

Fall and Winter From Both Ends

Our Editors are just completing some extremely interesting plans for the early Fall and Winter numbers. They look **so good, so big, so extremely interesting**, that we have developed a fear that they will take up all of your time.

We of the Advertising Department have an ambition to make our part of the magazine just as interesting as the editorial end of it. It is a pretty husky ambition, of course, but we know that the **advertising columns are interesting**. We know also that we can make them much more interesting, and with this knowledge in hand we are doing some pretty healthy planning ourselves. Planning that will mean much more advertising, much more attention to make-up, much more in the way of variety. So it does look as if you are going to get some unusually large and interesting numbers this Fall and Winter. What you don't find in the editorial pages about commercial progress you'll likely find in the advertising pages.

Our circulation is making very healthy strides. We are **selling more** SUCCESS MAGAZINES by far than we ever have in our history, which means that we are getting thousands of new readers. It is the new readers that we want to get interested in our advertising columns. We want them to know that they **can deal safely** with any of our advertisers; want them to know that we **guarantee fair treatment** from our advertisers to our subscribers of record, and that we carefully edit our advertising columns, and investigate every advertiser who uses them, if he is not already known to us.

In other words, the **strictest kind of censorship** is given these columns of SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

THE ADVERTISING EDITOR.

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VOL. XIII

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Edward E. Higgins, President; Orison Swett
Marden, Vice-President and Editorial Director;
Frank E. Morrison, Secretary; David G. Evans,
Treasurer; Samuel Merwin, Editor; Howard Bru-
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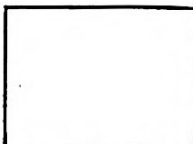
Our Advertisements

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

Expirations and Renewals

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

Subscriptions to begin with this issue should be received by August 15; to begin with September should be received by Sept. 15. Subscription prices: \$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.



The Best **HAYNES** Advertisement Is the **CAR** Itself

Another
Remarkable
Haynes Car

Only
\$500 More
or
\$1000 Less

The Haynes
"Model 20"
For 1911

In 1910 we startled the motor world by placing the Haynes "Model 19" 5-passenger touring car on the market at the astonishingly low price of \$2000.

The effect upon the trade and public was instantaneous. Within 30 days from the time our first announcement had appeared in the National Magazines we had **definite, advance payment orders** for more cars than we could make.

This new model not only appealed to the man who was considering paying \$3000 for a car, and who saw in this Haynes an opportunity of saving \$1000 on his purchase—

But it appealed to the man who found that by paying only \$500 more than the cost of a **temporary** car of common quality it was possible for him to get a car of **known** quality and reputation that would prove a **permanently satisfactory investment**.

HAYNES

Probably no other car that has ever been put on the market has been as critically examined by experts as was this new Haynes.

Other manufacturers of high-grade cars were anxious to know what manner of car this "Model 19" was, and the one criticism that was made was that it was financially impossible to put out a car of the Haynes "Model 19" quality at \$2,000 and make a profit.

They predicted that either it would be necessary for us to reduce the quality or increase the price.

We have done neither.

Aside from minor **improvements**—a wider, roomier tonneau, longer wheel base, etc.—the car remains unchanged, and it also remains the most remarkable automobile value ever put on the market.

This is the latest model of the car that marked a new era in the purchase price of high-grade cars.

It has 35-40 horsepower.

It has a longer, roomier tonneau than last year's model.

It has 114 inch wheel base.

It is not only **fully equipped**, but the equipment is of the **best grade obtainable**.

For example—every car will be supplied with the well-known Warner Auto Meter—costing three times as much as most of the speedometers that are put on cars. (Only a speedometer of this quality is entitled to be **put on a car like the Haynes**.)

All other equipment is of like character.

Last year's phenomenal response to our announcement of a **Haynes at \$2000** convinced us that the large majority of buyers prefer a car of **known** quality if it can be had at **anywhere near** the price asked for common-quality cars.

And the fact that the 1910 Haynes was the first serious attempt to meet this demand gave the car a decidedly enviable place among better grade cars.

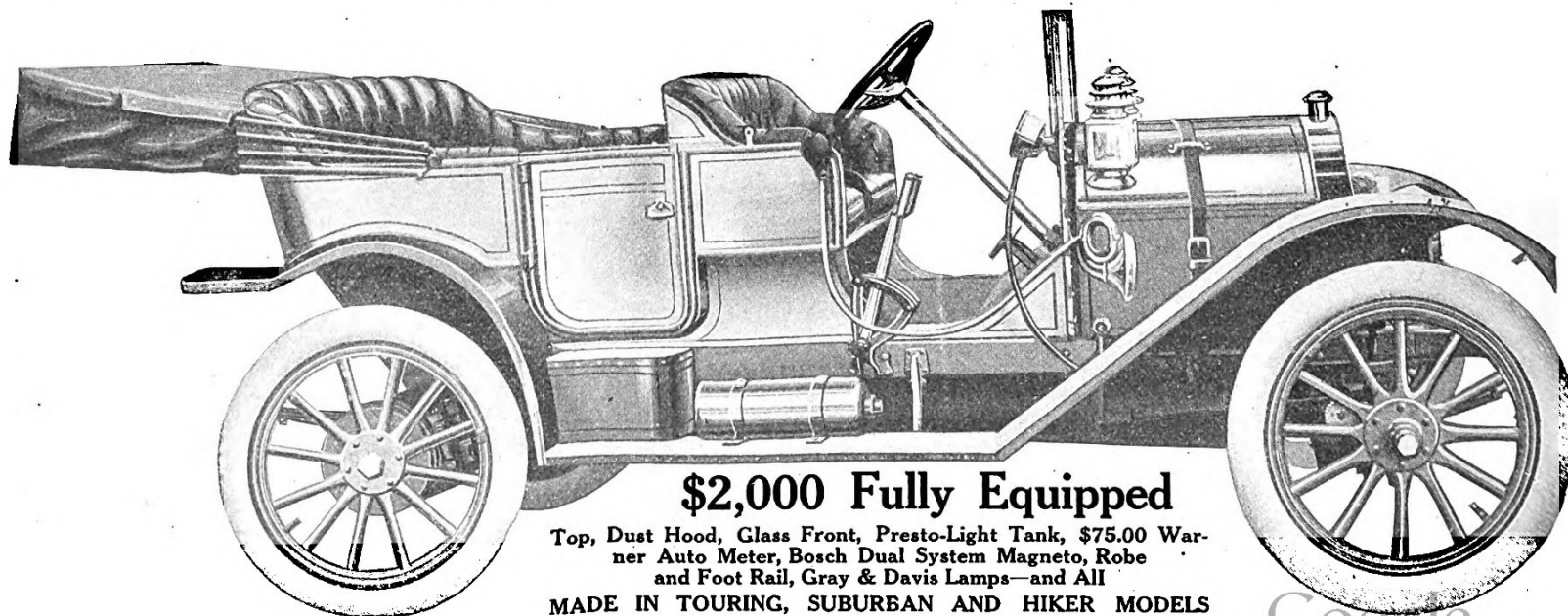
This year's "Model 20" with its **added refinements**, is the best possible evidence that we propose to **maintain the Haynes supremacy**.

Orders are already in for early Fall deliveries on these cars and we strongly advise those who are contemplating the purchase of a **permanent** car of **known** merit and reputation, to communicate with us, or our local representatives **at once**.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

110 Main Street

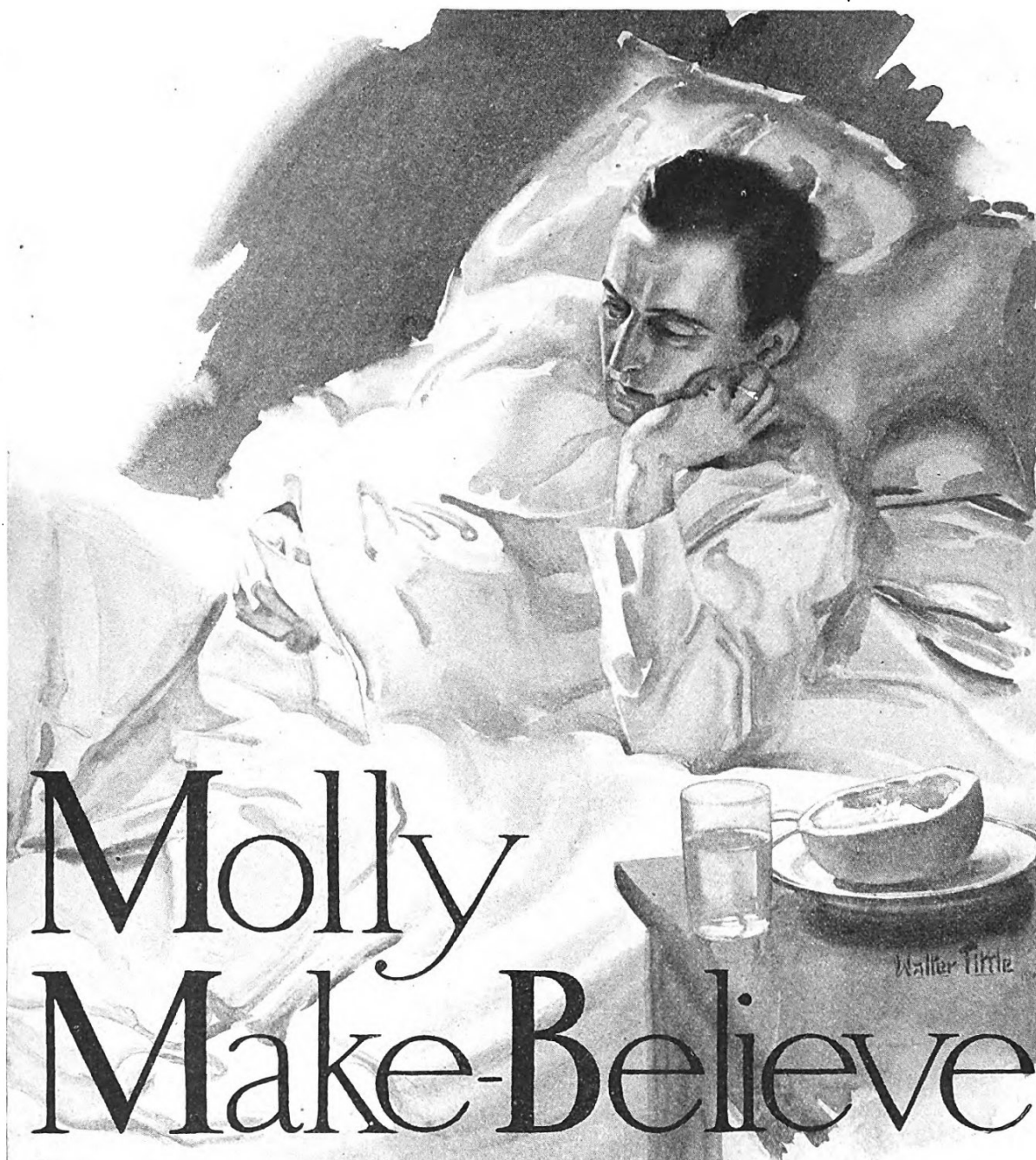
Kokomo, Indiana



\$2,000 Fully Equipped

Top, Dust Hood, Glass Front, Presto-Light Tank, \$75.00 Warner Auto Meter, Bosch Dual System Magneto, Robe and Foot Rail, Gray & Davis Lamps—and All

MADE IN TOURING, SUBURBAN AND HIKER MODELS

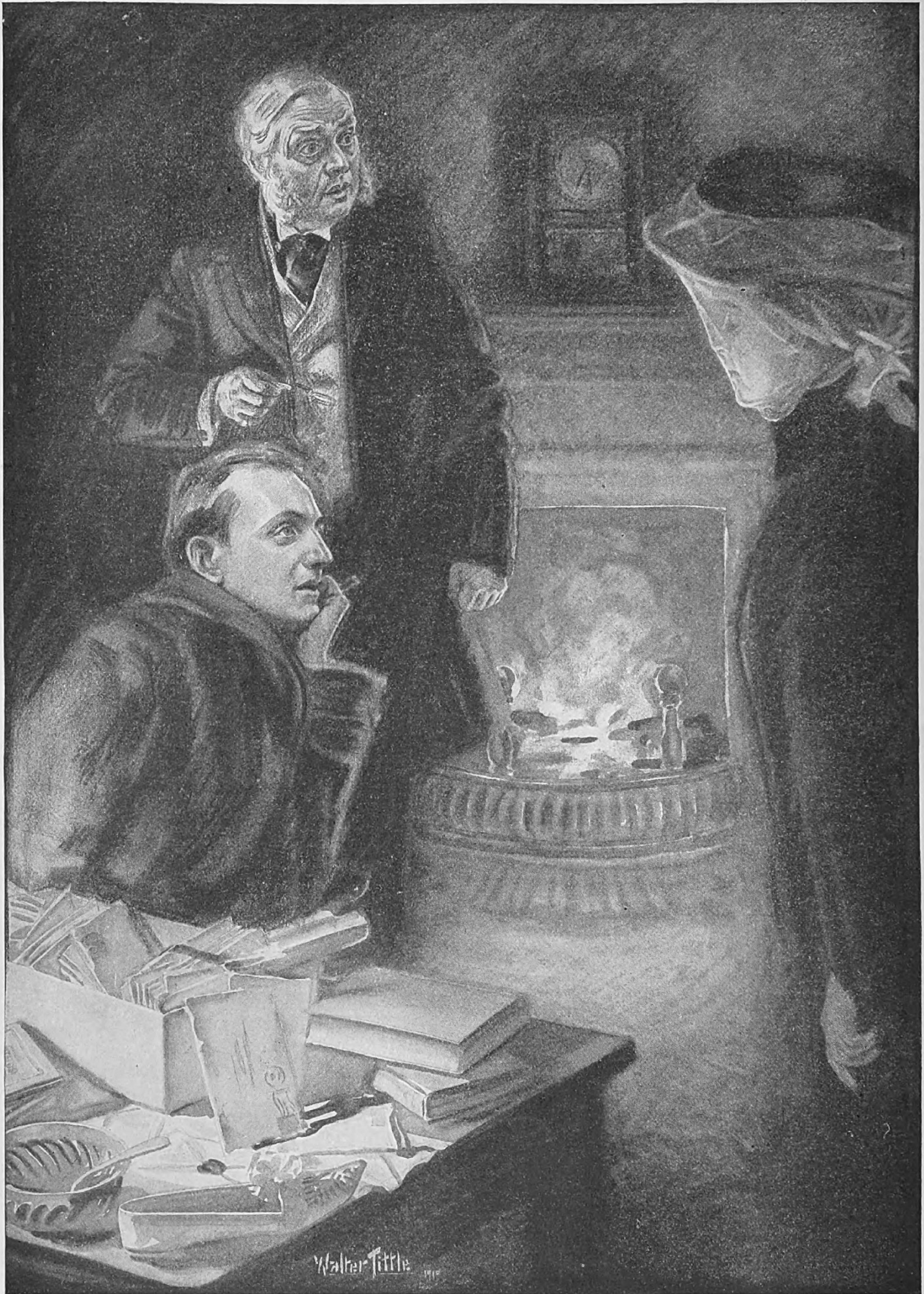


Molly Make-Believe

by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

Author of "The Very Tired Girl"

Illustrated by
Walter Tittle



"AM I INTERRUPTING YOU?"

Illustration for "Molly Make-Believe"



THE morning was as dark and cold as city snow could make it—a dingy whirl at the window; a smoky gust through the fire-place; a shadow black as a bear's cave under the table. Nothing in all the cavernous room loomed really warm or familiar except a glass of stale water and a vapid, half-eaten grape-fruit.

Packed into his pudgy pillows like a fragile piece of china instead of a human being, Carl Stanton lay and cursed the brutal Northern winter.

Between his sturdy, restive shoulders the rheumatism snarled and clawed like some utterly frenzied animal trying to gnaw-gnaw-gnaw its way out. Along the tortured hollow of his back a red-hot plaster fumed and mulled and sucked at the pain like some hideously poisoned fang trying to gnaw-gnaw-gnaw its way in. Worse than this, every four or five minutes an agony, as miserably comic as a crashing blow on one's crazy-bone went jarring and shuddering through his whole abnormally vibrant system.

In Stanton's hot swollen fingers Cornelia's large, crisp letter rustled not softly like a lady's skirts, but bleakly as an ice storm in December woods. Cornelia's whole angular handwriting, in fact, was not at all unlike a thicket of twigs stripped from root to branch of every possible softening leaf.

"Dear Carl" crackled the letter. "In spite of your unpleasant tantrum yesterday because I would not kiss you good-by in the presence of my mother, I am good-natured enough, you see, to write you a good-by letter after all. But I certainly will not promise to write you daily, so kindly do not tease me any more about it. In the first place, you understand that I greatly dislike letter-writing. In the second place, you know Jacksonville quite as well as I do, so there is no use, whatsoever, in wasting either my time or yours in purely geographical descriptions. And in the third place, you ought to be bright enough to comprehend by this time just what I think about love-letters anyway. I have told you once that I love you and that ought to be enough. People like myself do not change. I may not talk quite as much as other people, but when I once say a thing I mean it! You will never have cause, I assure you, to worry about my fidelity."

"I will honestly try to write you every Sunday these next six weeks, but I am not willing to literally promise even that. Mother thinks that we ought not to write very much at all until our engagement is formally announced."

"Trusting that your rheumatism is very much better this morning, I am
Hastily yours,

"CORNELIA."

"P. S.—Apropos of your sentimental passion for letters, I enclose a ridiculous circular which was handed me yesterday at the Woman's Exchange. You had better investigate it. It seems to be rather your kind."

As the letter fluttered out of his hand Stanton closed his eyes with a twinge of physical suffering. Then he picked up the letter again and scrutinized it very carefully from the severe silver monogram to the huge gothic signature, but he could not find one single thing that he was looking for—not a nourishing paragraph; not a stimulating sentence; not even so much as one small sweet-flavored word that was worth filching out of the prosy text to tuck away in the pockets of his mind for his memory to munch on in its hungry hours. Now everybody who knows anything at all knows perfectly well that even a business letter does not deserve the paper on which it is written unless it contains at least one significant phrase that is worth waking up in the night to remember and think about. And as to the lover who does not write significant phrases—Heaven help the young man who finds himself thus mismated to so spiritually commonplace a nature! Baffled, perplexed, strangely uneasy, Stanton lay and studied the barren page before him. Then suddenly his poor heart puckered up like a persimmon with the ghastly, grim shock which a man experiences when he realizes for the first time that the woman whom he loves is not shy, but—stingy.

With snow and gloom and pain and loneliness, the rest of the day limped by. Hour after hour, helpless, hopeless, utterly impotent as though Time itself were bleeding to death, the minutes bubbled and dripped from the old wooden clock. By noon the room was as murky as dishwater, and Stanton lay and fretted in the messy, sudsy snow-light like a forgotten knife or spoon until the janitor wandered in casually about three o'clock and wrung a piercing little wisp of flame out of the

electric-light bulb over the sick man's head, raised him clumsily out of pillows and fed him indolently with a sad, thin soup. Worst of all, four times in the dreadful interim between breakfast and supper, the postman's thrilly footsteps soared up the long metallic stairway like an ecstatically towering high-note, only to flat off discordantly at Stanton's door without even so much as a one-cent advertisement issuing from the letter-slide. And there would be thirty or forty days just like this, the doctor had assured him; and Cornelia had said that—perhaps, if she felt like it—she would write—six—times.

Then night came down like the feathery soot of a smoky lamp, and smutted first the bed-quilt, then the hearth-rug, then the window-seat, and then at last the great, stormy, far-away outside world. But sleep did not come. Oh, no! Nothing new came at all except that particularly wretched, itching type of insomnia which seems to rip away from one's body the whole kind, protecting skin and expose all the raw, ticklish fretwork of nerves to the mercy of a gritty blanket or a wrinkled sheet. Pain came too, in its most brutally high night-tide; and sweat, like the smother of furs in summer; and thirst like the scrape of hot sand-paper; and chill like the clammy horror of raw fish. Then, just as the mawkish cold-gray dawn came nosing over the house-tops, and the poor fellow's mind had reached the point where the slam of a window or the ripping creak of a floor-board would have shattered his brittle nerves into a thousand cursing tortures—then that teasing, tantalizing little friend of all rheumatic invalids—the morning nap—came swooping down upon him like a sponge and wiped out of his face every single bit of the sharp, precious evidence of pain which he had been accumulating so laboriously all night long to present to the doctor as an incontestable argument in favor of an opiate.

Whiter than his rumpled bed, but freshened and brightened and deceptively free from pain, he woke at last to find the pleasant yellow sunshine mottling his dingy carpet. Instinctively he reached back under his pillow for Cornelia's letter. Out of the stiff envelope fluttered instead the tiny circular to which Cornelia had referred so scathingly.

It was a bit of gray Japanese tissue with the crimson-inked text glowing across it. Something in the whole color scheme and the riotously quirky typography suggested at once the audaciously original work of some young art student who was fairly splashing her way along the road to financial independence, if not to fame. And this is what the little circular said, flushing redder and redder with each ingenuous statement:

THE SERIAL-LETTER COMPANY

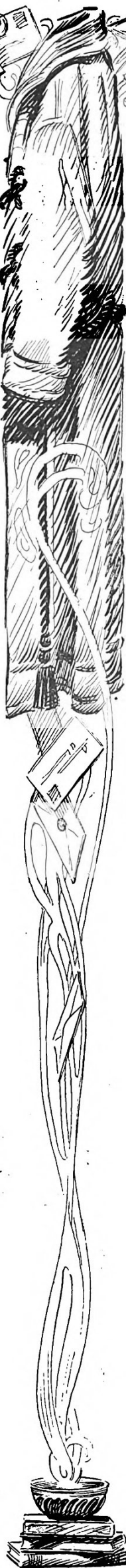
Comfort and Entertainment Furnished for Invalids,
Travelers and All Lonely People

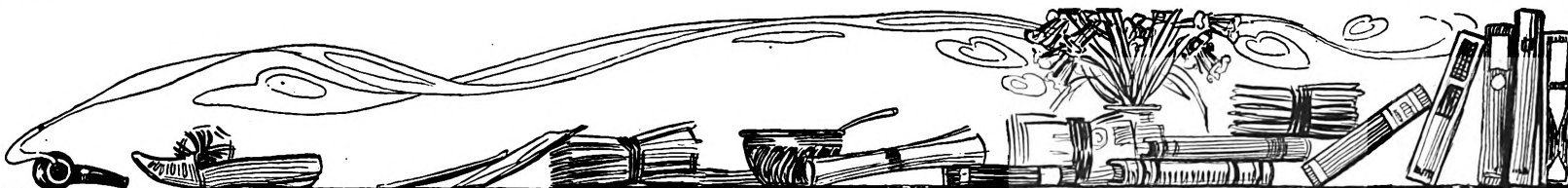
Real Letters from Imaginary Persons

Reliable as Your Daily Paper. Fanciful as Your Favorite Story Magazine. Personal as a Message from Your Best Friend. Offering all the Satisfaction of RECEIVING Letters with no Possible Obligation or even Opportunity of Answering Them.

SAMPLE LIST OF LETTERS OFFERED

- | | |
|---|--|
| Letters from a Japanese Fairy.
Bi-weekly. | (Especially acceptable to a Sick Child. Fragrant with incense and sandal wood. Vivid with purple and orange and scarlet. Lavishly interspersed with the most adorable Japanese toys that you ever saw in your life.) |
| Letters from a Little Son.
Weekly. | (Very sturdy. Very spunky. Slightly profane.) |
| Letters from a Little Daughter.
Weekly. | (Quaint. Old-fashioned. Daintily dreamy. Mostly about dolls.) |
| Letters from a Banda-Sea Pirate.
Monthly. | (Luxuriantly tropical. Saltier than the sea. Sharper than coral. Unmitigatedly murderous. Altogether blood-curdling.) |
| Letters from a Gray-Plush Squirrel.
Irregular. | (Sure to please Nature Lovers of Either Sex. Pungent with wood lore. Prowly. Scampy. Deliciously wild. Apt to be just a little bit messy perhaps with roots and leaves and nuts.) |





Letters from Your Favorite Historical Character.
Fortnightly.

Love Letters.
Daily.

In ordering letters kindly state approximate age, prevalent tastes, and in case of invalidism, the presumable severity of illness. For price list, etc., refer to opposite page. Address all communications to Serial Letter Company, Box, etc., etc.

(Biographically consistent. Historically reasonable. Most vivaciously human. Really unique.)

(Three grades: Shy. Medium. Very intense.)

As Stanton finished reading the last solemn business detail he crumpled up the circular into a little gray wad, butted his blond head back into his pillows and grinned and grinned.

"Good enough!" he chuckled. "If Cornelia won't write to me, there seem to be lots of other congenial souls who will—cannibals and rodents and kiddies. All the same—" he ruminated suddenly—"All the same, I'll wager that there's an awfully decent little brain working away behind all that red ink and nonsense."

Still grinning, he conjured up the vision of some grim-faced spinster-subscriber in a desolate country town starting out at last for the first time in her life with real, cheery self-importance, rain or shine, to join the laughing, jostling, deliciously human Saturday night crowd at the village post-office—herself the only person whose expected letter never failed to come!

From Squirrel or Pirate or Hopping Hottentot—what did it matter to her? Just the envelope alone was worth the price of the subscription. How the pink-cheeked high school girls elbowed each other to get a peep at the post-mark! How the—

Better still, perhaps some hopelessly unpopular man in a dingy city office would go running up the last steps just a little, wee bit faster—say the second and fourth Mondays in the month—because of even a bought, made-up letter from Mary Queen of Scots that he knew absolutely, without slip or blunder, would be waiting there for him on his dusty, ink-stained desk among all the litter of bills and invoices concerning shoe leather. Whether Mary Queen of Scots prattled pertly of ancient English politics, or whimpered piteously about dull-colored modern fashions—what did it matter so long as the letter came, and smelled of faded fleur-de-lis—or of Darnley's tobacco smoke?

Altogether pleased by the vividness of both these pictures, Stanton turned quite amiably to his breakfast and guzzled down a luke-warm bowl of milk without half his usual complaint.

It was almost noon before his troubles commenced again. Then like a raging hot tide, the pain began in the soft, fleshy soles of his feet and mounted up inch by inch through the calves of his legs, through his aching thighs, through his tortured back, through his cringing neck, till the whole reeking misery seemed to foam and froth in his brain in an utter frenzy of furious resentment.

Again the day dragged by with maddening monotony and loneliness. Again the clock mocked him and the postman shirked him and the janitor forgot him. Again the big, black night came crowding down and stung him and smothered him into a countless number of new torments. Again the treacherous morning nap wiped out all traces of the pain and left the doctor still mercilessly obdurate on the subject of an opiate.

And Cornelia did not write.

Not till the fifth day did a brief little Southern note arrive informing him of the ordinary vital truths concerning a comfortable journey, and expressing a chaste hope that he would not forget her. Not even surprise, not even curiosity, tempted Stanton to wade twice through the fashionable, angular handwriting. Dully impersonal, bleak as the shadow of a brown leaf across a block of gray granite, plainly—unforgivably—written with ink and ink only, the stupid, loveless page slipped through his fingers to the floor.

After the long waiting and the fretful impatience of the past few days, there were only two plausible ways in which to treat such a letter. One way was with anger. One way was with amusement. With conscientious effort Stanton finally summoned a real smile to his lips.

Stretching out perilously from his snug bed he gathered the waste-basket into his arms and commenced to dig in it like a sportive terrier. After a messy minute or two he successfully excavated the crumpled little gray tissue circular and smoothed it out carefully on his humped-up knees. The expression in his eyes all the time was quite a curious mixture of mischief and malice and rheumatism.

"After all" he reasoned, out of one corner of his mouth, "After all, perhaps I have misjudged Cornelia. Maybe it's only that she really doesn't know just what a love-letter ought to be like."

With a slobbering fountain pen and a few exclamations,

he proceeded then and there to write out a rather large check and a very small note.

"To the Serial-Letter Co." he addressed himself brazenly. "For the enclosed check—which you will notice doubles the amount of your advertised price—kindly enter my name for a six weeks' special edition *de luxe* subscription to one of your love-letter serials (any old ardor that comes most convenient). Approximate age of victim, thirty-two. Business status, rubber broker. Prevalent tastes, to be able to sit up and eat and drink and smoke and go to the office the way other fellows do. Nature of illness, the meanest kind of rheumatism. Kindly deliver said letters as early and often as possible!

"Very truly yours, etc."

Sorrowfully then for a moment he studied the depleted balance in his check-book. "Of course," he argued, not unguiltily, "of course, that check was just the amount I was planning to spend on a turquoise-studded belt for Cornelia's birthday; but if Cornelia's brains really need more adorning than does her body—if this special investment, in fact, will mean more to both of us in the long run than a dozen turquoise belts—"

Big and bland and blonde and beautiful, Cornelia's physical personality loomed up suddenly in his memory—so big, in fact, so bland, so blonde, so splendidly beautiful, that he realized abruptly with a strange little tucked feeling in his heart that the question of Cornelia's "brains" had never yet occurred to him. Pushing the thought impatiently aside, he sank back luxuriantly again into his pillows and grinned without any perceptible effort at all as he planned adroitly how he would paste the serial love-letters, one by one, into the gaudiest looking scrap-book that he could find and present it to Cornelia on her birthday as a text-book for the "newly engaged" girl. And he hoped and prayed with all his heart that every individual letter would be printed with crimson ink on a violet-scented page and would fairly reek from date to signature with all the joyous, ecstatic silliness that graces either an old-fashioned novel or a modern breach-of-promise suit.

So, quite worn out at last with all this unwonted excitement, he drowsed off to sleep for as long as ten minutes and dreamed that he was a bigamist.

The next day and the next night were stale and mean and musty with a drizzling winter rain. But the following morning crashed inconsiderately into the world's limp face like a snowball spiked with icicles. Gasping for breath and crunching for a foothold, the sidewalk people breasted the gritty cold. Puckered with chills and goose-flesh, the fire-side people huddled and sneezed around their respective hearths. Shivering like the ague between his cotton-flannel blankets, Stanton's courage fairly raced the mercury in its downward course. By noon his teeth were chattering like a mouthful of cracked ice. By night the sob in his thirsty throat was like a lump of salt and snow. But nothing out-doors or in, from morning till night, was half as wretchedly cold and clammy as the rapidly congealing hot-water bottle that slopped and gurgled between his aching shoulders.

It was just after supper when a messenger boy blurted in from the frigid hall with a great gust of cold and a long pasteboard box and a letter.

Frowning with perplexity, Stanton's clumsy fingers finally dislodged from the box a big, soft blanket-wrapper with an astonishingly strange, blurry pattern of green and red against a somber back-ground of rusty black. With increasing amazement he picked up the accompanying letter and scanned it hastily.

"Dear Lad," the letter began quite intimately. But it was not signed "Cornelia." It was signed "Molly!"

II.

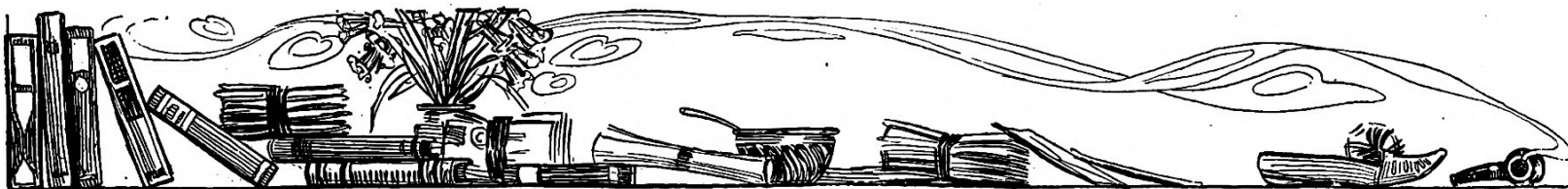
TURNING nervously back to the box's wrapping paper, Stanton read once more the perfectly plain, perfectly unmistakable name and address—his own—repeated in absolute duplicate on the envelope. Quicker than his mental comprehension, mere physical embarrassment began to flush across his cheek-bones. Then suddenly the whole truth dawned on him: The first instalment of his serial love-letter had arrived.

"But I thought—thought it would be type-written," he stammered miserably to himself. "I thought it would be a—be a—hctographed kind of a thing. Why, hang it all, it's a real letter! And when I doubled my check and called for a special edition *de luxe*—I was n't sitting up on my hind legs begging for real presents!"

But "Dear Lad" persisted the pleasant, round, almost childish hand-writing:



"It might be an old lady rather whimsically inclined"



"Dear Lad:—I could have cried yesterday when I got your letter telling me how sick you were. Yes!—But crying wouldn't 'comfy' you any, would it? So just to send you right-off-quick something to prove that I'm thinking of you, here's a great rollicking woolly wrapper to keep you snug and warm this very night. I wonder if it would interest you any at all to know that it is made out of a most larksome outlaw up on my grandfather's sweet-meadowed farm,—a really, truly black sheep that I've raised all my own sweaters and mittens on for the past five years. Only it takes two whole seasons to raise a blanket-wrapper, so please be awfully much delighted with it. And oh, Mr. Sick Boy, when you look at the funny, blurry colors, couldn't you just please pretend that the tinge of green is the flavor of pleasant pastures and that the streak of red is the cardinal flower that blazed along the edge of the noisy brook?"

"Good-by till to-morrow,

"MOLLY."

With a face so altogether crowded with astonishment that there was no room left in it for pain, Stanton's lame fingers reached out inquisitively and patted the warm, woolly fabric.

"Nice old lamby," he acknowledged judicially.

Then suddenly around the corners of his under lip a little balky smile began to flicker.

"Of course I'll save the letter for Cornelia," he protested, "but no one could really expect me to paste such a scrumptious blanket-wrapper into a scrap-book."

