

SUCCESS

MAGAZINE

FOUNDED BY
ORISON SWETT MARDEN

CONTENTS FOR
JULY 1910

Cover by B. CORY KILVERT

The Paralysis of Fear Orison Swett Marden 458

Old Well-Well (*A Baseball Story*) Zane Grey 459

Illustrations by E. W. Kemble

The Mercy Sign Samuel Hopkins Adams 462

The Fourth of the "Average Jones" Detective Stories

Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker

Marriage in America Robert Haven Schauffler 466

The Business Girl's Ideals

Illustrations by Maud Tousey

Silk o' the Weed (*Verse*) Madison Cawein 469

The Chambless Roadtown Milo Hastings 470

Illustration by Vernon Howe Bailey

A Renegade Mother (*Another Janey Story*) Inez Haynes Gillmore 473

Illustrations by Ada C. Williamson

Uncle Sam in Blunderland Arthur I. Street 475

The Cost of Political Pork

The Shears of Destiny (*Serial Story*) Leroy Scott 477

Illustrations by Alexander Popini

DEPARTMENTS

Point and Pleasantry (*10-Cent-a-Word Department*) 456

The World in a Nutshell 483

The Individual Investor Montgomery Rollins 499

Editorial Chat 501

Uncle Bob's Money-makers 502

Copyright, 1910, by THE SUCCESS COMPANY. Entered as second-class mail matter, Dec. 14, 1905, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March, 1879. Copyrighted in Great Britain.

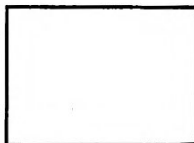
Our Advertisements

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 (July) issue; if a red pencil cross it expires with the next (August) issue.

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



How to Own The Oliver Typewriter for 17c a Day

You don't have to draw on your Bank Account when you pay on the Penny Plan.

You need not disturb your Dollars. *Keep them at work earning interest!*

We offer our newest model, the Oliver Typewriter No. 5 — fresh from the factory — for Seventeen Cents a Day.

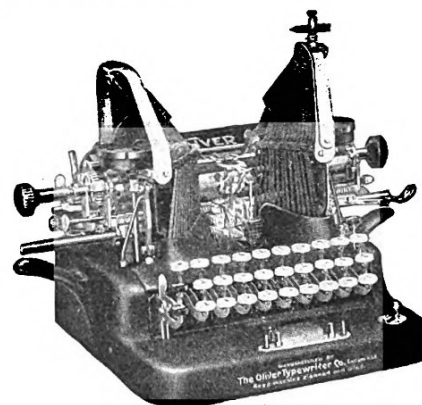
The plan is printed in "black and white" on the Application Blank below.

Simply fill out the blank, attach the small first payment, send it in, and *on comes the Oliver!*

No tedious wait! No red tape! No long-drawn-out correspondence!

You quickly own your Oliver and scarcely notice the outlay. You can have the use of your machine while pennies are "paying the freight."

You will never have a better chance to test the power of pennies.



The Oliver is *everywhere*.

It's the *universal* typewriter. Reels off real work with the ease and speed demanded by this mile-a-minute age. Wherever you turn—in Business Offices, great or small—in the quiet of the Home—in the roar of the Railroad and Telegraph service—in the seething maelstrom of modern Newspaperdom—in countless kinds of service—it's the sturdy, strenuous *Oliver* that's "making the wheels go 'round."

The **OLIVER**
Typewriter
The Standard Visible Writer

You need your Oliver *now*. It's yours almost for the asking. The biggest hundred dollars' worth in America—for Seventeen Cents a Day!

Send along the Application Blank, with a small first payment of \$15 as an evidence of good faith.

Your check is good—or send draft, post-office or express money order.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.

41 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago (36)

APPLICATION BLANK

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,
41 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Gentlemen:—I accept your offer of the latest model No. 5 Oliver Standard Typewriter for Seventeen Cents a Day. Enclosed please find \$15 as evidence of good faith. I agree to save 17 cents a day and remit the balance, \$85, in monthly installments. Title to remain in your name until the machine is fully paid for.

Name

Address

Town State

References

That Page in June!

"The Advertiser and The Editor."

The Advertising Department of SUCCESS MAGAZINE is going to suggest to all those who did not read it, and to all those who read it thoughtlessly, that they go and dig the June number out of the file and read—yes, read it again—then think about it.

We are not suggesting this because we are so proud of the way we live together, the Editors and we advertising men—it is the way we should live; but because we don't want you to miss anything that has created enough interest among so many of our readers and well-wishers to flood us with letters; and too, there is a note in it that gets right into some of our national problems, and some principles are outlined that might have an important influence upon your own business, if applied.

We have found it very good business—this order of things, which says we must not be afraid to do what we believe to be fair, even if some fellow does not like it. So the Editors and advertising men are a unit on the policy of going straight ahead, doing things as we see them "for the God of Things as They Are" regardless of the temporary effect it might have on our advertising columns.

We have come to some pretty happy conclusions in studying and following the things our Editors do and say, and the effect all this has upon national advertisers. These conclusions are indeed encouraging for all of those sound business men, who operate on a policy of a full protection to their customers, and they argue, too, that the majority of our business men want to be right from a moral standpoint. But what is most interesting, the whole business world is waking up to the fact that it is better business to be right.

Again, we ask you to read the Editor's Confidence page in the June number, no matter if you have read it, and no matter if it does cause you some trouble in digging up a back number. We feel that it will be very much worth your time. Certainly, we want you to understand us.

THE ADVERTISING EDITOR

POINT & PLEASANTRY



The Absent-minded Scotchman

THE Scotchman could not find his ticket. On the conductor's second round it was still missing. "What's that in your mouth?" he asked. Sure enough, there was the missing ticket. The conductor punched it and went his way. "Ah, we'el," said Sandy, in reply to his fellow passengers' banter, "I'm nae sae absent-minded as ye wad think. Yon was a vera auld ticket an I was jist sucken aff the date."

J. COONEY, JR.

A Freak of Nature

COLONEL Dennison had become the happy father of twins, and his unbounded pride in this two-fold blessedness found expression on every occasion.

He stood with a friend on the bank steps one day as a young woman passed wheeling a baby carriage containing a pretty girl baby.

"Doesn't a woman look queer," said the Colonel loftily, "with only one child!"—G. L. CORB.

We Envy Adam

WHATEVER trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore
By saying, when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before."

J. S. NOTESTEIN.

A Wise Precaution

THE day before she was to be married the old negro servant came to her mistress and entrusted her savings in her keeping. "Why should I keep it; I thought you were going to get married?" said her mistress. "So I is, Missus, but do you 'spose I'd keep all dis money in the house wid that strange nigger?"—LUCY WIDNEY.

A Model Hired Man

"MISSUS, do you need a hired man?"
"Well, yes, I'm looking for a man who can do the chores, sweep, clean the rooms, be polite and never be impudent."

"Say, missus, youse is lookin' for a husband."
CLYDE HOWARD.

Grabbing Opportunity

THE play had fallen very flat and the manager was getting worried.

"Sorry, sir," said the comedian, "but I can't go on for a few minutes. I am feeling kinda' funny."

"Funny! Great Scott, man!" cried the manager, "then go on at once and make the most of it while it lasts."—R. M. WINANS.

A Few Happyfliers

EVERYBODY can't have an aeroplane, but castles in the air, although they come as high, are still to be had rent free—and they're a deal safer.

Some people are so blinded by dollaritis that they can't look at the stars without speculating on how much per carat they would bring in the open market. It is good to be able to gaze up at God's diamonds in the night sky without computing their value or wondering how much He pays his workmen per æon.

Finally, don't waste too much contemptuous pity on the poor millionaire; he may be actually human, really honest and occasionally happy—exactly like his poorer brother.—LILLIAN PASCHAL DAY.

Unhappy Monsters

A WOMAN passenger on a transatlantic liner bothered the officers and captain unceasingly about whales. A hundred times a day she asked to be called if one was sighted.

"But, madam," expostulated the captain finally, "why are you so anxious about this whale question?"
"Because," she replied, "all my life I've wanted to see a whale blubber."—G. M. RICHARDSON.

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."

A Safe Lead

I HEAR Lem Boggs Sundayed with ye, deacon?"
"Ya'as."

"Goin' to lose yer darter, eh?"

"I reckon, but not to Lem. Zeb Higgs Mondayed, Tuesdayed, Wednesdayed and Thursdayed with us. I judge Zeb is the lucky

man."—H. E. ZIMMERMAN.

Unanswerable

AT THE dedication of a new fire engine in a little town on the Massachusetts coast, the following toast was proposed: "May she be like the dear old maids of our village; always ready, but never called for."—MARY STARBUCK.

All She Had

LITTLE Ethel hobbled into her mother's room to complain that her button shoes hurt her feet.

"Why, my dear, you've put them on the wrong feet," said her mother.

With a puzzled expression the child said:
"Well, what will I do, mamma? They's all the feet I've got."

An Auto Hint

I SAT in my auto
One day in the shade,
To rest for a while,
When a sweet rustic maid
In a pretty red bonnet
Came walking my way,
With a smile in her eyes
Like the sunshine in May.

"Ah, Little Red Riding-hood,
Greeting!" quoth I—
A very bold knight

To a maiden so shy.
"Beg pardon, I'm not,"
She shook her small head;
"I'm little red walking-hood,
Sir," she said.

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

To Be Regulated

WILLIAM B. RIDGELY, former Comptroller of the Currency, said of a certain speculator recently:

"The man is as ingenious as a horse-trader's son who was once unexpectedly called upon by his father to mount a horse and exhibit its paces.

"As he mounted he leaned toward his father and said:

"Are you buying, or selling?"

What He Wanted

A TEXAS Congressman thinks the following letter from one of his constituents represents the limit of imposition upon the hard-working patriots at Washington:

"dear sir will you please sell me some envelopes with my name on so I wont have to put any stamps on them I would like to have envelopes without putting names on I will pay just as much as the stamped envelopes cost you can have the place where the stamp is to be put Paid 2c and send them to me I want white envelopes I want them I can mail without stamps I will pay them just the same if as the stamped ones are or like the ones I have to put the stamps on them I would be glad to have them free or I will pay for them if you want it I want envelopes just like the postmasters have and do not need to put any stamps on I can pay for them I want white paper envelopes with my name on the left side just like you part your hair I want about a doz or 2 doz also please tell me how to cure Hogs and Pigs of the Mange mine has them something cruel and I have put something on them but could not help them also please tell me how to train pointers I will have some soon and want to have them well trained to quail I would like to have some fish which I can keep them in small water all the time without dying such as barrels tanks ect and what to eat and how to make them grow fast I will close very truly J. E. Sampson."



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

WE do not know what J. P. Morgan would say—or Daniel Guggenheim, or the Standard Oil group, or W. Murray Crane, or Nelson W. Aldrich—regarding these reflections. Prob-

ably their minds are not open to this sort of impression; it seems difficult to interest such men in general principles, excepting those bearing on the financial, political and labor markets. But since they, in company with a few others, have undertaken the task of ruling our country through the command of its financial, industrial and political organizations, the broad assertion that they have failed in their self-appointed task, coupled with an attempt to state the reason for their failure, should be interesting to them as to the rest of us.

We take it that no rulers can be called successful who, by extortion, corruption or continued violation of established popular rights, provoke a people to revolt. And if the rulers are less intelligent than the average of the people, no amount of routine skill or special administrative knowledge or legal casuistry can keep them out of some such trouble.

Rulers have usually fallen through stupidity. We sometimes forget that special knowledge is not general intelligence. A man may be a sound and adroit banker or merchant, he may be possessed of a genius for gambling in wheat or oil or land or public franchises, without in the least understanding the temper of the people that rather carelessly permits him to enjoy the exercise of his special faculty *up to a certain point*. And in so far as he fails to understand the temper of the people will history write him down a stupid man.

The recent evidences of this sort of stupidity on the part of our rulers have been many and convincing.

As typical examples we need only mention the brazen manner in which the new tariff law was forced on a protesting public; the employment of the mighty machinery of our Federal Government in the defense of Ballinger and his backers; the attempt on the part of President Taft's advisors to force through Congress a railway bill, which by indirection, would have removed most of the existing legal restrictions on the schemes and activities of the Railway Interests; and the bold attempt of these same Railway Interests to increase all rates in advance of the passage of the amended bill through Congress.

Also we must not forget that the utter corruption of this extraordinary business and political structure has been demonstrated in sickening detail—Oregon, New York, Illinois and other States and St. Louis, San Francisco, Philadelphia, New York, Cincinnati, Denver and other cities; as well as in such illuminating special instances as those of Senator Foraker and of the Sugar Trust. Also we must not forget that our rulers, when called to account for their excesses, brought about in the "panic" of 1907 what can only be interpreted as a strike on the part of capital—the most amazingly stupid and insolent act of all, to date.

The evidences of the revolt provoked by this stupidity are equally easy to enumerate.

This revolt began forty years ago, when the acts of Gould and Fiske, Vanderbilt and Rockefeller were the direct cause of such writings as "Chapters of Erie" and "Wealth Against Commonwealth." After that it found only occasional voices until Steffens, Ida Tarbell and Lawson hit on certain of the facts and gave them to the public. The popularity of Roosevelt was and is prob-

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE AMERICAN PROBLEM

ably the truest index to the public spirit. This spirit has lately become aggressive and militant. It is a significant fact that within a very few years, more than sixty American cities have thrown out their old sys-

tems, with wards, aldermen and complicated municipal machinery, setting up the simpler and more direct commission governments in their stead. The most startling fact has been the capture of Milwaukee by the Socialist party, and the remarkable interest manifested in the experiment by the residents of other cities. Finally, it must not be overlooked that the recent progress of socialistic ideas in France and Germany and the semi-socialistic tendency so evident in Great Britain, are being followed more or less closely throughout the United States, wherever people read newspapers, magazines and the weekly and monthly reviews of current events. The so-called "Insurgent" movement in State and Nation is merely a sort of political summing-up of all these tendencies.

It seems to be the fact that this country is to-day actually engaged in a vast economic and political readjustment.

The time of any great readjustment is naturally a difficult and trying time to live through. But it need not be a dangerous time. There are only two grave dangers evident at present to close students of the problem. The first and greatest of these dangers is to be found in the state of mind of the heads of our financial and industrial system. Most of these men are antagonistic to any change. Many of them are densely ignorant of the public temper, and lack the education which would give them the advantage of an historical perspective. The recent interesting gossip regarding an attempt to buy up what remains of the independent newspaper press is illustrative of their mental processes. They have brought themselves to such a pass that they must deceive the public in order to survive.

The secondary danger lies in the fact that the control of the machinery of law and government rests mainly with the legal profession. Nearly everything that we may do in the way of national readjustment will have to be done through the lawyers and the courts. The judges must be chosen from among the lawyers; therefore, with a legal profession mainly given over to "finding the way" for Big Business rather than to administering justice, the judiciary will be of the same habit. Charles Edward Russell is credited with the witty paraphrase, "I care not who writes my country's songs so long as I can feed her judges."

But the legal profession is not all dark when we can point to such men as Charles E. Hughes, Louis D. Brandeis, Francis J. Heney, Ben. B. Lindsey and Walter Fisher.

And after all, stupid magnates and crafty lawyers can only delay and make costly our nation-wide readjustment. They can not thwart it. Just what form this readjustment will ultimately take, no one can say. That it will not be the "socialism" feared by many as a sort of crazy political bogey, seems practically certain. As we understand socialism it is a yeast, not a loaf.

Yes, our corporation rulers will lose. They guessed wrong. In their frenzied speculation, they have gambled on the wrong principle. You can build an empire of greed, deceit, treason and plunder, but you can build it only on the foundation of an ignorant peasantry. The early Vanderbilt and the later Morgan overlooked an important factor. They should have begun by closing the schools. In the long run—and perhaps it will not be so long now—the schools will beat them.

The Paralysis of Fear

by
ORISON SWETT MARDEN

THE effect which Halley's Comet has had upon the ignorant and superstitious people in all parts of the world is something appalling. Multitudes were completely prostrated and thousands made ill with terror; many became violently insane and scores committed suicide.

A great many peasants in European countries were in momentary expectation that the comet would smash the world to pieces. In some towns messengers went through the streets blowing horns to awaken the people to the fact that the world was coming to an end.

The expectation that the world would be burned up by the comet, forced men to confess murder and other crimes of which they were not even suspected. Mothers poisoned their children. Several persons dropped dead at the first sight of the comet. Men ordered their coffins from undertakers in order to be ready for the terrible calamity.

In the poorer sections of New York and other large cities great processions of people paraded the streets with crucifixes in their hands, their terror-stricken faces turned toward the sky, repeating their prayers. Many were seen on their knees praying in the streets.

There was great excitement among the negroes in the South where all-night services were held in the churches. Many professed salvation, preparing themselves for the fatal day when the earth would be destroyed by the comet's tail. In many places the farms and fields were practically denuded of help, the hands positively refusing to work.

In Pennsylvania thousands of miners refused to go to their posts and operations were entirely suspended in several mines. Similar instances could be multiplied by the thousands.

The comet gave an unusual opportunity for quacks to trade upon the superstitious fears of the ignorant. The officers of one of the ocean liners reported that a thriving business was being conducted in some of the West Indian Islands by selling "anti-comet" pills at a dollar a box. As these were very bitter, they were supposed to be especially efficacious.

This would not seem so strange in the Dark Ages when people were densely ignorant. But it certainly does seem lamentable in this enlightened age that any large number of people, with all of the advantages of education and unlimited opportunities for enlightenment, could be so ignorant as to fear harm from a comet which, astronomers assure us, has been visiting the earth periodically and harmlessly for untold centuries.

Everywhere we see splendid ability tied up, strangled, and compelled to do mediocre work because of the suppressing, discouraging influence of fear. On every hand there are able men whose efforts are nullified, whose ability to achieve is practically ruined by the development of this monster, fear, which will, in time, make the most decided man irresolute; the ablest man timid and inefficient.

Fear is a great robber of power; a killer of ability. It paralyzes the thinking faculties, ruins spontaneity, enthusiasm and self-confidence. It has a blighting effect upon all one's thoughts, moods and efforts. It destroys ambition and strangles efficiency.

Not long ago a publication interviewed twenty-five hundred persons and found that they had over seven thousand different fears, such as fear of loss of position, fear of approaching want, fear of contagion, fear of the development of some hidden disease or of some hereditary taint, fear of declining health, fear of death, fear of premature burial, and multitudes of superstitious fears.

With thousands of people the dread of some impending evil is ever present. It haunts them even in their happiest moments. It is the ghost at the banquet, the skeleton in the closet. It is ingrained into their very lives and is emphasized in their excessive timidity, their shrinking, self-conscious bearing.

Some people are afraid of nearly everything. They are afraid of a draught; afraid of getting chilled or of taking cold; they are afraid to eat what they want; they are afraid to venture in business matters for fear of losing their money; they are afraid of public opinion; they have a perfect horror of what Mrs. Grundy thinks. They are afraid hard times are coming; afraid of poverty; afraid of failure; afraid the crops are going to fail; afraid of lightning and tornadoes; their whole lives are filled with fear, fear, fear. Their happiness is poisoned with it so that they never take much pleasure or comfort in anything.

There are many people who have a dread of certain diseases. They picture the horrible symptoms, the loss in personal attractiveness, or the awful pain and suffering that accompanies the disease, and this constant suggestion affects the appetite, impairs nutrition, weakens the resisting power of the body and tends to encourage and develop any possible hereditary taint or disease tendency.

It is well known that during an epidemic people have developed the

disease they feared, even before any physical contact was possible by which the contagion could have been imparted to them, because they allowed their minds to dwell on the terrible thing they dreaded.

In 1888, there was an epidemic of yellow fever at Jacksonville, Florida, and a very extensive epidemic of fear throughout the Southern States. The latter disease was much more contagious than the former and much less amenable to treatment. This mental malady visited every little town, village, and hamlet in several States and many victims died of fear.

I knew a man who died after he was bitten by a supposedly mad dog, which was afterward found to have had only a fit. The wound was cauterized, and, although the physician assured the patient that he could not possibly have hydrophobia, the terror of the shock made such an impression that nothing could persuade him that he would not die like a mad dog. In less than two weeks he actually did die in convulsions. The physicians declared it to be a pure case of death through fear.

Some time ago, the newspapers told the story of the terrible experience of Mr. M. A. Mahoney with wolves. On his way from Fairbanks to Valdez, Alaska, Mr. Mahoney, accompanied by his dogs, was pursued by a fierce pack of wolves. At night a huge fire was lighted to keep them at bay. But in spite of this the wolves began to creep closer and closer upon the traveler, who was burdened with the body of a former comrade who had died on the journey. The man was obliged to battle against sleep as well as wolves. Mindful that if he slept the fire might burn low, he tied a burning pine knot to his arm each night, and when it burned close enough to hurt he got up and replenished the fire. Three successive nights he suffered torture in this way, until at last he reached a place of safety. The horror of the awful situation had turned his hair white as snow.

Authentic instances of the hair turning white in a few hours or a night through fear or sudden shock could be multiplied indefinitely. It is well known that when Ludwig of Bavaria learned of the innocence of his wife whom he had caused to be put to death on suspicion of her unfaithfulness, his hair became as white as snow within a couple of days.

When Charles the First attempted to escape from Carisbrooke Castle, his hair turned white in a single night. The hair of Marie Antoinette was suddenly changed by her great distresses. On a portrait of herself, which she gave to a friend, she wrote, "Whitened by affliction."

This power of fear to modify the currents of the blood and all the secretions, to whiten the hair, to paralyze the nervous system, and even to produce death, is well known. Whatever makes us happy, whatever excites enjoyable emotions, relaxes the capillaries and gives freedom to the circulation; whatever depresses and distresses us, disturbs us, worries us; in fact, all phases of fear contract these blood vessels and impede the free circulation of the blood. We see this illustrated in the pale face caused by fear or terror.

Horace Fletcher says: "Fear is an acid which is pumped into one's atmosphere. It causes mental, moral and spiritual asphyxiation, and sometimes death; death to energy and to all growth."

Now, if terror can in a short time furnish such a shock to the nervous centers as to whiten the hair in a few hours, what shall we say of the influence of chronic fear, worry and anxiety acting upon the system for many years, thus causing a slow suicide instead of a quick one?

Who can estimate the fear and suffering caused by the suggestion of heredity? Children are constantly hearing descriptions of the terrible diseases that carried off their ancestors and naturally watch for the symptoms in themselves.

Think of a child growing up with the constant suggestion thrust into his mind that he has probably inherited cancer or consumption, or something which caused the death of one of his parents and will probably ultimately prove fatal to him! This constant expectancy of disease has a very depressing influence and handicaps the child's chances at the very beginning of its life.

The secret of achievement is concentration. Worry or fear of any kind is fatal to mental concentration and kills creative ability. The mind of a Webster could not concentrate when filled with fear, worry or anxiety. When the whole mental organism is vibrating with conflicting emotions, efficiency is impossible. The real suffering in life is not so great, after all. The things which make us prematurely old, which wrinkle our faces, take the elasticity out of our step, the bloom from the cheek, and which rob us of joy are not those which actually happen.

An actress renowned for her great beauty has said: "Anybody who wants to be good-looking must never worry. Worry means ruination,

[Continued on page 483]



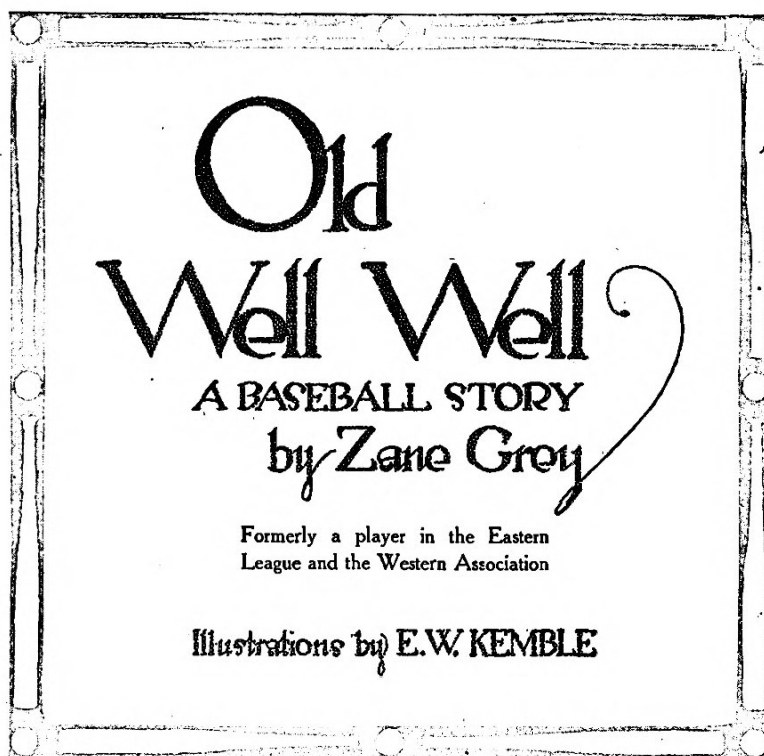
HE BOUGHT a ticket at the twenty-five cent window, and edging his huge bulk through the turnstile, laboriously followed the noisy crowd toward the bleachers. I could not have been mistaken. He was Old Well-Well, famous from Boston to Baltimore as the greatest baseball fan in the East. His singular yell had pealed into the ears of five hundred thousand worshippers of the national game and would never be forgotten.

At sight of him I recalled a friend's baseball talk. "You remember Old Well-Well? He's all in—dying, poor old fellow! It seems young Burt, whom the Phillies are trying out this spring, is Old Well-Well's nephew and protégé. Used to play on the Murray Hill team; a speedy youngster. When the Philadelphia team was here last, Manager Crestline announced his intention to play Burt in center-field. Old Well-Well was too ill to see the lad get his try-out. He was heart-broken and said: 'If I could only see one more game!'"

The recollection of this random baseball gossip and the fact that Philadelphia was scheduled to play New York that very day, gave me a sudden desire to see the game with Old Well-Well. I did not know him, but where on earth were introductions as superfluous as on the bleachers? It was a very easy matter to catch up with him. He walked slowly, leaning hard on a cane and his wide shoulders sagged as he puffed along. I was about to make some pleasant remark concerning the prospects of a fine game, when the sight of his face shocked me and I drew back. If ever I had seen shadow of pain and shade of death they hovered darkly around Old Well-Well. My friend's remarks came back doubly significant. And in a flash I added scraps of stories that had drifted to me, on the curious currents of fandom, about this old man's passion for baseball. They brought to mind instances of my own experience, proving the strange dominating fascination of the game. All men loved baseball; most of them had played it as boys; but the singular truth was that the really great fans were men, who, for some reason or other, had never played the game. I noticed that Old Well-Well walked with a limp. He, then, had probably been one of the unfortunates, who as a boy had never felt the joy of chasing fly balls or of ringing hits off the bat. His tribute of what he had missed spoke in his presence there that day, crowning his long years of fidelity. I conceived the idea at once, and thought it not exaggerated in the least, that here was a man actually dying harder than most men die in their beds, upheld in his appalling determination by some inexplicable strength, while on his way to see his last game of baseball.

No one accompanied him; no one seemed to recognize him. The majority of that merry crowd of boys and men would have jumped up wild with pleasure to hear his well-remembered yell. Not much longer than a year before, I had seen ten thousand fans rise as one man and roar a greeting to him that shook the stands. So I was confronted by a situation strikingly calculated to rouse my curiosity and sympathy.

He found an end seat on a row at about the middle of the right-field bleachers and I chose one across the aisle and somewhat behind him. It was a warm, bright June



day; a day when the over worked clerk burst out and bubbled with sheer joy of sunlight and freedom. The closely cropped level field was a thing of beauty, inspiring a mad desire to run across it. No players were yet in sight. The stands were filling up and streams of men were filing into the aisles of the bleachers and piling over the benches. Old Well-Well settled himself comfortably in his seat and gazed about him with animation. There had come a change to his massive features. The hard lines had softened; the patches of gray were no longer visible; his cheeks were ruddy; something akin to a smile shone on his face as he looked around, missing no detail of the familiar scene.

The shirt-sleeved fans, not as yet having the players to compel their attention, were characteristically and volubly engaged in flinging badinage at the incoming crowd.

"Pipe the blue lid!"

"Get the hook!"

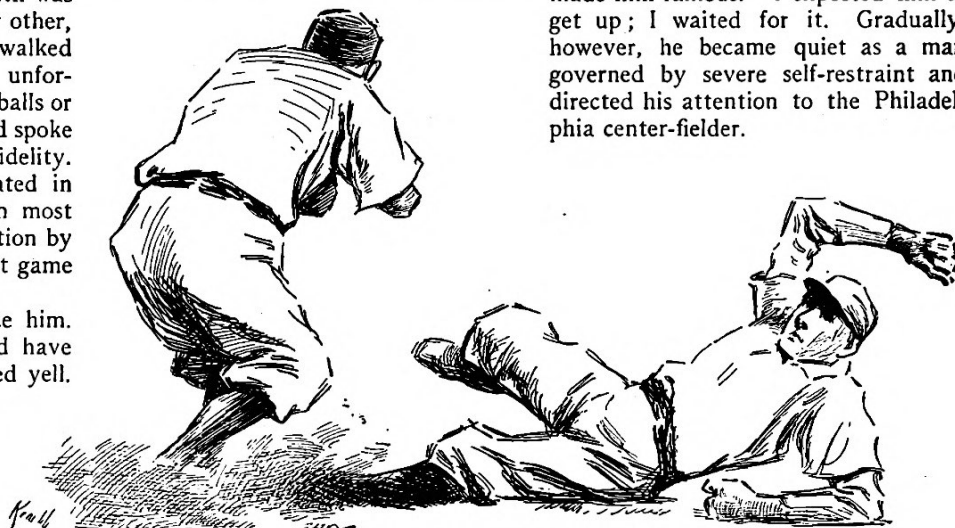
"Oh, you bluejay!"

"Where did you get that hat; where did you get that hat?"

Peanuts were sent flying at the offensive blue head-gear; newspaper balls rolled tight were thrown with unerring aim. The stream of jolly scorn thickened with the stream of projectiles. Certain it was that the bleachers could not be content, could not sit down, could not even let the baseball game commence with that blue hat in sight. Its wearer, having wisdom thrust upon him, consigned his blue Fedora to an inside pocket, and the crowd forgot him.

A clattering roar swept across the bleachers announcing the advent of the players.

During the practise of the home team Old Well-Well sat still with his big hands on his knees; but when the gong rang for the Phillies, he grew restless, squirmed in his seat and half rose several times. I divined the importuning of his old habit to greet his team with the yell that had made him famous. I expected him to get up; I waited for it. Gradually, however, he became quiet as a man governed by severe self-restraint and directed his attention to the Philadelphia center-fielder.



By a good long slide, beat the throw into third

Digitized by Google

At a glance I saw that the player was new to me and answered the newspaper description of young Burt. What a lively-looking athlete! He was tall, lithe, yet sturdy. He did not need to chase more than two fly balls to win me. His graceful, fast style reminded me of the great Curt Welch. Old Well-Well's face wore a rapt expression. I discovered myself hoping Burt would make good; wishing he would rip the boards off the fence; praying he would break up the game.

It was Saturday, and by the time the gong sounded for the game to begin the grandstand and bleachers were packed. The scene was glittering, colorful, a delight to the eye. Around the circle of bright faces rippled a low, merry murmur. The umpire, grotesquely padded in front by his chest-protector, announced the batteries, dusted the plate, and throwing out a white ball, sang the open sesame of the game: "Play!"

Then Old Well-Well arose as if pushed from his seat by some strong propelling force. It had been his wont always when play was ordered, or in a moment of silent suspense, or a lull in the applause, or a dramatic pause when hearts beat high and lips were mute, to bawl out over the listening, waiting multitude his terrific blast: "Well-Well-Well!"

Twice he opened his mouth, gurgled and choked, and then resumed his seat with a very red, agitated face; something had deterred him from his purpose, or he had been physically incapable of yelling.

The game opened with White's sharp bouncer to the infield. Wesley had three strikes called on him, and Kelly fouled out to third base. The Phillies did no better, being retired in one, two, three order. The second inning was short and no tallies were chalked up. Brain hit safely in the third and went to second on a sacrifice. The bleachers began to stamp and cheer. He reached third on an infield hit that the Philadelphia short-stop knocked down but could not cover in time to catch either runner. The cheer in the grandstand was drowned by the roar in the bleachers. Brain scored on a fly-out to left. A double along the right foul line brought the second runner home. Following that the next batter went out on strikes.

In the Philadelphia half of the inning young Burt was the first man up. He stood left-handed at the plate and looked formidable. Duveen, the wary old pitcher for New York, to whom this new player was an unknown quantity, eyed his easy position as if reckoning on a possible weakness. Then he took his swing and threw the ball. Burt never moved a muscle and the umpire called strike. The next was a ball, the next a strike; still Burt had not moved.

"Somebody wake him up!" yelled a wag in the bleachers.

"He's from Slumbertown, all right, all right!" shouted another.

Duveen sent up another ball, high and swift. Burt hit it straight over the first baseman, a line drive that struck the front of the right-field bleachers.

"Peacherino!" howled a fan.

Here the promise of Burt's speed was fulfilled. Run! He was fleet as a deer. He cut through first like the wind, settled to a driving stride, rounded second, and by a good, long slide beat the throw in to third. The crowd, who went to games to see long hits and daring runs, gave him a generous hand-clapping.

Old Well-Well appeared on the verge of apoplexy. His ruddy face turned purple, then black; he rose in his seat; he gave vent to smothered gasps; then he straightened up and clutched his hands into his knees.

The fans near by voiced their comments.

"Wow! Did he sting that one?"

"Beaut! Wasn't it?"

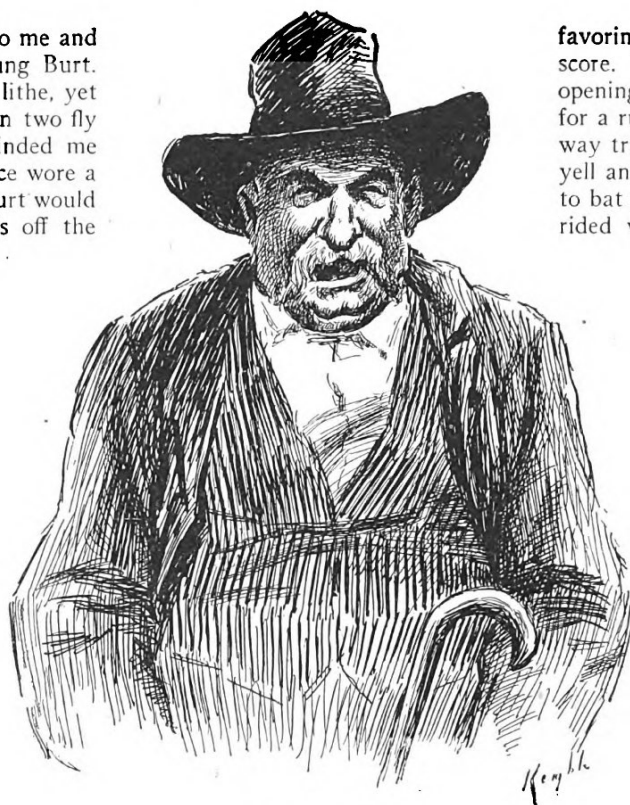
"Sure Mike? That's a new Philly. Used to play with the Murray Hill's. Fast as lightning ain't he?"

"G'wan!" said another. "If Wesley had n't been tied to a post out there he'd caught that hit."

"G'wan! What do you know about baseball anyway? I used to play the game. See!"

Old Well-Well drank in these remarks, sitting straighter and prouder all the time; only upon the last speaker, who dared to hint of such a thing as Burt's being caught, he turned a wrathful glance.

Burt scored his run on a hit to deep short, an infielder's choice, with the chances against retiring a runner at the plate. Philadelphia could not tally again that inning. New York blanked in the first of the next. For their opponents, an error, a close decision at second



Old Well-Well

favoring the runner, and a single to right tied the score. Bell of New York got a clean hit in the opening of the fifth. With no one out and chances for a run, the impatient fans let loose. Four subway trains in collision would not have equalled the yell and stamp in the bleachers. Maloney was next to bat and he essayed a bunt. This the fans derided with hoots and hisses. No team-work, no inside-ball for them!

"Hit it out!" yelled a hundred in unison.

"Home run!" screamed a worshiper of long hits.

As if actuated by the sentiments of his admirers Maloney lined the ball over short. It looked good for a double; it certainly would advance Bell to third; maybe home. But no one calculated on Burt. His fleetness enabled him to head the bounding ball. He picked it up cleanly, and checking his headlong run, threw toward third base. Bell was half way there. The ball shot straight and low with terrific force and beat the runner to the bag.

"What a great arm!" I exclaimed, deep in my throat. "It's the lad's day! He can't be stopped."

The keen newsboy sitting below us broke the amazed silence in the bleachers.

"Wot d'ye tink o' that?"

Old Well-Well writhed in his seat. To him it was a one-man game, as it had come to be for me. I thrilled with him; I gloried in the making good of his protégé; it got to be an effort on my part to look at the old man, so keenly did his emotion communicate itself to me.

The game went on, a close, exciting, brilliantly fought battle. Both pitchers were at their best. The batters batted out long flies, low liners, and sharp grounders; the fielders fielded these difficult chances without misplay. Opportunities came for runs, but no runs were scored for several innings. Hopes were raised to the highest pitch only to be dashed astonishingly away. The crowd in the grandstand swayed to every pitched ball; the bleachers tossed like surf in a storm.

To start the eighth, Stranathan of New York tripped along the left foul line. Thunder burst from the fans and rolled swellingly around the field. Before the hoarse yelling, the shrill hooting, the hollow stamping had ceased, Stranathan made home on an infield hit. Then bedlam broke loose. It calmed down quickly, for the fans sensed trouble between Binghamton, who had been thrown out in the play, and the umpire, who was waving him back to the bench.

"You dizzy-eyed old woman, you can't see straight!" called Binghamton.

The umpire's reply was lost but it was evident that the offending player had been ordered out of the grounds.

Binghamton swaggered along the bleachers while the umpire slowly returned to his post. The fans took exception to the player's objection and were not slow in expressing it. Various witty encomiums, not to be misunderstood, attested to the bleachers' love of fair play and their disgust at a player's getting himself put out of the game at a critical stage.

"Hey Bing!" sang out the irrepressible boy. "Wot d'ye want to weaken the team for? Yuse was out!"

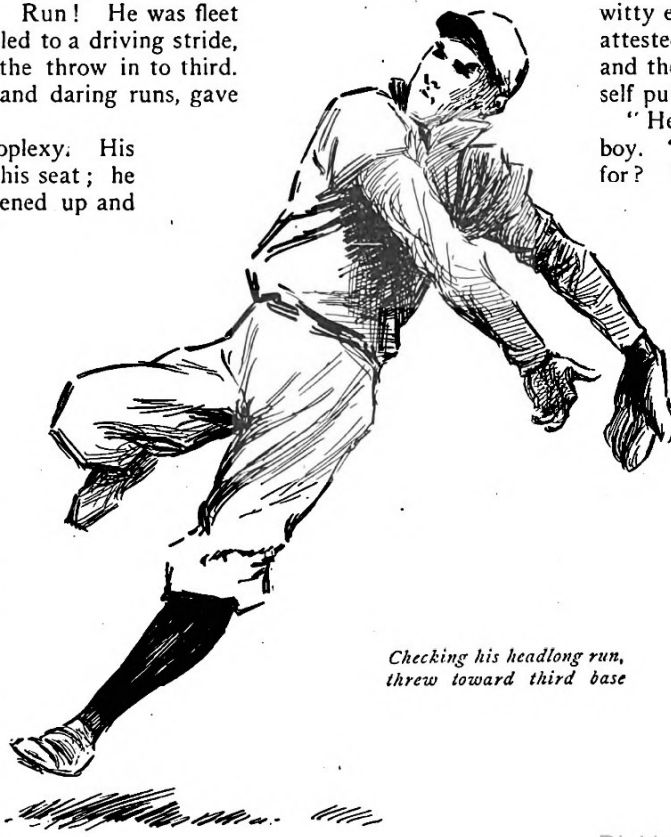
"Binghamton, you've got a head like a tack," remarked another fan.

"Say, Bing, are you gettin' so good nobody can throw you out?"

During the latter part of the tirade the game had proceeded. A second batter had been thrown out. Then two hits in succession looked good for another run. White, the next batter, sent a single over second base. Burt scooped the ball on the first bounce and let drive for the plate. It was another extraordinary throw. Whether ball or runner reached home base first was most difficult to decide. The umpire made his sweeping wave of hand and the breathless crowd caught his decision.

"Out!"

In action and sound the circle of bleachers resembled a long



Checking his headlong run, threw toward third base

curved beach with a mounting breaker thundering turbulently high. "ROB—B—BER—R!" bawled the outraged fans, betraying their marvelous inconsistency.

Old Well-Well breathed hard. Again the wrestling of his body signified an inward strife. I began to feel sure that the man was in a mingled torment of joy and pain, that he fought the maddening desire to yell because he knew he had not the strength to stand it. Surely, in all the years of his long following of baseball he had never had the incentive to express himself in his peculiar way that rioted in him now. Surely, before the game ended he would split the winds with his wonderful yell.

Of all the ball games I had ever attended this one got to be the most thrilling. It was the kind of a game that any fan would remember and talk about as one of the memorable spectacles of his life. For me it had a hundredfold more interest. It was different from any other game. There was a strangeness about it that made it unreal, like a game played in a dream. The thick warm golden air of that June day was full of merry jest, exultant cry—but for me it was a charged atmosphere. I made light of my feelings, dispelled them, only to have them return. A picture I had seen somewhere continually flashed into my mental vision. It was of a great amphitheater open to the sky, crowded with gay, careless, thoughtless pleasure seekers, all so intent on the bright arena that they could not see an immense sable-winged shadow hovering over them. These wild-eyed, hilarious, holiday-seeking baseball enthusiasts were not so different from the old Roman populace. And the shadow was there. I tried not to feel the tragical contrast between these joyous fans and Old Well-Well. But I failed. Furthermore, my feeling for the fans took on a somber coloring. For them would come such a time as this was for Old Well-Well. The last day, whether of baseball or of human life, must come; and I felt it in that hour. How many would show the courage of this old man? To me it had become the incarnation of a heroic will mastering superhuman odds. He loved the game, he loved life—and these were fearful odds because of the very terror of them in the losing.

Duveen's only base on balls, with the help of a bunt, a steal, and a scratch hit, resulted in a run for Philadelphia, again tying the score. How the fans raged at Fuller for failing to field the lucky scratch.

"We had the game on ice!" one cried.

"Get him a basket!"

New York men got on bases in the ninth and made strenuous efforts to cross the plate, but it was not to be. Philadelphia opened up with two scorching hits and then a double steal. Burt came up with runners on second and third. Half the crowd cheered in fair appreciation of the way fate was starring the ambitious young outfielder; the other half, dyed-in-the-wool home-team fans, bent forward in a waiting silent gloom of fear. Burt knocked the dirt out of his spikes and faced Duveen. The second ball pitched he met fairly and it rang like a bell.

No one in the stands saw where it went. But they heard a crack, saw the New York short-stop stagger and then pounce forward to pick up the ball and speed it toward the plate. The catcher was quick to tag the incoming runner, and then snap the ball to first base, completing a double play.

When the crowd fully grasped this, which was after an instant of bewilderment, a hoarse crashing roar rolled out across the field to bellow back in loud echo from Coogan's Bluff. The grand-stand resembled a colored corn-field waving in a violent wind; the bleachers lost all semblance to anything. Frenzied, flinging action—wild chaos—shrieking cries—manifested sheer insanity of joy. When the noise subsided, one fan, evidently a little longer-winded than his comrades, cried out hysterically:

"O-h! I don't care what becomes of me—now-w!"

Score tied, three to three, game must go ten innings,—that was the shibboleth; that was the over-mastering truth. The game did go ten innings—eleven—twelve, every one marked by masterly pitching, full of magnificent catches, stops, and throws, replete with reckless base-running and slides like flashes in the dust. But they were unproductive of runs. Three to three! Thirteen innings!

