminal and the pauper, all come to this committee for funds.

What a Congressman Ought to Know

And upon each and every one of these phases of public expenditure, the seventeen members of the committee either must be experts or must be qualified to determine whether expert testimony is sound and credible, or crooked and unsafe. For instance, it learns from the supervising architect of the Treasury that the average cost of Government buildings is thirty-five cents per cubic foot, while that of the average commercial structure is twenty-eight cents; it must decide whether this is a difference that can be corrected or whether it is due, as the architect claims, to superior durability, necessity of building four walls instead of three, higher ceilings and other technical causes. **An error of twenty-five per cent. here—which is the difference between the cost of commercial and the cost of Government buildings—would mean a difference of three million dollars a year in the total of public buildings only.**

Again, the Public Printer reports that the costs of work in his huge establishment have been materially reduced in recent months but are still sixty-six per cent. higher than those of the printing establishment which made the lowest bid for printing the catalogues of the Dead Letter Office and the committee must be qualified to judge or must find some means of judging, whether this difference is legitimate or is one which could be remedied. The printing bill of the Government is now over six million dollars a year, and a difference of sixty-six per cent. would mean a loss of four million dollars every twelve months.

Or, once more, the work of the revenue-cutter service, which was designed originally chiefly as an aid to the collection of customs and the prevention of smuggling, has expanded until now its original intention has become its least. It lends aid to ships in distress. It rescues cargoes valued (last year) at nearly fourteen million dollars. It saves half a hundred people from drowning and carries relief to five thousand suffering Indians, derelicts, and prospectors in frozen Alaska. Yet its average ration cost is over thirty-eight cents per man, while that of the Navy is only thirty cents; and the Congressional Committee must know whether this difference is justifiable in view of the nature and results of the service, or whether it would not be better, as some contend, to transfer the entire department to the Navy, and thus reduce and unify the costs.

[Continued on page 434]

The Fugitive

By JEANETTE MARKS

THIS wretch a child? You say her hands
Once played with toys, her lips with song,
That glee laughed from her baby eyes?
And now for him who bids she sighs?

YOU say this wretch was once a girl
Who answered touch of wind and sun?
And now sleeps but when night is done?

YOU saw her ask for work; nay, beg
With eager hands, with starving lips,
Cry for the work which none would give,
For none would let her toil to live;—
That sin must have its fugitive?

POOR, hapless child, poor, nameless one,
Still web of all those fluttering wings
Your childhood knew! . . . You say such things
Are just? The punishment sin brings?

Burn Your Bridges Behind You

by Orison Swett Marden

WHEN Julius Cæsar landed his army in England, he was determined to take no chances of possible retreat. He wanted to show his men that their invasion meant victory or death, and he burned all his ships before their eyes. Like Napoleon, he had the power of final decision which sacrificed every conflicting plan on the instant.

When he came to the Rubicon which formed one of the boundaries of Italia—"the sacred and inviolable"—even his great decision wavered at the thought of invading a territory which no general was ever allowed to enter without the permission of the Senate, but the intrepid mind of the man who could declare: "I came, I saw, I conquered," did not waver long.

"The die is cast," he said, and he dashed into the stream at the head of his legions, changing by that moment's decision, the whole history of the world.

Young men often make the mistake, when they start on an important undertaking, of leaving open a way of retreat if things go too hard. No one can call out his greatest reserves, do the greatest thing possible to him, while he knows that if the battle gets too hot he has a line of retreat still left open. Only when there is no hope of escape will an army fight with that spirit of desperation which gives no quarter.

Many a great general in his march on the enemy has burned his bridges behind him, cut off his only possible retreat, for the bracing, encouraging effect upon himself and his army, because he knew that men only call out their greatest reserves of power when all retreat is cut off, and when fighting desperately for that which they count dearer than life.

We are so made that, as long as there is a chance to retreat, as long as there are bridges behind us, we are tempted to turn back when the great test comes.

"Will you hold this fort?" asked General Rosecrans of General Pierce at Stone River. "I will try, General!" "Will you hold this fort?" "I will die in the attempt." "That won't do. Look me in the eye, sir, and tell me, will you hold this position?" "I will!" said General Pierce, and he did.

There is everything in burning all bridges behind you, in committing yourself so thoroughly to your calling that no discouragement or obstacle can tempt you to turn back. "Turned back for want of grit in the hour of discouragement" would make a good epitaph for tens of thousands of people who have given up the fight.

There is everything in setting the whole current of one's being strongly, vigorously toward his goal; in burning his bridges behind him and committing himself unreservedly to his aim. All the currents of one's being seem to flow in the direction of the mental attitude.

One of the chief reasons why so many young men fail in life is that *they do not go in to win*. They are not willing to buckle down to hard work, to pay the price for the kind of a victory which they want. They do not want it enough to go through the years of disagreeable discipline and training that make the victor. They are not willing to forego their little pleasures, to give up the good times they love for the sake of a larger future. They are not willing to spend their evenings, their bits of odd time, in self-improvement, in getting an education, and in fitting themselves superbly for their life work.

When Lincoln promised his God that he would emancipate the slaves if Lee were driven out of Pennsylvania, every nerve and every fiber of his being said the thing should be done. This resolution multiplied this giant's power. What accomplishment is not possible when imperious will reigns supreme in life?

I think it was Horace Maynard, who, when he first went to college, put a large red "V" over the door of his room. His classmates, not knowing what it meant, used to point him out as "the man with the 'V' over his door." At the end of his college course he was elected valedictorian. "Now, boys, you know," said he, "what the 'V' stands for. I resolved when I entered college to be valedictorian."

Suppose this student had said to himself, "I don't believe that it is possible for me, a poor boy, in competition with all these brilliant college fellows, most of whom have had better advantages than I, to take the valedictory, but I am going to work the best I can and see how near I can come to it." This would have been a confession of his inability, which would have made his failure certain.

But he was so convinced that the valedictory was for him, and was so determined to get it, that he wanted to commit himself, unreservedly, to burn his bridges behind him, to cut off retreat, so he put the "V" over his door as a perpetual prod to his ambition; as a constant reminder of his sacred oath.

Have an understanding with yourself; a grim resolution at the very

outset of your career that you are going to make good. This little understanding with yourself that you are going to win out, that there is nothing else possible for you than the thing you have set your heart on, fortifies and braces the whole character wonderfully. The way we are facing has everything to do with our destination.

How many poor youths on farms, in stores, in workshops or factories, have held their minds persistently toward the object of their ambition when there did not seem to be the slightest possibility of ever realizing their dreams; and yet, the way has opened to the young art dreamer, the music dreamer, to study with the great masters abroad, when such a thing seemed to be out of all keeping with their poverty, and impossible to their condition.

There is a great difference between the chances of the young man who starts out with a thorough understanding with himself that he is going to make a success of his life, with a grim resolution to win at all hazards, and the youth who sets out with no particular aim or ambition, backed by no firm determination that he will make good no matter how long it takes, or how hard the fight. It is pitiful to see so many young drifters in our stores and offices and factories; young people who would like to get on, but who have never set their faces like a flint toward a single unwavering aim, and burnt all their bridges behind them so that they should not be tempted to turn back.

There is all the difference in the world between the prospects of the man who has committed himself to his life purpose without reservation, who has burned all bridges behind him and has taken a sacred oath to do the thing he has undertaken, to see his proposition through to the end, no matter what sacrifices he must make or how long it may take, and the man who has only half resolved, who has not quite committed himself, who is afraid to cut off all possible retreat in case of defeat.

There is a tremendous force in the very act of committing oneself unreservedly to his great life aim; a propelling power in the very act of flinging one's being with all his might into what he is doing, determined never to turn back, that is well nigh irresistible.

Irresolution, or unwillingness to commit the whole of himself to his aim is one of the great

weaknesses of the American youth of to-day.

It makes all the difference in the world whether you go into a thing to win, with clenched teeth and resolute will; whether you prepare for it thoroughly, and are determined at the very outset to put the thing through, or whether you start in with the idea that you will begin and work your way along gradually, and continue if you do not find too many snags or too great obstacles.

There is something in the very determination of a man to win at all hazards; something in his grim resolution to conquer and never turn back that not only inspires our admiration but wins our confidence and carries conviction. We believe that the man who can take such an attitude is a winner; that there is a great reason back of his superb self-confidence; the consciousness of the power to do the thing he undertakes.

It is astonishing how all the mental faculties rush to one's assistance when he has committed his whole soul to one unwavering aim; to accomplish one definite thing. What a tremendous impetus such a resolution gives the mental faculties! How it multiplies every faculty of the mind and stimulates every function of the body!

If you are so thoroughly committed to your aim that nothing will turn you back, you will not see many of the obstacles which those with a loose aim and a half-committed purpose see. Your firm resolution to conquer will frighten away a great many of the bugbears which deter the faint-hearted. A grim determination to do a thing gets rid of a lot of obstructions and difficulties. How the success enemies get out of the way and skulk out of sight before such a power! There is no use trying to keep back a man with such determination. Doubts and fears flee before such a resolute soul.

Grant's decision was like inexorable fate. There was no going behind it, no opening it up for reconsideration. It was voiced in those memorable words, which he sent back to General Buckner, who asked him for conditions of capitulation: "*Immediate and unconditional surrender.*"

Napoleon had an officer under him who understood the tactics of war better than he, but he lacked his commander's power of rapid final decision.

The world makes way for the determined soul, the man with a will in him. It wonders, admires and stands aside. It was not half as hard for Napoleon to win after he had gotten his reputation for being invincible.

Improve your health and you will improve your power of decision. Any bodily weakness, lassitude, or lack of tone or vigor is perhaps first

The Shears of Destiny

By Leroy Scott

Illustrated by Alexander Popini



DREXEL turned from the Kuratoff mansion a few minutes before Berloff and his party entered it. Though harrowed by the evening's misfortune, there was a minor matter of which he had to think as he slipped cautiously away—whither should he take himself?

He could return to the Hotel Europe, and there be safe if he kept near his uncle's family and had no communication with the revolutionists; but this would be equivalent to deserting Sonya, and deserting her in the hour of her direst need. Sabatoff was still at liberty; if they two could consult there was a chance, slender to be sure, but still a chance, that they could evolve some plan whereby Sonya and the other prisoner might be saved. Whatever the danger to himself, he would try for that slender chance.

But where should he go for the night? His home of the past week was in ashes, his friends scattered or under arrest; to go to an hotel no matter how obscure, would be a dangerous risk, with all the city's police and spies on the watch for him; and as for walking the streets this arctic night, it meant, if not capture, at least a likely death from freezing. He knew the address of but one free revolutionist, Sabatoff, and to go to him at such a suspicious hour involved the possibility of bringing disaster upon that important person. But somewhere he had to go, and Sabatoff's was the only place, so toward his house he set out. Sabatoff, he judged, would hardly be asleep after the evening's catastrophe, and would himself answer his ring. If one of the Czar-loving servants came to the door, he would leave some message in keeping with his gendarme's uniform and go away.

After half an hour's walk Drexel came to Sabatoff's house. He searched the street with his eyes; it was empty, and confident that he was unobserved, he stepped quickly into the doorway and rang. There was a long wait; then steps sounded and the door opened. He had been right in his conjecture. The person at the door was Sabatoff.

"It is I—Drexel," he whispered. Sabatoff drew him in. "Quick, then—and silent."

With no other word the official led the way up a flight of stairs and into a room which Drexel saw was the library. In a minute footsteps shuffled by. Sabatoff opened the door an inch.

"You need not bother, Pavel," he called. "I answered the ring. It was only a telegram."

There was a sleepy mumble, then the footsteps faded away toward the top of the house.

Sabatoff locked the door. Drexel made known his need of shelter and Sabatoff assured him that he could have refuge in this same room till the morrow; that sofa there could be his bed. Drexel then spoke of the possibility of freeing the prisoners. Sabatoff saw little hope, but favored trying their utmost. However, it would be a waste of time to discuss a scheme until they knew just how matters stood. He would acquaint himself with the situation to-morrow and they would then consider plans.

After Drexel had related his night's experiences, Sabatoff withdrew—not that he expected to sleep, but it was wisdom to avoid the possibility of his servants missing him from his bed. Though it was already four o'clock, the hours that followed were the longest of Drexel's life. He could not have a light, he could not move about—either might reveal to the servants that a stranger was in the house. He could only lie motionless upon the couch and wait—wait—wait for the daylight and think of Sonya in her damp and gloomy dungeon.

Morning came at length. Sabatoff smuggled in some fruit and bread. "I have told my servants that I have locked this room to make sure that some papers I have been arranging will not be disturbed," he said. "I may not be back till afternoon. Anyhow, it will not be safe for you to leave the house until it is dark again."

The hours that followed were like the hours that had gone before; hours of intense, inactive waiting, filled with thoughts of Sonya. Once, to be sure, he did recall that

9th Instalment THE PRINCE PLAYS TRUMPS



There was a breaking, a surging up, within him

to-morrow his cousin was to be married to Berloff, and that he had as yet done nothing to save her from what could be only gilded misery with that relentless villain. But the thought of Alice's approaching misfortune was quickly obliterated by the far greater disaster of her who was a thousand times more dear to him—her whom he had kissed once, then lost. Three o'clock came, and with it darkness. Soon Sabatoff entered the room, locked the door, and lit the gas. There was an ominous whiteness in his face.

"What is it?" Drexel whispered, new terror in his heart.

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. Princess Kuratoff is assured of his sympathy to the Cause, and 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. Princess Kuratoff is captured but Drexel escapes. Prince Berloff sees an opportunity, through the deaths of Prince and Princess Kuratoff, to acquire the enormous Kuratoff fortune. Through misrepresentation, he procures an order for their execution from General Kuratoff.

"This afternoon while in my office a record passed through my hands that told me something it was plain we revolutionists were not intended to know."

"Yes, yes?"

"The worst has happened. Sonya and Borodin are condemned to die."

Drexel's legs gave way beneath him and he sank slowly to the couch. "Condemned to die?"

Sabatoff nodded. "Condemned by their father."

There was silence.

Drexel's lips formed, "When do they—" and stilled.

"At four to-morrow morning."

"In twelve hours!" he breathed.

Even in this reeling moment Drexel recognized that Freeman was in this crowning calamity. Why had not his hand been stronger out there upon the frozen river! And he recognized in it the diabolic cunning of Berloff—that his motive was the Kuratoff fortune.

He sprang up frantically. "We must do something—at once!"

"Yes—but what?" said Sabatoff.

What, indeed? What could their scattered forces do against those mighty walls, in the bare dozen hours that remained? The two men gazed at each other in silence.

After a moment Drexel gave a start. "There is only one chance!" he breathed quickly.

"And that?"

"I am certain General Kuratoff does not know whom he condemned. If he is told he may do something."

"And then again he may not. You know what a stern old Roman he is."

"But he loves his daughter!"

"And even if he wants to save them he may be able to do little," continued Sabatoff. "In the eyes of the Government Sonya and Borodin are flagrantly guilty. The Government may be inclined to treat them with especial harshness as examples to warn the rest of the nobility from the same course."

"But he may be able to postpone the execution," Drexel cried desperately. "Or have it changed to exile to Siberia for life. This is better, at least, than death in a few hours. It is worth trying!"

"Worth trying—yes. I was not against the plan. I was merely pointing out that we should be conservative in our hopes—that there is only a bare chance."

"A bare chance, yes—but an only chance! I shall go at once!"

Sabatoff caught his arm. "Wait! It is walking into the lion's den. He may put his duty above his love. If he does, he will surely arrest the messenger as being another revolutionist. I shall go myself!"

There was a debate upon this point but Sabatoff had to yield. "Very well. But you must not go to him in that uniform; that may suggest to him that you are the stranger who escaped last night as a gendarme. I shall send my servants away on errands for half an hour, and in the meantime you can get into some of my clothes and leave the house unobserved."

Twenty minutes later Drexel slipped cautiously from the house, and after walking swiftly for a block, caught a sleigh. As he sped along he built a plan upon his hope that Sonya's sentence might be commuted to exile to Siberia. He would organize a secret expedition, manage her escape from the mines of Eastern Siberia, or from some stockaded prison of the Arctic circle, fly with her to the Pacific coast and carry her to safety in America.

As he drew up before the Kuratoff palace he cast a glance up at the softly glowing windows of Sonya's sick-room, then hurriedly rang. Luckily the general was in and Drexel was ushered back into his home office.

The general rose from his papers and greeted Drexel with that finished courtesy which even the harshest of Russia's high officials bestow upon foreigners. "You left us very suddenly out at Prince Berloff's, Mr. Drexel," he said. "You have just got back from Moscow, I suppose."

"Yes," said Drexel.

"In good time for Miss Howard's marriage. And how is my niece?"

"I have not yet seen her."

"Ah, out I suppose. She is in great demand. She will make a very popular Russian, your cousin." He held out a golden cigarette case.

"I don't care to smoke—thank you, Prince."

"Pardon me if I do," and he lit a cigarette and settled back in comfort.

"I—the fact is," Drexel began chokingly, "this is not a social call. I should have said so. I came on business."

"Business?" The prince raised his heavy eyebrows. "I am at your service."

For a moment Drexel hesitated and for that moment he wondered how that stern old warrior, puffing there at his ease, would take the revelation about his son and daughter. Would he inflexibly allow this execution to go on? And he had an instantaneous fear for himself. Would he order his arrest when he guessed his connection with the revolutionists?

"I am at your service," the prince repeated.

"I came about two prisoners whom you ordered to be executed to-morrow morning—Borodin and Sonya Varanoff."

The prince straightened up. "How did you learn of this, Mr. Drexel?" he asked sharply.

"It does not matter, since it is true. Do you know who Borodin is?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Drexel, if I refuse to be catechized upon matters pertaining to my official business," he returned, coldly.

"And pardon me, Prince, if I insist."

The tense seriousness of Drexel caught his attention. "Eh—what's the matter?"

"Do you know who he is?"

"Oh, I suppose there is no reason why I should not tell you; it will be all over the city to-morrow. He is Borski."

Drexel leaned forward. "Yes—yes—but do you know who else he is?"

"I think that knowing he is Borski is quite enough," was the grim response.

"Not enough for you, Prince."

"For me? What do you mean?"

"That for you he is some one far more important than Borski."

"Who?"

"Prince Vladimir Kuratoff."

The commanding figure rose, and the ruddy color fled his cheeks.

"My son?"

"Your son."

"You are—you are certain of this?"

"Certain."

He stared at Drexel.

Drexel stood up. "And do you know who Sonya Varanoff is?"

"Who is she?"

"Princess Olga Kuratoff."

"Olga!" he gasped.

His face overspread with ashy horror. But the next instant it cleared, and he gave a cry of relief.

"It's all a mistake, Mr. Drexel! But for a moment how you did frighten me!"

"It is not a mistake!"

"It is, and the proof of it is that my daughter is in this house, dangerously ill."

"But should she not be in this house, what would that prove?"

"Not in this house?" He staggered back a pace.

"Look in her room," said Drexel.

The prince gazed a moment at Drexel's pale face, then turned and fairly plunged away. "Keep the deception from the servants," Drexel warned in a whisper as he reentered the room. His face was blanched and was filled with fear and horror. "She's not there—you may be right—I am going to the fortress," he said in a husky whisper.

He started out. Drexel caught his arm.

"What are you going to do?"

"I do not know."

"But I must know what you do!"

"Wait here, then, he said."

A chaos of fear, doubt, pride, shame and wrath, the prince sent his horse galloping past the palaces that border the Neva, over the Palace bridge, and through the dark, arched gateway of the fortress. Here he sprang from his sleigh and started to hurry into the governor's office; then remembering himself, he slowed down and strode in with all the dignity of a military governor.

The place of the imprisoned Governor Delwig had been that day filled by Colonel Kavelin of Odessa, who had previously been determined on as Delwig's successor and who had arrived in St. Petersburg the evening before. The new chief of the prison, burly, heavy-faced, greeted Prince Kuratoff with obsequious, flurried pleasure; which the prince returned with the hauteur that a high official gives one far beneath him.

"I came over, Colonel Kavelin," he said, "on a matter of business concerning the prisoners Borodin and Sonya Varanoff."

"Yes, yes," said the gratified governor. "All is ready for the execution. Everything will be carried out just as your excellency commanded."

"I desire to examine them upon certain points. Let me see them at once."

"Certainly. Will your excellency examine them here? I can be a witness to their testimony, and my clerk here can take it down."

"No. I wish to see them in their cells, alone. Put them both into one cell."

"It shall be done immediately," said the governor, and withdrew.

He presently returned, and led the prince through chill, dark corridors. The utter prison stillness was broken only by the chimes of the fortress cathedral, sounding out the hymn, "How Glorious is Our God in Zion." Before the dungeon doors stood silent guards. Here was the dungeon said to be the one in which Peter the Great with his own hand slew his son Alexis; here the dungeon in which Catherine II entombed those who dared lift their voices against her murder of her husband. Dungeons of a black and awful present.

Colonel Kavelin stooped and thrust a key into a door. Prince Kuratoff asked the governor to call for him in fifteen minutes; then he stepped into the dungeon and the bolts grated behind him.

There was a table, a chair and a bed, all chained to the granite wall. On the table burned a single candle—on the bed sat a man and a woman, their arms about each other.

The prince stood stock still, all his fears realized. The pair arose. For a space father and children gazed at each other in a silence that was a part of the chill silence of this vast, cold tomb. First the prince's gaze

had centered on Sonya; then on the son whom he had not seen these five years—a man of thirty, as tall as his father, but more slender, with soft, dark hair brushed straight back from a broad forehead. There were dignity and nobility and power in his bearing, and high purpose glowed in his deep-set eyes.

It was Sonya who ended the silence. She took a hesitant step forward.

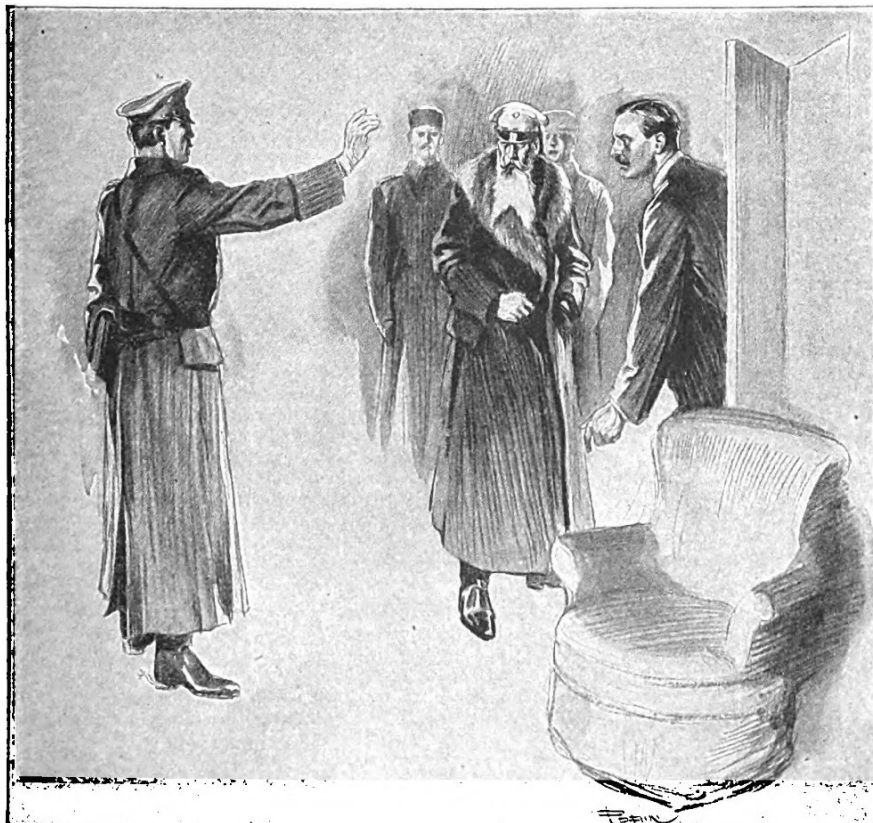
"Father!" she whispered.

He did not move. Now that doubt and suspense were over, it was the turn of wrath. His cheeks slowly crimsoned, the thick gray brows drew together, and from beneath flashed an awful fire.

"So!" he burst out; "these political criminals are my own children!"