Laboriously wriggling his thinness and his coldness into the black sheep's luxuriant, irresponsible fleece, a bulging side-pocket in the wrapper bruised his hip. Reaching down very temperishly to the pocket he drew forth a small lace-trimmed handkerchief knotted pudgily across a brimming handful of fir-balsam needles. Like a scorching hot August breeze the magic, woodsy fragrance crinkled through his nostrils.

"These people certainly know how to play the game all right," he reasoned whimsically, noting even the consistent little letter "M" embroidered in one corner of the handkerchief.

Then, because he was really very sick and really very tired, he snuggled down into the new blessed warmth and turned his gaunt cheek to the pillow and cupped his hand for sleep like a drowsy child with its nose and mouth burrowed eagerly down into the expectant draught. The cup did not fill—yet scented deep in his curved, empty, balsam-scented fingers lurked—somehow—somewhere—the dregs of a wonderful dream: Boyhood, with the hot, sweet flutter of summer woods and the pillowing warmth of the soft, sun-baked earth and the crackle of a twig and the call of a bird and the drone of a bee and the great blue, blue mystery of the sky glinting down through a green-latticed canopy overhead.

For the first time in a whole, cruel tortured week he actually smiled his way into his morning nap.

When he woke again both the sun and the doctor were staring pleasantly into his face.

"You look better," said the doctor. "And more than that, you don't look half so cussed cross."

"Sure," grinned Stanton, with all the deceptive, undaunted optimism of the just-awakened.

"Nevertheless," continued the doctor more soberly, "there ought to be somebody a trifle more interested in you than the janitor to look after your food and your medicine and all that. I'm going to send you a nurse."

"Oh, no!" gasped Stanton. "I don't need one. And frankly, I can't afford one." Shy as a girl, his eyes eluded the doctor's stare. "You see," he explained diffidently, "you see, I'm just engaged to be married, and though business is fairly good and all that, my being away from the office six or eight weeks is going to cut like the deuce into my commissions—and roses cost such a horrid price last fall—and there seems to be a game-law on diamonds this year; they practically fine you for buying them and—"

The doctor's face brightened irrelevantly. "Is she a Boston young lady?" he queried.

"Oh, yes," beamed Stanton.

"Good!" said the doctor. "Then, of course, she can keep some sort of an eye on you. I'd like to see her. I'd like to talk with her—give her just a few general directions, as it were."

A flush deeper than any mere love-embarrassment spread suddenly over Stanton's face.

"She isn't here," he acknowledged with barely analyzable mortification. "She's just gone South."

"Just gone South?" repeated the doctor. "You don't mean—since you've been sick?"

Stanton nodded with a rather wobbly grin, and the doctor changed the subject abruptly and busied himself quickly with the least bad-tasting medicine that he could concoct.

Then left alone once more with a short breakfast and a long morning, Stanton sank back gradually into a depression infinitely deeper than his pillows, in which he seemed to realize with bitter contrition that in some strange, unintentional manner his purely innocent, matter-of-fact statement that Cornelia "had just gone South" had assumed the gigantic disloyalty of a public proclamation that the lady of his choice was not quite up to the accepted standard of feminine intelligence or affection, though to save his life he could not recall any single glum word or gloomy gesture that could possibly have conveyed any such erroneous impression to the doctor.

"Why, Cornelia *had* to go South," he reasoned conscientiously. "Every girl like Cornelia had to go South sometime between November and March. How could any mere man even hope to keep rare, choice, exquisite creatures like that cooped up in a slushy, snowy New England city, when all the bright, gorgeous rose-blooming South was waiting for them with open arms? Open arms! Apparently it was only climates that were allowed such privileges with girls like Cornelia. Yet, after all, was n't it just exactly that very quality of serene, dignified aloofness that had attracted him first to Cornelia among the score of freer mannered girls of his acquaintance?"

Glumly reverting to his morning paper, he began to read and reread with dogged persistence each item of politics and foreign news—each gibbering advertisement.

At noon the postman dropped some kind of a message through the slit in the door, but the plainly discernible green one-cent stamp forbade any possible hope that it was a letter from the South. At four o'clock again some one thrust an offensive pink gas bill through the letter-slide. At six o'clock Stanton stubbornly shut his eyes up perfectly tight and muffled his ears in the pillow so that he would not even know whether the postman came or not. The only thing that finally roused him to plain, grown-up sense again was the joggle of the janitor's foot kicking mercilessly against the bed.

"Here's your supper," growled the janitor.

On the bare tin tray, tucked in between the cup of gruel and the slice of toast, loomed a letter—a real, rather fat-looking letter. Instantly from Stanton's mind vanished every conceivable sad thought concerning Cornelia. With his heart thumping like the heart of any lovesick school-girl, he reached out and grabbed the envelope.

It was postmarked "Boston," and the handwriting was plainly the handwriting of The Serial-Letter Co.

Muttering an exclamation that was not altogether pretty, he threw the letter as far as he could throw it out into the middle of the floor, and turning back to his supper began to crunch his toast furiously, like a dragon crunching bones.

At nine o'clock he was still awake. At ten o'clock he was still awake. At eleven o'clock he was still awake. At twelve o'clock he was still awake. . . . At one o'clock he was almost crazy. By quarter past one, as though fairly hypnotized, his eyes began to rivet themselves on the little bright spot in the rug where the serial-letter lay gleaming whitely in a beam of electric light from the street. Finally, in one supreme, childish impulse of petulant curiosity, he scrambled shiveringly out of his bed with many "Oh's!" and "Ouch's!" recaptured the letter and took it growlingly back to his warm bed.

Worn out quite as much with the grinding monotony of his rheumatic pains as with their actual acuteness, the new discomfort of straining his eyes under the feeble rays of his night-light seemed almost a pleasant diversion.

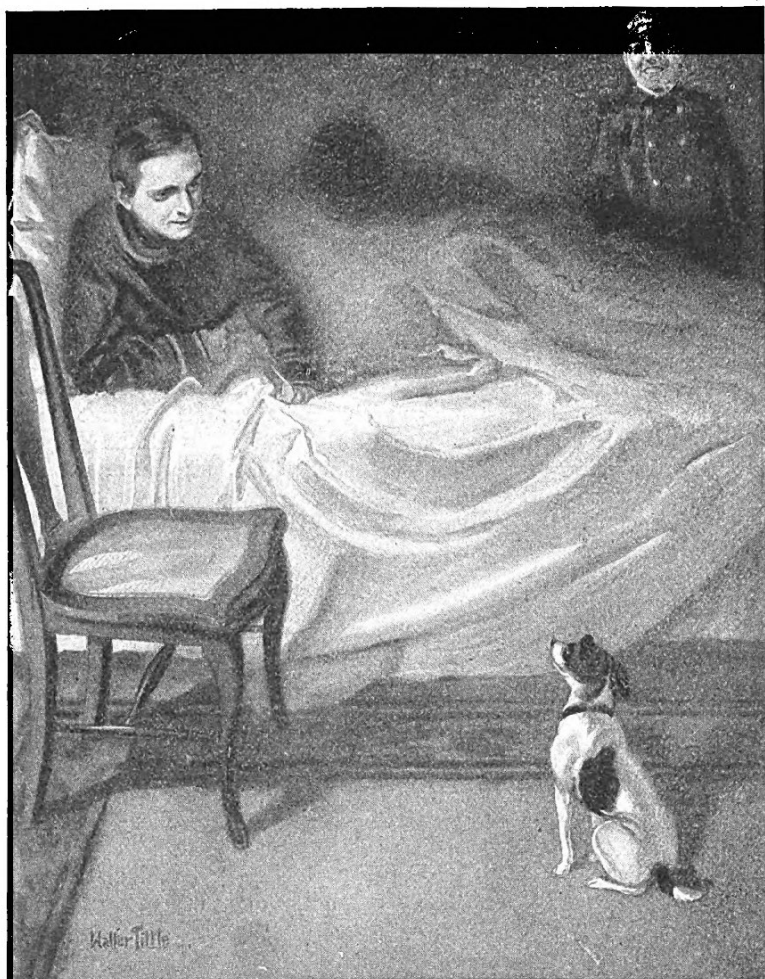
The envelope was certainly fat. As he ripped it open, three or four folded papers like sleeping-powders, all duly numbered, "1 A. M.," "2 A. M.," "3 A. M.," "4 A. M.," fell out of it. With increasing inquisitiveness he drew forth the letter itself.

"Dear Honey," said the letter quite boldly. Absurd as it was, the phrase crinkled Stanton's heart just the merest trifle.

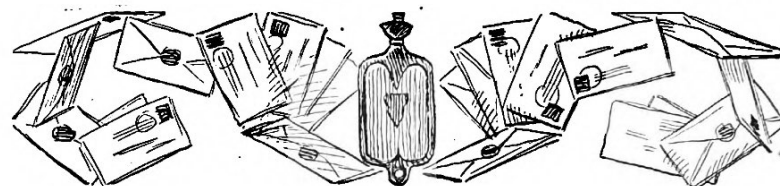
"Dear Honey:—There are so many things about your sickness that worry me. Yes, there are! I worry about your pain. I worry about the horrid food that you're probably getting. I worry about the coldness of your room. But most of anything I worry about your sleeplessness. Of course you *don't* sleep! That's the trouble with rheumatism. It's such an old night-nagger. Now, do you know what I'm going to do to you? I'm going to evolve myself into a sort of a Rheumatic Nights Entertainment for the sole and explicit purpose of trying, to while away some of



"How do you know I'm not a 'Cullud Pusson'?"



Cocking his small, keen white head from one tippy angle to another, the little terrier returned the stare



the missing "No. 4 o'clock." Quite out of breath, at last he discovered it lying on the floor a whole arm's length away from the bed. Only with a really acute stab of pain did he finally succeed in reaching it. Then with fingers fairly trembling with effort, he opened forth and disclosed a tiny snap-shot photograph of a grim-jawed, scrawney-necked, much be-spectacled elderly dame with a huge gray pompadour.

"Stung!" said Stanton.

Rheumatism or anger or something buzzed in his heart like a bee the rest of the night.

Fortunately, in the very first mail the next morning a postal card came from Cornelia—such a pretty postal-card, too, with a bright-colored picture of an inordinately "riggy" looking ostrich staring over a neat, wire fence at an eager group of unmistakably Northern tourists. Underneath the picture was written in Cornelia's own precious hand the heart-thrilling information:

"We went to see the ostrich farm yesterday. It was really very interesting. C."

III.

FOR quite a long time Stanton lay and considered the matter judicially from every possible point of view. "It would have been rather pleasant," he mused, "to know who 'we' were." Almost childishly his face cuddled into the pillow. "She might at least have told me the name of the ostrich!" he smiled grimly.

Thus quite utterly denied any nourishing Cornelia-flavored food for his thoughts, his hungry mind reverted very naturally to the tantalizing, evasive, sweetly spicy fragrance of the 'Molly' episode—before the really dreadful photograph of the unhappy spinster-lady had burst upon his blinking vision.

Scowlingly he picked up the picture and stared and stared at it. Certainly it was grim. But even from its grimness emanated the same faint, mysterious odor of cinnamon roses that lurked in the accompanying letter. "There's some dreadful mistake somewhere," he insisted. Then suddenly he began to laugh, and reaching out once more for pen and paper, inscribed his second letter and his first complaint to the Serial-Letter Co.

"To the Serial-Letter Co.," he wrote sternly, with many ferocious tremors of dignity and rheumatism.

"Kindly allow me to call attention to the fact that in my recent order of the 18th inst., the specifications distinctly stated 'love-letters,' and not any correspondence whatsoever—no matter how exhilarating—from either a 'Gray-Plush Squirrel' or a 'Banda Sea Pirate' as evidenced by enclosed photograph which I am hereby returning. Please refund money at once or forward me without delay a consistent photograph of a special edition *de luxe* girl. "Very truly yours,"

The letter was mailed by the janitor long before noon. Even as late as eleven o'clock that night Stanton was still hopefully expecting an answer. Nor was he altogether disappointed. Just before midnight a messenger boy appeared with a fair-sized manila envelope, quite stiff and important looking.

"Oh, please, Sir," said the enclosed letter, "Oh, please, sir, we can not refund your subscription money because—we have spent it. But if you will only be patient, we feel quite certain that you will be altogether satisfied in the long run with the material offered you. As for the photograph recently forwarded you, kindly accept our apologies for a very clumsy mistake made here in the office. Do any of these other types suit you better? Kindly mark selection and return all pictures at your earliest convenience."

Before the messenger boy's astonished interest, Stanton spread out on the bed all around him a dozen soft sepia-colored photographs of a dozen different girls. Stately in satin, or simple in gingham, or deliciously hoydenish in fishing-clothes, they challenged his quick-wandering attention. Blonde, brunette, tall, short, posing with wistful tenderness in the flickering glow of an open fire or smiling frankly out of a purely conventional vignette—they one and all defied him to choose between them.

"Oh, oh!" laughed Stanton to himself. "Am I to try and separate her picture from eleven pictures of her friends? So that's the game, is it? Well, I guess not! Does she think I'm going to risk choosing a tom-boy girl if the gentle little creature with the pansies is really herself? Or, suppose she truly is the enchanting little tom-boy, would she write me any more nice funny letters if I solemnly selected her sentimental, mooey-looking friend at the heavily-draped window?"

Craftily he returned all the pictures unmarked to the envelope, and changing the address, hurried the messenger boy off to remail it. Just this little note, hastily scribbled in pencil, went with the envelope:

"Dear Serial-Letter Co., The pictures are not altogether satisfactory. It isn't a 'type' that I am looking for, but a definite likeness of

your long, dark hours. Because, if you've simply got to stay awake all night long and think, you might just as well be thinking about me, Carl Stanton. What? Do you dare smile and suggest for a moment that just because of absence I can not make myself vivid to you? Ho! Silly boy! Don't you know that the plainest sort of black ink throbs more than some blood, and the touch of the softest hand is a harsh caress compared to the touch of a reasonably shrewd pen? Here—now I say—this very moment. Lift this letter of mine to your face and swear—if you're honestly able to—that you can't smell the rose in my hair! A cinnamon rose, would you say—a yellow, flat-faced cinnamon rose? Not quite so lusciously fragrant as those in your grandmother's July garden? A trifle paler? Perceptibly cooler? Something forced into blossom perhaps behind brittle glass under barren winter moonshine? And yet—A-h-h! Hear me laugh! You did n't really mean to let yourself lift the page and smell it, did you? But what did I tell you?

"I must n't waste too much time, though, on this nonsense. What I really wanted to say to you was: here are four—not sleeping potions but waking potions—just four silly little bits of news for you to think about at one o'clock and two and three—and four, if you happen to be so miserable to-night as to be awake even then. With my love,

"MOLLY."

Whimsically, Stanton rummaged around in the creases of the bed-spread and extricated the little folded paper marked "No. 1 o'clock." The news in it was utterly brief:

"My hair is red," was all that it announced.

With a sniff of amusement Stanton collapsed again into his pillows. For almost an hour then he lay considering solemnly whether a red-headed girl could possibly be pretty. By two o'clock he had finally visualized quite a striking, Junoesque type of beauty with a figure about the regal height of Cornelia's and blue eyes perhaps just a trifle hazier and more mischievous.

But the little folded paper marked "No. 2 o'clock," announced destructively: "My eyes are brown. And I am very little."

With an absurdly resolute intention to play the game every bit as genuinely as Miss Serial-Letter Co. was playing it, Stanton refrained quite heroically from opening the third dose of news until at least two big, resonant city clocks had insisted that the hour was ripe. By that time the grin in his face was almost bright enough of itself to illuminate any ordinary page.

"I am lame," confided the third message somewhat depressingly. Then snuggling in parenthesis, like the tickle of lips against his ear, whispered the one phrase: "My picture is in the fourth paper—if you should happen still to be awake at four o'clock."

Where now was Stanton's boasted sense of honor concerning the ethics of playing the game according to directions? "Wait a whole hour to see what Molly looked like? Well, he guessed not!" Fumbling frantically under his pillow and across the medicine stand he began to search for



'Molly' herself. Kindly rectify the mistake without further delay or—*refund the money!*"

Almost all the rest of the night he amused himself chuckling to think how the terrible threat about refunding the money would confuse and conquer the extravagant little art student.

But it was his own hands that did the nervous trembling when he opened the big express package that arrived the next evening, just as his tiresome porridge supper was finished.

"Ah, sweetheart—" said the note, tucked inside the package—"Ah, sweetheart, the little god of love be praised for one true lover—yourself! So it is a picture of me that you want? The real me! The truly me! No mere pink-and-white likeness? No actual proof of even 'seared and yellow age'? No curly-haired, coquettish attractiveness that the shampoo-lady and the photograph-man trapped me into for that one single second? No deceptive profile of the best side of my face—and I perhaps blind in the other eye? Not even a fair, honest, every-day portrait of my father's and mother's composite features—but a picture of myself! Hooray for you!"

"A picture, then, not of my physiognomy, but of my personality. Very well, sir. Here is the portrait—true to the life—in this great, clumsy, conglomerate package of articles that represent, perhaps, not even so much the prosy, literal things that I am as the much more illuminating and significant things that I would like to be. It's what we would 'like to be' that really tells most about us, is n't it, Carl Stanton? The brown that I have to wear talks loudly enough, for instance, about the color of my complexion, but the forbidden pink that I most crave whispers infinitely more intimately concerning the color of my spirit.

"And as to my face—*am I really obliged to have a face?* Oh, no-o! 'Songs without words' are surely the only songs in the world that are packed to the last lilting note with utterly limitless meanings. So in these 'letters without faces' I cast myself quite serenely upon the mercy of your imagination.

"What's that you say? That I've simply *got* to have a face? Oh, darn it!—Well, do your worst. Conjure up for me then, here and now, any sort of features, whatsoever, that please your fancy. Only, man of mine, just remember this in your imaginings: Gift me with beauty if you like, or gift me with brains, but do not make the crude masculine mistake of gifting me with both. Thought furrows faces, you know, and after adolescence, only inanity retains its heavenly smoothness. Beauty even at its worst is a gorgeously perfect, flower-sprinkled lawn over which the most ordinary, every-day errands of life can not cross without scarring. And brains at their best are only a plowed field teeming always and forever with the worries of incalculable harvests. Make me a little pretty, if you like, and a little wise, but not too much of either, if you value the verities of your vision, There! I say: Do your worst! Make me that face and that face only that you need the most in all this big, lonesome world; food for your heart or fragrance for your nostrils. Only, one face or another—I insist upon having red hair! MOLLY."

With his lower lip twisted oddly under the bite of his strong white teeth, Stanton began to unwrap the various packages that comprised the large bundle. If it was a "portrait" it certainly represented a puzzle-picture.

First there was a small, flat-footed scarlet slipper with a fluffy gold toe to it. Definitely feminine. Definitely small. So much for that! Then there was a sling-shot, ferociously stubby, and rather confusingly boyish. After that, round and flat and tantalizing as an empty plate, the phonograph disc of a totally unfamiliar song, "The Sea Gull's Cry," a clue to neither age nor sex, but indicative possibly of musical preference or mere individual temperament. After that, a tiny geographical globe, with Kipling's phrase—

"For to admire an' for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!"—

written slantingly in very black ink across both hemispheres. Then an empty purse with a hole in it; a silver embroidered gauntlet such as horsemen wear on the Mexican frontier; a white table-dolly partly embroidered with silky blue forget-me-nots—the threaded needle still jabbed in the work—and the small thimble, Stanton could have sworn, still warm from the snuggle of somebody's finger. Last of all, a fat and formidable edition of Robert Browning's poems; a tiny black domino-mask such as masqueraders wear and a shimmering gilt picture frame inclosing a pert yet not irreverent hand-made adaptation of a certain portion of St. Paul's epistle to the Corinthians:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not a sense of humor, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling symbol. And though I have the gift of prophecy—and all knowledge—so that I



Big and bland and blonde and beautiful, Cornelia's physical personality loomed up suddenly in his memory

could remove mountains, and have not a sense of humor, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not a sense of humor, it profiteth me nothing.

"A sense of humor suffereth long and is kind. A sense of humor envieth not. A sense of humor vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. A sense of humor never faileth. But whether there be unpleasant prophecies they shall fail; whether there be scolding tongues they shall cease; whither there be unfortunate knowledge it shall vanish away. When I was a fault-finding child I spake as a fault-finding child; I understood as a fault-finding child, but when I became a woman I put away fault-finding things.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three. *But the greatest of these is a sense of humor!*"

With a little chuckle of amusement, not altogether devoid of a very definite consciousness of being teased, Stanton spread all the articles out on the bedspread before him and tried to piece them together like the fragments of any other jig-saw puzzle. Was the young lady as intellectual as the Robert Browning poems suggested, or did she mean simply to imply that she wished she were? And did the tomboyish sling-shot fit by any possible chance with the dainty, feminine scrap of domestic embroidery? And was the empty purse supposed to be especially significant of an inordinate fondness for phonograph music—or what?

Pondering, puzzling, fretting, fussing, he dozed off to sleep at last before he even knew that it was almost morning. And when he finally woke again he found the doctor laughing at him because he lay holding a scarlet slipper in his hand.

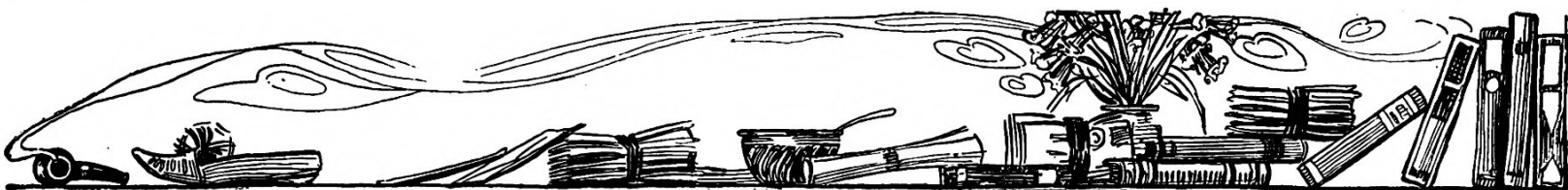
The next night, very, very late, in a furious riot of wind and snow and sleet, a clerk from the drug-store just around the corner appeared with a perfectly huge hot-water bottle fairly sizzling and bubbling with warmth and relief for aching rheumatic backs.

"Well, where in thunder—?" groaned Stanton out of his cold and pain and misery.

"Search me!" said the drug clerk. "The order and the money for it came in the last mail this evening. 'Kindly deliver largest size hot-water bottle, boiling hot, to Mr. Carl Stanton . . . 11.30 to-night.'"

"Oo-w!" gasped Stanton. "O-u-c-h! G-e-e!" then, "Oh, I wish I could purr!" as he settled cautiously back at last to toast his pains against the blessed, scorching heat. "Most girls," he reasoned with surprising interest, "would have sent ice-cold violets shrouded in tissue paper. Now, how does this special girl know—Oh, ouch! o-u-c-h! o-u-c-h—i—t—y!" he crooned himself to sleep.

The next night just at supper-time a much freckled messenger boy appeared dragging an exceedingly obstreperous fox-terrier on the end of a dangerously frayed leash. Planting himself firmly on the rug in the



middle of the room, with the faintest gleam of saucy pink tongue showing between his teeth, the little beast sat and defied the entire situation. Nothing apparently but the correspondence concerning the situation was actually transferable from the freckled messenger boy to Stanton himself.

"Oh, dear lad," said the tiny note, "I forgot to tell you my real name, did n't I? Well, my last name and the dog's first name are just the same. Funny, is n't it? (You'll find it in the back of almost any dictionary.) With love, MOLLY.

"P. S. Just turn the puppy out in the morning and he'll go home all right of his own accord."

With his own pink tongue showing just a trifle between his teeth, Stanton lay for a moment and watched the dog on the rug. Cocking his small, keen, white head from one tippy angle to another, the little terrier returned the stare with an expression that was altogether and unmistakably mirthful. "Oh, it's a jolly little beggar, is it?" said Stanton. "Come here, sir!" Only a suddenly pointed ear acknowledged the summons. The dog himself did not budge. "Come here, I say!" Stanton repeated with harsh peremptoriness. Palpably the little dog winked at him. Then in succession the little dog dodged adroitly a knife, a spoon, a copy of Browning's poems, and several other sizable articles from the table close to Stanton's elbow. Nothing but the dictionary seemed too big to throw. Finally, with a grin that could not be disguised even from the dog, Stanton began to rummage with eye and hand through the intricate back pages of the dictionary.

"You silly little fool," he said, "won't you mind unless you are spoken to by name?"

"Aaron—Abidel—Abel—Abiathar—" he began to read out with petulant curiosity, "Baldwin—Barachias—Bruno (Oh, hang!)—Cadwallader—Cæsar—Caleb (What nonsense!)—Ephraim—Erasmus (How could a girl be named anything like that!)—Gabriel—Gerard—Gershom (Imagine whistling a dog to the name of Gershom!)—Hannibal—Hezekiah—Hosee (Oh, shucks!)" Stolidly with unheeded, drooping ears the little fox-terrier resumed his seat on the rug. "Ichabod—Jabez—Joab," Stanton's voice persisted, experimentally. By nine o'clock, in all possible variations of accent and intonation, he had quite completely exhausted the alphabetical list as far as "K." and the little dog was blinking himself to sleep on the far side of the room. Something about the dog's nodding contentment started Stanton's mouth to yawning and for almost an hour he lay in the lovely, restful consciousness of being at least half asleep. But at ten o'clock he roused up sharply and resumed the task at hand, which seemed suddenly to have assumed really vital importance. "Laban—Lorenzo—Marcellus," he began again in a loud, clear, compelling voice. "Meredith—" (Did the little dog stir? Did he sit up?) "Meredith? Meredith?" The little dog barked. Something in Stanton's brain flashed. "It is 'Merry' for the dog?" he quizzed. "Here, Merry!" In another instant the little creature had leaped upon the foot of his bed, and was talking away at a great rate with all sorts of ecstatic grunts and growls. Stanton's hand went out almost shyly to the dog's head. "So it's 'Molly Meredith,'" he mused. But after all there was no reason to be shy about it. It was the dog's head he was stroking.

Tied to the little dog's collar when he went home the next morning was a tiny, inconspicuous tag that said "That was easy! The pup's name—and yours—is 'Meredith.' Funny name for a dog but nice for a girl."

The Serial-Letter Co.'s answers were always prompt, even though perplexing.

"Dear Lad," came this special answer, "You are quite right about the dog, and I compliment you heartily on your shrewdness. But I must confess, even though it makes you very angry with me, that I have deceived you absolutely concerning my own name. Will you forgive me utterly if I hereby promise never to deceive you again? Why, what could I possibly, possibly do with a great solemn name like Meredith? My truly name, sir, my really, truly, honest-injun name is 'Molly Make-Believe.' Don't you know the funny little old song about 'Molly Make-Believe?' Oh, surely you do:

"Molly, Molly Make-Believe,
Keep to your play if you would not grieve!
For Molly-Mine here's a hint for you,
Things that are true are apt to be blue!"

"Now you remember it, don't you? Then there's something about.

"Molly, Molly Make-a-Smile,
Wear it, swear it all the while.
Long as your lips are framed for a joke,
Who can prove that your heart is broke?"

"Don't you love that 'is broke?' Then there's the last verse—my favorite:

"Molly, Molly Make-a-Beau,
Make him of mist or make him of snow,
Long as your dream stays fine and fair,
Molly, Molly what do you care!"

"Well, I'll wager that her name is 'Meredith' just the same," vowed Stanton, "and she's probably madder than scat to think that I hit it right."

Whether the daily overtures from the Serial-Letter Co. proved to be dogs or love-letters or hot-water bottles or funny old songs, it was reasonably evident that something unique was practically guaranteed to happen every single, individual day of the six weeks' subscription contract. Like a youngster's joyous dream of chronic Christmas Eves, this realization alone was enough to put an absurdly delicious thrill of expectancy into any invalid's otherwise prosy thoughts.

Yet the next bit of attention from the Serial-Letter Co. did not please Stanton one half as much as it embarrassed him.

Wandering socially into the room from his own apartments below, a young lawyer friend of Stanton's had only just seated himself on the foot of Stanton's bed when an expressman also arrived with two large pasteboard hat-boxes which he straightway dumped on the bed between the two men with the laconic message that he would call for them again in the morning.

"Heaven preserve me!" gasped Stanton. "What is this?"

Fearsomely, out of the smaller of the two boxes, he lifted with much rustling snarl of tissue paper a woman's brown fur-hat, very soft, very fluffy, inordinately jaunty with a blush-pink rose nestling deep in the fur. Out of the other box, twice as large, twice as rustly, flaunted a green velvet cavalier's hat, with a green ostrich feather as long as a man's arm drooping languidly off the brim.

"Holy Cat!" said Stanton.

Pinned to the green hat's crown was a tiny note. The handwriting, at least, was pleasantly familiar by this time.

"Oh, I say!" cried the lawyer delightedly.

With a desperately painful effort at nonchalance, Stanton shoved his right fist into the brown hat and his left fist into the green one, and raised them quizzically from the bed.

"Darned—good-looking—hats," he stammered.

"Oh, I say!" repeated the lawyer with accumulative delight.

Crimson to the tip of his ears, Stanton rolled his eyes frantically toward the little note.

"She sent 'em up just to show 'em to me," he quoted wildly. "Just 'cause I'm laid up so and can't get out on the streets to see the styles for myself. And I've got to choose between them for her!" he ejaculated. "She says she can't decide alone which one to keep!"

"Bully for her!" cried the lawyer, slapping his knee. "The cunning little girl!"

Speechless with astonishment, Stanton lay and watched his visitor. Then, "Well, which one would you choose?" he asked with unmistakable relief.

The lawyer took the hats and scanned them carefully. "Let—me—see" he considered. "Her hair is so blonde—"

"No, it's red!" snapped Stanton.

With perfect courtesy the lawyer swallowed his mistake.

"Oh, excuse me," he said. "I forgot. But with her height—"

"She hasn't any height to speak of," groaned Stanton. "She's little."

"Choose to suit yourself," said the lawyer coolly. He himself had admired Cornelia from afar off.

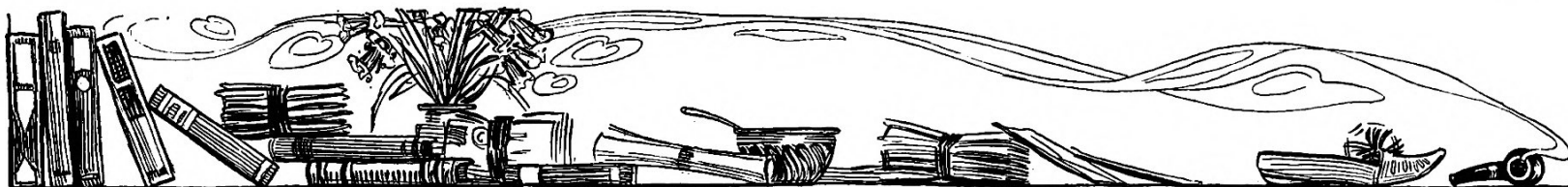
The next night, to Stanton's mixed feelings of relief and disappointment, the "surprise" seemed to consist in the fact that nothing happened at all. Fully until midnight the sense of relief comforted him utterly. But some time after midnight, his hungry mind, like a house-pet robbed of an accustomed meal, began to wake and fret and stalk around ferociously through all the long, empty, aching, early morning hours, searching for something novel to think about.

By supper-time the next evening he was in an irritable mood that made him fairly clutch the special delivery letter out of the postman's hand. It was rather a thin, tantalizing little letter too. All it said was:

"To-night, dearest, until one o'clock, in a cabbage-colored gown all shimmery with green and blue and September frost-lights, I'm going to sit up by my white birch-wood fire and read aloud to you. Yes!



"It might even be a boy"



Honest-injun! And out of Browning, too. Did you notice your copy was marked? What shall I read to you? Shall it be

"If I could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a background of pale gold."

"or

"Shall I sonnet-sing you about myself?
Do I live in a house you would like to see?"

"or

"I am a Painter who can not paint,
—No end to all I can not do.
Yet do one thing at least I can,
Love a man, or hate a man!"

"or just

"Escape me?
Never,
Beloved!
While I am I, and you are you!"

"Oh, Honey! Won't it be fun? Just you and I, perhaps, in all this big city, sitting up and thinking about each other. Can you smell the white birch smoke in this letter?"

Almost unconsciously Stanton raised the page to his face. Unmistakably, up from the paper rose the strong, vivid scent—of a briar-wood pipe.

"Well I'll be hanged," growled Stanton, "if I'm going to be strung by any boy!" Out of all proportion the incident irritated him.

But when, the next evening, a perfectly tremendous bunch of yellow jonquils arrived with a penciled line suggesting, "If you'll put these solid gold posies in your window to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, so I'll surely know just which window is yours, I'll look up when I go past," Stanton most peremptorily ordered the janitor to display the bouquet as ornately as possible along the narrow window-sill of the biggest window that faced the street. Then all through the night he lay dozing and waking intermittently, with a lovely, scared feeling in the pit of his stomach that something really rather exciting was about to happen. At half-past seven he rose laboriously from his bed, huddled himself into his black-sheep wrapper and settled himself down as warmly as could be expected close to the draughty edge of the window.

IV.

"LITTLE and lame and red-haired and brown eyed," he kept repeating to himself.

Old people and young people, cab drivers and jaunty young girls, and fat blue policemen looked up, one and all with quick-brightening faces at the really gorgeous spring-like flame of jonquils, but in a whole chilly, wearisome hour the only red-haired person that passed was an Irish setter puppy; the only lame person was a wooden-legged beggar.

Cold and disgusted as he was, Stanton could not altogether help laughing at his own discomfort.

"Why—hang that little girl! She ought to be s-p-a-n-k-e-d," he chuckled as he climbed back into his tiresome bed.

Then, as though to reward his ultimate good nature, the very next mail brought him a letter from Cornelia, and rather a remarkable letter too, as in addition to the usual impersonal comments on the weather and the tennis and the annual orange crop, there was actually one whole, individual, intimate sentence that distinguished the letter as having been intended solely for him rather than for Cornelia's dressmaker or her coachman's invalid daughter or her own youngest brother. This was the sentence:

"Really, Carl, you don't know how glad I am that in spite of all your foolish objections, I kept to my original purpose of not announcing my engagement until after my Southern trip. You've no idea what a big difference it makes in a girl's good time at a great hotel like this."