"Unlucky thirteenth," wailed a superstitious fan.

I had gotten down to plugging, and for the first time, not for my home team. I wanted Philadelphia to win, because Burt was on the team. With Old Well-Well sitting there so rigid in his seat, so obsessed by the playing of the lad, I turned traitor to New York.

White cut a high twisting bounder inside the third bag, and before the ball could be returned he stood safely on second. The fans howled with what husky voice they had left. The second hitter batted a tremendously high fly toward center-field. Burt wheeled with the crack of the ball and raced for the ropes. Onward the ball

soared like a sailing swallow; the fleet fielder ran with his back to the stands. What an age that ball stayed in the air! Then it lost its speed, gracefully curved and began to fall. Burt lunged forward and upward; the ball lit in his hands and stuck there as he plunged over the ropes into the crowd. White had leisurely trotted half way to third; he saw the catch, ran back to touch second and then easily made third on the throw-in. The applause that greeted Burt proved the splendid spirit of the game. Bell placed a safe little hit over short, scoring White. Heaving, bobbing bleachers—wild, broken, roar on roar!

Score four to three—only one half inning left for Philadelphia to play—how the fans rooted for another run! A swift double-play, however, ended the inning.

Philadelphia's first hitter had three strikes called on him.

"Asleep at the switch!" yelled a delighted fan.

The next batter went out on a weak pop-up fly to second.

"Nothin' to it!"

"Oh, I hate to take this money!"

"All-l o-over!"

Two men at least of all that vast assemblage had not given up victory for Philadelphia.

I had not dared to look at Old Well-Well for a long while. I dreaded the next portentous moment. I felt deep within me something like clairvoyant force, an intangible belief fostered by hope.

Magoon, the slugger of the Phillies, slugged one against the left-field bleachers, but being heavy and slow, he could not get beyond second base. Cless swung with all his might at the first pitched ball, and instead of hitting it a mile as he had tried, he scratched a mean, slow, teasing grounder down the third-base line. It was as safe as if it had been

shot out of a cannon. Magoon went to third.

The crowd suddenly awoke to ominous possibilities; sharp commands came from the players' bench. The Philadelphia team were bowling and hopping on the side lines, and had to be put down by the umpire.

An inbreathing silence fell upon stands and field, quiet, like a lull before a storm.

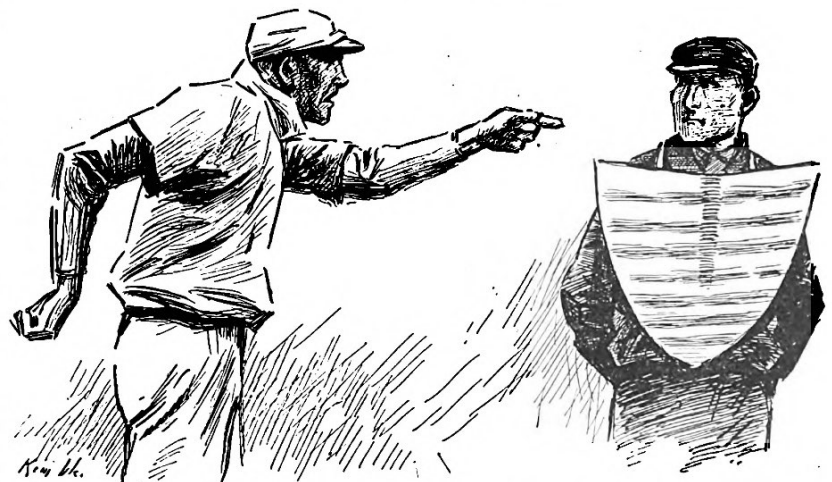
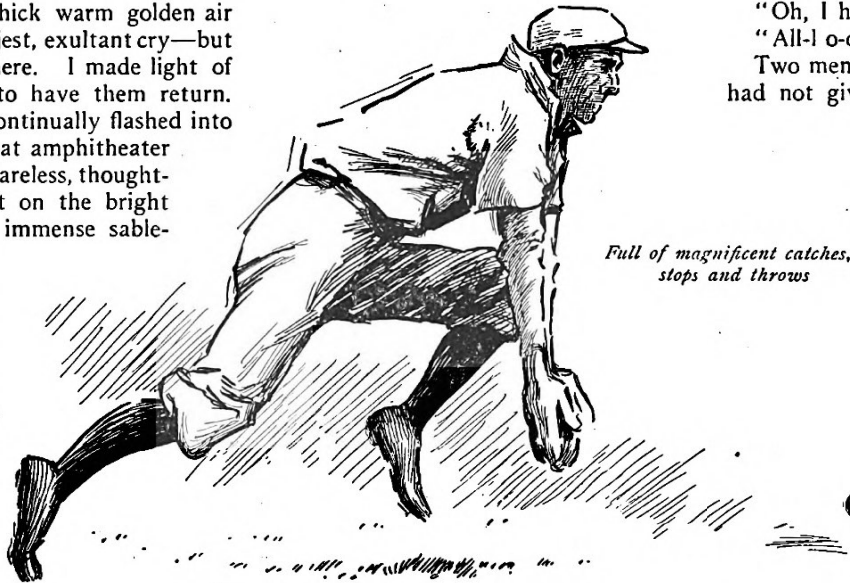
When I saw young Burt start for the plate and realized it was his turn at bat, I jumped as if I had been shot. Putting my hand on Old Well-Well's shoulder I whispered: "Burt's at bat! He'll break up this game! I know he's going to lose one!"

The old fellow did not feel my touch; he did not hear my voice; he was gazing toward the field with an expression on his face to which no human speech could render justice. He knew what was coming. It could not be denied him in that moment.

How confidently young Burt stood up to the plate! None except a natural hitter could have had his position. He might have been Wagner for all he showed of the tight suspense of that crisis. Yet there was a tense alert poise to his head and shoulders which proved he was alive to his opportunity.

Duveen plainly showed he was tired. Twice he shook his head to his catcher, as if he did not want to pitch a certain kind of ball. He had to use extra motion to get his old speed, and he delivered a high straight ball that Burt fouled over the grand-stand. The second ball met a similar fate. All the time the crowd maintained that strange waiting silence. The umpire threw out a glistening white ball, which Duveen rubbed in the dust and spat upon. Then he wound himself up into a knot, slowly unwound, and swinging with effort, threw for the plate.

[Continued on page 495]



"You dizzy-eyed old woman, you can't see straight!"

FLANKED by the shrieking prospectus of a mythical gold-mine on one side, and on the other by a small but virulently-worded political placard, four advertisements hang in a compact group upon the wall of Average Jones's inner office. Like a title, the word "Mercy," in spindling chirography upon a small slip of once-white paper is set in the frame which holds them. Other advertisements of unusual or uncouth character ornament the walls—exploitations of grotesque quackeries; appeals, business-like, absurd or even passionate, in the form of "Wants"; thinly disguised threats in vendible print; dim suggestions of crime, of fraud, of hope and helpfulness, all decorated with the stars of "paid matter" or with the "Adv." sign. For this is the sanctum wherein A. Jones, Ad-Visor (I quote his hybrid and expressive door-plate) considers in solitude the cases which his numerous and incongruous clients bring to him.

The chain of circumstances which binds together these four strangely assorted advertisements formed its first loop when Bertram found Average Jones lolling at the Cosmic Club one evening, and asked him where Bellair Street was.

"Somewhere down in Old Greenwich Village, I suppose," returned Average Jones. "Why?"

"If you wish to know: Read the *Register*," replied Bertram, quoting that ultra-respectable evening newspaper's catch-line. He held out the afternoon's issue, pointing to this paragraph:

WANTED—A young man competent to act as assistant in outdoor scientific work. Manual skill as desirable as experience. Emolument for one month's work generous. Man without family insisted upon. Apply after 8.30 P. M. in proper person. SMITH, 74 Bellair Street.

Average Jones sat up in his chair. "Give me that paper," he drawled in the casual and hesitant tones which, with him, always denoted awakened interest. Then, after having read carefully, he turned to his friend.

"What do you make of it?" he asked.

"Well, this man Smith—"

"There is n't any man Smith, in the first place. Can't you tell from the wording that it's the work of a foreigner? 'Emolument generous.' 'Apply in proper person.' Did a Smith ever write that? No. A Borgrevsky might have, or a Greiffenhaus, or even a Mavronovoupoulos. But not a Smith. Never!"

"Well, it's nothing to me what his name is. Only I thought you might be the aspiring young scientist he was yearning for."

"Would n't wonder if I were, thank you. Let's see. Bellair Street? Where's the directory? Thanks. Yes, it is Greenwich Village. Well, I think I'll just stroll down that way and have a look."

Thus it was that Mr. Adrian Van Reyepen Egerton Jones, sometime idler, clubman and dilettante, now expert upon advertisements and avid pursuer of that morass-hunting will-o'-the-wisp, the Adventure of Life, found himself on a hot July evening pressing a bell marked "Smith" in the vestibule of a rather dingy old house which had once been the abode of solemn prosperity if not actual aristocracy, in the olden days of New York City. Almost immediately the telegraphic click of the lock apprised him that he might enter, and as he stepped into the hallway the door of the right-hand ground-floor apartment opened to him.

"You will please come in," said a voice. The tone was gentle and measured. Also it was, by its accent, alien to any rightful Smith. The visitor stepped into a passageway which was dim—until he entered it and the door swung behind him. Then it became pitch black.

"You will pardon this," said the voice. "A severe affection of the eyes compels me."

"You are Mr. Smith?" asked Average Jones.

"Yes. Your hand, if you please."

The visitor, groping, brushed with his fingers the back of a hand which felt strangely hot and pulpy. Immediately his wrist was grasped and he was led forward to an inner room and seated in a chair. The gentle, hot clasp relaxed and left his wrist free. A door, facing him, if his ears could be trusted, opened and closed.



The Mercy Sign

Average Jones, in His Quest of the Adventure of Life, Unravels an International Mystery

by Samuel Hopkins Adams

Author of "The B-Flat Trombone," "Red Dot," "Pin Pricks," Etc.

Illustrations by M. LEONE BRACKER

"You will find matches at your elbow," said the voice, coming dulled, from a further apartment. "Doubtless you would be more comfortable with a light."

"Thank you," returned Average Jones, enormously entertained by the dime-novel setting which his host had provided for him.

He lighted the gas and looked about a sparsely furnished room without a single distinguishing feature, unless a high and unusual-shaped traveling-bag which stood on a chair near-by could be so regarded. The voice interrupted his survey.

"You have come in answer to my advertisement?"

"Yes sir."

"You are, then, of scientific pursuit?"

"Of scientific ambition, at least. I hope to meet your requirements."

"Your name, if you please."

"Jones; A. Jones, of New York City."

"You live with your family?"

"I have no family or near relatives."

"That is well. I will not conceal from you that there are risks. But the pay is high. Can you endure exposure? Laboring in all weathers? Subsisting on rough fare and sleeping as you may?"

"I have camped in the northern forests."

"Yes," mused the voice. "You look hardy."

Average Jones arose. "You—er—are spying upon me, then," he drawled, quietly. "I might have—er—suspected a peep-hole."

He advanced slowly toward the door whence the voice came. A chair blocked his way. Without lowering his gaze he shoved at the obstacle with his foot.

"Have a care!" warned the voice.

The chair toppled and overturned. From it fell, with a light shock, the strange valise, which, striking the floor, flew open, disclosing a small cardboard cabinet. Across the front of the cabinet was a strip of white paper labeled in handwriting, each letter being individual, with what looked to the young man like the word "MERCY." He stooped to replace the bag.

"Do not touch it," ordered the voice peremptorily.

Average Jones straightened up to face the door again.

"I will apologize for my clumsiness," he said slowly, "when you explain why you have tried to trick me."

There was a pause. Then—"Presently," said the voice. "Meantime, after what you have accidentally seen, you will perhaps appreciate that the employment is not without its peril."

Average Jones stared from the door to the floored cabinet and back again in stupefaction.

"Perhaps I'm stupid," he said; "but a mis-shapen valise containing a cabinet with a girl's name on it does n't seem calculated to scare an able-bodied man to death. It is n't full of dynamite, is it?"

"What is your branch of scientific work?" counter-questioned the other.

"Botany," replied the young man, at random.

"No other? Physics? Entomology? Astronomy? Chemistry? Biology?"

The applicant shook his head in repeated negation. "None that I've specialized on."

"Ah! I fear you will not suit my purpose."

"All right. But you have n't explained, yet, why you've been studying me through a peep-hole, when I am not allowed to see you."

After a pause of consideration the voice spoke again.

"You are right. Since I can not employ you, I owe you every courtesy for having put you to this trouble. You will observe that I am not very presentable."

The side door swung open. In the dimness of the half-disclosed apartment Average Jones saw a man huddled in a chair. He wore a black skull cap. So far as identification went he was safe. His whole face was grotesquely blotched and swollen. So, also, were the hands which rested on his knees.

"You will pardon me," said Average Jones, "but I am by nature cautious. You have touched me. Is it contagious?"

A contortion of the features, probably indicating a smile, made the changeling face more hideous than before.

"Be at peace," he said. "It is not. You can find your way out? I bid you good-evening, sir."

"Now I wonder," mused Average Jones, as he jolted on the rear platform of an Eighth Avenue car, "by what lead I could have landed that job. I rather think I've missed something."

All that night the poisoned and contorted face, and the scrawled "MERCY" on the cabinet lurked troublously in his mind.

PART II.

PROFESSOR PAUL GEHREN was an impulsive, violent, warm-hearted and learned pundit who, for a typically meager recompense, furnished sundry classes of young gentlemen with amusement, alarm and instruction in about equal parts through the medium of lectures at the Metropolitan University. During vacations he pursued, with some degree of passion, experiments which added luster and selected portions of the alphabet to his name. Twice a week he walked downtown to the Cosmic Club, where he was wont to dine and express destructive and anarchistic views upon the nature, conduct, motives and personality of the organization's governing committees. On a particular afternoon, late in August, he had stopped, on his way to the Club, at an office building in Fifth Avenue. Behold him, now, scanning a ground-glass window which flaunts the capitalized and gilded legend:

A. JONES, AD-VISOR

"Ad-Visor," commented Professor Gehren, rancorously. "A villainous pun! The tendency to strange verbal distortions—" He broke off and read on:

Advice Upon Advertising in All Forms.
Consultation Free. Step in.

"Consultation free!" repeated the educator with virulence. "A trap! A manifest pitfall. I don't know why Mr. Bertram should have sent me hither. The enterprise is patently quack. Quack!" he reiterated in a rising voice.

Upon the word, a young man opened the door and, emerging, received the accusation full in the face.

"You apparently think you're a duck," he observed composedly. "Will you have a taxidermist or an alienist?"

"If you are Mr. Jones of the Cosmic Club," began the visitor, turning purple.

"I am."

"—there are certain things which Mr. Bertram must explain to me."

"Bertram? Did Bertram send you here?"

"Never mind, sir! Of all infernal rascalities, the offer of free advice—"

"There, there," soothed the younger man. "I know all about the free swindles. This is n't one of them. It's just a fad of mine."

He led the perturbed scholar inside, and got him settled in a chair. "Now, go ahead. Show me the advertisement, and tell me how much you lost."

"I've lost my assistant. There is no advertisement about it. What I came for is advice. But upon seeing your tricky door-plate—"

"Oh, that's merely to encourage the timorous. Who is this assistant?"

"Harvey Craig, a youth, hardly more than a boy, for whom I feel a certain responsibility, as his deceased parents left him in my care."

"Yes," said Jones as the Professor paused.

"He has disappeared."

"When?"

"Permanently, since ten days ago."

"Permanently?"

"Up to that time he had absented himself without reporting to me, for only three or four days at a time."

"He lived with you?"

"No. He had been aiding me in certain investigations at my laboratory."

"In what line?"

"Metallurgy."

"When did he stop?"

"About four weeks ago."

"Did he give any reason?"

"He requested indefinite leave. Work had been offered him, he hinted, at a very high rate of remuneration."

"You don't know by whom?"

"In the still evening
I've heard the rap-rap-rap!"



"No, I know nothing whatever about it."

"Have you any definite suspicions as to his absence?"

"I gravely fear that the boy has made away with himself."

"Why so?"

"After his first absence I called to see him at his room. He had obviously undergone a violent paroxysm of grief or shame."

"He told you this?"

"No. But his eyes, and, indeed, his whole face, were abnormally swollen as with weeping."

"Ah, yes." Average Jones's voice had suddenly taken on a bored indifference.

"Were—er—his hands, also?"

"His hands? Why should they?"

"Of course; why, indeed? You noted them?"

"I did not, sir."

"Did he seem depressed or morose?"

"I can not say that he did."

"Professor Gehren, what newspaper do you take?"

The scholar stared. "*The Citizen* in the morning. *The Register* in the evening."

"Does either of them go to your laboratory?"

"Yes; *The Register*."

"Do you keep it on file?"

"No."

"Ah! That's a pity. Then you would n't know if one were missing?"

The professor reflected. "Yes; there was a copy containing a letter upon Von Studeborg's recent experiments—"

"Can you recall the date?"

"After the middle of July, I think."

Average Jones sent for a file and handed it to Professor Gehren.

"Is this it?" he asked, indicating the copy of July 26.

"That is the letter!" said that gentleman.

Average Jones turned the paper, and found, upon an inside page, the strange advertisement from 74 Bellair Street.

"One more question, Professor," said he. "When did you last see Mr. Craig?"

"Nine or ten days ago. I think it was August 10."

"How did he impress you?"

"As being somewhat preoccupied. Otherwise normal."

"Was his face swollen then?"

"No."

"Where did you see him?"

"The first time, at my laboratory, at about eleven o'clock."

"You saw him again that day, then?"

"Yes. We met by accident at a little before two P. M. on Twenty-third Street. I was surprised because he had told me he had to catch a noon train and return to his work."

"Then he had n't done so?"

"Yes. He explained that he had; but that he had been sent back to buy some supplies."

"You believe he was telling the truth?"

"In an extensive experience with young men I have never known a more truthful one than he."

"Between the first day of his coming back to New York and the last, had you seen him?"

"I had talked with him over the telephone. He called up two or three times to say that he was well and working hard and that he hoped to be back in a few weeks."

"Where did he call up from?"

"As he did not volunteer the information, I am unable to say."

"Unfortunate again. Well, I think you may drop the notion of suicide. If anything of importance occurs, please notify me at once. Otherwise, I'll send you word when I have made progress."

Having dismissed the anxious pundit, Average Jones, so immersed in thought as to be oblivious to outer things, made his way to the Cosmic Club in a series of caroms from indignant pedestrian to indignant pedestrian. There, as he had foreseen, he found Robert Bertram.

"Can I detach you from your usual bridge game this evening?" he demanded of that languid gentleman.

"Very possibly. What's the inducement?"

"Chapter II of the Bellair Street advertisement. I've told you the first chapter. You've been the god-outside-the-machine so far. Now, come on in."

Together they went to the Greenwich Village house. The name "Smith" had disappeared from the vestibule.

"As I expected," said Jones. "Our hope be in the landlord."

The landlord turned out to be a German landlady, who knew little.

The "Professor," as she termed "Smith," had been a tenant by the month, prompt in payment, quiet in habit, given to long and frequent absences; had been there hardly at all in the last few weeks. Where had he moved to? Himmel only knew! He had left no address. Where did his furniture go? Nowhere; he'd left it behind. Was any one in the house acquainted with him? Mrs. Marron in the other ground floor flat had tried to be. Not much luck, she thought.

Mrs. Marron was voluble, ignorant, and a willing source of information.

"The Perfessor? Sure! I knew 'm. 'Twas me give 'm the name. He was a Mejum. Naw! Not for money. Too swell for that. But a real-thing Mejum. A big one; one of the kind it comes to nacheral. Spirit-rappin's! Somethin' fierce! My kitchen window is on the air-shaft. So's his. Many's the time in the still evenin's I've heard the rap-rappin' on his window an' on the wall, but mostly on the window. Blip! out of the dark. It'd make you just hop! And him sittin' quiet and peaceful in the front room all the time. Yep; my little girl seen him there, while I was hearin' the raps."

"Did you ask him about them?" inquired Jones.

"Sure! He would n't have it at first. Then he kinder smiled and half owned up. And once I seen him with his materializin' wand, sittin' in the room almost dark."

"His what?"

"Materializin' wand. Spirit-rod, you know. As tall as himself and all shiny and slick. It was slim and sort o' knobby like this wood—what's the name of it, now?—they make fish-poles out of. Only the real big-bugs in spiritualism use 'em. They're dangerous. You would n't catch me touchin' it or goin' in there even now." I says to Mrs. Kraus, I says—

And so the stream of high-pitched, eager talk flowed, until the two men escaped from it into the vacant apartment. This was much as Average Jones had seen it on his former visit. Only the strange valise was missing. Going to the kitchen, which opened through intermediate doors on a straight line with the front room, Average Jones inspected the window. The glass was thickly marked with faint, bluish blurs, being, indeed, almost opaque from them in the middle of the upper pane. There was nothing indicative below the window, unless it were a considerable amount of crumbled putty, which he fingered with puzzled curiosity.

In the front room papers had been half burned. Some of them were local journals, mostly the *Evening Register*. A few were publications in the Arabic text.

"Oriental newspapers," remarked Bertram.

Average Jones picked them up and began to fold them. From between two sheets fluttered a very small bit of paper, narrow and half curled, as if from the drying of mucilage. He lifted and read it.

"Here we are again, Bert," he remarked in his most casual tone. "The quality of *this* Mercy is strained, all right."

The two men bent over the slip, studying it. The word was, as Average Jones had said, in a strained, effortful handwriting, and each letter stood distinct. These were the characters:

Me-2cy

"Is it mathematical, do you think, possibly?" asked Average Jones.

"All alone by itself like that? Rather not! More like a label, if you ask me."

"The little sister of the label on the cabinet, then."

"*Cherchez la femme*," observed Bertram. "It sounds like perfect foolishness to me; a swollen-faced outlander who rules familiar spirits with a wand, and between investigations in the realms of science, writes a girl's name all over the place like a love-sick schoolboy! Is Mercy his spirit-control, do you suppose?"

"Oh, let's get out of here," said Average Jones. "I'm getting dizzy with it all. The next step," he observed, as they walked slowly up the street, "is by train. Want to take a short trip to-morrow, Bert? Or, perhaps, several short trips?"

"Whither away, fair youth?"

"To the place where the fake 'Smith' and the lost Craig have been doing their little stunts."

"I thought you said Prof. Gehren could n't tell you where Craig had gone."

"No more he could. So

I've got to find out for myself. Here's the way I figure it out: The two men have been engaged in some out-of-door work that is extra hazardous. So much, we know. Harvey Craig has, I'm afraid, succumbed to it. Otherwise he'd have sent some word to Prof. Gehren. He may be dead or he may be only disabled by the dangerous attribute of the work, whatever it was. In any case, our mysterious foreign friend has probably skipped out hastily. Now, I propose to find the railroad station they used in coming and going, and interview the ticket agent."

"You've got a fine large contract on your hands to find it."

"Not so large, either. All we have to do is to look for a place that is very isolated and yet quite near New York."

"How do you know it is quite near New York?"

"Because Harvey Craig went there and back between noon and two o'clock, as Prof. Gehren says. Now, we've got to find such a place which is near a stretch of deserted, swampy ground, very badly infested with mosquitoes. I'd thought of the Hackensack Meadows, just across the river in Jersey."

"That's all very well," said Bertram; "but why mosquitoes?"

"Why, the poisoned and swollen face and hands both of them suffered from," explained Average Jones. "What else could it be?"

"I'd thought of poison-ivy or some kind of plant they'd been grubbing at."

"So had I. But I happened to think that anything of that sort, if it poisoned them once, would keep on poisoning them, while mosquitoes they could protect themselves against, if they didn't become immune, as they most likely would. As there must have been a lot of 'skeeters' to do the kind of job that 'Smith's' face showed, I naturally figured on a swamp."

"Average," said Bertram, solemnly, "there are times when I conceive a sort of respect for your commonplace and plodding intellect. Now, let me have my little inning. I used to commute on the Jersey & Delaware Short Line. There's a station on that line, Pearlinton by name, that's a combination of Mosquitoville, Lonesomehurst and Nutting Doon. It's in the mathematical center of the ghastliest marsh anywhere between Here and Somewhere-else. I think that's our little summer resort, and I'm yours for the nine A. M. train to-morrow morning."

Dismounting from that rather casual accommodation on the following day, the two friends found Pearlinton to consist of a windowed packing-box inhabited by a hermit in brass-buttoned blue. This lonely official readily identified the subjects of Average Jones's inquiry.

"I guess I know your friends, all right. The dago was tall and thin, and had white hair; almost snow-white; no, he was n't old, neither. He talked very soft and slow. Used to stay off in the reeds three and four days at a time. No, ain't seen him for near a week; him nor his boat nor the young fellow that was with him. Sort of bugologists, or something, was n't they?"

"Have you any idea where we could find their camp?"

The railroad man laughed.

"Fine chance you got of finding anything in that swamp. There's ten square miles of it, every square just like every other square, and a hundred little islands, and a thousand creeks and rivers winding through."

"You're right," agreed Average Jones. "It would take a month to search it. You spoke of a boat."

"It's my notion they must have had a houseboat. They could a' rowed it up on the tide from the Kills—a little one. I never saw no tent with 'em. And they had to have something over their heads. The boat I seen 'em have was a rowboat; to go back and forth in."

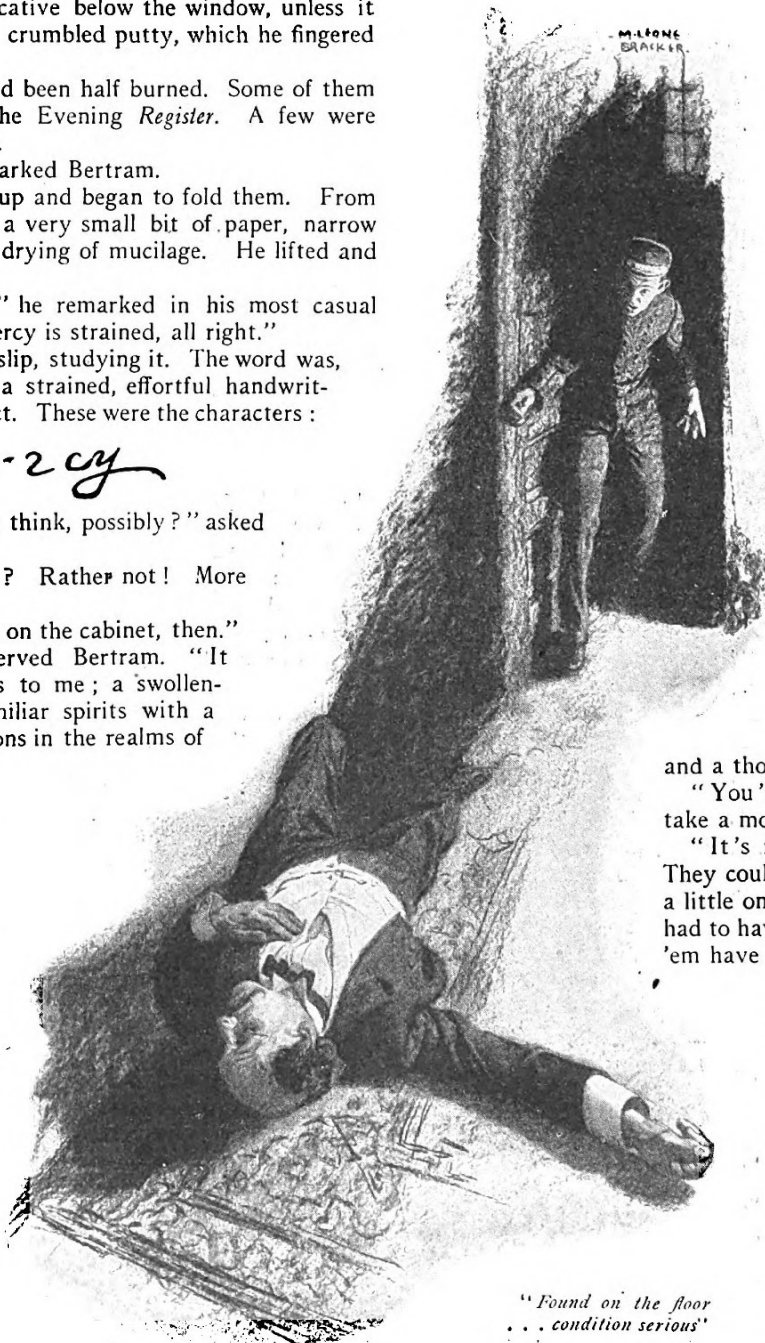
"Thanks," said Average Jones. "That's a good idea about the houseboat."

On the following day this advertisement appeared in the newspapers of several shore towns along the New Jersey and Staten Island coast.

ADRIPT—A small house-boat lost several days ago from the Hackensack Meadows.

Fifty dollars reward paid for information leading to recovery. JONES, Ad-Visor, 580 Fifth Avenue.

Two days later came a reply, locating the lost craft at Bayonne. Average Jones went thither and identified it. Within its single room was uttermost confusion, testifying to the simplest kind of housekeeping sharply



"Found on the floor
... condition serious"

terminated. Attempt had been made to burn the boat before it was given to wind and current, but certain evidences of charred wood, and the fact of a succession of furious thunder-showers in the week past, suggested the reason for failure. In a heap of rubbish, where the fire had apparently started, Average Jones found, first, a Washington newspaper, which he pocketed; next, with a swelling heart, the wreck of the pasteboard cabinet, but no sign of the strange valise which had held it. The "Merty" sign was gone from the cabinet, its place being supplied by a placard, larger, in a different handwriting, and startlingly more specific.

**"Danger! If found, destroy at once.
Do not touch with bare hands."**

There was nothing else. Gingerly, Average Jones detached the sign. The cabinet proved to be empty. He pushed a rock into it, lifted it on the end of a stick, and dropped it overboard. One after another, eight little fish glinted up through the water, turned their white bellies to the sunlight and bobbed, motionless. The investigator hastily threw away the label and cast his gloves after it. But he was able to give a reproduction of the writing to Professor Gehren, which convinced that anxious scholar that Harvey Craig had been alive and able to write not long before the time when the houseboat was set adrift.

PART III

SOME days after the recovery of the houseboat, Average Jones sat at breakfast, according to his custom, in the café of the Hotel Palatia. Several matters were troubling his normally serene mind. First of these was the loss of the trail which should have led to Harvey Craig. Second, as a minor issue, the Oriental papers found in the deserted Bellair Street apartment, had been proved, by translation, to consist mainly of revolutionary sound and fury, signifying, to the person most concerned, nothing. As for the issue of the Washington daily, culled from the houseboat, there was, amidst the usual mélange of social, diplomatic, political and city news, no marked passage to show any reason for its having been in the possession of "Smith." Average Jones had studied and re-studied the columns, both reading matter and advertising, until he knew them almost by heart. During the period of waiting for his order to be brought, he was brooding over the problem, when he felt a hand-pressure on his shoulder, and turned to confront Mr. Thomas Colvin McIntyre, solemn of countenance, and groomed with a supernal modesty of elegance, as befitted a rising young diplomat, already Fifth Assistant Secretary of State of the United States of America.

"Hello, Tommy," said the breakfast. "Sit down and have an *entente cordiale*."

"Don't joke," said the other. "I'm in a pale pink-funk. I'm afraid to look into the morning papers."

"Hello! What have you been up to that's scandalous?"

"It is n't me," replied the diplomat ungrammatically. "It's Telfik Bey."

"Telfik Bey? Wait a minute. Let me think." The name had struck a response from some thought-wire within Average Jones's perturbed brain. Presently it came to him as visualized print, under small headlines, reproduced to the mind's eye from the Washington newspaper which he had so exhaustively studied.

THIS TURK A QUICK JUMPER

**Telfik Bey, Guest of Turkish Embassy,
Barely Escapes a Speeding Motor Car**

No arrest, it appeared, had been made. The "story," indeed, was brief, and of no intrinsic importance, other than as a social note. But to Average Jones it began to glow luminously.

"Who is Telfik Bey?" he inquired.

"He is n't. Up to yesterday he was a guest of this hotel."

"Indeed! Skipped without paying his bill?"

"Yes—er. Skipped—that is, left—suddenly—without paying his bill, if you choose to put it that way."

The tone was significant. Average Jones's good-natured face became grave.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Tommy. Was he a friend of yours?"

"No. He was, in a sense, a ward of the Department, over here on invitation. This is what has almost driven me crazy."

Fumbling nervously in the pocket of his creaseless white waistcoat, he brought forth a death notice.

"From the *Dial*," he said, handing it to Average Jones.

The clipping looked conventional enough:

DIED—August 28th, suddenly at the Hotel Palatia: Telfik Bey of Stamboul, Turkey. Funeral services from the Turkish Embassy, Washington, on Tuesday. Ana Alhari.

"If the newspapers ever discover—" The young diplomat stopped short before the enormity of the hypothesis.

"It looks straight enough to me, as a death notice, except for the tail. What does 'Ana Alhari' mean? Sort of a *requiescat*?"

"Yes; like a mice!" said young Mr. McIntyre bitterly. "It means 'Hurrah!' That's the sort of *requiescat* it is!"

"Ah! Then they got him, the second time."

"What do you mean by 'second time'?"

"The Washington incident, of course, was the first. The attempted murder—that is, the narrow escape of Telfik Bey."

Young Mr. McIntyre looked baffled. "I'm blessed if I know what you're up to, Jones," he said. "But if you *do* know anything of this case I need your help. In Washington, where they failed, we fooled the newspapers. Here, where they've succeeded—"

"Who are 'they'?" interrupted Jones.

"That's what I'm here to get at. My instructions are to find out secretly, if at all. For, if it does get into the newspapers there'll be the very deuce to pay. It isn't desirable that even Telfik Bey's presence here should have been known for reasons which—er—(here Average Jones remarked the resumption of his friend's official bearing)—which, not being for the public, I need not detail to you."

"You need not, in point of fact, tell me anything about it at all," observed Jones equably.

Pomposity fell away from Mr. Thomas Colvin McIntyre, leaving him palpably shivering.

"But I need your help. You know something about handling the newspapers, don't you?"

"I know how to get things in; not how to keep them out."

The other groaned. "It may already be too late. What newspapers have you there?"

"All of 'em, Want me to look?"

Mr. McIntyre braced himself.

"Turk dies at Palatia," read Average Jones. "Mm—heart disease . . . wealthy Stamboul merchant . . . studying American methods . . . Turkish Minister notified."

"Is that all?"

"Practically."

"And the other reports?"

Average Jones ran them swiftly over. "About the same. Hold on. Here's a little something extra in the *Universal*."

"Found on the floor . . . bellboy who discovered the tragedy collapses . . . condition serious . . . Supposedly shock—"

"What's that?" interrupted young Mr. McIntyre, half rising. "Shot?"

"You're nervous, Tommy. I didn't say 'shot.' I said 'shock.'"

"Oh! Of course. Shock—the bellboy, it means."

"See here; first thing you know you'll be getting me interested. Had n't you better open up or shut up?"

Mr. McIntyre took a long breath and a resolution simultaneously.

"At any rate I can trust you," he said. "Telfik Bey is not a merchant. He is a secret, confidential agent of the Turkish government. He came over to New York from Washington, in spite of warnings that he would be killed."

"You believe he was killed?"

"I only wish I could believe anything else."

"Shot?"

"The coroner and a physician whom I sent can find no trace of a wound."

"What do they say?"

"Apoplexy."

"The refuge of the mystified medico. It does n't satisfy you?"

"It won't satisfy the State Department."

"And possibly not the newspapers, eventually."

"Come up with me and look the place over, Average. Let me send for the manager."

That functionary came, a vision of perturbation in a pale-gray coat. Upon assurance that Average Jones was "safe" he led the way to the rooms so hastily vacated by the spirit of the Turkish guest.

"We've succeeded in keeping two recent suicides and a blackmail scheme in this hotel out of the newspapers," observed the manager morosely. "But this would be the worst of all. If I could have known, when the Turkish Embassy reserved the apartment—"

"The Turkish Embassy never reserved any apartment for Telfik Bey," put in the Fifth Assistant Secretary of State.

"Surely you are mistaken, sir," replied the hotel man. "I saw their emissary myself. He specified for a room on the south



"He had a sort of target on the window"

[Continued on page 493]

MARRIAGE IN AMERICA



THE investigation upon which this series of articles is based was far-reaching, careful and exhaustive. The observations of Mr. Schauffler and of a score of trained investigators are embodied in hundreds of "depositions" each setting forth the ideas of one girl upon the marriage question. While it is not pretended that the percentages given in this article are accurate reflections of the opinions of all unmarried girls who are employed in offices and stores, the inquiry has been carried into every line of business and every section of the country, and the result represents, we believe, a most valuable and interesting social study.

—The Editors.

The Business Girl's Ideals

by Robert Haven Schauffler

Author of "The Country Preacher's Where-withal," "To Happiness by Trolley," etc.

Illustrations by MAUD TOUSEY

"WHEN I was at the factory I'd have taken anyone who came along so's to get out of it. But now—" A happy fire glowed in the stenographer's deep, Spanish-looking eyes. "Now I'd rather be independent. I don't need to be married now. I'm perfectly content!"

This is the good fortune of the girl who looks out toward love and marriage from the vantage-ground of a life of congenial wage-earning. She stands enviably between the sweated operative who—as we saw last month—is often forced into her new life through the pitiless hopper of the "marriage factory,"—and the girl of leisure, a person sometimes full of unexpended feminine egotism and soured physical energy, who is apt to rush into matrimony with all the clear-sightedness of a hiding ostrich.

The business girl is thrice blessed. She has much of the factory girl's unblinking knowledge of the great realities of life, without her disillusioned world-weariness. She has much of the leisure girl's freedom of choice without her selfishness. Third—and this reason explains the other two—she rather enjoys her work. As against a mere third of the factory operatives, over four-fifths of those covered by the present investigation deny that they look forward to marriage as a refuge from the struggle to live. These include stenographers, bookkeepers, cashiers, clerks, manicurists, telephone operators and so on,—all marriageable girls between seventeen and twenty-seven.

The Business Girl Appreciates Her Economic Independence

Business is still charmingly new to the American woman. She has not yet done with "the first fine careless rapture" of the thing. One "head-lady" in a leading Philadelphia department store told me that most of the girls under her were delighted with their work and would require rather strong inducements to leave it. "I, personally," she went on "would rather have had the chance I've had to do this interesting work and meet stimulating people, than to have been born the daughter of a millionaire."

"Of course, very few girls are quite as enthusiastic over business as this one, but it is safe to say that the large majority find the life interesting, and the taste of economic independence very sweet between their lips—that is, when they really are independent. There are comparatively few who feel, with Rachel B., a retail store clerk in Chicago, that life is a terrible struggle. Rachel keeps cruelly long hours.

"Really, girls, I'm so tired of working, the way I feel now I'd marry almost anybody. I know I'd have to work after marriage too, but it is different. Sometimes I get so sick of it, I wake up in the morning and say: 'To-day I'd marry Pete if he would ask me.'" (Pete is the colored janitor).

Overtime, being so much on her feet, the constant struggle with temptation—these are the three thorns in the flesh of the business girl.

In spite of them, however, she feels, with the Wisconsin bookkeeper, that "a man would have to offer me a good deal to atone for my giving up my personal and economic independence, which I enjoy very much."

"For many, marriage is a refuge," said a charming French stenographer in Chicago. "For me—how can I say?—I am young and strong. I do not have such a hard time as to make me think of marriage with longing. I often think it might be different if I was old and sick."

A Tennessee bookkeeper thinks that business girls are not so susceptible to the advances of men, because they "come in contact with so many classes and view daily the disagreeable side of the general run of people, which is apt to make them suspicious and pessimistic. They become more practical, have broader views, a wider horizon, and are in every way more

fitted to cope with life." A big, manly looking beauty-shop worker in St. Louis, when asked her views, brought down her fist with a bang: "I'm independent and I'm going to stay so!"

"It's no struggle to live" murmured a frail, white laboratory assistant from a town in Massachusetts, "and my work interests me so much. If I could get a real good position (like my lady-friend stenographer who has a nice room all to herself and makes twelve a week) I'd never marry."

It is her kinder environment that allows the business girl to keep more youth and romance unspoiled in her heart than her factory sister can. Theoretically, her training may lead her to regard the marriage contract much in the light of any other formal business agreement. Practically the American girl does not look at love through strictly business eyes unless she is either spoiled or "up against it."

Idealists Are in the Majority

So, in the struggle of heart vs. head, while in the factories the pure materialists outnumber the pure idealists by seven to one, among business girls it is very much the other way. Those who would marry for love alone, regardless of all else, outnumber by three to two those who would marry from purely practical considerations. Moreover, these practical ones seem to be more thoughtful than the kindred factory group.

"Romantic passion is not necessary," declared Lola M., a mysterious-looking shadowy-eyed stenographer from Louisiana. "It often burns out and makes much unhappiness. I'd want deep respect and sympathy and think it would be much safer than romantic love. I wouldn't marry, though, without being sure I was fitted just as fully for the profession of wifedom as for any other profession that I would enter with the expectation of success."

Between this standpoint and the purely romantic there are, of course, myriad grades of thought and feeling. But there is no doubt that the balance tilts toward romance, though not as decidedly as the factory girl's pointer indicates the practical.

This allegiance to the call of the heart sometimes takes more courage than we quite appreciate. Perhaps some of us would treat Martha R. with a little more consideration when shopping in her father's small Chicago store, if we knew the real reason for her chalky cheeks and the heavy circles under her big, pathetic eyes. Martha would prefer marriage to clerking, but only in case she meets someone she can love.

Her family, however, think that a girl should live in order to marry and they are trying to work her so hard that she will marry soon in desperation.

We little realize the number of such heroic battles in the name of true love that are constantly being fought out under our eyes. I like to imagine that one of the victors was the wife of a drummer I once overheard in a smoking car. "I think," said the drummer, "them four walls of a man's home ought to be pretty darn sacred. A minister asked me the other day where I worshiped and I gave him my house address."

The goddess Aphrodite, were she still alive, would, I am sure, be touched deeply if she met three worshippers of hers whom I am going to quote, and would set about doing something for them at once.

They are respectively, a telephone girl from Memphis, a millinery clerk from New York, and a dress-goods saleswoman from Chicago.

"I want love. His money might give out. Love lasts when money is gone."

"Oh, I want to be loved—not because I'm useful or anything, but because it's me!"

"Just so long as there is a clean table-cloth and love in the house it won't matter if we have not anything to eat."

She Wants to Stay at Home After Marriage

Not alone toward the question of love, but also toward the other factors that make up married life, the business girl's attitude promises far better things than that of her sweated sister.

Three factory girls out of four would not return to work after the wedding. But five business girls out of six would not, though they like their work far better. And they have twice as many reasons.

Their first is the operative's last. It is fear of social disgrace. The business girl is aware of an immense social abyss yawning between her and the factory girl. Working after marriage would be treading dangerously near the edge.

But, in the second and third places she agrees with the factory worker about a wife's place being at home, and about the malignantly relaxing effect on manhood of wifely toil.

"A great many married women in my department," said a big homely store girl in a Northern city, "have left their husbands for that very reason. They started married life working to earn a home equipment, and pretty soon the husbands got to spending more than they made and expected the wives to keep right on working. Then there was trouble."

The fourth reason is reluctance to fill a position that some other girl might need more. This has a strange sound on the lips of the unorganized girl of business, especially as it was not mentioned by a single union factory worker.

It is most significant that the reason which dominates the other list—"because I hate my job so!"—humbly takes fifth place here. Forty-three per cent. feel thus in the factories; five per cent. in business.

The final reasons are: Sentiment; and "because a woman's economic independence spoils the unity of the home"; and last comes the tiny Southern telephone girl who was sure that "love lasts when money is gone." "No, indeed," she cried, "I would n't keep on with telephoning. Why, I'd be so tired when evening came, I would n't even have a smile for my husband."