[Continued on page 441]

"Stop, Prince. Remember you can not speak"



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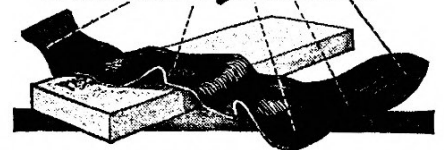
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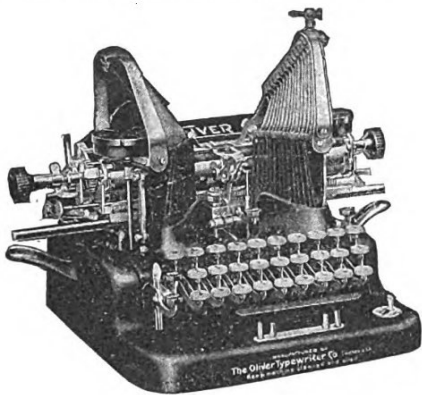
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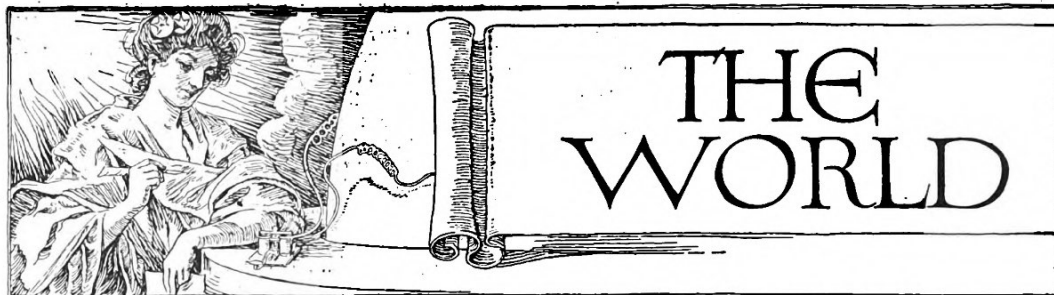
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(33)



The Month in America

RECENT developments in the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy have made it apparent that Louis D. Brandeis is preparing to bring his case against Secretary Ballinger to a sensational climax. Mr. Brandeis has charged the national administration with "plugging" the records in order to provide justification for the action of President Taft in discharging Glavis and retaining Ballinger.

A Charge Against Wickersham

To make it clear just what Attorney Brandeis is getting at it is necessary to understand the chronology of the events in this case. On August 18, 1909, Glavis delivered to President Taft, at Beverly, his statement concerning the relation of the Interior Department to the Cunningham coal claims in Alaska. On September 13, President Taft wrote his famous letter to Secretary Ballinger, in which he exonerated Ballinger and directed that Glavis be dismissed.

On December 2, following this, there was made public the fact that Attorney-General Wickersham had written a long report vindicating Ballinger and justifying the discharge of Glavis. This Wickersham report was dated September 11, two days before the President's letter vindicating Ballinger and discharging Glavis. That is to say, the sequence of these dates would argue that if the President made any mistake in his action of September 13, he did it on the advice of his Attorney-General, and after having had two days to study the very complete review of the case prepared by the Attorney-General.

Mr. Brandeis has set about to prove that the Wickersham letter of September 11 was not written on September 11; that its preparation was an afterthought inspired by the necessity to perfect a record which should justify the President's course; and that there are internal evidences in the Wickersham letter itself to show that it could not have been written till long after the date it bore.

Mr. Brandeis asked the investigating committee to call for the original drafts, notes, etc., of the Wickersham letter, but the committee refused to call for the data. All the Republicans on the committee except Mr. Madison, of Kansas, Insurgent, voted against calling for the documents; the Democrats all voted to call for them. A resolution calling for these papers was introduced into the House a few days later. It seems certain that if Mr. Brandeis pursues this inquiry, he will either force the committee to bring in the documents, or else will establish in the public mind the feeling that this investigation is not a sincere effort to get at the facts.

WILLIAM LORIMER, Republican boss of Chicago for years, was elected last year to the Senate by a combination of machine Republican and machine Democratic legislators. State Representative Charles A. White, Democrat, has published

Bribery Charges in Illinois

a detailed statement of receiving one thousand dollars for his vote, and report is that State's Attorney Weyman, investigating the charges, has secured testimony from other legislators bearing out the White charge and pointing to wholesale bribery in securing the election. If indictments are returned in Illinois, on the bribery charges, there will be little delay in instituting a Senatorial investigation looking to declaring the seat vacant. The Senate is the only body that can push Lorimer out of his seat. The deal which elected him was one of the most malodorous of Senatorial scandals in years, whether bribery shall be proved or not; and the State's Attorney has confidently declared that he has a strong array of evidence sustaining the White charges.

AFTER a sharp contest the House of Representatives voted for two first-class battleships. The program of two Dreadnaughts annually seems established in our naval policy, to be continued so long as other powers persist in the naval expansion race. Under the agreement made two years ago by the Senate leaders it is regarded as certain that the Senate will agree to this program and that the two battleships will be left in the law.

Two New Battleships

WITH the Insurgents seemingly in control at both ends of the Capitol at Washington, the fate of the Taft-Wickersham railroad bill is in doubt. The Insurgents attacked the bill as a veiled attempt to repeal the anti-trust law, as to railroads. Their fight seemed hopeless for a long time.

Railway Bill Amended

On a motion to strike out the court of commerce the Insurgents were defeated in the Senate, while in the House a like motion resulted in a tie. Senator Cummins introduced an amendment to Section 7, relating to traffic agreement, providing that they must be filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission, that the rates intended to be established must be filed with the agreements, and may not be effective till approved by the commission. This would have ended the complaint of repealing the Sherman law; but it was defeated, thirty-five to twenty-nine. Mr. Cummins introduced at once a new amendment, that no rates should be increased, through traffic agreements, without approval of the commission. This would have accomplished much the same purpose. Meanwhile the quasi-scandal over the former amendment's defeat had become so serious that the organization withdrew Sections 7 and 12. The latter legalized mergers where one railroad controlled the stock of another.

Meanwhile the House had adopted a provision for physical valuation, had stricken out Sections 7 and 12, had put telephones and telegraphs under the Interstate Commission, and had voted down a motion to strike out the long-and-short-haul provisions. The bill is thus being pruned down to the point, where it is doubted, as we write, if the regulars, the reactionary Democrats and the President, will permit it to pass. The Progressives, led by Cummins, Borah, La Follette, Dolliver and Clapp, have strongly opposed the capitalization sections and these are likely to be cut out and a fight made to substitute something effective. These Senators have given a masterly analysis of the bill, and performed a magnificent service. They have proved the charges, long ago outlined in these columns, that while pretending to be progressive, the bill as drawn by the administration lawyers, was utterly reactionary.

AT THE opening of the present Congress, in making up the Committee on the Election of President, Vice-President and Representatives, Speaker Cannon packed it to prevent legislation for publicity of campaign expenditures. Representative Norris of Nebraska, who in the last Congress forced this bill out of committee, was left off.

Campaign Publicity in Sight

Despite this, a combination of Democrats and Independent Republicans has forced the bill out and through the House. The Progressive Senators are planning to force action in the Senate.

THE taking of the decennial census is one of the few Government activities which brings Uncle Sam into direct contact with the average citizen. Little wonder that the seventy thousand enumerators, covering from four hundred to two thousand names each, have found many people who do not know how to act in the presence of their government.

Taking the Count

Curiously enough, the census men have met with discourtesy and refusal to answer, not so much among working people or even foreign born, but among the exclusive rich who resented Uncle Sam's poking his elongated nose into their private affairs. Some had to be threatened with arrest before they were persuaded to satisfy the Government's reasonable curiosity.

This census-taking is a very important matter. Its results are the basis for legislation and for numerous government activities. Most important of all, it is the means for determining the representation of the various States in Congress. For this reason the coming elections have an unusual significance, for the redistricting of a State, resulting from its increased population, may be turned to the advantage of the party in power. It has been estimated that the present Republican majority in the lower House is larger by twenty-five by reason of that party's very efficient use of the gerrymander and that the Democrats might conceivably reverse the situation with a gain of fifty seats.

IN A NUT-SHELL



EAST of the Allegheny Mountains, progressive Republican voters, hopeless of getting control of their own party, seem disposed to ally themselves with the Democracy. In the West, the Republican progressives are better organized and are making their fight within the party.

Insurgency East and West

In the Fourteenth Massachusetts district, Eugene N. Foss, Democrat, was elected to Congress by a big majority, in an overwhelmingly Republican district. In the Thirty-second New York district (Rochester), James S. Havens, Democrat, overturned a Republican majority of about ten thousand and was elected to Congress by nearly six thousand. From all parts of the East come reports of like political temper.

On the other hand, the Indiana Republican convention endorsed Beveridge, Insurgent, for reelection to the Senate, gave dubious endorsement to Taft, and adopted a tariff plank which demands real revision as soon as possible. The Progressives were in complete control, and while Indiana is in bad shape for the Republicans, Beveridge may carry the Legislature because of the state's determination to endorse his independent course. The Indiana Democrats in convention endorsed John W. Kern as their Senatorial candidate. National committeeman Tom Taggart appeared to make a fight for the endorsement, but there is reason to believe that his defeat in the convention was more apparent than real.

It is possible that Democratic confidence overestimates the significance of the recent results in New York and Massachusetts. In the Massachusetts case, a weak Republican ran against a strong Democrat. In the New York election, the Republican candidate, Aldridge, would probably have won had it not been shown that Aldridge, while a State Senator, had received a check for one thousand dollars from an insurance lobbyist.

MORE significant than these Congressional results is the announcement that Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island, actual, and Senator Hale of Maine, titular leader of the Senate, will not be candidates for reelection. The effect on the Senate can not be described by any less vigorous word than revolutionary. With them will go the last of the famous "old guard" which included Morrill, Spooner, Quay, Allison and Platt of Connecticut.

The Passing of the Bourbons

Hale withdrew on the plea of failing health. Insurgency seriously threatened his defeat. "He that hath no stomach for the fight, let him depart," said Attorney-General Wickersham in a recent speech. The advice was intended for Insurgents, but was first taken by the twin leaders of reactionary Republicanism.

Aldrich's withdrawal from the Rhode Island race is accepted with salt. There has been bitter opposition to him, and it will be less expensive to elect a Republican legislature if he is not under consideration. If the Republicans comfortably control the Legislature elected in November, Mr. Aldrich will very likely yield to the insistence of admiring friends and permit himself to be elected again. In any case, the fact that Insurgency in New England has caught such stalwart figures as Hale and Aldrich and swept them from their moorings is about the most significant thing in politics this year.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL WICKERSHAM has secured conviction in Kentucky of members of the Tobacco Raisers' organization which is charged with trying to force prices up by holding the crop from the market. The convictions have impressed many people that the Anti-trust Act seems more efficient against labor and agricultural organizations than against great aggregations of capital. The Danbury Hatters' case and this Kentucky verdict strongly suggest that labor organizations, the Farmers' Union, the Society of Equity, etc., are likely to find the Anti-trust Law a serious bar.

Tobacco and Cotton Conspiracies

Recently the Attorney General heard that about three months ago a pool was formed to control the remainder of the 1909-1910 cotton crop. The story goes that this contract provided for carrying three hundred thousand bales, none of which was to be resold, and no delivery made before November 1. The price of cotton has gone so high, whether through speculative or legitimate causes, that twenty-five per cent. of the cotton mill operatives have been thrown out of employment. The Attorney-General concluded that a contract to keep cotton off the market was a conspiracy in restraint of trade. The people accused of forcing up the price denied the charge and declared that the Attorney-General had been used to break the market.

THE selection of Charles E. Hughes for the Supreme bench has met with great popular favor not, however, unmixed with misgivings. Already it is apparent that the withdrawal of Governor Hughes from New York politics will be followed by an effort of the gang politicians to regain control. There is nobody in sight to continue Hughes' fight for primary elections and other reforms. While Governor Hughes is an excellent lawyer, of the character and vigor needed on the Supreme bench, the appointment removes from active public life an executive with a rare combination of honesty, efficiency and independence. Moreover, Governor Hughes seems to be of the belief that Constitution and laws should be construed pretty literally. In view of the difficulty of changing our Constitution and laws, it is doubted whether such construction will so fully meet the needs of the times as would the policy of liberal construction.

Justice Hughes

By this appointment New York is losing an able executive officer; if the country gains thereby a great judge New York will not complain.

THE Supreme Court has set down the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases for reargument. It is expected Justice Moody and Justice Hughes will then sit with the court and the cases will be submitted at the October term and decided soon thereafter. The announcement of delay has given a favorable tone to the stock market, the Street believing that argument was necessary because the court was so evenly divided that it was not deemed desirable to have an incomplete bench decide the cases.

No Trust Decisions

TENNESSEE faces political revolution as a result of Governor M. R. Patterson's pardon of Colonel Duncan B. Cooper, eleven minutes after the State Supreme Court had affirmed Cooper's conviction for the murder of former Senator Edward Ward Carmack. Before the reading of the Court's opinion had been finished, the pardon was issued.

Stormy Times in Tennessee

Cooper managed Patterson's first campaign for Governor, in which Carmack led the opposition. Carmack, as editor of the Nashville *Tennessean*, wrote editorials about Cooper which brought about the murder. Col. Cooper and his son, Robin Cooper, were sentenced to twenty years each. While their appeal was pending, the Democratic State Committee, controlled by Patterson and Cooper, ordered a primary to nominate candidates for State offices, including Supreme judges. The plan placed the political fortunes of the Supreme judges absolutely under Patterson's control. Three of the five justices at once bolted and became independent candidates. Other Democrats followed, and soon afterward the Court decided the Cooper case, affirming the sentence against Col. Cooper by a vote of three to two, and remanding the case of Robin Cooper by the same vote.

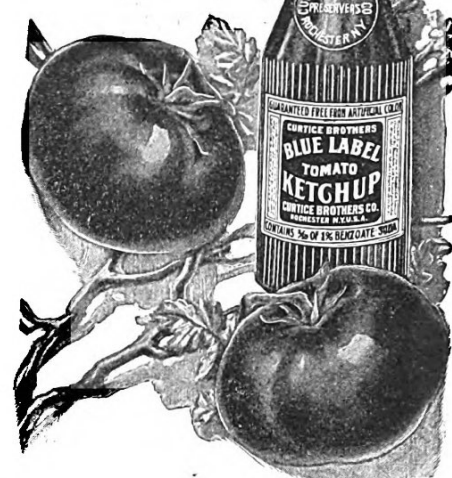
The pardon caused tremendous indignation. Patterson replied by announcing his candidacy for a third term. He will be nominated by his own faction, the opposing Democratic element will make another nomination, and the result may be the election of a Republican governor. The most hopeful view ventures no further than to trust that more bloodshed may be avoided.

OUR mythical visitor, the Man from Mars, would undoubtedly conclude that the earth is peopled by a race of beings whose chief interests in life are Theodore Roosevelt and Halley's comet. Certain it is that there has been a bull movement in astronomy this year. Respectable citizens have stayed up till dawn searching the starry heavens and getting on speaking terms with the universe. Folks who a year ago didn't know Mr. Halley ever had a comet now speak glibly of its seven billion mile lap, its thousand miles per minute and its hundred-million mile tail which could be packed into a hat box. Speculation has been rife as to the effect of a head-on collision with it and total strangers have argued hotly about the composition of its tail. Its visit has been blamed for the April storms, the high cost of living, the Democratic landslide in Massachusetts, and a bad case of chickenpox in Kalamazoo.

Welcoming the Comet

Yet in all its twenty-five known visits to this neighborhood, Halley's comet never has been welcomed more intelligently, with less of mysticism and hysteria. Comets and eclipses lost their terrors when man first did them into a time table.

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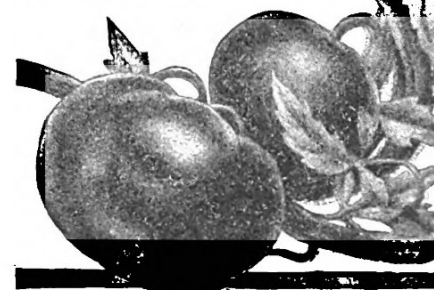
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THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

HE mocked adversity and he laughed at shams; he hated the pomp of royalty and he loved the great kindly common people from which he sprang. He was a humorist but not a buffoon. His was a deep but kindly philosophy. Is it any wonder that when Samuel L. Clemens died he was sincerely mourned, not only throughout the length and breadth of his native land but all over the civilized world.

Mark Twain,
Democrat

For half a century the world laughed with Mark Twain—chuckled over the "Jumping Frog," delighted in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," but saw also the deeper message of the "Connecticut Yankee" and the "Prince and the Pauper." People read him because he was a humorist, but they loved him because he was a democrat.

Mark Twain's philosophy of true democracy is wonderfully expressed in this passage from his own pen: "You see, my kind of loyalty was loyalty to one's country, not to its institutions or its office holders. The country is the real thing, the substantial thing, the eternal thing; it is the thing to watch over, and care for, and be loyal to; institutions are extraneous; they are its mere clothing, and clothing can wear out, become ragged, cease to be comfortable, cease to protect the body from winter, disease and death. To be loyal to rags, to shout for rags, to worship rags, to die for rags—that is a loyalty of unreason; it is pure animal; it belongs to monarchy; was invented by monarchy; let monarchy keep it."

PRINCETON'S President, Woodrow Wilson, in an address before the Pittsburg alumni, gave utterance to some very startling opinions on the control of our large privately endowed universities by wealthy men. The result of this money domination, President Wilson said, is stifling to the spirit of democracy among the students. The State universities of the West are growing in favor and influence for democracy because they are free from the baleful influence of rich contributors.

Straight Talk
from Woodrow
Wilson

President Wilson has had significant experiences with Princeton contributors and knows whereof he speaks. We believe he is voicing the sentiment of the country when he says we must look to the State institutions, not those privately endowed, for the leaders of the movement for a new and greater democracy.

A PARTY of explorers headed by Thomas Lloyd report that they reached the summit of Mt. McKinley on April 3. This is the expedition which left Fairbanks, Alaska, on December 22, for the purpose of verifying or disproving Dr. Frederick A. Cook's claim that he ascended Mt. McKinley. They report that the mountain is 20,500 feet in height, but that the obstacles encountered were not as great as they expected. They planted the American flag on the summit. Although they tried to verify Dr. Cook's route by his maps and book, they claim to have found no record of his having scaled the peak. This seems to put the final crimp in the Brooklyn man's pretensions.

Mt. McKinley
Really Climbed

FOR the first time in our history a great American city has voted the Socialist ticket. This election in Milwaukee was no accident, no fluke. The Social Democrats based their campaign upon the doctrines of international socialism supplemented by a practical reform local program. Upon this platform, Emil Seidel was elected mayor by a plurality of over 7,100 votes; his party elected twenty-one out of the thirty-five City Councilmen, obtained control of the Board of Supervisors, and got a foothold in the Civil judiciary. Victor H. Berger, the ruling spirit of the Milwaukee Socialists, was elected Alderman-at-large.

Socialist
Milwaukee

Yet one need not be a follower of Karl Marx or an advocate of the social revolution to view with approval the result in Milwaukee, to watch developments there with keen interest. The Mayor-elect and his associates do not propose in the next two years to abolish Capitalism or to establish a Utopia. They do propose to purify the city's politics, to work for home rule, initiative and referendum and municipal ownership, for better schools and cheap lunches for the children, for better and cheaper transportation, gas, ice, fuel, water and bread, and for trade-union conditions of labor. They are calling in experts in municipal affairs from all over the country for counsel. Best of all, they promise that they will work and fight for these reforms in a spirit of democracy.

If the vigor, honesty and determination of this young party can bring even part of these reforms in the next two years Milwaukee will still be the gainer.

A FEW feeble rays of light have recently broken in upon the ultimate consumer. There have been some reductions in prices of meats and produce, and wholesalers have declared the tendency as to staples is now downward. The consumer has not yet very distinctly felt the change, but he may be sustained by knowledge that the tide has begun to turn. Authorities in Illinois, Missouri and New Jersey have been getting close on the trail of the meat trust, and Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the pure food evangel, has been telling Congressional committees of the specific menaces of the cold storage process in deteriorating and at the same time increasing the price of food. Dr. Wiley regards storage as a legitimate function which, properly conducted, ought to equalize prices and benefit the consumer. Too frequently it is the means of cornering, monopolizing and extorting.

Hope for the
Consumer

THE movement toward the increase of wages in the big industries and railroads is unmistakable; how far it will extend it is difficult to say. Some of the increases granted to the workmen have been forced by threats of strikes; others have been voluntary. In both cases the cause is the same: the necessity that there become sort of relation between the wage of labor and the cost of living.

Wages Going Up

The United States Steel Corporation's six per cent. raise is notable, adding nine million dollars to the annual pay-roll. The New York Central has offered its men a six per cent. increase and the matter is under arbitration. The Delaware and Lackawanna and the Delaware and Hudson have made similar overtures to their employees and the matter is resting upon the decision in the Central. The Boston and Maine has made an increase of about eleven per cent., raising passenger rates simultaneously. The Baltimore and Ohio has gone up six per cent.; firemen on the Erie have obtained an eight per cent. raise. Montreal street-car workers have received an unsolicited increase. Philadelphia's car men have gone back to work on the company's recent terms, but Hartford, Pittsburg and Worcester are threatened with street-car strikes.

IT REALLY looks as though we were making progress in the direction of a sane Fourth of July celebration. Mayor Gaynor of New York City has ordered that the existing law against the discharge of fireworks, firearms and crackers shall not be suspended on Independence Day, but shall be strictly enforced.

A Bloodless
Fourth Possible

Besides the communities which enlisted in the sane Fourth movement in 1909, the following large cities are planning for at least partial reform this year: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Portland, Oregon, Pittsburg, Indianapolis, Newark, Albany, Detroit, and many Massachusetts and Connecticut cities.

A substitute for homicide and arson which would satisfy the fun-loving young person has not been so easy to find. Springfield, Massachusetts, did very well last year with a parade in which boys and girls took part. Patriotic exercises won't do the work, because they imply dressing up, sitting still, keeping clean and such abominations, but parades, games, races, concerts and municipal fireworks will go a long way.

President Taft and the Governors of twenty-three States have expressed sympathy with this reform. A form of celebration which in the last seven years has killed and maimed thirty-four thousand people, mostly children, must be modified without further delay.

POURING oil on the troubled waters will be much more than a metaphor if a plan offered by the U. S. Hydrographic office is carried out. Its serious proposal is to keep the path between New York and the northern European ports well oiled so that the waves may be kept down and passengers may cross in perfect comfort.

Oiling the
Atlantic

The Hydrographic office knows a lot about waves and claims that nothing is so bad for 'em as oil. Moreover, oil spreads quickly and thinly over the water and hence the calming can be done at small expense. A quart of cheap petroleum an hour for each ship would, they say, do the work in decent weather, and twenty-five dollars per trip ought to cover it easily. With the big liners constantly passing, the part carried away by the ocean currents would be restored without delay.

Maybe some day we shall have a wrecking crew to repair mid-ocean washouts in the oil track. Meanwhile the Hydrographic office will need more than crude oil to calm the storm or ridicule which this plan of theirs has awakened. Veteran sea captains claim that they have never yet seen an ocean that would hold still long enough to be oiled.

THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

The Month Abroad

As THEODORE ROOSEVELT proceeds upon his triumphal march through Europe it becomes evident that the extraordinary admiration which Americans feel toward the ex-President is shared by our world-neighbors.

The enthusiastic crowds which have greeted Mr. Roosevelt upon this trip, the signal honors that have been accorded him by the rulers and the sincere deference with which the European press has greeted his utterances all indicate that he is regarded not only as the foremost American, but also, as the vice-rector of the University of Paris puts it, as the "voice of the New World." In a different figure the Philadelphia *North American* calls him "The American spirit on tour."

They understand us better in Europe since they have seen Roosevelt; they sense our new militant, vigorous spirit of democracy. We are glad he went to Europe and we are very glad he is coming home again.

THE death of King Edward VII. in his sixty-ninth year has brought a truce in England's bitter political and social contentions. Edward VII. was a universally popular ruler; mourning for his death has united for the time the conflicting elements in England's constitutional struggle.

King Edward's activities during the nine years of his reign fall naturally into two distinct classes.

He was in reality his own minister of foreign affairs. In this capacity he achieved a friendly understanding with France, Italy, Spain and Portugal, a definite amicable agreement with Russia, and a strengthened influence for England in Southeastern Europe. These achievements were partially at the expense of the prestige of his nephew, Emperor William, but with this exception Edward's influence was decidedly for the peace of Europe.

At home King Edward's policy was that of aloofness from his country's political contentions. His attitude during the crisis of the last year of his reign was tactful, unselfish and patriotic. The new king, George V., comes in with universal good wishes, but there are doubts as to his ability to deal with the present situation.