This sentence surely gave Stanton a good deal of food for his day's thoughts, but the mental indigestion that ensued was not altogether pleasant.

Not until evening did his mood brighten again. Then. —

"Lad of Mine," whispered Molly's gentler letter. "Lad of Mine—How blond your hair is! Even across the chin-tickling tops of those yellow jonquils this morning, I almost laughed to see the blond, blond shine of you. Some day I'm going to stroke that hair (Yes!)."

"P. S.—The little dog came home all right."

With a gasp of dismay Stanton sat up abruptly in bed and tried to revisualize every single, individual pedestrian who had passed his window in the vicinity of eight o'clock that morning. "She evidently isn't lame at all," he argued, "or little, or red-haired, or anything. Probably her name isn't Molly, and presumably it isn't even Meredith. But

at least she did go by. And is my hair so very blond?" he asked himself suddenly. Against all intention his mouth began to prance a little at the corners.

As soon as he could possibly summon the janitor, he despatched his third note to The Serial-Letter Co., but this one bore a distinctly sealed inner envelope, directed, "For Molly. Personal." And the message in it, though brief, was utterly to the point. "Couldn't you please tell a fellow who you are?"

But by the conventional bedtime hour the next night he wished most heartily that he had not been so inquisitive, for the only entertainment that came to him at all was a jonquil-colored telegram warning him—

"Where the apple redde's do not pry,
Lest we lose our Eden— you and I."

The couplet was quite unfamiliar to Stanton, but it rhymed sickeningly through his brain all night long like the consciousness of an overdrawn bank account.

It was the very next morning after this that all the Boston papers flaunted Cornelia's aristocratic young portrait on their front pages with the striking, large-type announcement that "One of Boston's Fairest Debutantes Makes a Daring Rescue in Florida Waters.—Hotel Cook Capsized from Rowboat Owes His Life to the Pluck and Endurance"—etc., etc.

With a great sob in his throat and every pulse pounding, Stanton lay and read the infinite details of the really splendid story: a group of young girls dallying on the pier; a shrill cry from the bay; the sudden panic-stricken helplessness of the spectators, and then with equal suddenness the plunge of a single feminine figure into the water; the long, hard swim; the furious struggle; the final victory. Stingingly, as though it had been fairly branded into his eyes, he saw the vision of Cornelia's heroic young face battling above the horrible, dragging-down depths of the bay. The bravery, the risk, the ghastly chances of a less fortunate ending sent shiver after shiver through his already tortured senses. All the loving thoughts in his nature fairly leaped to do tribute to Cornelia. "Yes," he reasoned, "Cornelia was made like that! No matter what the cost to herself—no matter what the price—Cornelia would never fail to do her duty!" When he thought of the weary, lagging, riskful weeks that were still to ensue before he should actually see Cornelia again, he felt as though he should go utterly mad. The letter that he wrote to Cornelia that night was like a letter written in a man's own heart-blood. His hand trembled so that he could scarcely hold the pen.

Cornelia did not like the letter. She said so frankly. The letter did not seem to her quite "nice." "Certainly," she attested, "it was not exactly the sort of letter that one would like to show one's mother." Then, in a palpably conscientious effort to be kind as well as just, she began to prattle inkily again about the pleasant, warm, sunny weather. Her only comment on saving the drowning man was the mere phrase that she was very glad that she had learned to be a good swimmer. Never, indeed, since her absence had she spoken of missing Stanton. Not even now, after what was inevitably a heart-racking adventure, did she yield her lover one single iota of the information which he had a lover's right to claim. Had she been frightened, for instance—way down in the bottom of that serene heart of hers, had she been frightened? In the ensuing desperate struggle for life, had she struggled just one little tiny bit harder because Stanton was in that life? Now, in the dreadful, unstrung reaction of the adventure, did her whole nature waken and yearn

and cry out for that one heart in all the world that belonged to her? Plainly, by her silence in the matter, she did not intend to share anything as intimate even as her fear of death with the man whom she claimed to love.

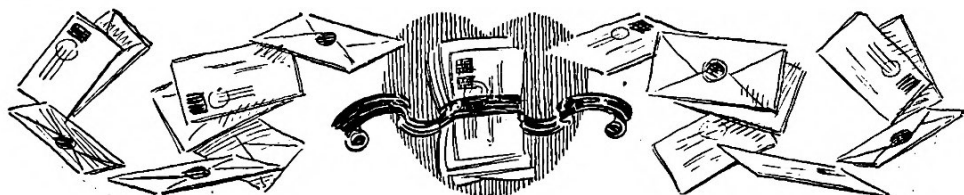
It was just this one last touch of intentional, deliberate, selfish aloofness that startled Stanton's thoughts with the one persistent, insistent, brutally nagging question: "After all, was a woman's undeniably glorious ability to save a drowning man the big, supreme, fundamental requisite of a happy marriage?"

Day by day, night by night, hour by hour, minute by minute, the question began to dig into Stanton's brain, throwing much dust and confusion into brain-corners otherwise perfectly orderly and sweet and clean.

Week by week, grown suddenly and morbidly analytical, he snatched at each new letter of Cornelia's with increasingly passionate hopefulness and dropped it again with increasingly passionate resentment. Except for the Serial-Letter Co.'s ingenuously varied attentions, there was practically nothing to help him make either day or night bearable. More



"Some poor worn
out story writer"



and more Cornelia's letters suggested exquisitely painted empty dishes offered to a starving person. More and more "Molly's" whimsical messages fed him and nourished him and joyously pleased him like some nonsensically fashioned candy-box that yet proved brimming full of real food for a real man. Fight as he would against it, he began to cherish a sense of furious annoyance that Cornelia's failure to provide for him had thrust him out, as it were, to feed among strangers. With frowning perplexity and real worry, he felt the tingling, vivid consciousness of Molly's personality begin to permeate and impregnate his whole nature. Yet, when he tried to acknowledge and thereby cancel his personal sense of obligation to this "Molly" by writing an exceptionally civil note of appreciation to The Serial-Letter Co., The Serial-Letter Co. answered him tersely:

"Pray do not thank us for the jonquils—blanket-wrapper, etc., etc. Surely they are merely presents from yourself to yourself. It is your money that bought them."

And when he had replied briefly, "Well, thank you for your brains, then!" the "company" had persisted with undue sharpness: "Don't thank us for our brains. Brains are our business."

V.

IT WAS one day just about the end of the fifth week that poor Stanton's long-accumulated, long-suppressed perplexity blew up noisily, just like any other kind of steam.

It was the first day, too, throughout all his illness, that he had made even the slightest pretext of being up and about. Slipped if not booted, blanket-wrapped if not coated, shaven at least if not shorn, he had established himself fairly comfortable, late in the afternoon, at his big study-table close to the fire, where, in his low Morris chair, with his books and his papers and his lamp close at hand, he had started out once more to try and solve the absurd little problem that confronted him. Only an occasional twitch of pain in his shoulder-blade or an intermittent shudder of nerves along his spine had interrupted in any possible way his almost frenzied absorption in his subject.

Here at the desk very soon after supper-time the doctor had joined him, and with an unusual expression of leisure and friendliness had settled down lolling on the other side of the fireplace with his great square-toed shoes nudging the bright, brassy edge of the fender and his big meerschaum pipe puffing the whole bleak room most deliciously, tantalizingly full of forbidden tobacco smoke. It was a comfortable, warm place to chat. The talk had begun with politics, drifted a little way toward the architecture of several new city buildings, hovered a moment over the marriage of some mutual friend and then languished utterly.

With a sudden, narrowing-eyed shrewdness the doctor turned and watched an unwonted flicker of worry on Stanton's forehead.

"What's bothering you, Stanton?" he asked, quickly. "Surely you're not worrying any more about your rheumatism?"

"No," said Stanton, "it is n't rheumatism."

For an instant the two men's eyes held each other, and then Stanton began to laugh a trifle uneasily.

"Doctor," he asked quite abruptly, "doctor, do you believe that any possible conditions could exist—that would make it justifiable for a man to show a woman's love-letter to another man?"

"Why—y-e-s," said the doctor cautiously, "I think so. There might be—circumstances—"

Still without any perceptible cause, Stanton laughed again, and reaching out, picked up a folded sheet of paper from the table and handed it to the doctor.

"Read that, will you?" he asked; "and read it aloud:"

With a slight protest of diffidence, the doctor unfolded the paper, scanned the page for an instant, and began slowly:

"Carl of Mine:—There's one thing I forgot to tell you. When you go to buy my engagement ring—I don't want any! No! I'd rather have two wedding-rings instead—two perfectly plain gold wedding-rings. And the ring for my passive left hand I want inscribed, 'To be a sweetness more desired than spring,' and the ring for my active right hand I want inscribed, 'His soul to keep.' Just that."

"And you need n't bother to write me that you don't understand, because you are not expected to understand. It is not man's prerogative to understand. But you are perfectly welcome if you want, to call me crazy, because I am—utterly crazy on just one subject, and that's you. Why, beloved, if—"

"Here!" cried Stanton, suddenly reaching out and grabbing the letter. "Here! You need n't read any more!" His cheeks were crimson.

The doctor's eyes focussed sharply on his face. "That girl loves you," said the doctor tersely. For a moment then the doctor's lips puffed silently at his pipe, until at last with an almost bashful gesture,

Pirouetting to the largest mirror in sight she began to smooth and twist her silken sash into place



he cried out abruptly: "Stanton, somehow I feel as though I owed you an apology, or rather, owed your fiancée one. Somehow, when you told me that day that your young lady had gone gadding off to Florida and had left you alone with your sickness, why I thought—well, most evidently I have misjudged her."

Stanton's throat gave a little gasp, then silenced again. He bit his lips furiously as though to hold back an exclamation. Then suddenly the whole perplexing truth burst from him.

"That is n't from my fiancée!" he cried out. "That's just a professional love-letter. I buy them by the dozen—so much a week." Reaching back under his chair pillow he extricated another letter. "This is from my fiancée," he said. "Read it. Yes, do."

"Aloud?" gasped the doctor.

Stanton nodded. His forehead was wet with sweat.

"Dear Carl:—The weather is still very warm. I am riding horseback almost every morning, however, and playing tennis almost every afternoon. There seems to be an exceptionally large number of interesting people here this winter. In regard to the list of names you sent me for the wedding, really, Carl, I do not see how I can possibly accommodate so many of your friends without seriously curtailing my own list. After all, you must remember that it is the bride's day, not the bridegroom's. And in regard to your question as to whether we expect to be home for Christmas, and could I possibly arrange to spend Christmas Day with you—why, Carl, you are perfectly preposterous! Of course, it is very kind of you to invite me and all that, but how could mother and I possibly come to your rooms when our engagement is not even announced? And besides, there is going to be a very smart dance here Christmas Eve that I particularly wish to attend. And there are plenty of Christmases coming for you and me. Cordially yours,

"CORNELIA.

"P. S.—Mother and I hope that your rheumatism is much better."

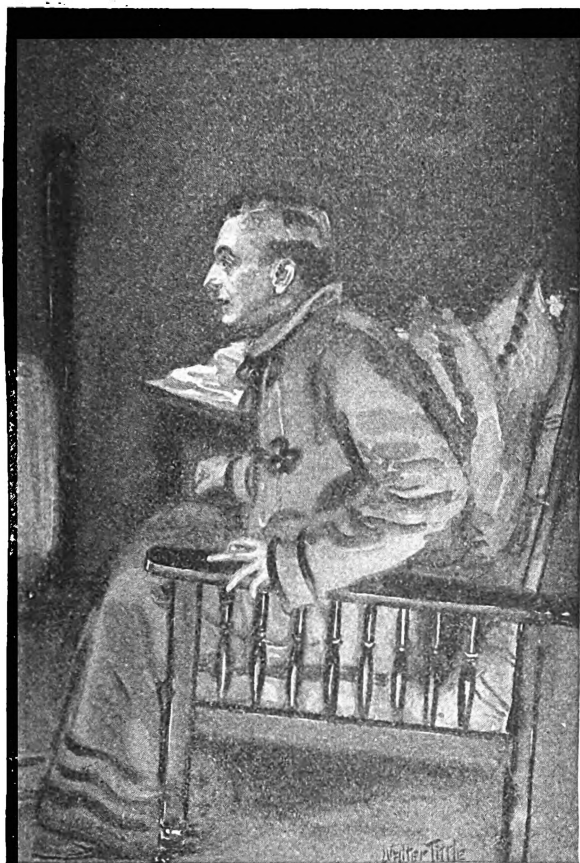
"That's the girl who loves me," said Stanton, not unhumorously. Then suddenly all the muscles around his mouth tightened like the facial muscles of a man who is hammering something. "I mean it!" he insisted. "I mean it—absolutely. That's the girl—who—loves—me!"

Silently the two men looked at each other for a second. Then they both burst out laughing.

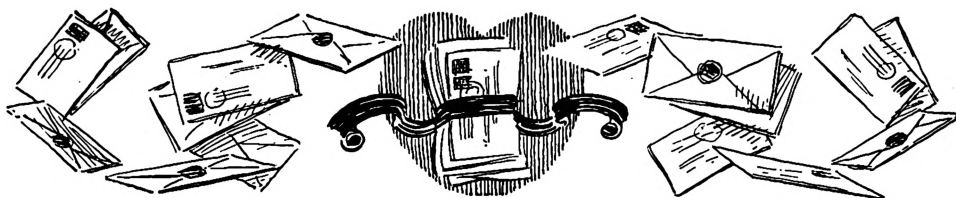
"Oh, yes," said Stanton at last, "I know it's funny. That's just the trouble with it. It's altogether too funny."

Out of a book on the table beside him he drew the thin gray and crimson circular of The Serial-Letter Co. and handed it to the doctor. Then after a moment's rummaging around on the floor beside him, he produced with some difficulty a long pasteboard box fairly bulging with papers and things.

"These are the—communications from my make-believe girl," he confessed grinningly. "Oh, of course, they're not all letters," he hurried to explain. "Here's a book on South America. I'm a rubber broker, you know, and, of course, I've always been keen enough about the New England end of my job but I've never thought anything so very special about the South American end of it. But that girl—that make-believe girl, I mean—insists that I ought to know all about South America, so she sent me this book; and it's corking reading, too—all about funny



She was altogether as tantalizing, altogether as unreal as a vision out of the Arabian Nights



things like eating monkeys and parrots and toasted guinea-pigs—and sleeping outdoors in black jungle-nights under mosquito netting, mind you, as a protection against prowling panthers. And here's a queer little newspaper cutting that she sent me one blizzard Sunday telling all about some big violin maker who always went out into the forests himself and chose his violin woods from the north side of the trees. Casual little item. You don't think anything about it at the moment. It probably is n't true. And to save your soul you couldn't tell what kind of trees violins are made out of, anyway. But I'll wager that never again will you wake in the night to listen to the wind without thinking of the great storm-tossed, moaning, groaning, slow-toughening forest trees, learning to be violins! . . . And here's a funny little old silver porringer she gave me, she says, to make my 'old gray gruel taste shinier.' And down at the bottom of the bowl—the ruthless little pirate—she's taken a knife or a pin or something and scratched the words, 'Excellent child.' But you know I never noticed that part of it until last week. You see I've only been eating down to the bottom of the bowl just about a week. And here's a catalogue of a boy's school—four or five catalogues, in fact—that she sent me one evening and asked me if I would n't please look them over right away and help her decide where to send her little brother. Why, man, it took me almost all night! If you get the athletics you want in one school, then likelier than not you slip up on the manual training, and if they're going to schedule eight hours a week for Latin, why, where in creation—"

Shrugging his shoulders as though to shrug aside absolutely any possible further responsibility concerning, "little brother," Stanton began to dig down deeper into the box. Then suddenly all the grin came back to his face.

"And here are some sample wall papers that she sent me for 'our house,'" he confided, flushing. "What do you think of that bronze one there with the peacock feathers?—say, old man, think of a library—and a cannel coal fire—and a big mahogany desk—and a red-haired girl sitting against that paper! And this sunshiny tint for a breakfast-room isn't half bad, is it?—Oh yes, and here are time-tables, and all the pink and blue maps about Colorado and Arizona and the 'Painted Desert.' 'If we can afford it,' she writes, she 'wishes we could go to the Painted Desert on our wedding trip.'—But really, old man, you know it is n't such a frightfully expensive journey. Why if you leave New York on Wednesday— Oh, hang it all! What's the use of showing you any more of this nonsense?" he finished abruptly.

With brutal haste he started cramming everything back into place. "It is nothing but nonsense!" he acknowledged conscientiously; "nothing in the world except a boxful of make-believe thoughts from a make-believe girl. And here," he finished resolutely, "are my own fiancée's thoughts—concerning me."

Out of his blanket-wrapper pocket he produced and spread out before the doctor's eyes three thin letters and a postal card.

"Not exactly thoughts concerning you, even so, are they?" quizzed the doctor.

Stanton began to grin again. "Well, thoughts concerning the weather then—if that suits you any better."

Twice the doctor swallowed audibly. Then: "But it's hardly fair—is it—to weigh a boxful of even the prettiest lies against three of even the slimmest real, true letters?" he asked drily.

"But they're not lies!" snapped Stanton. "Surely you don't call anything a lie unless not only the fact is false, but the fancy, also, is maliciously distorted! Now take this case right before us. Suppose there is n't any 'little brother' at all; suppose there is n't any 'Painted Desert,' suppose there is n't any 'black sheep on a grandfather's farm,' suppose there is n't anything; suppose, I say, that every single individual fact stated is false—what earthly difference does it make so long as the fancy still remains the truest, realest, dearest, funniest thing that ever happened to a fellow in his life?"

"Oh, ho!" said the doctor. "So that's the trouble, is it? It is n't just rheumatism that's keeping you thin and worried looking, eh? It's only that you find yourself suddenly in the embarrassing predicament of being engaged to one girl and—in love with another?"

"N—o!" cried Stanton frantically. "N—o! That's the mischief of it—the very mischief! I don't even know that the Serial-Letter Co. is a girl. Why it might be an old lady, rather whimsically inclined. Even the oldest lady, I presume, might very reasonably perfume her note-paper with cinnamon roses. It might even be a boy. One letter indeed smelt very strongly of being a boy—and darned good tobacco, too! And good heavens! what have I got to prove that it is n't even an old man—some poor old worn out story-writer trying to ease out the ragged end of his years?"

"Have you told your fiancée about it?" asked the doctor.

Stanton's jaw dropped. "Have I told my fiancée about it?" he mocked. "Why, it was she who sent me the circular in the first place! But, 'tell her about it'? Why, man, in ten thousand years, and then some, how could I make any sane person understand?"

"You're beginning to make me understand," confessed the doctor.

"Then you're no longer sane," scoffed Stanton. "The crazy magic of it has surely taken possession of you too. Why, how could I go to any sane person like Cornelia—and Cornelia is the most absolutely, hopelessly sane person you ever saw in your life—how could I go to any one like that, and announce: 'Cornelia, if you find any perplexing change in-me during your absence—and your unconscious neglect—it is only that I have fallen quite madly in love with a person'—would you call it a person?—who does n't even exist. Therefore, for the sake of this person who does n't exist, I ask to be released."

"Oh! So you do ask to be released?" interrupted the doctor.

"Why, no! Certainly not!" insisted Stanton. "Suppose the girl you love does hurt your feelings a little bit now and then, would any man go ahead and give up a real flesh-and-blood sweetheart for the sake of even the most wonderful paper-and-ink girl whom he was reading about in an unfinished serial story? Would he, I say—would he?"

"Y—e—s," said the doctor soberly. "Y—e—s, I think he would, if what you call the 'paper-and-ink girl' suggested suddenly an entirely new, undreamed-of vista of emotional and spiritual satisfaction."

"But I tell you 'she's' probably a boy!" persisted Stanton doggedly.

"Well, why don't you go ahead and find out?" quizzed the doctor.

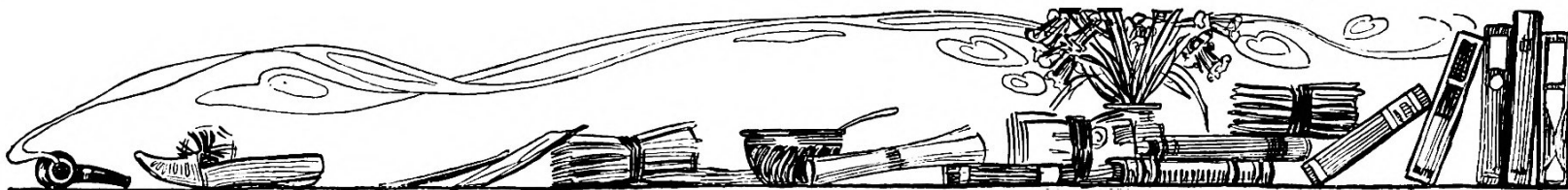
"Find out?" cried Stanton hotly. "Find out? I'd like to know how anybody is going to find out, when the only given address is a private post-office box, and as far as I know there's no sex to a post-office box. Find out? Why, man, that basket over there is full of my letters returned to me because I tried to 'find out.' The first time I asked, they answered me with just a teasing, snubbing telegram, but ever since then they've simply sent back my questions with a stern printed slip announcing, 'Your letter of — is hereby returned to you. Kindly allow us to call your attention to the fact that we are not running a correspondence bureau. Our circular distinctly states, etc.'"

"Sent you a printed slip?" cried the doctor scoffingly. "The love-letter business must be thriving. Very evidently you are by no means the only importunate subscriber."

"Oh, thunder!" growled Stanton. The idea seemed to be new to him and not altogether to his taste. Then suddenly his face began to brighten. "No, I'm lying," he said. "No, they haven't always sent me a printed slip. It was only yesterday that they sent me a rather real sort of letter. You see," he explained, "I got pretty mad at last and I wrote them frankly and told them that I did n't give a darn who 'Molly' was, but simply wanted to know what she was. I told them that it was just gratitude on my part; the most formal, impersonal sort of gratitude—a perfectly plausible desire to say 'thank you' to some one who had been awfully decent to me these past few weeks. I said right out that if 'she' was a boy, why we'd surely have to go fishing together in the spring, and if 'she' was an old man, the very least I could do would be to endow 'her' with tobacco, and if 'she' was an old lady, why I'd simply be obliged to drop in now and then of a rainy evening and hold her knitting for her."

"And if 'she' were a girl?" probed the doctor.

Stanton's mouth began to twitch. "Then Heaven help me!" he laughed.



"Well, what answer did you get?" persisted the doctor. "What do you call a real sort of letter?"

With palpable reluctance Stanton drew a gray envelope out of the cuff of his wrapper.

"I suppose you might as well see the whole business," he admitted consciously.

There was no special diffidence in the doctor's manner this time. His clutch on the letter was distinctly inquisitive, and he read out the opening sentences with almost rhetorical effect.

"Oh, Carl, dear, you silly boy, why do you persist in hectoring me so? Don't you understand that I've got only a certain amount of ingenuity anyway, and if you force me to use all that amount in trying to conceal my identity from you, how much ingenuity shall I possibly have left to devise schemes for your amusement? Why do you persist, for instance, in wanting to see my face? Maybe I haven't got any face. Maybe I lost my face in a railroad accident. How do you suppose it would make me feel, then, to have you keep teasing and teasing?—Oh, Carl!

"Is n't it enough for me just to tell you, once for all, that there is an insuperable obstacle in the way of our ever meeting? Maybe I've got a husband who is cruel to me. Maybe, biggest obstacle of all, I've got a husband whom I'm utterly devoted to. Maybe, instead of any of these things, I'm a poor old wizened-up shut-in, tossing day and night on a very small bed of very big pain. Maybe, worse than being sick, I'm starving poor, and maybe, worse than being sick or poor, I am most horribly tired of myself. Of course, if you are very young and very prancy and reasonably good-looking, and still are tired of yourself, you can almost always rest your personality by going on the stage where—with a little rouge and a different colored wig, and a new nose and skirts instead of trousers, or trousers instead of skirts, and age instead of youth, and badness instead of goodness—you can give your ego a perfectly limitless number of happy holidays. But if you were oldish, I say, and pitifully 'shut in,' just how would you go to work, I wonder, to rest your personality? How, for instance, could you take your biggest, grayest, oldest worry about your doctor's bill and rouge it up into a radiant young joke? And how, for instance, out of your lonely, dreary middle-aged orphanhood are you going to find a way to short-skirt your rheumatic pains, and braid into two perfectly huge pink-bowed pig-tails the hair that you haven't got and caper round so ecstatically before the foot-lights that the old gentleman and lady in the front seat absolutely swear you to be the living image of their 'long lost Amy'? And how, if the farthest journey you ever will take again is the monotonous hand-journey from your pillow to your medicine bottle, then how, for instance, with map or tinsel or attar of roses, can you go to work to solve even just for your own satisfaction the romantic, shimmering secrets of—Morocco?

"Ah! You've got me now, you think? All decided in your mind that I am an aged invalid? I didn't say so. I just said 'maybe.' Likelier than not I've saved my climax for its proper place. How do you know, for instance, that I'm not a 'Cullud Pusson'? So many people are."

Without signature of any sort, the letter ended abruptly then and there, and as though to satisfy his sense of something left unfinished, the doctor began at the beginning and read it all over again in a mumbling, husky whisper.

"Maybe she is—'cullud'," he volunteered at last.

"Very likely," said Stanton, perfectly cheerfully. "It's just those occasional humorous suggestions that keep me keyed up so heroically to the point where I'm actually infuriated if you even suggest that I might be getting really interested in this mysterious Miss Molly! You haven't said a single sentimental thing about her that I haven't scoffed at—now have you?"

"N—o," acknowledged the doctor. "I can see that you've covered your retreat all right. Even if the author of these letters should turn out to be a one-legged veteran of the war of 1812, you still could say, 'I told you so.' But all the same, I'll wager that you'd gladly give a hundred dollars, cash down, if you could only go ahead and prove the little girl's actual existence."

Stanton's shoulders squared suddenly, but his mouth retained at least a faint vestige of its original smile.

"You mistake the situation entirely," he said. "It's the little girl's non-existence that I am most anxious to prove."

Then utterly without reproach or interference, he reached over and grabbed a forbidden cigar from the doctor's cigar case and lighted it, and retreated as far as possible into the gray film of smoke.

It was minutes and minutes before either man spoke again. Then at last, after much crossing and recrossing of his knees, the doctor asked drawlingly: "And when is it that you and Cornelia are planning to be married?"

"Next April," said Stanton briefly.

"U—m—m," said the doctor. After a few more minutes he said, "U—m—m," again.

The second "U—m—m" seemed to irritate Stanton unduly. "Is it your head that's spinning round?" he asked tersely. "You sound like a Dutch top!"

The doctor raised his hands cautiously to his forehead. "Your story does make me feel a little bit giddy," he acknowledged. Then with sudden intensity, "Stanton, you're playing a dangerous game for an engaged man. Cut it out, I say!"

"Cut what out?" said Stanton stubbornly.

The doctor pointed exasperatedly toward the big box of letters. "Cut those out," he said. "A sentimental correspondence with a girl who's—more interesting than your fiancée!"

"W-h-e-w!" growled Stanton, "I'll hardly stand for that statement."

"Well then, lie down for it," taunted the doctor. "Keep right on being sick and worried and—." Peremptorily he reached out both hands toward the box. Here! he insisted, "let's dump the whole mischievous nonsense into the fire and burn it up!"

With an "ouch," of pain Stanton knocked the doctor's hands away.

"Burn up my letters?" he laughed. "Well, I guess not! I wouldn't even burn up the wall papers. I've had altogether too much fun out of them. And as for the books, the Browning, etc.—why hang it all, I've gotten awfully fond of those books!" Idly he picked up the South American volume and opened the fly-leaf for the doctor to see. "Carl from his Molly," it said quite distinctly.

"Oh, yes," mumbled the doctor. "It looks very pleasant. There's absolutely no denying that it looks very pleasant. And some day, out of an old trunk or tucked down behind your library encyclopedias your wife will discover the book and ask blandly, 'Who was Molly? I don't remember your ever saying anything about a Molly. Just someone you used to know?' And your answer will be innocent enough: 'No, dear, someone whom I never knew!' But how about the pucker along your spine, and the awfully foolish, grinny feeling around your cheekbones? And on the street and in the cars and at the theaters you'll always and forever be looking and searching, and asking yourself 'Is it by any chance possible that this girl sitting next to me now—?' And your wife will keep saying, with just a barely perceptible edge in her voice, 'Carl, do you know that red-haired girl whom we just passed? You stared at her so!' And you'll say, 'Oh, no! I was merely wondering if—' Oh yes, you'll always and forever be 'wondering if.' And mark my words, Stanton, people who go about the world with even the most innocent chronic question in their eyes, are pretty apt to run up against an unfortunately large number of wrong answers."

"But you take it all so horribly seriously," protested Stanton. "Why, you rave and rant about it as though it were actually my affections that were involved!"

"Your affections!" cried the doctor in great exasperation. "Your affections! Why man, if it were only your affections, do you suppose I'd be wasting even so much as half a minute's worry on you? But it's your imagination that's involved. That's where the blooming mischief lies. Affection is all right. Affection is nothing but a nice, safe flame that feeds only on one special kind of fuel—its own particular object. You've got an 'affection' for Cornelia, and wherever Cornelia fails to feed that affection, it is mercifully ordained that the starved flame shall go out into cold gray ashes without making any further trouble whatsoever. But you've got an 'imagination' for this make-believe girl—heaven help you!—and an 'imagination' is a great, wild, seething, insatiate tongue of fire that, thwarted once and for all in its original desire to gorge itself with realities, will turn upon you body and soul and lick up your crackling fancy like so much kindling wood, and sear your common sense, and scorch your young wife's happiness. Nothing but Cornelia herself will ever make you want—Cornelia. But the other girl, the unknown girl, why she's the face in the clouds; she's the voice in the sea; she's the glow of the sunset; she's the hush of the June twilight! Every summer breeze, every winter gale, will fan the embers! Every thumping, twittering, twanging pulse of an orchestra, every—Oh, Stanton, I say, it isn't the ghost of the things that are dead that will ever come between you and Cornelia. There never yet was the ghost of any lost thing that couldn't be tamed into a purring household pet. But—the—ghost—of—a—thing—that—you've—never—yet—found! That, I tell, you is a very different matter."

Pounding at his heart and blazing in his cheeks, the insidious argument, the subtle justification that had been teeming in Stanton's veins all the week, burst suddenly into speech.

"But I gave Cornelia the chance to be 'all the world' to me," he protested doggedly, "and she did n't seem to care a hang about it!"

[Continued on page 548]

The Homesteader in Western Canada

The Capital He Needs, the Facts He Should
Take into Account, and About What He
Has a Right to Expect by Way of Results

by Fred Bates Johnson

AFTER supper the Canadian homesteader comes out of his shack, lights his pipe and sits in the long August twilight of the Northland. Carefully his eyes range over the grain in front of him, the wheat and the oats and the barley. Deep green it shows in the twilight; deep green, with patches of yellow. Perfect in head, perfect in straw, perfect in stand, the stalks wave and undulate before him as if proud of their poise and strength and ripening maturity. A prospect pleasing and certain.

But is it certain? Has our homesteader that look of satisfaction that marks certainty? If so, why does he leave his bench and frown into the vacant clearness of the sky?

"That field will run better than thirty bushels to the acre," he begins, nodding toward some wheat, "if only—"

He stops. Only the fleck of a cloud in the western sky and a rising wind. Carelessly the wind rises and the clouds bank up. The homesteader's face clears and he smiles as he points the bit of his pipe toward the wheat field of "better than thirty bushels to the acre."

"You are all right to-night," he says. "No frost for you to-night. Frost can't stand the clouds and the wind. Now, as to to-morrow—well, maybe it will be warmer to-morrow."

And content, at least for the night, he goes into the house.

The Canadian Farmer's Annual Gamble With Nature

For ten days and ten nights, early in August, he is thus uneasy. The hot sun of a long summer day helps the feeble patches of yellow in the grain to make deep inroads into the mass of green. Day by day the conquering yellow sends its color over the receding green, until the field stands half and half. Night by night the homesteader watches the temperature, the winds, the clouds. Each night is a bit colder than the preceding one. There is the suggestion of frost in the air early one morning. The grain is now yellow with patches of green—the reverse of last week's condition. Under the influence of the blazing, burning sun, the yellow throws off the suggestion of frost and wades into the fast disappearing ranks of green. Two or three days more and the green is gone, routed, vanquished. The yellow, now tipping into golden brown, dominates the field. Another day or so, and early one morning a binder sings in the field. The grain is ripe and ready. It has been saved, and none is there to care for the biting, stinging, killing frost that comes a few nights later. The homesteader has made a gamble. He has gambled with Nature—and won.

And this is the annual gamble that human beings are making with Nature all throughout these Western provinces of Canada. During the ten-day period of ripening season, every year, there is the danger that a killing frost will catch the grain. The margin of time between the ripening and the killing frosts is so small that everywhere in these grain growing provinces there is that anxious ten-day period—the anxiety based on the fear that the margin of safety will disappear and the frost catch the grain before it is ripe and ready.

This, fundamentally, is the heart of the Western Canada proposition, and the people living there realize it. Traveling through these provinces, talking with the elevator men, the merchants, the farmers, the bankers, the homesteaders, one can not but catch this note of uneasiness. It is in the air. Consciously or sub-consciously, it is in everyone's mind. True, in the few years that grain has been grown in this country, the farmer has always won the chance, but by so close a margin that there always remains behind the fear—the great fear of the Northwest prairie country.

First and foremost, then, is this matter of the weather. Is the growing season long enough to ripen the grain—wheat, oats, barley and flax—before the first killing frost comes in the fall? On the answer to this question the whole of the future of this country stands or falls.