She Does Not Want Many Children

It is generally the miserably underpaid girl that agrees with Myra K. who sells shoes in Brooklyn: "I just wish some one would fix it so living would n't cost so much. It's awful hard on fellows and it's hard on girls. We don't want to work after we get married, but it's fixed so we just have to, and that's the reason so many married people are cross and unhappy."

As we have seen, three-quarters of the industrial girls would prefer housewifery to their old work. How much more congenial business is to the sex than industrial work, is shown by the fact that only two business girls out of three feel this preference for housewifery, although they are better trained in matters of domestic science, and look forward to a more convenient kind of home involving less rough drudgery, and sometimes even permitting a servant or two.

Sixty-nine per cent. of girls in business (fifty-eight in the factory) consider that there would be less freedom for them in married life. And many of the minority are influenced by unpleasant home conditions. The general attitude is that of the Western telephone operator who said: "Now I can spend my money as I please and go out and have fun. Then I'd be awful tied down."

Nevertheless, it seems that the prospect of "being awful tied down" has few terrors for them. An overwhelming majority would prefer to put up with it. In fact, this preference is so strong that—just as in industry—three girls out of four would marry in the face of parental opposition.

If business girls place love first in weighing the various factors of marriage, they make motherhood a close second. Four-fifths of them want children, as compared with only two-thirds of the factory girls. And usually the reluctant fifth are not, like the poor "little mothers" of industry, afraid of motherhood because they have lived through the horrors that too prolific par-

ents create. On the contrary, their attitude is nearer that of the frivolous society girl.

"Children are too much trouble," a Chicago bookkeeper frankly admitted.

"Let the other people have them," suggested a ribbon clerk in a town in California.

Those whose attitude toward this question is not negative, but neutral or fatalistic, form a much smaller group. Indeed, the corresponding class in the factories outnumbers them four to one. This is natural, for industry employs more freshly arrived immigrants, and such a creed as the following often succumbs before many generations in the New World:

Millie G., a New York stenographer is speaking: "I suppose I'd have a big family if I was married, and that's awful hard on a woman. Of course, I know that some women fix it so as not to have many, but sometimes it seems to me that the Lord would n't send children if He did n't mean you to have 'em, and I don't feel that it's right to set yourself above the Lord."

It is good to know, however, that the large majority could say with Lily L., a Tennessee stenographer: "Home is not complete without children. I love them!" She was cuddling her little orphan nephew who had fallen down stairs; and, as she fondled the sobbing golden head, the maternal instinct fairly radiated from her homely, freckled face and almost touched with dignity the enormous rat-filled pompadour.

But even though the girls of business desire more ardently to be mothers than the girls of industry do, it will perhaps shock the American people to know that they are even more earnestly bent on what is known as "race-suicide." For the business girls are even more determined than the factory girls to bear no more than one or two children.

Therese D., an Eastern stenographer, is engaged to a conductor on a trolley car. Her attitude is so typical of the antithesis between the passing and the coming generations of mothers that I give it in full:

"I would like one or two children. Not more than I can care for, though. You see, mother had so many she could not give us any education and not much care. I grew up in a tenement and played in the streets. It was just by luck that I went to the settlement and got my chance. I don't want to bring children into the world to that. Mother says that I ought n't to talk that way. If a girl does n't have a child the first year she's married, no matter how poor she is or how delicate, the neighbors will talk and say there's something wrong. She says that if a girl does n't mean to have all the children God sends she has no right to marry. You see she can't see it as I do."

Though the business girl's instinctive desire for possession is stimulated daily by her environment, she would comparatively seldom marry for a home of her own. Over two-fifths care very little for it; and the proportion of those to whom it means everything is only a fifth of that in the factory.

"A Furnished Room House Is no Way for a Girl to Live"

Surely Helen Rowland's epigram about marriage nowadays getting to be a "deal" rather than an ideal can not fairly apply to the business girl.

The girl most apt to attach undue importance to this factor of married life is the girl who boards. An Indiana beauty-shop worker wistfully tells of one of the girl boarder's chief hardships:

"In my town I don't know what the folks would say if they knew I saw my gentlemen friends in my bedroom, but there is n't any parlor in a boarding-house, and all the girls do it, so I've put a tapestry cover over the bed and tried to make it look right, but of course the bed is there, and the bureau and washstand give it away, anyhow. Let me tell you right here that a furnished room house is no way for a girl to live."

So far, then, the matrimonially-minded girl of business—and few are not—has shown herself in a promising light. But when we turn from her sweet, sound views of marriage in the abstract and consider concretely the sort of young person whom she would like to meet at the altar—or the parlor mantel-piece as the case may be—we begin to glimpse the defects of her qualities. Perhaps, also, we learn to appreciate more the qualities of the factory girl's deficiently youthful view point.

Her Ideal of Manly Beauty

If beauty is indeed only skin-deep, as some say, then two-thirds of all business girls do not look far beneath the epidermis.

The business girl, in describing her ideal of masculine beauty, nearly always gives you the tall, very dark, preternaturally square-jawed hero of her favorite author, George Barr McCutcheon. Not



Some business girls are constantly annoyed by their employers

long ago I was telling a friend of this and he raised the question whether she doted on this type because McCutcheon had brought him to her attention, or whether Mr. McCutcheon, with his ear to the ground, had manufactured this particular hero because he was just the kind his readers doted on.

At any rate, good looks "go" very decidedly with the business girl, and she would like her hero to dress the part too. Here she flashes forth in violent contrast to the four out of five factory girls who fear "sporty" dressers as marriage possibilities.

Almost half of the business girls like a man to "dress" even if he does happen to be a marriage possibility.

"I know you should n't look at the clothes," admitted a cashier on a railroad, "but at the man instead, but that just shows you don't think like you ought to. I like to see a man a fine dresser; I do indeed. I suppose it's a sign of extravagance, but, if he dresses well himself, he'll never grudge you the sight of a dollar bill for a new dress."

You see, because the business girl is ever so much younger in spirit than her over-driven industrial sister, she has the faults of youth a-plenty.

For instance, instead of wanting to marry a much older man, sure to be steady and so wise that he can "learn her something," she prefers her future husband to be much nearer her own age, "so we can grow up together."

In business the young women are not so cynical about marrying widowers, almost half being willing, although a sixth of these draw the line at becoming step-mothers. A few are rather doubtful. "I'd have to love him an awful lot if he was a widower," mused a San Francisco clerk. A few object to them on the theoretical ground that "there can be only one real love in a life," but generally the refusal is rather tart: "No warmed-over affections for mine!"

"Leave them marry widows."

"You don't get me being a Mrs. Two!"

Like the factory girl, the daughter of business would like her husband's occupation to be at least a grade above her own.

How Much Must a Husband Earn?

The question of income is important. In every case the girls here studied were asked to estimate the lowest income which they would insist on for the possible husband. They named amounts ranging from fourteen dollars a week, the ambition of a dry-goods clerk in the Northwest, to fifty-eight, which was insisted on by a private secretary in the suburbs of Philadelphia. The average was twenty-nine dollars a week, or, roundly, \$1500 a year.

Molly X., a Pennsylvania office girl, put the situation strongly—perhaps a little too strongly: "Any sensible girl would require him to have a good salary. You need twenty to twenty-five a week if you want any sort of life, and no young man is getting that!"

Very few would refuse a man because he had sown his "wild oats," and nearly all would confidently expect to reform him after marriage, forgetting that "mothers, not wives, are the makers of men."

Despite the fact that modern science is coming more and more to the conclusion that tuberculosis is more an infectious than an inherited disease, business girls would almost unanimously refuse to marry a consumptive for fear of transmitting "the great white plague" to their children. But they would not think of even inquiring whether the "wild oats" in question had not cursed their lovers with a thing far more menacing to wife and offspring than tuberculosis—that curse which has recently been named "the great black plague." In fact, such a "murderous silence" has been maintained about this form of disease that an astonishingly small proportion of young girls know anything whatever about it; therefore, the average girl is ready to fall a victim to the first diseased coward who can win her hand. And yet, as a noted scientist declares, no other disease can rival this in its hideous influence upon parenthood and the future.

The girl of business is not so insistent on the "steadiness" of her ideal husband as the factory girl is, and she disagrees with her about the necessity of his frugality. She is twice as prone to favor a "good spender."

"That's the kind for me," cried a Far Western ribbon clerk in her breezy, Pacific way. "No tightwads need apply!"

"I would n't marry a close man for anything," was the decision of a Chicago stenographer. "I'd much rather keep right on working than have to come to hubby for every cent."

Anita, who clerks in a small Kentucky store, delivered this pronuncia-



Good looks often "go" with the business girl

mento with a delicious drawl: "He jest ain't no 'count if he's stingy."

On the other hand, some of the thirty-one per cent. who disapprove of "good spenders" do so more from a desire for personal independence than from a love of thrift.

Annie Z., a charming, cultivated little Illinois Jewess, recoils proudly from any one—man or woman—who offers to spend money on her, "because that takes from my independence and self-respect. A man owns a nickel's worth of you if he spends a nickel on you."

Polly F. never accepts anything from a man, because her father, a good-natured, ne'er-do-well Pennsylvania plumber once told her: "Now, if ye should ever want fer joolry, cum right to me and I'll strip the pants off me back and hock 'em to get it fer ye. Only don't never take none off the fellers. When ye're married to one ye can take all the joolry ye like off 'n him. But once a feller gives a girl joolry he thinks he owns her forever after."

The business girl, though of course she wants industry and temperance in her future husband, is not as emphatic about these qualities as the factory girl, for the very good reason that she has not seen in her environment such dire results from laziness and drink.

Over two-thirds stipulate that their future husbands must have good educations and a fifth of these insist on college. Only one-twenty-fifth are wholly indifferent to this question.

Wants the Upper Hand

When it comes to the question of disposition, eighty-six per cent. would like their husbands easy-going rather than masterful, as compared with seventy-five per cent. in the factories.

Readers of the first article in this series were perhaps surprised to find nobody demanding in her future husband what seems to many, one of the indispensable qualifications for married happiness: that is the capacity for comradeship. It is strange and sad to know that not one factory girl mentioned this quality and only a very few girls of business. One bookkeeper in St. Louis added as an afterthought:

"He must treat me as a companion; not as a doll-baby." A railroad cashier was the only one to reason from actual experience:

"Say, I had an experience once that gave me a lesson! I was working in the signal tower and there was a man worked there with me. He was a good-looking enough fellah. If I'd a known him anywhere else, I might a took him when he asked me. Thank goodness, I was up there with him all day long and I had a chanct to find out. That's the way to learn a man. If some o' these girls that get married could stay all day with a man fer a while, every day in the week, there would n't be so many mismates. . . . Oh, there was n't nothin' really wrong with him, only when his line o' talk played out there was n't anything more to say. We'd set up there silent as owls. Say, mebbe I was n't glad when I got a transfer. If we'd been married, now, it would n't have been so easy to get a transfer."

Business girls are more individual than factory girls in making out their husband prescriptions, which show a wealth of detail. One of them refuses to consider a man that sucks his teeth or tilts his hat. A second would rather die than marry bow-legs or a performer upon the Jewsharp. A third stipulates that "he must get his own breakfasts, but stay away from the kitchen otherwise." A fourth insists on marrying an orphan, "to avoid all possible trouble with a mother-in-law." And so on, *ad infinitum*, while pretty brows pucker and bright eyes grow tragic over such things as the unknown wooer's fashion of knotting a scarf or his hatred of cat-kind.

But, after all, when Dolly D. generalizes about these small matters and, alas, about a good many of the larger ones too,—the little dispenser of dry-goods strikes a universal note:

"We've all got lots of theories about men, but I guess if I fell in love with a fellow I'd marry him regardless of everything."

Nevertheless, I am glad to believe that the business girls who would fall in love with a man and marry him "regardless of everything" are in the minority.

Why do I believe this?

Because business girls are so optimistic about marriage. In their stratum of society the institution seems to be a decided success. Consider this contrast. In the factories only three-tenths of the girls consider marriage a success. In business only three-tenths of them consider marriage a failure. Moreover, half the optimists declare that all, or nearly all, of the marriages they know about have turned out happily!

Now these girls draw their conclusions on marriage largely from what they have seen at home and from the experiences of the few sisters and brothers and friends who have already ventured into matrimony. Therefore the fact that merely three-tenths of them consider that more marriages turn out ill than well seems an eloquent endorsement of the general soundness of their marriage ideals. Like the factory girls, those who consider the institution a failure give nineteen reasons for their conviction.

She Believes in Marriage—and Divorce

Surprisingly enough, in view of her splendid, almost exultant belief in marriage, the girl of business believes yet more heartily in divorce. Only one-fourth oppose it, as against one-third in the factory.

"But why on earth" one asks, "should girls who think so highly of marriage be so cordial toward what is considered its bitterest foe?"

A hard question. Perhaps their vigorous appetite for independence may explain it. Personally, I am more inclined to father the blame upon the character of the men whom they meet during business hours.

In choosing an occupation a young woman does not usually consider carefully its effect on her chances of marriage. Most working girls agree that business presents better opportunities than industry does and that the office and the store are the best of all. In other words, business offers in the most propitious proportions, the two chief factors that increase a girl's chances of matrimony, namely: a relatively high social position, and a quantity of eligible and accessible men.

Both of these advantages, however, are more apparent than real, as the social position of the office and store girl prevents her from associating with the factory girl after hours, thus lessening her chances of meeting men by fortunately keeping her out of the public dance-hall, and while she meets many men during the day's work, she finds few of them "serious."

"In business we meet more men, I think, than either home or factory girls do" said a Western stenographer, "but few of us meet them in the right way for them to consider us as possible wives."

A New York clerk put it more forcibly, if less elegantly: "These here mashers ain't the marrying kind."

Another help toward sociability has been grossly overrated. In song and story the department store girl's love of flirting has been blazoned abroad until it is now pretty generally understood among men that she is "dead easy" to make friends with.

I believe that she has been slandered, and the investigators agree with me. One of the few young men among them made a deliberate test in a large city last February. He set out one afternoon to see how long it would take to find a dinner-companion among the department stores. He is something of a diplomat, and no worse to look at than the average man, yet three hours of hard toil brought him, instead of a dinner-companion, only a bouquet of such repartee as the following:

"Run right along, you skate!" "You've come to the wrong girl this time." "Oh, cut it out!" "Nice kind of a masher you are."

Her Opinion of the Average Man Is Low

The last girl he sought to allure was vastly amused and said that her husband would come around and stir things up if she should go out with any one.

Then he gave it up.

It humiliates a man to discover what a low opinion the average business girl entertains of his sex.

Hattie G., a most attractive manicurist in Chicago, feels rather hopeless about marrying because almost the only chance she has for meeting men is at work, and those she meets she does not trust. "My whole attitude toward men has changed since going into this kind of work. I would never have thought that men were so bad if I'd always stayed at home."

The stenographer who rose from factory life thinks that "the men in a factory are rougher and less educated, but not so mean as the men in an office. They treat you with more respect. They don't take advantage of you."

Helen G., a private secretary in a large mercantile house, declares that "in an office a girl meets even more temptations than in a department store. It's perfectly clear that men have a very low opinion of girls in business. They show it by their cynical manner toward them."

It seems, however, that down South, although a girl loses more caste by becoming a wage-earner, the men treat her with far more consideration and genuine gallantry.

Nevertheless, the average business girl's opinion of the average man is shockingly low. And perhaps it is on this very account that she makes her great mistake. Because she despises the sort of man she usually meets, she spends more on clothes

than she ought to in order to attract a wider circle of men to choose from, hoping thus to find a man she can thoroughly respect.

Numberless girls, of course, love to make and wear beautiful clothes simply for their own sake. A friend gave Mattie F. a pretty party dress. She put it on the morning of her holiday and wore it till night, alone at home. Her family was away. She wanted simply "to enjoy it and see how it felt to be a lady."

At the same time nearly every girl in this investigation, when she was asked whether dress was "a means of catching a husband," denied it in her own case, but said that it was for all the other girls she knew. They remind one of the Greek generals who each voted for himself as the greatest general, but for Miltiades as the next greatest.

Many of the girls thought that men were attracted more by dress than by all other feminine charms. As a Western stenographer put it: "When it comes to the matter of dress, a girl's figure isn't in it." On reconsideration she laughingly modified this startling assertion by admitting that the girl's figure was "in it," but was often so altered by the dress as to be practically negligible.

A clerk in California, with more liberal views, voiced the average sentiment: "There are very few men who have good sense. A good figure, a pretty face, or clothes, is about all most of them consider."

Now, if the business girl were only paid all she earns, this dressing up to catch a husband would be far from the serious affair that it is. But, because her usual wage is so pitifully low, she is often tempted beyond her strength. I do not mean to say that most business girls are tempted beyond their strength, for most of them live at home and earn a mere contributory wage. Surely, these girls lead as pure lives as those of any class in America. They pay abnormally low rates for board to their mothers. Many pay none. They put nearly everything they earn upon their backs, and thus are enabled to set the pace for those less fortunate sisters who live in furnished rooms and have to make scanty earnings cover board, clothes, and everything else.

So it comes about that the business girl earning far less than her factory sister, spends one hundred and fifty dollars a year on clothes as against the factory girl's eighty dollars. This estimate fully recognizes what a marvelous manager the working girl often is, how cleverly she buys, how indefatigably she sews after hours.

The Love of Dress Is Her Chief Danger

This widespread belief, then, that dress helps a girl's chances of marriage often defeats itself by leading her astray and absolutely ruining her chances. The greed of store owners in paying starvation wages, and the cowardice of men in taking advantage of this circumstance, these things have turned the business girl's love of dress into her chief danger.

If we mean by eugenic marriages those that tend to "improve the inborn qualities of a race," a comparative glance at the former article will show how vastly more eugenic is the attitude of the business girl than that of the industrial girl toward such questions as love, motherhood, a home of her own, and her own work.

She is far more disposed to let her heart have its rightful voice in choosing the father of her children. She is even more determined than the other—and this is saying much—never to bear more children than she can rear properly.

When we face the attitude of all working girls, then, toward this question of the next generation, we seem to face a crucial situation. It appears that the future mothers of the masses—hitherto the most prolific part of our population—are blindly grasping at the promise of this youngest of the sciences, this dazzling new gospel of eugenics which, in the words of Prof. W. I. Thomas, is "the idea of children well-born and well-nurtured, and marriage as a means of adding health and sanity and meaning and perpetuity to the racial life."

There are powerful leaders of thought to-day who would increase the birth rate at any cost. They are crying shame on those whose ideal for our race is *quality of quantity*; not indiscriminate quantity.

True eugenists, however, are able to draw comfort from such a state of public opinion as the present investigation discloses. "The professional and dedicated teachers of morality," writes Dr. Saleeby in *Parenthood and Race Culture*, "... are lamentably misinformed. They do not know, for instance, that a high infant mortality habitually goes with a high birth rate not only in human society but in all living species, and they have yet to appreciate the proposition... that until we have learned how to keep alive all the healthy babies now born—that is to say, not less than ninety per cent. of all, the babies in the slums included—it is monstrous to cry for more to be similarly slain. These bewailings about our mercifully falling birth rate, uncoupled

Silk o' the Weed

By MADISON CAWEIN

WHERE, under boughs of willow-gray,
By banks the blades began to pierce,
And leaflets pricked up pearly ears
To hear the things birds had to say:

I SAW her standing, reticent
As Love that fears to be denied,
Shy, wildflower-faced and wildflower-eyed,
Spring mid the pods the wind had rent:

SPRING, in her robe of cloud and sun,
Wafting, with lips of redbud blush,
Into the air's attentive hush,
Assurance of the love begun:

WHITE kisses for the trees and grass,
They streamed in promise everywhere,
And with them, bright with blowing hair,
A silken breath, I saw her pass.

The Chambless Roadtown

by Milo Hastings

Illustration by
VERNON HOWE BAILEY

A PLAN FOR EXTENDING THE CITY THROUGH THE COUNTRY

EDITOR'S NOTE—It is a pleasure to testify to the sincerity of the man who has devoted his life to the realization of this dream. Whether or not the plan is practicable we do not know. But it is ingenious and interesting, and if it is successfully carried out, it will help solve two of the gravest problems of modern life: the unwholesome congestion in our cities, and the inconvenience and isolation of living in the country. Mr. Chambless gives the full details of this plan in his book "Roadtown."

THE desertion of the farms and the congestion of population in the cities, which in its total aspect is one of the gravest problems before the American people, is, in its particular forms, a matter of light, music, people and porcelain bath tubs.

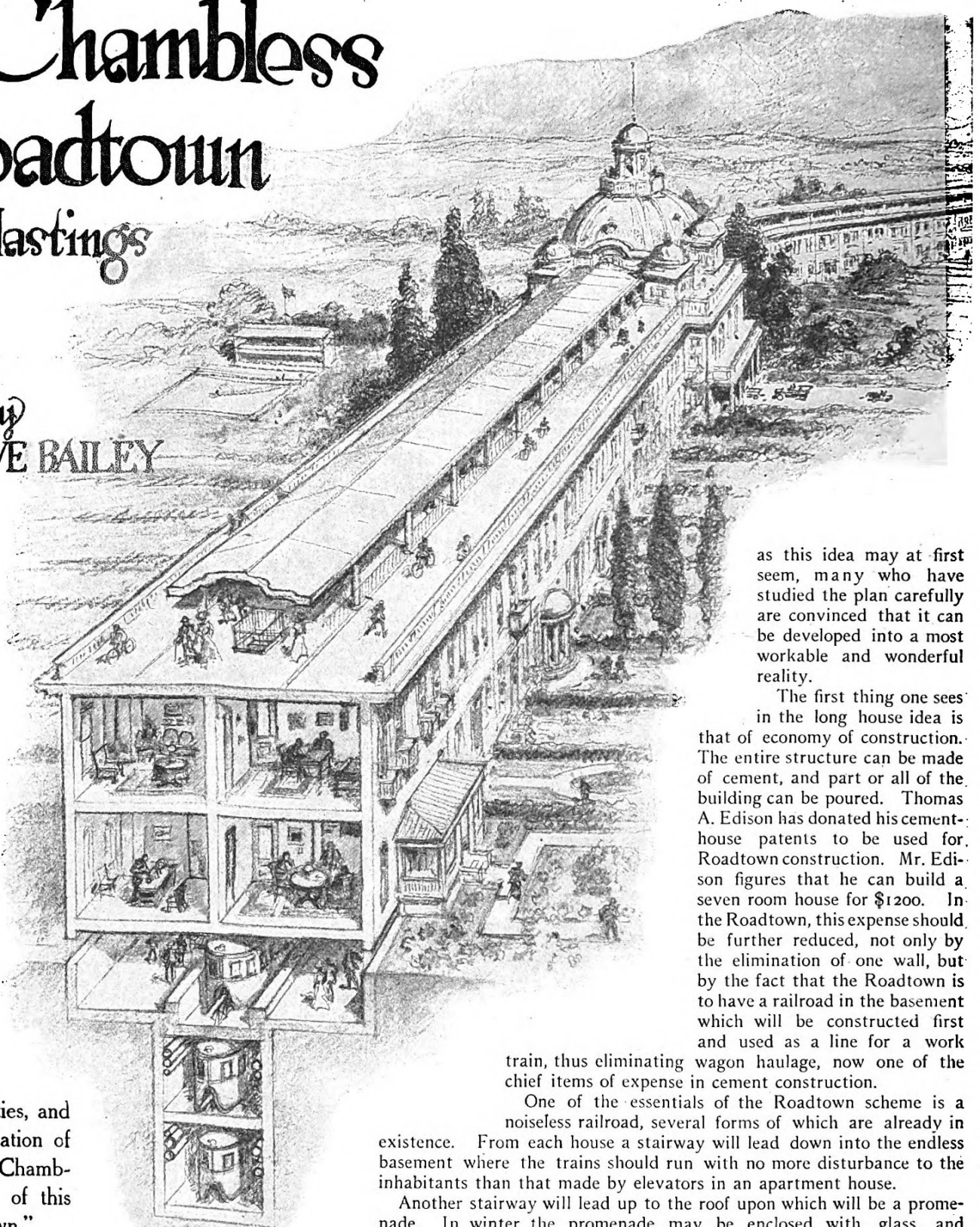
If it were practicable to take the comforts and pleasures and social life of city existence back to the farm—in short, to work on the farm and live in a city, the tide would speedily turn and the next generation would see the redistribution of city population upon the man-hungry land.

Those of a prophetic mind who have watched the extension of the rural telephone, the agricultural trolley and the automobile, predict that this is just what will happen, and that the advantages of social life and personal comforts will in time be so far extended that those who till the soil can practically live in town.

By means of the Roadtown plan designed by Edgar S. Chambless of New York City, who is preparing to give his invention to the world without money and without price, this ultimate end of bringing the city to the farm seems to be attainable at a single bound.

A City of One Continuous House

The Roadtown is a line of city projected through the country. This strip of city is in the form of a continuous house. In the basement of the house are to be placed means of transporting passengers, freight, parcels and all things which can be carried by pipe or wire. Visionary



as this idea may at first seem, many who have studied the plan carefully are convinced that it can be developed into a most workable and wonderful reality.

The first thing one sees in the long house idea is that of economy of construction. The entire structure can be made of cement, and part or all of the building can be poured. Thomas A. Edison has donated his cement-house patents to be used for Roadtown construction. Mr. Edison figures that he can build a seven room house for \$1200. In the Roadtown, this expense should be further reduced, not only by the elimination of one wall, but by the fact that the Roadtown is to have a railroad in the basement which will be constructed first and used as a line for a work

train, thus eliminating wagon haulage, now one of the chief items of expense in cement construction.

One of the essentials of the Roadtown scheme is a noiseless railroad, several forms of which are already in existence. From each house a stairway will lead down into the endless basement where the trains should run with no more disturbance to the inhabitants than that made by elevators in an apartment house.

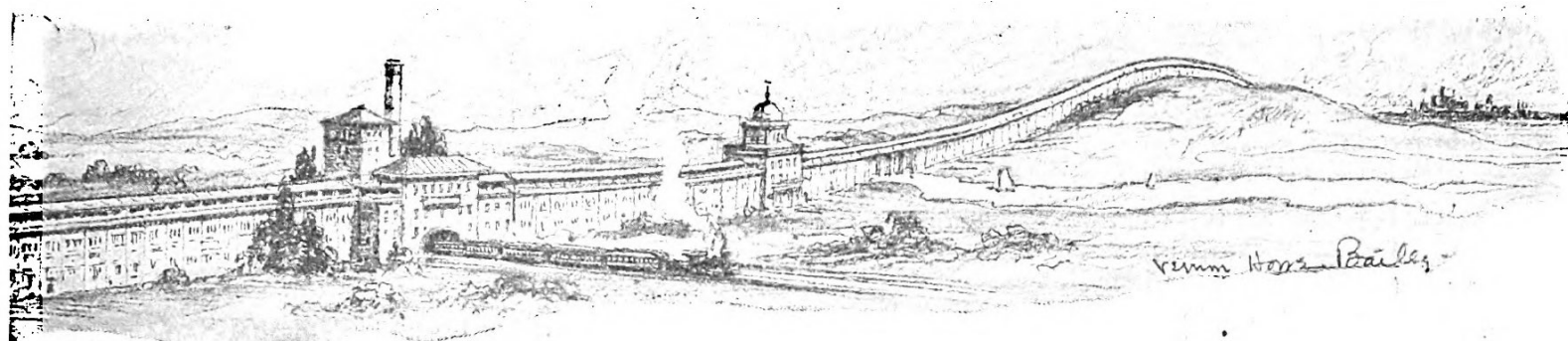
Another stairway will lead up to the roof upon which will be a promenade. In winter the promenade may be enclosed with glass, and steam heated. Upon the outer edges of the roof will be paths for the use of bicycles and rubber-tired roller skates.

The railroad in the basement and the promenade on the roof will be the only roads or streets needed in the Roadtown. This permits the windows and doors on both sides of the house to open into private gardens. With the sound proof walls between the individual houses, and the window and door arrangement just described, the Roadtown home, in spite of the actual proximity to strangers, will give as much privacy as is now enjoyed in village homes. There will be much more privacy than is obtained in the city apartment of the present. By the hedge arrangement shown in the illustration each family may have its own yard.

Civilization Through Pipes and Wires

In the continuous basement underneath the house will be placed pipes and wires which will bring into every home the conveniences which now mark the chief difference between city and country life. The more common of these conveniences are steam (or hot water) heat, sewerage, hot and cold water, gas for cooking, electric light and telephone. All of the above list of utilities are now found in prosperous city homes, but as every additional pipe laid into a city house means that the pavement in the street must be dug up and replaced, the sidewalk and cellar wall torn open, and the politicians frequently paid for permitting new franchises, the addition of a new utility is often an item of considerable expense.

In the Roadtown, the adding of a new utility will cost but the expense of about twenty-one feet of pipe or wire and a connection to lead through the floor into the room above. Hence it will be practicable to in-



stall in the Roadtown home a vacuum for suction dusting and sweeping, as is now installed in large hotels and office buildings, an extra pipe for distilled drinking water, the telharmonic or other electrical music, the telephone, the automatic telegraph which practically makes possible the writing of letters by wire, and the loud speaking telephone which can be heard throughout the room. The use of the last named device has already been donated to Roadtown use by its inventor, K. M. Turner.

Almost as marvelous as the wonders of science which can be brought into the home by pipes and wires is the change which should be effected in home life by the transportation system within the basement.

The type of railroad which Mr. Chambless thinks best suited to the needs of the Roadtown is the Boyes Electric Monorail system. The patents of this system have also been donated for the use of the Roadtown.

The monorail car straddles the single rail, and the passengers enter from either side. The driving wheel is the armature of the electric motor; thus gearing is eliminated. This absence of gearing, together with the use of leather faced wheels and rubber-washed, rigid couplings between the eight foot sections of the train, reduces the sound so it will not disturb residents above. As the Boyes cars are obliged to jump thirty inches high before derailment is possible, and as an automatic block system such as is used in the New York Subway will turn off the power when trains approach within a certain distance of each other, wrecks should be practically impossible.

Swift, Easy, Noiseless Transportation

By this adoption of the leather-faced wheel the slipping of the wheel on the rail is avoided, and it thus becomes possible to make the cars very light per passenger instead of adding great weight to give traction grip as is done with locomotives and present high speed electric cars. This lightness not only reduces cost of installation and maintenance but gives promise of considerable increase of speed without increase of power cost.

The tracks of the monorail may be placed one above the other, which arrangement requires less climbing than if placed on a level, for in climbing over the track one must climb through twice the height of the car, while in climbing to a track beneath one climbs but the one distance.

The Roadtown will require three tracks. The upper track will be for local service and will have stations at about every tenth house. To get to these local stations the Roadtowners will walk along the continuous passageway or corridor upon which the doors from each house will open. About every four or five miles will be an express station. As one train oscillating between two express stations will give a ten or twelve minute train service, only one local track will be required. The two lower tracks will be for express service, one for trains in either direction.

Between the express passenger stations, at as frequent intervals as conditions demand, will be freight stations where heavier produce such as potatoes or fertilizers may be loaded or unloaded from trains running at night when the tracks are needed but little for passenger service.

From each house will extend a dumb-waiter shaft to which will be attached a convenient chute, so that parcels may be delivered into this dumb-waiter from a platform on a passing car. This dumb-waiter will not be hauled up by hand, but can be made to make the upward trip automatically after each passage of the car, and the parcel, whether it be a letter or a bundle of washing, will be slid off into an alcove in the room above. In like manner, waste paper, garbage, etc., will be placed in suitable receptacles and collected at such hours as will not interfere with traffic.

Parcels From the Store in Three Minutes

An alternative or supplemental plan would be to have a parcel-carrying system like that used to carry books in large libraries. Such a system can be operated from central stores, libraries, serving centers, etc., located in the domes as per illustration, placed say a mile apart, and each parcel basket set with a key-trip which will automatically throw it off at the station in the proper house. With such a system a bottle of medicine or a brick of ice-cream could be gotten from a store half a mile away in two or three minutes. Either of these schemes for parcel distribution is entirely practical and economical.

This perfect and inexpensive system of transporting people and ob-

jects to and from every home will have a revolutionary effect upon all business and social life. If a farmer stops to figure up the expense of getting his product to railroad stations and his goods from town, he will at once see that local transportation, to say nothing of the railroad end of it, represents a considerable portion of his work.

One of the most significant features of the Roadtown is that a perfected mechanical system of distribution makes cooperation of all kinds more practical than now. This will not only apply to the marketing of farm crops and the purchase of supplies, but, for the inhabitants of the Roadtown, will undoubtedly extend to laundering and cooking. The washing of clothes, and, to some extent, cooking, have already been taken out of the home in city life. With a small serving center located every thousand feet beside the track it should be feasible to send a daily bill of fare into each home, from which the meals may be ordered by telephone and delivered in heated or chilled receptacles, hot or cold, as desired. In like manner the dishes may be sent back to the cooking center to be washed, hotel fashion. The cooking, social and power centers will be located in the domes shown in illustration, or other architectural effects designed not only for such utility but also to break the monotony of the continuous house.

As one views from the Roadtown promenade the private lawns, gardens and fields, he will notice that this panorama is broken occasionally by playgrounds and ball parks and at greater intervals by wholesome amusement parks, where the popular sources of entertainment will group themselves to meet the demand, and wherein the Roadtowners may witness from the spacious amphitheater the match games between the champions of the local centers. Water sports at stream crossings will also be an attraction.

The indoor social centers will likewise consist of sub-centers and grand centers. In the former one may enjoy the use of a small dining-room, dance-hall, moving-picture show, good music, etc., and in the latter, the theater, concert, ballroom, library, museums, and a place to worship according to one's own faith.

This idea of cooperation will probably not be favorably received by those who attach a sentimental reverence to "mother's cooking." Such families, of course, may have their own gas-heated range and have their groceries delivered raw. There need be no effort to force cooperation for those who prefer to live more individually, but the opportunity will be there for those who wish to make use of it. Previous schemes of co-operative cooking have usually failed because the common mess-halls destroyed privacy and family life, or because the problem of distribution was not properly solved. In the Roadtown these objectionable features do not appear. The actual mingling with one's neighbors in the Roadtown will probably be about like that of the country town, which seems to be somewhere near an ideal state of sociability, judging from the fact that farmers always seem anxious to move to town and city people to get out to the suburbs.

What the Roadtown Offers to the Farmer

The houses in the Roadtown will vary in width according to the class for which the particular section is built. A width of twenty-one feet gives about two hundred and fifty eight-room two-story houses to the mile. For wealthy people the houses may be wider and in some cases may be entirely detached, the trains and pipes being carried through in a tunnel beneath and the roof promenade replaced by a parkway.

With a house-width of twenty-six feet, or two hundred houses to the mile, there will be three and two-tenths acres per family within a half mile of the house-line. Bolton Hall has written a popular book called "Three Acres and Liberty," in which he has given numerous instances of a living being made on three acres or less. There are authentic cases of families making a living from one acre. This applies to the direct growth of human food. Growing grain to feed live-stock can never be reduced to such small supporting acreages.

The Roadtown community should bring out many new developments in agriculture. Farmers in the past have generally deemed it necessary to live on their land. In some locations in the West the agricultural villages have been developed, the houses being grouped to gain the advantages of social life. From these villages the farmers go back two and three miles to their farms. This is practical for some crops, but not for others.

In the Roadtown the ultimate outcome will probably be that the land will be divided into plots of various sizes and adapted to crops suited to the size of the plots and their nearness to the house line. For illustration, each family would have its own private garden next to the house; vegetables on one side, probably, and flowers on the other. Back a hundred yards would be chicken yards and truck patches, half a mile back would be berries; orchards or grain fields might be two or three miles back, and a hay field or sheep pasture five miles.

It seems odd to us now to talk of going so far from the house to one's land, but Mr. Chambless reasons that future generations will prefer to take a tent and camp outfit, and go out to the wheat harvest for a week rather than live in a cold, barren and isolated farm house the entire year. When we realize that every comfort of the city can be taken to the farmer if he will but consent to give up the isolated farm house as he gave up the ox cart and the stage coach, we must admit that the chief argument against the plan is its novelty.

Its Advantages Over Country Towns

Thus far we have discussed the land area as if the population were to consist wholly of farmers. As a matter of fact, all those who now live in country towns, and who as bankers, merchants, preachers, teachers and doctors wait upon the wants of the farm population, would move into the Roadtown where they could get better accommodations for less money and be in closer touch with their patrons. Where Roadtowns approach to within an hour or two's ride of cities, they should be overflowing with city people who will commute to their work as they now commute from suburban towns. The Roadtown home will be provided with cheap electrical power which all will use for running household sewing machines and similar operations. Mr. Chambless believes that from this beginning many industries will return from the factory to the home and that individual production will be reinstated in light manufacturing as before steam power forced the work into large factories. This view seems strange to us now in these days of "wage slavery," but there is no reason why the removal of the causes that centralized such industries will not result in their decentralization. With cheap power and ready transportation in each home, and a system of cooperative marketing, there is no more reason why a maker of shirt waists should work for wages than should a grower of peaches.

A working population mingled with the population that tills the adjacent soil should considerably increase the available land area for the agricultural worker, while the mixing of an agricultural, manufacturing and commuting population will eliminate a great present waste. The price that the farmer now receives for his products is frequently less than half what the consumer pays. The remainder goes to the costs of transportation and city distribution, and to profits en route. These facts are too well known to need elaboration.

Within the Roadtown the farmer will sell direct to the producer, and likewise the maker of manufactured wares will find it to his profit to cater to home demands. Of course there will always be a surplus to be sold outside, and outside articles, the production of which can not be brought within the scope of the self-supporting Roadtown community, to be purchased from mines and distant climes. But the Roadtown may quite possibly throw a large portion of the trusts and middlemen out of a job as far as its residents are concerned.

We have thus far discussed the farmer as living in Roadtown; a discussion that infers a sufficient lapse of time for the present order of living to have adjusted itself to the new conditions.

The effect of a Roadtown passing through a farming community will probably be like that of the springing up of a new town. It will increase the value of the farmer's land, and will give this benefit to more farmers than the old-fashioned round towns, because a town in a line comes close to more open land than a town in a circle.

The Roadtown brings with it the transportation, the markets, the life and gayety of the city. The farmer will patronize its cooperative stores and its theaters and lecture halls as he does those of a city. He will run his phone wire in to connect with the Roadtown system, buy a loud-speaking telephone and lie in bed Sunday morning and hear the Roadtown preacher.

The first Roadtowns will doubtless be filled by craftsmen, villagers, city commuters and people going back to the soil. The first effect of the Roadtown upon the farmer will be that it brings a city near him; the next effect will be that he will become a member of the city. How fast and how far this change will be no one can tell. Ten years ago the automobile was a curiosity; five years ago it was a rich man's plaything; to-day it is a normal part of a prosperous farmer's equipment.

The inventor believes that the Roadtown will be to the twentieth century what the railroad was to the nineteenth; for it will bring bath tubs, rapid transit, music and steam heat out among people of the soil, just as the railroad brought sugar and coffee and calico.

Cooperative Ownership of Houses and Utilities

Mr. Chambless proposes that the Roadtown shall be built and managed by an efficient corporation, with provision for its ownership ultimately passing into the hands of the inhabitants. The present plan is that Roadtown bonds paying a rate of interest not to exceed five per cent. will be sold to the investing public to raise building, equipment and operating funds, and that the stock will be non-interest bearing to pro-

tect the tenant for all time against graft or even profit above five per cent. The tenant of the Roadtown will be required to pay such a rental as will meet running expenses and interest, and pay off the principal in ten to fifty years. The inventor says he intends to accept no inventor's or promoter's profit. This to be provided in the charters.

After the tenant has paid off his original principal, which may then be used again in extending the work or returned to the original investors, the tenant becomes the actual owner of bonds representing the value of his own home, and of common utilities. He will henceforth be obliged to pay only such fee or tax as is necessary for maintenance and the operation of these utilities.

Is the Roadtown inhabitant an owner of his home? That depends on what we call ownership. The savage chief who owns an island owns it absolutely until some one takes it away from him. The man in New York or London who owns his house and lot, owns it with the provision that the city may tax him for paving, water, sewerage and police protection; while private corporations charge him for light, heat and transportation. If he does not pay the first, his house is taken away from him, and if he refuses to pay the latter, his house is useless. Clearly, there are different kinds of ownership. Roadtown ownership will differ from that with which we are now familiar. The Roadtown dweller will get more utilities, for which he will pay comparatively less, and as we will recognize the principle already in operation, that the house is as worthless without the utilities as the utilities are without the house, we will bring both under the same principle of municipal ownership.

By the principle already familiar to the American public in the homestead laws, only one home may be owned by each head of a household, and he or she must be a *bona fide* resident. There will be no landlords in the Roadtown but the parent corporation. When a man wishes to leave the colony, his contract, or bond, if he is a fully paid-up member, will be liquidated upon an equitable basis; a plan similar to that of a paid-up life insurance policy.

The present method of securing franchises and rights-of-way for trolleys and railroads should apply to the Roadtown, and because of the advantage accruing to the suburban land speculators and farmers whose lands are cut, it is even possible that a large portion of the rights-of-way may be given outright. If the land owner refuses to give or to sell the right to build over the track, the house may be discontinued over his property, but the rails, pipes and wires he can not stop.

The width of right-of-way that may be legally condemned under present laws is not designated, and in the case of a Roadtown may be as much as public and legislative sentiment approve. A right-of-way of one hundred and fifty feet would be sufficient for all needs except agricultural. Lands for tillage will at first be obtained by purchase or donation until a court test gives or withholds the right of domain.

It May Be Begun Upon a Small Scale

We have been speaking of the Roadtown as in operation on a considerable scale, but in order to prove its practicability and demonstrate its wonderful possibilities, only a short section costing no more than an apartment house need be built. Elevators are commonly installed in apartment houses with twenty or more families. An apartment house costing a million dollars has not only its own elevators and telephone exchange, but its own heating, lighting and refrigerating plants. Such a building will house from fifty to one hundred and fifty families, according to the class of tenants for which it is built. For a like sum, if we accept the figures of well-known engineers who have estimated upon the cost of the Roadtown, a section of the Roadtown can be built that will accommodate three hundred and twenty-five families, who would have all the conveniences of the apartment house, and a garden instead of an air shaft outside the window.

We have to-day several industries in which single corporations have approached the billion dollar class. The building of homes, a larger industry than any of the others, has not been handled on so vast a scale, because there has not been the saving of waste in large scale operations. E. H. Harriman would never have controlled one-third of the transportation facilities of the country if the stage coach and mule freight service had remained in vogue. In railroad operation, consolidation pays; hence, immense combinations are inevitable. The Roadtown promises to save both in construction and operation so enormously that no other form of dwelling can compete with it save in sparsely populated districts and with those to whom money is not an object.

Once demonstrated, the Roadtown will be built section by section, as fast as financed, and will gain in efficiency as it gains in length. A Roadtown from New York to Boston will cost \$200,000,000 (less than the cost of the contemplated improvements in New York City water-works), and would house 580,000 people—a city about as large as Boston.

As to the ultimate growth of the Roadtown, we can gain some idea from the growth of the railroad.

The Roadtown will first be applied to relieve the congestion at the centers of the world's population. The first lines will be built in New Jersey, New England, Western Europe or Japan. But once its civilizing influence is demonstrated, the civilization of pipes and wires must follow that of boxes and crates. We can even say that as a railroad by stimulating industry creates freight, so the Roadtown, by a more wholesome environment and the more equitable distribution of wealth, will increase the birth rate and decrease the death rate.



A Periegade Mother

by Inez Haynes Gillmore

Illustrations by ADA C. WILLIAMSON

IT WAS a summer morning such as only Scarsett might know, breeze-swept, dew-moistened, sun-drenched, flower-scented. The scene oozed domesticity at every pore.

Nobody would have suspected that it was forerunner to anarchy in the life of Jane Elizabeth Blair.

Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Benton sat at one end of the piazza, sewing. The new Benton baby napped in a blue bassinet at his mother's side. George Meredith, a big white English bulldog, snored apoplectically in the shade of Mrs. Blair's skirts. In a glaring patch of sunlight not far off, Henry James, a monster Maltese cat, luxuriously sharpened his claws. At the other end of the piazza, Caroline Benton, a mouse-like chunk of five-year-old girl, sang as she rocked her doll to sleep. And in the roomy canvas hammock Janey swung and meditated and meditated and swung.

From the big square white house the Blair place sloped down the side of a cliff. Beyond, between yellow beach-road and gray main-traveled road, lay marsh lands. Here the Scarsett River coiled and looped like a great silver serpent crawling over a green velvet carpet. Beyond this, distances melted, colors fused; the landscape hung flat like a back-drop. In the south rose the Bigelow hills, tenderly curved, treeless, mottled with bayberry. In the north spread the Scarsett Harbor, a luminous blue streaked with pearl. Pointed by its three trim steeples and pricked out with flashes of white clapboarding and green blinds, the village hid in a smother of trees, directly west. Nothing moved but a load of hay crawling into the leafy tunnel of the great elms on the cross-road. Nothing sounded but the town-clock striking eight.

In a pause in which she left off meditating in order to resume swinging, Janey caught her name drifting through the conversation of the two mothers.

"Yes," Mrs. Blair was saying, "Janey has n't developed one bit since last summer. All the other children have begun to grow up. At least Elsa Morgan has, and Pink and Colette. Is n't it amusing to see them beginning to take notice of boys? Oh, how delighted I shall be when Janey is old enough to go to dances and have pretty clothes! Mrs. Morgan feels quite differently about it. She's heart-broken because Elsa has stopped playing with dolls. But it's a curious thing about Janey: the older she gets, the more she clings to her dolls—even old black Dinah, that she's had ever since she was born."

Mrs. Benton's gentle voice broke in here. "Yes, but Miriam, I'd prefer that if she were my child. She's so precocious in some ways that she really frightens me. But you've only to see her with dolls to realize what a baby she is. With a mind like hers, I'd keep her down as long as I could."

"Keep her down with Jim Warriner always talking to her exactly as if she were grown up!" Mrs. Blair protested. "Well, I must confess I'll be glad when she is out of her doll period. I never cared for dolls myself. It bores me so to have to make clothes for them."

The talk passed from one tiresome grown-up subject to another. Janey ceased to listen. Much of what the two ladies said had passed over her head. But she caught the drift. It left her in the grip of an acute mortification. For it made perfectly clear to her a situation which had puzzled her now for many days.

In previous summers, all the little girls of Scarsett had played to-

gether in a group of which Janey, although the youngest, was an honored member. They had been bound to her and she to them by a common passion for dolls. When Janey parted with them the previous fall everything had been all right. When they met this spring everything was all wrong. Something strange had happened during the interval, for now they were no longer contemporaries. Mrs. Blair's words cleared up the mystery. The answer was—dolls and boys. The other girls had discarded dolls. They had taken up boys.

Dolls!

Why, Janey could not exist without dolls. She and Caroline had always taken their maternal duties very seriously, and the recent arrival of the Benton baby had fired both young mothers with a fresh enthusiasm. In the care of their numerous progeny they aped sedulously Mrs. Benton's system with Brother.

Immediately after breakfast, all the dolls were bathed and dressed. Then came an airing on the piazza, broken by pauses for rest and refreshment. All the morning, in fact, the dolls were trained according to the latest and most scientific methods of baby-culture. The afternoons were filled with gory adventures both by sea and land. At night the dolls were undressed again, made to say their prayers, and stowed away in a line of tiny couches which extended along one whole side of the nursery. In order to grow up, then, you must give up dolls.

Janey's heart sank. If she and Caroline were to do that, what in the world would they do with themselves all day long!

"Janey! Janey!" a boy's voice called suddenly.

Janey sat upright. Kim Morgan was passing.

"The Tillinghasts are coming back," Kim yelled. "They're coming down by the nine train this morning—they'll be here at half-past ten."

"Oh, goody!" Janey exclaimed. She forgot her own problem in the rapture with which children always welcome the prospect of more children. But Kim, passing on, seemed to take her new joy with him. What booted it, after all, that there were to be two more grown-up girls and two more mere babies in their midst?

Every child in the summer colony in Scarsett pitied the Tillinghast children profoundly. They of the summer colony managed to exist through long, dull, cruel winters for the sake of the short, glorious, exciting summers. It is true that relentless parents sometimes dragged them elsewhere for brief August visits, but furious picture

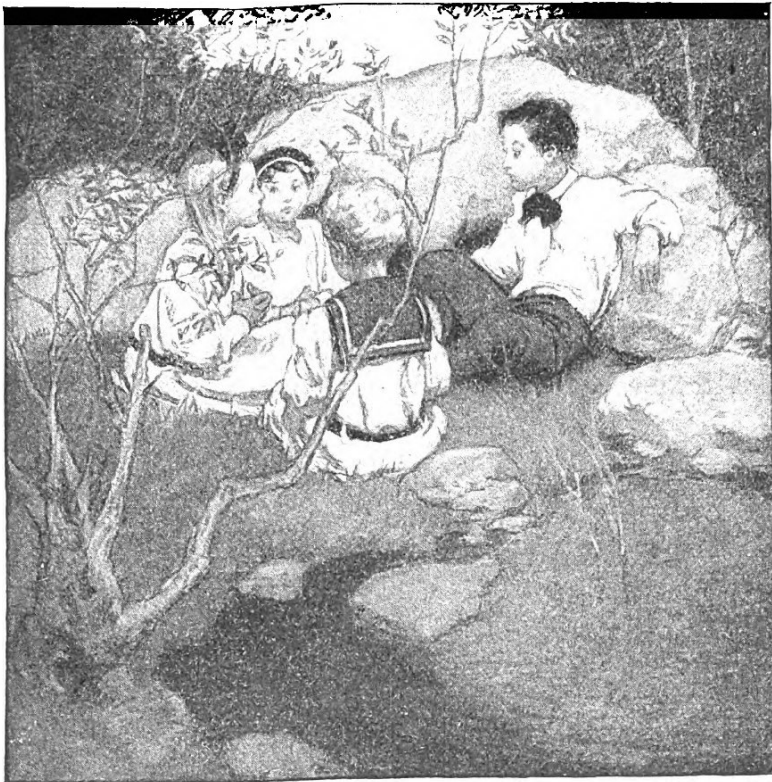
post-card correspondence kept them in constant touch with the real center of civilization. With the Tillinghast children, whose wretched parents were painters, Scarsett was often an impossibility. In consequence, Ida and Faith and Freddie and Sammy-Boy dragged out a chain-gang existence, oscillating between London and Paris, the Grecian archipelago and the Nile.

"Ida'll be almost a young lady in long dresses—she can't play with me," thought Janey, considering the news, as females will, entirely in relation to herself. "And Faith'll be almost fourteen—she won't play with me. Ida and Faith will play with Elsa Morgan's crowd. And Freddie and Sammy-Boy are babies. Why—why—they won't be babies any longer. Freddie'll be ten and Sammy-Boy'll be almost six!"

And then it was that a big idea came to Janey—came to her in a blinding flash. An instant she sat silent, tense, her eyes fixed, her hands clenched. Social schemes of a dynasty-making quality sizzled in



"Caroline Benton, do you know what I've been thinking?"



"You mustn't tell NOBODY"

her head. Then she leaped out of the hammock, ran the length of the piazza and plumped down at her cousin's side.

"Caroline Benton!" She apostrophised her cousin so explosively that Caroline nearly jumped out of her skin. "Do you know what I've been thinking?"

Caroline shook her head. This was Janey's most frequent mode of address. But Caroline had never yet succeeded in reading Janey's active mind.

"Well, I've been thinking it was time we got over being such teeny-weeny little bits of girls and grew up and became young ladies—well, *sorter* young ladies, you understand. Like Elsa Morgan and Pink Hollis and Colette Kingdon. How would you like that?"

"I'd like it," Caroline said without excitement.

"You understand, Caroline Benton," Janey said in an ominous tone, "what being *sorter* a young lady means. It means that we can't do a whole lot of things that we do now. We can't play floating-out-to-sea-on-a-raft or shipwrecked-on-a-desert-island or being-rescued-from-the-top-window-in-a-fire. And we must give up—" Janey paused dramatically. She regarded Caroline with the austere air of one who puts a comrade to the final test. Caroline's eyes grew bright with a half-frightened anticipation.

"—dolls!" The word popped from Janey's mouth like a bean from a bean-blower.

Caroline clutched her doll tight, so tight that nothing but rubber would have survived the pressure. Her face shadowed; then it lightened. You could always depend on Janey. If she repudiated dolls, it would be only for the sake of something else quite as marvelous.

"We must put them all away up-attic and never look at them again as long as we live," Janey continued relentlessly.

By this time, Caroline was beaming over the tragic splendors of this new game. She went Janey one better, so to speak. "Leth's put them up-ackick now," she suggested.

Janey caught her breath. Perhaps she had thought the final sacrifice would not come so soon. Then her eyes caught fire from Caroline's. "Let's," she agreed. With one impulse the two little girls tore into the house and scrambled up-stairs to the nursery.

"Find every doll you own, Caroline Benton," Janey commanded, "and bring them all to my room."

Ensued fifteen minutes of feverish activity—then a cone-like heap of rejected offsprings on the bed. One in rag, two in rubber, three in celluloid, four in wood, five in china, six in bisque and seven thousand in paper, they, their wardrobes, their household goods, their personal appurtenances were carted up-stairs. Janey laid them out carefully on a shadowy shelf close to the eaves, old, black, rag-doll Dinah heading the row.

"I don't mind putting Dinah away at all," Janey said in the height of her self-scorn. "I should have given her up long ago. Nobody but very little girls play with rag-babies. But when it comes to Elinor—" Janey lifted a golden-haired bisque she-giant on to her lap and fondled her passionately. "She's my latest one and I 'spect I love her most. Uncle Jim gave her to me. He and I picked her out together. We got the biggest one we could find. She's most as big as me. Now Caroline, kiss all your children good-by for I don't suppose we'll ever see them again until we have children of our own."

That ceremony performed, "Good-by, babies," Janey murmured, and "Good-by babieth," Caroline echoed.

"You think that's all we're going to do to get grown up," Janey informed her small sycophant in a tone blended in equal parts of mystery and triumph, "but it's only a part of it. You wait, Caroline Benton, and see."

The Tillinghasts arrived at ten-thirty. At ten-thirty-five Janey called.

Mr. Tillinghast, a tall blond giant in knickerbockers, was removing the storm shutters from the lower windows.

"Well, Janey Blair," he remarked, seizing her and performing Indian club exercises in mid-air with her small body, "Sure and certain I'm glad to see you. What ever put it into your head to grow up into the Velasquez Infanta?"

This was enigmatic. But, as was her habit, when grown-up language was incomprehensible, Janey dismissed the allusion with a Mona Lisa smile as one who intimates, "I could say much on this subject an' I would," and came at once to terms. "Where's Freddie?"

"My spirit-control tells me he's having his face washed."

There was nothing in the least clairvoyant about Mr. Tillinghast's conclusions. Sounds, all too audible and unmistakable in their import, floated down from the bath-room, ending with the martyr-cry:

"Well, mother, if you were going to wash me after we got here, why did you wash me just before we started?"

Janey recognized the justice of this. She had made similar complaints against the perverted adult idea of cleanliness which washed her face just before she went to bed and then wastefully repeated the process the moment she got up. Her heart warmed to the victim of a foolish tradition. But when, all rosy from the irritations of the towel, the hero of the occasion appeared, she was conscious of a vague feeling of disappointment.

Freddie was a stocky, dark, pop-eyed lad with a supercilious eyelid, a contumacious nostril and a perpetual look of baffled curiosity. The carriage of his body radiated self-importance.

"Hullo, Freddie." Thus Janey bridged the chasm of their two years' separation.

And, "Hullo, Janey," Freddie answered.

"Come over to my house to play and bring Sammy-Boy?" Janey asked.

Freddie was nothing if not literal. "How long are we to stay?" he asked.

"All day. My little cousin Caroline Benton's there. She's five. I've something very particklar I want to talk with you about."

Obviously, the suggestion of mystery got Freddie. Without any warning, he raised his voice to an altitude salutatory of the furthest star. "Marmar, can I go over to Janey Blair's house and take Sammy-Boy to stay all day and play with her and her little cousin Caroline Benton, who's five, because she's got something very particular she wants to talk over with me?"

Answer came at once. "Stop that yelling, Freddie. Sam Tillinghast, *can* you stand there and let that boy *bellow* so?" A pretty brunette face, tied up in a white towel, and a triangle of olive throat bounded by a blue kimono, appeared at an upper window. "Oh, Janey Blair, what a darling you are. If I don't do you before the summer is through!"

Janey's heart sank. There was only one of God's creatures whom she really hated and that was a painter. And she would not have

[Continued on page 495]



In the middle of the attic floor sat Janey



Uncle Sam in Blunderland

by ARTHUR I. STREET

THE COST OF POLITICAL PORK

And Some of the Extravagances, Wastes, Disproportions and Unfairness to Which It Leads, Especially in the Matter of Public Buildings

MRS. WATSON—don't ask me her real name, for she is as like to be one of your own family as of anybody else's—wanted some Japanese iris bulbs to give to her friend, Mrs. Thompson. These bulbs would have cost her twenty-five to fifty cents, had she purchased them at the florist's. But Mrs. Watson knew, as doubtless you and I have known for a long time, that one of the generous things which Uncle Sam does in his Agricultural Department at Washington is to give away flower seeds, bulbs, seeds of vegetables, rare trees and bushes, together with many other things calculated to blossom in the wilderness and improve the food supply. And so Mrs. Watson walked by the front door of "Petrolka & Co., Florists," with her nose in the air, took a taxicab to Attorney Wilkerson's office, and came forth presently with the proud assurance that Congressman Blank of the 'steenth district would be written to and that the bulbous irises would probably shortly arrive at Mrs. Thompson's under the distinguished frank of said Congressman Blank.

Thus did Mrs. Watson, without the remotest consciousness in the world, enlist herself in the great Membership of the Pork and contribute her little mite to the policy of Pushing a Good Thing Along.

The Farmer Takes His in Seed

Mr. Farmer-Out-West wanted some seed for his vegetable garden which would have cost him a dollar or two at Ferguson's store on Main Street, but Mr. Farmer-Out-West remembered that at one time Charley Thomas had come to his house while campaigning for Congress, had stopped for dinner, had fed his horses in the barn, and, on departure, had said: "Now, remember, Farmer-Out-West, if I'm elected, all you have to do is just drop me a line at Washington and you'll have all the seeds you want—durum wheat, high-growth celery, or anything else—and it won't cost you a red cent. The Government'll send them right out to you under my postal frank." And Mr. Farmer, accordingly, Mr. Thomas having been elected, sent for enough seeds to sow all his winter wheat and his summer vegetables.

Thus did Mr. Farmer-Out-West, with only slightly greater consciousness than Mrs. Watson, add himself to the same great Membership of the Pork and brace the force of the same principle of Pushing a Good Thing Along.

A Man With a Building to Rent

Thrifty Mr. Hanna of Arcala had a building at the southwest corner of J and Arnold Streets and didn't know how to get the offices and stores filled. Then he remembered that the post-office was at the other end of the town in Johnson's grocery, all crowded up, letters falling down behind the counter all the time and getting lost, and Johnson picking up all the country trade of the people who came in for their mail. So he said to himself, "Johnson's term is about up as postmaster. I'll just see if I can't fix it with Congressman Ricketts so I can get Cal. Williams appointed and bring the office down my way. I can make about seventy-five dollars a month rent out of that store from Uncle Sam when I could n't get more than forty or fifty dollars from anybody else." Whereupon Mr. Hanna subscribes a hundred dollars to the Republican campaign fund, entertains Congressman Ricketts at his home, and, the change in postmasters having been finally effected, rents his building to the Government.

Thus did Mr. Hanna, property owner, with full knowledge of his deed and full consciousness of purpose, go both Mrs. Watson and Mr. Farmer-Out-West one better and take the thirty-second degree in the same Membership; that of the Pork, and in the same principle; that of Pushing a Good Thing Along.

The thirty-third degree remained for the following:

"HON. N. W. H., House of Representatives:

"DEAR MR. H.

"Within the last ten years there have been two or three million dollars invested in tannic acid plants in East Tennessee. There is a plant at Newport, a plant here at Knoxville, run by the two Oburnes (both of whom voted for you), a plant at Tellico Plains, Monroe County, and a plant at Bristol. All of these plants are vitally interested in the protection given tannic acid and other leather-manufacturing acids. . . . You could not do anything that would strengthen you more in East Tennessee than help these tannic acid people.

"(Signed) C. E. L.—y."

Is it necessary to go on? You know them all, these apparently fictitious cases—the Mrs. Watsons who get their flower bulbs, the farmers who get their garden seeds and their fruit trees, the property owners who rent their buildings at exorbitant rates, the manufacturers who demand the favors of the tariff; and you know that they are not fictitious at all. Year after year the rental of post-offices has expanded until it is now far over two million dollars every twelve months, and the construction of Federal buildings containing post-offices and presumably relieving the Government of the rental costs and extravagances has multiplied until such buildings are almost as familiar in towns of less than five thousand inhabitants as they are in towns of over one hundred thousand. And as for the tariff: asking for its protective blessings has attained such elastic stretching that in the last hearings before Congress, men asked for the levying of duties on certain goods, the total national traffic in which amounted to the inconceivable magnitude of sixteen thousand dollars a year!

This is but the other side of the story which we have been reviewing for the past two months. It is the You

and Me side of the Bad Book-keeping. Though this Government is our own, though all the mistakes it makes, the follies it indulges in, the carelessness which it nurtures, come home directly to ourselves in the long run, we are all of us, or almost all of us, engaged in one way or another in enlisting in the Pork Club. If we don't want seeds from the Government, we want jobs, for ourselves or for our friends. If we don't want jobs, we want contracts or we want to use our influence to land contracts for others. If we don't want contracts, we want to influence the location of the post-offices or to get more money for a lot sold to the Government than we would for one sold to a private person. We want Federal buildings in our towns, whether the Federal business within the town justifies them or not. We want our harbors improved, our rivers dredged, our military posts enlarged, our naval yards made larger than those of elsewhere.

And we go at the getting of these things, hit or miss. We do not stop to study proportions, to balance the desires of

ourselves or of our communities against those of others. We do not allow our Congressmen or our Executive officials to balance things for us. Should Congressman Blank reply to Mrs. Watson that seed distribution is intended only to encourage the propagation of improved varieties; should Charley Thomas attempt to say to Mr. Farmer that Uncle Sam had decided to give out seeds only in cases where the use of the seeds might demonstrate the adaptability of some new cereal to a new soil, doubtless the result would be what happened in 1896.

J. Sterling Morton, the Independent Secretary of Agriculture under President Cleveland, decided that the seed distribution was both an abuse and an extravagance, and he exercised his executive option of not spending the appropriation made for the purpose.

Instantly You and I arose. We went after our Congressmen, hot-headed. We insisted upon our seeds, whether or no. We threatened to defeat for re-election any man who refused to give them to us. And, almost before the first session of Congress under President McKinley had had time to get its "sea legs," we forced those same Congressmen to pass a provision in the new agricultural appropriation bill making it MANDATORY upon the Secretary of Agriculture to expend the sum appropriated for seed distribution!

Nor, as it happened, was that the end of the story. For, long after the Sterling Morton influence had passed away, long after President McKinley had been taken to his martyrdom, and even while the wholesome era of President Roosevelt was in progress, we repeated the performance in another guise. Prices, you will recall, went up in 1907 and 1908. And agricultural seeds were no exception to the general rule. The latter climbed to such an extent that the annual appropriation which usually sufficed to give each Congressman twelve thousand packages, each containing five minor packets, or sixty thousand in all, for his constituents, was enough only to allow for ten thousand packages, and the Secretary of Agriculture accordingly reduced the issue to ten thousand. But You and I would n't stand for the reduction. The harder the times the more we demanded, until our Congressmen, unwilling to take chances against our disfavor, instead of reducing the national expenditure in accordance with the conditions of the hour, increased them by making the annual seed appropriation such as to give each member twenty thousand in lieu of twelve thousand packages.

We blamed our Congressmen, in the last survey we made of national financial affairs, in this magazine, for charging manicure sets and poker chips to stationery? Can we let ourselves off without blame, when in hard times, we fasten an expanded appropriation upon our Federal exchequer for a pure gratuity which most of us, if we are honest, must confess that we do not use for the purpose for which it is intended?

This seed distribution costs, in the aggregate, under the new appropriation in the bill passed by Congress this year, only two hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars—or at least that is all it appears to cost. And that seems but a small amount out of a total annual Governmental expenditure of nearly one billion dollars. Yet, like almost everything else that we have found in our examination of the books at Washington, the appearance is false. It takes no account of the cost of

No One Ever Made a Table Like This Before

It Shows that Congress Deals Out Public Buildings Without Regard to Public Business

	P. O. Receipts	Customs Receipts	Total Receipts	Bldg. Expend.	Rental Equiv.	Per Cent. of Rental to Bus.
ALABAMA						
Anniston...	24,600		24,600	151,657	4,549	18
Bessemer...	11,206		11,206	72,000	2,160	19
ARKANSAS						
Batesville...	7,500		7,500	78,765	2,362	31
Hot Springs...	46,000		46,000	150,625	4,518	10
Pine Bluff...	36,200		36,200	82,000	2,460	7
FLORIDA						
Key West...	13,214	489,611	502,825	134,951	4,048	10
Pensacola...	42,635	6,007	48,742	240,846	7,225	15
Tampa.....	65,901	1,546,574	1,612,475	371,350	11,140	10
TEXAS						
Ablene....	14,799		14,799	107,512	3,225	22
Ft. Worth...	146,903		146,903	315,024	9,450	6+
Galveston...	98,605	434,635	533,240	187,754	5,632	1+
Dallas.....	360,664		360,664	475,418	14,262	4
ILLINOIS						
Aurora.....	70,666		70,666	129,956	3,898	5½
Jacksonville...	34,335		34,335	61,200	1,836	5+
Pekin.....	15,204		15,204	83,773	2,513	16
Peoria.....	233,372		233,372	463,666	13,909	6
DANVILLE	50,670		50,670	275,000	8,250	16+
(In Speaker Cannon's District)						

the postal franking, which amounts to nearly two hundred thousand dollars every year. It takes no account of the cost of printing the franked envelopes and packages in which the seeds are shipped. It takes no account of the clerical labor imposed upon the Members of Congress or of the time and attention of the Congressmen themselves, which might better be directed to more serious affairs of State. A merely superficial glance over the unlisted costs of the distribution raises it from the two hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars covered by the appropriation to approximately five hundred thousand dollars, or one-two-thousandth part of the entire Federal outlay, and no man can estimate the "overhead" cost, the clerical service, the letter stationery, the letter franks that are not counted in the cost of franking the seeds.

To take care of just such demands as this, just such calls from constituents, the House of Representatives already has a clerical bill which amounts to an average of nearly two thousand and five hundred dollars per year per member; while in the Senate the clerical bill rises to an average of \$6,978 per member.

And Then There Are the Jobs

And what is more, **You and I** exercised the same pressure on both Representatives and Senators in this matter of clerks and employees as we do in the matter of seeds. Realizing that there must be clerks, pages, messengers and the like, we demand that our boys, our friends, our newspapermen be appointed to the posts. Hopkins of Illinois becomes Senator, and the son of a close business associate of Hopkins becomes a page, with a wage of \$2.50 per day, notwithstanding that he has not yet outgrown, or has hardly outgrown, his knickerbockers! Rodenberg of the same State, having served some useful purpose to the leaders of the House, is appointed to the chairmanship of the comparatively idle committee on industrial arts and expositions, and forthwith is besieged by the You's and Me's of his home district to fill the functional offices which go with the committee chairmanship with their lads, their friends' lads, their stenographers, their old soldiers. As he complies, so is his position fortified; as he resists, so is his likelihood of rebuke established for following, say, Cannonism.

"The matter of employees is one of the greatest grafts in Congress," said one member to the writer.

And yet You and I never stop to figure up the cost. We never let our representatives stop to figure up the cost. Every once in a while a new committee is created to deal with some temporarily active subject, such, say, as that of the Senate on the "Five Civilized Tribes of Indians," or as that of the House on "Levees and Improvements of the Mississippi River," and to each of these committees is assigned a chairman, with the usual proviso of clerks. But when the special object for which the committee was created diminishes in importance and the committee might be absorbed in some other one, as that on the Five Civilized Tribes might be absorbed in the general committee on Indian Affairs or as the Mississippi Levee committee might be absorbed in the committee on Rivers and Harbors, we allow the original committee to continue, the clerkships to continue, the stationery expense to continue. And if some close-thinking Congressman proposes a change, we rally to the defense of our friends who hold the clerkships, or we insist that our special interest in the Civilized Tribes or in the Mississippi Levee requires separate and distinct attention. **The Congressman who resists us does not go back to his office.**

The writer has not been able to make any estimate of the waste arising to the Government from this phase of its affairs. But he did get some light on the utility of some of the committees that otherwise do not appear in public print often enough to prove that they are not asleep in the beautiful catacombs of the new office buildings of the Senate and the House. This light came on the floor of the House itself, where Shackelford of Missouri was engaged in a dramatic attempt to prevent the committee on expenditures in the Treasury Department from giving a clean bill of health and a refund of sixty-five thousand dollars to a man who had been responsible for a shortage of the Sub-Treasury of the United States at St. Louis. The majority members of the committee were in favor of the refund, and Mr. Shackelford had been accused of seeking political revenge in opposing it! He argued against the grant, but the whole matter was bottled up in the obscurities of a question of personal privilege, and all that emerged, as an achievement on the part of a committee whose serious duty is supposed to be the supervision of the vast expenditures in the complicated Department of the Treasury, was a record in favor of whitewashing some good Republican.

Post Office Rents Without Rhyme or Reason

When we have to confront the fact that the clerical bill of the House alone is over a million dollars annually and that of the Senate over six hundred and forty-two thousand dollars, we ought to be rather careful, ought we not, to see that we get what is right, and not what is political or porcine, in instances of this kind. In other words, we ought to see to it that the more money we spend for the machinery of legislation, the greater the degree of efficiency and economy we derive.

That seed distribution expense, which easily expands from the appropriation total of two hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars to one of over half a million is

Important Announcement

Following these studies into the unsound fiscal organization, Mr. Street will explain the insatiate demands of Big Business for special privilege, the helplessness of the Government officials, and the control of the United States Treasury from the outside.

only one-two-thousandth of the Government's annual outlay, as we have said. But two thousand, in itself, is only a small fraction of the multitude of expenditures and obligations which fall upon the Federal exchequer; and have we any real right to demand, for the sake of our own personal selfishness, that one dollar out of every two thousand be given to us in the form of agricultural and horticultural gratuity? Extend the same principle all along the line and where would we be in the course of time? Apply it to the rentals of the post-offices and other Federal buildings, which aggregate over three million dollars a year. Suppose that we all succeeded in doing as Mr. Hanna did. And one does not have to go so very far to prove to himself that many of us are so doing. Take just the auditor's report of the Post-office Department. I have before me only the one for the year ending June 30th, 1905, as the details of expenditure which I wish in this case have not been published since that time. Here, in the reports for the State of California, is shown a rental of twelve hundred dollars per year paid at Redding on an office wherein the total postal receipts are only slightly in excess of eleven thousand and five hundred dollars. In other words, the proportion of the rental to the business done is more than ten per cent. That may not sound very big to you, Mr. Flat Renter or Mr. House Renter; but how does it sound to you, Mr. Business Man? Would you pay ten per cent. of your gross proceeds for the rent of a store? Here are some other rental percentages that appear in the reports:

Branford, Connecticut,	7 per cent.
Blakely, Georgia,	8½ per cent.
Edinburg, Indiana,	9½ per cent.
Armstrong, Iowa,	8 per cent.

Need one go over the entire postal list? These are small towns, but they are typical. They are the sort of towns in which the Mr. Hanna incidents occur; and, take the writer's word for it, there are enough of them to convince you that Mr. Hanna doesn't stand in any select, exclusive, circumscribed group that has a monopoly on the practise of getting from fifty to eighty-five per cent. more rent from the Government than he would expect to get from other customers. He is but one of many and many hundreds of Us in every State in the Union, each working from the point of view that Uncle Sam pays for it—not necessarily renting offices to the Government, or applying for the appointment of those we love or know to useless posts, or seeking to exonerate political leaders who have been false to their trusts, but, in some manner or other adapted to our own particular sphere of life, trying to "stick" the Government in a way which would result in bankruptcy were we to apply the same methods to private business.

The Gentle Art of Acquiring Federal Buildings

Look at the matter of the sites which are sold to Uncle Sam for the erection of Federal Buildings. You and I are perhaps among those who have such sites; and how do we go about the fixing of the price? As we did in San Francisco, where we charged the Government one million and fifty-five thousand dollars for a site which the records of the Treasury Department show could have been bought, if those of us who were interested in the sale had been square and honest, for nearly half a million less? As we did in the Capital itself where You and I, in the form of the National Traction Company, succeeded in getting for our property—now used as the site for the District of Columbia office building—five hundred thousand dollars, when a legitimate market price would have been three hundred and fifty thousand dollars? Both of these big deals had to be "put through." You and I, in the San Francisco instance, were members of a special commission, including the Naval Officer of the Port and several eminent citizens, appointed to select, appraise and purchase the property. In the District of Columbia instance, we were a prominent Western Senator, prominent enough afterward to become Vice-President; and, instead of insisting upon the Government paying what the land was worth, we introduced and passed a bill paying the higher price. We did it—at least, so this Senator confessed,—because the owners of the property were "good friends of the Republican party and were very influential."

And, if we don't fix the price of the sites in this manner, do we do it, or attempt to do it, as we do so many other things in our relations with our Government? That is, on the catch-as-catch-can principle; everybody scrambling to the pork counter with his own special graft and taking what he can lay his hands on. The records of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury, which are the only ones that

present any semblance of orderly statement in the matter of public buildings, would seem to indicate that this is the case. For the cost of the sites appear to bear no relation either to the size of the city or town or to the volume of the Federal business to be transacted when the building shall ultimately have been erected. For instance, in such towns as Casper, Douglass and Rock Springs in Wyoming, of whose existence the majority of us probably have no knowledge and some of which do not even appear in the last census as among the cities having over two thousand five hundred inhabitants, we have obtained ten thousand dollars for the sites in each instance, while in the old and well established town of Alton, Illinois, with fifteen thousand inhabitants, the same price was obtained. And the Architect's list presents such other inequalities in prices as the following:

Town	Population	Price of Site
Temple, Texas,	7,000	\$9,855
Cleburne, Texas,	7,500	16,500
Massillon, Ohio,	12,000	20,000
Ironton, Ohio,	11,900	13,000
Danville, Kentucky,	4,000	10,018
Bowling Green, Kentucky,	8,300	10,023

Obviously, either land values are vastly out of proportion in such cities—and You and I who are not particularly interested in any of them are likely to be incredulous about it—or the You and I who are interested are simply determined to get all that we can, and we are not going to be particularly concerned about having the comparative figures so presented to us that we can check ourselves or put any restraint upon those of us who may happen to be less conscientious than the majority.

It is impossible to make any calculation from the books as to the waste or loss involved in this principleless method of buying, but the Architect's reports alone show an expenditure of about thirty-eight million dollars for sites for buildings to contain post-offices, custom-houses, court-houses, marine hospitals and quarantine stations. And if, in many instances there happens to have been such an undue price paid as in the great city by the Golden Gate, where the excess over the normal was one hundred per cent., or as that paid in Washington, D. C., where the excess was almost fifty per cent., it is not difficult, is it, to figure what You and I are charging ourselves as a Government for what we take unto ourselves as individuals? It is not difficult to see the Mr. Hanna spirit here, is it, and to see also wherein we enter the Membership of the Pork and subscribe to the principle of Pushing a Good Thing Along?

Fifty per cent. of thirty-eight million dollars would be nineteen million dollars, of course. And, while none of us are willing to believe that there has been any such waste as that in the buying of land for our public structures, further evidence along the same line and in the same field is not very conducive to the opposite belief. For, one has but to attempt to review the accounts and incidents in connection with the structures themselves, as distinguished from the sites, to see that the Porcine Membership operates here as well as in the other instance.

When a commercial firm erects a building, it usually does so with a view, at least in part, to reducing the rental charge. But You and I, in this matter of buildings in which to house our business, appear to forget that the rental charge has anything to do with it. In Batesville, Arkansas, we put up a building, the interest on the investment in which amounts to a rental of thirty-one per cent. of the gross Federal receipts at that place, while in Key West, we are not willing to make the rental equivalent higher than eighth-tenths of one per cent. In Tampa we invest \$371,000 in a building in which to carry on more than \$1,600,000 worth of business, while in Peoria, Illinois, we swell the building expenditure to upwards of \$463,000 for a business which aggregates less than \$250,000.

Our Congressmen, when asked upon what principle they proceed in making their selections, say, as did Mr. Sheppard of the House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds in conversation with the writer:

"We try to see that there is a public building for each congressional district," which is as much as to confess that the awards are made on the basis of politics, not on the basis of business. And we all know—You and I know—that if they are not made on that basis, the Congressman who fails so to make them is not returned from his district at the ensuing election.

The Congressman's Life Preserved

Look, for instance at the men who have "gone back" time and time again to their Washington honors, and see the amount of building appropriations made for their respective districts. **Speaker Cannon, one of the oldest members of the House, has brought home to his district half a million dollars' worth of buildings in which to transact less than one hundred thousand dollars worth of postal business.** Rodenberg and Lowden of the same State, who, though younger in service than Cannon, still rest their continuity in office upon much the same basis as Cannon's, have taken enough building money home to their respective districts to raise the total secured by this trio of Cannon, Rodenberg and Lowden to nearly a million and a quarter, although the business to be done in the buildings amounts to only three hundred thousand dollars.

Similarly, in New York State, the veteran Payne, the

The Shears of Destiny

By Leroy Scott

Illustrated by Alexander Popini



CHAPTER XXV

10th Instalment—A DESPERATE PLAN

THE death silence that broods over the somber dungeons of Peter and Paul brooded also over the library of Sabatoff. Drexel and the Keeper of the Seals sat and looked each at the other's drawn face, or paced the room with frantic steps, now and then glancing at the cold, impassive clock whose ticking seemed to be the relentless footstep of the approaching hour when Sonya and Borodin must mount the scaffold. They had nothing to say to each other. They could do nothing. They could only dumbly wait till the clock knelled four.

And never a dream had either of them of the deadly intelligence Freeman was even now subtly drawing from the condemned pair—that at almost the same hour the end came in the fortress, so Freeman planned, the end would also come here.

Eight! . . . Nine! . . . Ten!

As if revealed by lightning flashes, Drexel had swift visions of Sonya. He saw her in her dungeon, now and then lifting her head to listen to the slow pacing of the death-watch at her door, or to the tower of the fortress cathedral, far up in the night, chiming "The Glory of God in Zion;" saw a look of despair darken her face as she thought how near her end was, how little she had done, how desperate was her people's need; saw her led forth from her cell and through the silent corridors of this great catacomb whose tenants were the living dead, and out to where waited the gallows-tree; saw her mount the steps, her face white but calm, and lighted with a glory as though granted a Mosaic vision of the land she might not enter. And then he saw—

He gave a low cry. Sabatoff glanced at him but did not speak.

"Can we not do something!" Drexel moaned.

"What?"

"Oh, anything! Anything!"

Sabatoff answered with the quiet of one long accustomed to tragedies such as this, who himself expected some day to be a victim. "The hope that General Kuratoff might save them was our last and only chance."

"But we can not just sit here and watch that clock creep round to four!" Drexel sprang up desperately. "Can't we at least go out and publicly proclaim the identity of Sonya and Borodin in hotels, restaurants, theaters?"

"What will that do?"

"Why, the roused public will never let the prince and princess of so great a family die on the scaffold."

"Even if we succeeded in rousing the people, they could not move the Government."

"But let's try, man!"

"If so high an official as General Kuratoff tried to save them and was arrested, what can the people do? No; that plan would only be a vain waste of these last few hours."

"But, God! there must be something we can do!"

"I wish there was!" groaned Sabatoff.

Drexel dropped into a chair, buried his face in his hands and tried with pure muscle to press an idea from his aching forehead. But he could not long sit thus. He paced the floor—thinking—thinking—wildly thinking. He looked at the clock. "Half-past ten!" he breathed, and continued his frantic walk. Sabatoff's eyes followed him in keen sympathy; deeply as he felt the impending tragedy on his own account, he felt an especial pang on Drexel's, for it was easy guessing what lay behind Drexel's agonized concern.

Suddenly Drexel paused. His lips fell apart and he forgot to breathe. A tense excitement dawned upon his face.

His strange look drew Sabatoff to his feet. "What is it?"

Drexel tried to speak calmly. "Was not Borodin, when first arrested, held in some other prison?"

"Yes, in the Central Prison."

"And the reason you did not know where he was was because he had been secretly removed?"

"Yes."

"These removals are common, are they not?"

"Important prisoners are frequently transferred."

"Especially into a stronger prison?"

"Yes."

"Is there a stronger prison in Russia than Peter and Paul?"

"Schlusselburg."

"Yes—I remember now. That's where the most feared life-prisoners are sent from Peter and Paul. And where is Schlusselburg?"



"Don't waste words on her—use force"

"Forty versts away, on an island in Lake Ladoga. But, Drexel, what are you driving at?"

Drexel clutched the other's shoulder and the excitement he had repressed now blazed forth.

"We are going to remove Sonya and Borodin to Schlusselburg!"

Sabatoff stared. "Remove them to Schlusselburg?" he repeated blankly.

"Yes—to Schlusselburg!"

"Are you out of your head?"

"Or at least Schlusselburg is where we will pretend to start for. But once out of Peter and Paul we march solemnly along for a way, then—"

"Then disappear. I see that. Once out of Peter and Paul, the rest is easy. But how will you get them out?"

"By an order."

"By an order?"

"Yes, by an order. You have all kinds of official blanks; you have copies of the signatures of all important officials. By an order made out by you!"

Sabatoff's eyes opened wide. "You are thinking of a regular official removal?" he ejaculated.

"Of a removal that will appear so regular and official that it will deceive every one for a few hours."

"You mean that you propose to walk calmly into the fortress, calmly request the prisoners and then calmly walk out with them?"

"As calmly as I can."

"But there is not one chance in a hundred that the plan will succeed!"

"Perhaps not. But that hundredth chance is the only chance!"

"It is the idea either of a madman—or a genius!" Sabatoff's face caught the excited blaze of Drexel's. "Yes, it's the only chance!" he cried, and he held out his hand. "And who knows—we may succeed!"

For a moment they silently gripped hands upon the dangerous adventure, then their tongues fell busy about details. Would the governor of the prison accept the forged order without suspicion and act upon it? Perhaps not; indeed, most likely not, for Colonel Kavelin was reputed an ideal jailer; shrewd, watchful, versed in the thousand tricks of caged people who long and scheme for liberty. But that he should not was one of the risks.

An escort would be necessary to act as guard to the prisoners, but the escort would be an easy matter. Sabatoff would provide the men, and there were secret stores of uniforms prepared for use in just such exigencies as this. It was decided that Drexel should lead the adventure alone; not that Sabatoff lacked courage, but he lacked what was equally requisite in a daring venture like this—coolness and readiness of wit in a crisis.

At the last they had a moment of vivid dismay. Drexel, with his broken speech, could never pass as a Russian officer. But a second thought disposed of this difficulty. There were plenty of French officers in the Russian service, and they manhandled the native tongue quite as atrociously as he. He would be a Frenchman.

It was now eleven. Sabatoff hastened away to arrange for the escort, leaving Drexel with nothing to do but watch the clock-hands. Twelve o'clock came—one. How time strode irresistibly on! Two o'clock struck—only two more hours! Suppose something had happened to Sabatoff—arrest, perhaps—and he should not return.

But presently Drexel heard a key in the outer door; then light footsteps, and Sabatoff entered the library.

"There was difficulty about collecting the men at so late an hour," he whispered. "But all is well." He handed Drexel a bundle. "By the time you get into that uniform I'll have everything in readiness."

While Drexel was changing from civilian to gendarme clothes, Sabatoff first wrote out the forged order, then took up the telephone on his desk and called a number.

"Is this Peter and Paul?" he asked after a moment.

"Yes."

"I want to speak to the governor."

"There was another silence. "Is this Governor Kavelin?"

"Yes."

Sabatoff's voice had become harsh and domineering. "This is the Chief of Police. Listen well to this order and act sharp. We have decided to remove Borodin, Razoff, The White One, and Sonya Varanoff to Schlusselburg."

"Remove them to Schlusselburg!" cried the governor. "Why, I'm all ready to execute two of them. What's the matter?"

"That's none of your affair!" snapped Sabatoff. "You are to obey orders, not to question them!"

"Pardon me," the governor put in a little stiffly; "but it seems to me that, knowing my record, you could have considered them perfectly safe under my—"

"You'll do as you're told!" roared Sabatoff. "Do you know Captain Laroque of the gendarmerie who was recently transferred here from Moscow?"

"No."

"Captain Laroque will be over within an hour with a guard and with an order for the prisoners. A special train will carry them to Schlusselburg. Have the prison van ready to take them to the station. And move quickly over there when the captain comes, or there'll be trouble!"

Sabatoff hung up the receiver.

"Weren't you pretty rough with him?" suggested Drexel.

"I had to be or he would have known I was not the chief of police. And you have got to be rough, too, for this Captain Laroque is one of the most brutal men in all the gendarmerie."

"Do I look the part?"

Sabatoff glanced over the well-set figure in the long gray coat and top boots, with sword and pistol at the belt.

"You'll do very well if you remember to mix in plenty of scowls and curses."

A minute later they softly opened the front door and peered out. The little street was as empty as the night overhead, save for a driverless sleigh beside the curb. This they got into, and choosing the obscurest streets they drove swiftly to the south. Here in a mean, unlighted street, Sabatoff drew up before a vaguely-seen gateway of a court.

"Here we are," he whispered.

He coughed softly twice. In a few seconds through the gateway filed a dozen shadowy figures. Despite the darkness Drexel could see they wore the uniform of gendarmes.

"Captain Laroque," Sabatoff whispered to them.

They touched their caps.

"They know what to do," Sabatoff whispered to Drexel. "When all is over, abandon the sleigh; there's no clue connecting it with me. And all luck with you!"

They clasped hands, and Sabatoff stepped from the sleigh and disappeared into a cross-street. Drexel started the horse into a walk and the men fell into

double file behind him. As they passed a street lamp Drexel looked back to take the measure of his escort. Of the front pair, one nodded at him and the other gave him a wink and a grin.

"Nicolai—Ivan!" he breathed.

Nicolai responded with a formal salute. Ivan's pock-marked face grinned again and his little eyes glinted with excitement. "Great business!" he whispered nodding his head.

As they moved on Drexel's suspense tightened. One chance in a hundred, Sabatoff had said, and on so desperate a hazard hung the life of Sonya. Yes, and Borodin's life, and his own, and if not the lives at least the freedom of Razoff, The White One, and the dozen of his escort. And the slightest mistake, the slightest misfortune, would instantly be the ruin of all!

His foremost fear was that he might be intercepted before he reached the prison. The city was filled with soldiers, the gendarmes were skulking everywhere; what more natural than that some squad should fall in with them, penetrate their deception and place them under arrest? Drexel expected some late-prowling company to rush out upon them as they passed every dark cross-street—as they passed the huge pile of St. Isaac's Cathedral, whose cavernous shadows seemed the lurking place of surprises—as they passed the winter palace of the czar—as they traversed the long bridge that arched the Neva's ice. But save for a few sleighs and a sleepy policeman or two, the streets were void and silent—as silent as though frozen by the bitter cold; and without having been once addressed they drew nigh the mighty fortress.

Before the dark gateway—how many lofty souls had entered there never to come out!—he paused, almost choking with the nearness of the climax. Even the night seemed to hold its breath. Fifteen more minutes would decide it all. Fifteen more minutes and Sonya would be free—or he, too, would be a prisoner in the bowels of the fortress.