If the Liberals win the people's endorsement for the policy of curbing the power of the House of Lords, the new monarch will be expected to aid the movement by the creation of Liberal peers. King Edward's death has rendered the English crisis more acute than ever.

POSSIBILITY of another American intervention in Cuba has been brought in sight by disturbances in several provinces. The negroes are disaffected because the Gomez government has not met all their expectations.

When the American troops were last withdrawn from the Islands it was widely predicted that they would be there again within two years and that annexation would result. The comment is frequently echoed from Havana that if the American sugar and tobacco interests are finally ready to have Cuba taken over, there will probably be a serious uprising followed by annexation.

Women Everywhere

UNCLE SAM has gone into the cook-book business. The Department of Agriculture has recently published several books upon advanced cooking methods. One of these is entitled "Economical Use of Meat in the Home." It deals with the importance of meat as a food in America, furnishing as it does one-sixth of the total food consumed, one-third of the protein and more than one-half the fat. It discusses the various cuts of meat, their food values and what kind of cooking is necessary to make them palatable. It shows how a soup bone may be made to look like real meat.

When the Beef Trust told us that the cheaper cuts of meat were good enough if properly cooked, we regarded this remark as an unwarranted impertinence. We were paying them for meat, not advice, and, besides, the cheaper cuts refused to remain cheap. We don't mind this line of talk so much, though, coming from the Government.

Other volumes of Uncle Sam's household friend deal with the cooking of vegetables, the baking of bread and the care of food. No home should be without Uncle Sam's cook book and first aid to brides. No home is complete without it.

ACHIEVEMENTS in aeronautics follow each other in an unbroken line. In France Daniel Kneit remained in the air with an aeroplane and one passenger for two hours and twenty minutes, creating a new world's record. A New Jersey girl has invented a new kind of biplane and intends to fly in it if it is willing. A twenty-horse-power monoplane, the biggest in the world, is being constructed and its optimistic builder expects to travel equally well on land, water or air. Near Paris work has already begun on a one thousand acre aerodrome.

New Wonders in Aeronautics

Ballooning has been given a setback by the plunging of the *Pommern* into the Baltic Sea, with the loss of three lives, and by the destruction in a storm of the magnificent German dirigible, *Zeppelin II*.

Surpassing in spectacular interest all the other events of a busy month was the aeroplane race from London to Manchester between Louis Paulhan, the Frenchman, and Graham White of England. The Frenchman won brilliantly, covering the one hundred and eighty-five miles with only one stop and winning the *Daily Mail's* \$50,000 prize.

THE great poet, novelist and dramatist of Norway, Björnstjerne Björnson, is dead after a lifetime spent in the service of his people. For Björnson was much more than a man of letters; he was a social reformer, a democrat, a patriot. Every play he wrote, every novel, every song had for its object the liberation or betterment of his people. For half a century he labored unceasingly for the separation of his country from Sweden, and died happy in its accomplishment. Like Tolstoy, he defied kings and parliaments and the powers were no match for his pen, but Björnson was the interpreter of the joys as well as the wrongs of his people, and his simple songs gripped the heart of the common man.

The Great Norwegian

It seems certain this time that King Menelik of Abyssinia is dead. Considering how long it is since we first began to hear of the death of this descendant of Solomon, it is hard to realize that he was only sixty-six years old and had not finished the twenty-first year of his reign. He is succeeded by a grandson fourteen years old.

Menelik Dead Again

When Menelik came to the throne Italy claimed suzerainty over Abyssinia. The king sharply disagreed, and getting together an army of his mountaineers, he captured a big Italian force. Despite the humiliation, Italy gave up the struggle and consented to a peace which recognized the independence of Abyssinia. Since that time European countries have kept hands off and waited for Menelik to die. The country is nearly as large as Texas, has about nine million people, and is the only sovereignty in Africa worthy of the name which sustains itself absolutely independent of any European country.

Nor very many women could be expected to tell such a secret, but Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has told how she keeps her complexion the admiration and envy of all the royal ladies of Europe. Being a queen, and enjoying a social status that is reasonably secure, she has generously let all womankind into her secret. She has a half dozen lemons squeezed into her bath each day. This, perfumed to taste, the queen regards as almost a guaranty of good complexion.

The Complexion of a Queen

OUR in Western Canada the progress of empire is slackening because there are no women for the men to marry. The Women's Guild of Montreal has arranged for four thousand young women to be brought over from Europe this summer and sent to the North-western Provinces, nominally as domestic servants. In fact, however, it is anticipated that the lonesome young men out there will provide them with better situations. 'Twas ever thus. The foundations of our Virginia aristocracy were laid in precisely the same way.

Wives Wanted

Wives Wanted



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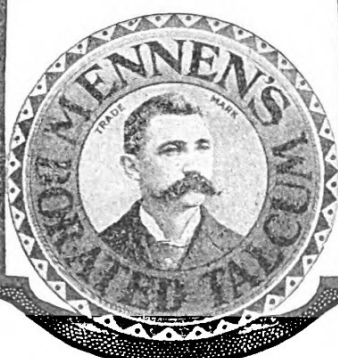
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THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

BY A curious fatality, what was intended as a demonstration of the national importance of votes for women was turned into a demonstration of the extreme unwisdom of hissing a President. The National American Woman's Suffrage Association in convention at Washington invited President Taft to address them and were frankly delighted when he accepted. During the

Discourtesy to the President

course of his speech, however, he made some rather ill-timed remarks about Hottentots and other unintelligent beings which brought forth a distinct and unmistakable hiss. The President then felt obliged to remind his women hearers that self-restraint is one of the most important qualifications for the conduct of government, and would n't they please try to behave.

Of course the association regretted the incident and apologized for the discourtesy, and there seems to be some doubt whether the demonstration was made by members or outsiders. As a people we do not believe in hissing Presidents, because we have effective ways of expressing our disapproval of the officer without being disrespectful to the office. It is unfortunate that so worthy a cause as universal suffrage should have been injured by such a performance.

CRADLES are going out; children are not wearing them any more. People tell us that rocking is unhygienic; babies, according to modern idea should go to sleep naturally in a stationery germ-proof bed with antiseptic pillows and a sanitized rattle. Sentiment may save the cradle for a little while, but sooner or later it will go to the dusty attic along with the hair-cloth sofa. Maybe the infant of to-morrow will bear up somehow under these accumulated misfortunes, will struggle along somehow to maturity, but what about the artists, the poets, the song writers. What a world of sentiment and melody has been woven around the theme of the mother and the gently rocking cradle. What kind of song will the poor poet of the future be able to make about an enameled iron crib with brass trimmings!

Cradles Unfashionable

IN the recent political campaign in France the women took an unusually prominent part. A number of women were candidates for the Chamber of Deputies upon a platform which included the right to vote, equal pay for equal work and reform of the laws governing matrimonial rights. The campaign was purely educational and no woman was in serious danger of being elected.

Women in French Politics

The versatile mind of one French woman devised an appearance at a political meeting accompanied by an idiot, who, she explained, had a right to vote under the law while she had not.

A REAL step in social progress was the recent decision of the Illinois Supreme Court on the ten-hour law for women. "We are of the opinion," said the Court, "that the statute limiting the time to ten hours in any one day in which a female shall work in any mechanical establishment or factory or laundry is a legitimate exercise of the police power of the State."

The Ten-Hour Day Legal

This decision is of great importance in various ways. It at once affects perhaps thirty thousand women and girls now working over ten hours daily in Illinois. It establishes the principle of applying the police power of the State in restricting freedom of contract for the public welfare. It will give encouragement to the making of similar laws in all the States.

But there is still another result of this victory—perhaps the most important of all. Louis D. Brandeis, in his remarkable brief for the validity of the law, called upon the judges to take cognizance of the well-known fact that women's strength and capacity to endure excessive conditions of labor is limited and that their health and that of their children demands relief.

Obvious as this may seem, it required this declaration of the court to establish the principle that what "is known to all men and what we know as men we can not profess to be ignorant of as judges."



Mrs. CURTIS'S HOME CORNER

LAST fall when returning from Europe I met a woman on the steamer who had crossed with us in June. "I thought you intended coming back later than we did," I said. "I had to change my plans," she confessed. "I went broke." "Shopping?" I queried. "No," she answered gravely, "I did very little shopping. It was tips. I had not reckoned on the enormity of them, so I ran short." Twenty-five years of this woman's life had been spent as a country school-ma'am. If you have ever lived in the sparsely-settled districts of the Far West and know anything of its terrible winters and hot summers, you can realize that these twenty-five years were no picnic. They had been brightened, however, by a hope and an ambition. During these years she had been planning a trip abroad. Imagine what that long anticipated summer meant to her! During a slight acquaintance with her on the way over I had thought her middle-aged enthusiasm almost ridiculous. When I heard her story I felt a pang of conscience. These years of renunciation and anticipation were almost pathetic. Still, she had but one regret. It was that last fortnight which meant giving up Rome, Venice, Pompeii and a few days on the Mediterranean.

"FOR years," she told me, "I had been gathering all sorts of information about where I wanted to go. I had collected addresses and the rates of pensions in every corner of Europe. I knew what fares would cost. I figured on carriage hire, coaching trips, admittance to all sorts of places, allowing what I fancied might be a fair margin for tips. I miscalculated. Tips took exactly two weeks' expenses out of my funds. Had I not met a Boston woman who wished to stay a

Some Views on the Injustice of Enforced Tips

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

fortnight longer than she had planned and was glad to exchange tickets with me, I should have been stranded in a strange land, for neither love nor money would have secured me a passage at this late date. I have my railroad ticket home and seven dollars, and am trying to decide whether I will luxuriate in a sleeper during my journey or dole it out in tips. There is a certain injustice about tips. I have not been sick and the stewardess has not been called upon for one personal service. I never eat between meals, I take care of my own steamer rug and pillow, so the deck steward has done nothing whatever for me, but when every servant aboard lines up like a row of interrogation points, I suppose I will weaken as I have done a hundred times during the summer and give up my last cent."

I GUESS the little school-ma'am spent two sleepless nights in a day-coach, for I saw her tip as bravely as if she had a pocket full of money. I have always had my own opinion of tips and it is not a very flattering one, either to the system or to the men and women, black or white, who exact them of us everywhere. After listening to that woman's story it looked more than ever like rank injustice. It is hard upon the people of ordinary means who venture out into the world for a vacation and are brought face to face with the institution in all its iniquity. For the class, who, like this hardworking school-ma'am, have to deny themselves a great deal to obtain any small pleasure, it is highway robbery. I saw her give one of those last dollars of hers to a well-fed purser who wore diamonds. He accepted it with a disdainful smile. In all probability his income was six times as large as hers. There is "beer and skittles" in the life of a purser, but pre-

cious little of that sort of thing breaks the monotony of a cross-roads school. We all know that tipping is a deliberate abuse; still, indignant as we feel against it, how many have the hardihood to utterly defy it? Hundreds of times I have been on the verge of turning insurgent against its extortion and against the pauperizing of the people who serve us, then—as millions do—I weaken and give up.

IT CERTAINLY seems as if the price we pay for a seat in the parlor car or a berth in a sleeper is enough to enable a railroad to pay decent working wages to its porters and waiters. Apparently it is not. If there is one public servant I detest more than another it is the obsequious, sooty porter with his smirk and his whisk broom. When I put a coin in his eager hand I feel as if I were being bulldozed into benevolence. That is not a pleasant attitude. Stay-at-homes, who live in the country, know little of the tipping evil. The dweller in a great city, who lives as do millions of city people, needs no description of its daily irritation. It demoralizes service of every sort. It demoralizes the tipper himself. Every time I tip I feel like giving a kick with the tips. I believe implicitly in just payment for every service we receive, but when we tip it is seldom service we require. If you are an apartment-house dweller and pay a rent that means handsome dividends to the owner, the services of a janitor and his half dozen colleagues ought to be included in the rent as much as taxes and insurance.

EVERY day of my life I accept a service from people I would much rather tip than the servile youth who opens a door or reluctantly returns coins for a bill he has changed for me. If I do not leave a portion of it in his palm I am branded within an hour as the meanest person in the house. I would not dream of handing a share of my change to a clerk in a store or the man at the bank, then why to a negro bell-boy? I would rather give a tip to the youngster who gets up at four o'clock every morning to bring us the daily paper. Then, there is the postman. I feel grateful to him for all sorts of good things. There is the girl in the dry-goods store who takes pains to show me what I want. There is the man who earns a living by emptying ashes and garbage, the milkman at work long before daylight, the groceryman, coalman, iceman, the brakeman, engineer and stoker on the trains we use, the conductor and motorman on the street car, the men and women who cleanse our linen in a steaming laundry, the servants in our own home, the girl at the other end of the telephone, the hundreds of human beings who serve us in all sorts of ways. Many of them work for a very low wage. To some we give a remembrance at Christmas, but tip-taking people, like the poor are with us always.

THE entire system is unjust. If a hotel proprietor finds that the four or six or more dollars a day he receives from his "guests" will not permit living wages for his help, let him go into a business for which he is better fitted. Here is a little story for hotel keepers. Last summer I stayed for a week at a Welsh inn where there was such absolute comfort that we hated to move on. Its circular announced prices, and a footnote added that each guest would be charged a shilling extra each week in lieu of tips. This amount was to be divided among the employees, from the girl who brought up the hot water mornings to a dapper young fellow who played major-domo for the establishment. While we were there one rich American woman tipped a chambermaid half a crown. The guest was remonstrated with and the maid was dismissed. The proprietor of the hotel told me he had followed this plan for eighteen years. He paid higher wages than any other house in the place and got the best help obtainable. They stayed on with him because they preferred the certainty of the extra fee they received each week to the fluctuation of tips. If special service was desired, such as an errand boy, a nurse or ladies' maid, someone was detailed to serve immediately and a small fee was added to the weekly bill. This house has enlarged its accommodations year after year, and rooms must be engaged far ahead. Everyone is satisfied. It proves that the public does not grudge a small scheduled tip. There is moral degradation in tip-giving and tip-taking that hurts both classes.

IN ALL honesty we confess—unless we are millionaires, and so few of us can brag of being in that class—that the coins we give up in the course of a year for we don't know exactly what, would cover some luxury we go without or a charity that would give a bit of happiness to us as well as to some one else. That knowledge is not so uncomfortable, however, as the feeling that we don't give tips because we love to but because we are afraid not to do it. Any man would knock another down who called him a coward, yet every American who goes on tipping in the perfectly indiscriminate way we do, is a coward. One sort of tipping I believe in absolutely, though I wish we had a pleasanter name for it. For instance, in my own home, where a maid gives faithful, kindly service year in and year out, I have never felt as if a mere wage paid for it. When there is extra work to be done I believe in paying for it and expressing appreciation that is often valued as much as the gift. I believe in doing the same thing when I go visiting. Every housewife knows how a gracious remembrance of that sort on the part of a guest adds to the cheerfulness of the service.



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EDITORIAL CHAT

The Born Leader

A STRANGER unfamiliar with American methods, on going into one of our big establishments, might get the impression that the hundreds of employees who are hurrying and scurrying about, doing a great deal of talking and bustling, are responsible for the enormous volume of business being done. But if he should go into a certain private office in the establishment, he would probably find sitting there at his desk, a quiet, serene, level-headed man; a man probably of very few words, who dominates and controls all the activities of the hundreds or thousands of employees. He is the head and center, the moving force behind all the hurry, bustle and show.

The man who aspires to leadership must be an organizer. He must not only read men like an open book, but judge accurately what to do with them; how to weigh, measure, and place them.

It seems as natural and as easy for some people to lead, to command and to control others as to breathe. There is something in their very personalities that dominates others. They are born leaders. They do not need to exercise great will-power. They conquer by the very force of their presence—their character—as Hercules conquered those who looked upon his gigantic, powerful figure. No matter what situation they are in, they dominate.

Put a lot of strange cattle together and they will very quickly decide which is to lead the herd. They will lock horns for a while and test their strength, but when the leader has once asserted himself, by common consent of all the rest, who do not question it after the first test, he is master.

On every board of directors or trustees, in every organization of men, there is always one who easily overtops the others; there is always one man who by tacit consent of all the rest is recognized as spokesman, as leader.

The leader is always characterized by positive qualities. He rules by his vigorous affirmatives. There is nothing negative or minus about him. The positive man, the natural leader, is always assertive, while the negative man shrinks, effaces himself, waits for some one else to take the initiative. A natural leader does not need to urge those under him. They will follow wherever he goes.

A good chess player must be able to see a dozen moves ahead. He must keep constantly in mind the unexpected, so that he may meet every move of his opponent.

Looking ahead is characteristic of the leader. It is the man who can see far into the future that is wanted everywhere. The man who can provide for the unexpected, for the emergency, is the safe man.

On the other hand, there is such a thing as knowing so much and seeing so much that it makes one timid about undertaking the lead.

Some one says: "It is generally the man who does not know any better who does the things that can not be done. You see, the blamed fool does not know that it can not be done, so he goes ahead and does it."

Scholarship often kills initiative. Scholars are proverbially timid when it comes to great undertakings. The man who knows little outside of the particular thing he undertakes frequently has courage because he does not see the risks, the possible dangers of failure, of disaster, as clearly as a more intelligent, better educated man sees them. His range of vision is narrow; he just sees the step he is taking, and so he plunges in with all his energy and enthusiasm.

Everywhere there are men who murder the English language every time they open their mouths; men who know almost nothing of books or schools, who are doing things that the college-bred man shrinks from attempting.

Whether the leader be educated or uneducated, he is always able to draw the line between theoretical knowledge and practical ability. He knows that ability that can not be practically applied is useless so far as his work is concerned.

There were many men under General Grant who were better educated, more cultivated, more widely read than he, but who could not transmute their knowledge into power. On the other hand, what Grant knew he could turn to practical use.

You can not be a general and a private at the same time. You must either lead or follow; you must either make the program or help carry it out. You can not do both if you expect to do anything big.

The success of the great general depends largely upon his ability to surround himself with a staff of officers who can carry out his orders, execute his plans. Grant had many officers who could work harder than he, but he could outgeneral them all.

A leader must be a man of prompt decision. If he vacillates, if he never quite knows how to take the next step without consulting some one else, his followers, his employees will soon lose respect for him. "You can not do the biggest things in this world unless you can handle men, and you can not handle men if you are not in sympathy with them."

The greatest leaders are those who combine executive ability with kindness and consideration. Employees will not only follow such a leader, but follow him enthusiastically, work for him nights and holidays—do anything to help him along. But if they see mud at the bottom of his eyes, if he lacks the qualities of manhood, if they see nothing in him to admire and respect, they will follow, if they follow at all, as the slave follows his master.

There is no system, there are no rules of business by which a man can force people to be loyal to him and enthusiastic for his welfare. There must be qualities in himself which will call out their voluntary confidence and respect. They must see that he is businesslike, that he has executive ability, that he has the qualities of leadership. Then they will follow with zeal and loyalty.

If you are a leader, an employer in any line, it is idle to expect that you can call out of your employees qualities which are vastly superior to those you possess yourself. The very idea of leadership is superiority, force of character, executive push, the ability to plan and put an undertaking through to a finish.

If you are afraid of making enemies, do not try to lead, for the moment you step out of the crowd and show originality, individuality, you will be criticized, condemned, caricatured. It is human nature to throw stones at the head lifted above the crowd.

No great leader ever yet escaped the jealousy and envy of those who could not keep up with him or do what he did.

A leader must be positive, aggressive. He must have an iron will, an inflexible purpose, and boldness bordering on audacity; he must be able to defy criticism without being insensible or indifferent to it.

Some of our great leaders have been extremely sensitive in this respect. Criticism was very painful to them, yet they had the qualities of leadership which urged them on in spite of the pain caused by harsh and unjust criticisms. Many worthy young men have retired from the race for leadership because of the sting inflicted by the malice and envy of their fellows. They did not think the honey worth the sting.

Large leadership to-day calls for great breadth of view, for the same qualities which made the leader in the past, but much enlarged and developed to meet the needs of our time. The vast combinations, the enormous interests involved in our large concerns to-day require colossal leadership.

"Organization is the one overpowering necessity of the times. It comes logically of the vast interests put into one business through incorporated capital." There never was such a demand for leaders, men who can do things, as there is to-day.

The Best Thing to Leave Your Children

THE best legacy a man can leave his children is the memory and influence of a large, broad, finely developed mentality, a well disciplined, highly cultured mind, a sweet, beautiful character which has enriched everybody who came in contact with it, a refined personality, a magnanimous spirit.

To leave a clean record, an untarnished name, a name which commanded respect, an honesty and integrity which were above suspicion; this is a legacy worth while, a wealth beyond the reach of fire or flood, disaster or accident on land or sea. This is a legacy allied to divinity.

To bring your children up to respect themselves, to love the right and hate the wrong, to be self-reliant, strong, vigorous and independent, to do their own thinking so they may become leaders instead of trailers—this is to leave them something worth while. They will have power in themselves to help themselves, not imitate

or copy, but live their own lives and form their own creeds. They will not need to apologize or sneak or fawn, but stand erect, look the world in the face without wincing, and feel themselves equal to any environment and masters of the situation by virtue of their own power. Such a legacy will enrich them more than all the millions they could amass.

How many people in this country to-day are really ashamed of the fathers whose money they are spending. They are glad enough to get the money, but they do not like to say much about their fathers' characters or how they acquired wealth.

Is it not unaccountable how men will struggle and strive in order to pile up money, to accumulate a vast fortune for their children, and so coin their own lives, their very life-blood, into dollars which they leave to their children, often with nothing else—no name, no memory which can be revered? Is it not strange that fathers will contend and crowd so hard for that which is cheap and shallow and unsatisfying, and neglect the development of the more permanent, more desirable, more beautiful and lasting qualities?

These shrewd, long-headed men know very well that the chances are small that a son will develop the power of self-help and self-reliance when everybody is telling him that he is a fool to work, that his father is rich, that he should just pitch in and have a good time. These men know how small are the chances of developing that fiber which makes men, that stamina which makes character in the boy who has a fortune left him; yet many of them go blindly on, not seemingly caring anything about the development of their boys' characters—or their own, intent on amassing fortunes which so often prove the ruin of the children who inherit them.



The Magic of Self-Faith

FAITH multiplies ability. Think of a poor French peasant girl of only eighteen, who could not read or write, who knew nothing whatever of warfare, and who had never before been away from her humble home, leading an army to victory when even the Crown Prince did not have confidence enough in his country's cause to be crowned! Where did the power and wisdom come from to enable this weak girl to enhearten a discouraged army, to infuse new life and courage into it, and to do what great generals could not do? Her presence doubled the power of the army. In less than three months after she had assumed leadership she drove the English from Orleans, and in three months the dauphin was crowned King. During the ceremony of coronation, Joan of Arc stood beside him in full armor. The moment her mission was accomplished, she felt that her peculiar power had gone and she begged the king to allow her to return home, because, she said, "the Voices gave her no further command." The king urged her to remain at the head of the army, but her power had departed, and her army was later defeated. Her faith in herself had multiplied her ability more than a thousandfold, but the moment it was gone, her power departed with it.

The world is often amazed at the marvelous achievement of a very ordinary person who has tremendous self-faith. The example of Joan of Arc illustrates the great law, just as the falling of the apple suggested to Newton the law of gravitation. It shows that we use only a very small percentage of our possible power; that we do not begin to do the things we could do if we were inspired by great faith, by supreme self-confidence.

Faith is a tremendous force in one's life. It multiplies one's power immensely. It can remove mountains of difficulty, and make the impossible possible.

Do we wonder at the great ability of a man like J. Pierpont Morgan? A large part of his ability consists in his faith that he can do what he undertakes, and a corresponding painstaking effort in work.

When you have lost your business, your property, your position, or failed in your undertaking, cling tenaciously to your self-faith. No matter what comes to you, never give that up. It is the power that can turn any failure into success.

Faith unlocks doors, opens up the avenues to everything that is good. When it is present, the thing which we desire to do is always possible, but when it is gone, everything we long for goes with it. We can do nothing of value until faith returns, hence it is of the utmost value to keep it alive, to keep it growing, to cultivate it to the utmost.

There are many ways of cultivating faith. We can cultivate it by picturing in our imagination, noble, sublime possibilities, we can cultivate it by aspiring to all that is noble and true, by using every possible method to improve ourselves, and by constantly thinking that we can do what we desire to do, and can be what we aspire to be. To *think* you can is to create the force that can.