This weather problem is yet a matter of speculation. The country has not been opened long enough to have proved itself. True, in the four or five years that parts of it have been in crop, there has been no failure. But four or five years do not tell a tale.

This danger from frost exists everywhere and is with us always, even here in the States—the Illinois corn crop is caught, the Michigan peaches, the Maine apples, the Minnesota wheat or the Western fruits—it is the risk that the farmer runs, everywhere, in some form or other—the risk that man always runs in dealing with and depending upon Nature, sometimes fickle and all times capricious. I want to point out merely that in the new country the same problem exists, and at present, in a more acute form. The usual margin between harvest and frost is less and seems more liable to disappear into ruin.

Certainly it is worth while to go into the truth about Canada—West-

ern Canada, the wheat country, the "Empire of the North," the "Last Great West," as it is called in railroad and government literature. At present we are hearing a great deal about this new country in the Northwest. Railroads are flooding the United States with literature, filling the magazines with promises and conducting excursions into the country; the Canadian government, working hand in hand with the railroads to get immigrants from "The States"—men and women who will go up there to live, grow up with and develop the country. In the past we have heard some intimations about the possibilities of the

country; in the future the campaign will be waged with increasing fervor and enthusiasm. Canadian lands for the American settlers—a homestead for ten dollars—virgin grain land for the asking.

Such captions are not to be disregarded in the United States. Speaking by and large, there are no more new lands left in the States—no homesteads to be had for the asking. Our free lands have been taken up; our West has been enclosed. We realize this when we remember that at the opening of the Flathead, Coeur d'Alene and Spokane reservations in Montana, Idaho and Washington last summer, not one in twenty-five applicants got a homestead. The twenty-four who were disappointed turned back to their roll top desks or their meager farms or their clientless offices, realizing that from a practical standpoint the impossible had happened—the inexhaustible West had become exhausted. Some of the twenty-four listened to the golden promises held out by the Canadian government with reference to its free lands in the Northwest. Undoubtedly its claims are worth considering.

That Canada which concerns us consists of the two prairie provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, lying to the west of the province of Manitoba (Winnipeg) and just over the border from the United States. Manitoba has already proved itself. There can be no discussion about that.

But what is the truth about these two comparatively new provinces? What are their advantages and disadvantages? After all is said and done, is this country worth dreaming about? Is it the golden grained Eldorado, the serpentless Eden, the ideal of the things worth while that it is pictured to be in the railroad folders and the Government publications? Or, on the other hand, is it mirage and mist and clouds, beautiful and complete and perfect in its outlines of promise, but elusive and changing and vanishing in its substance of performance?

Saskatchewan and Alberta have a combined area of over 500,000 square miles—about 250,000 square miles each. Each of these provinces is about the size of France; about double the size of Great Britain. Bringing the comparison home, the two provinces taken together comprise an area larger than the combined area of the Middle Western States—Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Missouri. Expressed in another way, the total area is about three hundred and twenty million acres, of which over two hundred and fifty million acres are agricultural lands. So far, fewer than ten million acres are under cultivation—the country is practically untouched.

These two provinces comprise one prairie, extending about seven hundred miles north of the national boundary line and east and west about five hundred and sixty miles. For the most part this prairie has black clay soil, not unlike the so-called "bottom-lands" (corn lands) of the Middle Western States. This is the wheat, oats, flax and barley land. No attempt is made to grow corn, as the short season will not permit corn to mature. Within the flat prairie grain land are tracts of rolling prairies with a sandy soil, described as grazing lands. For the most part water is plentiful and timber scarce—hundreds of miles of prairie with only the willow and poplar trees.

In this land there are certain possibilities of success, but on the other hand, there are certain possibilities of barren failure which must be taken into account. As there are millions of acres of this land available for purchase or homesteading, both sides of the question deserve a hearing.

The Frost Danger Is Diminishing

Three reasons are advanced to show that the chances are hopeful for this country. In the first place, the experience of these few years has reassured many. Precedent is powerful. "Early frosts have not caught us yet; therefore early frosts never will." I have not died yet, therefore I never shall. There is a certain analogy in the two arguments; yet past experience is a straw, at least.

In the second place, granted that now, with most of the prairie in the raw, the frost slips down on the very heels of the ripening grain, it is urged, as a fact proved by science, that the climate modifies as the prairie becomes cultivated and opened up. This is explained on the

theory that the hard baked prairie, as it now stands, absorbs very little of the day's hot sun, and has no stored heat to throw out at night to protect against the frost tendency; whereas, the plowed and broken earth of the cultivated land absorbs enough of the hot sun during the day to protect itself at night—the warmth issuing from the ground at night softening the temperature above the frost point. The history of Winnipeg and the entire province of Manitoba has borne out this theory. At first, when the prairie was raw and unbroken, there was little time between the ripening of the grain and the first killing frost. The climate has been so modified, however, that at present there seems to be practically no danger of Manitoba wheat being caught by the early cold.

The third reason is the one that appeals most strongly to a practical man. The railroads of Canada are, in effect, betting hundreds of millions of dollars on the climate of the Northwest and railroads are not commonly supposed to bet on much less than a sure thing. They are spending hundreds of millions of dollars in construction and development that will be wasted unless this country lives up to its grain producing promise. One road, the Grand Trunk Pacific, is building through these wheat provinces, then through the mountains of British Columbia, ending at the new city and harbor of Prince Rupert, British Columbia, four hundred miles north of Vancouver, and only forty miles south of Alaska. This one company, in partnership with the Dominion of Canada, is spending \$200,000,000 in the completion of a transcontinental road through this northern country. At present, other roads are building branches through the prairie provinces, criss-crossing and intersecting each other at many different points.

Over against this optimism, there is but one note that makes for pessimism—that note, however, to one who has heard it in its subdued and affrighted rumble, stretching out from Winnipeg one thousand miles to the west and north, is sufficient to give one pause, because it is so real and so vivid. Whatever the facts of the last five years have been, whatever the gamble of the homesteader and the railroad, it remains true that the first killing frost in the fall comes dangerously close to the ripening of the grain. That is just the fact, and no one by theory or words can take away from the old farmer and the new homesteader the fear—the great fear of the prairie wheat country. Reasonable or not, there it is, hanging like a ten day's continuous nightmare over the thousands whose livelihood depends upon the weather.

There are about two hundred and forty millions of acres of agricultural lands in the two prairie provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta not yet touched by the plow of the farmer—about a million and a half farms, each having a quarter section of one hundred and sixty acres. Even in Manitoba there is some land left for the homesteader; in Saskatchewan, the province next west, there are about one hundred and fourteen millions of acres yet to be opened; in Alberta, further west, about one hundred and twenty millions of acres. Still further west, lies British Columbia, made up, for the most part, of the crags and valleys of the Rocky Mountains, heavily wooded with pine, spruce and fir and containing possibilities in the way of minerals—what possibilities, no one knows.

A Fertile Land As Yet Little Known to Man

And then, away up in the extreme Northwest, between Edmonton, the capital city of Alberta, and the Yukon country in Alaska, is a stretch of country called the Peace River Valley, an empire in itself, seemingly three or four hundred miles north and west of the end of the world. Report carries tales of the fertility and richness of this region and the real pioneers are seeking it out. One may guess at the amount of land available for homeseekers when I say that there are millions of acres of it which the land office of the Dominion of Canada has not even surveyed.

Now, let us consider this Western Canada land proposition from the standpoint of the homesteader. There are several purchase chances in this country, but for the present they will be eliminated and only the free land grants to homeseekers considered. What is there in this opportunity for the homesteader, the man who goes out there with practically nothing except his outfit, expecting to make that country his home, sending for his wife and family, his *lares* and *penates* so soon as possible—or, perhaps, trundling them out to his homestead with him? You, for example, the "hired hand" on a farm, making your twenty dollars a month and board, what is there for you? Or for you, a young professional man, tired of waiting around for patients or clients? Or you, a rising young business man with prospects of increasing profits? What about it? Is the homestead opportunity for any of you, or all of you, or none of you?

In the first place, consider the cost. The government of Canada demands only ten dollars—that is the only government fee—but a man

can not take up, farm and prove up a homestead with a stout heart and ten or fifteen dollars. The stout heart helps, but it will not build the shack, break the stubborn prairie land, nor buy seed grain for the first crops. It takes something more tangible than a stout heart—it takes money to do the trick.

If you want to be on the safe side, you should land on your place with about three hundred dollars or more, either all in cash or part in cash and part in its equivalent—stock, farm implements, etc. The Canadian government itself, in its literature, advises against homesteading without two hundred and fifty dollars or its equivalent, but hundreds of talks with hundreds of homesteaders have convinced me that an additional fifty or hundred dollars may come in very handy. Of course, many have taken up homesteads with very much less than that, and have succeeded, but they are the very first to advise against it, as the fight is all the harder—and it must be remembered that a winter where the thermometer drops down around sixty degrees below zero is not the balmiest nor the most equable climate in the world. Such weather means clothing, good and substantial; food, nutritious and plenty; fuel, satisfactory and abundant—all of which means money, cash.

Where will you locate, the money part being arranged for? Choose a quarter section of good land while you are about it: there is plenty of it and you might just as well get the best. Your first impression would be to take up your land at the edge of some growing town, which is "made" by reason of the fact that it is the division point of a new railroad. Such a location would be convenient and shrewd, for then you could count on a certain and steady rise in the value of your property and wax prosperous by reason of that pleasant "unearned increment" that would slip around your way. Convenient and shrewd, to be sure, but hardly practicable as these homesteads have been taken up already. Other people have been shrewd, too, and a bit more forehanded or a bit luckier, with the result that you will have to content yourself with a homestead some distance from a town and railroad—at least for the present.

I give you this illustration of the way the homesteaders follow a railroad. About January 1, 1909, a new railroad, the Grand Trunk Pacific, issued a circular describing and pointing out by meets and bounds and locations on a map enclosed, seven thousand new homesteads along that thousand miles of line. The circular was compiled carefully from the records in the various land offices along the route. It showed hundreds and hundreds of available homesteads either abutting the railroad or within six miles of it.

Choosing the Homestead

Early in the fall of 1909 I went over that thousand miles of line. I stopped at practically all the hustling (and raw) towns; I quizzed merchants and homesteaders and rangers and lawyers and land office clerks to find some of these homesteads. They were not to be found. The summer's influx of settlers had taken up practically all of the acceptable homesteads within fifteen miles of the railroad. Like the towns that spring up just ahead of the coming steel track, the settlers follow the new rails, hunting a homestead near by, often going to the end of the track and taking out their homestead entry fifty or even a hundred miles to the west, out of life and living for the present, but secure in their knowledge that the rails and the track are coming.

If you want to homestead, you must make up your mind to do one of two things: either go away back fifteen, twenty-five or fifty miles from one of the railroads already built, or project yourself ahead of a railroad that is building, like the Grand Trunk Pacific, near the line of what you know is the right-of-way, and wait for the road to come. In the latter case you are practically sure that a few months will see civilization creep up to you. In the former case your situation is more uncertain; as yet no railroad is aiming at you even. But in that event you may fall back on the general proposition, voiced by the big railroad presidents that "a railroad is good for every fifteen miles of fertile country," and with one general belief in such a proposition and another in your own appointed destiny, you may wait until one or the other of

these generalizations develops into a reality. And you may wait some time. Speaking plainly, however, if you build away from a now existing railroad, you are pretty safe, if this Western Canada land is what it seems to be. The weather question is basic. If solved in favor of the country, it is best to follow the line of a new railroad, going out beyond its present terminus, if necessary, for then you will be doing what the lucky "back east" did—get in on the ground floor.

I have told you the cost and told you, in general terms, where to locate. Suppose you have moved your \$300 and family and horses and farm implements and have taken up your homestead. For three years you

The Farers

One of the Musings of Man-Alive set down by Richard Wightman

THERE is no goal,
No perfect thing to mock us with completeness,
No utter truth, no final depth of love.
The hills hold restful places, but no place of rest.
Outworn, our staff we fling and get us yet another,
For the lure of fairer vales is on us—
The sweet sad spell of what we call Beyond.
And this is life, my comrades, this is life—
A glass to it, and then—the beckoning Way!

(Continued on page 350)



Janey Takes Her Pen In Hand

by Inez Haynes Gillmore

Author of "Janey and the Social Revolution," "Janey and the Stork," etc.

Illustrations by ADA C. WILLIAMSON

A SHADOW fell across Mr. Warriner's typewriter. He looked up startled. Janey had come silently to his side, was standing slimly there, her hands folded. That was a sign mutually agreed upon that Janey had a question important enough to warrant interruption. "What is it, Janey?" Mr. Warriner asked.

"Uncle Jim, how do people get to be authors? Did you go to a school and learn how, or did you just grow that way?"

The twinkles which always came into Uncle Jim's eyes when he conversed with Janey seemed to waken echoes, so to speak, in twitchings at his mouth- corners.

"I expect I just grew that way, Janey," he answered. "Only one question a day, remember, when I'm working."

"Uncle Jim, just let me say one thing. Is it right to take a story that somebody else has written and write it all over again?"

"Not exactly. That's an art not practised in our best literary circles," Mr. Warriner explained. "That's what we call—plagiarism."

Uncle Jim's vocabulary never lowered a notch in deference to Janey's youth. Now, with his characteristic patience, he spelled the long word out for her and made her pronounce it. "If you were to do that, people would say you plagiarized."

"Uncle Jim, did you ever plagiarize?"

"Not so the editors noticed it."

"Uncle Jim, I suppose it's dreffle hard being an author. Are there any more in the United States besides you and Mr. Dix and Mr. O'Brien?"

"Janey, paint not Utopias for your poor old uncle. My child, the woods are full of them. When people have failed at everything else, they go in for writing. I don't think I know anybody who does n't write—except Giovanni—and he probably has a play up his sleeve."

Giovanni was the Italian who worked in the garden. Janey could not quite believe that.

"Now run away, Jane Elizabeth, and play," Uncle Jim concluded.

Janey ran away. But she did not play. She fell into absorbed meditation. "Caroline," she said finally to her small cousin, "I guess when I grow up I won't keep a candy-shop after all. I've just about made up my mind to be an author. I don't know just *presackly* what I'm going to write, but most likely it'll be fairy-tales like Andersen and Grimm and books like Miss Alcott's. I shall make them so long that they'll last forever, for I have always noticed that the nicer a book is the shorter it is. And Uncle Jim says he's noticed the very same thing. You see, Caroline"—never had Janey's manner been more patronizing—"it won't be so very hard for me to learn to be an author,

because Uncle Jim is a writer and Mr. Dix and Mr. O'Brien. And I'm sure they'd help me when it gets hard. But I think it's prob'ly easier than pie, writing books. I've watched authors, and they hardly ever work. I'm not going to tell you what my story's about, Caroline, until I begin to write it. But you can stay with me while I'm working, if you want to."

Caroline asked nothing better of life than the chance to watch Janey. By some mysterious vagary of the artistic temperament, the first efforts of that freshly energized young person were with the scissors, not the pen. Indeed, for one whole afternoon she did nothing but cut pictures from the advertising sections of the magazines.

But this, it seems, was only jockeying for a start. "I shall begin my book to-day, Caroline," she said, impressively, the following morning. "And I'll prob'ly finish it before night—that is if Uncle Jim will give me three sheets of type-writer paper."

Receiving twenty instead of the modest three

most. They had the most unexpected point of view for grown-ups. It amounted, in fact, to their being almost as good as children.

Whenever the authors visited the Warriners, the people whom Uncle Jim called interchangeably "the plutocrats" and "the bromides" always entertained them with dinners. Now, Janey knew for a fact that these events meant sitting beside pretty ladies who emerged marble-bare as to arm and shoulder and simply wonderful as to piled-up, puffed and bedecked hair—from long, rustly, shiny dresses, and yet, at the first sign of an invitation, Uncle Jim's friends always groaned.

"Is n't there any way out of it *this* year, Jim? Have we really got to climb into a claw-hammer? Could n't we be sick, dead, turn anarchists, or develop leprosy?"

However, if the authors happened to be in Scarsett, they always came trooping up to the grammar school to hear Janey and her friends recite "pieces" at the Memorial Day exercises. Their applause, at these times, was almost deafening. And on Memorial Day, when the Scar-

sett nine played the Satuit nine, they always attended the ball game and cheered the players, although in terms that Janey did not consider quite respectful. Moreover, when midway in the game, the ball lost itself in Grandpa Wade's orchard, when both teams had to turn to and hunt it up—Janey, meantime, suffering the tortures of suspense—the writers only laughed and laughed and *laughed*. More than that, though this seems incredible, once when Janey had a party, they not only toiled like galley-slaves to help decorate the house, but they played every game that the ten-year-olds played. All this in the face of the fact that they had that very day given "work" as an excuse for keeping away from a tea.

Work! It was their excuse for doing everything. It was their excuse for doing nothing. Janey had never seen people who could present so convincingly the appearance of just going to

work and yet never doing it. In fact, they baffled every conclusion in regard to which Janey had come. They stultified every general statement that she would have made. Of course, in ideal conditions, this was as it should be. But before the authors arrived, Janey had made up her mind that, with adults, things never were as they should be.

But even admitting that authors were only children grown tall, there were some things about them to which Janey had to get used. For instance, the way they talked.

This was what happened the very day of their arrival. Uncle Jim was running the lawnmower about the tennis-court. Sitting peaceably near, Janey entertained him with reading aloud. The authors, returning from the

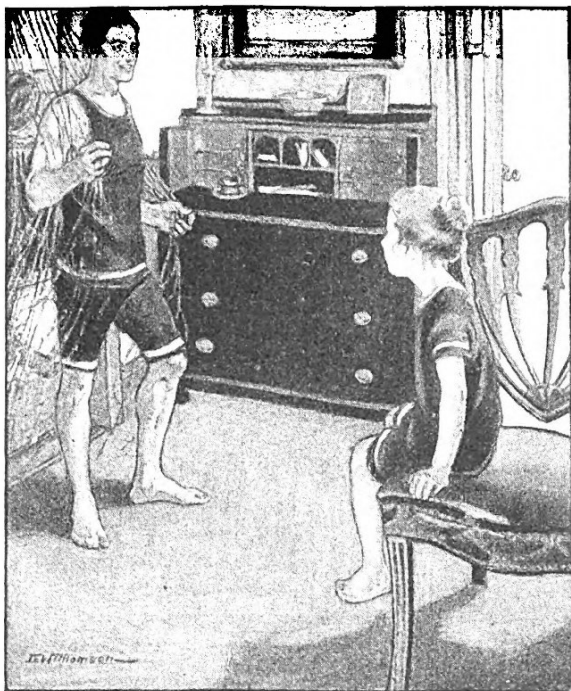


But this, it seems, was only jockeying for a start

that she begged, the incipient author toiled with a stubby pencil for hours. It was not such discouraging work as it looked, for she read each page to awed little Caroline as fast as it was written, and the whole story as often as she changed a word. But she did not finish her book at a sitting. Indeed, at the end of three days she still labored.

It was inevitable that Janey Blair should launch into authorship sooner or later. In the first place, she was naturally as busy as the busiest little bee. In the second place, she was as imitative as the most active magpie. And in the third place, she was surrounded on all sides, as far as the eye could reach, by authors.

Now, of all the people who came to Scarsett, Janey liked Uncle Jim's friends, the writer-folk,



Quick as he was, Janey was quicker

post-office, paused at the sight and struck attitudes.

"Good work, Jim!" Timothy Dix cheered him on. "You blue-faced old mutt, you! You puffing old porpoise, you! It's time you reduced some of that—"

Whereupon, he received Janey, head-on, straight in the pit of his stomach.

"Don't you *dare* call my Uncle Jim such names," she hissed, belaboring him with fists the size of hazel nuts. "If you do, I'll—"

Timothy allayed Janey with a finger. "I beg your pardon, Miss Blair," he said contritely. "James, I beg yours. Your face is like the lily, James, your eye is heaven's own blue. You have a galumphing, gazelle-like grace, James. From every feature shines malevolence, malignancy and maliciousness."

Janey glared. This did not sound like reparation. Also she distrusted those long words at the end.

"If you think I don't know how to look words up in the dictionary!" she was threatening when Richard O'Brien interrupted.

"Timothy, I blush for you," he said in a shocked tone. "James has all the noblest qualities of mind and heart. He has the Adonis skun a nautical league. He makes the Apollo Belvidere look like a selling—"

"Well, if Janey had n't spoken up when she did," Uncle Jim said, drooping sadly over the lawn-mower, "I had made up my mind to go down to the mud-hole and end it all."

"Now you see how you have hurt his feelings," Janey said. "Uncle Jim, I think you're just as pretty as you can be. But I wish you would n't call the fairy-pond 'the mud-hole.'"

Gradually Janey learned that just as she and Uncle Jim had a special language, the authors talked in a speech all their own.

For instance, once when they all sat writing in the living-room, Janey loitered, passing through.

"Janey, do not feed or annoy the authors," Mr. Warriner said.

Now Janey knew perfectly well that this, coming from Uncle Jim, meant that she was not to borrow pencils, paper or rubber, and that she was not to ask questions.

But her language and Uncle Jim's was gentle, whereas the authors— At first the things they said almost terrified her. During the mysterious process of collaboration, she was always glimpsing conversational rockets like the following:

"Gee, Timothy, but your style is putrid! Did n't they teach you anything at the Snub Factory?"

(The Snub Factory, it seems, was Harvard University. Richard was a Yale man.)

"Now see here, Richard, we can't let that go by. No decent female talks like that. Far be it from me to pry into your past, but what kind of girls have you associated with, anyway?"

"What this thing needs is uplift!"

"All right. Chuck in some uplift—if you can find a spot among the gang of grafters where it'll stick."

"Timothy, I never hated any of God's creatures the way I hate our fair young heroine."

"Say, that's all right, Richard! Put in all the goo about the baby you can. Vick's just had a baby, and he's strong for heart-interest. Can't we get in more he-and-she slush in chapter seven?"

"Timothy, what an ass you are!"

Janey heard her mother remark to Mrs. Morgan, "I never saw men so fond of each other. But if you could hear the abuse! I shudder to think what they call each other when I'm not about."

But now that Janey had herself embarked on a literary career, she began to feel a great deal of sympathy with the authors.

"I know why more people are n't writers, Caroline," she sighed once. "It's the 'he-said's and the 'she-said's.' You *do* get so sick of them." And later, with a mournfulness even more pronounced, she remarked: "Caroline, I don't see how people get so many words. Sometimes I feel as if I did n't know enough words to write a whole book. I looked in the dictionary the other day, but I did n't seem to find any that went with my story."

Perhaps the young genius—to indulge in mixed metaphor—hitting against this rock in the literary stream, would have been nipped untimely in the bud if Janey had not happened to overhear a remark of Uncle Jim's.

"If I did n't read Carlyle for another blessed thing," he said to Timothy, "I'd read him for his words. I always accumulate a new vocabulary with each volume."

So that was the way they did it! You would naturally conclude that for words you went to the dictionary, just as, for coal, you went to the coal-bin. But instead, you sopped them up out of your reading. Very well, then, Janey would read. But what? Not any more children's books. Her mind was firmly made up to that.

She did not want teeney-weeny, foolish children's words. She wanted long, high-sounding grown-up words like "magnificent" and "notwithstanding" and—and—well, Uncle Jim was always using "connotative" and "subtle" and "sulphitic" and "gripping" and "atmospheric." But somehow, although she had a nice ear for the sound of these exotics, Janey never could get the hang of them.

How was she to manage about this problem of vocabulary? If only you could take a basket and gather words like stones or sea-shells! It was forbidden that she read the grown-up books in Uncle Jim's library. Janey's eyes fell on a newspaper. Nothing had ever been said to her about newspapers—perhaps because it had never occurred to her to touch one. Suddenly a great light dawned. Uncle

Jim had worked on a newspaper before he became an author. So, singularly enough, had Timothy Dix and Richard O'Brien. They were always talking about their experiences when they were "cubs." Evidently authorship was mixed in some mysterious way with the daily press. Every afternoon, thereafter, Janey furtively abstracted the newspaper from the basket. She bore it off to the "fairy pond." Weddings, funerals, prize-fights, abductions, burglaries, accidents, suicides, murders—Janey read them all aloud to little Caroline, who, in consequence, quaked nightly in her bed. Janey congratulated herself on her acumen. The newspaper was simply full of words.

Things went better after this. "Caroline," Janey said once in that exultation which comes from successful creation, "I find it particularly easy to be an author. You see, in the first place, I can write on a type-writer if Uncle Jim will fix the spaces after every line. Besides, I know about so many things that authors know—collaborations and publishers and editors."

Janey was not boasting.

She *did* know what a collaboration was. It was a fight.

She *did* know what a publisher was. He was a leader of a gang of pirates who first terrorized and then robbed poor defenseless authors.

She *did* know what an editor was. He was—but words failed her. Janey's mental picture was of a squat, black-bearded, lame old man who went about hitting sick babies on the head with a hammer.

"Editors are the most dreadful things that live, I guess," she explained to Caroline. "They're just like bad fairies in story-books, and wicked ogres and giants and genii. If you ever see an editor coming, Caroline Benton, you run home just as fast as you can."

The very day that Janey made the foregoing remark, Uncle Jim said casually: "Oh, by the way, Miriam, Dan Vickery's coming down Saturday to stay a week or ten days. Mrs. Vick's away with the baby. You've heard me speak of Dan Vickery. He's editor of *The Moment*. Say, you-two—" "You-two" always meant Timothy Dix and Richard O'Brien who were writing a novel together—"why don't you try to get the first part of that gold-brick into shape to show Vick? He's been yelling for something from you all winter long."

"Sure, we'll do that thing," Timothy said. "Get Vick away from the office and he's quite human. Flash a manuscript in front of him and he always shows the cloven hoof."

Janey's heart dropped with a great thump of terror. So their home was to be defiled by the presence of an editor. In addition to all the

[Continued on page 551]



"Once upon a time," she began



Uncle Sam in Blunderland

by Arthur I. Street

IV—TARIFF MAKING BY BARTER AND SALE

ANY farmer will tell you that it's hard to fence in, or out, a hog. Barbed wire does n't scratch him. Rails do not impede. And he will root under anything from a posthole to a brick wall.

Likewise about a calf, only that it goes over or through rather than under. You will find it in the picket-enclosed lettuce patch in the morning, or butting the last drop of milk out of the family cow at night. You may repair every breach in the corral. You may do anything that human ingenuity can devise. But the "durned critter" will get away from you, just the same.

So, the manufacturer who can make, or the farmer who is lucky enough to possess a fence that is "hog tight and calf high" belongs to the elect.

I have come to the conclusion that that is what the United States Government needs—a fence that is "hog tight and calf high."

For I have been studying the tariff.

The Tariff Is the Government

You will recall—those of you who read the first article on "Uncle Sam in Blunderland"—that you and I went down to Washington to our office at the National Capital to see if we could find out what is the matter with the financial end of our huge Governmental concern. At one time it fairly palpitates with prosperity and wealth. At another time it shrinks with dull need, struggles with increasing deficits, cries out against extravagance. And whether its affairs go up or whether they go down; whether the Treasury is plethoric or whether it is impoverished, somebody yells: "The Tariff! The Tariff!" Though we raise almost as much money by internal revenue as we do by foreign imposts, though we have close to sixty million dollars from other sources than taxation, it is always the customs duties that are talked about; that somebody wants changed; that are the political and fiscal goat.

"My dear sirs," said a Congressman when approached on this subject, "you are seeking light on the whole Government. The tariff is the Government."

Talk about internal revenue and the new corporation tax and the much shuffled levy on incomes and you make no impression. Bad bookkeeping only is admitted as serious. At the mention of public buildings and "pork," every Congressman goes into his shell. But whenever you say "Tariff" you strike a live wire. The writer found Congressmen of all varieties of tariff views—all ready to talk.

There was the California Congressman who had helped to force a higher tariff on lemons and who, if he had his way, would put duties so high that not a thing could come into the United States from abroad that could be grown or made in the United States.

A Michigan representative who had traded his vote in favor of the wool schedule, the famous "Schedule K," for a vote in favor of lumber, justified his action on the ground that the tariff is only a barter; a trade of one constituency's interests for another's.

The Missouri man who had refused to support a tariff on zinc or any other special product of his State because he did n't believe in paternalism, pointed to his prolonged tenure of office as proof that the man who says he has to put certain tariffs through for "his people" if he cares to be returned to office, is laboring under a delusion.

An Alabama man, who, though elected from one of the great iron and steel districts of the country, insisted that the primary function of any tariff is revenue rather than protection.

Finally, there was the Indiana Senator who had bolted the regular party machine and who, though his State was one of the first six in manufacturing business in the country, had been as heavily deluged with telegrams from business men urging him to stick to his apostasy as the Finance Committee had been with telegrams urging them to "stand pat."

The tale and the defense of every one of these was as plausible as every other one. Each had his figures to prove his case, where figures were in point, his evidences of industries cultivated or of industries

wrecked, according as the tariff had gone up or down. Each could argue on the effect of duties on the cost of living, and the relation between tariff and monopoly. The result is a fog that is deeper and more pitiless than that which envelops the Government system of accounts.

Government and Business are Hopelessly Mixed

In studying the accounts, we have but one thing to consider, viz., the Government, while here in the tariff we have not only the Government but also that immense and overpowering and all pervasive thing called Business. The Congressman who wanted to exclude from his country everything grown or manufactured abroad that his countrymen could make at home, was obviously more actuated by motives of Business than by motives of Statecraft. The man who traded his vote on lumber reduced his legislative formula to an equation in barter. The tariff-for-revenue man was willing to concede that ninety per cent. of the function of tariff was the encouragement of industry and commerce. And the man who stood out against the specific demands of his own district merely represented the opposite pole to the majority of his fellows; merely served as an exception to emphasize the rule. To them all, save the one, the great consideration was Business. Business took its place in the saddle with Government. If ever we are to understand why it is that when our national affairs are up or when they are down, when we have money to burn or when we wonder where we are going to get money to buy, someone cries "Tariff!" We must dig in deep and hard and find the beginning and the end—if there is to be any end—of this mystic subtle, seemingly indissoluble relationship between Business and Government.

If the tariff is to exist for the protection and betterment of Business, we must find what Business is to do, or is doing, for the protection and betterment of Government, lest, should it be doing nothing, presently there will be only Business and no Government. If men are to insist that the national machinery be used to erect around them a wall through which nothing shall penetrate that can be found within the wall, we must learn where they propose to get the funds wherewith that wall shall be erected and maintained. If men, or even the "constituencies" which are behind them and which elect them, are to insist that measures of revenue and protection are only a grand swap, a horse trade, a survival of the shrewdest, we must find what these men and these constituencies propose to bring forth as the price of admission to the game they desire to play. If still others prefer to wipe out the impost altogether and ask Business to rest upon its own feet, unaided,

unpaternalized, we must solicit that they, too, give us their scheme for raising revenue.

The California man with the complete, exclusive, exhaustive and seemingly boundless devotion to the idea of protection, was asked where he was going to get the revenue for the Government if he allowed no foreign imports to come in.

"Get it elsewhere, of course," he answered.

"Where?" the writer asked. "Have you anything definite in mind? Have you thought it out?"

"No," he answered; "but I'm doing a heap of thinking!"

The trader questioned by the writer referred to Chairman Payne, saying that the existing tariff law was a good instance of the results of his point of view, and that Mr. Payne could testify to its revenue-producing power. From Mr. Payne I got what practically everybody in the country is now familiar with: the defense of the "best tariff bill ever," as made by President Taft at Winona and elsewhere. There were the same statistics, the same claims of important reductions, the same asseveration that the law would carry the country once more out of its deficits and the same denial that undue favor had been extended to Big Interests. It was an excellent showing, ably conceived, and, perhaps, ought to have been conclusive, for the revenues of the Government at that time were increasing rapidly. The Treasury balance was showing a surplus for the first time in several years, and there was every indication that we would be ahead rather than behind in our accounts at the end of the year.

How the "Best Tariff Law Ever Enacted" Was Framed

Before seeing Mr. Payne, however, I had been reading the "Hearings" of the Ways and Means Committee of the House which preceded the framing of the tariff bill, and their voluminous, their complexity, their contradictoriness had so baffled me that I could not refrain from asking Mr. Payne how the committee arrived at a just conclusion as to what the tariff rate should be on any particular article concerning which conflicting statements had been made by interested parties at the hearings. Mr. Payne's first answer was a very easy one:

"Just as a jury does."