Other fears suddenly assailed him. Suppose the governor should detect something wrong in the order for the prisoners? Or, worse still—and what more likely?—suppose the governor, desiring instruction upon some detail of the transfer, had called up the real chief of police and had thus laid bare the plot and even now was cunningly waiting for him to appear to snap the prison doors behind him like the doors of a trap?

A hundred chances against them! Standing beneath those frowning walls, the odds seemed worse a hundred times than that!

CHAPTER XXVI

BUT the odds had to be taken.

"Ring the bell, Ivan," Drexel ordered. Ivan did so, and the gates slowly creaked open upon their frozen hinges. A guard appeared, looking more a bear than a man in his huge sheepskin coat.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"Captain Laroque," Drexel gruffly returned.

"Come in, Captain."

Drexel drove into the prison yard, more than half expecting the gates to close behind him with a clang. They did not, but that proved nothing. The governor would, of course, wait until he had him in the prison itself before he sprung the trap.

In the court the prison van stood ready. But that also proved nothing.

Drexel stepped from his sleigh, his nerves as taut as violin strings, and crossed to the prison entrance. Suddenly, from the blackness overhead there rushed down a wild tumult of bells. He stood frozen in his tracks. This was the signal, the alarm! He looked to see every door burst open and belch out scores of guards.

The next moment his heart beat again. That horrific alarm was only the chimes of the fortress cathedral hymning "Glory to God in Zion," and announcing that it was three of the night.

He moved on and entered the governor's office. Colonel Kavelin, who sat at his desk smoking a cigarette and making an erasure in a record with a big knife, stood stiffly up. Drexel glanced keenly into the broad bearded face. There was a glint to the sharp beady eyes that boded unpleasantness. Had he telephoned?

"Captain Laroque?" queried the governor.

Drexel put on a formidable look to match his name, one part brutality to one part swagger.

"At your service, Colonel Kavelin," he returned, holding himself ready to make a dash out of the door.

"I suppose you know my business. You had a message from the chief of police?"

"I had two," growled the governor.

"Two!" Drexel backed nearer the door.

"Yes, two."

"The second—when did you get it?"

"Five minutes ago."

"You—you called him up?"

"No. He called me up."

Drexel caught at hope. "What did he say?"

"He said to tell you, when you had finished, to come back to him."

Sabatoff!

"The transfer of these prisoners may seem all right to him," the governor went on, suddenly flaring into anger. "But it is an insult to me; it is casting doubt on my watchfulness and trustworthiness."

So that was the meaning of the governor's black manner! He had been pricked in his professional pride, and since he dared not vent his spleen on those above he was venting it on their agent.

"Come, Colonel," said Drexel, soothingly. "I understand. I am more sorry than you that it is necessary for me to be here on this errand. Can I say more?"

The scowl slowly lifted from the governor's face. "Pardon me, Captain. I should have remembered that we are both mere order-obeying machines." He held out his hand. "We might as well be friends. I've heard much of you, Captain Laroque, and it's a pleasure to meet you."

Drexel took the hand. "Thank you, Colonel."

"Though, at least, they might have notified me sooner, grumbled the governor. "The executions are all arranged for—the orders all given—the men appointed to the work merely waiting for the hour. But that's no fault of yours, Captain!" He proffered his cigarette case. "Will you join me?"

"If you please. Thank you. And now I suppose the prisoners are ready?"

"They have merely to be brought from their cells. Will you let me have the order?"

Drexel handed it forth, and life stood suspended in him while it underwent the scrutiny of the governor's sharp eyes. If Sabatoff had made an error in the form! But the governor thrust it into a drawer of his desk.

"So you want only four of them?"

"Four, yes." The prisoners known as Borodin, Sonya Varanoff, Razoff and The White One.

"They trust me with one out of the five. I dare say I should be satisfied," said the governor, ironically. "The order against the fifth, of course, still stands. I suppose you will wait here while I bring them."

It flashed upon Drexel that if Sonya first saw him in this bright room, her natural astonishment might be observed and prove the means of their betrayal. Better that the first meeting should be in her shadowy cell.

"No, I will go with you," he said.

The governor summoned guards and ordered irons for four and a wheeled chair for The White One; then armed with a lantern he led the way from the office. A deeper chill, a more fearsome suspense, settled upon Drexel as he entered the cold

and gloomy corridors from whence no voice could penetrate the outer world—behind whose every door lay some political dreamer who perhaps would never again look upon the sun. Through one dark corridor—then another—then another, the governor and Drexel marched, followed by a guard with manacles and leg-chains, and another trundling The White One's chair.

At length the governor paused and thrust a key into a door. "In here is the old woman," he said.

They entered. The lantern's yellow light revealed The White One upon the straw mattress of an iron cot. She turned her white head and regarded the invaders with calm questioning.

The governor stepped forward, the guard with the irons beside him. "Hold out your hands!" he ordered.

"What for?" she asked in her even voice.

"For those," and he pointed to the heavy manacles in the hands of the guard.

"What are you going to do with me?"

"None of your questions! Out with your hands!"

She returned his look with the calm defiance of the unbroken spirit. "I shall give you no aid in leading me to a fate I am ignorant of."

"You dare to say you won't!" roared the governor.

He seized the manacles from the guard, tore off her coarse blanket and was reaching for her wrists, when Drexel quickly shouldered in front of him.

"Wait, Colonel. I'll make her obey!"

He seized the lantern and held it before him, so standing that his body blocked the governor's sight of the blanched head on the pillow.

"You hear me—hold out your hands!" he commanded in a voice that would have been a credit to Captain Laroque himself.

She gazed up at him with her calm defiance; then the lips slowly parted, and a dazed, marveling look came into the gray old eyes. Then her face was as calm as before.

Slowly she stretched out her thin white wrists.

Her legs were not put in chains. They were already sufficiently shackled by disease. With a show of roughness, but with infinite care, Drexel lifted the frail figure from the bed and placed it in the chair. Then he wheeled her into the corridor.

The dungeon of Razoff was next entered. To him, too, Drexel covertly revealed himself; and a few minutes later, irons on hands and feet, he was waiting in the corridor beside The White One.

Thus far all had gone with the smoothness of a wish. The governor now unlocked a third door. "Here are the condemned ones—all together," said he.

They entered, followed by the guards. In the days before the fortress had become a political prison, this gloomy dungeon had been a casemate, and the one window through the five feet of solid masonry had been the embrasure through which had looked forth the muzzle of a great cannon. Beneath the window, on the bed, her brother's arm about her, sat Sonya. Drexel's heart gave a leap. His feverish gaze saw naught but her.

"Get ready there!" ordered the governor.

From out a shadowy corner sprang a third figure. "You've come at last! I'm ready!"

Drexel's breath suddenly stopped. His blood seemed all to leave him, and he seemed to turn to ice.

"I'm ready! Come on!" cried Freeman eagerly.

"Now don't you be afraid I'll overlook you," the governor grimly reassured him. "But I don't want you yet."

"What!" cried Freeman. "Hasn't the order for my release from prison come yet?"

"The order that is going to release you from prison and everything else—yes."

"But my pardon? My reprieve?" Freeman took a quick step forward and pointed a finger at Drexel. "Are you sure he hasn't got it?"

"No. Be quiet, will you!" and the governor gave him a push.

Sonya had been looking at Freeman in questioning surprise. "The order for your release?" she now said.

"Oh, we all entertain hope to the last," he said, and retreated into his corner.

Drexel took breath and hope into himself. If he kept silent, if he kept in the shadow, he might go unrecognized by Freeman and there might yet be a chance. He guessed Freeman's reason for being there, but he saw the governor was not a confidant to the plan.

Colonel Kavelin turned to the gray-garbed brother and sister. "You are the ones I want."

"Our execution was set for four," said Borodin. "Is not our life short enough, without your stealing an hour from it?"

"I suppose," said Sonya, "that the gallows grows impatient."

Many a jailer, less hardened than Colonel Kavelin, finds a perverted gratification in delaying to give relieving news to a prisoner—there is a rarely exquisite pleasure in watching the poor thing writhe a little longer.

Colonel Kavelin did not deign to set the brother and sister right, and Drexel did not dare to, for the statement that they were to be removed, not executed, would be certain to rouse Freeman's deadly suspicion.

"Let's have those irons," said the governor to the guard. Then he looked back at Drexel who had shrunk into the shadow near the door. "These prisoners are inclined to make trouble, Captain Laroque. To save time and a row, we'll just put the irons on them ourselves. I'll attend to the man. Women seem to be your specialty, so I turn her over to you."

Drexel could but obey. He pushed his cap far down, and praying that the dusk of the dungeon might be a mask to him against the eyes of Freeman, he took a set of irons and moved forward to Sonya. She met him with a gaze of magnificent wrath and contempt.

"Is it not enough that you should hang us," she demanded, "without hanging us in chains?"

"We'll hang you as we please, my lady," Drexel roughly responded.

"Spoken like the infamous Captain Laroque!" she flamed back at him.

"That kind of talk will make it all the worse for you," he growled. He knelt down, the leg-irons in his hands. "Put out your foot!"

"I will not!"

"Put out your foot, I say!"

"I will never submit to chains!" she cried.

"Don't waste words on her—use force," advised the governor, who with the aid of a guard was practising this expedient on Borodin. "Or wait a minute and I will help you."



His other hand went for the governor's throat

THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

The Month in America

ABOUT the time this issue reaches its readers, the tumult and the shouting will have proclaimed the arrival of Theodore Roosevelt in New York Harbor. Then what? Everybody has been asking that question from the day when it first became apparent that the Taft administration was not receiving the endorsement of public opinion. Will Mr. Roosevelt — must he — become

The Imminent Roosevelt

guide, philosopher, friend, counselor and political mentor to President Taft? Will he—must he—throw his potent influence into the scale in favor of electing a Republican House this autumn?

Without dilating on what everybody knows about the important political results sure to flow from Mr. Roosevelt's decision, it seems worth while to set down a fact or two which will help discriminating guessers to guess. In the last hours, even the last minutes, of his presidency, Mr. Roosevelt made an earnest appeal to Mr. Taft to help the House Insurgents unload Cannon. Taft laughed, and later forced Cannon's reelection as Speaker.

Between election, 1908, and inauguration, 1909, relations between Roosevelt and Taft were very formal and scant, amounting to almost a snub of Roosevelt by his successor. Mr. Roosevelt's friends and his opinions were alike ignored in the make-up of the Taft cabinet.

And finally, it is known that the following by Walter Wellman was submitted to and approved by Mr. Roosevelt before it was mailed to the *Review of Reviews*, in which it appeared:

I feel it a duty to dispel one political myth . . . long . . . current . . . to the effect that Colonel Roosevelt has such a feeling toward the present occupant of the White House that under no circumstances whatever would he permit the use of his name as a rival to Mr. Taft for the next Presidency . . . Mr. Roosevelt once made Mr. Taft President. That is known to all men excepting, possibly, Mr. Taft himself. For this interference . . . Mr. Roosevelt was severely criticized. There were reasons why he did it. Those reasons no longer exist. At any rate Mr. Roosevelt has no intention of again committing what many deemed an error of zeal . . . But it is unmistakable that he feels no such pride of authorship as would lead him to demand of the country that it accept a second edition . . . Mr. Roosevelt will neither criticize nor defend the present administration.

All of which is submitted in the confidence that it will be illuminating.

SECRETARY BALLINGER is to get his vindication and promptly resign his portfolio, according to accepted information in Interior Department and political circles. The secretary will be accompanied in his return to private life by Commissioner Dennett of the General Land Office, Assistant-Secretary Pierce and Chief Schwartz, of the Division of Special Agents.

Ballinger's Resignation Expected

Thus far, the sacrifices in this cause have been men charged with nothing more than "undue zeal" in the public interest. The promptness with which Pinchot, Price, Shaw, Glavis and Kerby were convicted of this offense and separated from their positions, suggests its gravity. The country will welcome any indication that similar extremes of enthusiasm in private interest are to be viewed with disapproval.

The testimony in this case has been taken, the lawyers have made their arguments, and the joint Congressional Committee is now pondering its verdict. Nobody believes a vote has been changed by all the evidence and argument. Mr. Ballinger is to get his hand-me-down vindication by the same division that prevailed in the committee on its first roll-call. The ethics of official service will have to be dissected with marvelous skill by Senator Root in getting up the verdict in favor of Ballinger. He will have to show, for instance, that Pinchot was wrong in getting the Glavis charges before Taft, but that Ballinger was right in carrying the Cunningham affidavit to Garfield. He will be under necessity of proving that Glavis was an evil-minded and dangerous person for suspecting that a Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate was trying to annex Alaska; and he must convince us that Ballinger was a true exemplar of high public morals when he lent himself to the purposes of Morgan & Co., by helping a member of that firm to secure the best possible counsel and information about the riches of that part of Alaska which Glavis was trying to protect. He will have to show that Ballinger was right in suppressing the truth about the Lawler draft of the Taft letter exonerating Ballinger, but that Stenographer Kerby was utterly wrong in telling the truth about that same performance.

OF THE things brought out during this inquiry, the two which have most impressed the public are that Secretary Ballinger's subordinates prepared for President Taft the original draft of his letter vindicating Mr. Ballinger and directing the discharge

Two Damaging Revelations

of Glavis; and the fact that Mr. Ballinger, in the summer of 1908, was conducting a highly confidential correspondence with George W. Perkins, of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., relating to an investigation by Mr. Perkins of the Morgan-Guggenheim interests in Alaska.

The fact that Interior Department people practically prepared Mr. Taft's letter was not necessarily suspicious, nor even unusual, as Government business is done. But the fact that one after another of the witnesses on behalf of Secretary Ballinger had failing of the memory whenever they were asked questions designed to bring out information along this line, was certainly suspicious. If Mr. Ballinger's memory is so dangerously intermittent as his testimony would suggest, it is pretty certain that as trustee for the public interest in the public domain he will forget that his first loyalty is to the public. A man with so accomplished a forgettery is not a safe public official. In the light of the revelations by Stenographer Frederick M. Kerby, who told his story only when it was apparent that in no other way could the truth be established, it is plain that Secretary Ballinger suppressed, distorted and gave misleading answers repeatedly during his examination concerning the genesis of this Taft letter.

As to Mr. Ballinger's correspondence with George W. Perkins, it must be remembered that in the beginning of this controversy Pinchot, Glavis and their supporters believed that the Morgan-Guggenheim interest was in the way of getting possession of the Cunningham coal claims in Alaska. They had not been able to get the proof. Representatives of the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate told the investigators with apparent frankness that the syndicate had purchased an option on the Cunningham claim, thus verifying the original suspicions. Later came the confidential letters of Mr. Ballinger showing that he had been assisting Mr. Perkins in making an examination of these Alaska properties in behalf of the syndicate. All these things had to be dragged into the light by the processes of insistent examination, and the production of papers which had been suppressed by the Interior Department. If everything which has been made public had been frankly admitted at the outset by Secretary Ballinger; if everything had been done in the daylight; if there had been no marks of "confidential" on such suggestive letters as those relating to the Perkins Alaska tour; if there had not been persistent effort at concealment of the truth; Mr. Ballinger might yet have escaped with only a Scotch verdict. As it is, the verdict of disinterested public opinion is unqualifiedly against him.

SENATOR LORIMER of Illinois, in defending himself on the floor of the Senate against the charges that bribery was employed in securing his election, faithfully adhered to the old formula of abusing the attorney for the prosecution when you have a bad case. He honored the Chicago Tribune by recounting its traditional enmity to himself and charging it with conspiracy to undo him.

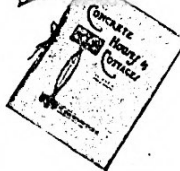
Illinois Bribery Charges

It was most unfortunate for the Senator that at the very moment he was reading his speech in the Senate, another Illinois State Legislator, the 'steenth or umsteenth, was making a detailed confession about the amount of money he received for his vote, from whom, and under what circumstances. The list of confessions is getting so long as to warrant all the heat of the Lorimer denial. We read that there are no precedents to guide the Senate in dealing with this case; and thereby we are led to believe that pressing need exists for the addition of one more to the Senate's supply of precedents.

THE House of Representatives, having passed a Campaign Fund Publicity bill which provides for publicity before election, the Senate Committee perpetrated a bit of grim humor by reorganizing it and providing that the publicity should take place only after election. The committee's report opined that to publish these facts before election might be undesirable because it might change

A Touch of Humor

a good many votes! We can understand how votes might be changed in this way, but we are at a loss to understand what good could be accomplished by merely letting the public know after elections how it has been sold out.



A house of concrete does not depreciate in value

When it is built it is finished. It requires no repairs. A home of other material depreciates faster than the land on which it stands increases in value. Concrete insures the stability of your home and the stability of its value. But in considering concrete, remember that

ATLAS

PORTLAND CEMENT

MAKES THE BEST CONCRETE

Atlas Portland Cement is pure and its quality is absolutely uniform. It is made from genuine Portland Cement rock. It contains no furnace slag. It is the brand purchased by the Government for the Panama Canal.

WE ALSO MANUFACTURE STAINLESS

ATLAS-WHITE

PORTLAND CEMENT FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES

Send for and study our book

"Concrete Houses and Cottages"

in two volumes each containing 120 homes with floor plans. One dollar each.

OTHER BOOKS IN THE ATLAS CEMENT LIBRARY:

Concrete Construction about the Home	and on the Farm	Free
Concrete in Highway Construction		\$1.00
Concrete in Railroad Construction		1.00
Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction	(delivery charge)	.10
Concrete Cottages, Free	Concrete Garages, Free	

If your dealer cannot supply you with Atlas, write to

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT CO.
DEPT. 98 30 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK

Largest productive capacity of any cement company in the world. Over 50,000 barrels per day.

Get This Free Book by the "Apple King of the World."



Read what H. B. Tronson, the "Apple King of the World," who won his title at the National Apple Show last November,

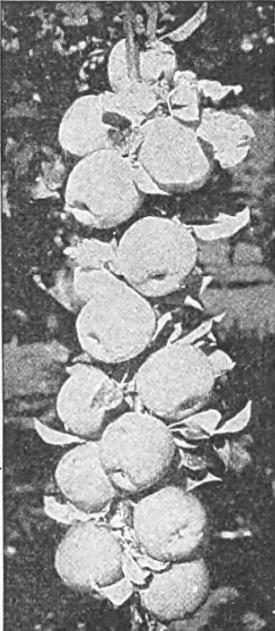
says about the wonderful opportunities for you to share in the great profits now being reaped by fruit growers in the Rogue River Valley of Southern Oregon.

Mr. Tronson won his title in a competition "open to the world." His car of Spitzenberg apples was pronounced by the judges of the National Apple Show **The most perfect car of fruit ever exhibited.** He, therefore, writes with authority. Conservative, long headed men and women eager for a lifetime opportunity should seize this opportunity to get the real facts about what is being done in the much talked of Oregon Fruit Country. Learn how you can make

Rich Profits While You Stay at Home

Fruit growers in Rogue River Valley net 50% to 100% on their money each year. Last year five acres of apples, for instance, paid us \$8,656. Hundreds of people have written Mr. Tronson, our President, to ask how they can stay at home and still share in these enormous profits. We have

fixed a plan whereby they can do so. Mr. Tronson tells HOW in his book. He tells how you can easily acquire as much or as little of this rich orchard land as you wish, on easy terms, on long-time payments, stay at home and let us work it for you on a small percentage—your income starts before you've made all the payments. **Mail Coupon Now** for Mr. Tronson's handsome book. Make a thoughtful investigation. Carefully go over all the facts. Every detail of the land and the project is fully described by Mr. Tronson. Kindly write today.



This is the way apples and other fruits grow in the great Rogue River Valley.

Rogue River Commercial Orchard Co.

Department 10 Medford, Oregon

Rogue River Commercial Orchard Co.
Dept. 10, Medford, Oregon.

Send me at once the Free Book by Mr. H. B. Tronson.

Name

Address

Town..... State

THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

WHILE the Railroad Rate Bill was pending in Congress, on May 1, railroads in Chicago-Missouri River territory filed with the Interstate Commission notices of sweeping advances in rates to take effect June 1.

Government Curbs Railroads

For years past, the railroads in serving notice of such advances have been accustomed to notify shippers generally, so that they may be prepared. In this case, however, shippers were not notified and it was not until the approval of the date for the advances to take effect that they realized that increased charges were to be imposed. Then a strong committee of Middle Western business interests waited on Attorney-General Wickersham, demanding steps to enjoin the increases. It was charged that the railroads had conspired to make the advances in great haste and practically in secret, in order that they should be in effect before the pending railroad legislation could pass. In compliance with this request President Taft asked for and obtained an injunction temporarily restraining twenty-five Western roads from raising freight rates on the ground of unlawful combination and conspiracy. Eastern railroads not enjoined raised their rates and threw down the gauntlet to the President. Later, after a conference with the President, the Western railroads agreed not to raise rates pending legislation and the Government suits were dropped.

Increases in railroad rates, both freight and passenger, have been the regular order in almost all parts of the country ever since insurgency in the Senate made serious threats of putting some teeth into the Taft-Wickersham bill. It is difficult to conceive how the railway managers could have adopted a worse policy. Their action has forced President Taft to reverse his railroad policy with the result that public opinion is hostile to the railroads, stocks have fallen, and in the end the railroads were forced to yield. The railroads have explained that increasing wages have made this raise necessary but comparison of the increases in wages and in rates show that rather unimportant increases in wages have been made the pretext, instead of being the real reason, for very heavy advances in charges.

THE Railroad bill has passed the Senate, and while the ultimate form of the law is still to be determined by the conference, it is apparent that the bill will represent a very respectable measure of accomplishments.

Senate Passes Commerce Bill

As passed by the Senate the bill provides for the Commerce Court, for Interstate Commerce Commission supervision over long and short haul rates and joint rates, the suspension of new rates pending investigation and the placing of telegraph and telephone lines under the Commission's jurisdiction. In making a good and useful measure out of one which as first drawn was almost entirely vicious, the Insurgents have rendered the country a very real service.

IOWA has never given an electoral vote to any save a Republican candidate for President since there was a Republican party. Rock-ribbed in its traditions of loyalty, the State received a new sensation when Senators Cummins and Dolliver the other day journeyed from Washington to Iowa to speak together at a great political meeting in Des Moines. They did not mince words;

A Bit of Real Insurgency

they did mince almost everything else they tackled; the tariff bill, the railroad bill, the administration and its program. They advised the people that Representatives Hull and Smith, the two veteran members of the Iowa delegation in the House, ought to be retired because too closely affiliated with the Cannon-Aldrich regime at Washington. As matters stand in Iowa, they practically notified the State that if it chooses to keep Hull and Smith in the House it can not expect to keep Cummins and Dolliver in the Senate. Nowhere has the issue in the struggle for control of the National Republican party been drawn so sharply and clearly as by this ultimatum of the Iowa Senators.

FROM Massachusetts comes a circumstantial story that no less a person than Henry Cabot Lodge is in real danger of being retired from the Senate. The Massachusetts Democracy and anti-Lodge Republicans are credited with a project to secure control of the Legislature which will be elected in the Bay State this fall with the purpose of electing Eugene N. Foss to the Senate.

It is pointed out by Massachusetts leaders of the proposed coalition that Mr. Foss has been a Republican long enough to stand well with the Independent Republicans, and a Democrat ardently enough and successfully enough to have a firm hold on that party. Then, too, young Butler Ames, now a Congressman from Massachusetts, possessed of money, brains and independence, is credited with determination of running

against Lodge for the Senate, and it is claimed he will have a very respectable minority of Republican members of the Legislature.

SURPASSING in spectacular interest all other aeronautic events that have taken place in America was the Hudson River flight of Glenn Hammond Curtiss on May 29th. Leaving Albany at 7:02 A.M., with a stop at Poughkeepsie from 8:26 to 9:26, Curtiss arrived at Spuyten Duyvil at 10:35. This being within the limits of New York City, the official flight, as prescribed by the New York *World* in its \$10,000 prize offer, was successfully accomplished. Curtiss, however, after replenishing his gasoline tank, continued his flight down the river landing at Governor's Island in New York Bay. The *World's* \$10,000 prize was promptly delivered to him. Within a week, prizes aggregating \$130,000 were offered by newspapers for long distance flights throughout the country.

In this flight Curtiss did not break the distance record, Paulhan's uninterrupted flight of one hundred and seventeen miles on the London to Manchester journey still holding that record, but for speed the Curtiss flight of fifty-four miles an hour surpassed all previous long distance efforts. The marvel of this performance, however, was in the ability of the aeroplane successfully to cope with the complex air currents of the Highlands of the Hudson. Somehow, the day of safe navigation of the air seems measurably nearer since Glenn Curtiss sailed "The Hudson Flier" from Albany to New York. Closely following Curtiss's achievement came the splendid performance of the Englishman, Charles Stuart Rolls who flew from England to France and back without a landing.

ORATORY is indeed a lost art. Jonathan Bourne, Senator from Oregon, never even attempted a speech till recently, when he rose and read a carefully prepared address, without pretense of rhetoric or eloquence, on the Oregon reforms.

In Praise of Oregon

Senator Bourne pointed out the great success of the direct primaries in eliminating the corrupt boss, of the legislators' pledge by which the people's choice for United States Senators is carried out and of the system by which the people vote direct upon important laws. These various devices, he says, the people have used thoughtfully and progressively.

There was nothing dramatic about it, but that speech seemed exactly to fit a present demand from the country for light upon the new devices of Democracy. The expectation is that a million copies of it will have been circulated before the end of this session of Congress, and it is being widely adopted as a text-book of progressive governmental methods. Oregon has been called the national experiment station in sociology and the fact that its experiments have succeeded so well is only less gratifying than that the whole nation is right now filled with keen interest in their success.

THE Citizens' Party of Denver has won a significant victory over the powers of darkness as represented by the public service corporations and the combined Republican and Democratic machines. In the recent elections there the water franchise

Denver Wounds the Beast

asked for by the Denver Union Water Company, one of the four utility corporations that have debauched Denver's political life, was emphatically refused. A fake proposal to buy the plant was voted down, a non-partisan commission was elected to municipalize the plant, and the initiative, referendum and recall were adopted. Out of a mass of complicated referendum proposals the voters unerringly choose the progressive and defeated those which were deceptive or openly reactionary. Except for the fact that the city chose high license instead of prohibition, the victory for decency was complete.

A leading spirit in the Citizens' movement there was Judge Lindsey—a Water Company's mouthpiece, announced day after day that a vote against the franchise would be a vote of confidence in Ben Lindsey and in the truth of the allegations in "The Beast and the Jungle." It was the ancient if not honorable game of "defend the name of our fair city and give us the city." But the good Denver folk chose the wiser course, admitted the guilt, voted to clean up, took steps to stay clean and launch a movement to free the State of Colorado from the bi-partisan political-industrial ring that controls it.

The significant victory of the people of Denver was almost completely ignored by the country's newspapers, which hailed the result as a defeat for prohibition. Are the newspapers giving the people what they want, or what the "Beast" thinks they ought to have?

THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

MAYOR GAYNOR of New York has added another jewel to his starry crown by closing up two indecent stage performances in the metropolis. The device used, the very simple one of refusing to renew the theater's license, has certain undeniable advantages over having the newspapers denounce the play as nasty while the manager puts out standing-room only signs. Mr.

Indecent Plays Suppressed

Gaynor does not propose to establish an official stage censorship nor does he threaten the growth of a vigorous dramatic art. These bugaboos apparently do not trouble New York's new mayor. He simply discovered two indecent plays and stopped them and presumably it is his intention to keep his eyes open for more.

This magazine has shown how New York foists Tenderloin dramatic standards upon the whole country through its strategic position in the theatrical field. It is glad to see New York helping to undo its own work of demoralization and setting an example which any city may well follow.

NEW YORK has achieved still another victory for decency. Its Legislature has passed and Governor Hughes has signed the Murray bill prohibiting the employment of boys under twenty-one in the messenger

A Victory for the Boys

service after ten at night and before five in the morning. Those who read in the June number of this magazine Leroy Scott's terrific indictment of the night messenger service in our cities will remember that the above is the bill endorsed by the National Child Labor Committee. It is the most advanced legislation existing on the subject, and it is hoped that it will be used as a model for other legislatures in dealing with this subject.

Meanwhile, by this action, a large number of young boys are to be removed from the degrading and demoralizing influences of the night work and given a chance for a decent and useful life. It is not entirely to the credit of the companies employing these boys that they had to be forced to this act of simple decency though they made no effort to defeat the law.

THE anniversary of the birth of the Republic is to be celebrated in San Francisco this year by a contest which is supposed to determine who is the biggest brute in the world. The Governor of California has lent his official sanction to this

The Prize Fight

proceeding, millions of dollars are involved in it, our newspaper sporting pages have reeked with it for months, and to a shockingly large number of our people, it is the most important occurrence of the year.

It is difficult to imagine any single event that would be a greater blow at the moral welfare of our people than this prize-fight. It has already perceptibly lowered the tone of the public prints; it will arouse the brute instincts in those who witness it, who read of it, and who see its reproduction in moving pictures. It will raise gambling to a national scale. Finally it will aggravate an already odious race prejudice.

For, to make the menace to the public welfare complete, one of these two alleged human beings is white and the other is black. One need not be an alarmist to predict that no matter who wins, ruffians of both colors will swagger contemptuously and breathe forth race hatred and defiance of the law.

There are reasons here enough why this fight should yet be prevented; why, if it is not stopped, the principals and all the participants should be sent to the penitentiary, and California's spineless Governor impeached and removed from office for his failure to protect the public morals.

SEND your greenbacks to the Government laundry. Tainted money disinfected; filthy, germ, ragged bills made as good as new. The odor of soap, pork, oil and sugar removed for social purposes. Franklin MacVeagh, proprietor.

Uncle Sam's Laundry

We shall have to wait a little while because Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh has just ordered the machinery, but before long we can send our bills to the government suds and have them back clean and crinkly on Saturday night. No doubt we'll go further in time and establish private laundries in banks and stores where armored wash-tubs presided over by bonded washerwomen will be a common sight. Clothes lines full of bills will wave cheerfully to the breeze.

Secretary MacVeagh believes that the life of the greenback may be doubled as well as rendered more respectable by the laundry method. If he makes good he will have discovered something new in currency—and in laundries. For we have a feeling that when we open our pathetic little package of dollar bills on Sunday morning we'll find them frayed at the edges, cracked at the folds, with glossy finish instead of domestic, and two of 'em missing entirely.

WE VENTURED the opinion some time ago that comets were unreliable, undependable and irresponsible. Counsel for the defense thought we were unnecessarily harsh; that comets did the best they could according to their lights; that their standards of morality were lower in the pre-Rooseveltian days and that Halley's in particular had been leading an exemplary life ever since

The Elusive Comet

its four millionth birthday.

What happened? On the morning after we were supposed to have passed through the tail of Halley's comet the astronomers remarked as follows: "We passed through safe and sound; we haven't passed through yet but we will; we missed it entirely; it has two tails; it hasn't any tail; if it had a tail it would be made of cyanogen; it is still faintly visible in the east; it is a glorious sight in the western sky."

What can you do with a manifestation like that? Poor ignorant black men in Haiti were frightened stiff; the Chinese Empire was stirred to its depths; earnest, hardworking astronomers with families to support are in precarious circumstances and a lot of us never saw anything at all.

By comparison with Halley's comet the inconstant moon reminds us of a middle-aged deacon with an office over the First National and a position on the school board.

THE National Theater Owners' Association has agreed to keep its twelve hundred theaters open to all managers regardless of their relations to the theatrical syndicate. As most of these theaters have been dependent heretofore for their attractions upon the Klaw and Erlanger syndicate, this action is regarded as a

Blow at the Theatrical Trust

damaging blow at the so-called theatrical trust. It has been the policy of the Klaw and Erlanger syndicate to insist that trust productions only be permitted in theaters under their control. This move represents a victory not only for the rival Shubert organization, but, what is more important, for freedom of contract. The control of the Klaw and Erlanger booking syndicate over the theaters of the country has been complete almost to a point of absolute despotism. Breaking their power can not fail to be wholesome in its effect, unless the Shubert organization, which is responsible for this result, makes of itself a syndicate no less despotic than the other.

THE French liner *La Provence* arrived in New York Harbor recently after a rough and foggy passage, and its captain announced that he had made a thorough test of the Bellini-Tosi wireless system and found it satisfactory. By the device invented by the two Italians whose names it bears, the proximity and direction of another vessel can be determined, it is said, through a

Wireless Fog Signals

fog that would defy search-lights, bells, whistles, and guns. The system used is called radiotelegraphy and the device consists of a dial marking all the points of the mariner's compass which indicates the direction of the strongest fog-signals received on the wireless machine. Of course, all vessels and wireless stations must be equipped with the apparatus to insure safety.

Perhaps it's a little early to rejoice, but if the Bellini-Tosi system lives up to its promises, the last real danger for those who go down to the sea in ships will have disappeared.

OUT in the University of Wisconsin when they catch a man cheating at examinations, instead of punishing him, they measure his head. The medical examiner of the institution announces that the fifty students caught "cribbing" were found to be below the normal standard in height, weight, girth of head, and

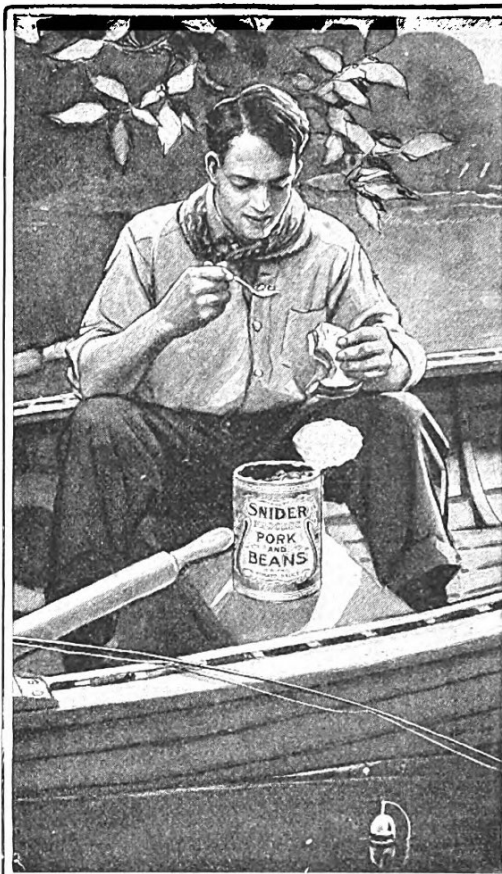
The Undersized Cribbers

otherwise. Dishonesty in examinations would seem to be a matter of architecture rather than morals.

POSTAL savings bank legislation seems likely to pass before Congress adjourns; but the session has seen no advance toward parcels post, which would be worth vastly more to a greater number of people. Unjustified fear of its effect on the small town is the real barrier to parcels post.

Parcels Post Education

That fear has been sedulously cultivated, and has splendidly served the express companies. Isn't it possible to get a campaign of education started that will address itself to the country town, demolishing the arguments that to-day make them fear such legislation? The argument against parcels post to-day is exactly as logical as an argument against railroads and steamships would have been two generations ago. If good, cheap, easy transportation has been useful, then better, cheaper and easier transportation will be still more useful.



A Good "Bite"

When fishing or outing take

Snider Pork & Beans

In the lunch basket. There's appetizing nourishment in this delicious food—a wholesome, delicious meal—ready to serve from the can without cooking.

If there were nothing else, one would still be well-fed and comfortable, because **Snider Pork & Beans** contain such an abundance of the best nourishment—(beans are 84% nutriment)—just the elements Nature requires for building up firm tissues and vital energy.

It's convenient to have a few cans of **Snider Pork & Beans**—always ready for a "quick meal" or the unexpected guest—equally appropriate for home folks or company. They can be served steaming hot by simply placing the can in boiling water before opening.

For a delightful summer luncheon dish, easily prepared—place portions of **Snider Pork & Beans** on fresh lettuce leaves, add some **Snider Salad Dressing** and serve with dainty sandwiches.

There are no disagreeable after effects from "**Snider-Process**" **Pork & Beans** because all the gas-forming elements found in beans cooked the ordinary way, have been removed by the exclusive "**Snider-Process**." Beans cooked the **Snider way** are tender and porous and easily digested by anyone.

"It's the Process"

Snider Pork & Beans and all Snider products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the world.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

Is more than
soap but costs no more

LIFEBUOY is the sensible soap for the skin because it cleans and disinfects at the same time. Its use gives sterilized cleanliness; the only perfect cleanliness. LIFEBUOY is the best soap made for

Toilet, Bath and Shampoo

It destroys the germs which you can't see while removing the dirt that you can see. LIFEBUOY is a carbolated soap and has "that clean smell" which distinguishes it from ordinary soaps.

5c at All Grocers and Druggists

**LIFEBUOY
SOAP**



Lever Bros. Co. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Staunton Military Academy

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys



370 Boys from 15 States last session. Largest Private Academy in the South. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies, or Business.

1,600 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the famous Shenandoah Valley. Pure mineral spring waters. Military training develops obedience, health, and manly carriage. Fine shady lawns, gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic park. Daily drills. Boys from homes of refinement only desired. Personal individual instruction by our Tutorial System. Academy FIFTY YEARS

old. New \$100,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fire-proof. Charges \$360. Handsome catalogue free. Address: CAPTAIN WM. H. KABLE, A. M., PRINCIPAL, STAUNTON, VA.

You Can Dress Well— On \$100 A Week

MEN'S FASHIONABLE CLOTHES
MADE TO ORDER after latest
NEW YORK DESIGNS

We will trust any honest man anywhere. We guarantee a perfect fit. Send for our samples and book of latest New York fashions free.

EXCHANGE CLOTHING CO., (Inc.)
"DEPARTMENT S"

America's Largest and Leading Merchant Tailors
239 Broadway, through to No. 1 Park Place, N. Y. City
ESTABLISHED 1885

ON CREDIT BY MAIL

A NEW FAST TRUSCOTT FAMILY LAUNCH.



22 1/2 FT. SPEED 12 MILES. ONE-MAN CONTROL. SPEED, COMFORT and SAFETY COMBINED. SEE IT AT NEW YORK, BOSTON AND CHICAGO BRANCHES. TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

DAYLIGHT AT NIGHT

THE CANCHESTER KEROSENE INCANDESCENT LIGHT

BURNS 95% AIR AND ONLY 5% KEROSENE. Six times brighter than electricity, gas, acetylene, gasoline or common oil lamps at 1-10 cost. Burner fits any lamp. Burns with or without mantle. No trimming wicks. Safe, clean, soft, odorless. Biggest money maker ever offered to agents. Everybody buys. Showing means selling. Write today for territory and how to obtain handsome outfit free.

CANCHESTER LIGHT CO., Dept. S, Chicago, U. S. A.
Largest kerosene mantle lamp mfgs. in the world.



A Good Living From Mushrooms

Anybody can make a splendid income all year raising mushrooms at home in cellars, sheds, barns, boxes, etc. Markets waiting for all you grow. Free illustrated instruction booklet.

HIRAM BARTON, Desk 6,
West 43rd Street, New York

THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

The Month Abroad

George V. The new King, George V., is rather an uncertain quantity. He has not been a popular Prince of Wales as his father was. He has been regarded as distinctly an aristocrat, while Edward was considered very much a democrat. The new king comes to the throne in a time of strife, in which any reactionary tendencies he may have may be expected to manifest themselves. Whether Liberals or Tories gain the ascendancy for the moment is not important, but it may be said that a sovereign ascending the British throne now, without an accurate, keen and sympathetic perception of the profound change which is taking place in the national social consciousness, stands an excellent chance of associating his name with those of Charles I. of England and Louis XVI. of France.

George V.

But for the death of King Edward, Great Britain would doubtless have had another general election in July or August. The king's death has brought all parties to agree on a postponement which, however, is not likely to put off the inevitable later than next November. In due course the Commons will pass their measure eliminating the Lords from participation in financial legislation. It will go to the Lords, and by them will be duly rejected. Premier Asquith may then demand that King George create enough Liberal peers to pass the measure. Should the king refuse, as is generally expected, the Liberal government will have its choice of two courses. It may dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country on this issue of the Lords and their fiscal power, or, as is said to be possible, Parliament may calmly refuse to dissolve. A British Parliament is elected for a term of seven years, and if the present one should decline to retire because of a disagreement with the Lords, it might remain for six years yet, repeating the performance of the famous Long Parliament of the time of Cromwell. In such an event, the possibilities of Parliamentary revolution are almost infinite.

Problems Confronting King George

For example, when a new sovereign ascends the British throne, Parliament must pass a complete new series of provisions for the maintenance of the royal establishment. Theoretically, King George has not yet had any provision from the public treasury for the maintenance of his royal dignity. He has, of course, immediate access to the hereditary revenues of his family, but the chief provision for maintaining the royal estate is, after all, from the public treasury. If the Commons should decline to take an appeal to the country, should insist on staying for six years longer, and should be painfully slow about passing a new budget for the benefit of the new royal household, King George would find himself in a most embarrassing situation. The Commons have a tremendously potent weapon in the control of the purse strings. The possibility of withholding supplies from the king is only a suggestion of the various things that a stubborn House of Commons might do at this juncture.

The latest country to pay tribute to the might and terror of the earthquake is our Central American neighbor, Costa Rica, where, on May 4, the city of Cartago and a number of neighboring villages were destroyed. Eighteen hundred is the estimate of the lives lost. Cartago, the stricken city, is almost completely wiped out, only a few low wooden houses being spared. Among the wrecked buildings were ten churches, the College of the Silesian Fathers and the new Temple of Peace, the gift of Andrew Carnegie. Some days later a second shock wrecked several buildings in the capital, San José, and destroyed the village of Santiago. The little Republic is sorely stricken and there is widespread suffering.

Costa Rica Stricken The latest country to pay tribute to the might and terror of the earthquake is our Central American neighbor, Costa Rica, where, on May 4, the city of Cartago and a number of neighboring villages were destroyed. Eighteen hundred is the estimate of the lives lost.

PERU and Ecuador have agreed to accept the mediation of their three big brothers of the western hemisphere, United States, Brazil and Argentina, in the matter of their boundary dispute. The troops are to be withdrawn from the frontier and war measures abandoned while the quarrel is being settled. Secretary Knox initiated the offer, and Brazil and Argentina promptly accepted the positions of associate peacemakers. It was pointed out in Secretary Knox's letter that all hands had signed an agreement at The Hague Convention to try arbitration before resorting to war and that here was an opportunity to make good.

A Job for Peacemakers

It was pointed out in Secretary Knox's letter that all hands had signed an agreement at The Hague Convention to try arbitration before resorting to war and that here was an opportunity to make good.

Trouble Brewing in the East It is impossible to view without concern for the future the evidence that Japan and Russia have joined hands in a definite program of exploiting Manchuria and North China in their joint interests and with the firm purpose of excluding other powers. The new treaty between Russia and Japan on this subject is expected to be made public very soon. Meantime enough has leaked out as to its purport to justify the belief that it is aimed against the pretensions of the United States, now standing alone in support of the open door policy. As a result of American diplomatic insistence, the thirty million dollar Chinese loan for the construction of railways is to be divided among four powers, Germany, France, Great Britain and the United States. Thus the United States gets the right of participation and an interest which will assure it a voice in Chinese affairs hereafter.

But despite this, Russia and Japan after declining assent to neutralize the Manchurian railways, are going vigorously forward with a program of tightening their grip on the country and its commercial opportunities. Because the United States holds no territorial concessions in China, has never asked for any, and has insisted only on the open door and equal opportunity, the Pekin government is disposed to regard Washington as its best friend. The very apparent determination of Russia and Japan to get away with the apple and leave to the United States only an unsatisfactory core and the poor privilege of demanding more, gives the entire Eastern situation a very ugly look. England has been compelled, by reason of her alliance with Japan, to acquiesce in the Russo-Japanese program. The United States is left to stand alone in protesting against monopolization of Chinese opportunity. Russia and Japan seem to be hastening with the purpose of securing their hold on China before the Panama Canal shall be opened. The whole situation involves a very real menace of increasingly grave complications in the Pacific, in which the possibility of a future war may be discerned without great stretch of imagination.