It takes courage to work on in silence, and wait, perhaps, until after you are dead for the justification of your acts which nobody understands and which you can not explain without injuring another.

Universal Intercommunication



Universal service as typified by the Bell System today is the result of thirty years of unceasing endeavor.

The equipment for this service includes ten million miles of wire, more than twenty-five thousand miles of underground conduit, buildings enough to house a city of people, thousands of switchboards with millions of tiny electric lights and billions of miles of fine copper threads—over five million telephones in daily use.

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A school teacher out in Kans. says in this connection:

"I commenced the use of Grape-Nuts food five months ago. At that time my health was so poor that I thought I would have to give up my work altogether. I was rapidly losing in weight, had little appetite, was nervous and sleepless, and experienced, almost constantly, a feeling of exhaustion.

"I tried various remedies without good results; then I determined to give particular attention to my food, and have learned something of the properties of Grape-Nuts for rebuilding the brain and nerves.

"I commenced using Grape-Nuts and have since made a constant and rapid improvement in health, in spite of the fact that all this time I have been engaged in the most strenuous and exacting work.

"I have gained twelve pounds in weight and have a good appetite, my nerves are steady and I sleep sound. I have such strength and reserve force that I feel almost as strong and fresh at the close of a day's work as at the beginning.

"Before using Grape-Nuts I was troubled much with weak eyes, but as my vitality increased the eyes became stronger.

"I never heard of food as nutritious and economical as Grape-Nuts."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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

Possibilities for Making Money Appeal to Everyone

It is an established fact that the greatest fortunes have been made from real estate investments.

For the average investor great opportunities are rapidly diminishing in the East—the trend being westward.

But even the West has its good and bad lands. The discriminating investor must exercise careful judgment.

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POINT & PLEASANTRY



Heroic Rescue

THREE year old Montague and two year old Harold were having a bath together in the big tub.

Mother left them a moment while she went into the next room. Suddenly a series of agonized shrieks recalled her. Two dripping, terror-stricken little figures stood, clasped in each other's arms, in the middle of the bathroom floor.

"O, Mother!" gasped Montague. "I got him out! I saved him! The stopper came out and we were going down!"—M. C.

Standing Room Only

KIRKE LA SHELLE met an actor and noticed that he was wearing a mourning band on his arm.

"It's for my father," the actor explained. "I've just come from his funeral."

La Shelle expressed his sympathy. The actor's grief was obviously very real and great. "I attended to all the funeral arrangements," he said. "We had everything just as father would have liked it."

"Were there many there?" asked La Shelle. "Many there!" cried the actor with pride. "Why, my boy, we turned 'em away!"—R. M. WINANS.

Probably True

A RAW Irishman shipped as one of the crew on a revenue cruiser. His turn at the wheel came around, and after a somewhat eccentric session in the pilot house he found himself the butt of no little humor below.

"Begorra," he growled at last, "and ye need n't talk. I bet I done more steerin' in tin minutes 'n ye done in yer howl watch."—W. D. STEELE.

Misplaced Rapture

TO SHOW the absurdity of Swedenborg's ideas, the preacher drew a graphic account of the supposed Swedenborgian heaven, with beautiful fields, fine horses, cows, etc. In the midst of his glowing description, one of the sisters went into raptures, and shouted: "Glory, glory, glory!"

"Hold on there, sister!" said the preacher, "you're shouting over the wrong heaven!"

Thrift

AN ECONOMICAL housewife drank a quantity of silver nitrate by mistake. The doctor, who had been hastily summoned, ordered large draughts of the white of eggs to be administered. "Mary! Mary!" murmured the almost unconscious patient. "Save the yolks for puddings!"

He Had Done Enough

"FELLOW-CITIZENS," said the candidate, "I have fought against the Indians. I have often had no bed but the battle-field and no canopy but the sky. I have marched over the frozen ground till every step has been marked with blood."

His story told well, till a dried-up looking voter came to the front.

"I'll be darned if you hain't done enough for your country. Go home and rest. I'll vote for the other fellow."—H. M. HARDMAN.

Kismet

"HE LOVES me not," the daisy said,
When Elsie sought to pluck
An answer from it, leaf by leaf,
Of ill or happy luck.

"He loves me not," the daisy said,
When all its leaves were dried,
And Elsie smiled at Fate because
She knew the daisy lied.

—W. J. LAMPTON.

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."

Not Transferable

MISS A. had on a skirt of delicate fawn-color, which the others coveted.

"Do bequeath that skirt to me, Miss A.," said one friend, "it matches a waist of mine exactly."

"I don't see what you want of this old skirt," Miss A. replied. "It's on its last legs now."—MYRA LOUISE SPAULDING.

Of Course Not

"BY THE way, Elder Browne, why is it that you always address your congregation as 'brethren,' and never mention the women in your sermons?"

"But, my dear madam, the one embraces the other." "Oh, but, Elder, not in church!"

The Modern Cook Book

ON ACCOUNT of the high price of foodstuffs, householders will be glad to know of the following substitutes:

PLANKED SHAD

Send one of the children around to the new houses in the neighborhood to borrow a quantity of putty. Take the putty, knead it well and flavor so that it will taste as much like fish as possible. When about ready for the oven quickly stir in a paper of pins.

If it is not desired to serve this as shad, i. e. ve out the pins and serve as cheese.

SPINACH

Go to any storage house and procure a quantity of excelsior. On the way home stop at the drug store and buy a bottle of green dye. Take the excelsior and dye each strand separately in order to get it just the right shade. Now take it to the barber's and have it cut. If excelsior is not procurable, use straw hats.

SALAD

A good substitute for salad may be made by getting the lawn mower, running it over the lawn, gathering up the grass, putting the grass through the clothes wringer to flatten it and take out the kinks. Then lay on plates and cover with any good substitute for apples or celery. A white kid glove, if chopped fine, is just as good as chicken or veal. A good dressing for this salad may easily be made by allowing a few old mustard plasters to soak over night.

BREAKFAST FOOD

Go to any department store and buy a few dolls. Take the thumb and first finger and grasp each doll firmly under the arms. With the other hand make an incision in the cadaver of the doll just above the waist line. Serve the contents in quantities to suit and pour over it any good substitute for milk. A good substitute for milk may be procured from any milkman.

If impossible to obtain dolls, chop up hair brushes or clothes brushes.

TURTLE SOUP

For a small price one may purchase an old bait bucket from any fisherman. Put in a little seaweed, a few seashells, and, if possible, an old, well-seasoned fish net. Boil thoroughly until all the flavor is extracted. Then strain. Before serving, drop in a few pieces of almost anything you can find to give it substance.

APPLE PIE

Just before the cook goes out in the evening have her cut the fringe off the portieres. Set the fringe to soak in a kettle of concentrated lye until tender. In the morning add a little cider to flavor and bake. If tar paper is used instead of crusts, it will not be necessary to grease the pans.

A very good whipped cream dressing for this may be made by using absorbent cotton. Absorbent cotton also comes in quite handy in making Charlotte Russe.

—ELLIS O. JONES

Burn Your Bridges Behind You

[Continued from page 411]

felt in the weakened or debilitated power of decision. The undecided man is like a turnstile at a fair which is in everybody's way but stops no one.

There is nothing more pitiable than a man who never knows his mind; who is always on the fence; who is always vacillating, questioning; who has nothing established in his life beyond possible reconsideration.

On the other hand, it is deplorable to see men and women spend years and tears trying to undo the results of an impulsive, impetuous decision which was made in a thoughtless, unguarded moment, or fit of depression under the impulse of a temporary depression.

I know men who have a mortal dread of deciding things without an opportunity for reconsidering. They are so afraid they will make a mistake and regret it that they ruin their judgment by not trusting it. They can not bear to decide anything of importance without having their judgment reinforced with other people's opinion. The result is that they are always weak, they lack self-reliance, independence, and soon become negative characters instead of creators, producers.

Indecision runs in the blood of many people. They never seem to be able to burn the bridges behind them. They always want to leave a way open for possible retreat. They do not realize that committing themselves unreservedly to their aim and depending *entirely* upon themselves would very soon develop a strong self-reliance and cure the vacillating habit.

If you feel that indecision runs in your blood, that you have inherited the fatal balancing, wavering tendency, just make up your mind that you must break it, or it will break you.

There is nothing more demoralizing than the habit of putting aside important matters to be decided later. If this is your tendency, compel yourself to the practise of quick, firm, final decision. No matter how serious the thing you are called upon to decide, throw all the light possible on the matter in hand, weigh and consider it, but beware of postponement of your decision. The temptation to reconsider is fatal to forceful action. Better a thousand times to make mistakes than to be a victim of the insidious habit of indecision. "The greatest thief this world has ever produced is Procrastination, and he is still at large."

Decide quickly, firmly, finally. Let there be no going back, no reconsidering, no opening up of the matter for further discussion. Be firm, positive.

The vacillating man belongs to whoever can capture him. He is ever at the mercy of opposing or interrupting circumstances. *He is the tool of the man who had the last chance at him.* Just as the driftwood on a river is whirled by every little eddy or blocked by some obstruction, he is always at the mercy of other men's opinions. He does not possess himself; he does not have an opinion. If he does, it is at the mercy of the first man who presents a counter one. No matter how firm he may be in what he decides upon to-day, to-morrow he will meet a man who will change it all. In helpless passiveness he is tossed from one individual to another, ever the property of the stronger personality with whom he talked last.

It is astonishing that the victim of vacillation, the man who can not positively decide anything of importance to-day feels very sure that something is going to happen to enable him to decide to-morrow with more ease and certainty, and if he can only put off the responsibility of deciding *now*, he feels that it will come out all right. Victims of indecision are always victims of over-hopefulness. They think the future will bring everything out all right; will bring the object nearer and make decision easier. "To-morrow" is their talisman.

Napoleon used to say, "If your adversary can bring a powerful force to attack a certain post ten minutes sooner than you can bring up a supporting force, you are beaten, even though all the rest of your plans be the most perfect that can be devised." Life is full of crises when to act promptly and with decision means victory, and to waver, means failure.

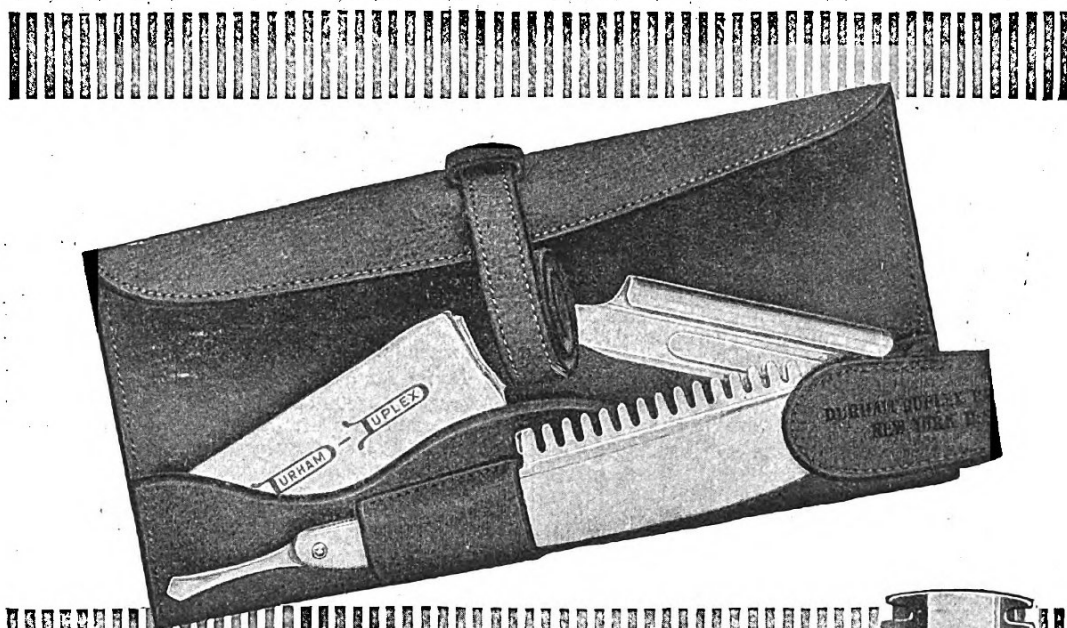
When someone asked Admiral Farragut if he was prepared for defeat, he said: "I certainly am not. Any man who is prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced."

Most people lose so many precious years before they get up a momentum, before they commit themselves completely, unreservedly, and burn their tempting bridges behind them, that they do not have time to do the great work they are capable of, or else they arrive at the goal so late that they have but few effective years left.

Tens of thousands of youths of this land are waiting at the dock with their ship prepared for sea, and yet they do not dare to hoist anchor, for they have not quite decided upon their port, or they are afraid they will meet rough weather, or that they will go to pieces on the rocks.

One of the most demoralizing things in the world is the habit of indecision, of vacillating, of hanging on the fence half-decided. Nothing is more fatal to effective action or progress. It destroys all force for doing things; it paralyzes action and is fatal to all

[Continued on page 435]



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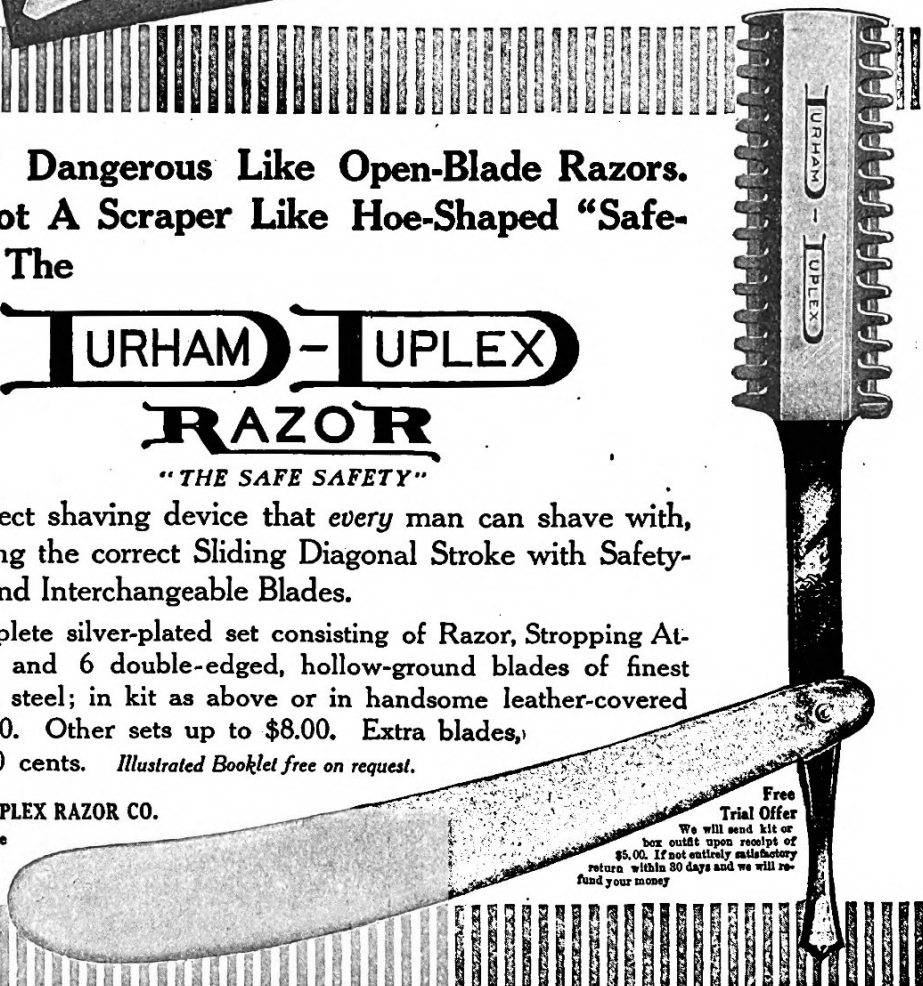
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GROWING CHILDREN

The Period when the Nervous Activity is at Its Greatest.

"Against the practice of giving tea and coffee to children, we cannot speak too strongly. Childhood is the period when the nervous activity is at its greatest. The brain is ever busy receiving new impressions. Reflex action, co-ordination of muscles, and the special senses are all under a special course of training.

"The nervous system is pushed to its utmost capacity, and long is the list of victims that follow its over-stimulation. In these little people nothing but harm can come from the use of such cerebral stimulants as tea or coffee. Bad, then, as this practice is, let us as physicians be aggressive in its prohibition.

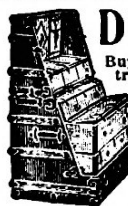
"Do not be satisfied by answering 'No' when asked as to their use, but let us teach the families with whom we come in contact that such practice is evil. We speak emphatically, because not only among the poor and uneducated, but among the rich, who should know better, this practice is marvelously prevalent."—*The Home Doctor*.

Children like a warm beverage for breakfast and it is well for them to have it if the drink is a food and not a drug.

Postum is made to supply a rich nourishing liquid food with a crisp coffee taste for those who cannot and should not use coffee. Analysis shows it to contain about fourteen per cent of muscle-forming elements and 66.11 per cent of energy and fat-producing elements, which go to nourish and sustain the delicate nerve centres throughout the body and from which the vital energy proceeds.

The success of child or adult depends largely upon proper sustenance for the body. Children who depend upon the intelligence of their elders to furnish them with good food deserve our most careful attention and thought.

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pgs. "There's a Reason."



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Marriage in America

[Continued from page 391]

duty was to bear just as many children as she could. Now we know that the sin lies in having too many."

Of course it is true that the husband has as much to say about the size of the family as the wife. But the consensus of opinion seems to be that the factory man to-day is more reluctant to have a large family than is the factory woman.

President Roosevelt once pointed out that a system of two-children families spells race suicide. Yet we find among factory operatives—at present our most prolific class—that the great majority of the mothers of the future propose to bring no more than two children into the world.

Desire for a Home Is Almost Universal

Among the factory girl's motives for marriage, last but not least comes her desire for a home of her own. The domestic instinct is very strong in her. More than half the girls would marry chiefly to possess a nest all their own. More than four-fifths are deeply interested in the idea.

During many an interview with some stolid, heavy-eyed young toiler, the mention of this subject would bring to her face a swift transfiguration. Color would flow into the hollow cheeks and a beautiful light would come into the dull eyes which had not responded in the least to the words "Love" and "Motherhood."

Anna Z., a Chicago white goods worker, rather neatly expressed the general attitude of her class toward the three main factors of matrimony. Note the significant order in which she arranged her desires:

"I want a little flat that I can fix up any way I please, and I want my babies and a man to look after me."

This passion for a home is not based on the hope that it will give them more freedom than their present life affords. Indeed, only twenty-eight per cent. expect more freedom in married life, and a large number of these are Italian girls who lead before marriage "a penitentiary kind of life," as one of them feelingly expressed it. Fourteen per cent. look forward to an equal degree of freedom after the wedding; fifty-eight per cent. to less freedom.

"No, there won't be near as much freedom then," declared Lucy L., who bends all day over a sewing-machine in Minneapolis. "That's why I've always said that if I didn't have to work I'd never get married. You ain't got any freedom after that, but you've got a home, anyhow."

It is not for love then, primarily, nor for children that factory girls marry. It is for a home, first and foremost. They marry to escape from the stultifying, ageing, killing factory, and to get into a place which is the greatest possible contrast to it. So strongly do they feel about this that more than three-fourths of them express a willingness to marry in the face of parental opposition.

But even though the image of home looms largest in the soul of the factory girl, she has very definite ideas about the sort of man she would like to marry. Unlike the business girl, she often has time, as she bends over her monotonous toil, for brooding over the problems of life and for sending her imagination out on scouting expeditions to see what the future may hold in store.

"I think and think all day about these things," said a Philadelphia shirt-waist striker to me, "until sometimes my head is ready to burst."

Handsome Young Husbands Are Not in Demand

Fewer than one-half of the girls would like handsome husbands. They prefer them large, strong and masculine. Most of them are quite indifferent to a man's appearance. Many are positively afraid of a handsome man as a marriage possibility.

"No handsome men fer mine. They're genally as conceited as they can be and run round after other girls after they get married." Thus a box operative in Minneapolis expressed it. Does not this sound like the philosophy of age rather than of youth?

The factory girl's views on masculine attire are eminently matronly. She is thoroughly afraid of the "good dresser" as a prospective husband. In the school of crude reality she has perforce become a logician. She can look straight through to-day's resplendent vision of the "candy kid" sauntering down Broadway or State Street, and glimpse, a few years hence, the vision of a dispossessed-proceeding landing a miserable family with its few sticks of furniture out in the rainy East Side street. Mathilde, the laundry worker who predicted that marriage would not modify her arms and legs, uttered a phrase on this subject that sounds as though it came out of the Book of Proverbs: "Does a man who puts money on his back put money in the bank?"

Make no mistake. With all her matronly notions the factory girl is ever so human. She likes to go out with the "nobby dresser," the "two cent dude" (as she disparagingly calls him), almost as much as any other girl does. She likes to have him "show her a good time." It is only as a marriage candidate that his stock sinks low. And she is keen enough to see that this thing works both ways.

"Swell dressing frightens a man away," declared Lena C., a pretty, soft-voiced hosiery operative in Chicago. "If a man sees a girl all dressed up, he thinks:

'Oh, I'd never want her—she'd make me poor!'"

As we shall see in the next article, this is a far cry from the business girl's standpoint.

How does the industrial girl feel about the age of her possible husband?

From what I can gather it seems to me that she would like his actual age in years to correspond with her own spiritual age. When Helen D., the seventeen year old bag-folder, said wistfully: "I'd like for my man to be a whole lot older'n me," she was laying bare the senility of her soul. "These here young fellers," she went on, "is all right to run 'round with, but they wouldn't support you and they'd be too wild. I'd like an old man, fifteen, twenty years older'n me, what'd be steady and could learn me somethin'." You see, Helen is spiritually about three hundred per cent. older than her years.

As a rule the average factory girl's ideal husband is from two to ten years older than herself. He is seldom as young, and never younger.

Widowers are never popular. With the brutal frankness of youth, more than half of the girls pronounce against "shop-worn articles" and "wash-sales." "No damaged goods for mine!" is a favorite way of putting it. Fewer than one-third would be willing to marry a widower, and most of these are of the warm-hearted, ultra-maternal type of the sweat-shop worker who longed to feel her babies' arms about her neck. "No," she said, "I should not mind a widower. His little children would need a mother."

In spite of the extreme popularity of divorce—a thing we shall consider later—fewer than three per cent. feel that they could bring themselves to marry divorced men.

The factory girl's ideal husband may earn his living in almost any way except as a factory hand, a waiter, a gambler or a capitalist. She considers her brother operative beneath her socially and hardly competent financially to found a home. The waiter is too servile for her democratic taste—and besides, "he does not have enough to do to keep him out of mischief."

Steady and Careful but Not Stingy

As for the capitalist, nobody is more suspicious of the rich man than is the factory girl. "Why should he be coming around me?" is her first thought, followed by the instinctive conclusion that it is for no good. Even though he proposes marriage, she suspects some deception.

But suppose the miraculous happened. Suppose he were true and loved her. Even then, one thought would be insupportable: everybody would say that she was marrying for "the coin." Said a Philadelphia Jewess, voicing the sense of the majority: "I don't care for rich men because the richer they are the worse they are."

The factory girl's future husband must make an income ranging from eight to forty dollars a week, and averaging twenty dollars. He must have good health. Many girls, like a candy cutter I know of in Memphis, would not even "go" with a fellow who had tuberculosis because of reluctance to hurt his feelings when finally "turning him down."

The fact that a man had sown his wild oats in considerable quantities would deter very few of the girls from marrying him, though they would usually expect him to stop sowing them after the wedding. Our bag folder spoke, fortunately, for only a small minority of the lowest type of operatives when she declared, "Long as he acted all right front o' me, I would n't bother much about his morals."

Of any possible risk to her own health that might follow her husband's wild oats, she has only a meager notion; although this notion is wisdom compared to the pitiful ignorance of the business girl in these matters.

As has already been said, steadiness is the indispensable qualification. The factory girl hates masculine laziness, but not with a tithe of the fierce hatred that she reserves for drink. She has constantly before her eyes the sufferings of those women who are tied for life to drunkards. And there are few sharper pangs reserved for her than the pang of that moment when she first sees her lover come reeling out of the saloon's swinging doors.

Though she likes to have a good spender "show her a good time," as marriage possibilities she holds a spendthrift and a "tightwad" in equal disfavor. "If I go out with a 'tightwad,'" exclaimed a bright Memphis girl, "I try to bleed him and stick him all I can." "Don't like 'em neither too clever nor too stingy," remarked a young woman from Pasadena. But, on the whole, if a man must err let him err on the side of closeness.