Now, if any juror on the face of the earth can take the tariff hearings of Congress and arrive at a square and just judgment without extraneous evidence or without someone handing something through the transom, he is a wonder. Those hearings are a mass of inextricable incongruities. One manufacturer asks for removal of the duty on his raw product, another manufacturer appears to demand that the duty on that same raw product be increased because it is one of the things he manufactures. The agricultural chemists, for instance, want sulphate of ammonia admitted free because of its extensive use in fertilizers. But it so happens that sulphate of ammonia is a by-product of the coke ovens, and the coke-oven owners refuse to play in the committee's back yard if the request of the chemists be granted. The makers of Castile soap demand that certain kinds of olive oil be admitted free from Italy, because olive oil is the chief constituent of that kind of soap; but the olive growers of California represent that if the soap-makers are given what they want, the olive orchards of the Golden West might as well fan themselves to sleep forever and aye. Shoemakers of New England and elsewhere want the tariff removed from hides, but the tanners who make hides claim that if the tariff is removed they will be more than ever at the mercy of the packing houses of the Middle West which are already driving the

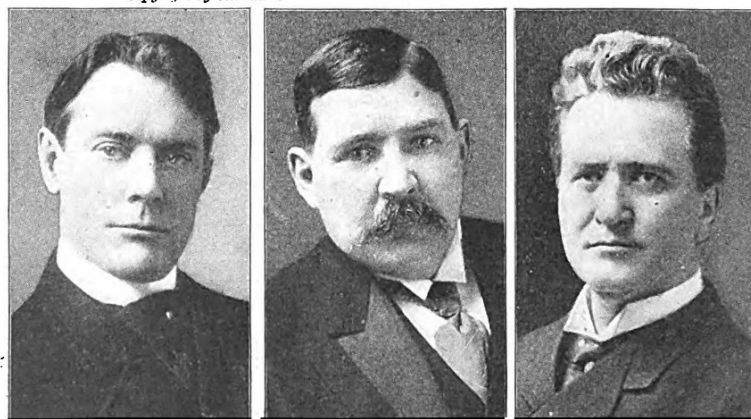
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HON. OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD OF ALABAMA

who is slated for the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee of the House in the event of the next Congress being Democratic, and who is the leader in Congress of the idea of a tariff for revenue only

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SENATORS BEVERIDGE, DOLLIVER AND LA FOLLETTE who have mercilessly exposed the trickery in the Payne-Aldrich law, and have led the fight in the Senate for the appointment of a Tariff Commission

independents out of business to an amazing degree. And so on. There are claims that nearly everything made abroad is made by what amounts, practically, to pauper labor, but when due inquiry is had by the minority members of the committee, it is found that the tariff asked for is often double or treble the real difference in labor. The steel and iron men, for instance, want twelve dollars per ton on bar iron, but it is disclosed that the labor difference between the United States and England or the United States and Germany is only about six dollars at the outside. The advocates of high tariff on marble declare that the Italian marble quarries are situated practically at the water's edge, so the product can almost be dumped from the quarry into the ship, but it comes out in the testimony of the opponents of the tariff that the quarries are situated far up on a mountainside, remote from the sea; that everything has to be carted long distances by wagon because it can not be shipped by rail, and that even though the marble comes over the ocean as ballast, its cost of production and freight to America is almost imperceptibly less than the cost of production in America. When asked as to how he decided between such contradictions, and whom he believed, Mr. Payne answered that in most cases the committee had taken pains to get information independently, but where its own information was not adequate, the committee decided according to the strength and intensity of the presentation made by the parties in interest.

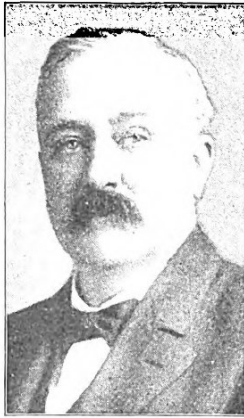
Whether it is fair to allow it to do so or not, that word "intensity" sticks in the mind. In the tariff schedule there are over seven hundred items; in the "Hearings" nearly ten thousand pages. And the more we read of the ten thousand pages, the more we find that the seven hundred items formed themselves into groups in which the commodities represented were controlled by certain big interests. Commodity after commodity in the chemical schedule was produced by some branch of the coal and coke industry. Others in the same schedule proceeded from the huge packing interests. The earth and earthenware products also were traceable to the coal and coke interests, because, for instance, magnesite brick which is made in California, in Missouri and numerous other States, is used in the making of gas retorts. Pumice stone, which has been newly found in Utah, is under the control of the Cudahys, who, in turn, have their say-so in the making of soap. Bauxite and Fuller's earth and a lot of things of that kind concerning which you and I probably know little or nothing reach up to the Paper Trust. Graphite, which many of us think of only as being used for pencils, figures in the making of crucibles, retorts, foundry facings, etc., and therefore is of interest to the Steel Trust. And of course, such comprehensive schedules as those bearing upon iron and steel, upon wool and woollens, upon cotton and cotton goods and the like are too obviously grouped under limited control to need further statement.

The Importance of a Strong and Intense Voice

Need one ask, therefore, where the "strength and intensity of the presentation" is most likely to lie? Would we find it with the small items, with those unassociated with the big groups? For instance, a relatively unconnected concern, the New England Roofing Company, wanted the duty taken off many of the coal-tar products, but the Barrett Manufacturing Company, which is associated with the Semet-Solvay Company, which, in turn, is associated with the big coke plants, wanted the tariff to remain. Manufacturers of paints made with Missouri barytes as an ingredient asked for an increase of the tariff from five dollars and twenty-five cents to twelve dollars per ton, but the White Lead Trust did not wish to see the change. The China clay makers in the comparatively newly developed mines of Georgia wanted an increase in the tariff on their product, but china clay happens to be a considerable ingredient in the making of paper, and the Paper Trust wanted the duty lowered rather than raised. Is it hard to guess which side of these controversies could talk the longest, the hardest, the most effectively?

To be sure, Mr. Payne had anticipated these questions

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HON. J. W. FORDNEY
OF MICHIGAN

who represents the ultra-protective idea in the Lower House, believing in practically complete exclusion of any foreign goods the like of which can be made in the United States

by citing the things to which President Taft has alluded—the free hides, the reductions of the duty on iron ore, the change in the cotton schedule and the hosiery schedule, the removal of the duty on petroleum and a number of other alterations vigorously opposed by the "groups" and enforced in spite of them. But there sticks in the mind the recollection of the man who traded his vote on wool for a vote on lumber. Senator Flint, of California, is said to have announced that if there was no increase of duty on lemons there would be no tariff bill. One can see how the duty has been retained on lime when the chief demand for the same has come from the State of Senator Hale, one of the so-called "stalwarts" of the Upper Chamber. Knowing these things, we can not get away from the fact that what had happened in these few instances might have happened also in others. The tariff bill itself is a massive thing, only less in magnitude than the ten thousand-page "Hearings." It contains seven hundred and eighteen classifications and is estimated to contain more than four thousand specifically mentioned items. Each of the seven

hundred and eighteen, or each of the four thousand, has its special appeal to somebody's special interest. If that somebody is not an individual, it is a corporation. If it is not a corporation, it may be a town or a State or some general section of the country.

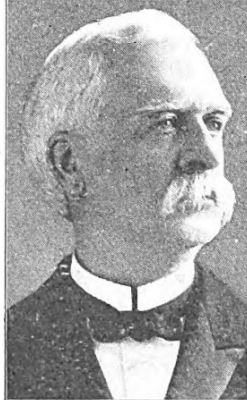
Puzzle—Find the Ulterior Reasons

"Granting, Mr. Payne," the writer said, "that all your efforts are honest and patriotic—and none who reads the 'Hearings' conscientiously can doubt that—how do you reconcile the political aspects of the tariff? You say you decide on the commercial phases of it as you would on a matter that is before a jury, but how do you do with the pressure from the different States and localities, the demands of the different Congressmen and Senators, and so on?"

"Sometimes," he admitted, "there are ulterior reasons for granting a specific tariff."

Coupling it with the Chairman's other word, "intensity," I took the "ulterior reasons" phrase to myself and began to hunt for its explanation. I went, of course, to the enemy, to those who have disapproved and openly denounced the Payne-Aldrich bill, who have risen in so-called "Insurgency" against what they deem to be the control of the United States Government from the outside.

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HON. SERENO E. PAYNE
OF NEW YORK

who is generally credited with having conducted the Ways and Means Committee hearings with fairness and an honest desire to arrive at facts

Senator La Follette called attention to the way the tariff bill had been brought into the Senate, its amendments to the House bill having been framed in private conferences between the head of the Finance Committee and certain leaders in the industries to be affected by proposed changes in rates. If a so-called "Insurgent" Senator rose to ask schedules or explanations or to criticize them, he was met with impatience and treated as if he were meddling and impertinent. Finance Committee members and "regular" Republicans left the floor while Insurgents were speaking, and had to be called back by the cry of "no quorum." La Follette and his associates were avoided and ostracized. The party "screws" were put upon Dolliver, and notice was given to those who would not "stand pat" that they could not expect to return to their honors when their terms should expire.

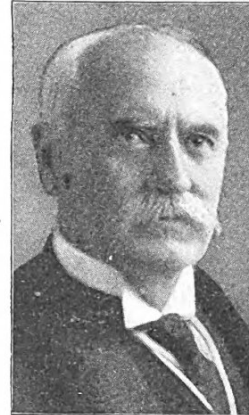
Jokers in the Cotton Schedule

And all this because—why? Because, in the language of the "regulars" themselves, the prolonged discussions, the delay in the enactment of the bill, and

the political uncertainty which these things entailed, were costing Business at the rate of ten million dollars per day. Costing Business, mind you, not the Government!

Dolliver and La Follette together told of the things that the Senate bill contained. They have told these things to the nation at large in their speeches and their writings, but it will refresh your memory to recall how the cotton schedule was fixed; how, after practically all the cotton manufacturers had appeared one after another before the House Committee and testified that their business was in such condition that it needed no changes in duties, a belated letter was sent to Chairman Payne by H. F. Lippitt of the famous Arkwright Club (the Cotton Trust) proposing an entirely new schedule, with increases so gross, with modifications of the classifications so full of covert purpose, that the House rejected it unanimously; then how this schedule reappeared when the bill emerged from the Finance Committee of the Senate, was rejected by unanimous vote on the Senate floor, and yet finally wormed its way into the conference bill and became a law under the plausible cover of affording protection to "mercerization."

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SENATOR
NELSON W. ALDRICH

who prepared the Senate tariff bill on the basis solely of the testimony of interested manufacturers and forced the Senate to vote on the bill without due time for study or examination

weapon whereby to exclude competition from the field; whence to derive added profit for themselves.

Said Dolliver of it: "I denounce it as a scheme to make this law a part of business transactions yet to come . . . a program which, within a few years, is likely to result in a reorganization of the cotton business, with millions of common stock issued against the statutes which we are now enacting."

The same men told of the wool schedule, the "Schedule K," which has remained practically unchanged since it was framed by a joint convention of wool growers and wool manufacturers in 1867; which McKinley had declared too complicated for him to handle, and which he had left without alteration as prepared for him by the same joint interests of the growers and the manufacturers; which Dingley had been unable to do anything with in 1897; which neither Mills nor Wilson on behalf of the Democrats in 1888 and 1894 could budge; and which, finally, President Taft openly acknowledged, had been put through by a combination too strong for him to resist. You have heard much of this schedule. You will hear more. It is not part of my story to rehearse its details to you, but my attention was called to the fact that the woolen manufacturing business "has two sides to it;" the making of worsteds and the making of woolen goods. Under the terms of the traditional woolen tariff, the worsted manufacturers have been prosperous, "and according to all reports are likely to be more so," for "they have written the woolen schedules," while the manufacturers of woolen goods, widely scattered throughout the United States, "with more capital invested, more labor employed, have stood at the door of Congress pitifully begging even for a hearing, and the only voice they have heard has been the voice of the Committee on Finance, exhorting these pioneers of American industry to lock up their mills and retire from

[Continued on page 558]

Marriage and the Society Girl

IN the September number will appear the third of Robert Haven Schauffler's articles on "Marriage in America."

This article will present the results of a nation-wide inquiry by trained investigators into the attitude of the society girl toward marriage, homebuilding, motherhood and divorce. It will set forth an amazing array of facts, based upon the confessions of the girls themselves, that will raise the serious question: Is the American idea of marriage doomed?

No such exhaustive and exact study into the hearts of the future mothers of American men and women has ever been made.

"YES, Carroll, I got my notice. Maybe it's no surprise to you. And there's one more thing I want to say. You're 'It' on this team. You're the top-notch catcher in the Western League and one of the best ball players in the game—but you're a knocker!"

Madge Ellston heard young Sheldon speak. She saw the flash in his gray eyes and the heat of his bronzed face as he looked intently at the big catcher.

"Fade away, sonny. Back to the bush-league for yours!" replied Carroll, derisively. "You're not fast enough for Kansas City. You look pretty in a uniform and you're swift on your feet, but you can't hit. You've got a glass arm and you run the bases like an ostrich trying to hide. That notice was coming to you. Go learn the game!"

Then a crowd of players trooped noisily out of the hotel lobby and swept Sheldon and Carroll down the porch steps toward the waiting omnibus.

Madge's uncle owned the Kansas City club. She had lived most of her nineteen years in a baseball atmosphere, but, accustomed as she was to baseball talk and the peculiar banterings and bickerings of the players, there were times when it seemed all Greek. If a player got his "notice" it meant he would be released in ten days. A "knocker" was a ball player who spoke ill of his fellow players. This scrap of conversation, however, had an unusual interest because Carroll had paid court to her for a year, and Sheldon, coming to the team that spring, had fallen desperately in love with her. She liked Sheldon pretty well, but Carroll fascinated her. She began to wonder if there were bad feeling between the rivals—to compare them—to get away from herself and judge them impersonally.

When Pat Donahue, the veteran manager of the team came out, Madge greeted him with a smile. She had always gotten on famously with Pat, notwithstanding her imperious desire to handle the managerial reins herself upon occasions. Pat beamed all over his round ruddy face.

"Miss Madge, you weren't to the park yesterday, an' we lost without our pretty mascot. We shure needed you. Denver's playin' at a fast clip."

"I'm coming out to-day," replied Miss Ellston, thoughtfully. "Pat, what's a knocker?"

"Now, Miss Madge, are you askin' me that after I've been coachin' you in baseball for years?" questioned Pat, in distress.

"I know what a knocker is, as everybody else does. But I want to know the real meaning, the inside-ball of it, to use your favorite saying."

Studying her grave face with shrewd eyes Donahue slowly lost his smile.

"The inside-ball of it, eh? Come, let's sit over here a bit—the sun's shure warm to-day . . . Miss Madge, a knocker is the strangest man known in the game, the hardest to deal with, an' what every baseball manager hates most."

Donahue told her that he believed the term "knocker" came originally from baseball; that in general it typified the player who strengthened his own standing by belittling the ability of his team-mates, and by enlarging upon his own superior qualities. But there were many phases of this peculiar type. Some players were natural born knockers; others acquired the name in their later years in the game when younger men threatened to win their places. Some of the best players ever produced by baseball had the habit in its most violent form. There were players of ridiculously poor ability who held their jobs on the strength of this one trait. It was a mystery how they mislead managers and managers alike; how for months they held their places, weakening a team, often keeping a good team down in the race; all from sheer bold suggestion of their own worth and other players' worthlessness. Strangest of all was the knockers' power to disorganize; to engender a bad spirit between management and team and among the players. That team which was without one of the parasites of the game generally stood well up in the race for the pennant, though there had been championship teams noted for great knockers as well as great players.

"It's shure strange, Miss Madge," said Pat in conclusion, shaking his gray head. "I've played hundreds of knockers, an' released them, too. Knockers always get it in the end, but they go on foolin' me and workin' me just the same as if I was a youngster with my first team. They're part an' parcel of the game."

"Do you like these men off the field—outside of baseball, I mean."

"No, I shure don't, an' I never seen one yet that was n't the same off the field as he was on."

"Thank you, Pat. I think I understand now. And—oh, yes, there's another thing I want to ask you. What's the matter with Billie Sheldon? Uncle George

"I've lost my head—I'm in love—I can't think about baseball—I'm crazy about you"



The Knocker

A BASEBALL STORY

by Zane Grey

Formerly a player in the Eastern League and the Western Association. Author of "Old Well Well"

Illustration by GEORGE GIBBS

said he was falling off in his game. Then I've read the papers. Billie started out well in the spring."

"Didn't he? I was sure thinkin' I had a find in Billie. Well, he's lost his nerve. He's in a bad slump. It's worried me for days. I'm goin' to release Billie. The team needs a shake-up. That's where Billie gets the worst of it, for he's really the makin' of a star; but he slumped, an' now knockin' has made him let down. There, Miss Madge, that's an example of what I've just been tellin' you. An' you can see that a manager has his troubles. These hulkin' athletes are a lot of spoiled babies an' I often get sick of my job."

That afternoon Miss Ellston was in a brown study all the way out to the baseball park. She arrived rather earlier than usual, to find the grandstand empty. The Denver team had just come upon the field, and the Kansas City players were practising batting at the left of the diamond. Madge walked down the aisle of the grandstand and out along the reporters' boxes. She asked one of the youngsters on the field to tell Mr. Sheldon that she would like to speak with him a moment.

Billie eagerly hurried from the players' bench with a look of surprise and expectancy on his sun-tanned face. Madge experienced, for the first time, a sudden sense of shyness at his coming. His lithe form and his nimble step somehow gave her a pleasure that seemed old yet was new. When he neared her, and, lifting his cap, spoke her name, the shade of gloom in his eyes and lines of trouble on his face dispelled her confusion.

"Billie, Pat tells me he's given you ten days' notice," she said.

"It's true."

"What's wrong with you, Billie?"

"Oh, I've struck a bad streak—can't hit or throw."

"Are you a quitter?"

"No, I'm not," he answered quickly, flushing a dark red.

"You started off this spring with a rush. You played brilliantly and for a while led the team in batting. Uncle George thought so well of you. Then came this spell of bad form. But, Billie, it's only a slump; you can brace."

"I don't know," he replied, despondently. "Awhile back I got my mind off the game. Then—people who don't like me have taken advantage of my slump to—"

"To knock," interrupted Miss Ellston.

"I'm not saying that," he said, looking away from her.

"But I'm saying it. See here, Billie Sheldon, my uncle owns this team and Pat Donahue is manager. I think they both like me a little. Now I don't want to see you lose your place. Perhaps—"

"Madge, that's fine of you—but I think—I guess it'd be best for me to leave Kansas City."

"Why?"

"You know," he said huskily. "I've lost my head—I'm in love—I can't think of baseball—I'm crazy about you."

Miss Ellston's sweet face grew rosy, clear to the tips of her ears.

"Billie Sheldon," she replied, spiritedly, "You're talking nonsense. Even if you were—were that way, it'd be no reason to play poor ball. Don't throw the game, as Pat would say. Make a brace! Get up on your toes! Tear things! Rip the boards off the fence! Don't quit!"

She exhausted her vocabulary of baseball language, if not her enthusiasm, and paused in blushing confusion.

"Madge!"

"Will you brace up?"

"Will I—will I!" he exclaimed, breathlessly.

Madge murmured a hurried good-by and turning away went up the stairs. Her uncle's private box was up on the top of the grandstand, and she reached it in a somewhat bewildered state of mind. She had a confused sense of having appeared to encourage Billie, and did not know whether she felt happy or guilty. The flame in his eyes had warmed all her blood. Then, as she glanced over the railing to see the powerful Burns Carroll, there rose in her breast a panic at strange variance with her other feelings.

Many times had Madge Ellston viewed the field and stands and the outlying country from this high vantage point; but never with the same mingling emotions, nor had the sunshine ever been so golden, the woods and meadows so green, the diamond so smooth and velvety, the whole scene so gaily bright.

Denver had always been a good drawing card, and having won the first game of the present series, bade fair to draw a record attendance. The long lines of bleachers, already packed with the familiar mottled crowd, sent forth a merry, rattling hum. Soon a steady

stream of well-dressed men and women poured in the gates and up the grand-stand stairs. The soft murmur of many voices in light conversation and laughter filled the air. The peanut vendors and score-card sellers kept up their insistent shrill cries. The baseball park was alive now and restless; the atmosphere seemed charged with freedom and pleasure. The players romped like skittish colts, the fans shrieked their witticisms—all sound and movements suggested play.

Madge Ellston was somehow relieved to see her uncle sitting in one of the lower boxes. During this game she wanted to be alone, and she believed she would be, for the President of the League and directors of the Kansas City team were with her uncle. When the bell rang to call the Denver team in from practise the stands could hold no more, and the roped-off side lines were filling up with noisy men and boys. From her seat Madge could see right down upon the players' bench, and when she caught both Sheldon and Carroll gazing upward she drew back with sharply contrasted thrills.

Then the bell rang again, the bleachers rolled out their welcoming acclaim, and play was called with Kansas City at the bat.

Right off the reel Hunt hit a short fly safely over second. The ten thousand spectators burst into a roar. A good start liberated applause and marked the feeling for the day.

Madge was surprised and glad to see Billie Sheldon start next for the plate. All season, until lately, he had been the second batter. During his slump he had been relegated to the last place on the batting list. Perhaps he had asked Pat to try him once more at the top. The bleachers voiced their unstinted appreciation of this return, showing that Billie still had a strong hold on their hearts.

As for Madge, her breast heaved and she had difficulty in breathing. This was going to be a hard game for her. The intensity of her desire to see Billie brace up to his old form amazed her. And Carroll's rude words beat thick in her ears. Never before had Billie appeared so instinct with life, so intent and strung as when he faced Keene, the Denver pitcher. That worthy tied himself up in a knot, and then unlimbering his long arm, delivered the brand new ball.

Billie seemed to leap forward and throw his bat at it. There was a sharp ringing crack—and the ball was like a white string marvelously stretching out over the players, over the green field beyond, and then, sailing, soaring, over the right-field fence. For a moment the stands, even the bleachers, were stone quiet. No player had ever hit a ball over that fence. It had been deemed impossible, as was attested to by the many painted "ads" offering prizes for such a feat. Suddenly the far end of the bleachers exploded and the swelling roar rolled up to engulf the grand stand in thunder. Billie ran round the bases to applause never before vented on that field. But he gave no sign that it affected him; he did not even doff his cap. White-faced and stern, he hurried to the bench, where Pat fell all over him and many of the players grasped his hands.

Up in her box Madge was crushing her score-card and whispering: "Oh! Billie, I could hug you for that!"

Two runs on two pitched balls! That was an opening to stir an exacting audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The Denver manager peremptorily called Keene off the diamond and sent in Steele, a south-paw, who had always bothered Pat's left-handed hitters. That move showed his astute judgment, for Steele struck out McReady and retired Curtis and Mahew on easy chances.

It was Dalgren's turn to pitch and though he had shown promise in several games he had not yet been tried out on a team of Denver's strength. The bleachers gave him a good cheering as he walked into the box, but for all that they whistled their wonder at Pat's assurance in putting him against the Cowboys in an important game.

The lad was visibly nervous and the hard-hitting and loud-coaching Denver players went after him as if they meant to drive him out of the game. Crane stung one to left center for a base, Moody was out on a liner to short, almost doubling up Crane; the fleet-footed Bluett bunted and beat the throw to first; Langley drove to left for what seemed a three-bagger, but Curtis, after a hard run, caught the ball almost off the left-field bleachers. Crane and Bluett advanced a base on the throw-in. Then Kane batted up a high foul-fly. Burns Carroll, the Kansas City catcher, had the reputation of being a fiend for chasing foul-flies, and he dashed at this one with a speed that threatened a hard fall over the players' bench or a collision with the fence. Carroll caught the ball and crashed against the grand stand, but leaped back with an agility that showed that if there was any harm done it had not been to him.

Thus the sharp inning ended with a magnificent play. It electrified the spectators into a fierce energy of applause. With one accord, by baseball instinct, the stands and bleachers and roped-in side-lines realized it was to be a game of games and they answered to the stimulus with a savage enthusiasm that inspired ball-players to great plays.

In the first half of the second inning, Steele's will to do and his arm to execute were very like his name. Kansas City could not score. In their half the Denver team made one run by clean hitting.

Then the closely fought advantage see-sawed from one team to the other. It was not a pitchers' battle, though both men worked to the limit of skill and endurance. They were hit hard. Dazzling plays kept the score down and the innings short. Over the field hung the portent of something to come; every player, every spectator felt the subtle baseball chance; each inning seemed to lead closer and more thrillingly up to the climax. But at the end of the seventh, with the score tied six and six, with daring steals, hard hits and splendid plays enough to have made memorable several games, it seemed that the great portentous moment was still in abeyance.

The head of the batting list for Kansas City was up. Hunt caught the first pitched ball squarely on the end of his bat. It was a mighty drive, and as the ball soared and soared over center-field Hunt raced down the base line, and the winged-footed Crane sped outward, the bleachers split their throats. The hit looked good for a home run, but Crane leaped up and caught the ball in his gloved hand. The sudden silence, and then the long groan which racked the bleachers was greater tribute to Crane's play than any applause.

Billie Sheldon then faced Steele. The fans roared hoarsely, for Billie had hit safely three times out of four. Steele used his curve ball, but he could not get the batter to go after it. When he had wasted three balls, the never-despairing bleachers howled: "Now, Billie, in your groove! Sting the next one!" But Billie waited. One strike! Two strikes! Steele cut the plate. That was a test which proved Sheldon's caliber.

With seven innings of exciting play passed, with both teams on edge, with the bleachers wild and the grand stands keyed up to the breaking point, with everything making deliberation almost impossible, Billie Sheldon had remorselessly waited for three balls and two strikes.

"Now! . . . Now! . . . Now!" shrieked the bleachers.

Steele had not tired nor lost his cunning. With hands before him he grimly studied Billie, then whirling hard to get more weight into his motion, he threw the ball.

Billie swung perfectly and cut a curving liner between the first-baseman and the base. Like a shot it skipped over the grass out along the foul-line into right field. Amid tremendous uproar Billie stretched the hit into a triple, and when he got up out of the dust after his slide into third the noise seemed to be the crashing down of the bleachers. It died out with the choking gurgling yell of the most leather-lunged fan.

"O-o-o-you-Billie-e!"

McReady marched up and promptly hit a long fly to the redoubtable Crane. Billie crouched in a sprinter's position with his eye on the graceful fielder, waiting confidently for the ball to drop. As if there had not already been sufficient heart-rending moments, the chance that governed baseball meted out this play; one of the keenest, most trying known to the game. Players waited, spectators waited, and the instant of that dropping ball was interminably long. Everybody knew Crane would catch it; everybody thought of the wonderful throwing arm that had made him famous. Was it possible for Billie Sheldon to beat the throw to the plate?

Crane made the catch and got the ball away at the same instant Sheldon leaped from the base and dashed for home. Then all eyes were on the ball. It seemed incredible that a ball thrown by human strength could speed plateward so low, so straight, so swift. But it lost its force and slanted down to bounce into the catcher's hands just as Billie slid over the plate.

By the time the bleachers had stopped stamping and howling, Curtis ended the inning with a difficult grounder to the infield.

Once more the Kansas City players took the field and Burns Carroll sang out in his lusty voice: "Keep lively boys! Play hard! Dig 'em up an' get 'em!" Indeed the big catcher was the mainstay of the home team. The bulk of the work fell upon his shoulders. Dalgren was wild and kept his catcher continually blocking low pitches and wide curves and poorly controlled high fast balls. But they were all alike to Carroll. Despite his weight, he was as nimble on his feet as a goat, and if he once got his hands on the ball he never missed it. It was his encouragement that steadied Dalgren; his judgment of hitters that carried the young pitcher through dangerous places; his lightning swift grasp of points that directed the machine-like work of his team.

In this inning Carroll exhibited another of his demon chases after a foul-fly; he threw the base-stealing Crane out at second, and by a remarkable leap and stop of McReady's throw, he blocked a runner who would have tied the score.

The Cowboys blanked their opponents in the first half of the ninth, and trotted in for their turn needing one run to tie, two runs to win.

There had scarcely been a breathing spell for the on-lookers in this rapid-fire game. Every inning had held them, one moment breathless, the next wildly clamorous, and another waiting in numb fear. What did these last few moments hold in store? The only answer to that was the dogged plugging optimism of the Denver players. To listen to them, to watch them, was to gather the impression that baseball fortune always favored them in the end.

"Only three more, Dal. Steady boys, it's our game," rolled out Carroll's deep bass. How virile he

was! What a tower of strength to the weakening pitcher!

But valiantly as Dalgren tried to respond, he failed. The grind—the strain had been too severe. When he finally did locate the plate Bluett hit safely. Langley bunted along the base line and beat the ball.

A blank, dead quiet settled down over the bleachers and stands. Something fearful threatened. What might not come to pass, even at the last moment of this nerve-racking game? There was a runner on first and a runner on second. That was bad. Exceedingly bad was it that these runners were on base with nobody out. Worst of all was the fact that Kane was up. Kane, the best bunter, the fastest man to first, the hardest hitter in the league! That he would fail to advance those two runners was scarcely worth consideration. Once advanced, a fly to the outfield, a scratch, anything almost, would tie the score. So this was the climax presaged so many times earlier in the game. Dalgren seemed to wilt under it.

Kane swung his ash viciously and called on Dalgren to put one over. Dalgren looked in toward the bench as if he wanted and expected to be taken out. But Pat Donahue made no sign. Pat had trained many a pitcher by forcing him to take his medicine. Then Carroll, mask under his arm, rolling his big hand in his mitt, sauntered down to the pitcher's box. The sharp order of the umpire in no wise disconcerted him. He said something to Dalgren, vehemently nodding his head the while. Players and audience alike supposed he was trying to put a little heart into Dalgren, and liked him the better, notwithstanding the opposition to the umpire.

Carroll sauntered back to his position. He adjusted his breast protector and put on his mask, deliberately taking his time. Then he stepped behind the plate, and after signing for the pitch, he slowly moved his right hand up to his mask.

Dalgren wound up, took his swing, and let drive. Even as he delivered the ball Carroll bounded away from his position, flinging off the mask as he jumped. For a single fleeting instant, the catcher's position was vacated. But that instant was long enough to make the audience gasp. Kane bunted beautifully down the third base line, and there Carroll stood, fifteen feet from the plate, agile as a huge monkey. He whipped the ball to Mahew at third. Mahew wheeled quick as thought and lined the ball to second. Sheldon came tearing for the bag, caught the ball on the run and with a violent stop and wrench threw it like a bullet to first base. Fast as Kane was, the ball beat him ten feet. A triple play!

The players of both teams cheered, but the audience, slower to grasp the complex and intricate points, needed a long moment to realize what had happened. They needed another to divine that Carroll had anticipated Kane's intention to bunt, had left his position as the ball was pitched, had planned all, risked all, played all on Kane's sure eye; and so he had retired the side and won the game by creating and executing the rarest play in baseball.

Then the audience rose in a body to greet the great catcher. What a hoarse thundering roar shook the stands and waved in a blast over the field! Carroll stood bowing his acknowledgment, and then swaggered a little with the sun shining on his handsome heated face. Like a conqueror conscious of full blown power he stalked away to the club-house.

Madge Ellston came out of her trance and viewed the ragged score-card, her torn parasol, her tattered gloves and flying hair, her generally disheveled state with a little start of dismay, but when she got into the thick and press of the moving crowd she found all the women more or less disheveled. And they seemed all the prettier and friendlier for that. It was a happy crowd and voices were conspicuously hoarse.

When Madge entered the hotel parlor that evening she found her uncle with guests and among them was Burns Carroll. The presence of the handsome giant affected Madge more impellingly than ever before, yet in some inexplicably different way. She found herself trembling; she sensed a crisis in her feelings for this man and it frightened her. She became conscious suddenly that she had always been afraid of him. Watching Carroll receive the congratulations of many of those present, she saw that he dominated them as he had her. His magnetism was overpowering; his great stature seemed to fill the room; his easy careless assurance emanated from superior strength. When he spoke lightly of the game, of Crane's marvelous catch, of Dalgren's pitching and of his own triple play, it seemed these looming features retreated in perspective—somehow lost their vital significance because he slighted them.

In the light of Carroll's illuminating talk, in the remembrance of Sheldon's bitter denunciation, in the knowledge of Pat Donahue's estimate of a peculiar type of ball-player, Madge Ellston found herself judging the man—bravely trying to resist his charm, to be fair to him and to herself.

Carroll soon made his way to her side and greeted her with his old familiar manner of possession. However irritating it might be to Madge when alone, now it held her bound.

Carroll possessed the elemental attributes of a conquerer. When with him Madge whimsically feared that he would snatch her up in his arms and carry her bodily off, as the warriors of old did with the women

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The Preacher and a Potato

Personal Experience of a Retired Minister
Who Put His Hand to the Plow

by William Justin Harsha

DURING my pastorate in New York City it was the custom for an indigent and very persistent tramp to call at the parsonage every Sabbath evening about seven to demand alms. He thought, doubtless, that on the evening of the Holy Day, and just before going into the pulpit, a clergyman's heart would be tender to the appeal of rags and hunger. Indeed, I did break resolutions and respond with stated contributions for a time, as a moment at that particular hour is of more value to a sermonic student than—say, a dime for a drink. Perhaps the poor fellow had a right to expect me to continue in thus playing with conscience. At all events he kept coming, until on a particular Sabbath when the man called, I told the maid who announced him that I really could not be disturbed. He departed, but he left a prophetic note behind. This was scrawled on a bit of brown wrapping paper and thrust under the parsonage door. When I came down to go into the church I found it. It read:

"When you have been a preacher as long as I have been you will be as poor as I am."

I do not know that the man had ever been a clergyman, for after that night he shook my dust from his garments, but that he was old was evident and he bore a most painful show of poverty. And that was what I was coming to! His message "gave me pause."

I was receiving an abundant salary at the time as the pastor of a church endowed with houses and lands, and my position was for life (so the contract read). Having a million or two of rented property behind my church treasury, I feared not the threat of any church officer or member to "decrease his subscription to the salary." Yet—well, here I landed on a homestead in Colorado with that tramp's prophecy of poverty before me.

Nip and Tuck Between Theology and Potato Culture

But my hand was on the plow, literally, and there was nothing to do but to go forward. I bought an alluring book entitled "Potatoes for Profit" and placed it in my library beside Cunningham's "Historical Theology." This is the handiest place for it, for when I am tired of the one I can take up the other. Both of the authors, I am bound to say, have given me plenty of hard digging. It is nip and tuck between them in this regard, but for practical pabulum the potato man is a little ahead.

For the benefit of any of my aged brethren (not too aged—say fifty or so) who may be tired of precarious existence as book agents or insurance solicitors, and to suggest a way of escape to any clerk, teacher, book-keeper, cashier, stenographer or other mere male toiler who has been crowded to the wall by "woman's invasion," I will set down just what a man without reference to age, race, color or previous condition of servitude may do on homestead land in the State of perpetual sunshine. Of course, if you are so constituted that city life is the only life for you; if, as a New Yorker once said to me, "you love the very mud of the streets," or if, as a clergyman, the breath of your nostrils is to argue learnedly in your church councils on predestination or infant salvation or falling from grace, the simple life I am to describe will have no attractions for you. If you are able to purchase improved land—an eighty in Illinois, an orange grove in California, a peach orchard in the valley of the Gunnison or an abandoned farm in New England—this may be the thing to do. But if you possess but slender means or practically none at all (the walking is good from the East), and for health considerations or any other reason you wish to come to the "play-ground of the nation" and grow up with the sagebrush, I will relate my experience to you in the hope that it may be helpful. For well I know, from letters of inquiry sent to me and from less direct sources, that many deadline fellows on whose heads the almond tree has begun to spread its blossoms would be far happier if they were to follow the sensible trend of modern taste and get back to the soil.