France Steps Forward The elections in France resulted in almost no change in political complexion, though second pollings were necessary in many constituencies owing to the large number of candidates. The Government majority is virtually the same as before, indicating an endorsement of the socialistic administration of M. Briand, the premier, who has made important progress toward a more liberal tariff policy, adopted an old-age pension plan and purchased the Western Railway system. The great majority of the deputies composing the new chamber were elected on a platform of electoral reform. The Government now proposes to pass laws putting an end to representation by districts such as obtains in America and to substitute, by gradual process, election by the country at large under a scheme of proportional representation of parties. France is weary of the abuses of the system of making representatives "pork" dispensers for their districts, and proposes to make the deputies represent the whole people.

Courting Trouble in Panama If the English language ever means what it says—and this age of technical construction justifies uncertainty—the United States agreed in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty not to fortify the Panama Canal. But we are blithely fortifying it, spending a big bunch of our deficit in the effort to make the canal a weakness rather than a strength. Probably John Bull will not object to our violating our treaty with him by fortifying it; but it would be more sensible to get up a pact of the powers to guarantee the canal's neutrality forever, in war and in peace alike. The best authorities say effective fortification is impossible, anyhow. Why assume the obligation to protect a far-distant outpost that can't be protected? Our geographical relation to it assures that we will get, in war, the best service from the canal if it be kept neutral. To fortify it will not prevent an enemy blockading it. The idea of Japan sending her fleet through the canal, in war, is silly. We are worse than wasting our money, are breaking our word, and are weakening ourselves in a military way, by fortifying the ditch. It should be made absolutely neutral, as is the Suez. British diplomacy did not thoughtlessly neutralize the key to its road to India. It did the right thing, as we are doing the wrong thing.

ITALY has joined the modern movement for reform in taxation, the new prime minister, Luzatti, having announced his intention to bring forth a budget similar to the Radical one recently passed in England. Like Lloyd George's, it aims to lighten the burden of taxation on the poor and put it where it belongs. The Italian problem resembles the British in that they also have an upper House on their hands that needs reform. The Radical party, led by the prime minister, proposes to do this by taking from the king the right to nominate the president and chief officials of the upper House. Likewise it proposes to extend the franchise to all male citizens over twenty years of age who can read and write.

Italian Reform Program

There are signs that the land of Mazzini and Garibaldi is about to have a new birth of freedom.

Women Everywhere

A COLLEGE professor's shortest road to fame lies in making startling or sensational pronouncements on woman, marriage or religion. Dr. Max Bafl of Clark University chooses woman. "She is no better than a savage," says Dr. Bafl. "She emulates him by a love of birds' feathers, by hanging ornaments to her ears, wearing bracelets, rings and necklaces and affecting gaudy colors. She arrays her hair in fantastic shapes by artificial methods and is partial to a daub from the powder box or paint pot. Like the savage she is color-blind, prone to religious hysteria, and impressionable."

Woman Is a Savage

Man, according to this authority, has put these fads and fancies behind him and conducts himself in the pure white light of reason. With the children ranging from anthropoid apes to Hottentots and the women still deep in savagery, the home seems to be no place for an unprotected male.

NORWAY has taken another step for the enfranchisement of women, its parliament having voted by a large majority to make municipal suffrage universal. Norway's policy in this matter is interesting because it provides votes for women on the instalment plan. First municipal suffrage was granted to women with an income, then parliamentary suffrage to the same. Now municipal suffrage is extended to all women, leaving only one step—the adoption of universal parliamentary suffrage. Apparently the arguments for and against votes for women follow the same line that they do in America.

Norway's Suffrage Policy

Speculation upon the probable effect of woman's suffrage upon our politics has heretofore divided those interested into two camps; they who believe that votes for women will purify our politics, and they who maintain that voting will render women unfeminine and neglectful of the home. A study of the situation in New Zealand where women have been voting for sixteen years on absolute equality with men, shows that these two prophecies are almost equally incorrect.

Women Voters in New Zealand

Paul Kennaday, writing in the *Outlook*, finds that while the privilege of voting is very largely exercised by the New Zealand women, it is not clear that they have any great influence upon political measures with the notable exception of temperance reform. In other matters they seem to divide much as do the men and to imitate the lords of creation in voting by prejudice rather than by reason. It seems doubtful whether any of New Zealand's splendid progressive measures are directly traceable to women's votes. On the other hand, the vote for women is taken as a matter of course and a matter of common justice, and has not in any respect rendered the women unfit for the tasks of sweeping the floor or rocking the baby.

ANOTHER women's strike has been fought to a successful conclusion—this time that of the Roxbury, Massachusetts, carpet weavers. This contest was distinguished from the famous shirt-waist makers' strike by the fact that its participants were not young girls of foreign extraction, but women of all ages, mostly American born.

Girl Carpet Weavers Strike

The trouble came from a cut in the wages of the velvet weavers—a cut so extensive that sometimes a week's pay was reduced to three dollars and a half. One hundred women walked out in protest for nineteen fellow workers and took with them the entire six hundred employees of the mill. They stayed out in perfect solidarity for ten weeks. The strike was finally won through the assistance of the Women's Trade Union League.



THE WELCOME "NIGHT LETTER"

The American people have found in the Western Union's "Night Letter" service a new means of communication which can be used in many ways. Every morning "Night Letters" are delivered to thousands of homes all over the land. Distance causes no delay. The traditional telegraphic brevity is not required. Anyone can telegraph as one would talk or write. A "Night Letter" of fifty words, telling the whole story, can be sent at the rate of a condensed ten word day message.

Correspondence between relatives, friends and business associates is being revolutionized by the "Night Letter."

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Prompt, Efficient, Popular Service.

A TABLESPOON IS THE HOUSEHOLD STANDARD OF MEASURE FOR SOAP POWDERS

DON'T be fooled by the size of the Soap Powder Packages. Some look big but do little.

Here are the results of an actual test: You should be able to guess the story—think of Corn before and after it is POPPED

PEARLINE
ALWAYS HAS BEEN—IS NOW
ALWAYS WILL BE

Best by Test

TRY TO MAKE SOAP WITH ONE OF THE FLUFFED SOAP POWDERS BY PEARLINE'S DIRECTIONS—SEE WHAT YOU GET



—A TABLESPOONFUL OF PEARLINE WEIGHED ONE OUNCE



—A TABLESPOONFUL OF ONE OF THE FLUFFED, LOOK-BIG PACKAGES WEIGHED ONE-HALF OUNCE



—A TABLESPOONFUL OF ANOTHER OF THE FLUFFED, LOOK-BIG PACKAGES WEIGHED ONE-HALF OUNCE SCANT

[Continued from
page 458]

The Paralysis of Fear

death and destruction to every vestige of beauty. It means loss of flesh, sallowness, tell-tale lines in the face and no end of disasters. Never mind what happens, an actress must not worry. Once she understands this, she has passed a milestone on the high road to keeping her looks."

What a splendid thing it would be if the habitual worrier could see a picture of himself as he would have been if his mind had always been free from worry! What a shock, but what a help it would be for him to place beside this picture another one of himself as he is; prematurely old, his face furrowed with deep worry and anxiety wrinkles, shorn of hopefulness and freshness, a picture in which he looks many years older than in the other where he appears fresh, vigorous, optimistic, hopeful, buoyant.

In nearly all forms of religion fear has played a great part. In the Middle Ages the priesthood found fear effective to draw the ignorant masses to the churches and to control their acts. Ignorance is so susceptible to fear that in all periods of the world's history the temptation to take advantage of it has been very great.

Who can estimate the terrible effects of the fear of a physical hell; of eternal punishment? This doctrine has for centuries cast a gloom over the human race. Another fear phantom which has haunted people of all classes is that of being buried alive. It has caused some of the reigning houses of Europe to devise special precautions to guard against anything of the kind.

Among the many who have entertained fears of premature burial and who have devised special means of precaution or left instructions in their wills and otherwise to guard against such a fate are the princes of the grand ducal family of Saxe-Weimer, Lord Lytton, the novelist, Edmund Yates, founder, owner and editor of the London *Evening Standard*, Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, Daniel O'Connell, the Irish patriot, Hans Christian Andersen of fairy-tale renown, Wilkie Collins, the novelist, Herbert Spencer and scores of others.

The old colored mammy in the South, the primitive kindergartner who dwelt in a world of fearsome fancies, is responsible for a great amount of damage resulting from the development of superstitious fears. Nurses, teachers, parents, have also used this weapon because of its effectiveness. Fear has ever been a powerful weapon in the hands of the more intelligent and better educated to influence the ignorant and superstitious. It appeals to a great weakness in human nature. People who become addicted to drink are often led to it in their effort to drown their troubles, to get rid of their worries and anxieties. Much of the crime of the world can be traced to the same cause.

Children who live in a fear atmosphere never unfold normally, but suffer from arrested development. Their stunted, starved bodies do not attain their normal growth; the blood-vessels are actually smaller, the circulation slower and the heart weaker under the influence of fear. Fear depresses, suppresses, strangles. If it be indulged in and not strangled it will change a positive mental attitude into a negative one, a creative into a non-productive mentality, and this is fatal to achievement. It acts as a depressor. The effect of fear, especially where the fear thought has become habitual, is to dry up the very sources of life. Love that casteth out fear has just the opposite effect upon the body and brain. It enlarges, opens up the nature, gives abundant life-cells, increases the brain-power.

What a terrible thing it is for a human being, made in the Creator's image, to live in perpetual fear that something terrible is going to happen to him, here or hereafter; that he is a mere puppet of circumstance; that a cruel fate is likely at any time to appear in the guise of some dread disease or calamity.

How can one learn to develop the highest ideals of life while he holds in the mind the constant fear of death; the dread of possible momentary dissolution; the possibility of having all his life plans strangled, snuffed out in an instant? Nothing enduring, nothing permanent or solid can be built with these nightmare fears in the mind. The doleful, perpetual preparation for imminent death is abnormal and fatal to all growth; fatal to achievement; fatal to happiness.

What is fear? Whence comes its power to strangle and render weak, poor, and inadequate the lives of so many? Fear has absolutely no reality. It is purely a mental picture. It is but a bogey of the imagination. The moment we realize this it ceases to have power over us. If we were all properly trained, and were large enough to see that nothing outside of ourselves can work us harm, we would have no fear of anything.

I differ from a physician who has recently stated that the emotion of fear is as normal to the human mind as courage. Nothing is normal which destroys one's ability, blights self-confidence, or strangles ambition. This physician evidently confuses the facilities of caution, prudence and forethought with the fear thought that blights, destroys, and kills.

The faculties of caution and prudence were given us for our protection from danger, to keep us from doing things which would be injurious, but there is not a single saving virtue in fear, as the word is used ordinarily, for its very presence cripples the normal functions of all of the mental faculties. The Creator never put into His own image that which would impair effi-

ciency, cause distress or destroy happiness. The exercise of every normal faculty or quality tends to enhance, promote and increase the best in us. Otherwise it would not be normal. We might as well say that discord is normal and therefore a good thing, as to say that fear is normal.

Every time you feel fear coming into your mind, shut it out as quickly as possible and apply the antidote—fearlessness, assurance. Think courage. Picture yourself as absolutely fearless. Say to yourself, "I am no coward. Towards fear and cringe and crawl but I am a man. Fear is a child's frailty. It is not for grown-ups. I positively refuse to stoop to such a degrading thing. Fear is an abnormal mental process and I am normal. Fear has nothing to do with me. It can not influence me, for I will not harbor it. I will have nothing to do with it. I will not allow it to cripple my career."

Whatever your vocation or condition in life, be sure that you get rid of fear; that you get it out of your life, root and branch. You will never obtain free, untrammelled self-expression otherwise.

Fear is a great leak in power. There are plenty of people who waste more than half of their precious energy in useless worry and anxiety.

Fear benumbs initiative. We are afraid to begin things. It kills confidence and causes indecision, makes us waver, suspect and doubt.

Many of our worries and anxieties are caused by extreme selfishness. We are ambitious to get ahead of others, to outshine them. Many of our financial worries do not come from the fear that we shall want anything; that we shall not have plenty to eat and to wear and a good, comfortable home. Most of us worry because we can not do the big things that those about us either do with difficulty or find impossible. We want to make more of a show in the world.

When worry steps in, ability steps out; when fear steps in, good judgment, good sense depart.

It is a curious fact that everything that is disagreeable assumes exaggerated shape at night. Financial embarrassment, an overdue note or a maturing mortgage which we can not meet, takes a most serious form in the awful silence of the darkness. Even little things, which merely annoy us during the day, sometimes torture us at night. The imagination is then extremely active, because all the objective processes are shut out of the mind, and it pictures evil with great vividness and sharpness of outline.

How changed everything is in the morning! Those awful images which robbed us of sleep have lost much of their hideousness, and we feel ashamed that we should have allowed troubles that are insignificant in the daytime to grow into mountains and torture us.

As long as you are afraid of poverty and have a horror of coming to want, your mind attracts the very thing you dread. Fear saps your courage, kills self-confidence, paralyzes initiative, totally unfits your mind for productiveness and makes you less and less able to cope with hard conditions. You will never be anything but a beggar while you think a pauper's thoughts or bear a beggar's attitude. You will be poor while you fear poverty, think failure thoughts and dread failure. What you think determines your destiny; thought controls fate.

If you keep the thought of disease out of your mind, you will more easily keep the reality out of your body.

When the human mind is perfectly free, the body will come into perfect harmony, for the body follows the mind. It is only a reflection of the habitual thought. What we think and what we have thought make us what we are. If we think slavery, if we are convinced that we are slaves of disease, we are slaves. We never shall get physical freedom until we get mental freedom.

A millenium will come when fear in all its hideous forms of expression is eliminated. Then man will rise to the majesty of perfect confidence, of sublime self-trust; a consciousness of security and of freedom of which he has never before dreamed, and his power and efficiency will be multiplied a hundredfold.

When man rises into his normal dominion, the very sense of possession of a power that is his birthright will scatter all the enemies of his happiness and success, which, in his weakness, seemed so real.

The coming man will rise above all sense of fear. He will have a consciousness of power which comes to the conqueror. Hercules was not haunted by the fear of other men. The consciousness that he possessed superior power to other mortals lifted him above anxiety or fear that others might injure him.

You may well feel yourself a man when you have risen above all your fears.

There is a slave whose name is Fear,
A trembling, cringing thing;
There is a king whose name is Will,
And every inch a king.
The king and slave have their abodes,
And work their joint control.
Their mingled work of blight and bloom,
In every mortal's soul.
But strong is he who heeds the King,
And laughs the slave to shame;
Who, although frightened half to death,
Still keeps on just the same.

Cut Out and Mail this Coupon Today

Name _____
Address _____

RICHMOND SALES CO.,
Dept. 11, 160 Broadway, N. Y.

I would like to have a "RICHMOND" Electric Suction Cleaner demonstrated in my home, provided it places no obligation whatever

A Postage Stamp Puts the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner In Your Home

You see here an Electric Suction Cleaner which weighs but 10 lbs. instead of 60. You can use the "RICHMOND" with or without the hose attachment. The every day work of rug and carpet cleaning, of cleaning hardwood floors, tile floors, hearths, bathrooms, porches can be done with or without the hose attachment. Slip on the hose attachment and The "RICHMOND" with its six special cleaning tools, all furnished without extra cost, cleans hangings, walls, books, bedding, upholstery, clothing, hats, underneath radiators, furniture, etc.

Only Really Portable Cleaner

You can do the daily cleaning in less than one-half the time required when you use a broom, carpet-sweeper and duster. And there is no dust. A child can carry the "RICHMOND" from room to room—up and down stairs. There is nothing about it to get out of order—it operates on any ordinary electric light socket at a cost of a little over a cent an hour. Absolutely guaranteed and you can try it in your own home—without obligation. Simply sign and mail the coupon shown above. Also ask for handsome illustrated book.

MANUFACTURED BY
THE
McCRUM-HOWELL CO.
FOR
THE RICHMOND SALES CO.,
Dept. 11, 160 Broadway, New York
To whom all correspondence should be addressed



Hay Fever and Asthma

Sufferers from these two afflictions can be greatly relieved by the use of a little device which we will send to any address to be tested 7 days before you decide to keep it.

This device filters the air. The dust, pollen and other foreign matter, which produce irritation that causes Hay Fever and the paroxysms of Asthma, are eliminated. Relief is immediate. The delicate membranes of the nasal cavities are rested and protected so that the affected parts have an opportunity to regain their normal powers of resistance. This device is not a cure, but it gives relief instantly. Thousands are in use. They are not annoying and cannot be seen when worn.

Send name and address so that we may let you have a 7 days' test of this little device. The Nasalfilter Company, 440 Globe Building, St. Paul, Minn.

THIS HANDY TOOL



Is the all steel **Perfection Wrench**. Easily adjusted—holds like a vise—may be used as wrench—pillars—ratchet—clamp—vise—tool holder—pipe wrench, instantly without change of parts. Everyone, particularly the owner of an automobile, needs a good wrench for use around garage, factory, home or farm.

THE PERFECTION WRENCH

Is made in three sizes, 8—10—12 inch, polished steel and gun metal finish. Ask your dealer for "THE PERFECTION WRENCH," or sent prepaid to any address in the U. S. on receipt of the price.

8 inch size, \$2.00.	10 inch size, \$2.50.	12 inch size, \$3.50.
----------------------	-----------------------	-----------------------

12 inch size (with forcing pawl attachment) \$4.00 Nickel finish fifty cents extra for each size.

Warranted for one year. We will replace free of charge any part that breaks within one year from the date of purchase. Send \$2.00 to-day for wrench on five days approval. Money returned if dissatisfied. For booklet, discounts to trade, etc., address

THE PERFECTION WRENCH COMPANY,
61 North Main Street, Port Chester, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY WRITING

SHORT STORIES—1c. to 10c. a Word

We sell stories and book Manuscripts on commission; we criticize and revise them and tell you where to sell them. Story-writing and Journalism taught by mail. Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit," tells how. **THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION**, 69 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

Be Careful in ordering by mail from our advertisers to write your name and address plainly. A little care in this will save all much trouble. Better mention Success Magazine, too.

The Shears of Destiny

(Continued from page 478)

"I can manage her," Drexel returned. But how, he had no idea. Oh, this delay!—with failure threatening from Freeman's corner. If she only knew!

Suddenly he thought of something she had taught him one day in the house in Three Saints' Court—the telegraph code of political prisoners, by means of which they speak among themselves by dot-and-dash raps upon their dungeon walls. Sonya's back was to Freeman; the governor was bent over Borodin. He seized one of her ankles. She grew rigid.

"Oh, you brute!" she breathed hotly.

"With quick sharp indentations of his thumb Drexel spelled his name upon her ankle. He felt a start go through her. Again he spelled his name; then, ordering the guard away and turning his back to Freeman, he raised his face so that the light shone full into it. A quivering tensely told him that she saw and recognized.

"Put out your foot!" he growled once more.

With the wrathful indignation of one who yields to brute force, she acceded; and a minute later, with the same air of outraged pride, she yielded her wrist to the manacles. He had a momentary glimpse of her face. It showed nothing of the hope of life that thrilled her; it showed nothing of her awed astonishment at his presence. Its control was perfect.

"Are you ready, Captain?" asked the governor.

"All ready, Colonel," said Drexel.

Freeman came out of his corner, and Drexel matched the movement by slipping toward the door. "Good-bye, comrades," said the spy, in the tone of the last and long farewell.

Brother and sister clasped the false hand, then moved toward the door. Drexel began to breathe again. Another minute and the cell would be between him and Freeman. The spy twitched the governor's sleeve. "Colonel," he said in a low, eager voice, "my pardon will certainly be in your office."

The governor shook him off with an oath and turned his back upon him. "Well, Captain Laroque," he remarked, "I guess they'll give you no trouble on the journey."

"Journey?" said Borodin.

The governor could no longer keep them ignorant of their fate; that pleasure was over with.

"Yes," he said coolly. "Didn't I tell you you were being removed to Schlüsselburg?"

"Schlüsselburg!" exclaimed Borodin.

"Schlüsselburg!" exclaimed Freeman, springing forward.

The life went out of Drexel.

"You're removing them to Schlüsselburg?" Freeman demanded fiercely. "By whose order?"

The governor answered with a curse and with a drive of his fist into Freeman's chest. Freeman came back from the blow in a fury.

"You'll pay for that, Colonel Kavelin!" He turned to Drexel. "You're taking them? Who are you?"

He jerked the lantern from the governor and swung it into Drexel's white face. He stared. Then his swollen, discolored face gleamed with triumph.

"This is not Captain Laroque!" his voice rang out. "He is a revolutionist! And this is no removal of prisoners to Schlüsselburg! It's a plot to set them free!"

The governor, Borodin and Sonya gazed at Freeman, each amazed in a different way. Drexel seemed to be whirling downward into abysmal depths.

"I denounce this as a plot!" Freeman cried. "And this Captain Laroque is himself wanted by the police!"

Drexel had not a word. The governor looked at him with suspicion. "What does this mean, Captain?"

Drexel desperately took his nerves in both his hands and summoned all his boldness. "I was going to ask you this same question, Colonel," said he.

"Most noteworthy acting, Captain," put in Freeman sardonically. "But even such rare acting won't save you now!"

"I find," Drexel continued to the governor, in a tone of cool comment, "that condemned revolutionists frequently lose their nerve at the last moment and go out of their heads."

"I'm no revolutionist," Freeman retorted. "I'm an agent of the secret political police. I'm the man that laid bare the plot of day before yesterday. And with this Captain Laroque, you've got them all!"

The governor wavered. Drexel saw it. He gave Freeman a black look—a Captain Laroque look. "You dog! Be careful, or you'll go too far!" he warned.

"I have found, and doubtless so have you, Colonel," Drexel went on coolly, "that an unnerved prisoner like this, with the fear of the gallows upon him, will make any frantic pretense, that he's a spy, or what-not, in the hope of thereby gaining a little delay in his execution. At first, you remember, his pretense was that a reprieve was coming." Drexel's eyes had never left the governor's face, that barometer of his fate; and during his last words he saw it began to glower at Freeman.

"Enough of this fooling, Colonel," said he in his harshest Captain Laroque voice, giving Freeman his darkest look. "It is not my custom to waste time on these dogs of prisoners!"

"Nor mine!" said the governor. "I'm too old a bird to be fooled by such tricks."

"What! You don't believe me?" cried Freeman.

Grand Trunk Railway System

"Most Direct Route to the Highlands of Ontario"

Orillia and Couchiching, Muskoka Lake, Lake of Bays, Manganetewan River, Algonquin National Park, Temagami, Georgian Bay.

Plan to Spend Your Summer Holidays This Year at One of These Delightful Spots

Good hotel accommodations at moderate cost—The lover of outdoors will find here in abundance, all those things which make roughing it desirable. Select the locality that will afford you the greatest amount of enjoyment, send for free map folders, beautifully illustrated, fully describing these out of the ordinary recreation resorts. Address—

W. S. Cookson
917 Merchants Loan and Trust Co., Chicago

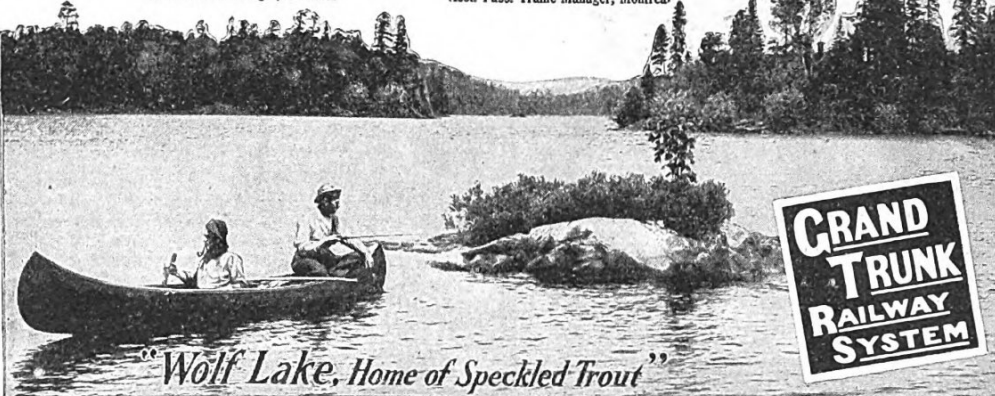
F. P. Dwyer
290 Broadway, New York City

E. H. Boynton
256 Washington St., Boston

W. Robinson
506 Park Bldg., Pittsburg

W. E. DAVIS
Pass. Traffic Manager, Montreal

G. T. BELL
Asst. Pass. Traffic Manager, Montreal



The Necco Seal
on the box
insures perfection.

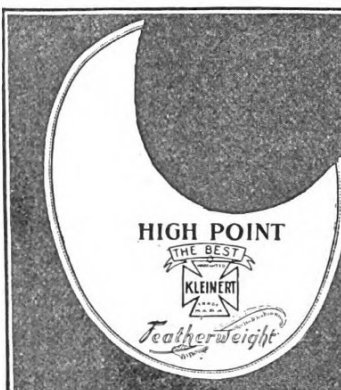


Lenox Chocolates

Here are chocolates with a difference. Not an ordinary one in the box. Each a palate charmer. Thickly covered with smooth, rich chocolate, daintily filled with fruits, cream, nougat, nut, caramel, jelly and other delicious flavors. Made in the largest confectionery factory in the world where cleanliness is one of the first considerations.

Sold by best dealers everywhere.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO., Boston, Mass.



KLEINERT'S HIGH POINT DRESS SHIELD

Some women require
this shape
DRESS SHIELD.

Send for our Handsome Boat and Engine Book, Mailed FREE

Just like a 30-Footer
only
smaller.

Do not think of Buying a Launch or Engine until you see our Handsome Book WHICH EXPLAINS FOUR WONDERFUL LAUNCH BARGAINS

Only \$121 for this complete 16-ft. Launch—3 H. P., guaranteed self-starting Engine, weedless and Wheel Rudder. Result of 30 years' experience. Money back if not as represented. Write for free catalog today. Full size Boat Designs furnished free to purchasers of Weco Engines.

C. T. WRIGHT ENGINE CO., 406 Canal Street, GREENVILLE, MICH.



\$1000.00 in Prizes Silk Embroidery Contest

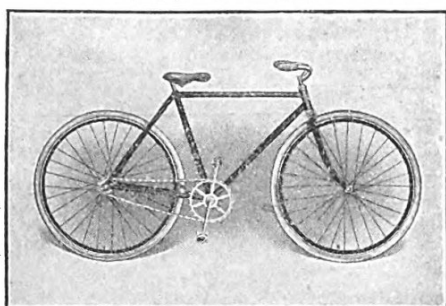
To promote skill in fine stitchery and artistic color blending, Harper's Bazar offers 164 Prizes, including large Cash Sums, Handsome Sets of Books, etc., for the best specimens of hand embroidery from the 18 official Prize Contest Designs published in the July number (at all news-stands).

Special Notice

The contest is open to all alike. All pieces must be embroidered in pure silk. On account of the extraordinary demand for these special patterns, and to make it easy to enter the Contest we have made arrangements whereby the official Harper's Prize Contest, Copyright Designs stamped ready to embroider will be found on sale at the leading dry-goods stores. A sheet giving the Conditions and Rules of the Contest will be sent free on request by

HARPER'S BAZAR, 76 Franklin Square, New York City

Columbia Bicycle FREE



For only a few hours of your time.

THE COLUMBIA \$40.00 WHEEL, the best one made, will last for years with ordinary care.

EVERY BOY should have a "Columbia" this summer, if he wants to be up-to-date—especially when one can be earned so easily.

For particulars as to "HOW TO EARN A BICYCLE" write at once, to

THE BICYCLE MAN

SUCCESS MAGAZINE NEW YORK CITY



COPY THIS SKETCH and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn \$20.00 to \$125.00 or more per week as illustrator or cartoonist. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years' successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Send me your sketch of President Taft with 6c. in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

THE LANDON SCHOOL of Illustrating and Cartooning
1431 Sheffield Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

If YOU Would Be Successful Stop Forgetting

MEMORY the BASIS of ALL KNOWLEDGE

THE KEY TO SUCCESS

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Send today for my free book, "How to Remember"—Faces, Names, Studies—Develops Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation, Public Speaking. Increases income. Sent absolutely free—Address DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 796 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

\$18 to \$30 A WEEK SURE

Farmers' "Ever-Ready" Tool Kit Does It

10 TOOLS IN ONE

Agents going wild over results. M. Snyder made \$46 in 2 hrs. Joseph Pine took 65 orders in two days. M. B. Finch sold 42 in 9 hrs. Had no experience. You can do it. To show it means a sale. FREE SAMPLE to workers. Foote Mfg. Co., Dept. 247, Dayton, O.

HAVE YOU A DOG?

If so send at once for Polk Miller's 50 page booklet, "DISEASES OF DOGS AND THEIR TREATMENT." It tells how to treat a majority of the diseases with which dogs are afflicted. It may save your dog's life. It also tells you how you can secure free medical advice for a year. It contains Sen.ator Ven's masterful "Tribute to a Dog" and the celebrated poem, "A Yaller Dog's Love for a Nigger." We will send book for 4c. In stamps to cover postage, just to advertise Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies. Address: Polk Miller Drug Co., 427 Main St., Richmond, Va.

GRAY MOTORS

6 HORSE POWER COMPLETE \$94 Absolutely Guaranteed by a Responsible Concern.

Write for complete catalog today—tells all about how these high grade motors are built in the LARGEST PLANT IN THE WORLD devoted exclusively to the manufacture of 2-cycle motors. GRAY MOTOR CO., 57 Leih St., Detroit, Mich.

LIVER UPSET? Try Hunyadi János

NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Avoid Unscrupulous Druggists

Grow Mushrooms For Big and Quick Profits.

Increase your income \$5 to \$10 per week by learning mushroom culture from biggest Mushroom Man in the world. Grown in spare time in sheds, old barns, or basements. I tell you how Free. Thousands successful. Send for particulars and free booklet now.

JACKSON MUSHROOM FARM, 5710 N. Western Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Winona College of Agriculture

Practical two years ALL agricultural course prepares young men for farm managers, dairymen, poultrymen, gardeners. Splendid laboratory equipment. Strong faculty. \$200 will cover all expenses. Beautiful location. Best moral influences. Farm in connection. For catalog write J. C. BRECKENRIDGE, Pres., Box 723, Winona Lake, Ind.

"No, I don't believe you! And be quiet, if you want an unbroken head!" the governor started out the door. "Come on, Captain Laroque."

"But, Colonel, stop, stop!" Freeman cried with frantic energy. "I tell you this is a trick—a plot! He's going to set those prisoners free! Remember, I give you warning!"

"And I've given you warning!" returned the governor wrathfully, and drove his heavy fist into Freeman's face. The spy reeled back, then rushed forward with a wild look of evil in his eyes. "Seize him!" the governor sharply ordered the guards. They pinioned Freeman in their arms. "Hold him till we get out of here. I'll come back and let you out later."

They passed out of the dungeon, Drexel last. He glanced back. The guards were too occupied by their writhing prisoner to notice, but he caught Freeman's eyes.

The governor led the way, Drexel brought up the rear pushing The White One's chair, and between them Borodin, Razoff and Sonya shuffled with short, clanking steps. Once The White One turned her head and gave an upward look—a look that might have been a warrior angel's benediction. And once Sonya stole him back a look—and ah, such a look as it was! . . . Fresh spirit flamed into him.

They moved in clanking processional back through dungeon-bordered corridors—every step a step nearer freedom; and came at last to the governor's door.

"I hope there will be no further delay," said Drexel.

"None at all," said the governor. "I have the receipt for the prisoners all ready for your signature. That formality done with and you are free."

They entered the office. A man who sat at the governor's desk glanced at them casually. Then he slowly rose to his feet and stared at the transfixed party. It was Prince Berloff.

CHAPTER XXVII

In all his life he had never been more astounded. But after the first moment, he had his astonishment under perfect control. He realized that he was master of the situation, and that the situation, near as it had been to spoiling all, fitted his desire as though framed by his private deity.

The governor had addressed him with obsequious pleasure and surprise, but him the prince had at first not heeded. Now he turned to him.

"Colonel Kavelin, would you mind explaining the meaning of this," he said in his even voice.

"Certainly, your excellency. Captain Laroque here is removing these prisoners to Schlusburg. Here is the order," and he took it from his desk.

"Thank you. I do not care to see it." He turned to Drexel. "And so, Captain Laroque," he said, with a glint of a white, sardonic smile, "you are removing these people to Schlusburg."

Drexel had run the whole gamut of emotions that night. There was no new dismay, no deeper fear for him to feel. He had done his best, but fate had been against him from the first and the game was up; and there was nothing for it now but to meet the end as boldly as he could. He did not answer the prince, but he met his look calmly.

"I suppose you are not aware, Colonel Kavelin," the prince continued in his even, conversational tone, "that your Captain Laroque is no captain at all, but a revolutionist."

"What!" cried the governor.

"I recognize him as a leader who is wanted by the police, and I charge you to seize him."

The governor turned on Drexel in a fury. "So you have been trying to fool me!" he roared.

"I have done my best," said Drexel.

"And this Schlusburg business is just a plot to free these prisoners?"

"You are quite correct."

"Then that prisoner was right!" ejaculated the governor. "Perhaps after all he is a spy, and there is to be an order for his release!"

"There is an order," said the prince, "for I am here to deliver it."

"My God—and I all but set them free!" The governor's fury blazed forth. "Back you all go to your cells!—and you two straight from your cell to the scaffold! And as for you, Captain Laroque—he almost frothed in his revengeful rage—"you'll never leave here to trick another man!"

He tore Drexel's revolver from its holster and with a quick stride toward his desk raised a hand above a bronze bell to sound the guard-summoning alarm. Drexel sprang desperately forward and caught the descending arm. At the same moment, Razoff and Borodin seized Berloff in their manacled hands. Like a flash Drexel's other hand went for the governor's throat to shut off the alarm from that, and he swung him out of reach of the bell. But the governor seized from the desk the big knife with which he had been making erasures and plunged it into Drexel's shoulder. Drexel seized his wrist, and drove his fist fiercely into the bushy beard. The man went reeling, and even as he fell Drexel struck him with terrific force a second time against his chin. The governor lay motionless.

[Concluded in August]

HARPERS BOOKS

The Wild Olive

By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"

Not only praise has greeted the coming of "The Wild Olive," but the verdict, remarkable in itself, that the new novel is better than "The Inner Shrine." The Chicago Journal, in a column-long review, May 21, two days after the book was published, says: "'The Wild Olive' is so much more interesting than the earlier book that this reviewer is now inclined to ascribe to the unknown author those qualities that only the most ardent partisans of that writer insisted on as characteristic of the first novel. 'The Wild Olive' has a broader basis of plot, a finer conception of character and a higher idealism than was apparent in 'The Inner Shrine.'" It is a really great novel.

Going Some

By Rex Beach

Most of us know Rex Beach only as a writer of splendid stirring stories of outdoor life. Here we have him as the author of one of the very funniest stories ever written. It is rollicking, galloping, scintillating, sparkling fun from beginning to end—and withal clean and sweet as a girl's fresh laughter. The story is all about a house-party of jolly young people on a Western ranch. Trouble arises from the fact that the hero has led his friends to believe he is an athlete, when, as a matter of fact, he never did anything more athletic than lead the cheering for others. If you mind slang keep away!

The Ramrodders

By Holman Day

"Interest as keen and unwavering as that of a hunter awaiting the coming of a horn-lured moose is aroused in 'The Ramrodders,' a powerful, important narrative." This is the opinion of The Boston Globe, which adds: "And not since David Harum days has such genuine, smile-making, back-on-the-soil humor been found between the covers of a book." The Philadelphia Record says: "Valuable because it presents the men who are playing the game of politics in every State in the Union."

Harper & Brothers

NEW YORK

Digitized by Google

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE Medicine Not Needed in This Case

It is hard to convince some people that coffee does them an injury! They lay their bad feelings to almost every cause but the true and unsuspected one.

But the doctor knows. His wide experience has proven to him that, to some systems, coffee is an insidious poison that undermines the health.

Ask the doctor if coffee is the cause of constipation, stomach and nervous troubles.

"I have been a coffee drinker all my life. I am now 42 years old and when taken sick two years ago with nervous prostration, the doctor said that my nervous system was broken down and that I would have to give up coffee.

"I got so weak and shaky I could not work, and reading your advertisement of Postum, I asked my grocer if he had any of it. He said, 'Yes,' and that he used it in his family and it was all it claimed to be.

"So I quit coffee and commenced to use Postum steadily and found in about two weeks' time I could sleep soundly at night and get up in the morning feeling fresh. In about two months I began to gain flesh. I weighed only 146 pounds when I commenced on Postum and now I weigh 167 and feel better than I did at 20 years of age.

"I am working every day and sleep well at night. My two children were great coffee drinkers, but they have not drank any since Postum came into the house, and are far more healthy than they were before."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found 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.

Uncle Sam in Blunderland

[Continued from page 476]

"whip" Dwight, Durey who inherited the cumulative benefits of the Littauer service, and J. Sloat Fassett, have gathered in nine hundred thousand dollars' worth of appropriations within recent years in which to make buildings for only three hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars' worth of business.

This was only a sort of apotheosis of the kind of jobs most of us would put through if we could, judging by some of the things which we have done. (See table printed elsewhere in connection with this article). We all want buildings for our respective localities, and we do not pause to determine whether we are entitled to them. We put our demands up to our respective Congressional representatives and do not permit them to pause to determine.

Moreover, in the whole range of our accounting system, or of the system of information by which our National legislators proceed, there is nothing that brings together in a significant and intelligible correlation these two most important factors in the determining of what we should spend, viz., the amount of business for which an expenditure is proposed and the amount of the proposed expenditure itself. On all the buildings and sites controlled by the Supervising Architect—which, as stated above, include merely post-offices, court-houses, customs houses, marine hospitals and quarantine stations—we have expended, up to date, approximately two hundred and twenty million dollars, but nowhere have we compiled any summary to show what amount of transactions takes place under the two hundred and twenty million dollars' worth of walls and roofs. In some instances the relationship between cost of structure and volume of business has been so high that it has been equivalent to an annual rental of as much as thirty-one per cent., and often has ranged from eight to twenty-two per cent; yet we have no means of knowing whether this relationship is general. The average business man, as we have said, thinks he is paying all that he can stand if his rental or the interest on his investment amounts to from two to five per cent. of his gross trade; but if the larger proportion represented in our eight to thirty-one per cent. obtains throughout our nine hundred buildings, we are, in the main, fourteen and one-half per cent. above the maximum business level. That excess, applied to our entire structural expenditure of two hundred and twenty million dollars would be almost thirty-two million dollars.

The Exorbitant Price of Political Pork

Thirty-two million dollars paid for political pig! Add it to the amount paid for the seed pig, the clerical pig in both Houses of Congress, the pig on the post-office and other rentals (where the rentals are classed as rentals), and the aggregate price we pay for Membership in the Pork, promotion of the principle of Pushing a Good Thing Along, becomes something like the following:

Free Seeds	\$500,000
Congressional clerical waste, 25 per cent.	400,000
Rental waste	1,500,000
Building waste	32,000,000
Total waste	\$34,400,000

Can You and I face that huge possibility with equanimity or indifference? Can we fancy that it will perpetually stay away from our own roof and shelter and not visit consequences upon us individually as well as collectively?

Suppose, for instance, You or I, in our personal self, have a building which is as available as Mr. Hanna's to rent to the Government for a post-office; how are we going to get it rented if we put it up solely on its own merits and do not have command of as many wires as does Mr. Hanna that lead to Washington and to the council chambers where decisions on these things are made? Or, how are we going to get those wires, if Mr. Hanna has been in the game long before we thought of entering it, and has become part of the chain of political connections by which Congressman Ricketts retains his place in the Capitol? How are You and I, banded together as a town, going to secure an appropriation for a site or a building, even though we have, say, fifty thousand dollars' worth of postal business, as in the case of Stamford, Connecticut, and Montclair and Passaic, New Jersey, when such towns as Bristol and Perth Amboy, with only about half the business, can get both sites and buildings because they can play the game of Pork a little better than we can?

There isn't a State in the Union but displays some such inequity of Federal favor as these instances just mentioned. And in each case somebody, or some town has been "dumped" for some other body or some other town. The You's and I's who have n't "stood in" have had to "stay out;" and we have been bearing the burden and paying the penalty for the carelessness and recklessness of the system to which we have all alike subscribed.

Points in Etiquette

It is not considered complimentary to ask a bill collector to call again.

Fat men should always apologize upon entering a crowded street-car.

It is not necessary to raise your umbrella in an elevator. It will go up of its own accord.

Do not chew gum in the bread-line. It is likely to arouse envy and give you the name of wishing to display your pecuniary superiority.

Introductions are unnecessary at ball games. If you do not know the man sitting next to you, wait until the ball is knocked over the fence and then hit him violently on the back.—ELLIS O. JONES.



Hot Sun Much Thirst

Now be careful. Too much liquid is bad—too little is worse. Don't fill up on ice water—anyway, the more you drink the more you want.

Drink

Coca-Cola

One glass satisfies. It has the wetness—a vim, dash and sparkle that delights parched palates and refreshes tired bodies and brains.

Delicious—Refreshing Thirst-Quenching

5c

Everywhere

Send for Our Free Booklet

"The Truth About Coca-Cola." Tells all about Coca-Cola—what it is and why it is so delicious, wholesome and beneficial. It gives analyses made by scientists and chemists from coast to coast, proving its purity and wholesomeness. Your name and address on a postal will bring you this interesting booklet.

When ever you see an arrow think of Coca-Cola

THE COCA-COLA CO.
Atlanta, Ga.

Fine-Form

TRADE MARK

MATERNITY SKIRT

Registered in U.S. Pat. Office

of great interest to
Every Prospective Mother.

Something new—only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society.—Always drapes evenly in front and back—no bulkiness—no draw-strings—no lacing—no ripping or bursting.—Can be worn the year round.

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

FREE Send for our Fine Illustrated Book—"Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"—It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and users. **10 Days Free Trial.** When you get our book, if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, wear it ten days, and if you don't find it exactly as represented, send it back and we will cheerfully refund every cent paid. Other Skirts—If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you—same guarantee—illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write to-day to

Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. D Buffalo, N. Y.

WARNING

To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the FINE-FORM MATERNITY SKIRT is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back—all substitutes offered will rise in front during development—a fault so repulsive to every woman of refined taste. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patent.

"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 they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

The Morley Phone for the DEAF

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.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 708, Ferry Bldg., Phila.

HARTSHORN

SHADE ROLLERS

Original and unequalled. Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine!

Stewart Hartshorn

MAKE LAST YEARS HAT LOOK NEW

Kemlectric bleaches the dirtiest straw a dazzling white that won't turn yellow. No poison; nothing to stain ribbon. 25c. pkg. cleans 6 straw hats.

KEMLECTRIC CO. 42 MILLARD STATION, CHICAGO

A DETERMINED WOMAN Finally Found a Food that Cured Her

"When I first read of the remarkable effects of Grape-Nuts food, I determined to secure some," says a woman of Salisbury, Mo. "At that time there was none kept in this town, but my husband ordered some from a Chicago traveler."

"I had been greatly afflicted with sudden attacks of cramps, nausea, and vomiting. Tried all sorts of remedies and physicians, but obtained only temporary relief. As soon as I began to use the new food the cramps disappeared and have never returned."

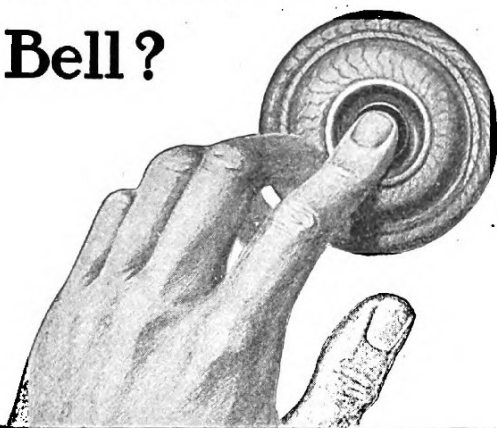
"My old attacks of sick stomach were a little slower to yield, but by continuing the food, that trouble has disappeared entirely. I am today perfectly well, can eat anything and everything I wish, without paying the penalty that I used to. We would not keep house without Grape-Nuts."