She would like her future husband to know a little more than herself, "so he can learn me something." But the higher education she distrusts almost as profoundly as she does wealth. It takes men out of touch with practical affairs. Flora M., who works in a Memphis box factory, feels thus: "You take some o' them men that have a swell education—they can't see fur 'nough ahead to do any good. It's the common-sense that counts."

As regards disposition, three girls would like a jolly, easy-going husband to every one who prefers him serious.

ious and masterful. I am inclined to believe that the North and West favor the former type, the South the latter.

One more touch must complete this sketch of the factory girl's ideal husband. What should his accomplishments be? This query disclosed the wide popularity of a single art in the hearts of the people. Not one girl wished him talented as a painter or sculptor, as an architect or poet. Not one wished for a good dancer, a star athlete or a brilliant conversationalist. Those who wished at all desired just one thing, and desired it with wistful eyes: "I wish he could sing or play good," they would murmur.

The Factory Girl's Opportunities for Marriage

After learning a little about the marriage-motives of the industrial girl and her marriage-ideals, one naturally begins to wonder what her marriage-opportunities amount to.

Both in her chances of meeting available men and in her social standing she is rather seriously handicapped in the marriage game.

"You never see a man in the factory 'cept the boss," explained a young girl in the southern district of Philadelphia. "Why, men would be a-scared to come in, there's such a tough lot o' girls there."

Where, then, is she to meet her future husband? As we have seen, she thinks little of her brother operative, so that "the not impossible he" must be encountered evenings or Sundays. I am convinced that only a small proportion of factory girls will "pick up" strangers on the street or in the park. Church is a good place to make "gentlemen friends," but the best place of all is the dance hall.

Factory work is generally so monotonous and confining that it demands, as an antidote, a little fun and excitement after hours. The day is so stale, flat and unprofitable that the night cries aloud for stimulants. Hence the popularity of the dance hall.

It is at once the factory girl's blessing and her curse. Few things benefit her more than a good evening's dancing in the right environment, with its much needed exercise, recreation and sociability. But, sad to say, more than half the girls frequent public dance halls where introductions are dispensed with and any man may dance with any girl. As a result, these places are haunted by emissaries of the white slave traffic.

Something must surely be done to provide a substitute for the public dance hall which, in striking its terrible blows at the factory girl's virtue, is becoming one of the most dangerous foes of marriage in America.

Her Views Upon the Divorce Question

The most striking part of the factory girl's attitude toward marriage relates to its downfall. Knowing the elderly, pessimistic quality of her mind, I was prepared to find her rather liberal on the question of divorce. But, even so, the returns of this investigation brought something of a shock. For they showed that fewer than a third of the girls were absolutely opposed to divorce, and nearly all of these were Roman Catholics. Whether it is well or ill-founded, the belief is widespread that the divorce court is the thermometer of married bliss.

I found that the popularity of divorce in the different States of the Union seemed to keep pace with the liberality—or extravagance—of the local divorce laws. Tennessee, for example, is one of our most radical States. These are a few of the grounds on which it grants divorce: Felony, physical incapacity, refusal of wife to live with husband in the State, and absenting herself two years; and, at the discretion of the court, for cruelty, indignities, abandonment or neglect to provide, habitual drunkenness.

In view of such a munificent law, it is small wonder that I was constantly hearing things like this from the factory girls of a certain city in Tennessee: "There's a lot says nowadays, 'Oh, well, come on; let's get married and try it. If we don't get on we'll get a divorce and try it again.' You know it only costs 'em a few dollars to get a divorce if they both want to."

Another worker in one of the best factories in town told me: "Fully one-half of the girls here have married one time or another and come back to work a few weeks later."

These statements were widely confirmed both by factory employees and managers.

Has the "disintegration of the family" already begun? It looks very much as though it had, at least among the factory workers of this Tennessee city. They are imitating the Four Hundred there and giving the trial-marriage system a test.

Nineteen Reasons Why She Considers Marriage a Failure

Exactly why does the factory girl consider marriage a failure? It is interesting to see how widely the opinions differ. Outside of the few utter pessimists who "don't believe there is such a thing as a good husband," the girls gave nineteen different reasons for their belief that more marriages are unhappy than happy. This belief, whether well or ill-founded, was usually based on a knowledge of the recent growth of divorce.

I found that drink was the chief reason. Getting married in too great a hurry was a close second to drink; while unfaithfulness and masculine selfishness

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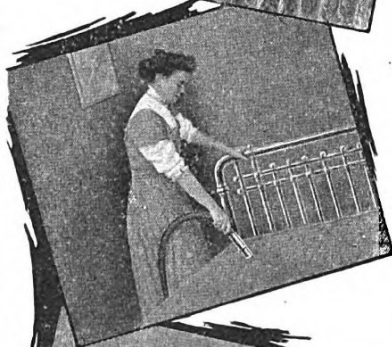
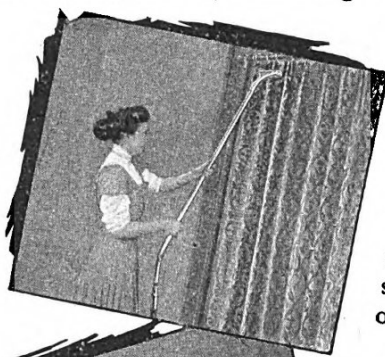
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were tied for third place. On this last count a Chicago feather worker had a few stinging words to say:

"Some men don't seem to realize that when a woman's been working hard all day long she don't want him to come in grumbling—and the first thing in the morning and the last thing before they go to bed. Some men seem to think women are regular slaves, and don't bring 'em home a box of candy or something. They just leave them look after the children and never go out anywhere. And I know a man who's always looking in the kettles—and looks in her purse to see where she put the change from seventy-five cents; and he can support her, too. I hate a man's rough, and don't treat you as if you was a lady. Trouble, she's too sweet to him. He lets her go down at 11 o'clock and get coal—just as if there wasn't a man in the house."

She Is Fairminded in Her Arraignment

It throws a side-light on the factory girl's fairmindedness that places feminine and masculine laziness next, with equal shares of blame. Here is a voice from the Stockyards:

"Now Mabel, she's been married about a year and her husband just lays in bed the whole day and she has to get out and work for him. I wouldn't stand it. What'd I do? Why, leave him. I wouldn't take care of a lazy man."

Five causes are tied for fifth place: Ease of divorce, loveless marriages, financial troubles, incompatibility, and "because girls are weak enough to keep on with the factory after marriage," as a Lynn shoe-stitcher expressed it.

Childlessness and jealousy come next. "Jennie was married last June out in St. Louis, and the other day she went around the corner to buy a loaf of bread, and when she come back her husband says: 'Been meeting some o' yer old fellahs.' And she passed a remark back, an' he threw a cup at her. So she applies for a divorce and he agrees not to prosecute her. . . . When you're married lots a' men think you're nothing but a piece o' furniture."

In the seventh place in this arraignment come three wifely failings: Incompetence as a housewife, selfishness, and neglect of personal appearance.

Last of all, married life is spoiled by having too many children, by feminine extravagance, and by too much energy on the part of the girl in running after a husband.

So much, then, for the factory girl's philosophy. If she thinks so dimly of marriage how does she ever dare to try it? Because the factory is still more dismal . . .

Go out this evening at six, and watch the factory girls leaving work. If you happen to be a New Yorker, stand at the corner of Greene and West Houston Streets in the heart of the garment industry. The sidewalks are packed with operatives crowding home to their East Side tenements.

Notice the girls who have already reached the twenties. See how tired and mature their eyes look, how much rouge and powder their cheeks show, how heavy are their steps.

Then look at the girls still in their teens. How bright and fresh and sweet! What a high average of beauty they can boast—an average that would be high for any crowd of girls the world over. What lithe, graceful motions. What responsive, sympathetic, intelligent faces.

Girls Must be Saved From the Marriage Factory

Are not these future mothers of America worth saving from the hopper of the marriage factory? Is it not, at least, worth our while to try?

If we withhold our hands—if we do nothing about it, a large portion of these promising young girls will be forced by the pitiless stresses of modern industry to wed without love—to contract "any old" marriages which are bound—and this is the really important point—which are bound to result in "any old" children. It is not alone the extreme cases that demand our intervention. Not alone the pitiful plight and the future offspring of poor creatures like the Minnesota bag-folder that call for our serious concern, but the possible children of every girl who finds factory life a struggle and who looks forward to marriage—even to the squalor of married poverty—as a way of escape.

It is hard to imagine what better thing a patriotic American may do to-day for the future of his land than to brighten the lot of the factory girl. The more endurable her work is made, the more patiently will she await the call of her heart. And her heart is in the right place. She will probably marry her mate if she can escape the marriage machine. And it is from the marriage of mates and from that alone that the right kind of American will spring.

We must help.

We must bring pressure to bear on factory owners; get them to enlarge the windows, clean the floors, make the work-rooms sanitary, to increase wages and shorten hours, to call a halt on the terrible overspecialization and speeding-up which are wrecking the nervous systems of this generation.

Such a crusade, successfully fought, would not only rescue the daughter of industry from the marriage factory. It would also save the day for the girl of business. But that is another story.

On Jury Duty

[Continued from page 398]

other abducted the cow, and if one abducted it, and the other abducted it, that would be two for abduction and the cow would be just where it was, and those two abduction votes would cancel each other. So it would stand like this: 'We the jury, find that the horse committed suicide and that it should be fined \$2,504.22½.'

After that the jurymen talked about the tariff and told funny stories until they had smoked all the cigars in the room, for the conscientious New Englander would not agree to the verdict. The other jurors talked to him one at a time, and two at a time and eleven at a time, but it was no use—his conscience would not allow him to accept a compromise verdict. He still had a cigar left.

"Well now," said the foreman, after awhile, "I'll tell you what we will do. No. 4 is the only man standing out. We are eleven to one, but we are all fair-minded men, and we are willing to recognize conscientious scruples. I think the best thing to do would be to try another vote. And in the first place, are we all agreed that the horse committed suicide?"

"We are agreed."

"Then," said the foreman, "the only thing to vote on is the amount of the fine."

The tellers again passed the slips, and when they were gathered up and scheduled the vote proved thus:

\$2,504.22½ 11
\$2,504.22 1

"Now, then, No. 4," said the foreman, "we are pretty close together. I'll tell you what we will do. We will split the difference. Make it \$2,504.22½."

"All, right," said No. 4, after he had felt in his pocket for another cigar, and had found none.

The foreman then set to work to put the verdict in proper language. He wrote for several minutes, putting in and erasing, while the other jurors stood up and gathered their hats and coats together.

"How's this?" he said at length. "We the jury, find that the horse committed suicide and is entitled to pay a fine of \$2,504.22½."

"Come on, that's all right," said No. 8.

"Wait a minute," said No. 6. "That's all right, but how can a dead horse pay anything? We should—"

"Oh, come on, come on!" said juror No. 5. "We don't want to stay here forever. What do we care—"

"Now, I won't go into that court-room making a dead horse pay money. The judge would send us back," said juror No. 6.

"Well, fix it up then," said two or three jurors. "Hurry on. The judge will be gone and we'll be locked up here for the night."

"How's this, then?" asked juror No. 6. "We, the jury, find that the horse committed suicide, and that the owner shall pay damages to the amount of \$2,504.22½ to the ——. Shall I put it plaintiff or defendant?"

"What do we care. Hurry up, that's all we want."

"Well, say," said No. 6, "which was the dad of that pretty girl?"

"The man that stole the cow was her father. He was the defendant. Hurry up, can't you?"

"Just wait until I get this horse in right—"

"Oh, hurry up! Leave the horse out. Come along."

And that is how we happened to turn in a verdict finding for the defendant in the sum of \$2,504.22½.

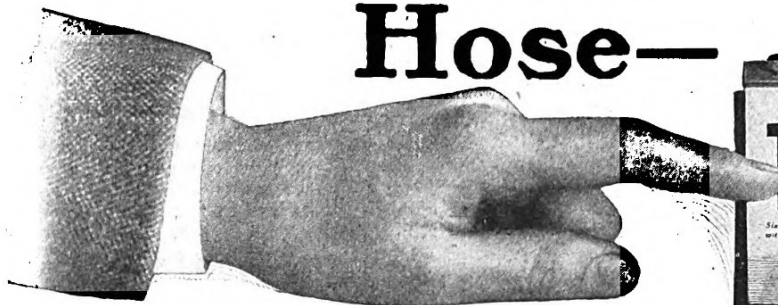
Our Chance in South America

[Continued from page 407]

was going to develop trade in the tropics with savages and semi-civilized barbaros and he bought an outfit that would stock a Bowery store for winter trade. There were trousers and felt hats, heavy leather boots and rubber boots—for a barefoot people who gathered rubber—gay underwear, male and female, for these same barefooted aborigines who regard a single garment as an ample if not excessive wardrobe. There were corsets and garters and stockings, high-heeled, cheap slippers, spangled veils, straw hats and bonnets, nickel-plated tea sets, two complete outfits of gymnastic apparatus, bolts of woollens, toilet sets and to cap all, a gasoline launch that he proposed to drag over two hundred miles of the highest passes of the Andes, where even kerosene is a great luxury, and then launch on the mountain torrents. It was absurd, and yet he had solemnly squandered thirty thousand dollars on this ridiculous assortment. After these mismanagements he fell a victim of the local fevers to which his personal habits had rendered him an easy victim.

In another instance, one of the great corporations looking to develop the rubber territory equipped an elaborate expedition to make the preliminary surveys and reports with the idea of establishing central stations on the banks of rivers that were known in a general way to exist and utilize the water-power—if any—for

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A. F. A. King, A. M., M. D., Prof. of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and children in the Medical Department of Columbia University, Washington, D. C., and in the University of Vermont; Ex-President Washington Obstetrical and Gynecological Society; Fellow of the British Gynecological and of the American Gynecological Societies, etc., etc., in the eighth edition of his Manual of Obstetrics recommends **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** as a diuretic in diseases of the Kidney and Bladder.

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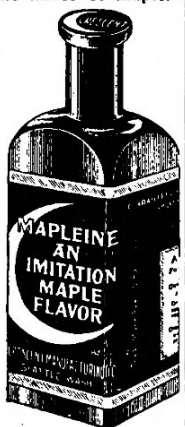
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development. It was one of the most completely equipped parties ever sent into the field, except, as results proved, as to its personnel. When the voluminous reports were turned in, the speed of the currents, the gradients, the volume of water and its variation between the wet and dry seasons—the most essential data—were blandly lacking, while the maps were but slight improvements, if any, on the original rumored data.

A Scientific But Unbusiness-like Survey

The favorite method of beginning the operation of these virgin concessions, both for the United States and England, is to get some scientific man, for some obscure reason a botanist by preference, and place him in absolute executive control of the party and then let him wander at his pleasure over the territory of the new project. A butterfly collector or an entomologist would be as valuable in such a purely commercial and economic venture and it seems like an invidious distinction against them in favor of the equally abstract botanist. The grant of a concession by one of these Spanish-American governments is not given in any spirit of altruism. It is purely to develop the raw, untouched resources and develop the economic wealth. As a part of the terms of the concession they require that a full report of the new domain shall be filed with the Department of Fomento, covering maps of the same together with a general survey of its commercial and economic possibilities, and special stress is laid on the purely commercial and economic character of this report.

Some years ago in a concession of this character the botanist was appointed and went on his tour of applied economics. He was in sole command of the expedition—a fact that he most generally absent-mindedly forgot until he recalled himself with some querulous questions as to dignity and precedence; he was studious and abstracted and the country through which he passed still shakes with laughter as his various episodes are recalled. What he went to look for was rubber, roads and transportation. All he could see was fungi, plants, bugs and stones. While yet hundreds of miles from the concession and still in the high passes of the last range of the Andes, he started a laborious collection of rock specimens. An Indian with a gunny sack trotted after his mule to carry the bits of broken rock. Had the Indian been an honest, conscientious creature he would never have survived his arduous duties, for at nightfall the sack would have weighed half a ton.

For months this amply equipped expedition wandered in the interior, and then the botanist reappeared in civilization with hundreds of cases of geological specimens, crates of orchids, new plants with which he later added new scientific laurels unto himself, and the main burden of the report that he tendered to the government in fulfillment of the terms of the concession was an admirable résumé of his scientific adventures, together with a lengthy argument over the prehistoric formation and origin of the Andes—a mountain system two hundred miles from the land grant. That report is still on file in its proper pigeonhole in the Department of Fomento, but the concession was cancelled owing to its non-compliance with the terms, and the matter later became the subject of much representation and misrepresentation on the part of the two Governmental Foreign Offices.

Wasting a Valuable Opportunity

Down in this great continent of South America is the greatest opportunity for our national commerce and development; their revolts that freed them from the grasp of Spain nearly a century ago were inspired by the success of our defiance of the tyranny of the Old World. In Caracas, the birthplace of Simon Bolivar, the Liberator, there is a plaza and a bronze statue of George Washington; their constitutions were drafted with a copy of our Declaration of Independence and Constitution as guides; our Monroe Doctrine in its virginal interpretation was the shield of a strong, free nation protecting the weaker strugglers; our common location in the same hemisphere, the unity of the national ideals, all these factors give us a common ground for a mutual interchange of prosperity that should have placed the United States in a position of an assailable advantage. Yet by our own stupidities we are wasting and squandering the opportunities for which other Powers are spending brains and energy to obtain and hold; and they are succeeding.

The Monroe Doctrine is no longer a shield, but a club; "without the consent of the governed" a tinkling phrase that echoes with irony, and what individual efforts are made in the direction of economic and commercial expansion down in those latitudes are so apt to be crippled with fatuous stupidities as to defeat the very ends they should serve.

It may prove interesting to cite a concrete case and some merely dull figures in regard to our chance in South America. Brazil presents, in one State and under one flag, the wealth of opportunity of an entire continent. Even this potential is carelessly grouped in with our indifference toward that continent. We look with greedy eyes on China and the Orient, overlooking the barriers of a hopeless alien language, unfamiliar customs, strange desires and unknown conditions that may be met only after years of special study in the art of pleasing. But the continent to our south has already the desire to buy what we make—which they do at present

from an European competitor instead of ourselves—we know their business ways are not strange, their language is rooted with ours in a parent tongue and is not difficult, their customs are easily met and they meet every effort to supply information as to conditions.

When the annual custom-house reports for last year were made up they showed that the United States had imported sixty-eight million dollars in coffee from Brazil. The very respectable figures, indicating to what extent the American breakfast is dependant upon the sister republic to the south, could be materially added to were the figures for rubber and a few other essentials included, but the coffee will stand as an example of what a single import can do in the way of influencing a balance of trade. As a matter of fact we bought from Brazil over ninety-eight million dollars' worth of goods; yet in return we sold to Brazil less than twenty million dollars' worth—a formidable balance of trade against us.

A Five Million Dollar Cargo

Only a few weeks ago a steamer came into New York bearing a cargo of rubber that was appraised at five million dollars, and this cargo was loaded in her hold just 1,000 miles inland from the mouth of the Amazon. It will be agreed that a stream that will bear a full-grown ocean steamer drawing twenty-two feet of water for a distance of 2,200 miles, is worthy of consideration. There is a line of such steamers plying regularly from New York up the Amazon to the city of Amazonas, in Peru, and they take some seven days for the trip up the river.

In the interior, toward the Andes, hundreds of square miles lie yet unexplored, and will lie so for years to come, though the new Falls of Madeira Railway that an American capitalist is building will open up to commerce a vast territory contiguous (four thousand miles of rivers navigable for river steamers) to Bolivia.

Railroads are Brazil's chief need, and she is preparing to construct them, for it is her desire to tap the inexhaustible wealth of the interior. To glance at a commercial map of the country is to begin to appreciate what it holds and why it is that one city can be supplied with sixty-eight million dollars' worth of coffee in a single year. Almost every known commodity is shown there, from sarsaparilla to diamonds, from iron to marble, from fruit to indigo, from gold to rubber.

The World To Have A New Beverage

Brazil is preparing a new feature for American and European consumption. It is called *maté*. Roughly or generically speaking it is tea, and yet it is not tea in the strict sense of the word. To those who have drunk *maté* the occasion will linger in memory. A novice in its use might describe it by saying that it tastes like a good perfume smells; that it carries with it the hint of vast wind-blown areas of flowers and the condensed essence of a mighty forest of orchids. Some day in the near future *maté* will be brought into the United States and it will leap into favor. From the figures of the rapidly increasing growth of *maté* consumption it is evident that in a generation it will duplicate the history of tea, coffee and tobacco and take rank as another world-beverage.

Just at this time iron is the big thing in Brazil, and American capital is beginning to wake up to its possibilities. Recent consular reports indicate enough iron ore to keep the world supplied for years, and it is within easy distance of tide-water. Brazil understands the importance of the iron and steel industry, too, for she is making preparations to receive capital on terms that should cause a rush of companies down there when the details become known.

A British report on these iron fields is interesting in view of the tremendous figures involved. "Practical iron miners and geologists who have visited parts of the region hesitate to pronounce impossible estimates—estimates that run up into the billions of tons, and at first sight seem preposterous. These estimates, calculated at the rate of four tons per cubic meter, 988,000,000 tons." This same report, estimating on other adjacent bodies for which an accurate survey was not available, states: "As a minimum about 2,000,000,000 metric tons of quarry ore in the known portion of the field." Some little idea of what these figures mean may be gathered from the fact that it would take the United States, at the rate of our best year's iron ore production, forty years to mine that quantity.

Those who have watched the progress of Brazil among the nations are predicting a development that will prove astonishing within a decade, and in support of their estimates they point out that Brazil is no small fiddler in the concert of nations, for she is big enough to absorb about half of the European States and still have a margin left over capable of containing the territory south of Mason and Dixon's line. A country that is some 150,000 square miles larger than the United States is a respectable figure in the international line-up for inspection, and the mere fact that its population is but a quarter of our own is a matter that is even now being remedied. In the last few years Brazil has come forward rapidly, and her progress has been due mainly to her biggest citizen, Baron de Rio Branco, minister of foreign affairs, who has proved himself a constructive statesman of a high order. Brazil is a factor to be reckoned with commercially, and is making herself felt.

Janey and the Stork

[Continued from page 393]

offered. By the sixth day the restraint was beginning to wear upon them.

Early Saturday morning, Janey went down to the beach to collect some shells and stones for her little brother. While she worked little Julia Riley came flying out of one of the mossers' cottages. "Oh, Janey, Janey, Janey, she shrieked joyously, "I've got sumpin lovely to tell you."

When Janey reappeared at the Blair household, she looked quite a different child. Her eyes emitted sparks of wrath and her lips made two horizontal pink lines across the puffy indignation of her face. "Come Caroline," she called. And Caroline knew by the tone that Janey was on the war-path. Wondering but dumb, Caroline ran to her side, seized her hand and pattered along—always a little in the rear of Janey's swift, determined stride. Janey made for the village. The buggy was standing at the Bigelow gate. Dr. Bigelow, just emerging from the house, seemed to recall something, turned and started back.

"Dr. Bigelow," Janey called.

The doctor swung about. "Oh, hullo, cap'n!" he said absently.

Janey planted herself solidly on the gravel walk. She talked with considerable precision, and in one breath delivered the following:

"Dr. Bigelow, I think you are the horriddest, hatefullest, meanest doctor I ever knew in my life. You promised me that you'd bring me a baby brother. And I've waited a whole week for him to come. And this morning, Julia Riley told me that last night you brought her mother two whole babies. And I asked Julia partickly and she said they were boys. And she said they had golden hair. And you know just as well as anything that Mrs. Riley doesn't need any babies. She's got six children already. And little Mike's still a baby. And I shall never trust you again. And I want you to distinctly understand that when I'm sick I'm never going to have you again. Not even if I'm dying. I'll scrooch right down in the bed and shut my mouth tight and if you make me take any medicine I shall spit it right out. I shall tell my mother to have Dr. Robinson. Because I don't believe he'd tell me he'd bring me a brother and then go and give two away to people that don't need them."

She turned and pulling the sympathetic Caroline along, made rapidly back up the street.

Dr. Bigelow listened to this address, wordless. At its close, he went into the house. He, going one way and Janey going another, presented a study in backs—his, shaking, as with a terrific inner convulsion, Janey's rigid as if it were in a plaster cast.

Scarsett village was small and news scarce. The story of Dr. Bigelow's dismissal must have gained wide circulation. For a week after, grown people were stopping Janey to consult her gravely about Dr. Bigelow's professional standing.