Something more than five years ago, then, we found ourselves with an invalid son, two dependent daughters, a sizable bit of worry and about twelve hundred dollars in available cash. My wife had often said that never, never would she go on a farm to live, just as in the days of blushing maidenhood she had asseverated that she never would marry a minister though every

hair of his head was hung with a diamond—which made it morally certain that both of these contingencies would fall to her lot—this is to say, minus the diamonds. In the crisis gripping us she was the first to suggest a homestead. Accordingly, after looking around carefully, we decided on one hundred and sixty acres in one of the beautiful parks of the mountains of Colorado. For this we paid Uncle Sam sixteen dollars as initial payment and the final payments will amount to fourteen dollars more. We can prove up now at any time, the proof consisting in assuring the government commissioners, through competent witnesses, that we have resided continuously for five years on the land and have shown an intention to make it our home. The homesteader is allowed absences of not longer than six months at a time; he is also allowed six months from the date of his entering the land to actually move upon it. But the days of the old too-easy frauds on the Government in grasping land under pretense of homesteading it are over.

We purchased one team of large young unbroken mares—I have always been Arminian in my love of horses though Calvinistic in doctrine—a wagon and a few necessary farming implements. This represented an outlay of some five hundred dollars more. We acquired—strictly by legitimate purchase—a dozen hens and a chanticleer to waken us betimes in the morning. Of course, we bought a cow. She cost us forty dollars and several moments a day of heroic but educational self-restraint. Her former owners, with a poetic insight—or perhaps it was a burst of primal truthfulness—had named her "Tiny," and this we guilelessly supposed was meant to describe her size, which it did; but it also measured to a jot the amount of milk she gave. However, if you could have heard the joyous, wondering tones of my wife, when, having skimmed a large pitcher of real country cream, she would cry: "Just look! And to think this doesn't cost us anything!" you would understand our patience in the strenuous task of milking.

We applied Matthew Arnold's theory of "sweetness

and light" to the training of our mares, but, at length, we were compelled to resort to a log-chain and a telegraph pole for assistance. However, without the lash and with no undue severity, they were subdued and are now family pets. After the time-honored example of the pioneer, we went to the hills for logs, an abundance of which Uncle Sam allows us to appropriate for building, fencing and fires, and there-with my son and I constructed a cabin—a model of rectangular architecture, and steadfast, for in our innocence we took green logs and spiked them together with "thirties," when dried timbers properly notched at the corners would have done as well or better. However, I, who had scarcely ever driven a nail in my life—except that "nail that is driven in a sure place"—was more than proud of our effort, though when the cowboys and cowgirls came for an all-night housewarming, which is the neighborly custom out this way, I really thought they would dance the structure down.

We are on sage-brush land. Now, it must be confessed that of all dreary sights, a plain of sage-brush is about the dreariest. A distant acquaintance with it—say from the window of a Pullman—is all that the average man cares to cultivate. Closer touch only induces the thoughtful to believe that when first the soil was caused to bring forth thorns and briars as a curse, the Father of all Blasphemies planted sage-brush to win children to his temper and language. And his Satanic Majesty has planted it thickest on the mountain heights that are nearest to heaven and furthest away from his hot abode, in the fear, apparently, that some poor wretch would get so far above things earthly as to escape the bitter temptation to "curse God and die." Yet sage-brush, neither brittle nor juicy, but just perverse and tangling and tripping and stringy, covers the finest sandy loam soil in all the country, and the taller the brush the better the land. The only lovely thing about sage-brush is that it makes a glorious fire. You hitch four horses to a grubber; you drive, and your son or some hired man for whose back you have less thoughtful care, handles the lever; the grubber works after the tumble-over fashion of old-fashioned hayrakes; you go over from two to five acres a day, according to the toughness of the sinews in the back of the man at the lever; your sage-brush is in windrows at nightfall; you pitchfork it into piles; you apply a match and then!—there is nothing like the blaze of it, the glory of it, the crackling sweep of it.

The Colorado Potato Has a Reputation

Then you plow and harrow and plant potatoes. Every one has heard of the famous Colorado potato. It is a thing of beauty and a joy. We in the mountains meet with its two great enemies—drought and frost. To combat the one, we build dams to hold the early rains in reservoirs or dig wells and pump with gasoline engines; or we join with other men and run a ditch down from the higher waters of the river. In our own case we are compelled to use a well and such dams as we can build. There are gulches and gullies in the mountains behind our ranch, as behind most of the sage-brush land, and across the narrow places of

these we scrape dirt until a dam is formed sufficient to hold hundreds or even thousands of gallons of water. From these reservoirs we irrigate. From year to year we have enlarged our reservoirs until now we have water enough for twenty acres or more. On the rest of our land we pursue "dry farming."

The first year we raised eight hundred pounds of potatoes from two hundred pounds of seed. This was a small gain, for we had little water. Last year, with water, we harvested fifteen thousand pounds of potatoes from one acre, all of which, after reserving what we needed for ourselves, we sold for two dollars a hundred pounds. This is the average price in the mountains.

In combating the frost, which President Roosevelt confesses made such havoc with his potatoes on his ranch, we plant not earlier than the middle of May, using acclimated and rapidly growing seed, and harvest in August and early September. This perhaps does not permit our potatoes to gain as large size as longer growth would ensure, and we must take care to dry them thoroughly before covering for the winter, but it is quite safe to



One hundred hens bring us in an average of a dollar a day for eggs alone, and this takes care of our grocery bill



One may count on seven to nine pigs to each mother, and about Christmas he can sell at a net profit of ten dollars, at least, for each porker

say that in ordinary seasons even our mountain country will produce, where sufficient irrigation is possible, from ten to twenty thousand pounds of tubers to the acre.

But potatoes were not and are not our whole dependence. The first year we planted two acres of hullless barley and this grows excellently without water. From an acre one may expect thirty to forty bushels, at least, and we secured fully this amount. We fed the barley to our chickens and horses and cow. We planted an acre of rye which we cut in the milk for hay. The rye needs no irrigation. We dug a well, finding a good supply of sweet water at a depth of thirty-five feet, and from this watered a garden that supplied us lavishly with all we needed in the way of fresh and storage vegetables. My son and I did all the work, save that we had assistance in finishing the house. Our actual income that first year was small. We did not expect it to and it did not meet our expenses, but we had made a beginning.

Every Drop of Water Is Precious

From year to year we have cleared more land, being careful, however, to remember Mr. J. J. Hill's advice: "Not large farms, but a larger use of the hoe." We are not trying to cover great territory but to make what we do cultivate clean and as fruitful as possible. In the face of all prophecy of disaster, we have planted an orchard and our trees are doing well—apple, pear, plum, cherry and crab. We have but a small orchard as yet, only about fifty trees, but we believe in the perseverance of the saints. Having more water, though not an abundance, we are planting from six to ten acres of oats, three or four acres of wheat and all the alfalfa seed we can afford to buy. We have a saying out this way to this effect:

"Little drops of water on little grains of sand
Make a mighty difference in the yield of land."

In consequence we are using all the little drops we can gather and year by year are gathering more. All the crops I have just mentioned require irrigation.

Some of our neighbors, who also are homesteaders, have not pursued our policy to put all their time on their own ranches; they have gone out to work for other people in the winters and have received from thirty to fifty dollars a month in wages. They have used this money for the support of their families and for improving their ranches, on which they themselves work during the summer. I mention this as a possibility for any who may need to do this. If one has money enough to pay living expenses for a year or two, I am quite sure it

is better for him to give his whole time to his own land; he will win out sooner and more surely in this way.

Most of the land in Colorado that is subject to homestead entry is at present occupied by cattle-raisers as free pasture. Their great herds roam all summer and as we have no herd-law it is necessary for settlers to fence their lands. The first year we were content to fence only about ten acres. We used barbed wire and posts, but it is possible for homesteaders to protect their crops without going to this expense. There is an abundance of poles on the mountains; there are thrifty clumps of aspens on the foothills. One has but to go and help himself. He may set posts and nail poles to them, or he may make bucks—after the simple fashion of the saw-bucks of our boyhood—and either nail or wire his poles to these. And speaking of wire reminds me of an important suggestion that should be made to prospective settlers: never pass by a bit of baling-wire however rusted and twisted it may be! You will need every scrap at some time. No one out this way thinks of going to town or even to a distant part of his ranch without taking along a coil of wire. With it he mends harness, single-trees, plows, gates, harrows—everything. Our blacksmiths have a saying that runs thus: "We make no charge for repairs but you must pay us for the time it takes to cut the wires you have used for makeshifts."

For ourselves, we have not gone into the cattle business. To begin with, the conditions are no longer as they were. The range is narrowing year by year as settlers take up the public lands; a higher type of cattle is now demanded by packers than formerly satisfied them—range-fed steers are at a discount. Moreover, the branding and dehorning and riding the ranges in snow and rain are tasks uncongenial to us. Consequently, we are leaving the cattle industry to others; indeed, many of the older and wiser men are going out of it or are adopting the policy of cutting down their herds and doing more feeding at home.

We have gone in and are going in more and more for three pursuits: the raising of chickens, Berkshires and Belgian colts.

Chickens Gratefully Repay All Small Attentions

Almost anyone can breed chickens, and while one must not believe more than half the things one reads in poultry advertisements, one may make more or less rapid progress in the industry. Particularly for men and women of a professional training or a literary bias, the work is attractive and remunerative. We began, as I have said, with a dozen hens. We have now more than one hundred. In this altitude chicken raising has peculiar difficulties, but we receive a good price for every egg that we can get to market—twenty-five cents is the minimum and often we receive forty. A Denver paper remarks: "The man with sixty hens is a millionaire this year." The statement is hardly more than the ordinary Western exaggeration. Our hundred hens bring us in an average of a dollar a day for eggs alone, and this takes care of our grocery bill. And then to me there is the delight that Thomas Bailey Aldrich so beautifully describes as having come to him when he, tired of writing, was wont to go out to his chickens; for they are very companionable, these feathered friends, and I do not know of any small creatures that more gratefully repay one for the amount of thought and care given them. We can raise all that hens need—wheat, barley, oats, alfalfa, cabbages, turnips and the like; for the rest, keep them clean and warm and safe from coyotes and the returns are satisfactory, if not miraculous.

We have also taken up the plump and sedate Berkshire. He does not need to be branded, dehorned or herded, though to be sure he has troubles of his own. We have a way of raising him out here that beats the world. An acre of alfalfa three years old, and thereafter indefinitely, will pasture from ten to twenty porkers a year, and half an acre of field peas will fatten the same number for market. Both of these grow luxuriantly here. And pigs are not subject to the diseases that afflict them in some other parts of the country. The only thing we have to look out for is a malady that comes from the playful fashion of young porkers of nipping each other and this can be prevented by turning tables on them and nipping off their milk teeth or by keeping the litters separate for a time. In the winter we turn the brood sows into the stackyard where they have the freedom of alfalfa hay, and all we need to do is to keep a water hole open for them. The sows farrow in the spring. One may count on seven to nine pigs to each mother and about Christmas he can sell at a net profit of ten dollars, at least, for each porker. This is easy and quick money and with alfalfa and field peas there is less risk of loss than with anything we have tried.

As to the Belgian colts—here we come back to my Arminian love of horses—we started in with the team of mares already mentioned. They are Clydesdales, long, slow, Scotch in origin and canny in gravity. Being twelve-hundred pounders we could not use them to advantage as saddlers, and as no one can live respectably in Colorado without a saddle horse, we looked around us for suitable material. We had had some little experience with bronchos and were not terrified either by the name or the article. Moreover, we were anxious to try out our theories of "sweetness and light" plus log-chains and telegraph poles on the genuine article, and consequently, when a woman informed us that she owned a bunch of colts and a bevy of calves, all of which were branded "X bar" and were rustling somewhere in the mountains and were for sale unsight and unseen for a certain small sum, we eagerly took the bait. We were to corral the lot if we could, make saddlers out of the colts and work horses and increase our dairy out of the calves. My son and I turned cowboys. We rounded in one fierce black stallion, a living example of total depravity; one old sorrel mare with a twisted leg, a roan gelding that had seen swifter days, and a bunch of the snortiest colts I ever held a claim to. Our cattle proved to be a promiscuous circus of nondescripts, wild as deer but fine for beef, as we made haste to demonstrate. Only one of the lot did we venture to rope and milk, and she became a treasure in the dairy stall.

The Homesteader Tries His Skill at Broncho Busting

As for the colts, we were in it for "busters." The first colt we tackled we named "Graycloud" and it was an inspiration, for the moment we had him roped and saddled and my son was on his back he exhibited a decided buoyancy. He was a "sun-fisher" indeed. The second colt we named "Star" because of a beautiful white spot in his forehead and he was even more aspiring, as was only fitting in view of his name. I made shift to mount him and—let the veil be drawn! But sweetness and light, etc.—especially the etc.—won the day, and we sold the team for eighty dollars, which, by the way, is about the price a homesteader will need to pay for a fair team of the sort. After all, the much-abused broncho is amenable to kindness, and if carefully handled, will plow and pull for every pound there is in him. The black stallion and one of his colts are now our general utility team and we really couldn't keep house without them.

But it is of our Belgians we are particularly proud. Believing that it costs no more to feed a good horse than a poor one, we have aimed and are still aiming at the developing of large draught horses.

We have made only a beginning with our colts—our little stock has grown to twenty head—but we find them a profitable investment although the returns are slower than is the case with our other specialties.

To sum up then: the professional man with a thousand dollars or so can win out on a homestead, if he is content to go slowly at first and feel his way as he goes. He can have as many of the pleasures of life as the average city-dweller. We have the magazines, the papers, a telephone, daily mails and a town at nine miles distance.

We can hunt and fish if we choose, for this is a great country for game. In the morning we can read Cunningham or write our immortal treatise on Esoteric Theology and in the afternoon we can hie forth to hoe in the fields. At night we lie down to rest, full of thanks to the Giver of all good, full of joy in family peace and content, worried by nothing, in fear of no one and subject to none, for our waters shall not fail and our potato is sure.



For pasturage we have scores of square miles of hill and mountain and forest—all public lands and some of it Forest Reserve lands

The Divinity of Desire

by Orison Swett Marden

"**W**HATEVER the soul is taught to expect, that it will build."

Our heart longings, our soul aspirations, are something more than mere vaporings of the imagination. They are prophecies, they are couriers, fore-runners of things which might become realities. They are measures of our possibilities. They indicate the height of our aim, the range of our efficiency.

The sculptor knows that his ideal is not a mere fantasy of his imagination, but that it is a prophecy, a foreshadowing which will carve itself in "marble real."

When we begin to desire a thing, to yearn for it with all our hearts, we begin to establish relationship with it in proportion to the strength and persistency of our longing and intelligent effort to realize it.

The trouble with us is that we live too much in the material side of life, and not enough in the ideal. We should learn to live mentally in the ideal which we wish to make real. If we wish to keep young, for example, we should live in the mental state of youth; to be beautiful, we should live in a mental state of beauty.

The advantage of living in the ideal is that all imperfections; physical, mental and moral, are eliminated. We can not see old age because old age is incompleteness, decrepitude, and these qualities can not exist in the ideal.

In the ideal, everything is youthful and beautiful; there is no suggestion of decay, of ugliness. The habit of living in the ideal, therefore, helps us wonderfully because it gives a perpetual pattern of the perfection for which we are striving. Living much in the ideal increases hope and faith in our ultimate perfection and divinity, because in our vision we see glimpses of the reality which we instinctively feel must sometime, somewhere be ours. The ideal is not a mere fantasy of the imagination; it is a foretelling of what should come true.

The habit of thinking and asserting things as we would like to have them, or as they ought to be, and of believing in and asserting our wholeness or completeness; believing that we can not lack any good thing because we are one with the All Good, supplies the pattern which the life-process within us will reproduce in the life. Keep constantly in your mind the ideal of the man or woman you would like to become. Hold the ideal of your efficiency and wholeness, and instantly strangle every disease image or suggestion of inferiority. Never allow yourself to dwell upon your weaknesses, deficiencies, failures. Holding firmly the ideal and struggling vigorously to attain it will help you to realize it.

There is a tremendous power in the habit of expectancy, the conviction, that we shall realize our ambition; that our dreams shall come true. There is no uplifting habit like that of carrying an expectant, hopeful attitude, of expecting that our heart yearnings will be matched with realities; that things are going to turn out well and not ill; that we are going to succeed; that no matter what may or may not happen we are going to be happy.

There is nothing else so helpful as the carrying of this optimistic, expectant attitude—the attitude which always looks for and expects the best, the highest, the happiest—and never allowing oneself to get into the pessimistic, discouraged mood.

Believe with all your heart that you will do what you were made to do. Never for an instant harbor a doubt of this. Drive it out of your mind if it seeks entrance. Entertain only the friend thoughts or ideals of the thing you are bound to achieve. Reject all thought enemies, all discouraging moods—everything which would even suggest failure or unhappiness.

It does not matter what you are trying to do or to be, always assume an expectant, hopeful, optimistic attitude regarding it. You will be surprised to see how you will grow in all your faculties, and how you will improve generally.

When the mind has once formed the habit of holding hopeful, cheerful, optimistic, happy, prosperous pictures, it will not be easy to form the opposite habit. If our children could only acquire this one habit, it would very quickly revolutionize our civilization and advance our life standards immeasurably. A mind so trained would always be in a condition to exercise its maximum power and overcome inharmonious, unkindness and the hundred and one enemies of our peace, comfort, efficiency and success.

The very habit of expecting that the future is full of good things for you, that you are going to be prosperous and happy, that you are going to have a fine family, a beautiful home, and are going to stand for something, is the best kind of capital with which to start life.

What we try persistently to express, we tend to achieve even though it may not seem likely nor even possible. If we always try to express the ideal, the thing we would like to come true in our lives, whether it be robust health, a noble character or a superb career, if we visualize it as vividly as possible and try with all our might to realize it, it is much more likely to come to us than if we do not.

Many people allow their desires and their longings to fade out. They do not realize that this very intensity and persistency of

desire increases the power to realize their dreams. The constant effort to keep the desire alive, to intensify it, increases the capacity to realize the vision.

We are constantly increasing or decreasing our efficiency by the quality and character of our thoughts, emotions and ideals. If we could always hold the ideal of wholeness, think of ourselves as perfect beings, even as He is perfect, any tendency to disease anywhere would be neutralized by this restorative healing force.

Think and say only that which you wish to become true. People who are always excusing themselves; constantly saying that they are tired, used up, played out, "all in;" that they are all out of kilter somewhere; that they are always unfortunate, unlucky; that fate seems to be against them; that they are poor and always expect to be; that they have worked hard and tried to get ahead, but could not, little realize that they are etching these black pictures—enemies of their peace, happiness and success, the very things which they ought to wipe out of their minds forever—deeper and deeper into their consciousness, and are making it all the more certain that they will be realized in their lives. Never for an instant admit that you are sick, weak or ill unless

you wish to experience these conditions, for the very thinking of them helps them to get a stronger hold upon you. We are all the products of our own thoughts. Whatever we concentrate upon, that we are. The daily habit of picturing oneself as a superb man sent to earth with a divine mission and an assurance of the ability and opportunity to deliver it superbly, gives to a man a marvelous confidence, an uplifting power and perpetual encouragement.

If you wish to improve yourself in any particular, visualize the quality as vividly and as tenaciously as possible and hold a superior ideal along the line of your ambition. Keep this persistently in the mind until you feel its uplift, its realization in your life. Gradually the weak, imperfect man, which mistakes, sins and vicious living have made, will be replaced by the ideal man; your other, better God-self.

Every life follows its ideal; is colored by it; takes on its character; becomes like it. You can always read a man's character if you know his ideal, for this always dominates his life.

Our ideals are great character molders and have a tremendous shaping influence. Our heart's habitual desire soon shows itself in the fact; outpictures itself in the life. We can not long keep from the face that which habitually lives in our minds.

We develop the quality of the thought, emotion, ideal or ambition which takes the strongest hold upon us. Therefore, you should let everything in you point toward superiority. Let there be an upward trend in your thoughts. Resolve that you will never have anything to do with inferiority in your thoughts or your actions; that whatever you do shall bear the stamp of superiority, of excellence.

The intensity, the vigor, the persistency of our desires and longings will have everything to do with our realization of them.

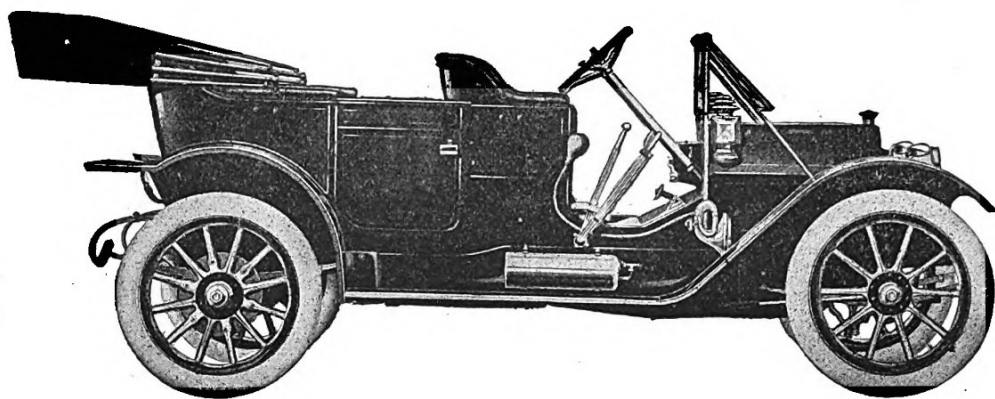
It does not matter how improbable or how far away this realization may seem, or how dark the prospects may be, if we visualize them as best we can, as vividly as possible, hold to them tenaciously and vigorously struggle to attain them, they will gradually become actualized, realized in the life. But a desire, a longing, a yearning abandoned or held indifferently will vanish without realization.

Human life is so constructed that we live largely upon hope; the faith that runs ahead and sees what the physical eye can not see.

What we believe is coming to us is a tremendous creative motive. The dream of home, of prosperity, the expectancy of being a person of influence, of standing for something, of carrying weight in our community, —all these things are powerful motives.

Your whole thought current must be set in the direction of your life purpose. The great miracles of civilization are wrought by thought concentration. Live in the very soul of expectation of better things, in the conviction that something large, grand, and beautiful will await you if your efforts

[Continued on page 545]



Chalmers "30" Touring Car, \$1500

115 inch wheel base, 34 inch wheels. Carries five in perfect comfort under all conditions. Tonneau has been lengthened and made wider on front line of rear seat.

Chalmers MOTOR CARS Announcement

IN announcing the Chalmers models for 1911, the most noteworthy fact is that in all vital features they remain the same as the cars that have created world's records for efficiency, endurance, and speed—such as winning the Indiana and Massapequa trophies—blazing the way from Denver to Mexico City and mapping the path for the Glidden Tour of 1910. Trade papers last year gave the Chalmers the title of "Champion Cars."

The best evidence of Chalmers merit, however, is not the trophies won in tests of all kinds, but thousands of satisfied users, the majority of whom have the means to purchase cars of any kind.

The people who buy Chalmers cars are those who know how to judge motor car values regardless of prices and advertising claims.

Many of the Chalmers buyers are of the class to whom money does not have to be an object. People who can pay any prices constantly show their preference for the medium priced Chalmers.

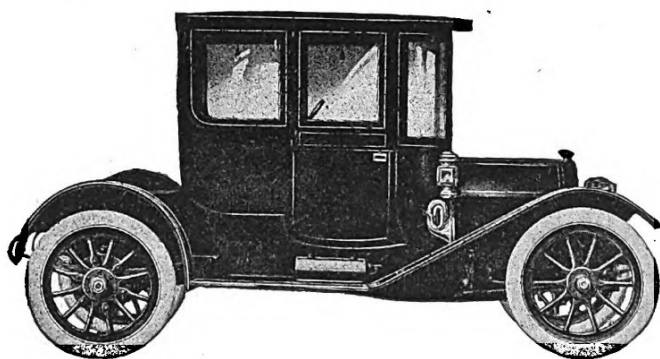
Look over the list of automobile buyers in your own community and see if these statements are not true. Talk to some of the Chalmers owners; their enthusiasm will prove our claims.

In general, the greatest improvement on the 1911 Chalmers consists in refinement of detail, like the artist's final touch to the masterpiece. Lines have been beautified in body and fender, so that—viewed from any angle—no car, whether it costs \$5,000 or more, affords more eye-delight than the Chalmers.

On luxury-priced cars, the purchaser naturally expects not only the highest standard of workmanship, but the most costly materials, whether upholstery, trimmings or paint. Never before has it been possible to duplicate this excellence in a moderate priced car—for example, the Chalmers "30" receives sixteen coats of paint, requiring five weeks to finish it.

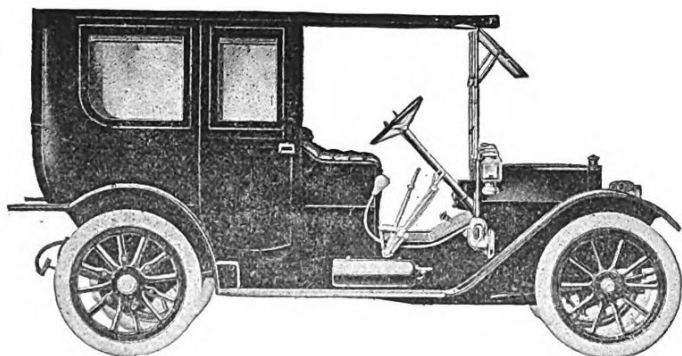
In detail—the curves just back of the tonneau doors have been straightened out, making the low, rakish, straight-lined bodies which every maker strives so hard to obtain. The seats have been lowered, adding materially to the riding comfort.

The tonneaus of both "30" and "Forty" have been made longer and wider. The fenders have been changed slightly, adding to the graceful appearance of the car and at the same time affording greater protection from water and mud.



Chalmers "Coupé," \$2400

Built on "30" Chassis, seats for three, extra seat facing driver. This price includes complete equipment. These bodies are of the finest materials and handsomely finished.

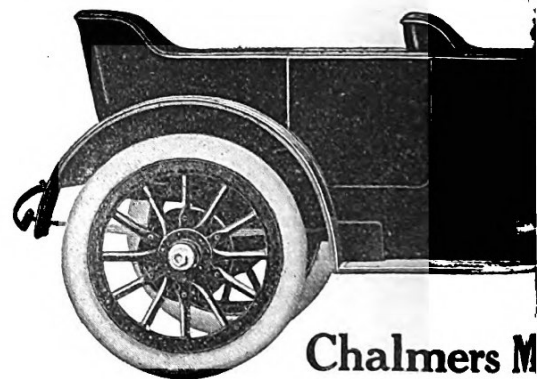


Chalmers Limousine, \$3000

Built on "30" Chassis. Landulet at same price. Both have inside seats for five, facing forward. This price includes complete equipment.

Chalmers "Forty" Torpedo Body

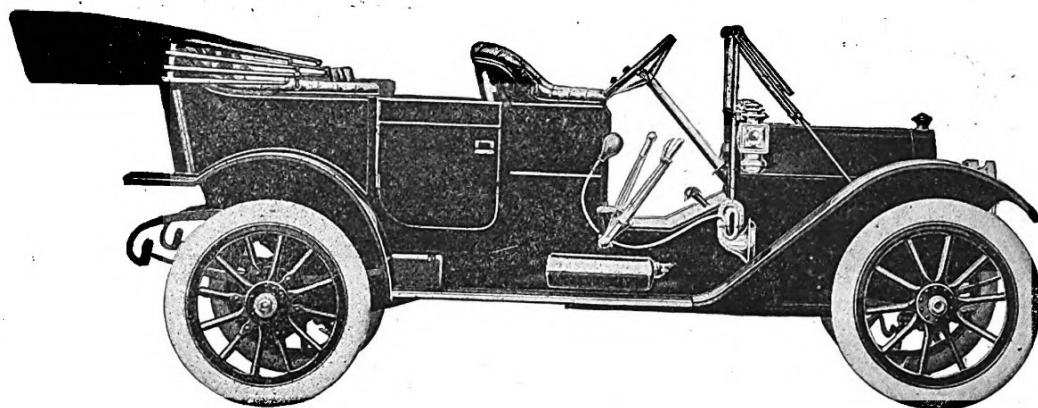
122 inch wheel base.
36 inch wheels.



Chalmers Motor Cars

Detroit
(Licensed Under U.S. Patent)

Chalmers for Cars of 1911 Models



Chalmers "Forty" Touring Car, \$2750

Including Bosch magneto, gas lamps and Prest-O-Lite Tank, 122 inch wheel base, 36 inch wheels; seven passenger capacity. Two auxiliary seats \$50 extra.

The angle of the steering post has been changed slightly so as to allow more space between steering wheel and driving seat.

The brackets supporting the running boards are fastened inside the frame, making the exterior of the car appear perfectly smooth.

Note the wide, beautiful doors. Hinges and door locks are furnished by a famous lock manufacturer; no better can be bought.

On the "30" the dash, heel boards, and the door strips are of black walnut, on the "Forty" Circassian walnut. All handles, mouldings, levers, etc., are shapely and massive.

The battery box has been placed under the rear seat and a tool box big enough to hold a pump placed on the left running board, a change that every driver will praise.

Both the "30" and "Forty" motors remain unchanged in principle although small refinements of detail and workmanship insure that they will be even smoother running and quieter than ever before, without sacrifice of power which is too often the case in so-called "silent" cars. New style carburetors are used on both motors and their economy and uniformity of operation under all conditions will surprise every buyer.

On the "30" we furnish a Bosch magneto, big new-style gas lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank and a special Chalmers top—all for \$200 additional.

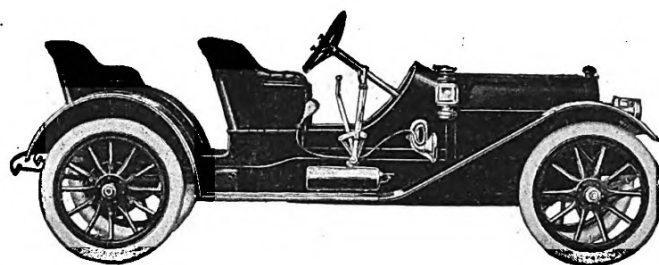
These tops, of special Mohair or Pantasote, are made in our own shops and designed to fit and look best on Chalmers cars. They are equal in quality to tops furnished on the highest priced cars.

As in former years, the Chalmers principle is not to make as many cars as possible, but to make them as good as possible. Chalmers cars are built on a quality, not a quantity basis. We regret that we could not furnish cars of the 1910 models for all who wanted them. We fear that some may have been offended at being told they could not get the cars they wanted: It is sometimes harder to tell a man he can't have a thing than to show him why he ought to have it.

We would like to take care of everyone who wants a Chalmers car, and yet it is not our ambition to build cars in very large quantities; hence we would advise you to place your order early.

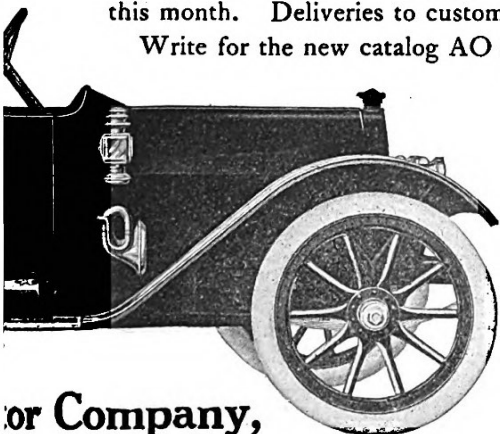
Demonstrating cars are being sent to our dealers all over the country this month. Deliveries to customers begin August first.

Write for the new catalog AO and name of the nearest dealer.



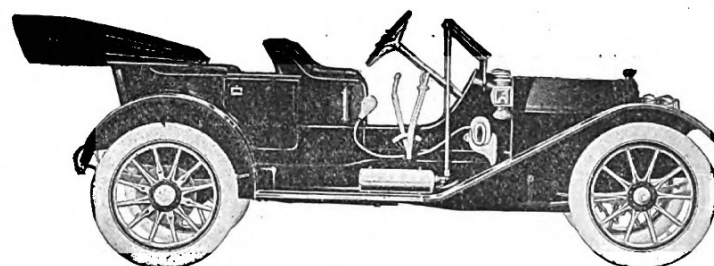
Chalmers "Forty" Roadster, \$2750

122 inch wheel base, 36 inch wheels. Price includes Bosch magneto, gas lamps and Prest-O-Lite Tank. We also make a "30" Roadster at \$1500.



Price, \$3000, including Bosch magneto

Gas lamps, Prest-O-Lite Tank and five demountable rims.



Chalmers "30" Pony Tonneau, \$1600

115 inch wheel base, 34 inch wheels.

Chalmers Motor Company,
Detroit, Mich.
(Selden Patent)

The Shears of Destiny

By Leroy Scott

Illustrated by Alexander Popini



DREXEL whirled about for Berloff. For the minute of his struggle with the governor, Borodin and Razoff had managed to hold the prince, but the handicap of manacles and anklets was too great, and the instant the governor fell the prince broke from their grasp. So when Drexel turned it was to find himself looking at the barrel of a pistol, and behind that the cold face of Berloff.

"I owe you great thanks, Captain Laroque, for removing the governor as a spectator," he said, his eyes agleam with triumph. "That sets me free to admit the fact of our acquaintance and to enjoy this little reunion openly. For there is no danger"—he smiled about on them in malign pleasantry—"when all the present witnesses will soon be as insensible as our friend the governor there, only permanently so."

White as she was, Sonya went a shade paler. She came forward with short, clanking steps. "Do you mean, Prince Berloff, that you intend executing not only us Russians, but Mr. Drexel as well?"