"My husband was so delighted with the benefits I received that he has been recommending Grape-Nuts to his customers and has built up a very large trade on the food. He sells them by the case to many of the leading physicians of the county, who recommend Grape-Nuts very generally. There is some satisfaction in using a really scientifically prepared food."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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

Which is Your End of the Bell?



ARE you at another's beck and call, or is your position one that puts and keeps you in the lead at an ever increasing salary?

Only the right training will ensure your success in life. You must "make good" in order to rise above the "wage" crowd. You must be an expert in your chosen line of work.

The International Correspondence Schools can make you an expert without your having to stop work or leave home. You can qualify in your spare time. The I. C. S. has a way for you. Mark the attached coupon and find out. Finding out costs you nothing.

3882 Salaries Raised **VOLUNTARILY** reported by I. C. S. students last year. 338 reported during April. You join these men. Give yourself a chance to succeed in life by marking the coupon NOW.

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's Draftsman
Architect
Structural Engineer
Banking
Mining Engineer
Automobile Operator

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____

State _____

U.S. METAL POLISH

Highest Award, Chicago World's Fair, 1893.
Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904

THE MERCY SIGN

[Continued from page 465]

side; either the third or fourth floor. Would n't have anything else."

"You gave him a definite reservation?" asked Jones.

"Yes; 335 and 336."

"Has the man been here since?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"A Turk, you think?"

"I suppose so. Foreign, anyway."

"Anything about him strike you particularly?"

"Well, he was tall and thin and looked sickly. He talked very soft, too, like a sick man."

The characterization of the Pearlington station agent recurred, to the interrogator's mind. "Had he—er—white hair?" he half yawned.

"No," replied the manager, and, in the same breath, the budding diplomat demanded: "What are you up to, Average? Why should he?"

Average Jones turned to him. "To what other hotels would the Turkish Embassy be likely to send its men?"

"Sometimes their *Charge d'Affaires* goes to the Nederstrom."

"Go up there and find out whether a room has been reserved for Telfik Bey, and if so—"

"They would n't reserve at two hotels, would they?"—"by whom," concluded Average Jones, shaking his head at the interruption. "Find out who occupied or reserved the apartments on either side."

Mr. Thomas Colvin McIntyre lifted a wrinkling eyebrow. "Really, Jones," he observed, "you seem to be employing me rather in the capacity of a messenger boy."

"If you think a messenger boy could do it as well, ring for one," drawled Average Jones, in his mildest voice.

"Meantime, I'll be in the Turk's room here."

Numbers 335 and 336, which the manager opened, after the hasty if somewhat sulky departure of Mr. McIntyre, proved to consist of a small sitting-room, a bedroom and a bath, each with a large window giving on the cross-street well back from Fifth Avenue.

"Here's where he was found." The manager indicated a spot near the wall of the sitting-room and opposite the window. "He had just pushed the button when he fell."

"How do you know that?"

"Bronson, the bellboy on that call, answered. He knocked several times and got no answer. Then he opened the door and saw Mr. Telfik down, all in a heap."

"Where is Bronson?"

"At the hospital, unconscious."

"What from?"

"Shock," the doctors say."

"What—er—about the—er—shot?"

The manager looked startled. "Well, Bronson says that just as he opened the door he saw a bullet cross the room and strike the wall above the body."

"You can't see a bullet in flight."

"He saw this one," insisted the manager. "As soon as it struck it exploded. Three other people heard it."

"What did Bronson do?"

"Lost his head and ran out. He had n't got half-way to the elevator when he fell—in a sort of fainting fit. He came to long enough to tell his story. Then he got terribly nauseated and went off again."

"He's sure the man had fallen before the explosion?"

"Absolutely."

"And he got no answer to his knocking?"

"No. That's why he went in. He thought something might be wrong."

"Had anybody else been in the room or past it within a few minutes?"

"Absolutely no one. The floor-girl's desk is just outside. She must have seen any one going in."

"Has she anything to add?"

"She heard the shot. And, a minute or two before, she had heard and felt a jar from the room."

"Corroborative of the man having fallen before the shot," commented Jones.

"When I got here, five minutes later, he was quite dead," continued the manager.

Evidence of the explosion was very slight to the investigating eye of Average Jones. The wall showed an abrasion, but, as the investigator expected, no bullet hole. Against the leg of a desk he found a small metal shell, which he laid on the table.

"There's your bullet," he observed with a smile.

"It's a cartridge, anyway," cried the hotel man. "He must have been shot, after all."

"From inside the room? Hardly! And certainly not with that. It's a very small fulminate of mercury shell, and never held lead. No. The man was down, if not dead, before that went off."

Average Jones was now at the window. From the desk he took a piece of paper and brushed the contents of the window-sill upon it. A dozen dead flies rolled upon the paper. He examined them thoughtfully, cast them aside and turned back to the manager.

"Who occupy the adjoining rooms?"

"Two maiden ladies *did*, on the east. They've left," said the manager, bitterly. "Been coming here for ten years, and now they've quit. If the facts ever get in the newspapers—"

"What's on the west, adjoining?"

"Nothing. The corridor runs down there."

"Then it is n't probable that any one got into the room from either side."

"Impossible," said the manager.

Here Mr. Thomas Colvin McIntyre arrived with a flushed face.

"You are right, Average," he said. "The same man had reserved rooms at the Nederstrom, for Telfik Bey."

"What's the location?"

"Tenth floor; north side. He had insisted on both details. Nos. 1015, 1017."

"What neighbors?"

"Bond salesman on one side. Rev. and Mrs. Salisbury, of Wilmington, on the other."

"Um-m-m. What's across the street?"

"How should I know? You did n't tell me to ask."

"It's the Glenargan office building; just opened, Mr. Jones," volunteered the manager.

Average Jones walked over to the window, closed it and fastened his handkerchief in the catch. "Leave that there," he directed the manager. "Don't let any one into this room. I'm off."

Stopping to telephone, Average Jones ascertained that there were no vacant offices on the tenth floor, south side of the Glenargan apartment building, facing the Nederstrom Hotel. The last one had been let two weeks before to this he ascertained by judicious questioning—a dark, foreign gentleman who was an expert on rugs. Well satisfied, the investigator crossed over to the skyscraper across from the Palatia. There he demanded of the superintendent a single office on the third floor, facing north. He was taken to a clean and vacant room. One glance out of the window showed him his handkerchief, not opposite, but well to the west.

"Too near Fifth Avenue," he said. "I don't like the roar of the traffic."

"There's one other room on this floor, further along," said the superintendent, "but it isn't in order. Mr. Perkins's time is n't up till day after to-morrow, and his things are there yet. He told the janitor, though, that he was leaving town and would n't bother to take away the things. They aren't worth much. Here's the place."

They entered the office. In it were only a desk, two chairs and a scrap basket. The basket was crammed with newspapers. One of them was the *Hotel Register*. Average Jones found Telfik Bey's name, as he had expected, in its roster.

"I'll give fifty dollars for the furniture as it stands."

"Glad to get it," was the prompt response. "Will you want anything else, now?"

"Yes. Send the janitor here."

That worthy, upon receipt of a considerable benefaction, expressed himself ready to serve the new tenant to the best of his ability.

"Do you know when Mr. Perkins left the building?"

"Yes, sir. This morning, early."

"This morning! Sure it was n't yesterday?"

"Am I sure? Did n't I help him to the street-car and hand him his little package? That sick he was he could n't hardly walk alone."

Average Jones pondered a moment. "Do you think he could have passed the night here?"

"I know he did," was the prompt response. "The scrubwoman heard him when she came this morning."

"Heard him?"

"Yes, sir. Sobbing, like."

The nerves of Average Jones gave a sharp "kickback" like a mis-cracked motor-car. His trend of thought had suddenly been reversed. The devious and scientific slayer of Telfik Bey in tears? It seemed completely out of the picture.

"You may go," said he, and seating himself at the desk, proceeded to an examination of his newly acquired property. The newspapers in the scrap basket, mainly copies of the *Evening Register*, seemed to contain, upon cursory examination, nothing germane to the issue. But, scattered among them, the searcher found a number of fibrous chips. They were short and thick; such chips as might be made by cutting a bamboo pole into cross lengths, convenient for carrying.

The "spirit-wand," observed Average Jones, with gusto. "That was the 'little package,' of course."

Next, he turned his attention to the desk. It was bare, except for a few scraps of paper and some writing implements. But in a crevice there shone a glimmer of glass. With a careful finger-nail Average Jones pushed out a small phial. It had evidently been sealed with lead. Nothing was in it. It's discoverer leaned back and contemplated it with stiffened eyelids. For, upon its tiny, improvised label, was scrawled the "Mercy sign;" mysterious before, now all but incredible.

For silent minutes Average Jones sat bemused. Then, turning in a messenger call, he drew to him a sheet of paper, upon which he slowly and consideringly wrote a few words.

"You get a dollar extra if this reaches the advertising desk of the *Register* office within half an hour," he advised the uniformed urchin, who seized the paper and fled forthwith.

PART IV.

Punctuality was a virtue which Average Jones had cultivated to the point of a fad. Hence it was with some discountenance that his clerk was obliged to apologize for his lateness, first, at 4 P. M. of August 30, to a very dapper and spruce young gentleman in pale mauve spats, who wouldn't give his name; then at 4:05 P. M. of the same day to Prof. Gehren, of the Metropolitan University; and finally at 4:30 P. M. to Mr. Robert Bertram. When, only a moment before five, the Ad-Visor entered, the voice of his apology was more absent than fervent.

Bertram held out a newspaper to him.

"Cast your eye on that," said he. "The *Register* fairly reeks with freaks lately."

Average Jones read aloud.

SMITH-PERKINS, formerly 74 Bellair—Send map present location H. C. Turkish Triumph about smoked out. MERCY—Box 34, Office.

"It's my work," he observed, mildly.

The three visitors stared at him in silence.

"Rather a forlorn hope, but sometimes a bluff will go."

"If H. C. indicates Harvey Craig, as I infer," said Prof. Gehren impatiently, "are you so infantile as to suppose that his murderer will give information about him?"

"Average Jones drew a letter from his pocket, glanced at it and called for a number in Hackensack."

"Take the phone, Prof. Gehren," he said, when the reply came. "It's the Cairns Hospital. Ask for information about Harvey Craig."

With absorbed intentness the other three listened to the one-sided conversation.

"Hello! . . . May I speak to Mr. Harvey Craig's doctor? . . . This is Prof. Gehren of the Metropolitan University . . . Thank you, doctor. How is he?"

. . . Very grave? . . . Ah, has been very grave.

. . . Wholly out of danger? . . . What was the nature of his illness? . . . When may I see him?"

. . . Very well. I will visit the hospital to-morrow

morning. Thank you. . . . I should have expected that you would notify me of his presence." . . . A long silence intervened, then "Good-bye."

"It is most inexplicable," declared Prof. Gehren, turning to the others. "The doctor states that Harvey was brought there at night, by a foreigner who left a large sum of money to pay for his care, and certain suggestions for his treatment. One detail, carefully set down in writing, was that if reddish or purple dots appeared under Harvey's nails, he was to be told that Mr. Smith released him and advised his sending for his friends at once."

"Reddish or purple dots, eh?" repeated Average Jones. "I should like—er—to have talked with—er—that doctor before you cut off."

"And I, sir," said the professor, with the grim repression of the thinker stirred to wrath, "should like to interview this stranger."

"Perfectly feasible, I think," returned Average Jones.

"You don't mean that you've located him already!" cried young Mr. McIntyre.

"He was so obliging as to save me the trouble."

Average Jones held up the letter from which he had taken the Cairns Hospital's telephone number. "The advertisement worked to a charm. Mr. Smith gives his address in this, and intimates that I may call upon him."

Bertram stared.

"You're going to see him, then?"

"At once."

"Did I understand you to imply that I am at liberty to accompany you?" inquired Prof. Gehren.

"If you care to take the risk."

"Think there'll be excitement?" asked Bertram languidly. "I'd like to go along."

Average Jones nodded. "One or a dozen; I fancy it will be all the same to Smith."

"You think we'll find him dead?" Young Mr. McIntyre leaped to this conclusion. "Count me in on it."

"N—no; not dead."

"Perhaps his friend 'Mercy' has gone back on him, then," suggested Mr. McIntyre, unabashed.

"Yes; I rather think that's it," said Average Jones, in a curious accent. "'Mercy' has gone back on him, I believe, though I can't quite accurately place her as yet. Here's the taxi," he broke off. "All aboard that's going aboard. But it's likely to be dangerous."

Across town and far up the East Side whizzed the car, over the bridge that leads away from Manhattan Island to the north, and through quiet streets as little known to the average New Yorker as are Hong Kong and Caracas. In front of a frame house it stopped. On a side porch, over which bright roses swarmed like children clambering into a hospitable lap, sat a man with a gray face. He was tall and slender, and his hair, a dingy black, was already showing worn streaks where the color had faded. At Average Jones he gazed with unconcealed surprise.

"Ah; it is *you*!" he exclaimed. "You," he smiled, "are the 'Mercy' of the advertisement?"

"Yes."

"And these gentlemen?"

"Are my friends."

"You will come in?"

Average Jones examined a nodding rose with an indulgent, almost a paternal, expression.

"If you—er—think it—er—safe," he murmured.

"Assuredly."

As if exacting a pledge the young man held out his hand. The older one unhesitatingly grasped it. Average Jones turned the long fingers, which enclosed his, back-upwards, and glanced at them.

"Ah," he said, and nodded soberly, "so, it is that."

"Yes; it is that," assented the other. "I perceive that you have communicated with Mr. Craig. How is he?"

"Out of danger."

"That is well. A fine and manly youth. I should have sorely regretted it if—"

Prof. Gehren broke in upon him. "For the peril in which you have involved him, sir, you have to answer to me, his guardian."

The foreigner raised a hand. "He was without family or ties. I told him the danger. He accepted it. Once he was careless—and one is not careless twice in that work. But he was fortunate, too. I, also, was fortunate in that the task was then so far advanced that I could complete it alone. I got him to the hospital at night; no matter how. For his danger and illness I have indemnified him in the sum of \$10,000. Is it enough?"

Prof. Gehren bowed.

"And you, Mr. Jones. Are you a detective?"

"No; merely a follower of strange trails—by taste."

"Ah. You have set yourself to a dark one. You wish to know how Telfik Bey"—his eyes narrowed and glinted—"came to his reward. Will you enter, gentlemen?"

"I know this much," replied Average Jones as, followed by his friends, he passed through the door which their host held open. "With young Craig as assistant, you prepared, in the loneliest part of the Hackensack Meadows, some kind of poison which, I believe, can be made with safety only in the open air."

The foreigner smiled and shook his head.

"Not with safety, even then," he said. "But go on."

"You found that your man was coming to New York. Knowing that he would probably put up at the Palatia or the Nederstrom, you reserved rooms for him at both, and took an office across from each. As it was hot weather, you calculated upon his windows being open. You watched for him. When he came you struck him down in his own room with the poison."

"But how?" It was the diplomat who interrupted.

"I think with a long blow-gun."

"By George!" said Bertram softly. "So the spirit-wand of bamboo was a blow-gun! What led you to that, Average?"

"The spirit rappings which the talky woman in the Bellair Street apartment used to hear. That and the remnants of putty I found near the window. You see, the doors opening through the whole length of the apartment gave a long range, where Mr.—er—Smith could practise. He had a sort of target on the window, and every time he blew a putty ball Mrs. Doubletongue heard the spirit. Am I right, sir?"

The host bowed.

"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"

"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"

"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"

"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"

"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"

"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"

"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"

"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"

"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"

"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"

"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"

"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"

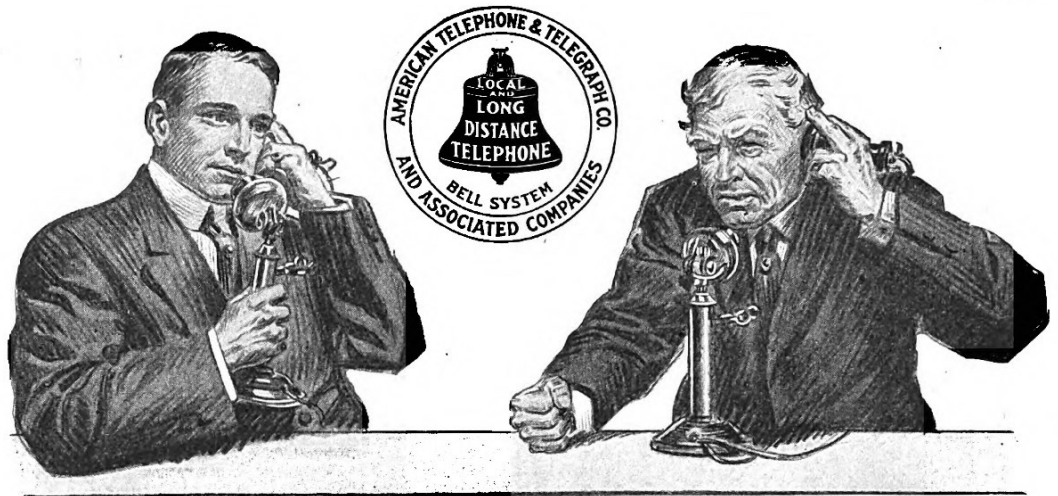
"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"

"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"

"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"

"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"

"The fumes, whatever they were, killed swiftly?"



Dr. Jekyll *and* Mr. Hyde At the Telephone

Courteous and considerate co-operation is as essential at the telephone as in the office or home.

In every use of the telephone system, three human factors are brought into action—one at each end, one or both anxious and probably impatient, another at the central office, an expert, at least as intelligent and reliable as the best stenographers or bookkeepers.

For the time being, this central office factor is the personal servant of the other two and

is entitled to the same consideration that is naturally given to their regular employees.

Perfect service depends upon the perfect co-ordinate action of all three factors—any one failing, the service suffers. This should never be forgotten.

All attempts to entirely eliminate the personal factor at the central office, to make it a machine, have been unsuccessful. There are times when no mechanism, however ingenious, can take the place of human intelligence.

The marvelous growth of the Bell System has made the use of the telephone universal and the misuse a matter of public concern. Discourtesy on the part of telephone users is only possible when they fail to realize the efficiency of the service. It will cease when they talk over the telephone as they would talk face to face.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy,

One System,

Universal Service.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

**"The Most Effective of the Natural Mineral Waters" and
"Strikingly Superior to Lithia Tablets" in Bright's Disease,
Albuminuria, Renal Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism, Etc.**

Dr. I. N. Love, New York City, former Professor of Clinical Medicine and Diseases of Children, College of Physicians and Surgeons and in Marion Sims College of Medicine, St. Louis, Vice-President of American Medical Association, 1895, etc., in an article in Medical Mirror, February, 1901, says: "While being the most effective of the natural mineral waters, it is strikingly superior to emergency solutions of lithia tablets and pure water, even where the said solution is an exceedingly strong one."

Dr. Alexander B. Mott, New York, Professor Surgery, Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Surgeon Bellevue Hospital: "In the Gouty Diathesis, Chronic Inflammation of the Bladder and other diseases affecting the Urinary Organs, it may be relied on to give the most satisfactory results."

The Late Prof. W. B. Towles, M. D., of the University of Virginia, had "no hesitancy whatever in saying that for Stone in the Bladder . . . I know of no remedy at all comparable to it."

Medical testimonials mailed. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.
Hotel at Springs Opens June 15th

**BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA
SPRINGS, VIRGINIA**



Four-Square Advertising

6.—The Important Part It Plays in Securing Maximum Results

If a diagram could be made, in graphic form, showing the actual results of any advertising campaign upon the general public mind, it would form an interesting and valuable object for study and investigation. It would show that some individual minds, of a volatile and impressionable nature, are brought to the buying point by a single advertisement; that others are brought close to the buying point; that many are lifted but a small fraction of the way; that a great majority are affected almost imperceptibly.

As the campaign progressed, it would be noted that while many minds were influenced to the buying point, the bulk of those who see the advertising and should become purchasers fail to do so. In numbers this class is very large; it is also very important.

What is the trouble? What is needed to influence the maximum possible percentage of these people in so strong a manner that they will become purchasers?

Often the advertising falls short in convincing quality. Often it is not four-square; it protests too much.

More often still it appears in bad company. It is placed with regard to bulk of circulation only—shoulder to shoulder with manifest fakes and unclean propositions. It suffers from this as does the reputé of a man seen frequently emerging from a low groggery. In the minds of those who are hard to convince it becomes associated with evil things.

This is the solution of the problem of winning the custom of the great army of the almost persuaded: Advertise in Four-Square mediums; those which avoid even the appearance of evil; those which protect, on a money-back basis, their subscribers against misrepresentation of any nature.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE is a Four-Square Medium.

FRANK E. MORRISON
Advertising Manager
Success Magazine Bldg., New York

HARRY T. EVANS
Western Advertising Manager
Home Insurance Bldg., Chicago

Copyright 1910 by The Success Company, New York

"They did. Instantly; mercifully. Too mercifully." "How could you know it was fumes?" demanded Mr. Thomas Colvin McIntyre.

"By the dead flies, the effect upon the bellboy, and the fact that no wound was found on the body. Then, too, there was the fulminate of mercury shell.

"Of what possible use was that?" asked Professor Gehren.

"A question that I've asked myself, sir, a great many times over in the last twenty-four hours. Perhaps Mr. Smith could answer that best."

"I think the shell was blown through the blowpipe to clear the deadly fumes from the room before anyone else should suffer."

"You are right, sir, and I thank you," said the foreigner. He drew himself up weakly but with pride. "Gentlemen, I am not a murderer. I am an avenger. It would have gone hard with my conscience had any innocent person met death through me. As for that Turkish dog, you shall fudge for yourself whether he did not die too easily."

From among the papers in a *tiroir* against the wall he took a French journal, and read, translating fluently. The article was a bald account of the torture, outrage and massacre of Armenian women and girls, at Adana, by the Turks. The most hideous portion of it was briefly descriptive of the atrocities perpetrated by order of a high Turkish official upon a mother and two young daughters. "An Armenian prisoner, being dragged by in chains, had gone mad at the sight," the correspondent stated.

"I was that prisoner," said the reader. "The official was Telfik Bey. I saw my naked daughter break from the soldiers and run to him, pleading for pity, as he sat his horse; and I saw him strike his spur into her bare breast. My wife, the mother of my children—"

"Don't!" The protest came from the Fifth Assistant Secretary of State.

He had risen. His smooth-skinned face was contracted, and the sweat stood beaded on his forehead. "I—I can't stand it. I've got my duty to do. This man has made a confession."

"Your pardon," said the foreigner. "I have lived and fed on and slept with that memory—and others—since. On my release I left my country. The enterprise of which I had been the head, dye-stuff manufacturing, had interested me in chemistry. I went to England to study further. Thence I came to America to wait."

"You have heard his confession, all of you," said young Mr. McIntyre, rising. "I shall have him put under arrest pending advice from Washington."

"You may save yourself the trouble, I think, Tommy," drawled Average Jones. "Mr. Smith will never be called to account in this world for the murder—the execution of Telfik Bey."

"You saw the marks on my finger-nails," said the foreigner. "That is the sure sign. I may live twenty-four hours; I may live twice or three times that period. The poison does its work, once it gets into the blood, and there is no help. It matters nothing. My ambition is satisfied."

"And it is because of this that you let us find you?" asked Bertram.

"I had a curiosity to know who had so strangely traced my actions."

"But what was the poison?" asked Prof. Gehren.

"I think Mr. Jones has more than a suspicion," replied the doomed man, with a smile. "You will find useful references on yonder shelf, Mr. Jones."

Moving across to the shelf, Average Jones took down a heavy volume and ran quickly over the leaves.

"Ah!" he said presently, and not noticing, in his ab-

sorption, that the host had crossed again to the *tiroir* and was quietly searching in a compartment, he read aloud:

Little is known of cyanide of cadodyl, in its action the swiftest and most deadly of existing poisons. In the 40's, Bunsen, the German chemist, combined oxide of cadodyl with cyanogen, a radical of prussic acid, producing cyanide of cadodyl, or di-methyl arsine cyanide. As both of its components are of the deadliest description, it is extremely dangerous to make. It can be made only in the open air, and not without the most extreme precaution known to science. Mr. Lacelles Scott of England, nearly lost his life experimenting with it in 1904. A small fraction of a grain gives off vapor sufficient to kill a human being instantly.

"Had you known about this stuff, Average?" asked Bertram.

"No, I'd never heard of it. But from its action and from the letters I judged that—"

"This is all very well," broke in Mr. Assistant Secretary Thomas Colvin McIntyre, "but I want this man arrested. How can we know that he is n't shamming and may not escape us, after all?"

"By this," retorted their host. He held aloft a small glass vial, lead-sealed, and staggered weakly to the door. "Stop him!" said Average Jones sharply.

The door closed on the words. There was a heavy fall without, followed by the light tinkle of glass.

Average Jones, who had half crossed the room in a leap, turned to his friends, warning them back.

"Too late. We can't go out yet. Wait for the fumes to dissipate."

They stood, the four men, rigid. Presently Average Jones, opening a rear window, leaped to the ground, followed by the others, and came around the corner of the porch. The dead man lay with a peaceful face. Professor Gehren uncovered.

"God forgive him," he said. "Who shall say that he was not right?"

"Not I," said the young assistant secretary in awed tones. "I'm glad he—escaped. But what am I to do? Here we are with a dead body on our hands—and a state secret to be kept from the prying police."

Average Jones stood for a moment, then he entered the room and called up the coroner's office on the phone.

"Listen, you men," he said. Then, to the official who answered: "There's a suicide at 428 Elliver Avenue, the Bronx. Four of us witnessed it. We had come to keep an appointment with the man in connection with a discovery he claimed in metallurgy, and found him dying. Yes; we will wait here. Good-by."

Returning to the porch again, he cleared away the fragments of glass, aided by Bertram. To one of these clung a shred of paper. For all his languid self-control the club dilettante shivered a little as he thrust at it with a stick.

"Look, Average; it's the 'Mercy' sign again. What a hideous travesty!"

Average Jones shook his head.

"It isn't 'Mercy,' Bert. It's the label that he attached, for precaution, to everything that had to do with his deadly stuff. The formula for cyanide of cadodyl is 'Me-zcy'. It was the scrawly handwriting that misled; that's all."

"So I was right when I suggested that his 'Mercy' had gone back on him," said Mr. Thomas Colvin McIntyre, with a semi-hysterical giggle.

Average Jones looked from the peaceful face of the dead to the label, fluttering in the light breeze.

"No," he said gravely. "You were wrong. It was his friend to the last."

Marriage in America

[Continued from page 469]

and they have yet to appreciate the proposition . . . that until we have learned how to keep alive all the healthy babies now born—that is to say, not less than ninety per cent. of all, the babies in the slums included—it is monstrous to cry for more to be similarly slain. These bewailings about our mercifully falling birth rate, uncoupled with any attention to the slaughter of the children actually born, are pitiable in their blindness and would be lamentable if they had any effect—of which there is fortunately no sign whatever, but indeed the contrary."

An Unconscious Believer in Eugenics

Thus far the eugenists seem to have gone on the assumption that the masses are densely ignorant of their doctrines. This investigation may perhaps bring them encouragement. For, so far as the business girl is concerned, if she were rid of her besetting temptations and free to follow out her ideals, it would not be long before "the right of the child to be well-born would become the paramount consideration" in a large part of America. Perhaps, even so, that great time is nearer than we dream. Perhaps it is just around the corner.

The business girl's ideals, as well, of a possible husband are, with a few exceptions, more eugenic than those of the factory girl. One exception is the high income which they demand for him. For this demand, though it insures better conditions for the possible children, tends to raise the average age at which the girls marry, thus increasing their chances of falling victims to the violent temptations of business life and lessening by just so much their chances of marrying at all.

Other exceptions are their views on extravagance, their leniency toward drink; and, worst of all, their dense ignorance of the menace of "the great black plague." "It is no crime," writes Dr. Saleeby with bitter irony, "for a man to marry, infect his innocent bride and their children: no crime against the laws of our little lawgivers, but a heinous outrage against Nature's decrees. When, at last, our laws are based on Nature's laws, criminal marriages of this kind may be put an end to."

It is my belief that the "murderous silence" which has been preserved about this distressing subject will soon be broken by an outburst of popular indignation. Already the first faint rumors have been heard. Besides the above, other constructive suggestions have already been made. It is urged that doctors who know that their patients are going to marry against their advice should be relieved of the obligations of keeping "the professional secret;" that parents should insist on their daughter's fiancé, presenting a clean bill of health from their own physician as well as from his; and that the State should establish a Bureau of Health Marriage Licenses. Each of these proposals is, of course, open to objection. But this is natural; for we have only begun to let the light in upon this loathsome problem.

Allowing, however for such things, the ideals of the girl of business hold out a rich eugenic promise. But, alas, this must be heavily discounted by the fact that business girls are exposed to such heavy temptations. It follows, then, that few reforms promise more for the future of America than a rise in the wages of the business girl, except, perhaps, a rise in the factory conditions.

Higher Wages the Chief Need

This would attack the business girl's temptations in two ways. It would make it possible for her to dress decently within her income; and it would better her social position. This would make the men treat her with more consideration and respect.

All in all, the business girl is a most encouraging social phenomenon. For—temptations apart—both her character and her environment fit her to make a wise marriage choice from high motives, and to be a good wife and mother. Upon her should be centered much of our hope for the coming America.

In the next article we shall try to learn whether the Girl of Leisure—for all her social elevation—holds as great a promise for our country's future as the girl of business.



Working for Himself NOW Owes Success to our Teaching

THIS man now dictates to his own stenographer instead of taking dictation himself from an employer. Our instruction is responsible for the change.

The first lessons enable you to start a collection business of your own. The full course gives you complete mastery of it. We built up our own successful Collection Business by the same methods we teach you. Don't neglect this opportunity to get the fruits of your own work.

Fresno, California, Sept 8, 1909.
The American Collection Service,
Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:—I am gratified with my progress in the Collection Business and now have about 150 clients. My collections in July paid me \$350.00 profits approximately. This is very good considering that I was deplorably ignorant of the collection business when I began last year. Your course of instruction deserves all the credit. Very truly yours, S. M. BALLARD.

THE AMERICAN COLLECTION SERVICE
339 State Street, Detroit, Mich.



RECREATION The Round-up Number

THAT is what the newsdealers call the July number of RECREATION.

There really are no cattle in it—though plenty of skylarking cowboys and galloping cowponies. It contains RECREATION'S 1910 round-up of information for vacationists; a mighty big round-up, too.

From salmon fishing in Labrador to quail shooting in the San Domingo valley, 'way down in Lower California, and from mountain climbing in Alaska to touring around Lake Champlain in a roadcart, is a grown-up, man's size "circle," as the cowboys say.

No matter where you live or how you purpose spending your vacation—or even if you will have no vacation—you will be glad if you buy a copy of this splendid Round-Up Number. Special articles on **Camping, Canoeing, Tramping, Boating, Fishing, Hunting, Amateur Exploration, Mountain Climbing, Horseback Trips, etc., etc.** Timely information concerning where to go, how to go and what to take. Full of inspiration, bound to help you have a good time—the jolliest, cheeriest, "usefulest" companion just now. All news-stands—a quarter. Ask for

RECREATION FOR JULY

Old Well Well

[Continued from page 461]

Burt's lithe shoulders swung powerfully. The meeting of ball and bat fairly cracked. The low driving hit lined over second a rising glittering streak, and went far beyond the center-fielder.

Bleachers and stands uttered one short cry, almost a groan, and then stared at the speeding runners. For an instant, approaching doom could not have been more dreaded. Magoon scored. Cless was rounding second when the ball lit. If Burt was running swiftly when he turned first he had only got started, for then his long sprinter's stride lengthened and quickened. At second he was flying; beyond second he seemed to merge into a gray flitting shadow.

I gripped my seat straining the uproar within me. Where was the applause? The fans were silent, choked as I was, but from a different cause. Cless crossed the plate with a score that defeated New York; still the tension never laxed until Burt beat the ball home in as beautiful a run as ever thrilled an audience.

In the bleak dead pause of amazed disappointment Old Well-Well lifted his hulking figure and loomed, towered over the bleachers. His wide shoulders spread, his broad chest expanded, his breath whistled as he drew it in. One fleeting instant his transfigured face shone with a glorious light. Then, as he threw back his head and opened his lips, his face turned purple, the muscles of his cheeks and jaw rippled and strung, the veins on his forehead swelled into bulging ridges. Even the back of his neck grew red.

"WELL!—WELL!!—WELL!!!"

Ear-splitting stentorian blast! For a moment I was deafened. But I heard the echo ringing from the cliff, a pealing clarion call, beautiful and wonderful, winding away in hollow reverberation, then breaking out anew from building to building in clear concatenation.

A sea of faces whirled in the direction of that long unheard yell. Burt had stopped statue-like as if stricken in his tracks; then he came running, darting among the spectators who had leaped the fence.

Old Well-Well stood a moment with slow glance lingering on the tumult of emptying bleachers, on the moving mingling colors in the grand-stand, across the green field to the gray clad players. He staggered forward and fell.

Before I could move, a noisy crowd swarmed about him, some solicitous, many facetious. Young Burt leaped the fence and forced his way into the circle. Then they were carrying the old man down to the field and toward the club-house.

A handsome bright-faced youth passed me with a smile on his lips and a gleam of fun in his blue eyes. "That was Old Well-Well. Soused! Gee! What a bun he must have had not to wake up till the last of this game!"

I waited until the bleachers and field were empty. When I finally went out there was a crowd at the gate surrounding an ambulance. I caught a glimpse of Old Well-Well. He lay white and still, but his eyes were open, smiling intently. Young Burt hung over him with a pale and agitated face. Then a bell clanged and the ambulance clattered away.

A Renegade Mother

[Continued from page 474]

minded them, if they had not always insisted on "doing" her. She strove to smile.

"That's right, bear up, Janey!" were Mr. Tillinghast's cruel words of encouragement, "There's plenty coming to you. For just as soon as the Missus gets through, I'm going to take a hack at you myself."

"Yes, you may go," Mrs. Tillinghast was saying to Freddie. "Give Mrs. Blair my love and tell her to send you home the moment you're bad, which will be the instant you get there, to judge from the way you've acted this morning."

"Yes, marmar," Freddie answered in the dulled accents which soothe mothers. "Sammy-Boy!" he screeched suddenly, having paid his toll of consideration to adult ears.

Sammy-Boy appeared. He was very different from Freddie. He was little. He was slender. He was angelic. Flaxen curls blew off his forehead. Big blue eyes fixed themselves in serious examination on Janey's face.

Janey immediately recognized the only masculine type she could endure. Gentle, tender, innocent—Sammy-Boy could be led about by the nose.

"Hullo, Sammy-Boy," she said in the saccharin tones which she reserved for the really young. "What a nice little boy you've grown to be! I remember perfectly, Sammy-Boy, when you were nothing but a baby. Take my hand, dear, and we'll go over to the house now."

Rarely had Sammy-Boy been so skilfully patronized. He fairly clung to the hand Janey held out. And until that day's sun set, he hardly removed his awed blue eyes from Janey's face.

Caroline descried the procession from the piazza and raced to join it.

"I have something to tell you, children, that's a



Ever Realize

the enormous percent of Food
Material contained in a pack-
age of

Grape-Nuts

In 100 parts of this world-famed food
there are only about 2 parts waste!

Grape-Nuts is made of whole-wheat and barley, and contains all the rich food elements of these cereals prepared in such form (through scientific processes) that the food is rapidly digested. Thus quickly supplying the system with true food.

In making Grape-Nuts, the natural, elemental salts—"vital phosphates" (grown in the grains) are retained for the great and important use for which Nature has placed them in these grains:

These vital phosphates combine with the albuminous substances ("proteids") of the food for rebuilding worn-out brain, nerve and other tissue-cells.

Thus the value of food material in Grape-Nuts is extended beyond that of an easily digested food. It presents the starchy portion partially predigested, and also contains these vital parts for the rebuilding of Brain and Nerve cells.

These facts will be clear after using Grape-Nuts and cream regularly—say 10 days, or longer—

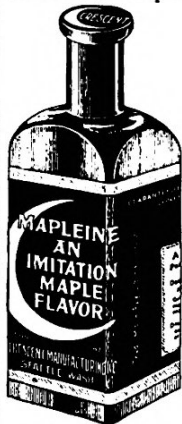
"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Uncooked Icing made with Mapleine

(BETTER THAN MAPLE)

Another Mapleine product of rare and delicious goodness. No opportunity to spoil in the cooking. Nothing to detract from the *natural* flavor of all its ingredients. It is indeed the masterpiece of icing. Try it.



Make as follows:—Crack one egg into a saucepan and add one half teaspoon of Mapleine mixed with one tablespoon of water, beat and add one tablespoon of powdered sugar. Continue to beat and add the same amount of powdered sugar until frosting is thick enough to spread on cake.

Send for our free recipe book called "Mapleine Dainties" and make other Mapleine delights—candies, table syrup, puddings, sauces, cakes, pudding-sauces, fudges, ice cream, icing, caramel, pinoche and many other delicious Maple flavored sweets. In fact Mapleine can be used as a flavoring the same as lemon or vanilla.

Grocers sell Mapleine.

If not send us 35c. for two oz. bottle and recipe book.

Desk M., CRESCENT MFG. CO.
Seattle, Wash.

You Want the Best Condensed Milk—Don't You? Well, That's

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND



The Original and World's Standard
It Has No Equal for Nursery and Household

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

Est. 1857

"Leaders of Quality"

NEW YORK

THE Quinn-Campbell Conservatory of Music has a home-study course that is so far ahead of any other method that there is no comparison—time, cost and results considered. A pupil goes farther, the instruction costs less, the time is shorter, the results are certain.

There are a lot of parents who think that one teacher is as good as another. The deciding point is price, forgetting, if they ever knew, that low prices and poor teaching go together.

Most fathers and mothers pay the price for first-class instruction in music and get worse than none. Their indolence in looking into the matter beforehand is one of the reasons why there are so many poor teachers. You can't afford a poor teacher; lessons would be expensive if given away.

We pay your tuition in the Quinn-Campbell Conservatory of Music in exchange for a few hours' work among your relatives and friends.

Send for particulars! Fill out coupon and mail to-day.

The Peoples University

P. O. Box 1155
University City, St. Louis, Mo.

CUT HERE

THE PEOPLES UNIVERSITY,
P. O. Box 1155,
University City, St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, full information about your Courses in Music.

My Purpose

Name

St. and No.

City..... State.....

secret," Janey announced in tones of honey. "Let's go to the fairy pond where we won't be interrupted."

The "fairy pond" was a mud-hole, surrounded by big rocks and high bushes, ornamenting one corner of the Blair place.

"Sit down!" Janey ordered. The children dropped as if props had suddenly been knocked from under them. Janey ensconced herself where she could look into their faces.

"Now, children," she began dulcetly, "what I'm going to tell you is very important and you must listen hard. In the first place we're going to start right this minute to stop being children and get grown-up. We're going to be a crowd. Do you understand? Freddie is the crowd and I'm the crowd, and Caroline, you and Sammy-Boy are the crowd. Whenever anybody asks you where you're going, you must say: 'I'm going off with the crowd.' Do you understand?"

The "crowd" nodded. Freddie, lolling against a rock, curled a patronizing lip. "I've belonged to many a crowd," he averred.

"But you must understand one thing," Janey went on, ignoring Freddie's claim to omniscience. "It's all a secret—I mean what we do or say. You mustn't tell anybody. You mustn't tell—" She paused and fluttered visibly for a stronger phrase. Losing her grammatical bearings, she clinched her ukase in the easiest way possible. "You mustn't tell *nobody*."

Again the "crowd" nodded. But a look of alarm was growing in Sammy-Boy's angelic eyes. "Can't I tell marmar?" he asked.

Janey's teeth came together in an exasperating click. This was what came of association with minors—they would drag mothers in. But she managed to suppress all oral signs of irritation. "If she asks you," she said, employing strategy. "Now there's another crowd in Scarsett. Elsa Morgan's in it and Cordy West and Pink Hollis and Edward Hollis and a whole lot more boys and girls. But we are to have nothing to do with them—do you understand?"

"I would n't belong to their old crowd," Freddie said scornfully. He arched still further his contumacious nostril. "Not if they paid me."

"When you're a crowd, you act very different." Janey's air was that of one who having talked theory for a while, comes gratefully down to hard facts. "And you don't believe in foolish things any longer like fairies and Santa Claus and putting salt on birds' tails."

"But we must believe in Jonah and things in Sunday-school, mustn't we?" Freddie said, putting obstacles in the way of iconoclasm, after the fashion of the unoriginal.

"Oh, of course!" Janey's tone was shocked. "We must believe everything in Sunday-school. Why, we can't be—be—be—" Janey cast unavailingly about in her vocabulary for a fearful term of aspersion. In despair, she borrowed, but without comprehension, from Uncle Jim. "We can't be bromides," she ended.

The "crowd" looked horrified. Undoubtedly, to turn bromide was to go beyond the pale.

"Now, besides being a crowd," Janey hurried past what had nearly been her Waterloo, "we must be beaux and girls. Caroline, you are to be Sammy-Boy's girl and Freddie, I'm going to be your girl." She paused to note the effect of this edict.

Caroline received it with the docility with which she received all Janey-made mandates.

Sammy-Boy's angelic eyes grew round, as though life had suddenly unloosed heavy responsibilities.

Freddie seemed only a little more visibly to swell with importance. "I've got a girl in London," he said, "and another in Paris. I don't know as I ought to have one in Scarsett."

Janey's look discovered no rancor, but her small face froze to its steeliest look of determination. "You've got to have me for your girl or leave the crowd, Freddie," she remarked.

Freddie back-pedaled hastily. "All right. I don't know that I've got to tell them," he said, reverting to his private perplexities.

Apparently, there was no sting for Janey even in this. Perhaps hers was an engagement of convenience.

"Now the first thing we have to do," she went smoothly on, "is to give each other something. Sammy-Boy, what can you give Caroline?"

Sammy-Boy considered this problem with the encouraging earnestness with which he had taken the whole situation. "A box of A-B-Thee blockths," he said at last.

"I shall give Janey a ring that I got in a box of candy in Rome," remarked the Don Juan of the crowd.

"That's fine, Freddie." For the first time Janey approved her fiancé. "A ring's the best thing, I think. I shall give you a tie that Uncle Jim gave me for my dolls." She addressed herself to the "crowd" again.

"After this, we must walk everywhere together and we must laugh and talk all the time. We must have secrets. That's the most troublesome thing. I shall have to think up a whole lot of secrets. Elsa Morgan's crowd all wear blue ribbons about their ankles when they go in bathing. Of course we don't want to do just what they do, but, maybe, we can draw something on our arms with colored chalk and p'tend it's been tattooed. And then, Caroline, you and I must make something for the boys. Elsa Morgan's crowd made ties, but mother says I'm too little to crochet,

so I say we make daisy chains. Let's go and pick the daisies now."

At the prospect of action at last, the "crowd" leaped to its feet.

"Remember, Freddie and Sammy-Boy," Janey said as they entered the daisy-field, "that you must always walk and talk with your girl and help her over fences. And remember," she added, as they emerged at sunset after an afternoon of exhausting floral occupation, "the crowd meets right after breakfast to-morrow at my house."

"I may be a little late," Freddie said, resorting to male coquetry. "I promised my girl in London that I'd write to her as soon as I got to Scarsett."

But even this did not draw blood. In fact, Janey brightened perceptibly, for among her other accomplishments was the art of ready letter-writing. "Do it over to my house," she said; "if you can't think of anything, I'll tell you what to say. If she's a nice little girl, I'll write too."

Unquestionably, Janey's was an engagement of convenience.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday went by. The "crowd," in good running order now, was a model machine. Each day it followed a program which deviated not a hair's breadth from that of the day before.