"He's very good," Janey said always, a steely glitter in her gray eyes, "for some things." But she could not be made to commit herself further.

With Janey, however, opposition was the best fuel to determination. That night, in the lovely, dark, dozy time between hopping into bed and falling into slumber, she thought out a new plan. Medicine had failed her. She would turn to religion.

During the summer months, Janey always attended the Sunday-school of the Episcopal church in Scarsett. The Reverend Silas Lawton, its pastor, governed his tiny parish with a gentle, lovable inefficiency. He was a tall, lean, scholarly-looking gentleman whose long, wavy hair always left a faint shower of dandruff on his shiny shoulders. He was as strong a friend as Janey had in all Scarsett. Their friendship grew out of a tete-a-tete.

Once, running over to the village on an errand, Janey had desecrated the Reverend Silas ahead, caught up with him, slipped her warm little hand in his, proceeded to make conversation.

"Mr. Lawton," she said, "I know how you could have a lot more children coming to your Sunday-school if you want them."

"Do you indeed, Janey," her companion said pleasantly, "How's that?"

"Well, I found out what children like in Sunday-school last fall. You know mother went away for two months to Florida and I staid with Cousin Margaret in Brookline. I didn't like 'Piscopal Sunday-school because it wasn't any fun. And so every Sunday I went to a different Sunday-school to find out which I'd like best. I went to the Baptist and the Methodist and the Orthodox and the Swedenborgian and the Unitarian—it was dreadful hard learning to pronounce the names. And where do you suppose they had the most children?"

By this time, Mr. Lawton was regarding his young friend with considerable amusement. "I haven't the remotest idea, Janey. Which was it?"

"The Unitarian," Janey said, "and I'll tell you why. They gave us crayons and let us color a Bible picture every Sunday. My Adam-and-Eve-in-the-Garden-of-Eden wasn't so good because they hadn't enough clothes on to do anything with. Oh, but Mr. Lawton, if you could have only seen my Joseph's-coat-of-many-colors. It was the most bee-you-tifullist picture I 'bout ever saw. Joseph looked like people at the Hippodrome that Uncle Jim took me to once. But mother would not save it. She burned it up. Oh, how I did like that Sunday-school. I went all the time mother was gone. She was mad when she came home, and made me go to the 'Piscopal again. There were a great many more children at the Unitarian—and I think it was the crayons."

What Mr. Lawton thought of this gratuitous advice is not a part of this story. But by a curious coincidence, crayon-drawing was instituted in his Sunday-school within a month.

This morning when Janey called, he took her in his lap at once. "Well," he said jocularly, "isn't the church being run to suit you yet. I guess I'll have to send you to the bishop."

"Oh Mr. Lawton," Janey said in great distress, "of course it is! I just love Sunday-school now. I've come

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to ask a favor of you. Will you pray for me to have a little brother?"

Mr. Lawton's manner did not flame with the immediate response which Janey expected. In fact, he bit his lip, looked down, fiddled with his watch-chain, gave every appearance of a man in a puzzled frame of mind.

"Marilla," he called helplessly at last.

Mrs. Lawton came in from the other room. She was a big middle-aged woman with a helpless look of majesty. She had a mole on her chin. She wore her brown hair parted in the middle and smoothed down over her ears, and she always dressed in black silk. The brooch which confined her neck-ruche held the painted portrait of a little girl.

"Janey's called to ask me to pray for her to have a little brother," Mr. Lawton explained.

Janey had no idea that Mrs. Lawton could be so sympathetic. "The lamb!" she exclaimed and she lifted Janey on her lap. "Don't you remember, Si, how Lily used to pray for a little brother?"

Janey knew who Lily was. The Lawton's only child. Lily had died at twelve. It was her picture in the brooch. Every child in Scarsett had heard of Lily Lawton's angelic goodness.

"Did she get one?" Janey asked.

"No, dear," Mrs. Lawton said with a sigh.

"I didn't know that good little girls ever prayed for things without getting them," Janey said in a disillusioned tone. "But perhaps if she had asked you to pray too. Will you please pray for me?"

The Reverend Silas turned to his books with the air of a man who leaves a woman's work to the women. For a moment, Mrs. Lawton looked nonplussed. Then her face lighted up as if a wonderful idea had occurred to her. "Why of course we will, Janey dear. We'll pray every night for a little baby to come to your house."

Janey sighed a long sigh of relief. "Oh thank you so much," she breathed.

But Janey was nothing if not thorough. Whatever her game, she never failed to use all its possibilities, and she left nothing to chance.

Returning home from her call on the Lawtons, she met Mr. Lucas and Miss Dale. Mr. Lucas was a very young man who, by a mysterious process of graduation, would become a clergyman in a year. Miss Dale was a very young lady who, by a process equally mysterious, was to become Mrs. Lucas immediately after this event. Janey thought them the two prettiest people she knew. Mr. Lucas looked like a statue. When he played tennis, his wavy brown hair blew in all directions from his face. Miss Dale resembled the pictures in magazines which Janey cut out for young-lady dolls. Her gray eyes were just like soft lamps hung in her face, although people said that that face was a little too pale for perfect health.

Janey stopped them.

"Mr. Lucas," she said. She trembled a little for she did not know him half so well as Mr. Lawton. "Would you do a great favor for me as long as you're going to be a minister pretty soon?"

Mr. Lucas's brown eyes surveyed her in some curiosity, a little amusement and a great deal of embarrassment.

"Of course, Janey. What is it?"

"Won't you please pray for me to have a little brother? Most every little girl I know has one and some little girls keep having them all the time. My little cousin Caroline has two brothers and a sister. I want a little brother more than anything in the world. And you pray too, Miss Dale," Janey concluded. For it seemed discourteous to leave her out.

Miss Dale was carrying a big bunch of wild roses. Janey observed that her cheeks suddenly showed a color their exact counterpart. Mr. Lucas just stood and looked at her as if he had forgotten how to talk, but Miss Dale plumped down to her knees on the grassy roadside. She hugged Janey and kissed her again and again. "Oh you dear, darling little duck you! Of course we will!" As she passed on with Mr. Lucas, Janey heard her say, "Edmund, I do hope that there's an angel somewhere in heaven who does nothing all day long but listen to the prayers of very little children."

As for Janey, she went to bed that night in a state of perfect contentment. With religion doubly enlisted on her side, she could snap her fingers at medicine. She arose the next morning, confident, care-free, proud. The aroma of this certainty spread over an entire week. In fact, ten days had gone by before Janey began to wonder why such systematic work produced no results. In a day or two doubt piled on uncertainty until Janey was visibly cross.

"We've got to try something else, Caroline," she said. But it was one thing to say "try something else." It was another to find it. Janey racked her brain in vain. And then suddenly when they were in bathing, Pink Hollis opened the vista to a new possibility.

"Where do you suppose I'm going to-morrow?" she said jubilantly. "Over to Brockton to see my Aunt Cad's new baby. Jessie and Ethel were down over Sunday and they said she's the darlinest little thing. They told me all about how they came to have her. They begged and begged their mother to get them a little sister. She paid no attention to them for a long time and then one day she told them to put sugar outside the window and maybe if the stork happened to be flying by, he'd stop to eat the sugar and then they could take the baby from the basket. So every night they put two lumps of sugar outside the window. And their mother kept saying to them, 'You keep your eyes wide open to catch the stork, for he'll come when you least expect it.' And they did. And one day their father asked them if they'd like to go to Boston to spend the day and go to Keith's. And they said they would. So they went with Mrs. Burton next door. And when they came back, what do you think?"

Pink's voice sank. Janey's and Caroline's eyes nearly popped out of their heads. They could not speak.

"The stork had come," Pink said, "and left a little girl baby. And after they'd kissed her, Jessie went up to her room. And the sugar was gone."

Pink plunged into the surf. Janey clasped Caroline's hand tight and the two little girls ran home as fast as they could go. And running they trod clouds of glory.

A week of rain followed. "Gracious?" Mrs. Blair said once. "I never saw anything like the way the loaf sugar disappears in this house. I would suspect the children if they'd ever cared for it before. I declare I think Hattie eats it."

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In other ways it was not a week of unalloyed delight. In the first place, Mrs. Benton was weak and ailing and the children were forbidden any noisy play. Dr. Bigelow, running the gauntlet of Janey's stony glare, came every day. The rain did not permit them to go out-doors, but as far as childhood permits pre-occupation, Janey lived in another world. She had played her trump-card and she knew that it would not fail.

Mrs. Blair's chamber adjoined Mrs. Benton's and the big center dormer window was divided between the two rooms. Every night Janey looked out of her window and every night Caroline looked out of hers. Their faces almost touched over a crumbling mound of sugar, half-way between.

After a while the rain ceased. A week of dazzling sunshine baked the cliffs bone-dry, sweetened the air as if with honey, melted the gray cold until it boiled sapphire.

"How would you and Caroline like to go on a picnic to-day," Mrs. Blair asked one morning.

"We'd love it," Janey answered promptly.

"I've just called up Mrs. Snow and she says that you, and Caroline and Hazel can go on a picnic in the pine woods back of their barn. Now remember, children, you are not to go off the Snow place. Here are two lunches. You can eat one the moment you get there. You must save the other until noon. And don't start home until I telephone you, for I may decide to let you stay there all night."

Janey had never seen her mother so flustered. She seemed anxious to get the children out of the house. She kissed them both, but to Janey's bewilderment, just before they were leaving, she seized little Caroline and kissed her again and again.

Such a day they had in the pine grove! As Mrs. Blair had foreseen, they ate their first lunch immediately on arrival—at fifteen minutes after nine. Then they played for three hours with acorn cups and pine-cones, wandered afield, gathered flowers, ate their second lunch and spent the afternoon in the big shadowy Snow barn.

About five, Mrs. Snow appeared. "Your mother's just called up, Janey," she said, "and you're to go home at once." Mrs. Snow seemed excited too. She kissed both the children but she hugged Caroline much longer than Janey.

It was a disappointment to go, but the two children obediently trotted down the road which lead marshwards and seawards, and cliffwards—home.

Mrs. Blair was standing where the drive curved into the road. "What do you suppose has happened while you've been gone, children?" she said, seizing them both by the hand. "The stork has been here and left the darlingest baby-boy."

Caroline and Janey exchanged one stunned look. Then they jumped up and down like a pair of mad little tops. "Oh, goody, goody, goody," Janey said. "I knew I'd do it. I always do what I make up my mind to do." Then she sighed, "I guess they always manage to come when you've not at home though. Oh, show it to us mother," she entreated.

"If you'll be as quiet as mice," Mrs. Blair agreed. "You must not say a word and you must walk on tip-toes."

A pair of teetering shadows, the children followed her into the house and upstairs into the room which led from Mrs. Benton's chamber. There a strange woman in a gingham dress and a white cap, sat beside the old wooden Blair cradle. The strange woman smiled and drew down the clothes from under the hood.

Janey was conscious, one instant, of acute disappointment. Brother's face was not red, it was purple. He was crumpled as to skin and quite hairless. By some curious vagary of the child-mind, Janey had expected that he would make his first appearance in a navy-blue sailor-suit trimmed profusely with brass buttons. For an instant, the tantalizing vision of a fat, dimpled, golden-haired cherub floated in her mind. Then it disappeared forever and the little wad of flesh before her became of all human things, the most desirable.

"You may touch your little brother's hand, Caroline, if you want to," Mrs. Blair said indulgently.

Caroline's brother! Just in time, Mrs. Blair caught Janey by the shoulders for there was, whirlwind in her face. Her hand over her child's mouth, Mrs. Blair hustled her into her own room. "Janey, if you cry when Aunt Marcia is so sick, I'll spank you," she threatened sternly.

"I'm not going to cry, mother," Janey gasped heroically, pounding her face among the pillows and then coming up for air. "But, oh, I could shriek!" Even in that tumultuous moment, Mrs. Blair perceived that her daughter had blended "screech" with "shriek." "For, mother, I made a dreadful mistake. I put the sugar between the two windows and the stork went in the wrong dormer. That baby-brother really belongs to me."

Pin Pricks

[Continued from page 404]

"Oh, I've just a hunch that the sender of those messages does n't go out unaccompanied."

"Insane? Or semi-insane? It does rather look like delusional paranoia."

As nearly as imperfect humanity may, Average Jones appeared to be smiling indulgently at the end of his own nose.

"Daresay you're right—er—in part, Bert. But I've also a hunch that our man Robinson, is himself, the delusion as well as the object."

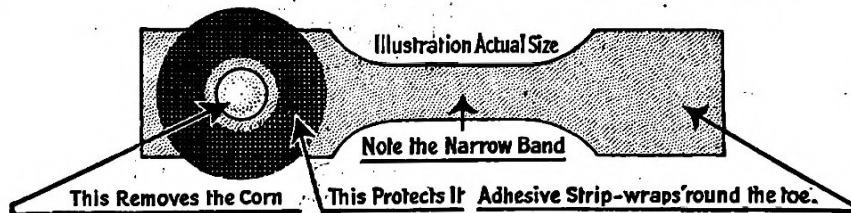
"I wish you would n't be cryptic, Average," said his friend pathetically. "There's been enough of that without your gratuitously adding to the sum of human bewilderment."

Average Jones scribbled a few words on a pad, considered, amended, and handed the result over to Bertram who read:

"WANTED:—Professional envelope eraser to remove marks from used envelopes. Experience essential. Apply at once.—A. JONES, Ad-Visor, 580 Fifth Ave."

"Would it enlighten your gloom to see that in every

Removes the Corn in 48 Hours



Don't suffer with corns any longer. Here is immediate, lasting relief—in wonderful Blue-jay Corn Plasters.

A felt ring of downy softness protects the corn and stops all pain instantly.

In the meantime a marvelous medication gets to work on the corn. In 48 hours it comes away freely—no pain—no harm—no soreness—no inconvenience—no spreading liquid—no nasty salve.

It is done neatly—simply—effectively.

Every day more than 10,000 people buy Blue-jay, because they have heard, through their friends, what it does.

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If you wish to be further convinced before spending even ten cents, ask us to mail you a sample—free.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Bauer & Black—Chicago
Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc.

(1)

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Registered in U.S. Pat. Office

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Every Prospective Mother.

Something new—only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society. Always drapes evenly in front and back—no bulkiness—no draw-strings—no lacing—no ripping or busting. Can be worn the year round.

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Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. D Buffalo, N. Y.

WARNING

To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the FINE-FORM MATERNITY SKIRT is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back—all substitutes offered will rise in front during development—a fault so repulsive to every woman of refined tastes. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patent.

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NOW is THE time you were saying to yourself "What will I do this summer?—I can't afford to do nothing. I might just as well earn a couple of hundred dollars as sit around." We'll get this thing off your mind if you'll drop us a postal and ask for particulars.

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Room D

New York City

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' Oh, something new—THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but you can't see them—they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right." The

MORLEY PHONE

makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard; invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

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PROMOTES A LUXURIOUS GROWTH
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to Its Youthful Color
Prevents scalp Diseases and Hair Falling
50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists



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Take Home a Box of LENOX CHOCOLATES

Or, if some other kind is preferred, you will find it among the 500 other varieties of NECCO SWEETS.

Made where every condition is conducive to purity and cleanliness. Always sold under the NECCO seal.



Say "NECCO" and you can't go wrong. All leading dealers have them.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO., BOSTON, MASS.



Promoted

This man has just been promoted. He's happy, but he *knew* it was coming, because he knew his special training demanded it.

How about *YOU*? Are you on the promotion list, or are you condemned to tag along with the crowd through lack of training? Get out of the rut. You *can*. The International Correspondence Schools have a special way by which you—*YOU*—can become an expert in your chosen line of work.

Have you enough ambition to learn all about the special I. C. S. way that so exactly meets your case? Then, mark the attached coupon. No matter who you are, what you do, or where you live the I. C. S. can train you in your spare time.

Finding out costs you nothing, and does not bind you in any way. So, mark the coupon. Three hundred promotions VOLUNTARILY reported to the I. C. S. every month.

302 were reported during March.

The I. C. S. imparts the training. The training WINS you PROMOTION.

Mark the coupon.

International Correspondence Schools, Box 1172 SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X.

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertising Man
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Commercial Law
Illustrator
Designer & Craftsman
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer
Concrete Engineer

Mechanical Draftsman
Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Plumber & Steam Fitter
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
Architect
Structural Engineer
Banking
Mining Engineer
Poultry Farming

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____

State _____

New York and Brooklyn paper to-morrow?" inquired its inventor.

"Not a glimmer."

"We'll give this ad a week's repetition if necessary, before trying more roundabout measures. As soon as I have heard from it I'll drop in at the club and we'll write—that is to say, compose a letter."

"To whom?"

"Oh, that I don't know yet. When I do, you'll see me."

Three days later Average Jones entered the Cosmic Club, with that twinkling up-turn of the mouth corners which, with him, indicated satisfactory accomplishment.

"Really, Bert," he remarked, seeking out his languid friend, in the laziest corner of the large divan. "You'd be surprised to know how few experienced envelope erasers there are in four millions of population. Only seven people answered that advertisement, and they were mostly tyros."

"Then you didn't get your man?"

"It was a woman. The fifth applicant. Got a pin about you?"

Bertram took a pearl from his scarf.

"That's good. It will make nice, bold, inevitable sort of letters. Come over here to this desk."

For a few moments he worked at a sheet of paper with the pin, then threw them down in disgust.

"This sort of thing requires practise," he muttered. "Here, Bert, you're cleverer with your fingers than I. You take it, and I'll dictate."

Between them, after several failures, they produced a fair copy of the following:

"Mr. Alden Honeywell will choose between making explanation to the Post Office authorities or calling at 3:30 p. m. to-morrow upon A. Jones, Ad-Visor, 580 Fifth Avenue."

This Average Jones enclosed in an envelope which he addressed in writing to Alden Honeywell, Esq., 550 West Seventy-fourth Street, City, afterwards pin-pricking the letters in outline. "Just for moral effect," he explained.

In part this ought to give him a taste of the trouble he made for poor Robinson. You'll be there to-morrow, Bert?"

"Watch me!" replied that gentleman with unwonted emphasis. "But will Alden Honeywell, Esq.?"

"Surely. Also Mr. William H. Robinson, of the Caronia. Note that 'of the Caronia.' It's significant."

At 3:30 on the following afternoon three men were waiting in Average Jones's inner office. Average Jones sat at his desk sedulously polishing his left-hand fore-knuckle with the tennis callous of his right palm. Bertram lounged gracefully in the big chair. Mr. Robinson fidgeted. There was an atmosphere of tension in the room. At 3:40 there came a tap-tapping across the floor of the outer room, and a knock at the door brought them all to their feet. Average Jones threw the door open, took the man who stood outside by the arm, and pushing a chair toward him, seated him in it.

The new-comer was an elderly man dressed with sober elegance. In his scarf was a scarab of great value; on his left hand a superb signet ring. He carried a heavy, gold-mounted stick. His face was curiously divided against itself. The fine calm forehead and the deep setting of the widely separated eyes, gave an impression of intellectual power and balance. But the lower part of the face was mere wreckage; the chin quivering and fallen, from self-indulgence, the fine lines of the nose coarsened by the spreading nostrils; the mouth showing both the soft contours of sensuality and the hard, fine lines of craft and cruelty. The man's eyes were unholly. They stared straight before him, and were dead. With his entrance there was infused in the atmosphere a sense of something venomous.

"Mr. Alden Honeywell?" said Average Jones.

"Yes." The voice had refinement and calm.

"I want to introduce you to Mr. William H. Robinson."

The new-comer's head turned slowly, to his right shoulder, then back. His eyes remained rigid.

"Why, the man's blind!" burst out Mr. Robinson, in his piping voice.

"Blind!" echoed Bertram. "Did you know this, Average?"

"Of course. The pin-pricks showed it. And the letter mailed to Mr. Robinson at the General Delivery, which, if you remember, had the address inked in from pin-holes."

"When you have quite done discussing my personal peculiarity," said Honeywell, patiently, "perhaps you will be good enough to tell me which is William Robinson."

"I am," returned the owner of that name. "And do you be good enough to tell us why you hound me with your hellish threats."

"That is not William Robinson's voice!" said the blind man. "Who are you?"

"William H. Robinson."

"Not William Honeywell Robinson!"

"No; William Hunter Robinson."

"Then why am I brought here?"

"To make a statement for publication in to-morrow morning's newspaper," returned Average Jones, crisply. "Statement? Is this a yellow journal trap?"

"As a courtesy to Mr. Robinson, I'll explain. How long have you lived in the Caronia, Mr. Robinson?"

About eight months."

"Then, some three or four months before you moved there, another William H. Robinson lived there for a short time. His middle name was Honeywell. He is cousin, and an object of great solicitude to this gentleman here. In fact, he is, or will be, the chief witness against Mr. Honeywell in his effort to break the famous Holden Honeywell will, disposing of some ten million dollars. Am I right, Mr. Honeywell?"

"Thus far," replied the blind man composedly.

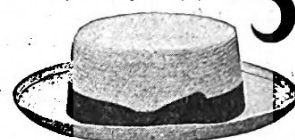
"Five years ago William Honeywell Robinson became addicted to a patent headache 'dope.' It ended, as such habits do, in insanity. He was confined two years, suffering from psychasthenia, with suicidal melancholia and delusion of persecution. Then he was released, cured, but with a supersensitive mental balance."

"Then the messages were intended to drive him out of his mind again," said Bertram, in sudden enlightenment. "What a devil!"

"Either that, or to impel him, by suggestion, to suicide

Genuine Panamas \$3

Style No. 101
Natural
Panama
Shape



Style No. 101—Crown 3-3/4 in. Brim 2 1/2 in.

(or Telescope if desired, Style No. 100) finely woven, light, cool and durable. Can be renovated and reblocked each season. Our representatives gather these hats direct from the South American Natives. We shape and trim them to 1910 styles.



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Something entirely new, a combination of Panama and Straw—The Crown and Upper Brim of fine Panama—Under Brim of finely woven straw—Extra light (3 Ounces) and very fine and dressy—An extraordinary value. Catalog of 20 other styles in Men's, Women's and Children's Panamas on request. Your Old Panama renovated and reblocked in any style on receipt of \$2.00. Don't wait for the scorching weather, order Today, giving style and size. CULEBRA HAT CO., Panama Hat Gatherers and Distributors Dept. S, 11 and 13 Waverly Place, New York



Showing underbrim of stiff straw

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Has "That Clean Smell"

which distinguishes it from ordinary soaps. The odor of LIFE-BUOY associates itself with utter clean-ness and wholesomeness.

For Toilet Bath and Shampoo

Lifebuoys is the most satisfactory of all soaps. Cleans and disinfects at the same time. Prevents the infection of cuts and scratches which may become poisoned.



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Traveling Salesmen earn from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year and expenses. Over 600,000 employed in the United States and Canada. The demand for good Salesmen always exceeds the supply. We will teach you to become by mail and assist you to get a good position. We maintain the largest FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU in the world and receive calls for thousands of Salesmen. We have assisted thousands of other men to secure good positions and better salaries and we can help you. Hundreds of our graduates who formerly earned \$25 to \$75 a month have since earned from \$100 to as high as \$1,000 a month and expenses. Thousands of positions now open. If you want to secure one of them and 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.

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A portable, pure white, steady, safe light. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. 100 candle power. No grease, dirt nor odor. Lighted instantly. Costs 3 cts. per week. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog. Do not delay.

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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. KENNEDY, President,
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Dept. 2888, Baltimore, Md.

or to revert to the headache powders, which would have meant the asylum again. Anything to put him out of the way, or make his testimony incompetent for the will contest. So, when the ex-lunatic returned from Europe a year ago, our friend Honeywell here, in some way located him at the Caronia. He matured his little scheme. Through a letter broker who deals with the rag and refuse collectors, he got all the second-hand mail from the Caronia. Meantime, William Honeywell Robinson had moved away, and as chance would have it, William Hunter Robinson moved in, receiving the pin-prick letters, which, had they reached their goal, would probably have produced the desired effect.

"If they drove a sane man nearly crazy, what would n't they have done to one whose mind was n't quite right!" cried the wronged Robinson.

"But since Mr. Honeywell is blind," said Bertram, "how could he see to erase the cancellations?"

"Ah! That's what I asked myself. Obviously, he could n't. He'd have to get that done for him. Presumably he'd get some stranger to do it. That's why I advertised for a professional eraser who was experienced, judging that it would fetch the person who had done Honeywell's work."

"Is there any such thing as a professional envelope eraser?" asked Bertram.