"Duty is duty, my dear cousin"—he bowed to her—"however unpleasant."

She would have spoken in Drexel's behalf, but he stopped her. "I would not plead to him for your life, for I know it would be useless. It is just as vain to plead for mine."

He turned to Berloff. "We want none of your devil's rillery. You have won. Go on with your purpose!"

"As you command. But remember that the haste in the matter is yours, not mine." He crossed to the desk and stood beside the bell.

"But before I call in those outsiders, the guards, let us have our farewell among ourselves."

He turned to The White One, who sat three or four paces behind him, her manacled hands upon her knees. "So, you are the famous White One. I am glad to meet you, madame, and I beg to assure you that the meeting with The White One will be all the more memorable to me since it took place on what afterward proved the last day of her remarkable life."

That high, pale face returned his mocking courtesy with a gaze of blazing hatred.

"Justice will not always withhold its hands from you," she said. "This is the hour of your triumph, but that hour may not be for long!"

"Pardon my saying it, madame," returned he, "but one so near the end should cherish kindlier thoughts."

For all his air of free and easy mastery he was keeping his eye on the others to check any outward move. But this helpless invalid needed no watching, and he turned his back upon her and gazed at Sonya and Borodin.

"As for you, my dear cousins, it would be hypocrisy for your heir to make pretense of grief. So what more can I say than 'I thank you.'"

"Ring the bell!" returned Sonya.

"In one moment I must, for see, the governor is returning to life to intrude upon our pleasant function." He turned to Drexel. "So I make haste, my dear cousin—never-to-be, to wish that your taking-off may be as gentle as falling asleep, and that your waking may be among the angels!"

Drexel kept contemptuous silence.

The prince flashed upon them all a look of mocking, malignant triumph—a figure electric with power, coldly, cruelly handsome—a model of puissant, high-bred devilry, fit for the emulation of the first gentleman of hell.

"And now before the guards come in I will say good-by to you all"—he bowed around—"and may your journey be pleasant!"

He raised his hand for the stroke upon the bell, and held it aloft in fiendish pleasure of prolonging their suspense; and for a moment he stood there poised in his triumph. They stared at him, waiting breathlessly for the fatal hand to fall.

Then their eyes widened, their lips parted, and in thrilled awe they stared beyond to the wheeled chair at his back, where sat the untended invalid. For something strange was happening with The White One. That snow-haired figure was slowly uprearing itself, whom none here had ever seen upon her feet before.

She was of commanding height. In her thin face there blazed a stern fire; and this portentous look, her loose white hair, her priestess stature, the flowing robe in which they had garbed her, made her a figure of

Conclusion—THE GODDESS OF VENGEANCE



Drexel found himself looking at the barrel of a pistol

preternatural majesty. She moved three silent paces to the prince's back, above whom she towered, and there she paused.

The prince was bowing in mockery and saying, with his sardonic smile, "And now, once more, good-by!"

He never knew the reflex meaning of his words. The tall figure at his back raised her thin arms on high, pressing together the heavy manacles that bound her wrists. And then, her physician's eye fixed on a vital spot, all her strength summoned up in this one effort, she swung that improvised sledge downward upon his head.

He fell without a word, his sneering good-by still warm upon his lips.

She gazed down at his lifeless body, in her blazing, majestic wrath looking the very high-priestess of vengeance. She said never a word. For a moment she stood so, eyes flashing, breast heaving, erect in her magnificent frailty. Then she raised her eyes to the others and parted her lips as if to speak. But the fire faded from her face—a tremor went through her old body—she wavered, and her figure bowed over and toppled to the floor.

Her fall broke the awed spell which had bound them all. Sonya sprang to her side and turned her upon her back. A glance at that calm face was enough. But Sonya pressed her ear against where had beat The White One's heart.

"Dead!" she whispered.

And so it was. The supreme excitement of her mighty wrath had for the moment conquered disease and lent strength to her withered limbs. She had made the effort her doctor had long foretold as fatal, had spent her little store of strength in one prodigal blow; and, her spasm of energy over, her heart had instantly exacted the penalty—and there she lay!

But there was no time to exclaim upon the swift happenings of this one minute. A shuffling noise from behind them caused Drexel to turn quickly. The governor had risen upon one knee and was stretching out a hand toward the bell. At once Drexel was upon him, and a minute later he was securely bound and a gag was in his throat.

The way was now clear for their escape; but to leave these bodies here for the next minute's possible discovery might mean alarm and pursuit before they were out of the fortress gates. Opening into the office was a room in which was a store of manacles and such-like necessities of the day's work. In this Drexel laid with reverence the wasted body of The White One; it seemed hardly less than sacrilege to desert those warrior ashes to the enemy, but there remained no other way. And in there he dragged her chair, and the bulky person of the governor, glowering impotently;

and last of all the prince, troubled no more with dreams of empire.

Three minutes later the prison van, with prisoners and guards inside it and Drexel driving at its tail, moved with official staidness through the arched gateway of the fortress, out into the vast black silence of the winter night.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AN HOUR would likely pass—with God's grace more—ere the tenants of the dark room would be discovered and St. Petersburg's ten thousand police and spies be unloosed upon the chase. By the hour's end they must all be safe in hiding, or stand in danger of wearing the Czar's necktie.

Drexel had still urgent need of his wits. But as the grim shape of the fortress withdrew into the rearward gloom, the breaking strain of the last half-hour began to relax and he began to feel the reaction of the two nights he had not slept, and of the two nights and a day that he had been stretched upon the rack of an almost superhuman suspense. Moreover, the gash from the governor's knife, mere flesh-wound though it was, had bled profusely in the office, and now in the sleigh he could feel the warm blood creeping down his back and chest. He was dizzy, and he felt himself grow weaker, yet he dared not call any one from the van to bear him company, for the minutes were too precious to use a single one of them in a transfer to the sleigh.

He clenched his teeth and tried to hold fast to his slipping strength. But he grew more dizzy—more weak. His horse, noting the lack

of incitement from behind, dropped into a lazy jog, and Drexel saw the van pull rapidly away. He had not the strength to mend the horse's pace, nor the strength to call out, even had he dared. The gap widened; the van was lost in the darkness ahead; he felt his strength ebbing—ebbing. He made a supreme effort to hold on to consciousness; but suddenly blankness closed in upon him and he lurched sidewise from the low sleigh out upon the snow.

His next sensation was some one shaking his shoulder. He opened his eyes; it was still night; he was sitting on the snow, and at his back was a support which he realized was a man's knee.

"Awake yet?" asked a voice.

"Yes," he said weakly. "What time is it?"

"Five."

He had lain there for an hour or more. Where were Sonya and the others?

He started to rise, and the man put his hand beneath his shoulders and assisted him to his feet. Drexel now made out that his Good Samaritan wore the uniform of a policeman, and he had a moment of poignant fear.

"A drop too much, eh?" said the officer with heavy facetiousness.

Drexel was more than content to have that remain the explanation of his state. He was still weak and there was an icy numbness through all his bones. He begged the use of the policeman's arm for a little way, which was granted him; and after a few blocks of that support he felt sufficiently recovered to thank his obliging crutch and venture on alone.

At last he gained the house of Sabatoff. The Keeper of the Seals listened in amazement to his sketch of what had happened in the three hours since they had parted; and on learning of the governor's knife he quickly bared Drexel's shoulder and dressed the wound with no little skill.

Whether the prisoners had escaped or had been recaptured, it was clear that Drexel could do no more and that it was time for him to consider his own safety. Sabatoff aided him to change into the clothes of a citizen, and once more he set forth from the little house, Sabatoff promising to send news of the fugitives if any came to him. An hour later, having changed from sleigh to sleigh to hide his trail, he drove up to the Hotel Europe. A sense of personal relief descended upon him as he entered the hotel. He was once more Henry Drexel, American citizen.

It was too early yet to see his uncle's family, so he went to his room and stretched himself upon his bed. But weary as he was there was no sleep for him. Was Sonya now in safety—or had she been recaptured in the hour of escape, and was she now living again in her dungeon in Peter and Paul?

This uncertainty throbbed through him with every pulse-beat. And there was no active measure he could take to learn the truth. He could do nothing but wait; wait for good or evil news from Sabatoff, or wait till rumor or the papers brought him news that could be only of disaster.

His mind went back to that strange introduction to Sonya upon the Moscow train. Half his life seemed to have been lived since then—and yet this epoch included but a fortnight! She passed before him in the various aspects which the two weeks had shown him; as the shawled factory girl; as the princess, proud with the pride of a thousand years; as the ardent saver of her brother's life; he saw her go calmly down the stairs of the house in Three Saints' Court to give him a chance to escape; saw her in her dungeon, with calm and lofty mien prepared to mount the scaffold. And this rare figure, while the smoke had swirled and the flames had flared wildly around them, this rare figure had kissed his brow; had said she loved him! The remembrance of that moment swept him in dizzy awe to Heaven.

But where was she now?

He could stand this inactive ignorance no longer.

He got into a suit of his own clothes and went down to the dining-room. Perhaps news might already be circulating there, for the Hotel Europe was a favorite resort of officialdom. With swift sight he picked out three officers whose breakfast of tea and sweet rolls was forgotten in excited converse. Masking any possible show of emotion behind the Paris *Herald*, he took the table adjoining them, his ears wide open. Sure enough, they were rehearsing last night's events in Peter and Paul. It appeared that Governor Kavelin had been discovered and released at five o'clock, and all St. Petersburg was now beginning to reverberate with the affair. They had the whole story, even the awesome picture of the fall of Prince Berloff beneath the manacles of The White One, followed by her own swift death—for Colonel Kavelin had been far enough revived to be a witness to the double tragedy.

It was all strange, they said—wonderfully, wonderfully strange. And not the least strange of all was a later episode. There had been a third condemned prisoner, the American correspondent, James Freeman. When the guards had come at four o'clock to lead him to his execution, he had protested that he was no revolutionist, but a spy, and his being there was but a spy's stratagem, and that an order for his release was on the way and should have been there an hour gone. They had regarded the talk as the hysterical raving of one undone by fear, and had dragged him from his cell. When he had seen there was no hope, he had taken on a cynical courage. He had ordered the hangman to keep his greasy paws off him, and had, himself, with steady hands, settled the soaped cord about his neck, and with a nod and a sneering, "Good morning, gentlemen," had swung out of the world.

And an hour later the order for his release had been found in the breast of the dead Berloff!

While Drexel listened, his eyes fixed on his paper, there was a rustle beside him. He looked up. Into the empty chair across the table had slipped the Countess Kurovskaya.

Her manner was smilingly composed. But he saw that she was pale, high-wrought, and that there were dark rings about her eyes.

She leaned forward. "I have come here—especially to try and see you," she whispered with an effort. "Yes?"

"You know—what I have been. From your point of view—and I do not blame you—it is your duty to

expose me to the revolutionists. I have come to tell you that this is not necessary."

He did not reply.

"After what has happened—the last few days—last night—I can not be what I used to be any more. I wanted you to know that."

"I am glad," he whispered.

"I am leaving Russia, after what has happened—I can't stand it here—and it will be safest. I think that is all. Except"—and she looked him straight in the eyes and her voice dropped to a barest breath—"I believe I know who this Captain Laroque is."

"What he did was—was wonderful!" Her dark eyes looked a quick, subdued admiration. "That is all. Good-bye."

She rose and was leaving him, but he followed her to the tapestried doorway. Here, very pale, she inclined her head to him and was sweeping away—when suddenly he held out his hand.

"Good-bye," he said. "And I hope—I hope—"

"Thank you. Good-bye."

For an instant her hand pressed his with quivering intensity. Then she bowed again, and moved away. Drexel returned to his table and again set his ears open, but heard nothing more of consequence.

He thought of his relatives above: of Alice, even now, perhaps, beginning excitedly to prepare for the wedding. He was rising to go upstairs and discharge his painful duty, when he saw that Prince Kuratoff had entered the room and was bearing in his direction. They exchanged a few words of commonplace, then they drew apart to a window and made a show of gazing out.

The prince's manner was rather cool, even casual, for the sake of those eyes that might be looking on, and in it was no slightest sign of the secret that lay between them. But when he spoke, his low words vibrated with eagerness.

"Have you heard anything of the escaped prisoners?" he asked.

"Nothing. And you?"

"Nothing. Until certain gentlemen who honored me with their company last night left me this morning I had supposed the execution had taken place."

Drexel replied in the same marked language. "You must have been surprised."

The prince nodded. "I have no idea who this Captain Laroque is," he went on, with a calm look into Drexel's face; "and I have no wish to know, for it would be my official duty to hang him. But if, by any strange twist of circumstances, you should ever meet him, please inform him that he is the noblest man I ever heard of."

"Should there be such a strange twist, I will," said Drexel.

"He is, no doubt, already on his way out of Russia," the prince went on, "for he probably knows that of all concerned in last night's affair he is the one most wanted by the Government—that a vast reward is being offered for his arrest, and that thousands of men are already searching for him."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Drexel.

"But I dare say he will make good his escape. Should he, by chance, have any relatives of importance—bereaved relatives—in whose company he could go, he would be certain to escape suspicion." He bowed.

"I wish you good morning, Mr. Drexel."

He started away, but with a quick motion Drexel caught his arm, for through the doorway had just entered Captain Nadson and Colonel Kavelin.

"Prince," he whispered, "see those two men who have just entered? I prefer not to meet them."

The prince looked. "Excuse me," he said, "Those are the men who can identify Captain Laroque. I have some orders to give them."

Out of the tail of his eye Drexel saw the Military Governor accost the two officers with curt aloofness and lead them out. He waited a moment, then crossed to the door. The three were in conversation down a corridor, the backs of the two officers toward him. Drexel crossed to the stairway and swiftly mounted.

Of a surety, St. Petersburg was no safe place for him!

He went to his uncle's apartment. Tables and chairs were heaped with wedding gifts, and wherever a spot was empty of presents it held a vase of flowers. The Howards had been up most of the night before, and his aunt and Alice were only rising, but his uncle joined him at once. The old man greeted him heartily, and spoke for several minutes of the wedding now but a few hours off.

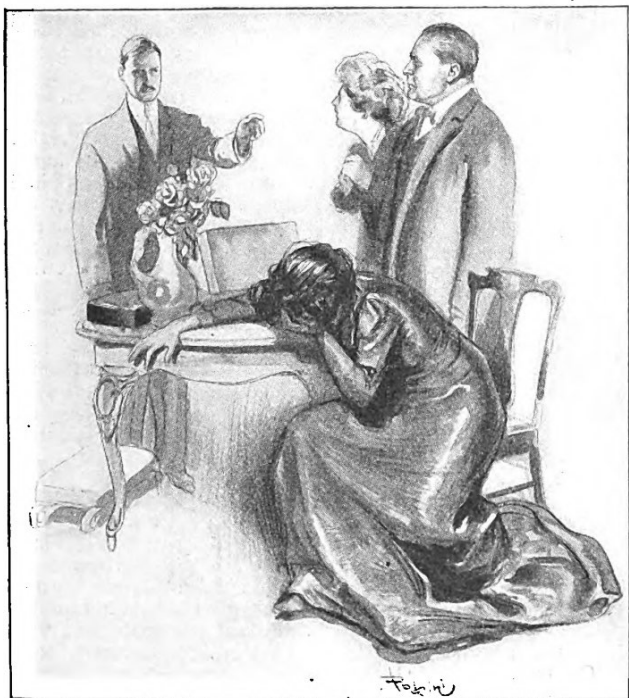
"And was your trip to Moscow a success?"

"I hope events will prove that I have succeeded in every detail," said Drexel.

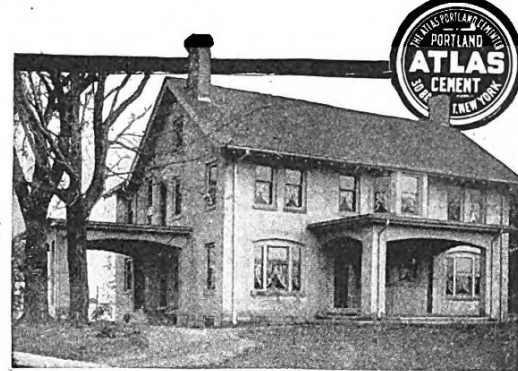
"Good. You'll tell me about it later. And I've been having success too." He half-closed his eyes and nodded his head.

"I've had a dozen cipher cables from America while you've been gone. Great news about that street-railway scheme!"

[Continued on page 553]



His uncle and his aunt were staring with blanched faces



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The Month in America

THE long session of the Sixty-first Congress made a record which Republicans will try to urge as the real issue of this fall's campaign. The Democrats, on the other hand, will insist upon making issue on the work of the tariff session. The work of the session just closed is creditable to the Republicans and has strengthened the party. If the work of the tariff session had been as well done there would be little likelihood of the next House being Democratic. And the difference between the two sessions is that the progressives bossed the regular session, while the reactionaries maintained control throughout the tariff session. Much good legislation was written into the statute during the session just finished; good almost exactly in proportion, as that its making was dominated by the Insurgents.

The Record of the Session

THE surpassing work of the session is the railroad measure. SUCCESS MAGAZINE insisted from the beginning that that measure, as drafted by Attorney-General Wickersham and the other advisers of President Taft, was a backward rather than a forward step; that it were better to pass no law than this bill. We are now glad to give testimony that the railroad bill which has become law represents a considerable advance. The administration will be given large credit; and yet, the men really responsible for making a good bill are men who for a year have been excluded from the counsels of the administration, and have been read out of the Republican party by various spokesmen of the administration. It is the good fortune of President Taft that he can claim credit for signing a bill whose making was dominated by such men as Cummins, La Follette, Dooliver, Bristow, Borah, Clapp, Lenroot, Norris, Hubbard of Iowa, Cooper of Wisconsin and others of similar purpose and earnestness.

A Creditable Railroad Bill

The demand for a valuation of the railroads was staved off and a commission created to investigate their capitalization. It seems inevitable, from the present temper of the country and Congress that a valuation must be made before many years.

THE same candor which denies Taft and Wickersham credit for a good railroad bill, must concede them honor for the compromise with the railroads on the increase of rates. Here President Taft appeared to better advantage than in any other important affair during his administration. It is yet too early for the country to congratulate itself upon escaping a general advance of rates, for the railroads have not abandoned their purpose. The matter goes over to the Interstate Commission. George W. Perkins, of Morgan & Co., has induced powerful manufacturing interests to withdraw opposition to the advances. Several great industrial corporations whose tonnage is tremendous and whose financial control is closely sympathetic with that of powerful railroads, have agreed not to oppose rate increases. The explanation, of course, lies in the close community of interest under which railroads and great industrials are now held. If the big shipping interests acquiesce in the increases, there will be no opposition save that of the consumer, who, albeit the most numerous and important personage in the country, and the one who pays the bills, is the worst organized and the least capable of protecting himself. Wherefore, we must demur to the rejoicings until we know whether the suspension of rate advances is more than temporary. There is comfort, however, in the recent decision of the commission ordering sweeping reductions in freight rates on certain transcontinental lines, notably the Central and Southern Pacific.

Rate Situation Uncertain

AN appropriation of \$250,000 is made for the tariff board, which ought to provide considerable illumination for the inevitable revision of the near future. President Taft has shown a Rooseveltian disposition to stretch the law to get tariff facts of real utility, and he undoubtedly will produce better results than the high tariff advocates would wish.

Tariff Board Provision

CONSERVATION has made more gains than might be realized. Of the nine administration conservation bills introduced, only one passed; a measure giving the President authority to withdraw public lands. However, a Bureau of Mines was created which, properly administered, will prove a most valuable conservation measure. It is earnestly hoped President Taft will make no mistake when he selects a Chief of this Bureau.

Conservation Makes Gains

Friends of conservation have supported Dr. J. A. Holmes of the Division of Technology, U. S. Geological Survey, for Chief of the new Bureau. The Ballinger influence has urged Dr. E. W. Parker of the Division of Mineral Research.

Yet another conservation victory is the provision of \$20,000,000 credit, in certificates, to complete irrigation projects. In view of the Ballinger hostility to government irrigation work, and preference for turning over irrigation opportunities to private capital, this is an important victory for true conservation in reclamation.

THERE will be much juggling with the figures on the appropriations by Congress this year; but taking appropriations and authorizations, the accepted figure is \$1,055,000,000. This tops the former record by about \$11,000,000. Such a result, in view of economy talk of the last year, and Senator Aldrich's declaration that a real business administration would save \$300,000,000 a year, is not encouraging. For some years there has been a theory that the Public Building bill and the River and Harbor bill ought to alternate, year by year; this year, however, we have a \$52,000,000 River and Harbor bill and a \$25,000,000 Public Building bill because political necessities of members made them desirable.

No Signs of Economy

There has been so much talk about reducing expenses, and results have been so insignificant, that it is small wonder if the country declines to take seriously the commission to gather facts and make recommendations looking to economy. When Congress often appropriates more for particular purposes than the officials of the departments estimate, it is not apparent how economies are to be secured until the country gets more serious about the matter.

AS TO the Postal Savings Bank law we reserve opinion till experience has illuminated its purposes. Senator Aldrich has wanted a Postal Savings measure that would fit into his Central Bank of Issue. He wanted the Postal Savings funds available for investment in the two per cent. bonds now held by the banks as security for note issues or for government deposit. The Senate, unwilling to found a great financial establishment with primary view to protecting a particular class of investors, forced the amendment which prohibited investment in the two per cent. bonds. The Aldrich theory was forced into the bill in conference. As passed, the measure meets Aldrich's purpose of using the Postal Bank as a pillar for his Central Bank plan. Therefore, the verdict on the Postal Savings system is likely to depend largely on the relation it will ultimately develop to a central bank, and on whether the central bank will be a people's or a Wall Street central bank.

The Postal Savings Bill

OTHER legislation of measurable importance is the provision for building two new "Dreadnoughts" for the navy, in line with the now pretty firmly established policy of adding two of these monsters annually; strengthening the laws governing safety appliances on railroads; more effectively regulating the "white slave" traffic; reorganizing the lighthouse service and improving the regulations to prevent collisions between vessels; providing for raising the wreck of the *Maine* in Havana Harbor; restricting and regulating immigration; reorganizing the customs tariff of the Philippines; permitting parole of Federal prisoners; giving the Government control over wireless telegraphy and providing the Department of Justice funds with which to enforce the Sherman Anti-trust law.

Other Legislation

Legislation granting separate statehood to Arizona and New Mexico passed. Reports from the Territories have not encouraged Republican hopes of controlling Arizona. Many responsible Republicans in both Territories declare chances favor Democratic control in both.

THE year 1910 seems certain of fame as a season of unexampled political complexities. Rock-ribbed Republican States are set down as doubtful by conservative calculators. Most of the States face a factional fight between Republican elements; and after that comes the general election, with results uncertain in proportion to the bitterness of the quarrel among the Republicans and popular confidence in the Democrats.

Politics in the States

It is a time of trial and stress for the Republican party in which counsels of wisdom are needed. Small wonder that leaders are hurrying to Mr. Roosevelt, begging assistance in the complications that have enmeshed the party in the months he has been out of office and the country.

DISAFFECTION is virulent in every State in New England. The possibility of Maine and Massachusetts going Democratic on State offices is seriously discussed. Senator Hale has withdrawn in Maine, but it is intimated that if the Republicans control the legislature he may be elected, just as it is persistently reported that Aldrich, although he has formally withdrawn, will be elected in Rhode Island if the Republicans control.

Big Fight in New England

Colonel Fred Hale, son of the Maine Senator, has been defeated for Congressional nomination in the Portland district by Asher Hinds, parliamentarian of the National House.

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts was one of the first and most enthusiastic in welcoming Colonel Roosevelt home; he lost no time applying for help to insure the election of a Republican legislature. Democracy has a strong fighting chance in Massachusetts. Eugene N. Foss, recently elected Congressman by a sensational overturning, is expected to run for Governor or Senator; and with the vigorous insurgency against himself, led by Butler Ames, Mr. Lodge will have all the troubles he will be able to handle.

In Rhode Island, Samuel P. Colt, multi-millionaire, is an aspirant for the Senate, while it is said Senator Aldrich favors Henry F. Lippitt, a textile multi-millionaire. Rhode Island's Democracy is appealing to Insurgent Republicans for co-operation to elect a Democratic Governor and smash the old Brayton-Aldrich machine.

THE most casual survey of acute political fights, State by State, includes nearly everything north of Mason and Dixon's line, and some States south. Even Pennsylvania, keystone State of Republicanism, is giving party managers worry. Some of them tried to get Secretary Knox to run for Governor, believing his strength was needed.

Pennsylvania Shaken

Neither the secretary nor President Taft would consider it, and the Republicans named Congressman John K. Tener. The State is certain to increase its number of Democrats in Congress, and greatly reduce Republican majorities. Even John Dalzell, custodian of the ark of the protection covenant, had a hairbreath escape in his Pittsburg district from defeat for renomination.

LITTLE Delaware chooses this year a legislature to select a Senator succeeding Henry A. du Pont, of Powder Trust fame. The du Pont influence is powerfully entrenched, but the opposition, charging that conditions are quite as bad as in the worst days of Addicksism, are opening a vigorous fight. H. R. Burton, for two terms Delaware's lone Congressman and forced into retirement by the du Pont machine, because too independent, is being pressed for Senator, and reformers are organizing. They insist that the revulsion against du Pont affords a chance of unhorsing the old forces. The Powder Trust is under a Federal indictment, one of the machine leaders is under jail sentence, corruption of the most flagrant kind is constantly charged, and the Insurgents are fast reaching the point of ending the old machine by electing a Democratic legislature if they can not otherwise accomplish it.

Discontent in Delaware

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THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

IN THE Empire State affairs are hopelessly mixed and as a result the Republicans may lose control of the State. The Legislature, having refused in its regular session to pass the direct primary law, Governor Hughes called them together in special session to reconsider. Colonel Roosevelt, at the request of the Governor, threw his influence in favor of the measure. Nevertheless, the old machine of cooperating local bosses defeated the proposed reform and the Legislature promptly adjourned. The Legislature chosen this year will elect a Senator to succeed Depew and widespread disgust at the performance of the Republicans at Albany, may throw this prize into the hands of the equally disreputable Democratic machine.

New York Hopeless

AS soon as we cross the Allegheny Mountains in the process of our survey, we find conditions pretty uniform. Everywhere is insurgency. Ohio and Indiana both have Democratic governors and are full of Democratic confidence. The Indiana Republicans possess a great asset in the leadership of Senator Beveridge. The old Indiana Republican machine would be quick to destroy him if it dared, but the people are for Beveridge because Beveridge has deserved their support. He may be defeated, but he will not be eliminated. And whether the next Senator will be Beveridge, Republican, or Kern, Democrat, Indiana will still be far better off than when James A. Hemenway represented her in the Senate.

Democratic Senti- ment in Ohio and Indiana

Indiana, with its better elements enlisted for Beveridge, may not present a spectacle of engaging harmony at this moment, but it still is more attractive than Ohio, where Charles Dick has been permitted by default to be made his party's candidate for the Senate. Ohio and Indiana are traditional nurseries of Presidential stock; if Governor Harmon is reelected in Ohio he will be a potent factor in the next Democratic convention, and if Beveridge wins in Indiana he will thenceforward be one of the Republicans of strictly Presidential size.

ILLINOIS elects this year a Legislature which in the usual course would not elect a Senator. But the State is boiling with disgust at the revelations of corruption at Springfield. The possibility that Lorimer may be expelled from the Senate creates a chance that the new Legislature will choose a successor. The Senate has taken steps toward investigation of the bribery charges and the scandal has got beyond the point where there is a possibility of clamping a lid on it. The signs of the times in Illinois point menacingly toward the county jail as a probable destination for a number of gentlemen recently eminent in that commonwealth.

Illinois Corrupt and Discontented

THE recent Wisconsin gathering of anti-La Follette men, widely heralded as a State convention, is an example of the means the reactionaries are using to prevent La Follette's reelection. It was in no sense a State convention, and its only significance was that Vice-President Sherman, officially representing the administration, lined up with the Tories. The device was unsuccessful as far as the Wisconsin voters are concerned. In fact, the people of that State have given so little encouragement to the anti-La Follette movement that the big effort is likely to be abandoned as involving too much expense. Conservative lieutenants of the Senator declare he will get a majority of all votes, Republican and Democratic, and will be overwhelmingly reelected. As in Indiana, the issue will be almost solely the record and personality of one man.

La Follette Strong in Wisconsin

THE Minnesota Republicans, by a curious contradiction, unanimously renominated Clapp for Senator, despite that he voted against the Payne-Aldrich bill and has been a persistent insurgent, and then endorsed the administration and the tariff! Men always mean more than platforms, and Clapp represents the sentiment of Minnesota. By all accounts he will win.

Minnesota Supports Clapp

REPRESENTATIVE GRONNA and former Representative Marshall were the insurgent Republican candidates for the Senate from North Dakota, whose Legislature, to be chosen in November, will elect two Senators. In the primaries Gronna was nominated but Marshall was defeated by Senator McCumber, a Stalwart. The Regulars also elected the Governor and one Representative. The State has lost a fine opportunity and will probably send to both Houses a divided delegation.

North Dakota's Lost Opportunity

IOWA'S recent primary election afforded an excellent test of sentiment. Two years ago Governor Carroll had twenty-five thousand majority for the Republican nomination. Despite the two-term tradition he was forced this year to fight for his second nomination. Running against the same man who, two years ago, he beat by twenty-five thousand, Carroll was renominated this year by a bare three thousand, and the Stalwarts, whom he represents, frankly accepted it as a defeat. The Iowa Republicans overwhelmingly defeated for renomination Congressman Hull of the Des Moines district, after twenty years of service as a devout Regular; very nearly defeated Congressman Smith in the Council Bluffs district, a member of the House Committee on Rules; and elected a State convention controlled by the Progressives with a majority of something like two hundred, assuring strong endorsements of Senators Dolliver and Cummins, leaders in Senatorial Insurgency.

Insurgency in Iowa

ALTHOUGH Nebraska is just about as Insurgent as Kansas or Iowa, its Insurgency lacks effective leadership. Senator Burkett, Republican, candidate for reelection, is an enthusiastic Progressive in Nebraska, but in Washington is not so classified. Consequently, real Progressives are disaffected, and Nebraska presents one of the best fields of opportunity for the Democrats in the Middle West. Mr. Burkett's Democratic opponent will probably be Congressman Hitchcock, of Omaha, though effort has been made to force Mr. Bryan into the field. The State is torn by a liquor issue, on which Mr. Bryan has taken the lead in advocacy of the most radical anti-liquor proposal that is before the State.

Democrats' Chance in Nebraska

IT has broken loose again in Georgia. Governor "Little Joe" Brown sent to the Legislature a message in which he advocated the repeal or emasculatation of the greater part of the Progressive legislation secured during the administration of Hoke Smith. He especially recommended amendment of the railway regulations credited to Smith. For more than a year the Progressive Democrats of the State had insisted that Mr. Smith again become a candidate for Governor, but he repeatedly declared that he would not again seek public office. The day after Governor Brown's reactionary message, Smith announced himself a candidate, and said he would fight for reform in Georgia until success or death ended his efforts.

Old Trouble in Georgia

TENNESSEE has entered upon the most exciting political campaign of its history. Governor Patterson, who pardoned Duncan B. Cooper, convicted of the murder of former Senator Carmack, has been renominated for a third term by the regular Democrats. The Republicans will nominate a candidate for governor in August, and it is understood that this Republican will have the support of the anti-Patterson Democrats. In August, Tennessee elects its Supreme Court, two full tickets being in the field, one nominated by the regular or Patterson Democrats and the other by the independent or anti-Patterson Democrats. This independent ticket has been endorsed by the Republican State organization, and by President Taft, who has urged prominent Republicans to support the independent Democratic judicial candidates. The prospect is that a Republican Governor will be elected in November, and a Legislature which may elect Secretary of War Dickinson to succeed James B. Frazier in the Senate.

Turmoil in Tennessee

WASHINGTON and California are doing the political fighting for the Pacific coast. The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League in California is supporting Hiram Johnson for Governor in the Republican primaries, and the old Southern Pacific ring is having a fine fight to hold its control. Representative Miles Poindexter in Washington is running for the Republican nomination for the Senate against a fine field of old-school politicians of the pro-corporation kind. Judge Thomas Burke of Seattle, a millionaire, long general counsel of the Hill railroads, John L. Wilson of Seattle, millionaire publisher, and James Ashton, of Tacoma, former counsel for the Northern Pacific railroad, are the most important "Regular" candidates. Poindexter expects a plurality in the primary. His opponents could probably defeat him if they could consolidate their strength on one man; but every plan of elimination has developed that Poindexter is second choice of so many people that against either one of the other candidates he would probably win easily.

Poindexter Leads in Washington

REPRESENTATIVE GRONNA and former Representative Marshall were the insurgent Republican candidates for the Senate from North Dakota, whose Legislature, to be chosen in November, will elect two Senators. In the primaries Gronna was nominated but Marshall was defeated by Senator McCumber, a Stalwart. The Regulars also elected the Governor and one Representative. The State has lost a fine opportunity and will probably send to both Houses a divided delegation.

CHANGE

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A woman's coffee experience is interesting. "For two weeks at a time I have taken no food but skim milk, for solid food would ferment and cause such distress that I could hardly breathe at times, also excruciating pain and heart palpitation and all the time I was so nervous and restless."

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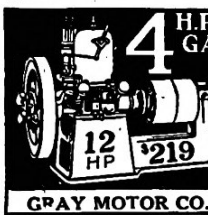
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THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

THE welcome which New York gave Theodore Roosevelt was the most convincing of testimonials to the popularity of that extraordinary man. New York boasts that events do not disturb the even tenor of its way; that conventions and celebrations are lost in the crowds of its streets. Moreover, the metropolis has not been regarded as over friendly to its distinguished sen;

Neighbor Roosevelt

Wall Street has not whooped and thrown up its hat at the mention of his name; the four great morning papers, *The World*, *Times*, *American* and *Sun* have inclined to the brick-bat more than the bouquet. Yet when the lion and king hunter set foot on Manhattan Island amid the shrieking of whistles and booming of cannon he had to pass through a deep cañon of cheering humanity seven miles long. The letters and telegrams he has received, the greetings of newspapers and magazines, the countless invitations, the appeals to him for help in the present crisis, all show that probably no American ever had so large a share of the confidence and affection of the people as Roosevelt.