In the morning it went to the post-office. It marched two by two, Janey and Freddie in the front, Caroline and Sammy-Boy in the rear.

On the road it always met Elsa Morgan and her crowd. Janey's "Hullo!" thrown at random into it was a marvel of nonchalant triumph, on which the indifference of their answering "Hullo, kids!" made not even a scratch.

Every morning or every afternoon, according as the tide served, they went in bathing. And bathing was a gracefully managed affair nowadays, patterned closely—except for deep-sea swimming—on that of Elsa Morgan's crowd. They lay about on the hot sands in their bathing suits, interrupting their talk to take an occasional dip and interrupting their bathing to take up their conversation exactly where they had left it. In the time between they took long, sedate walks up the road and across the cliffs, or Janey read aloud, or they sat about the fairy pond and indulged in instructive *causerie*.

Janey sustained a high order of conversation, to which it must be confessed that Freddie, trained cosmopolite that he was, was a little inadequate. But what Freddie lacked in psychological insight and in philosophic depth, he made up in foreign allusion. Caroline and Sammy-Boy, trotting to keep up, drank avidly from these Olympian springs.

"Caroline, dear, you should talk to Sammy-Boy," Janey remonstrated once.

"But, Janey, I want to hear what you're thaying," Caroline said naively.

"And tho do I," added Sammy-Boy.

By the end of two days Sammy-Boy and Caroline had quite accepted this smooth, suave existence. Freddie was in his element. He had actually begun to dress the part. On a previous Christmas somebody had given him a little cane. He carried it always now and swung it in perfect imitation of his father, who never walked without a stick. Janey, herself, conscientiously went over every day with colored chalks the tattoo marks which, on wrist and ankle, constituted the secret insignia of the "crowd." She conscientiously wore Freddie's ring. Every two days she conscientiously hunted up something to give Freddie. Every third day Freddie responded in kind.

Life was perfect.

And yet—

"Caroline Benton," Janey said one day, "don't you miss your dollies?"

"No," Caroline said placidly, "I don't. I love the 'crowd' better than anything I ever played. Don't you, Janey?"

"Oh, of course," Janey said with a suspicious surplusage of emphasis. "But do you mean to tell me, Caroline Benton, that you don't ever think of your babies all alone up in that hot attic?"

"No," Caroline said, "I don't. How soon will the 'crowd' meet again, Janey?"

Ah, yes, life was perfect.

But—

"Child High-Brow," said Uncle Jim, "will you tell your poor old purblind, doting Uncle Jim what it is that you find so fascinating about that slick, pompous, self-adoring, insufferable little donkey of a Fred Tillinghast? It's all I can do to keep rude hands off him when he's about."

Uncle Jim wrote novels and was, of course, a person not at all to be taken seriously. And so Janey, who knew exactly what he meant, and knew, moreover, that he knew that she knew exactly what he meant—their understanding of each other being fairly hypnotic—answered:

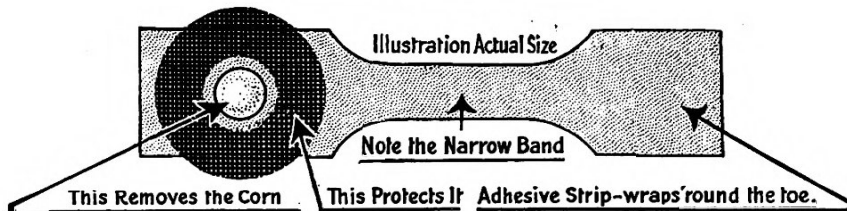
"Uncle Jim, I think you're horrid. Freddie is a very nice little boy and I like him."

And again Uncle Jim, three mornings hand-running: "Child High-Brow, why grouchest thou?"

Whereupon Janey: "Uncle Jim, I'm perfectly happy. I never had such a good time in my life."

At which Uncle Jim shook his head and said, "It is

Two Days End the Corn



The way to relieve and **remove** corns is this: Place the downy felt ring of a Blue-jay Corn Plaster about the corn. That will protect it from chafing, stopping the pain at once.

It also allows a wonderful bit of medication to rest on the corn and go to work.

48 hours after, you can lift the corn out in its entirety. No pain—no harm—no inconvenience—no dangerous liquid—no nasty salve—no soreness.

Safe, simple and neat, yet immensely effective.

About forty million people know Blue-jay.

Every day more than ten thousand buy it.

Try a package. All druggists everywhere sell it. 10c. for small box; 25c. for large box.

If you wish to be further convinced before spending even ten cents, ask us to mail you a sample—free.

Blue-jay

Bauer & Black—Chicago
Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc.

Corn Plasters

(3)

HOW YOU CAN EARN \$300 OR MORE A MONTH



One box ball alley costing \$150, cleared \$513 the first fifty-one days at Sullivan, Indiana. Two other alleys costing \$365, took in \$1,372.95 in five months. Four large alleys costing \$840, took in \$1,845.20 in fifty-nine days, more than \$900 a month. Two alleys in a town of only 500 cleared \$400 the first month. Start this wonderful business in your own town now. Both men and women go wild with enthusiasm; bring their friends, form clubs and play for hours. Players set pins with lever—no pin-boy to employ. Alleys can be set up or taken down quickly. We sell only one customer in towns of moderate size. Secure this monopoly for your city. Write today for illustrated booklet explaining **EASY PAYMENT PLAN.** American Box Ball Co., 512 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.



Young Men Wanted To Learn the Automobile Business

Big Pay
Work pleasant, and demand for men great. Fit yourself for position as chauffeur or repair man. We teach you by mail to become thoroughly efficient in ten weeks and assist you to secure good position. Highly endorsed—reasonable—no automobile necessary to learn.

Send for first lesson to-day—it's free
Owners Supplied with first-class chauffeurs
Empire Auto Institute, 555 Empire Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.
(The Original Automobile School)



REEL REASONS

3-in-One keeps all fishing tackle in perfect order. Reels oiled with 3-in-One won't stick or hang at critical moment. They always work easily and surely. 3-in-One will not gum, turn black or sticky.

3-in-One prevents rust on steel rods, keeps joints and connections clean and smooth, preserves wooden rods, too, making them tough and pliable.

Draw your line, silk or linen, through rag moistened with 3-in-One. Makes it stronger and last longer. Will not rot, twist or tangle, preserves, lines, nets and traps in either fresh or salt water.

FREE Try 3-in-One at our expense. Write for liberal free sample and booklet. **3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY, 67 B'way, New York**



"BUILT FOR BUSINESS"

Deliver goods with this car and save money. Cheaper than horses. Figures to prove it free. "Our 'Rapid' saves \$90 a month over cost

of horses."—A. GOYERT, Greensburg, Ind.
Rapid Motor Vehicle Co., 506 Rapid Street, Pontiac, Mich.

Colored Prints of Famous Inns

of Colonial times, reproduced in full color by our leading painter of Sporting scenes. Quaint historic meeting places. Just the thing for your Dining Room or Billiard Room border. Twelve pictures to the set—11x14 inches each. Send 4 cents for complete miniature set with a history of each subject. **\$2.00 Per Set**

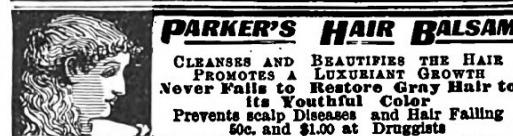
The Robert Smith Co., 25th and Poplar Streets, Phila.

The Association of American Advertisers

- has examined and certified to the circulation of this publication. The detail report of such examination is on file at the New York office of the Association. No other figures of circulation guaranteed.

No. 14

T. J. Brennan
Secretary.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

CLEANSES AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR
PROMOTES A LUXURIANT GROWTH
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to
its Youthful Color
Prevents scalp Diseases and Hair Falling
50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists

BE CAREFUL

in ordering by mail from our advertisers to write your *name* and *address* *plainly*. A little care in this will save all much trouble.

Better mention *Success Magazine*, too.



The Best Typewriter That Money Can Buy

Costs One Hundred Dollars and its name is

Remington

The cost of a good operator during the average life of a Typewriter is Several Thousand Dollars. And remember that no operator can do the most work or the best work except on the best machine. Compare your outlay for the machine with your outlay for the operator and you will see why it is true economy to buy the Remington.

Remington Typewriter Company

(Incorporated)

New York and Everywhere

An Education FREE OF COST

In the College of Your Choice •

THE SUCCESS MAGAZINE is preparing to furnish a scholarship, covering tuition and all other necessary expenses in any school or college, in return for a little work which may be done in spare time.

If you want an education and lack the necessary means to secure it, write for our plan. It is simple and practical, and hundreds have won out on it.

The Success Bureau of Education

29-31 East 22d Street, New York



Wanted Young Men of Good Character to Become Chauffeurs—Auto Salesmen BIG SALARIES

Your salary check on Saturday evening might as well be several times more than it is now.

If you will lend us one hour of your spare time each day for about twelve weeks, we can prepare you as an automobile salesman, demonstrator or chauffeur. We assist our graduates to positions with wealthy owners and manufacturers,—people who want high class, competent men and are able to pay well for them. We teach you in your own home and allow you to pay part of tuition after you secure a position and employ you while taking the course. Easy payments. Write for descriptive plan list.

The Automobile College of Washington, Inc.
Washington, D. C.

The largest school of expert auto engineering in U. S.
Reference: Fourteenth Street Savings Bank, Washington, D. C.



Salesmen Wanted

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 be one 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.

interesting to observe that the tendency toward self-deception in females is congenital."

Janey's state of mind was more accurately described by Caroline, who, in the process of being put to bed, discoursed thus to her mother.

"Muvver, Janey was drefle naughty to-day. She thaid she hated everybody in the world. She thaid she hated God."

"Mercy, Caroline," Mrs. Benton said absently, "what are you talking about? Don't leave your shoes and stockings in that heap."

"That wasth n't all, muvver," Caroline said in a hushed tone. "She thaid she hated her muvver."

"That was very, very naughty, Caroline," Mrs. Benton tried to make up in emphasis by a very perceptible preoccupation with the top drawer of her bureau. "Don't ever let me hear you say anything like that."

"No, muvver. But *that* wasth n't all, muvver." Caroline had the air of an accomplice freeing her mind by confession of unbearable mental anguish. "She thaid"—Caroline's voice dropped to tones of horror—"she thaid she bated George Washington!"

Once, coming up-stairs after the children had been put to bed, Uncle Jim came across Janey in her long white night-gown, candle in hand, trailing down the steep stairs from the attic.

"Well, Janey Blair, what do you mean by doing a Lady Macbeth act this rainy night?" he inquired. He scooped her up on one bear-paw palm to the level of his chest and carried her thus to bed.

"I was afraid the rain might come through the cracks on my dollies," Janey explained. "I go up-attic every rainy night and cover them up and I go up every hot night and uncover them. You know, Uncle Jim, I've given up playing with dolls for good, but I still take an interest in them."

Friday, Saturday, Sunday went by. The "crowd" met regularly morning and afternoon. Janey began to wear the look of the hunted. It might have been observed that she averted her eyes when Mrs. Benton bathed or fed Brother.

Sunday night, Janey lay awake what seemed to her a long, long time thinking of the morrow. It would bring little Caroline's parrot-cry: "What is the 'crowd' going to do to-day, Janey?" It would twice bring Freddie—a Freddie swinging his little cane—a Freddie bursting with smug pomposity—a Freddie of whose conversation she knew the whole unilluminated round.

Monday morning when Mrs. Blair called Janey, that young person said composedly, "Mother, I feel sick this morning. I don't think I'll get up."

Mrs. Blair studied her daughter's appearance anxiously. Color fine, eyes bright, pulse normal, tongue pink as a rose-leaf, Janey could not produce a visible symptom. But she described minutely excruciating pains which seemed to tear like a whirlwind through all her small body. Mrs. Blair called her brother in. After many pointed questions, that gentleman left the sickroom with twinkling eyes and a farewell, "Goodby, Mademoiselle Malingerer."

Janey stuck to her bed. Propped up by pillows, a pile of books at either elbow, she read aloud to Caroline the whole forenoon.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Blair consulted tearfully with Mrs. Benton just back from a trip to town. "I don't care what you say, Jim," the children heard her say, "I'll wait one hour more and then I'll send for Dr. Bigelow."

Whereupon Caroline had an inspiration. "Can't I go over and get Freddie and Sammy-Boy," she piped up, "I think Janey'd like to see the 'crowd.'"

"No, Caroline," Mrs. Blair said with firmness. She paused and then continued more gently. "Children I've something to tell you that will make you feel unhappy, I'm afraid, but you must be good children and try to make the best of it. Mr. and Mrs. Tilling-hast have received orders to do so much work in Magnolia that they've decided suddenly to go down there. I don't know when you'll see Freddie and Sammy-Boy again. Now Janey, I'm going to take Caroline down-stairs and you must try to go to sleep."

Sleep!

Uncle Jim, working in a back chamber, sensed the sound of a small body leaping from bed to floor, sensed a white flitter silently passing his door, sensed a pitter-patter, softly-joyful, on the attic stairs. The pitter-patter stopped after a long moment and changed into a prolonged murmur. In some alarm, he arose and noiselessly followed the sound.

In the middle of the attic floor sat Janey. Radiating from her in all directions lay dolls and dolls and dolls. Furthest away, face-down, neglected, sprawled Elinor, the bisque she-giant. Janey was rocking back and forth, her old black rag-doll in her arms.

"The 'crowd's' busted for good, Dinah, darling," she said, "And I'll never belong to another one again. Never, never, never! I'm going to bring you and all your little brothers and sisters down-stairs and take care of you just as long as I live."

Something dropped from Janey's eyelashes, ran glittering down her cheek and splashed on Dinah's woolly head.



The gods we worship write their names on our faces.



The INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR

TWENTY-odd years ago the old banking firms of the large cities in the East which were dealing in municipal bonds put out, as needed, small circulars descriptive of the separate issues of bonds and giving but meager facts. At that time such literature was not mailed broadcast, but sent to a selected list of banks and other fiduciary institutions and to certain moneyed people. The private investor was not the factor then as now; the country was not so rich and individual wealth was not so widely distributed. The investment bankers took the somewhat aristocratic stand of being sought rather than seeking, and did not make the same energetic efforts to obtain clients as is the present custom. This attitude, so in contrast with methods now in vogue, forced the intending purchaser of bonds, whether private investor or country banker, to either order by mail or visit in person the house with which the business was to be done.

The First Funded Loan of San Francisco

In the preceding articles we have shown the urgent calls of the West for funds. Money was sorely needed and extraordinary means were adopted to obtain this most important sinew of growth. Interest rates were high and banking ways primitive. It is interesting to note that seven per cent. was the rate of the first funded loan of the city of San Francisco authorized by the Legislature of California. This was in May, 1851. But even this seems a small rental to pay for the use of money compared with what that same city paid in 1849. Its expenditures had so greatly exceeded its ordinary revenues that the city council was obliged to issue "script" in order to defray current expenses. This paper bore interest at the rate of three per cent. per month, or thirty-six per cent. per annum.

No people, however great the natural resources of their country, could finance themselves at such exorbitant rates of interest and keep out of bankruptcy. The old-style bond houses of the East were, naturally, not the ones to furnish this money, so the West was faced with the necessity of creating its own borrowing medium. To meet this need there sprang into existence in Chicago, Denver and other Western centers local dealers confining themselves almost exclusively to the purchase and sale of the various forms of municipal indebtedness of those sections. These newcomers had no choice but to enter into direct competition with the old entrenched banking world of the East, which, with its long-established reputation for handling its own municipal issues of high credit, had enjoyed the enviable position of taking orders as they came; no particular effort having been necessary for the earnest seeking of a market for their offerings.

The advent of the Western bond houses instilled different methods into the situation. Circulars descriptive of security issues needed to set forth not only the important facts regarding the loans themselves, but also detailed information in relation to municipalities of which they were the obligations; such cities, counties, towns, etc., being but little known beyond their own local horizons. And, forthwith, there emanated from the land of pioneers a tremendous flood of financial literature of this kind which was mailed to points to the Eastward, to which section of the country Eastern and Western bankers alike were obliged to look for capital. It soon became evident that this plan did not bring very profitable results to the latter, and then, somewhat to the astonishment of the old conservative banking houses of the earlier settled States, the Westerners further opened the campaign through the medium of traveling solicitors, and the traveling bond salesman soon became a factor to be reckoned with.

The East Takes a Lesson from the West

As the Western investment bankers and the municipalities whose bonds were being so broadly heralded became better known because of the persistent educational methods adopted, and from the fact that higher rates of interest were offered than nearer the Atlantic seaboard, and, furthermore, because the laws pertaining to the investment of the funds of the savings banks of this latter section were gradually broadened so as to include the better grade of Western bonds, the latter

The Nation's Development Through the Investment Banker—Third Article

By MONTGOMERY ROLLINS

became more popular and serious competition began to be felt by the houses in New York, Boston and other places. At first, the latter looked with an evil eye upon the methods of his Western brother; did not and could not believe that the securities were anything but the veriest form of wildcat investment. But his view gradually changed and soon he, likewise, began not only to circularize with greater persistency, but reluctantly put selling men into the field.

Whatever the reckless abandon of which the Western States and Territories may have been guilty in some of their financial methods, they have, in time, largely satisfied the demands of their creditors. If we omit the losses incurred in mining ventures—losses by no means peculiar to this country—we find that that region has forged ahead so rapidly that the country has "grown up to" its enterprises, so that the early optimistic expectations have become realized and the ultimate losses, which might have occurred in a reactionary section, have been avoided. Their hopes seem to have been justified upon economic grounds.

It is always to the point for the investor to ponder upon the natural resources and the progressive tendency—or their lack—in any locality in which he is considering the investment of his funds. Whereas it is not the desire of the writer to even suggest that chances should be taken in the placing of money for investment, yet many growing and resourceful communities have proved that, at their inception, they were better outlets for the investment of savings than some of the older and better established communities.

Bond Houses Handled Only Municipal Loans

At the outset, the bankers in the Western field had things much their own way, so far as a purchase of the issues of that section were concerned. The profits were large, and the houses buying few in number. There was no bureau of information which furnished data regarding future sales, as is the case to-day. Each intending purchaser had to obtain his information as best he might as to what municipalities were contemplating the sale of bonds, and when.

As the competition of these high-interest-bearing securities was more keenly felt by the bankers in the older States, they were obliged to make still further efforts to protect their markets, and, consequently, carried the competition directly into the purchasing field of the West, rivaling the houses of that section in bidding for the issues of their larger municipalities.

The conditions in the South and West, or, to be more general, in the rapidly growing section of the country which, through force of circumstances, created their own borrowing mediums, as already shown, would naturally have such a tendency that, at their inception, the bond houses of that part of the country would be strictly municipal.

The first needed improvements were in the nature of water works, roads, sewers, etc., and securities were therefore issued in exchange for funds borrowed for these purposes. The loans of the railroads which penetrated into the South and West were financed by the old Eastern houses, as the control of such roads rested there and abroad. Thus it may easily be understood why the bond houses of the South and West did not, at first, place many corporation issues, but, after the crying necessities of life—water plants, sewerage systems and the like were installed, gas and electric light plants were called for, and public service corporations supplying these and other comforts were demanded. The marketing of issues for such purposes, being the promises of "Companies" to pay, would have been rather more difficult than the placing of municipal securities, had not, in the meantime, the education of the lender been going on apace, increasing his familiarity with the tremendous latent resources of the greedily borrowing sections of the United States. Still, it never was an easy task to place corporation issues, backed by the sparsely settled communities beyond the Mississippi, and much missionary work had to be done before a wide market could be obtained for issues of this class, which were necessary for the nation's forward progress.

The writer has referred almost continually, to the West and but little to the South. The South remained almost at a standstill, following the era during which it

In the purchase of bonds the value of a banking firm to a client depends upon the scope and efficiency of the service rendered and the integrity and experience of the firm.

Record

The history of bonds a banking firm has sold during its business life is the best possible evidence as to the merit underlying the firm's offerings.

We submit the record of our offerings over a period of many years as an indication of our ability and an earnest of our purpose to supply you with dependable investments.

We are in position at all times to offer Municipal, Railroad and Public Utility Bonds, which we have carefully investigated and which are adapted to the varied requirements of careful investors. Inquiry cordially invited.

Write for Pamphlet No. G-47 entitled, "A Bond Dealer's Circular."

N. W. Halsey & Co. Bankers

New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco
49 Wall St. 1421 Chestnut St. 152 Monroe St. 424 California St.

Money At Work Never Grows Old

Money, wisely invested, is the one servant that works year in and year out, Sundays and weekdays, day and night. It never tires; it never grows old.

Your surplus funds invested in carefully selected, high-grade bonds will pay you a fixed income for a period of years, long or short as you may desire, and at the end of the time will come back to you ready to be sent out to work again.

We have prepared a booklet, telling in easily understood terms, about investments, and the purposes for which bonds are issued, which we shall be glad to send free of cost.

Ask for Booklet A, "Financial Courtship," and Circular No. 32-A.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS

John Hancock Bldg., Boston, Mass.

New York Chicago San Francisco Denver

"The Bache Review" as it is known throughout the West and South, is THE WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW published by

J. S. BACHE & CO., Bankers
42 Broadway, New York City

and it will be sent without charge to investors interested

Your Savings

THROUGHOUT our whole country, thousands of people are bending nervously over stock tickers and rushing out to buy the last edition of the evening paper, all to see whether the stock in which they are speculating with their savings has gone up or down a few points.

Gloom or happiness for them is governed by the last word from Wall Street.

How much better to buy something, the value of which does not change—something worth one hundred cents on the dollar when you buy and never worth less.

Our mortgages on New York City real estate are just that. Your money and your interest are guaranteed by our associate company, the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company with its \$7,500,000. The title is guaranteed by our Company with its \$14,000,000.

You can invest as little as \$10 a month or you can get from us a million dollars' worth of such investments if you desire. The quality and safety of all are the same and our fees have been paid by the borrowers so that the investment is without expense to you.

Write us how much you might be willing to invest and we will send you a booklet describing an investment of that amount.

TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST CO.

176 Broadway, New York
175 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

We are distributing among investors special circulars describing the following securities:

Corporation Bonds

5 to 6%
Circular No. 934.

Convertible Bonds

Circular No. 935.

Railroad Bonds

Circular No. 936.

Listed Stocks

Circular No. 937.

Spencer Trask & Co.

Investment Bankers

43 Exchange Place, New York
Albany, N. Y. Boston, Mass. Chicago, Ill.
Members New York Stock Exchange

YOUR MONEY IS SAFE IN FARM MORTGAGES

The interest and dividends you receive this July will pay you 6% if re-invested in North Dakota Farm Mortgages, secured by rich land that has doubled in value within 4 years. My book, based on 27 years experience is free to customers, present and prospective. It explains why safe western investments pay so liberal an income.

WALTER L. WILLIAMSON Box 254, LISBON, N. D.

proved itself to be so reluctant a debtor—precipitated by the "Reconstruction Period"—until within a comparatively recent time, and there was no great development going on and but little pledging of public or corporation credit, except in certain sections like the iron regions of Alabama and some of the Sea and Gulf ports. Moreover, the northeastern part of the country did not at that time look favorably upon Southern issues, owing to their past record of default; so the South had to depend largely upon its own money centers for needed funds, although some—but not very considerable—loans were obtained abroad. The pro-Confederate attitude of the English helped to that end. Possibly the borrowing limitations of those centers is one explanation of the slow development of the South. All that has now changed, for Baltimore, Richmond, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, etc., have of recent years distributed many Southern municipal and corporation securities. Particularly is this true of its railroad issues. Baltimore, perhaps, has been the important center, but the investment bankers of that, as well as all Southern cities, have been compelled to re-distribute a goodly portion of their offerings through other large money centers, owing to the limitations of their markets, although large amounts have been absorbed by their own direct clientele.

A retrospect of ten or fifteen years will show another line of cleavage, as it were, in the bond business. The writer would be glad to know the name of the first bank or trust company of any importance to actually open a bond department. Some years ago we suddenly became aware that these institutions were directly buying and selling bond issues. Bids of national banks began to be noticeable as the lists of the awards were published after different municipal bond sales. At first, it was usually thought that these were the indirect bids of bond houses, and in some instances that was true, but circular matter gradually began to reach the investor direct from banks and trust companies maintaining bond departments, and they also employed salesmen upon the road.

The Bank as a Direct Investor

It is probable that the officers of certain banks realized that the bond man was persuading the depositor to withdraw his money and invest it. This meant the loss of an earnable quantity to the bank. As the bank official became more familiar with the bond business, it appealed to him from the standpoint of profit, and soon he found that his advice was being continually asked by local investors. If he were expected to give this advice without compensation and if his bank should lose its deposits besides, the argument was clear that the bank might as well have the business, and here and there bond departments were opened by institutions of this class.

The institution had another advantage, viz., that, with its large volume of deposits, it could easily "carry" its issues, without being obliged to seek outside loans for that purpose, as almost always does the private banker. The bank has also, as a rule, been a direct investor in bonds and other securities, and why not buy direct and save the middleman's profit? The interest on the bonds, while owned by the bank, would return a good profit on the depositors' money, for which the bank either pays nothing at all, or but a low rate of interest. This is giving the bank the "whip hand" over the bond house, which would be obliged to pay a higher rate of interest for its accommodation. The argument, therefore, for the creation of a bond department in a bank, often seemed to its officers such a valid one that institutions combining this with their other business are now very numerous. The activities of one or two very large national banks have been so great in this line as to have invited some criticism. This resulted in a separate corporation being formed in the nature of a "Holding Company" for the handling of this branch of their business, the stockholders of the bank and the stockholders of the "Holding Company" being identical. The transference of the two stocks must be simultaneous, or not at all.

One considerable advantage to the bank or trust company which accrues through the medium of the bond department is that it often enables those in charge of the loans to obtain information in regard to securities offered as collateral. Formerly, such information had to be obtained from outside sources, now the trained corps of bond men in the employ of the institution either possess much of this knowledge or can obtain it from their files, which, under the modern system of investment banking, are most detailed and complete.

Finally, we may distinguish between the men who handle active and inactive securities. There are a few specialists who devote their time largely to trading in inactive bonds which are not frequently quoted upon the market and not often bought and sold. These specialists are past masters in their knowledge of the value of such bonds; they know the complicated points embraced in the mortgages securing them, and, all in all, their field is such an intricate and exclusive one that but few have entered it; and when a bond which is especially embraced in their class comes to the attention of any of the other bond houses, they generally refer the same to a dealer in inactive issues. But, even these specialize and deal with one another. Certain ones are recognized as the best medium through which to buy or sell particular securities.

MUNICIPAL BONDS YIELDING 5¼%

Next to government bonds the issues of the municipalities of this country are regarded as the acme of safety.

On account of their intrinsic security, the interest yield from an investment in municipal bonds is generally so low as to make them undesirable for the individual investor; by far the larger proportion being absorbed by large institutions, such as Savings Banks, Insurance Companies, etc.

Our buying facilities have enabled us recently to purchase two issues of municipal bonds on favorable terms which we are now offering to yield 5% and 5¼%, respectively.

Write us today for circular giving full description.

LAWRENCE BARNUM & CO.
BANKERS

27 PINE ST., NEW YORK

WASHINGTON

PHILADELPHIA



The Franklin Society

The Franklin Society announces the usual semi-annual cash dividend at the rate of Four and One-Half Per Cent. per annum on all accounts of \$10 to \$5,000. This is the Society's

43d Consecutive Dividend.

SECURITIES—First Mortgages on homes in New York City and vicinity, non-speculative, non-fluctuating.

Bank Department Supervision.

Even a dollar will open an account. Thousands of investors, large and small. Payments up to and including Monday, July 11, earn from July 1st.

SIMPLE MAILING SYSTEM. Begin now, or write for Booklet D.

THE FRANKLIN SOCIETY
FOR HOME BUILDING AND SAVINGS
Three Beekman St., New York

4½ PER CENT

1898-1910

John Muir & Co.

SPECIALISTS IN

Odd Lots

We give the same care to your 10 or 50 share account as others give to a 100 or 1,000 share account.

Send for "Odd Lot Circular 222"

Members New York Stock Exchange
71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

6% on Demand

The opportunities we have of discounting Short Time Mortgages enable us to make this Special Inducement to depositors of issuing a limited number of Certificates of Deposit payable on demand, drawing six per cent. interest from date of issue, if left three months or longer, in sums of \$25.00 to \$1,000.00. Our Assets are all good, our Standing unquestionable.

Remit to the

Bank of Tampa, Tampa, Fla.
Capital \$100,000 Resources \$400,000

MONEY COMMANDS SUCCESS

Andrew Carnegie says, "Saving something each month will bring success."

Put your savings into 6% First Mortgages on Improved Chicago, City and Suburban Real Estate.

Our 19 years experience without loss of a dollar of principal or interest proves their absolute security.

If you are not saving anything send for "The Science of Fortune Building." It shows what wonders 6% Compound Interest accomplishes.

Every person should read it. Its free if you mention this magazine.

ROBERTSON & YOUNG
Mortgage Bankers

107 Dearborn Street, Chicago



Editorial Chat

The Tragedy of "Getting Square"

WHAT an awful price people pay for the determination to "get square" with those they fancy have injured them! No matter what others do to us, every bit of retaliation, every bit of injury we do to them, every blow intended for another really wounds ourselves.

A bitter, revengeful thought is a boomerang which is hurled back to the thrower. It is impossible to injure another either in thought or in deed without receiving the blow ourselves.

What a terrible price many people pay for their revenge—a price which often staggers their advancement, kills their efficiency, ruins their characters.

I have known people to carry for years feelings of bitter hatred and revenge for a fancied wrong, to hold a revengeful determination to "get square" with those who injured them, until their whole characters were so changed that they became almost inhuman.

No one can carry a grudge against another, a hatred thought, a revengeful determination, a desire to injure others, without a fatal deterioration of character as well as serious impairment of his getting-on ability and his happiness. People little realize what they do when they harbor these happiness-destroying, success-killing thoughts toward others. Such feelings kill spontaneity, blight the character, and stifle self-expression.

No one can do his best work while he harbors revengeful or even unfriendly thoughts toward others. Our faculties only give up their best when working in perfect harmony. There must be good-will in the heart or we can not do good work with the head.

Hatred, revenge and jealousy are rank poisons, as fatal to all that is noblest in us as arsenic is fatal to the physical life.

Just think how unmanly it is to be waiting for an opportunity to injure another, or to "get square" with some one! If you wish to make the most of yourself, and have peace of mind, never retire at night with an unkind feeling toward anyone in the world. Forget, forgive. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

You can not afford the fatal ranking of these hatred and revenge javelins in your soul. They are success killers, happiness destroyers.



Look Your Business in the Face

I know a most excellent man whose business has been shrinking for years, and although he is conscious that it is running down, he has not the moral courage to look things squarely in the face, to find the diseased spot and apply the knife. He simply palliates the conditions, hoping against hope that affairs will change or that something will turn up to improve.

He has some inefficient heads of departments who have been with him a long time and upon whom he has depended, and he can not bear to discharge them, although he really believes that they are a detriment to his business.

There are many leaks in his establishment which he has not the courage to take radical measures for stopping, because he can not bear to make changes, and so he drifts along from year to year knowing that he is not only making no profits, but is constantly running behind. He seems to have become paralyzed at his situation, simply because he has not the heart or the courage to take drastic measures to set his business right.

There are multitudes of business men in a similar position. Many of them have artistic temperaments, sensitive natures. They shrink from trouble or discord anywhere, and they will do almost anything to keep peace and harmony, even when they know that things are going on which are seriously injuring their business.

Many a firm drifts on this way until it lands in bankruptcy, just because the proprietor shrinks from looking his business squarely in the face and going to the bottom of the trouble and rooting out the evil, cutting out the diseased part before it involves the whole institution.

I have in mind another business acquaintance, head of a large enterprise, who is one of the most agreeable of men, but who knows absolutely nothing about the details of business.

He has unconsciously been drifting toward bankruptcy for years, until he now begins to realize that he is standing on the brink of failure; but he still meets his friends as blandly, and is as gracious as ever toward his employees, all of whom know that he is near the end.

Nothing seems to wake him from his lethargy; he seems helpless to take the initiative of going to the bottom of his affairs, and adopt heroic measures for the necessary relief.

BUY SECURE BONDS

They Are a Most Profitable Form of Investment, Combining Safety With Liberal Income—from 5% to 6%.

Bonds offered by reputable banking houses upon properly constructed and operated enterprises may afford a most attractive form of investment for sums of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 and more. But, in making such investments, safety of principal and interest is the more important factor to be considered; liberality of income yield is a secondary consideration. Much care is required for the safe selection of investments.

It is this service of proper discrimination in the selection of securities that we most faithfully perform for our clients. That this service has been effectually performed is well attested by the fact that *since the organization of this house there has never been a day's delay in the payment of either principal or interest on any bond which it has sold.*

This record is most significant. It appeals at once to the conservative investor as indicative of intelligent investment foresight.

A most important requisite to prosperous enterprises is the constructing and operating experience of their projectors and sponsors, through which is insured intelligent discrimination in the selection of properties, accurate engineering, careful construction and successful operation.

More than a quarter of a century of uniform success by the executive officers of this Company in the actual selection, construction and operation, as well as the financing of electric railways, steam railroads, hydro-electric plants, over forty water works properties and the two largest public or private irrigation enterprises in the United States, amply protects the investor in the securities offered by this house.

Thus are combined, in the direction of the business of this house, actual construction and operation ability with financial experience—which factors insure unusual safety to the bonds we offer.

FOR JULY INVESTMENT

For the July investment period we offer a security unconditionally guaranteed by endorsement by a controlling and operating Company whose capital and surplus is \$4,500,000, and whose net annual earnings are over \$600,000. This security bears 6% interest and is issued in \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 denominations.

Write to Department A for matter descriptive of our various offerings and for a circular concerning the issue we suggest particularly for investment at this time.

J. S. & W. S. KUHN, Inc.

Bank for Savings Bldg., PITTSBURGH, PA.

CHICAGO

First National Bank Bldg.

NEW YORK

37 Wall Street

PHILADELPHIA

Real Estate Trust Bldg.

BOSTON

John Hancock Bldg.

Full Interest Value 6% on Your Money

¶ The constant increase in all living expenses—and consequent lower buying power of money—makes it imperative that you should invest your available funds where they will bring the highest interest, consistent with safety.

¶ Such an investment proposition we offer you.

¶ Our space is too limited, our proposition too big, and your thorough understanding of it is too important to attempt explanation here.

¶ We want you to send for our handsome and interesting booklet which tells you all about it. This is **your** investment opportunity.

¶ Send for booklet to-day. Address

Geo. H. Gillett, Sec'y
The Development Company of Cuba
41 Exchange Place New York

6% Your Money

¶ Is it earning 6%? If not, you are losing on every dollar just so much as your interest-earnings fall short of 6%.

¶ Six per cent. is thoroughly conservative, as is shown by the American Real Estate Company's record. Starting in 1888 with \$100,000 Capital, it now has Assets of \$15,536,199.47 and \$1,751,154.38 Surplus. Its Bonds have paid 6% un-faithfully for 22 years, and will do the same for you. ¶ Before placing your July dividends or savings let us explain the advantages of the A-R-E Gold Bonds for saving (by instalment payments at 6%) or for direct investment at 6%.

6% COUPON BONDS

For those who wish to invest \$100 or more.

6% ACCUMULATIVE BONDS

For those who wish to save \$25 or more a year.

¶ We shall be glad to send you complete information, literature and map of New York City.

American Real Estate Company

Founded 1888 :: Assets, \$15,536,199.47
Capital and Surplus - - \$1,851,154.38

Room 518 527 Fifth Avenue, New York



DO THIS TODAY

Ask us to send you our Five Per Cent Book—
We want you to know all there is to know about this Company—

The more you know the surer you are to become a customer.

This Company is strong—conservatively managed and all its investments are in First Mortgages.

Money invested with us may be withdrawn at any time without notice and without loss of dividends.

But write for the booklet—that tells all about it.

CALVERT MORTGAGE & DEPOSIT CO.

1042 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

EARN 5%

on your savings. They should yield as large a return as consistent with safety. Let us show you how the savings deposits of thousands of business and professional men and women in all parts of the United States, entrusted to our care, have never earned less than 5% for more than 17 years. During this time our Company has grown stronger each year, increased its assets to over \$2,000,000 and accumulated surplus and profits of \$175,000.

Under New York Banking Department Supervision and our record is open to public examination in their files. Earnings start the day we receive your money and paid for full time to date of withdrawal.

Write for booklet and full particulars.

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS AND LOAN CO.
3 Times Bldg., 42d St. and Broadway,
New York.



Invest Your Savings

in the new irrigated sections of the West and let the natural development build your fortune. No other State equals Utah in the greatness of its undeveloped resources. They afford many big, money-making opportunities—just the thing you have been looking for. The Opportunity League brings them to you—places them *within your grasp*. Our booklet, "Greater Utah," tells the facts. Write for it and our full plan.

The Opportunity League, Box 211, Fort Duchesne, Utah

WOULD YOU INVEST \$10 PER MONTH FOR 22 months in REAL ESTATE

If you knew it would be worth three times what you paid for it by the time your investment was paid out? AMARILLO, Texas, is the metropolis of a territory bigger than an average state. Fastest growing town in Texas. Will be a city of fifty thousand in a few years. Seventeen thousand NOW. We are selling Amarillo residence lots (no lot over four blocks from the street car) and West Texas lands on installment plan. Big company back of proposition. Bank indorsements. Money refunded if not satisfied thirty days from purchase. High-class investment. Write for particulars. AGENTS WANTED.

AMARILLO IMPROVEMENT CO., Amarillo, Texas.

6% Your surplus money can be made 6% to earn you 6% and be secure. 6%

JEFFERSON COUNTY BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION SHARES

Pay 3% July and January on money secured by mortgage on improved Birmingham, Ala., real estate. \$50.00 Shares withdrawable on demand with interest to date. Write for Circular. 217 N. 21st Street, F. M. JACKSON, Pres., Birmingham, Ala.

Investors' Handbook Free

An exceedingly useful little booklet, with chapters on Investment and Speculation. How Money is Lost. What is Really Safe? Shall it be Bonds or Stocks? Legal for Savings Banks, and a valuable table, showing the yields of bonds at different rates when bought at different prices. Sent free on receipt of a postal card, if you state whether or not you will have \$50.00 or more to invest during the coming year. Ask for list of mortgages, yielding 6%; absolutely safe.

THE JOHN M. C. MARBLE COMPANY, H.W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.



Both Principal and Interest secured by select Mortgages on Pittsburgh Real Estate. Mortgage Certificates in \$25, \$100 and \$200 amounts or multiples. An absolutely safe investment, temporary or permanent. Full particulars with Booklet. A. C. LESLIE CO., Suite 101 Bakewell Law Bldg., PITTSBURGH, PA.

JACKSONVILLE—The New York of the South now being reconstructed by "Commercial Democrats" and Chicago Ozone. Wide-open city—it's the limit. Don't scatter in wild southern real towns. Our Tell-the-Truth booklet free. Bungalow Colony lots \$10. to \$40. per front foot. Easy terms. Write Half Million Club.

UNCLE BOB'S MONEymAKERS
A Club for Boys Who Want to Earn Money

WELL, boys, since I wrote last, the MONEymAKERS' CLUB has made some great strides. This means that hundreds more boys have applied for membership and are determined to be the proud possessors of the solid gold button which stamps the owner as a hustler from the word "go." But what is perhaps the most encouraging thing of all is the fact that the boys who have begun work are showing an enthusiasm which is really surprising. It seems that I have succeeded in giving them the "do something" fever, and they are bent on accomplishing things they never dreamed they were able to do.

I have formed the conclusion that there are thousands of boys in this country who have the ability to accomplish something, but are not aware of the proper method of starting work. I draw my conclusion from the results of present members, who, when they asked about my plan had not the slightest idea that they were able to earn money. Some thought they were too young, but those boys have long been convinced that youth is no handicap when working on Uncle Bob's plan. One of the boys wanted me to tell him how to make money like John D. Rockefeller or Andrew Carnegie. This particular boy is to be admired for his ambition to become one of the kings of finance. These men started out at the bottom of the ladder too. They were poor boys once, and probably were in a harder position to get started than many of the boys who are working on my plan. One thing remains sure; in the days of their youth, an opportunity like that offered by Uncle Bob was not to be had.

When I was a boy and lived on my father's farm in Illinois, my opportunity for making real cash for myself was rather slim. Dad put me to work for him, gave me a plow handle, made me feed the pigs and cows, etc. Of course, all this work meant money in the end, but not for my pocket. What I really wanted to do was to get right out and make a little money on the side, and not have to ask for every cent I wanted. Understand that I didn't want to leave home. That idea didn't come into my head; and, right here, boys, let me advise that you stick to your mother and father just as long as you can, for it is a boy's duty after he is able to work, to be ready to help his parents whenever they need his assistance. I was ambitious and was looking for some plan, just the kind the Moneymakers' Club offers, which experience and study have taught me to devise for you.

The club is becoming more widely known every day. Several Canadian boys have started to work for us, and I heard from a boy in Germany the other day who is anxious to join. Bert Edmonds, who lives in Canada, writes that the business experience he is getting is more than valuable. He says:

"One day I came across the Moneymakers' valuable ad. giving energetic boys a real good chance to get an honest living. I thought it over and consulted my parents. At last I sent in a letter to Uncle Bob for particulars, as I am taking up an educational course and it costs a good deal for material, and this seemed to be a great opportunity to get the necessary funds. At first I was not very successful but I soon got down to work, and I tell you I was encouraged very much. I find it a source of pleasure to work with Uncle Bob, and I believe any boy who has a little energy in him can make good money on Uncle Bob's plan. The instructions given by him could not be more helpful in telling you how to become a young business man."

Clarence Dahl is another young man who is taking a heart-and-soul interest in the Moneymakers' Club. Clarence is bound to succeed, as "success" is stamped on his face.

"Uncle Bob, it is my most earnest wish to become a business man some day, rather than be a loafer and afraid to do a little work. One of the ways to become a business man is never to be afraid to try something; never get discouraged, but look on the bright side. I have also learned to be more courteous and gentlemanly to all whom I meet, since joining your club. I think your plans are just fine, and I would advise any boy who has spare time to try them, for if they don't they will never succeed. Boys should not let a chance like this go by, for they will not only obtain experience but will make money for themselves.

CLARENCE DAHL

Boys who go to school all winter and don't have the necessary means to attend the next term should try your scheme and see if they don't come out on top of the pile."

I am looking for more members, despite the fact that hundreds of letters are coming in daily from the boys throughout the land. The MONEymAKERS' CLUB is certainly going to be one of the strongest clubs ever organized. Write at once for particulars to

UNCLE BOB, Manager Moneymakers' Club,
Care SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York

\$25.00
Per Week

is the average salary earned by students and teachers who work for SUCCESS MAGAZINE during the summer vacation.

Hundreds of young men and women have been equipped and are devoting their entire time for the SUCCESS COMPANY. Many started last month, and although school duties took most of their time, yet the spare moments spent for SUCCESS brought an income that was actually surprising.

Mr. F. W. Wilson, a college man, earned over four hundred dollars last month, and intends financing his entire course of study during the next three months. Mr. Wilson is only one of the many who see the wisdom in our plan for students and teachers. We could cite dozens of records almost as encouraging.

An ordinary salaried position seems small when compared with the SUCCESS MAGAZINE "guaranteed salaries" for producing a moderate number of subscriptions monthly. The next three months is the period in which to make yourself the possessor of some big earnings.

For particulars, drop a postal at once, to

AGENCY MANAGER
SUCCESS MAGAZINE
NEW YORK CITY

LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA

Where Real Estate Values double in a few years, and fortunes are made from small investments. Beautifully illustrated Booklet, giving facts and figures—
together with large double Map of city and vicinity—
mailed upon receipt of 10 cents (stamps or silver).

McClung & McClure Realty Co.,
Exchange Building, Los Angeles, California.

6% NET

For 35 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of \$200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 718. \$25 Certificates of Deposits also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kans.