"No. So a person of experience in this line would be almost unique. I was sure to find the right one, if he or she saw my advertisement. As a matter of fact, it turned out to be an unimaginative young woman who has told me all about her former employment with Mr. Honeywell, apparently with no thought that there was anything strange in erasing cancellations from hundreds of envelopes—for Honeywell was cautious enough not to confine her to the Robinson mail alone—and then pasting on stamps to re-mail them."

"You appear to have followed out my moves with some degree of acumen, Mr.—er—Jones," said the blind schemer suavely.

"Yet I might not have solved your processes so easily if you had not made one rather—if you will pardon me—stupid mistake."

For the first time, the man's bloated lips shook. His evil pride of intellectuality was stung.

"You lie," he said hastily. "I do not make mistakes."

"No? Well, have it as you will. The point is that you are to sign here a statement, which I shall read to you before these witnesses, announcing for publication the withdrawal of your contest for the Honeywell millions."

"And if I decline?"

"The painful necessity will be mine of turning over these instructive documents to the U. S. Postal Authorities. But not before giving them to the newspapers. How would you look in court, in view of this attempt to murder a fellow-man's reason?"

Mr. Honeywell had now gained his composure. "You are right," he assented. "You seem to have a singular faculty for being right. Be careful it does not fail you—sometime."

"Thank you," returned Average Jones, "now you will listen, please, all of you."

He read the brief document, placed it before the blind man, and set a pin between his finger and thumb. "Sign there," he said.

Honeywell smiled, as he pricked in his name.

"For identification, I suppose," he said. "Am I to assign no cause to the newspapers for my sudden action?"

A twinkle of malice appeared in Average Jones's eye.

"I would suggest waning mental acumen," he said.

The blind man winced palpably as he rose to his feet.

"That is the second time you have taunted me on that. Kindly tell me my mistake."

Average Jones led him to the door and opened it.

"Your mistake," he drawled as he sped his parting guest into the grasp of a waiting attendant, "was—er—in not remembering that—er—you must n't fish for bass in November."

[Another "Average Jones" story, "The Mercy Sign," will appear in July.]

Mine Enemy

By Mounce Byrd

MINE enemy hungered,
When my fields were brown
And gold and purple with the harvest crown.

MINE enemy thirsted,
At my well's cool brink;
But though he perish I forbade him drink.

MINE enemy sickened,
And my house was nigh,
And night was coming, but I passed him by.

MINE enemy hungered,
But upon a day,
When sad, I saw my substance melt away,
When there was left to me but crust and cup,
I sought my foeman and divided up.



LIFE'S Courtship Number

Out
June 7

Ten
Cents a Copy

Ta - Da - De - Da!



THE NET RESULT

Do you spoon?

If you should meet a beautiful young girl with a million in her own right, in a lonely seaside resort, or in some mountain fastness, would you know how to treat her?

Young man, your entire future may rest on whether you make sure to get the next number of LIFE or not.

Every form of kissing, and all the assorted shades of bliss, are served up in this number. As we write our heart beats faster and the color mantles our cheeks, for Love is the theme.

Perchance you have heard of Love. It has been mentioned occasionally in LIFE in the past, but never has it received the consideration it will have in the Great Courtship Number, out Tuesday, June 7.

You will learn how to seize her and squeeze her and please her; you will learn how to court her in style. You will learn how to kiss her and never to miss her and win her completely meanwhile.

Obeys That Impulse

Don't wait—order the number now, if you don't happen to be a regular subscriber—which you ought to be, by the way.

Coming Numbers

Home, Sweet
Home
Army and Navy
Dyspeptics
Fat Folks
Nautical



Explicit Directions

Send us, in any kind of money, Five Dollars for a year's subscription.

Or, if you are afraid to take too many chances, send One Dollar for a trial subscription of three months. Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

Address, LIFE, 41 W. 31st Street, New York
Yearly, \$5.00.....Canadian, \$5.52.....Foreign, \$6.04
3 Mos., 1.00.....".....1.14.....".....1.26



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FREE Write at once. Give name of your dealer. Get a sample bottle and "the new way" to polish pianos absolutely free. A library slip packed with every bottle.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO., 67 Broadway, New York City.

Price
\$12.00
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Ask for Catalog by Number only.

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—How to sell goods
—How to get money by mail
—How to buy at rock-bottom
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—How to train and handle men
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No. 14

T. J. Johnson
Secretary.

**Success Magazine carefully
edits its advertising columns**

THE Quinn-Campbell Conservatory of Music offers, through its home study courses an opportunity for studying music that up to the time it was founded could not have been had at any price—nothing like them had ever been prepared.

The work is arranged for beginners—those who know nothing of music—professionals, amateurs and teachers. The remarkable success of this institution—students in every state and sixteen foreign countries—is due to its maintenance of a standard; the directors and officers refused to make concessions to a few pupils who complained that the work was too good; they wanted instruction that would enroll them “to play” without requiring a reasonable amount of work; inferior instruction “would be good enough.” “Good enough!” means stopping short of perfection.

Just making good is all right as far as it goes but the trouble is that most every one makes good, you're lost in the crowd.

Making more than good puts you in a class by yourself; at least there are so few doing it that you'll find not much, if any, competition and a mighty lot of satisfaction.

If you are one who has tried and tried to learn music and have given up, try again once more with the Quinn-Campbell Conservatory of Music. If they can do for you what they have done for others—they can—you'll be paid over and over again; the dark days of the past will be forgotten in your joy of the present. We don't ask you to do anything; just investigate; when you begin you'll not stop until you are studying music with the Quinn-Campbell Conservatory of Music.

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Uncle Sam in Blunderland

[Continued from page 410]

Still again there comes before this committee the baffling details of the public currency, with all its involutions of high finance; the Engraving Bureau in which the currency is printed and within which occurred the colossal frauds exposed by the Glover committee of 1874; the appropriations to provide for the free coinage of gold, and the free shipping of fractional silver and minor coins; the machinery for the assay office and mints; the provision of adequate checks against such thefts as those at the Chicago Sub-Treasury, or those at the Seattle Assay Office. And, if Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Norton calls attention to the fact that the provision in regard to the free shipment of silver is being taken advantage of by the banks to return loads of half dollars to the Treasury to be cared for through the winter at Government expense, these seventeen unfinancial, unbusiness-trained men must be shrewd enough and keen enough to know whether the removal of the transportation privilege would work hardship to the farmers when small silver is needed for handling the crops. To remove the privilege would save the Treasury nearly one hundred thousand dollars per year: the committee must know whether the farmers would lose more.

Knotty Problems by the House Committees

Of things like this latter, where the line of decision between two phases of the people's interest is close and difficult, there are any number of instances in almost every phase of the committee's work. In the Bureau of Engraving, for instance, the Postoffice is charged \$18,000 to \$19,000 more for printing postage stamps on a contract amounting to about \$550,000 than would have been charged by the American Bank Note Company. The committee has to determine whether there are sufficient compensating advantages to offset the monetary loss, or whether in this case the business should legitimately go to a commercial concern which can do the work at the lesser cost. At Leavenworth, in Kansas, a penitentiary is being built under the direction of the Department of Justice, and when completed it will cost at the rate of \$2,000 for each of the fourteen hundred prisoners it is capable of holding. The committee must determine whether this is sheer extravagance or merely in consonance with the trend of the times, which the general public approves, toward greater humaneness in the treatment of criminals.

Congressman Walter I. Smith, who appears harder to satisfy than any other member of the committee when the hearings are being held, says of this Leavenworth affair:

“It enables people inside the prison to live in better quarters relatively than the people outside can afford to live in.”

Naturally enough, ulterior interests take advantage of close instances of this sort, and, where they can find opportunity, utilize first one and then the other side of the argument to turn benefits in their own direction. They fight, as all know, against the manufacture by the Government of its own army clothing and point to the superior cost that is involved. They resist the making of powder or the maintenance of factories for arms. And, although these strictly military items do not fall under the jurisdiction of the Appropriations Committee, they typify matters that do come, and illustrate the additional necessity under which the committee labors of providing itself with expert judgment on almost every subject of governmental administration. They must determine, for example, whether it is wise to continue the policy of having guns manufactured outside the Watervliet Arsenal, which was adopted, according to General Crozier, because it was “thought the outside establishments ought to be encouraged” so that their facilities might be ready in the event of emergency. This policy results in an increase of five hundred to six hundred per cent. in the cost of making forgings for the 12-inch guns. In a matter like this, lies the trail of the Steel Trust, and if members of the committee can not give cogent and conclusive reasons for any stand that they may take with reference to that five hundred to six hundred per cent. extravagance, they stand between the Scylla of popular disfavor and the Charybdis of corporation opposition.

Is it necessary to enumerate anything further of the work of this important body of men in order to show the consequences of political and legislative conditions that do not give Congressmen time to make a business study of the Government? What can men who can not study matters from a business point of view do with such a mass of detail as is suggested in this brief outline? What progress can they make toward such an orderly and logical array of affairs as will both economize the Government's expenditure and protect the people's revenue? In the Public Buildings account alone we saw a possible loss of twenty-five per cent. on twelve million dollars a year. In the Public Printing accounts we saw a possible loss of sixty-six per cent. on six millions, and in so small an item as the rations of the revenue-cutter service, there was a possible loss of twenty-five per cent.—to say nothing at all of the colossal loss of five hundred to six hundred per cent. on the forgings for cannon.



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Can you and I expect any considerable alteration as long as so simple a fault, so flagrant a petty abuse as that of the stationery account of Congress remains unaltered? If men can not charge \$125 per year to its proper place, how can they charge a thousand million dollars. If they can not so order things that they themselves can not buy what they have no business to buy and charge it to something which it is not, how can they so order things in other departments as to prevent the same glaring evils?

As the writer pointed out in his article in this magazine last month, the entire accounting system of the United States Government is loose, disjointed and heterogenous. There is no unity to it either in the individual departments or in the relations of the departments one to the other. Chairman Tawney of the Appropriations Committee, with all his facilities and all his available access to the books of the various departments, acknowledges that he can seldom trace any transaction or any subject through from its beginning to its conclusion, and the majority of Congressmen simply throw up their hands when asked where they get any daylight by which to guide their judgment either in making laws or appropriating funds. There is no standard in the appraisal of supplies, although the annual purchases of perishable commodities, such as have to be renewed from year to year, aggregate nearly forty-five millions. There is no standard in the efficiency of employees (although, of late, efforts are being made to bring that about). There is no accounting system by which such a daily balance may be struck as is struck in the office of every commercial concern of any importance in the world. There is no tallying up of legislation and general checking of it against administrative details and financial restrictions so that the amount of futile legislation may be reduced, or the enormous volume of Federal printing be brought to such reasonable proportions as would indicate either good judgment or consideration of the popular weal. The whole organization, at the Capitol end of Pennsylvania Avenue in particular, is a conclave of unknown details and misdirected effort.

Can it be anything but a prey to political interest and commercial favor?

Burn Your Bridges Behind You

[Continued from page 423]

efficiency. It also destroys confidence, and when one loses faith in himself he is a weakling and will never do anything strong, forceful or original.

If the positive man makes a mistake he is not likely to be long rectifying it; but the man who never makes up his mind until he has consulted everybody, and then is always ready to open up every question for reconsideration, will never accomplish anything.

Roosevelt says, "The man who doesn't make a mistake is no good." The man who is always after a sure thing, who has no dare in his nature, who is afraid to risk anything until dead sure that it is going to turn out right, never amounts to much. It is a thousand times better to make a mistake now and then than never to settle anything, but to be always balancing, weighing and considering.

A man who does forceful work must be able to dismiss a subject from his mind when he is done with it, so that he can do something else. This increases his power of mental grasp for the thing under consideration. But if the mind is entangled in confused surroundings, in a hundred and one half-decided things, if its energy is split up, the focusing power is impaired. You must concentrate your powers upon what you are doing, and you can never do this when a score of things in your mind are intruding themselves for consideration. When you have anything in hand, settle it and then dismiss it. Half decided things clog the mind. Study your problem carefully, make your decision firmly and let it be final. Let it stand, no matter what others may advise or suggest.

If you form the habit of making your decisions final, you will learn to use your best judgment before you decide. If your decisions are all tentative, if you know that they are not final, that you are liable to take them up for reconsideration, you will never develop a fine, strong judgment.

When you make your decisions absolutely final and burn all bridges behind you, and when you know that you must suffer the consequences of an immature or a poor judgment, you will be more careful and your judgment will improve just in proportion as you trust it, depend upon it, use it.

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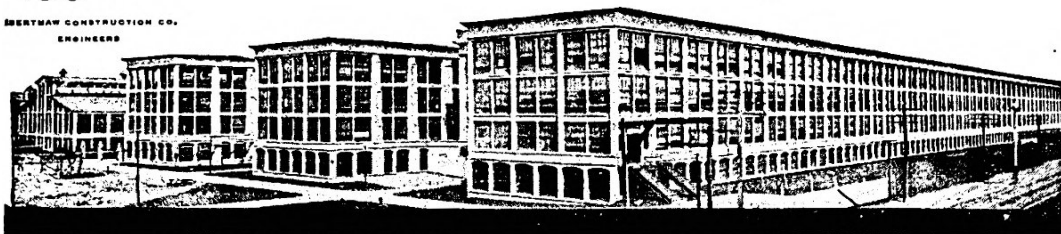
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The Evils of the Night Messenger Service

[Continued from page 396]

One of the earliest effects of the work upon the boys is their loss of respect for women. Seeing so much that is indecent, the boys' minds become impregnated with evil; they can talk of little else. They are proud of their acquaintance with persons of the underworld, and boast among themselves of what they have seen and the attention that has been paid them. Naturally their idea of womanhood is hopelessly degraded.

A Preparatory School for Criminals

Brand Whitlock, mayor of Toledo, Ohio, states: "I believe this branch of work furnishes more thieves and petty criminals than any other one occupation." It is obvious that the night messenger service is demoralizing to all sense of honesty and respect for law, by reason of the opportunities it gives to witness and practise dishonesty and law-breaking. Half-drunken men will send a boy out with a large bill to buy liquor; it is an easy matter for the boy to hold out a dollar or two from the change, and the boy often does. Frequently the offense is more flagrant than this; it takes the form of a direct participation in a robbing enterprise.

"I was going home with two other messengers early one morning," said a New York messenger, "when we came upon two drunken sailors leaning up against each other and trying to walk. The money was just dribbling out of their pockets. They had all kinds of it. The other two fellows took them in tow right away and started to steer them to a Tenderloin hotel. 'Better not do it, fellows,' I said. 'Let the poor devils have their money. They worked for it.' 'Not on your life,' they said. 'There's something in this for us if we can turn them over to the right parties.' So I went with them to the hotel and saw them take the sailors in. Then we all went home."

"But how did the boys get anything out of that?" he was asked.

"Oh, the women divided with them the next night." "Is there much of that kind of thing done? That is, steering men to hotels by messengers?"

"Sure. A messenger will steer a man to his friends and they always make it worth his while."

It is plain what the next step in the development of a boy who has been started in this direction is likely to be. He becomes a cadet. Here is a clear-cut case of what the work makes of many boys, told by a young fellow of twenty who confesses that he himself has been ruined for decent work by the night messenger service:

"Two brothers, fifteen and sixteen, moved with their family over here to Louisville from a little Indiana town. They were quiet, dandy fellows when they came here. The older brother got a job as a night messenger. As a messenger he saw these things for the first time in his life. It was wonderful to him, and he talked about it a lot in the office, and soon got to spending most of his time and money in the Tenderloin. Then he got his brother in the service, too, and in six months both boys were all to the bad. They spent night after night in the Tenderloin and took to drinking. To-day both these boys are simply saloon hangers-on and cadets."

The Boy's Chances for Success are Blighted

The service is as ruinous to the boy's material welfare as it is to his morals. There is little future in the night messenger service, and the boys practically all leave it—most of them discharged, because the work they have been forced to do has made them undependable. Many a boy finds himself in the predicament of the young fellow who said, "I threw up my job half a dozen times, but I always got restless after I had been on day jobs for a while, and I quit and came back again to the messenger service. But that don't pay enough for me now that I'm grown up, and since I don't know any trade, I somehow don't seem to get started."

A few of the boys, to be sure, do make a success in life; a classic illustration is the head of one of the telegraph companies who began life as a messenger. But the successes are few indeed. The night messenger service does not fit the boys for the work they take up later; rather, every influence contrives to render them unfit. "It makes it harder for a boy to get on than not after he leaves the service." "I have n't learned a thing, except maybe something I had n't ought to know." This is the common testimony of the boys. So when they get new jobs they have to begin at the very beginning; begin at the very point where they would have begun had they taken this job when they first went to work, which makes the period of their service as messenger a period lost out of their lives as far as their industrial development is concerned; what is worse, they begin at the beginning handicapped with vices, shiftlessness, physical impairment—perhaps acquired dishonesty.

Like All Child Labor it Is Profitable

The question arises: Why are these young boys employed in a service that ruins them, mind, soul and body? The answer is simple. The reason is the

same as impels the employment of children in cotton mills and coal mines. Children can be secured for lower wages than adults. There is more profit, more dividends, in children.

At this writing the investigation of the Child Labor Committee has not discovered to what extent the higher officials of the companies have knowledge of the evils attending the night messenger service. The heads of the larger companies are too far removed from the details of their service to have an intimate acquaintance with its nature. Certainly the men directly in charge of the night boys have full acquaintance with conditions, but the only direct evidence connecting officials of a higher rank is the fact that there are messenger call-boxes in many houses of prostitution. Whatever orders may have been promulgated by the companies forbidding the sending of boys to evil resorts, those orders are unobserved. The Tenderloin business is profitable; remember that the boys have testified that the majority of the night calls come from this district. The night manager of a purely local company situated on the edge of the Cleveland "Bad Lands" has stated: "Without the Tenderloin calls we would have to go out of business, at least as far as night work is concerned." In the case of the great national companies, the Tenderloin business plays no such important part as this; obviously the income from night messenger service is an almost insignificant item in their total earnings. But in their case, too, there has plainly been insufficient carefulness to safeguard the moral welfare of the boys in their employ.

We Must Save Our Future Citizens

The means of ending this frightful ruin of future citizens at once and completely, under present conditions, are not easily formulated, and are less easily carried into effect.

It is plain that this matter can not be left to the initiation and regulation of the companies. The National Child Labor Committee considers legislation the only hope. The committee is seeking to end, or at least largely to decrease this ruin of the child by having minors entirely removed from the night messenger business. In pursuance of this purpose the committee has placed its information in the hands of local committees, leaving to their judgment the degree of restrictions to be sought. These local committees have caused bills to be introduced in Massachusetts, Ohio, New York, Maryland and Virginia to raise the age limit as high as possible, and the National Committee is preparing to introduce bills in other States next year, prohibiting the employment as a night messenger of any person under twenty-one.

Doubtless the chief officers of the great companies are ignorant of the evils of the night service—at least of their full extent; and without doubt the evils here described will be a revelation to the stockholders. But if the companies have been ignorant in the past, they can not plead ignorance for the future. The evidence is before them. And the country, also knowing the evil, and knowing that the companies know it, will watch with roused vigilance to see what will be the attitude of the companies toward the endeavor to save the thousands and thousands of children who stand in danger of eternal ruin.

The Attitude of the Western Union and Postal Telegraph Companies

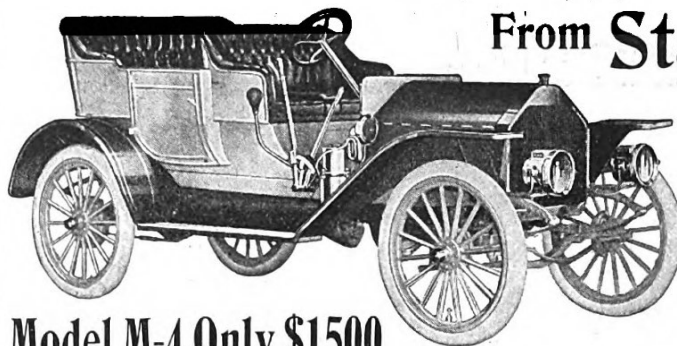
SINCE Mr. Scott's article was prepared, the National Child Labor Committee has conferred with officers of the Western Union and Postal Telegraph Companies regarding the conditions disclosed by the investigation so far as affecting their employees. It was stated by the managers of these two companies that the principal service of their respective messenger organizations, in which the great majority of their boys are employed, is the collection and delivery of telegrams, but that their messengers are also called for various kinds of other duty.

In many cities there are local messenger organizations having no relations with the telegraph companies whose service is more especially directed to those private uses from which arise so many of the evils disclosed.

While maintaining that the committee's plan to bar out minors altogether from the night messenger service would seriously cripple the service, particularly for the collection and delivery of telegrams, the officers of the Western Union and the Postal companies have offered to cooperate with the committee to the extent of favoring legislation prohibiting the employment of boys under eighteen years of age between the hours of 10 P. M. and 5 A. M. The two companies have further offered to make strong efforts to discriminate between legitimate and illegitimate calls on their boys.

The Bill Indorsed by the National Child Labor Committee and Passed by the New York Assembly

161-a. Hours of Labor of Messengers. In cities of the first or second class no person under the age of twenty-one years shall be employed or permitted to work as a messenger for a telegraph or messenger company in the distribution, transmission or delivery of goods or messages before five o'clock in the morning or after ten o'clock in the evening of any day.

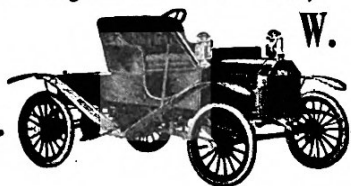


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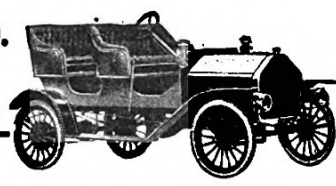


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Eastern	3980	3.11%
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The INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR

The Nation's Development Through the Investment Banker—Second Article

By MONTGOMERY ROLLINS

THE last number of this magazine contained a brief sketch of the rapid output of State and municipal obligations which followed the war between the North and South; the chaotic period of repudiation which resulted; and the gradual formation of debt-creating along more honest and conservative lines. With the growing impression that municipal obligations in general would be more carefully contracted, and eventually paid, principal and interest, the opportunity was presented for the stupendous and energetic development of the prairie and the mountainous West, which is the point at which the narrative will be taken up in this number.

Thirty or more years ago, the West, in its exuberant growth, called for vast sums of money for municipal improvements. The funds needed to defray the cost had to be drawn from the older and wealthier sections of the world. The newer regions were devoid of even reasonable banking facilities, to say nothing of lacking the wherewithal to finance their rapid progress.

How Municipal Obligations Were Met in Early Days

In those early days—early, relatively speaking, as this wonderful country has forged ahead—the municipalities in many of the sections were not upon what is called a "cash basis." In practically every town, city and county, at one time or another, the sums due for all labor, salaries, supplies, etc., were met by the issuing of "orders" (the plan is still pursued here and there), drawn by some authorized official of a municipality upon its treasurer, for payment to some person for services rendered, and which this person presents to the treasurer, who, for lack of funds on hand, is unable to meet it. The process is to take the order, or warrant, as it is familiarly called, and stamp on the back of it: "Presented but not paid from lack of funds. This warrant bears interest from this date until paid at the rate of (say) eight per cent." Below this is affixed the treasurer's signature. The stamping upon the back of the warrant is called the "date of registration." This instrument, if made payable "to bearer," is negotiable the same as any piece of money; if it is made payable "to order" it becomes negotiable only by endorsement, the same as a check.

The holder customarily needed the money and did not desire to retain the warrant as an investment; consequently, he sought a purchaser; generally some local banking institution or investment banker. But neither of these, in turn, would buy for investment, and so drove as good a bargain as possible, purchasing usually at a discount—which was great or small, according to the credit of the issuing municipality.

These warrants gradually found their way East, and millions of dollars' worth were held by those to whom the high rate of interest was very attractive. As thousands of municipalities used this method of payment, it was natural that local parties dealing in this class of paper came more and more into prominence, and it is pertinent to remark that the handling of warrants, becoming at one time a very lucrative part of the investment business of the West, many a bond house can attribute its start in business to the placing of that class of investments.

Even State and Territorial warrants were to be found in abundance, bearing a lower rate of interest than those issued by the smaller subdivisions, and the margin of profit upon them was, consequently, not so attractive.

An Illustrative Reminiscence

It may be interesting to note that the writer was once serving as a clerk in a banking office in a Western capital city at the time that its Legislature had just adjourned. There was no money in the hands of the State Treasurer to meet the salaries and other expenses of this legislative body. The banking house in question advertised that it would buy, at ninety-eight cents on the dollar, all the warrants with which the State would be obliged to meet the rightful demands of its lawmakers. The following day, a long line of Representatives, Senators, elevator men, engineers, pages, and what-not—men of different nationalities, half-breed Mexicans scarcely able to speak English, some with a good mixture of Indian blood—all filed up to the paying wicket and there presented their claims. All had to be checked up with the schedule of per diem

wages legally allowed each holder in his official capacity, and the slow work of paying off an entire State Legislature and its motley crew of assistants dragged through the long hours of the day.

These scraps of paper bore interest at the rate of six per cent. They were readily sold at par and accrued interest, and proved to be a safe outlet for savings.

That was one way of obtaining securities for the Eastern market and is rehearsed here to emphasize the customs of the investment world during that period, as it is but an example of crude ways and means of primitive financing in a country of pioneers.

The warrant method of borrowing was very freely indulged in, particularly beyond the Mississippi. In many ways, it was a pernicious kind of financing, and precipitated an era of excessive charging for supplies, labor and improvements, as it was natural that anyone having business to do with a municipality would add to his price the probable discount which he would be obliged to take upon the paper to be received in payment. The amount of discount increased in ratio to the amount of warrants outstanding. This was an expensive and hand-to-mouth way of living, unless the municipal resources were such that funds were coming in fast enough to redeem the obligations after a reasonable time, so that there would not be an over-issue. Theoretically, the warrant idea was merely a method of anticipating taxes, and it was not meant that more should be issued than the tax levy of the current year would redeem. Had this course been pursued, the plan would have been good finance, differing not one bit in principle from the notes now sold in anticipation of taxes by large cities throughout the land. But the spirit of the plan was not lived up to, and extravagant methods caused the majority of the municipalities to get more and more behind in their redemptions. The longer the warrants were outstanding the greater the accumulation of interest, for, in their case, the interest—unlike the usual form of investment—was not paid until the redemption of the principal, and instances are known where the interest accumulation exceeded the principal sum.

The Investment Banker Was a Financial Middleman

It is easy to see that trouble was brewing where conservative lines were disregarded. The divisional point where the tax levy could keep up in redemption with the warrant issue, was very readily passed. And then there was no hope, except in the issuing of long term funding bonds to provide the means for the payment of the warrants, a burdensome tax rate, or eventual repudiation. Fortunately, however, little of the latter occurred, although many attempts were made in that direction. But the bond men, having a wiser regard for the future of the West than had some of the local governing bodies, fought many of the cases through to the Supreme Court of the United States and won in nearly every instance.

Such instances as these go to show that the financial reputation and future of our Western country were more carefully borne in mind and cherished by the investment banker than by the citizens themselves. Little do the people, who, since those days have flocked into the arid and semi-arid States, realize that the ease with which they are now able to raise funds elsewhere for municipal and corporation purposes is almost entirely due to the good credit which that section was compelled to maintain through its really very commendable record, upon the whole, for meeting its debts. The West has made serious inroads upon the Eastern and foreign pocket-books through its mining, farm mortgage and other crazes, and may again precipitate trouble of a similar nature through reckless irrigation financing, but, upon the whole, the record has been a pretty good one for a country so recently hewn out of the wilderness, and it is hoped that its reputation will be an improving one, and that, wisely, the present over-speculation in land, based upon irrigation projects, good, bad and indifferent, will receive a wholesome check.

Elaborating somewhat upon the work of the bond men toward a higher standard in both the buying and the selling field, some few examples of what has been accomplished may not be amiss, for they will show how instrumental the "financial middleman"—as the

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investment banker may be termed—has been in the up-building of the nation.

Continuing further upon the subject of warrants, we will take one Territory for an example. Its municipalities were getting more and more behind in their redemptions. Counties, in particular, were tending toward serious injury to their credit. The market price of their "orders" frequently fell to such extremely low figures as twenty-five to fifty cents on the dollar. The outcome was, as will readily be seen, that an excessive price was being paid for everything; sometimes three or four times the actual worth of the benefit received, provided, of course, that the obligations should eventually be redeemed at their face value. It appeared that the brink of actual repudiation was being rapidly approached—or, perhaps, it should be more properly termed—bankruptcy.

This condition attracted the attention of one bond house, to whom it seemed that it would be a great blow to the West to have a wholesale trouble of this kind precipitated. It was thought to be imperative that these counties should be placed upon a cash basis; to let them catch up, as it were, and, at the same time, reduce the interest to something like six per cent., when they would mostly become solvent. To this end, every effort was made to obtain some good legislation to provide for bond issues for the taking up of this rapidly increasing indebtedness; and so this house, which had very much at heart the credit and welfare of the communities of that section, obtained much remedial legislation of a helpful nature. A Funding Act was passed which prohibited the issuing of further "orders" of this kind, thus placing the counties upon a cash foundation; improving their credit and permitting the resumption of municipal improvements at prices which were not prohibitive.

This is but one concrete example. Many others of equal import could be cited. In truth, very few of the States and Territories, thirty years ago, had even passably good laws under which bonds could be easily and safely issued. The laws, for the most part, were complex and not well formed for the protection of the bondholder. To the investment bankers, directly or indirectly, is almost wholly due the correction of these evils. And this reform did not stop at the West, for the laws of some of the Eastern States were in a haphazard form, and within a comparatively few years, at least one of those in New England had been entirely remodeled in relation to the creation of debt, and wholly due to the efforts of one banking house.

How Warrants Were First Bought and Sold

Dealing in warrants is a business so comparatively little understood to-day in the East, either by the investor or the banker who has entered the field in recent years, that it is becoming almost a lost art—if such a comparison may be used. This brief historical sketch would hardly be complete without entering rather more fully into the details of that branch of investment banking.

In most cases it was the first introduction of the young municipality to the money lender. It was, virtually, impractical for them to contract, at first, any fixed forms of indebtedness in the shape of bonds, for, in the first place, a long form of borrowing was not desirable, and, again, the amounts were small, and were needed only from day to day, and doubtless the paying in "orders" in anticipation of early revenues was the only feasible scheme by which communities could obtain the wherewithal to meet current needs. It must be remembered that in the first carving out of a little village from the great, trackless, silent wilderness—inhabited only by coyotes and prairie dogs or other denizens which once so freely ranged the "Great American Desert" over which the Indian roamed, and where he lived in lazy ease—it made its first claim to existence by the erection of a few tents, "dug-outs," adobe houses or shacks, with a generous admixture of saloons. A mushroom growth like this, with a population more addicted to the use of the rifle and the six-shooter than to the peaceful pursuits of husbandry, offered at first but little attraction to the investor.

Local pride and an unbounded confidence in the future, running side by side with the Westerner's natural optimism and fluent use of the English language, made possible the carrying out the warrant plan of financing these thousand and one hopeful metropolises; overcoming obstacles that would have discouraged almost any other pioneers not enjoying the bracing air of the sunny prairies and the stimulating altitude of the mountain ranges.

The actual office detail of buying and selling warrants, whereas not so complex and fully developed as that of the modern bond business, was very exacting, with its many perplexities and business cares.

A banker handling this department of investments could not rely upon the demands of his own immediate locality to furnish the requirements of his rapidly increasing market. So he soon put himself in touch with banks, concerns and individuals, in communities carefully selected for their good natural resources, having a view to their probable growth, by which means warrants were obtained from places more or less distant and beyond his local horizon. A small commission was paid to these agents for their services. Thus, there was a constant stream of these "orders" coming in from all points of the compass, in large and small

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amounts, and all sorts of odd denominations, and issued for every conceivable purpose. Where they were drawn to the order of the party to whom the money was due, endorsements had to be carefully inspected and made sure of, the same as would be the case with a check. The legal limitation of debt had to be carefully watched, that no "excess warrants," as they were called, should by any chance be purchased.

As warrants were received by the investment banker, they were entered up in large books, known as "Warrant Registers," wherein such information was written as the name of the municipality, the number of the warrant, its face value, its date of registration, from whom purchased, the price, and so on. On the opposite page would appear a record of its sale, and blanks were provided for entering such facts as to whom sold, the price, interest accrued, and other information to identify the particular warrant, much of which had already been previously entered upon the left-hand page. These warrants were sold habitually, with the accumulated interest added to the price, the same as is now the almost universal custom in selling bonds.

Eastern Investors Were Slow to Buy

A great volume of correspondence was carried on with the then existing and prospective purchasers to the eastward, and much missionary work was accomplished in the way of educating investors to the merits of each of the but little known towns, cities or counties by which the many warrants were issued. When a bond house to-day offers bonds of the city of Chicago for example, but little need be said in the way of recommendation of its credit, or description of its resources, but a vast amount of literature, written and printed, was required to establish in the minds of those at a distance from the "over-night" grown hamlet of the Far West, a reasonable degree of certainty that ultimate payment might be expected. This work, however, gradually became less and less, as warrants previously sold were redeemed at par and accrued interest; and thus the market very rapidly became a growing and improving one. They were not always sold by the banker at par. Frequently, the first issues of warrants of an entirely unknown town were bought at a very liberal discount, and offered in the East at a still attractive discount, so that, when redeemed, there was not only the interest coming to the investor, but the difference between his purchase price and par.

If repaid within the year, as was supposed to be the custom, the investment proved very lucrative, even if sold at par, but where they were allowed to run for some years, the profit was materially less, although not always so appreciated by the holder. This was due to the fact that the interest was not paid until maturity—not annually, semi-annually or quarterly, as in the majority of investments—so there was a loss of interest upon the periodical interest payments which one would have obtained by buying a fixed indebtedness, such as bonds. The public would be more alive to this condition to-day; net income from an investment of a funded nature being entirely determined by the use of bond-values tables based upon periodical payments of interest.

Another important detail at the buying end was the use of every precaution that when a municipality called its warrants for payment, the call should not escape the notice of those who had handled the particular warrants enumerated in the call. The laws necessitated the publication, usually in the local paper only, but for a given number of times, and, say, upon thirty days' notice, whenever funds were on hand for payment of a sufficient amount of the warrants to make it worth while to effect their redemption. Thus, there would appear in such newspapers, with more or less regularity, advertisements stating that certain warrants—described by numbers—would be redeemed, principal and interest, upon presentation at the treasurer's office upon a given date, after which interest would cease.

The only true way to avoid the risk of missing these calls was for the banker to subscribe for the official paper in each county, town, etc., after his first purchase of warrants therefrom.

Laws for the Protection of Warrants

If any numbers were discovered which the house had handled, notice was forthwith sent to the holders. By the latter, they were forwarded to the banking house, which, in turn, sent them to the local bank or agent for presentation and collection. Thus, slowly but eventually, the funds reached the investor, unless, as was often the case, he had given instructions for re-investment.

Whereas, this by no means covers all the minutia of this rather primitive branch of finance, it gives a fair idea of the subject and is rather pertinent to this series of articles. For, unless those who may, by chance, find something of interest in these columns, fully understand to what an extent the western half of our country was dependent upon such a method of raising money, they will but little appreciate how the great national domain could, in so incredibly short a time, have so miraculously changed from a desert and mountainous waste to one of the most progressive and fertile sections of the world.

The July number will continue to show how dependent progress in the Great West has been upon the activities of the investment banker.

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The Shears of Destiny

(Continued from page 413)

"My own children are arch-traitors to their country!" "Not traitors, father," said Sonya, "but patriots of a truer sort!"

"Traitors, I say! As for Vladimir there, I may not be surprised. But you, Olga; you whom I loved and cherished and trusted, of whom I was so proud—to think that you could secretly join these vile enemies of our country! You have turned against your father—you have turned against your class—you have turned against your Czar! But one disgrace I will not have. They shall never say of me that I shrink from duty because the criminals were my own children. You are guilty! You must suffer the penalty of your guilt."

"We knew the risk and we accepted it," said Borodin. The general gazed at his son—at his daughter. They were pale, but their eyes were clear, their mien tranquilly intrepid. Their calm acceptance of their fate sobered his wrath, but stern judgment still sat upon his brow.

At length he spoke. "And you are willing to die?" he asked his son.

"Since it must be so—yes."

"And you, Olga?"

"I do not want to die, but I am quite ready."

"And do you not regret what you have done?"

"I only regret," said she, "that it all turned out so ill."

There was a knock at the dungeon's door, and the governor called that the fifteen minutes were at an end.

Sonya stretched out both her hands and her eyes filled with tears. "Good-bye, father. And in the future—try to see that the cause we died for—"

There was a breaking, a surging up, within him, and suddenly his arms opened and he clutched her to him.

"No! No! You shall not die!" he cried convulsively. "You shall not die—neither of you! I'll move heaven and earth! I'll arrange it somehow. How, I do not know—but I'll arrange it!"

He kissed her again and again, tears flushing his old eyes; and he embraced and kissed his disowned son.

At the door he paused a moment to regain his calm.

"I am ready, Colonel Kavelin," he called.

CHAPTER XXIV

AS THE general strode through the cell-lined corridors he swiftly planned his course. He had power to condemn, but in a case of such flagrant guilt he had no power to pardon. He would return to his home, send the governor an official order staying the execution, and then hasten straight to the Czar and beg for clemency. He would keep the identity of the prisoners secret, save only from his royal master, and thus, barring misfortune, he and his name would emerge from the situation without public disgrace.

He came out into the court, where he had left his sleigh, to find standing there a score of cavalry. The officer in charge, a captain whom he knew, rode up to him, dismounted, and saluting respectfully, handed him an envelope.

"I was sent to give this to your excellency," he said. "Thank you." The general started to put it in his coat.

"Pardon me, your excellency, but I was to request you to examine it at once."

The general opened the envelope and read:

"It is with extreme regret that we find it advisable to remove you temporarily from office and place you under domiciliary arrest until six o'clock to-morrow morning. During this period you are not to communicate with any one whatever, by speech or writing, except your guards, who will be with you constantly."

"There is no desire to dishonor you. If you will submit yourself quietly to this order, and will promise to make no effort to break its provisions, only the bearer of the order and his two lieutenants need accompany you. No attention will be attracted and the fact of your temporary restraint will never reach the public."

NICHOLAS."

The general stood there in the snow and stared at the paper. All his blood seemed to flow out of him.

His way to the Czar was blocked—blocked by the Czar's own hand. He could not even send the intended reprieve. He was as helpless as though bound and gagged. He knew the power he served too well not to know that his only course was submission. If he did not go quietly, he would go under a heavy guard, and the only difference would be the public disgrace. He pulled himself together with a great effort and pocketed the order. "I will go with you," he said to the captain.

He remembered that his children would be expecting every minute up to the last the reprieve that now was not to come. They ought to be spared that long suspense with its climax of disappointment, but he knew it was useless to ask to speak with them.

He was aware that the governor was behind them, though he pretended ignorance of the fact. "I was examining two condemned prisoners," he remarked to the captain, but for the governor's ear. "They asked a slight favor of me, which I promised to consider. Will you have one of your men tell the governor to inform them that I can do nothing for them?"

"I will see that they are told," eagerly put in the governor.

The sleigh moved off through the arched gateway, two officers riding beside it, and the rest of the troop following at a distance. To the governor and to all whom they passed the cavalcade seemed merely an escort of honor.

The three officers accompanied him into his office, where Drexel sat waiting. As they entered Drexel sprang up.

"Yes, yes?" he cried.

The prince, surrounded by his guards, could only gaze at Drexel in his commanded silence.

"For God's sake, what does this mean?" Drexel demanded in dismay.

Thus abjured, the prince opened his mouth. "I am—"

"Stop prince," the captain broke in. "Remember, you can not speak."

"He can not speak?"

"Such is the order."

"But I must know! I must know!"

"He can say nothing," said the captain, in a tone of finality.

Drexel stared at the prince in helpless despair. The prince turned to the captain.

"I may not speak to him, I know, but I may to you. This gentleman has sought my interest in a certain matter. It will be no breach of your order to inform him that I am under arrest and that I can do nothing whatever in the affair."

"Nothing!" breathed Drexel.

"I think the gentleman understands," said the captain. "I am sure he will excuse me when I say that it is necessary for him to withdraw."

Drexel stumbled out of the palace. He leaned upon the river's parapet and gazed wildly across the night at dim outlines of the fortress.

The last card played—and trumped!

At the time that Drexel stood gazing across at Sonya's prison, word was brought to Prince Berloff that his plan for the arrest of General Kuratoff had had successful issue. The fear of the last hour since he had been told that the general had gone to the fortress, gave place to exultant satisfaction. Yes, it was fortunate that he had foreseen the danger that the general might learn the identity of the two prisoners, and had had the general's every movement shadowed, prepared instantly to checkmate him. And it was fortunate, too, that he had had by him blank orders with the Czar's signature attached, entrusted to him by Nicholas for use in extreme emergency.

Upon his self-congratulation there entered Freeman. Freeman reported that he had been searching for Drexel ever since he had left Berloff the night before, and that thus far he had not a clue.

"No clue yet!" exclaimed the prince. "And only ten hours remain! After the execution he will be sure to return to the Howards, and then we can not touch him."

"Correct," was the easy response. "And in the meantime he is hiding with the revolutionists, and there is little chance of our finding him by ordinary police methods in these ten hours."

"Then he will escape unless we use some clever, quick-working plan!"

"Exactly, prince," Freeman's eyes glittered between their puffy, blackened lids. "And so we are going to use a clever, quick-working plan."

"Then you have one?"

"A great one! Princess Kuratoff knows every revolutionist that Drexel knows. Also she believes me to be under arrest, and does not suspect me. You are to have me put in the cell with her and her brother, as condemned to die—and trust me, in the emotional before-the-scaffold hour, as a fellow prisoner doomed to die at the same time, to worm out of her the name of every possible person with whom Drexel can be hiding."

The prince nodded.

"Then when I'm released," Freeman went on excitedly, "we'll swoop down on every person whose name I've learned. We'll get him, sure! And we'll get every leader of importance still free in St. Petersburg!"

"Excellent!" ejaculated the prince.

The triumphant light that leaped up in his eyes as suddenly died out.

"But, Freeman, there is one weak spot in the plan."

"What is that?"

"Yesterday's attempt to free Borodin shows that the revolutionists have won over, bought over, a number of the prison staff. Some of these guards might get warning to the prisoners that you are not condemned to die. Then they would be suspicious and tell you nothing."

"I've foreseen that danger, and have devised my plan to avoid it. I am to be really condemned to death."

"You mean—"

"I mean that you are to have a real death-warrant made out for me. Then no one in the prison, not even the governor, will know what we're about."

"Yes, that obviates the danger!"

"And then an hour before the execution you send an officer with an order for my release. No—wait. Now that I think of it, I don't care to have that order trusted to any stupid officer. Suppose he failed to get there on time—eh? Prince, you must bring it yourself."

This fitted Berloff's desire; for being in the fortress at the time of the execution, he would not have to wait till morning to learn definitely that he had won the great stake for which he had so craftily played.

"Very well; I will bring it myself."

"Say at three o'clock?"

"At three o'clock."

Freeman rose to go. "One moment," said the prince. "You will recall that two or three weeks ago we considered the desirability of a terrorist plot against General Kuratoff. We dropped it then because the revolutionists refused to be involved. They will now be burning to avenge the general's execution of their comrades. Might not this be a good time to take it up again?"

Freeman's sinister intelligence read what was in the prince's mind. "With the two children out of the way, why wait years for the General's natural death to give you possession of his fortune—eh, Prince? Besides, if you waited he might come to suspect your part in to-night's business and will his fortune elsewhere. You are right—this is the very time."

"I will begin on it to-morrow—as soon as Drexel is done for. Prince, allow me to congratulate you. Victory over the revolutionists—two vast fortunes the same as won to-night—a beautiful bride to-morrow—and the Prime Ministership certain to be yours! How the devil must love his favorite child!"

The prince frowned, but his heart leaped at the summary of his success.

They settled the further details of their plans, and an hour later Freeman, in coarse prison clothes, was thrust into the dungeon with Sonya and Borodin.

[Continued in July]

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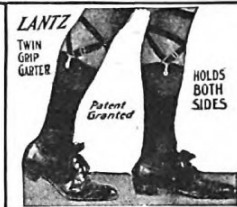
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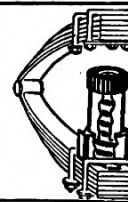
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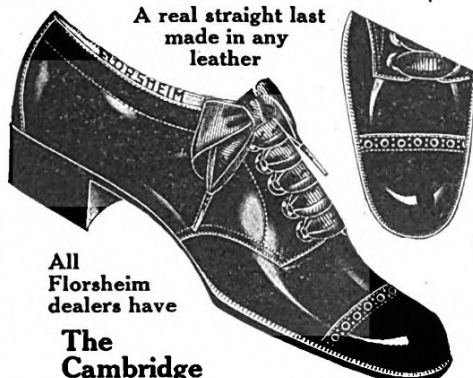
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UNCLE BOB'S MONEymAKERS

A Club for Boys Who Want to Earn Money

SOMETIMES I feel that if all the SUCCESS MAGAZINE boys could read my mail and fully understand what a happy and enthusiastic band the Moneymakers' Club really is, we should have the biggest club in the world. So many boys have gotten or are getting what they want that the club long since ceased to be merely an idea, or even an experiment.

Like the magazine which stands sponsor for it, the success, and it continues to get larger every day. And why should n't it? The requirements are so simple and the benefits so in a boy and want to earn money, you can become a member, provided you are willing to make the slight effort necessary to carry out Uncle Bob's plans and instructions.



The Club Emblem

And who is Uncle Bob? Some of you who haven't already learned will ask this question. Well, in the first place, Uncle Bob is a boy's friend and helper, like all good uncles ought to be. He probably knows more about boys' problems and how to solve them than any one else. Some time ago he realized that one of the chief troubles of the average boy is to raise the necessary money to get the things he wants. He was aware that it is not easy for a boy to know where to turn for help in such emergencies without just teasing the money from his relatives. So he determined to start a club to teach boys how to make money and arranged with SUCCESS MAGAZINE to conduct a department giving the news and plans of the Moneymakers, in order to reach the largest possible number of boys.

Alvin Dunn was one of the very first boys to join the club. In addition, he has the distinction of being the first boy to secure the object of his money-making. This is a camera, with which Alvin has been taking pictures for some weeks now. Nothing I myself could say could well exceed the welcoming hand this boy extends to others in a letter recently received from him:

"I find that the club has benefited me a great deal. Now, boys, Uncle Bob is the fellow to go to if you want to earn money. He is giving out a badge now to the members and it is a peach. Be sure to get one. Uncle Bob's Club is a good one for getting the things you want, and it is easy to do so. Uncle Bob writes interesting letters to the members and very helpful ones. Just join the Moneymakers' Club."

Oh, I am getting a lot of evidence in every mail that my plan for helping boys to help themselves is a good one. Here is part of a letter which just came in from a Maryland member:

"Your letter received. I got the air gun and the reel and think they are very fine. Come out and I will show you how to catch brook trout. I think Uncle Bob's Moneymakers' Club a good thing for boys who want to work. Our school is out in a week and then I can start to work in earnest. I thank you very much for your kindness."

Byron Koch, an Ohio boy, may come to be a famous musician if his determination to "find a way or make one" means anything, and it usually means everything:

"I started to work earning money this morning, and although I have n't gotten very far, have done very good indeed. I received your two letters this afternoon, and with the money I earn am going to get a violin. I can play pretty good on the violin—about as good as any boy of my age (thirteen) around here—and am now playing in an orchestra. As it is for a very good purpose I do hope I will succeed."

And so do we all, Byron. Good luck to you!

Our plans continue to develop from month to month. Every day opens up new possibilities for the club. For one thing, we are going to have a book, picturing and describing in detail some of the things for which many Moneymakers are working. So many boys have now written to tell me what they are most anxious to secure that I am able to list the things that are dearest to our boys' hearts. This book will show in such an interesting way a few of the splendid things that can be gotten through the club that I am sure it will prove a great spur to all of you to go in and benefit to the greatest extent through your membership.

And say! What did you who are already enrolled think of that dandy little booklet, "The Moneymakers' Manual" which I mailed to you a little while ago? I didn't announce it in advance—I wanted to make it a pleasant surprise. This little guide to money-making ought to be worth its weight in gold to every boy who wants to succeed. It will be sent, with all other information, to those who join our club in the next month or two.

To the new boys, we say, "Come with us." There are no dues or other expenses. All the many benefits are obtained without the expenditure of one penny. If you want to know all about the club—the monthly salary paid to active workers, the solid gold badge—write to-day for full information and an application blank to

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