We are glad to add our greetings, to welcome him home and into the fraternity of the magazines, and in his own good time into the arena of national affairs.

A GENTLEMAN who in his mundane existence goes under the name of Hermanus Ruebenguhl left his body in a St. Louis boarding house, he says, and went traveling in his unclad soul. He reports an enjoyable trip and a very sociable time with kindred spirits with whom he hobnobbed while on his journey. All the souls he met were about the size and shape of goose eggs, but colored according to their characters. Blue souls, for example, were superstitious; red, blood thirsty; white, uncultured. High livers had pink bands or dots on the soul eggshell; humorists were green, and brown souls were deceptive and not to be trusted.

A mass-meeting of assorted souls must look like a collection of Easter eggs if Mr. Ruebenguhl's facts are reliable. He is relating his experience in a lecture tour of the Middle West, and apparently is expecting to keep soul and body together with the proceeds.

MR. DOOLEY once remarked that in Chicago they were tearing down a twenty-story building to make way for a modern structure. This was considered a great joke in the Dooley days, yet that is exactly what is happening to-day in New York. The Gillender building at Wall and Nassau Streets, twenty stories high, twelve years old, steel framed and thoroughly substantial, is being torn down to make room for a "skyscraper."

Scrapping Skyscrapers

There is more rent to the square inch of ground, the owners figure, in a tall building than in a squatty twenty-story structure. We used to let buildings stand until they showed signs of falling; now we tear them down when the profits begin to wobble.

By the commendable if belated action of Governor Gillette, California was spared the disgrace of being the scene of the Jeffries-Johnson fight. The good people of San Francisco are to be congratulated upon the removal from their midst of these two undesirable citizens, of an unsavory mess of low-browed fight promoters and plug-uglies and finally of the degrading exhibition itself. The pity is that one State remains which permits this relic of barbarism, and that Reno, Nevada, can not see that no city can make permanent capital out of a reputation as a place where "everything goes."

The Burden Is Shifted

In the whole disgusting affair there is only one comforting thought. The victory of the negro was so unpopular and its results so serious that it is quite possible that America has seen its last big prize fight.

THE people of Kansas will be interested to learn that their State lies in a belt of high plateau land east of the Rocky Mountains where the absence of rain makes grain-growing unprofitable; that the land is devoted to grazing sometimes in fenced fields but often in great open prairies watched over by cowboys. This information may be relied upon absolutely as it is found in a school geography compiled by a man from New England, which, as every one knows, is all clogged up with culture and information.

Interesting News About Kansas

We only hope that when the New England geography maker takes his much needed trip to Kansas, the people of that State will be too busy taking care of their eight million acre corn patch and their six million acre wheat field to do him violence.

THIS magazine is not a sycophantic admirer of George W. Wickersham, but it is a pleasure to say that he has lately evinced most intelligent purpose to make the Sherman law, for the first time in its career, mean what it says. From the day when William S. Kenyon was appointed in charge of Sherman law prosecutions, there has been something going on every minute and there

Anti-Trust Activity

are indications that Mr. Kenyon has been given a free hand in these matters. Through reliable sources we learn that the Attorney General is on the trail of the beef trust with strong hope of removing some of its tentacles; in this particular case, of course, considering flukes in the past, seeing will be believing.

The Attorney General is also after the recently organized one hundred million dollar bath tub and plumbing supply trust. He expects to "get" the sugar trust; the electrical combine is being made the object of unfriendly attentions; a big combination of wholesale grocers in the South has received some consideration which promises benefit to consumers; a bunch of manipulators and cornerers of the cotton market, headed by James A. Patten, have been indicted; the Pullman Company is reducing rates as a result of the joint activities of the Interstate Commission and the Department of Justice; railroad rate advances have been enjoined; some sensational convictions have been secured in rebating cases, involving millions in penalties; in general, Mr. Wickersham is manifestly taking the view that, the Sherman law, whether bad or good, represents the legislative purpose of the Government and that the only thing to do is to enforce it up to the handle.

THE death of Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller leaves the Supreme Court in a weakened condition. While Justice Fuller will not go down into history as one of our really great jurists he filled his exalted position with industry, earnestness and conservatism and performed the executive work of the tribunal with tact and firmness. His own votes, however, in the important decisions of the Court, were reactionary in their tendency.

Death of Chief Justice

His death and the approaching retirement of Justice Moody makes necessary the appointment of two new justices; in fact, the advanced age of Justice Harlan makes it possible that President Taft, by the end of his term, may have been called upon to appoint five Supreme Court Judges.

Governor Hughes is prominently mentioned for the Chief Justiceship. Lloyd W. Bowers of Chicago, now United States Solicitor General, is also regarded as a possibility for one or the other vacancy. It is not unlikely that the President will make an early appointment and convene the Senate in a special confirmatory session in order that the work of the Supreme Court may not be delayed.

HAVE we an overproduction of doctors and a corresponding falling off in the value of the product? Abraham Flexner of the Carnegie Foundation in his report, "Medical Education in the United States," says

Criticism of Medical Colleges

some things about our doctor factories that are far from complimentary. The entrance requirements to medical colleges, Mr. Flexner says, are generally too low, and there are numerous proprietary schools commercially managed and dependent on fees for support, which turn out hordes of inefficient doctors. The report proceeds to separate the sheep from the goats and frankly to state what colleges have low and what high standards of requirements.

Of course there have been objections to this report on the part of the goats, but the general opinion is that Mr. Flexner's report is careful and unbiased and of very real service to the community.

TAKE a small quantity of Pittsburg air, wash thoroughly and turn loose again. Strain the wash water and add certain ingredients, which a Pennsylvania man claims to know about. The result is a paint that is said to be durable and cheap and especially adapted to tin roofs and iron work. The same air may be recaptured and used again, but the smoke is ruined forever.

Smoke Paint

The system is said to be in successful operation in a Pennsylvania factory where the smoke is passed through an atomizing spray. Six tons of coal of the nice smudgy kind, will, if properly treated, yield five barrels of paint, besides doing its regular work. An interesting possibility in this discovery is a by-product in the way of sweet smelling fresh laundered air, excellent for breathing and unexcelled for hanging clothes in.

THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

The Month Abroad

THE Russian Douma has passed a bill which takes away from Finland nearly all that was left of her ancient rights of autonomy. The Finnish Diet is not abolished, but so much authority is transferred to the St. Petersburg government that the liberty-loving Finnish people are plunged into despair. When the vote was announced in the Douma, the president of the reactionary "League of the Archangel Michael" sprang to his feet and triumphantly shouted, "The End of Finland."

Any remnants of loyalty to the Government that may have existed in Finland have been destroyed by this suicidal action, and when the next uprising occurs, Czar Nicholas may count upon the cordial, unswerving and unanimous disloyalty of the Finnish people.

A bill to abolish the Jewish Pale and permit the Jews to live anywhere in the Empire without persecution was introduced into the same Douma. The bill declares that the persecution of the Jews hampers Russia's economic development and degrades the people by giving them lessons in oppression. The bill had strength but did not pass. Meanwhile, the expulsion of Jews from districts outside of the Pale goes on with great cruelty and severity. In Kieff and other cities the people often were not permitted to enter their homes to carry away their belongings. In some districts the unfortunate people are being hunted down like game by the mounted police.

In their treatment of Finland and of the Jewish people, the Czar, Premier Stolypin and the whole Russian bureaucracy have manifested anew their unfitness to be the rulers of men.

JAPAN has announced her intention of terminating her treaty with the United States, ratified by President Cleveland in 1895. One of the terms of the treaty, which deals with trade, travel, taxes and the rights of citizens, is that the pact may be ended by either party after the expiration of twelve years. The Japanese government, in declaring the treaty at an end, maintains that there is no hostility intended in this act and that it is simply part of an effort to bring all its treaties up to date.

It is believed at Washington that the new treaty with Japan will be far-reaching in scope and will be the most concise and satisfactory agreement ever drawn between two nations.

THE lists are now open for the great international race to the South Pole. Captain Scott of England was the first entry and now Japan is preparing an antarctic expedition under Lieutenant Shirase in the hope of beating the British. Any other nation with South Pole ambitions is advised to start at once as the British expedition has already sailed. The entrance of Japan into the polar race is additional evidence of that nation's determination to fit up its little island home with all the modern improvements.

Dark Horse in Polar Race

THE little negro republic of Liberia may become the entering wedge for an American interest in Africa. Liberia has been financially embarrassed lately, and its administration unable to deal vigorously with the troublesome tribes of natives surrounding it. England has insisted on a firmer policy, and Liberia appealed to Washington for aid. Suggestion has been made of a tripartite protectorate by Germany, Britain and the United States, but Secretary Knox, loyal to the sentiment which dates back to American founding of the little country, wants it handled exclusively as an affair of the United States.

Our Duty Toward Liberia

THE Union of South Africa is an accomplished fact; Cape Colony, Natal, Orange River Colony and the Transvaal are welded into one great British dominion, comprising half a million square miles of territory and five million people. The relation of the new country to England is comparable to that of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, the conquering Britain having wisely granted complete autonomy to the defeated States. Viscount Gladstone is the Governor-General of the new dominion, but the new ministry headed by the old Boer general, Botha, though loyal to the British crown, is overwhelmingly Dutch. There is every indication that the intense bitterness of the struggle of eight years ago has disappeared.

If the Boers put into the government of the new empire the same splendid spirit which animated their inspiring fight for independence, the Union of South Africa may take its place among the really great nations.

The Birth of a Nation

Women Everywhere

THERE is a growing feeling that motherhood is a professional, not an amateur function and there have been several plans for rewarding and encouraging it. Jane Addams, at the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, proposed a pension for widows with children to enable them to keep their homes together and bring up their own children.

The Encouragement of Motherhood

The Fabian Society in England, in a recent booklet, outlines a plan for motherhood endowment including free universal and non-contributory pensions of \$2.50 a week for two weeks previous and six weeks after the birth of a child. It is pointed out that the cost of this would be minute compared to the benefit derived in increased national vitality.

France is considering measures to stimulate the birth rate. Plans proposed are additional military service for bachelors over twenty-nine, compulsory marriage of state employees over twenty-five, pensions for parents with more than three children, and the repeal of the law requiring equal distribution of estates among the children.

TWO American women—both of Chicago—have lately been the recipients of notable honors. Miss Jane Addams was made a Master of Arts at Yale. This is the first degree ever given by that University to a woman and Yale did well to begin with the presiding genius of Hull House.

Two Women Honored

In the Auditorium in Chicago an immense mass meeting of teachers testified to the success of the first year's administration of Superintendent Ella Flagg Young. It was a remark-

able tribute to the woman who has done so much to bring order out of Chicago's chaotic school situation.

AT THE graduation exercises of Washington Irving High School in New York, two hundred and forty-three girls wore dresses costing from seventy-two cents to one dollar each. It is said that the audience was unable to tell which of the girls wore these inexpensive clothes—at any rate the mere men were no doubt puzzled. The dollar dress idea is creditable to the teachers who planned and carried it out. Graduation exercises, both high school and college, have too long been the occasion of elaborate display on the part of girls who can afford it and either extravagance or unhappiness on the part of the girls who can not.

The Dollar Gown

PEOPLE who followed the stories of the Roosevelt family's travels in Africa and Europe, will have taken note of the modesty, the uniform excellent taste and good sense which marked Mrs. Roosevelt's part in the ceremonies of which her famous husband was the center. Mrs. Roosevelt's name appeared little in the newspapers; she attracted just as little attention as possible to herself, and she succeeded in enlisting the sympathetic cooperation of the American correspondents in keeping her in the background. Mrs. Roosevelt's social skill never showed to better advantage than during this tour. She managed always to avoid either the extreme of self-effacement or any undue assumption that the distinctions showered upon Colonel Roosevelt were intended for anybody else than him.

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UNCLE BOB'S MONEYMAKERS

A Club for Boys Who Want to Earn Money



WHY do we all look forward to summer with more pleasure than to other seasons of the year? We older people who work hard during the fall and winter and spring seasons naturally look upon the summer, to a degree, as a period in which to let up a little and take life easy. Yet the average man or woman is mighty well content to have two weeks vacation, and draw his or her salary at the same time. Nobody, no matter how old, is going to loaf his summer away if he reasonably and conscientiously realizes that his condition in life demands his attention to duty.

Summer is meant to be a working period for boys. Fresh and active, most of you are just out of school, ready and full of ambition to do something for yourselves, please your parents and set a good example for younger brothers and sisters. My! How happy you would feel if you knew you could make two or three dollars a day or more—as much money as most men are able to make—at the same time earning a fine solid gold badge, signifying membership in the MONEYMAKERS' CLUB, to crown your efforts.

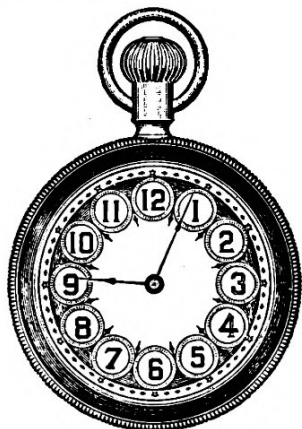
Hundreds of boys throughout the country have recently written Uncle Bob about the MONEYMAKERS' plan, seeking to find a first class means of earning money. Scores could hardly wait for school to close so they could begin work. Most encouraging of all is the great squad of boys who are working like little Trojans. Since June first, the Club has made a wonderful increase in membership. This, of course, shows that most boys refuse to waste the summer months, particularly the school boys who had n't much time to work last winter.

To those who have n't written Uncle Bob for details of his plan, the following enthusiastic letters will serve to show the money-making spirit of some boys.

"DEAR UNCLE BOB:—While reading SUCCESS MAGAZINE, which I do quite thoroughly every month, I came across the Money-makers' column, and after reading it I decided to write and ask you for all the information you could give me on that hard but very interesting art—money-making. I am a young man who has been obliged to earn his living a very long time now, and I will be thankful for any honest and upright method you can show me of making more money than I am now earning. "I would like much to become a Harriman, a Carnegie or something like that; but if I can not, why I am ready to be the next best thing and do the best I can. Please answer soon and tell me how to become one of your 'Money-makers.' "A. E. JOHNSON."

"DEAR UNCLE:—I was reading SUCCESS MAGAZINE, when I came across the part telling how boys could make money. I felt kind of ambitious after reading it, and thought I would write and find out the particulars. I would like very much to own a bicycle, as a number of boys around here have them. Please write and tell me all about the club and particulars. "DAVID TETLOCK."

As most boys like to own a watch, and it is rather necessary to have one in order to know when to get to work in the morning and when to quit at night, I have had a handsome watch designed especially for you, a cut of which is given below.



It is plainly noticeable from the picture that the time-piece is a beauty, and when your initials, or "Money-makers' Club," as you choose, are inscribed thereon, it surely will be well worth working for.

By dropping me a postal I will gladly tell you how to earn the watch, and give you full particulars about the club if you have n't received them before.

UNCLE BOB, Manager Money-makers' Club,
Care SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York

POINT & PLEASANTRY



Ingratitude

"You remember dat guy, Jim Burke?" asked an irate Bowery denizen. "He's that stiff dat's doin' time up der river—Sing Sing—boig-lary—ten years. Well, you know all I done fer dat stiff. When he was pinched didn't I put up der coin fer der lawyers? Didn't I pay der witnesses? Sure I did. De oder day I t'inks I'll just go an' see dat mutt jus' t' leave him know his frien's ain't tied de can on 'im. So I drives out to d' jail and goes into d' warden's office and he says I gotter send me card in. Me card! D' ye get dat? Well, anyway, I writes me name on a piece o' paper an' a guy takes it into Jim Burke, an' what d' you t'ink dat stiff tells dat guy to tell me?"

"I've no idea," said the listener.

"He tells him," concluded the angry one, "t' tell me dat he ain't in!"—A. E. THOMAS.

Another Tradition Exploded

Two Englishmen were resting at the "Red Horse Inn" at Stratford-on-Avon. One of them discovered a print picturing a low tumbling building underneath which was printed: "The House in Which Shakespeare Was Born." Turning to his friend in mild surprise he pointed to the print. His friend exhibited equal surprise, and called a waiter who assured them of the accuracy of the inscription.

"Pon my word," said the observing Englishman, shaking his head dubiously, "I thought he was born in a manger!"—HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM.

He Would n't Stay Bought

A GUEST was expected for dinner and Bobby had received five cents as the price of his silence during the meal. He was as quiet as a mouse until, discovering that his favorite dessert was being served, he could no longer curb his enthusiasm. He drew the coin from his pocket, and rolling it across the table exclaimed: "Here's your nickel, mama. I'd rather talk."—MARJORIE FINDEISEN.

The Music was Fatal

A NEW YORK politician once found it necessary to attend an entertainment at an Orphans' Home and he was having a bad time of it. The selection by the boys' band was particularly distressing. Turning to a friend, the politician said with a shudder, "No wonder they are orphans."

What Else Could He Do?

AT BREAKFAST, recently, Andrew Carnegie indulged in a piece of pie. A diet reformer present remonstrated.

"Why, Mr. Carnegie," he said, "do you eat pie?"

"Of course," replied the noted philanthropist benignly, "what do you do with it?"—WM. C. BENNETT.

The Other Side of It

Said Jones of Smith: "I'm sure you can't
Conceive a man more ignorant.
He'd win a prize, I'll go his bail;
The ninny calls a bucket 'pail'."

Said Smith: "I hope I'll never see
More utter, dense stupidity.
For simple brainlessness he's struck it:
The blockhead calls a pail a 'bucket'."

Oh, Smith and Jones! Oh, Whig and Tory!
Oh, feudists turning green fields gory!
Why will it never dawn on you
A pail might be a bucket, too?

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

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.

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Considerate

AT the time of King Edward's funeral a large crowd was assembled near Victoria Station as King George was driving by to meet the Kaiser. "Take off yer hat, Johnny," said a British workman to his small son, "fer this is the new King a-coming an' I would n't like 'im to think 'e wasn't wanted."

—FRANCES J. DYER.

Identified

JACK LONDON has an affection for children and he once made the acquaintance of twin sisters of six.

"Good morning, my dear," he said one morning, meeting one of them on the street; "and which of the twins are you?"

The little lassie looked up into his face and said very gravely:

"I'm the one what's out walkin'."—R. M. WINANS.

When O. Henry Lost Prestige

ONCE, when exploring a factory district for story material, O. Henry invited a bright little girl to dine with him. She accepted on condition that she might bring a friend along. During dinner the writer sought to make his guests feel at ease by resting his English to the extent of using "ain't" and "had n't oughter" and a few other popular mutilations of the mother tongue.

He saw the little girl a few days later.

"I was awful mortified that night," she said. "You spoke so ungrammatical before my lady friend!"—ANNE PARTLAN.

"Danse Domestica"

AN immense audience gathered on Monday afternoon at the Theater of Interpretive Art, to see Mlle. Hopupli and her associates in her much heralded "Danse Domestica."

The orchestra played a prelude, poetically typifying the dropping of a tray full of breakfast dishes, after which the curtain rose upon the poorly furnished flat of an ultimate consumer.

The great terpsichorean artist was discovered picking up the fragments of dishes and when this task was completed she made a leap into the air emblematic of life with nothing to live on.

Alighting, she whirled madly across the stage and flung herself in an ecstasy of wrath astride of the baby's crib.

Laying the cause of her temperamental outburst across her lap, she gave it its regular morning spanking, accompanied in the orchestra by wonderful cacophonous dissonances.

The dancer then began a scherzo movement among the pots and pans, than which nothing more beautiful could be imagined, especially those themes that pertained to the scraping of the skillets and the emptying of the ashes.

With a tragically executed *pas seul* the performer symbolized the woman who revolts at the sickening task of half-soling the trousers of a nine-dollar-a-week husband.

And thus the pitiful story went on, sweeping the emotions, visually and auricularly, through the getting of the morning mail, the wrathful tearing up of the butcher's bill, the scrubbing of the pantry shelves, the putting on of the pot for dinner and the argument with the iceman through the dumb waiter, to culminate in a climax of soulfully suggestive kicks and wriggles as the harassed woman simultaneously slammed the door in the face of the grasping rent agent, jerked eight burning pies out of the oven and hurled the cat from the interior of the milk pitcher!

Throughout the latter portion of the performance the artist disclosed vistas of beauty and set a new standard in the art of *genre* dancing.—HARVEY PEAKE.

The Divinity of Desire

[Continued from page 535]

are intelligent, your mind is kept in a creative condition and struggle upward to your goal. Live in the conviction that you are eternally progressing, advancing toward something higher, better, in every atom of your being.

This upreaching of the mind, this stretching of the mentality toward higher ideals and grander things, has an elevating, transforming influence which tends to lift the whole life to higher levels.

Many people have an idea that it is dangerous to indulge their dreaming faculties, their imagination, very much, for fear that in doing so they would become impracticable; but these faculties are just as sacred as any others we possess. They were given us for a divine purpose; to give us glimpses of intangible realities. They enable us to live in the ideal, even when we are compelled to work in the midst of a disagreeable or inhospitable environment.

Our dreaming capacity gives us a peep into the glorious realities that await us further on. It is the evidence of things possible to us.

Dreaming is not always castle-building. Every real castle, every home, every building was an air castle first. Legitimate dreaming is creative; it is bringing into reality our desires; the things for which we long and hope. A building would be impossible without the plans of an architect; it must be created mentally. The architect sees behind the plans the building in all its perfection and beauty.

Our visions are the plans of the possible life structure; but they will end in plans if we do not follow them up with a vigorous effort to make them real; just as the architect's plans will end in his drawings if they are not followed up and made real by the builder.

All men who have achieved great things have been dreamers, and what they have accomplished has been just in proportion to the vividness, the energy and persistency with which they visualized their ideal; held to their dreams and struggled to make them come true.

Do not give up your dream because it is apparently not being realized; because you can not see it coming true. Cling to your vision with all the tenacity you can muster. Keep it bright; do not let the bread and butter side of life cloud your ideals or dim your vision. Keep in an ambition-arousing atmosphere. Read the books which will stimulate your ambition. Get close to people who have done what you are trying to do, and try to absorb the secret of their success.

This mental visualizing of the ideal as vividly and as sharply as possible is the mental molding of the thing that will finally match your vision with its reality; that will make your dream come true.

Take a little time before retiring at night and get by yourself. Sit quietly and think and dream to your heart's content. Do not be afraid of your vision, your power to dream, for without a vision the people perish. It is a divine gift intended to give you a glimpse of the grand things in store for you and lift you out of the common into the uncommon; out of hampering, iron conditions into ideal ones, and to show you that these things can become realities in your life. These glimpses into paradise are intended to keep us from getting discouraged by our failures and disappointments.

This does not mean fanciful, ephemeral pipe dreaming, but real, legitimate dreaming and the sacred longings of the soul. They are given us as constant reminders that we can make our lives sublime; that no matter how disagreeable or unfriendly our surroundings may be, we can lift ourselves into the ideal conditions which we see in our vision.

The faculty to dream was not given to mock us. There is a reality back of it. There is a divinity behind our legitimate desires.

By the desires that have divinity in them, we do not refer to the things that we want but do not need; we do not refer to the desires that turn to dead sea fruit on our lips or to ashes when eaten, but to the legitimate desires of the soul for the realization of those ideals, the longing for full, complete self-expression, the time and opportunity for the weaving of the pattern shown us in the moment of our highest transfiguration.

"A man will remain a ragpicker as long as he has only a ragpicker's vision."

Our mental attitude, our heart's desire, is our perpetual prayer which Nature answers. She takes it for granted that we desire what we are headed toward, and she helps us to it. People little realize that their desires are their perpetual prayers—not head prayers but heart prayers—and that they are granted.

Most people do not half realize how sacred a thing a legitimate ambition is. What is this eternal urge within us which is trying to push us on and on, up and up? It is the God urge, the God push in the Great Within of us, which is perpetually prodding us to do our best and refuses to accept our second best.

Our longings and aspirations are prophecies, foreshadowings of our possibilities. We all are conscious that there accompanies us through life a divine messenger, given to protect and direct us; a messenger who will answer all our interrogations. They are something more than vaporings of the imagination or idle dreams; they are forerunners, foreshadowers of possi-

[Continued on page 555]



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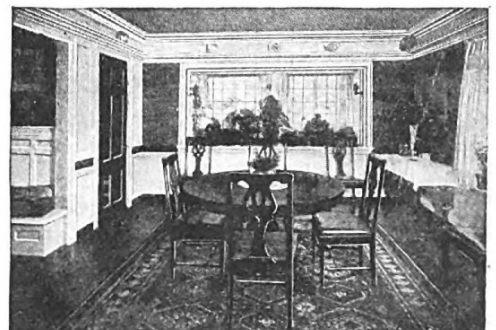
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EDITORIAL CHAT

Health, Success and a Vacation

IT is not wholly on account of our own comfort and happiness that we should cultivate health, but because it multiplies our ability and our chances of success.

It is pitiable to see young people starting out in life with ambition to make a place for themselves, and yet ruining the possibility of doing anything great by sacrificing health, the very thing on which they are most dependent for the attainment of their object. With robust health and a strong determination one can accomplish wonderful things; but no matter how much ambition one has, if he ruins his health by vicious habits, by leading an abnormal or irregular life, he cuts off his greatest chance for accomplishing anything of moment. There are, it is true, examples of people in poor health—of invalids who have done quite remarkable things—but think what these people might have accomplished had they had strong, vigorous constitutions and robust health! Ill-health is a perpetual handicap, and the greater one's ambition, the greater the disappointment which the inability to reach one's aim will cause.

On the other hand, robust health raises the power of every faculty, increases its efficiency, gives it a keener edge, makes it more gripping, and multiplies the entire brain-power many times. A one-talent man with a superb physique often astonishes us with his achievement, sometimes accomplishing a great deal more than a ten-talent man with poor health.

The vitality born of vigorous abounding health not only increases our self-confidence, but the confidence of others in us. It gains us credit. Bankers and jobbers who would be glad to give young men credit and help them with capital, so far as their ability and honesty are concerned, are often obliged to decline such aid on account of ill-health or some physical weakness on the part of the applicants. They may have the utmost confidence in the young men themselves, but they are afraid they will break down before they get into a position to repay the money.

I know young men of unusual ability, fine education, and good training who can not make much headway in their career because they are not able to work more than two or three hours a day. They have not the vitality or the strength for sustained work. Their physical reservoirs become exhausted so quickly that they can not enter successfully into the strenuous competitions of the day. They are constantly mortified and chagrined because they are outstripped by those who have not half their mental ability, but possess twice their physical strength.

It is a rare thing to find a man superbly equipped physically. We find plenty of people well balanced mentally and morally, but handicapped with some physical weakness which cuts down the average of their efficiency to a low level.

A great many failures are due not so much to bad management or lack of ability as to ill-health. Young men with great ambitions often overestimate their strength, and attempt things which they have not the physical stamina or staying power to carry out.

The quality of health has also a great deal to do with the quality of thought. You can not get healthy thinking from diseased brain or nerve cells. If the vitality is below par the thought will drop to its level.

What magical effect a trip to Europe or a vacation in the country often produces in the quality of one's work. The writer, the clergyman, the orator, the statesman, who laid down his work disgusted with what his brain had produced, comes back after a vacation to find himself a new man. He can not only do infinitely more work with greater ease, but his work has a finer quality. The writer is often surprised at his grip upon his subject and his power to see things which he could not get hold of before his vacation. There is a freshness about his style which he could not before squeeze from his jaded brain. The singer who broke down comes back from a long rest in the country or at the seashore with a new power of voice which she did not even know she possessed. The business man returns to his tasks with a new grip upon his business, a new faculty for improving methods, a new outlook on the world. The brain ash has been blown off the brain cells which were clogged; the blood is pure, the pulse is bounding, and, of course, the brain cells throw off a finer quality of thought; keener, sharper, more penetrating, more gripping.

A man, in order to do big things, must keep his mind

fresh and responsive. When the faculties are keen and sharp, and are spurred on by good, red blood in a vigorous constitution, when there is abounding vitality, he will do more planning, clearer thinking, and more real effective work in three or four hours a day than those who depend upon the everlasting grind will accomplish in twelve or fourteen. Many a man has killed his reputation and lost his power to produce by forcing his brain to work too many hours each day.

Thousands of men would accomplish vastly more if they would get out of their offices, factories or other places of business earlier, work fewer hours, and take more time to keep up their physical and mental standard by outdoor exercises and healthful recreation. In other words, it is the greatest possible economy to keep oneself up to standard.

Everywhere we see ineffective, botched work and inferior products because men are overworked or do not keep themselves in a vigorous, healthy condition by exercise in the open air, by the recreation that refreshes, renews, and strengthens both mind and muscle. There is not enough fun in their lives. They take matters too seriously. With many of them, this everlasting grind becomes an automatic habit, a disease.

The man who never gets away from his business, who is buried in detail year after year, who practically takes no vacation, is in no condition to see his affairs in their true light. His vision becomes warped and twisted; his ruddy life narrows his views and stunts his nature.

Men who think they can not afford to take a vacation because business presses them are often amazed when they return from an enforced absence to find how their vision has cleared, how much better they can see their situation—its needs, its strong points and its weak places.

The fact is, a man must keep himself in a condition to see his affairs in their proper perspective, and he can not do this if he is everlastingly buried in his business. He should take frequent vacations. He must get out, mix with the world, keep his finger on the pulse of events.

It is said no one really knows his own country until he views it from abroad. No man gets the true perspective of his life until he gets away from his usual routine and gets a new, fresh viewpoint from outside.

No great artist will attempt to work constantly on his masterpiece until it is finished. He works while his faculties are sharp, fresh and gripping; but the moment his ideal begins to dim or his energy to lag, he quits, because he knows that every bit of work he does while his thought is not fresh and vigorous will be inferior and will only injure his picture.

A great many men bury themselves so completely in their work, keep their noses so closely to the grindstone that they can not get the proper perspective of their situations. They work hard, but they work to a disadvantage because they do not see their business in its entirety. They do not mix with the people in their own line. They can not do the right thing because they are not in a position to get a broad view of their affairs.

Many men who spend too many hours a day in their offices get into the habit of wasting a great deal of time with callers—talking, doing all sorts of things outside of business—whereas the man who spends only a few hours in his office is obliged to attend strictly to business from the moment he enters it until he leaves. Everybody knows that his time is precious and that people who call upon him must be brief. The result is that he makes his time count and often accomplishes more in a few hours than the man who spends eight or nine hours each day in his office. *The modern method is to do the actual business with dispatch, make every minute count and then go out and play with as much enthusiasm as one had previously put into work.*

A great many employers would be much better off if they would cut the hours of their employees. Quick, sharp, energetic, enthusiastic, vigorous service is what counts. This can not be expected from people who are worn out, who expend more energy or vitality than they can generate during the twenty-four hours.

There are a great many concerns in which the last two or three hours of the day's work is almost thrown away because the employees toil so many hours that they become completely fagged long before the day is done. There is no enthusiasm or heart or vigor in work when the faculties become jaded. It is creative energy that counts—freshness, vigor, vitality. It is force that does things. Nothing great can ever be accomplished by a tired brain or worn-out faculties.

Possibilities Dressed in Rags

WE often see among the section-hands on a railroad, in street cleaning squads, or engaged in some other menial work, men with superb faces, splendid heads, men of evident brain power and intellect. They impress us as immense possibilities. We see in their faces capabilities which should fit them to be railroad superintendents, instead of section-hands—heads of city departments rather than street cleaners. We know perfectly well when we look at them that they are transmuting only a tithe of their possible power into their vocations. We feel that the miserable few dollars a week which they find in their pay envelopes does not represent anything like their real worth, but only a very small part of it.

There are thousands of men in this country to-day dressed in rags and considered by themselves down and out, who have great possibilities in them which could be utilized if they only knew how to change their minds, their thoughts, their habits—to build up their deficient faculties.

If someone in whom they have confidence could only take these despondent wretches with possibilities, clean them up, dress them up, brace them up, spur them up, inspire and encourage them, give them uplifting books, and teach them how to change their mental attitude, many of them would soon be on the road to success.

Every suggestion in the atmosphere of these people is depressing. When they once lose their grip upon themselves, there is nothing uplifting and encouraging in their environment; nothing to give them hope; their minds become negative, passive, and they drift. If they could only shape their mental attitude so that their minds would become positive, optimistic again, they could soon get on their feet.

If it were possible to show these people a picture of their former selves when in the strength and beauty of youth—if they could once get a glimpse of their real selves, the men or women that God made—they would never again be satisfied with inferiority, with the mediocre, with commonness. It would so disgust them that they would leave it forever. But the difficult thing for them is to see the picture of the real self; the possible man or woman. The brute man stands out so prominently that the soul man, the ideal man, the possible man is covered up.

It is pitiable to see men and women, nature's giants, with splendid natural endowments, with fine physique and superb health, doing the work of pygmies, transmuting only a few per cent. of their great possible energy into real achievement, simply because of some defect, some deficiency, some lack, some weakness.

Suppose we could take a man who is sidetracked in life; who has lost his ambition, his character, his standing; who is living in degradation and rags—a man who seems to have no aspiration; who is friendless and on the very verge of suicide—give him a good Turkish bath, dress him from head to foot in good clothing and the best and most becoming accessories that can be bought, take him out of the wretched alley where he has been sleeping, out of the slums where he has been living, and put him into an ideal family and surround him with friends who would love him and take an interest in him. Suppose, instead of his stooping, slouching, lazy gait, he could be systematically trained by a West Point officer to walk erect with elastic, buoyant step. Suppose, instead of the failure thoughts, the gloomy, despondent, melancholy thoughts, he should substitute thoughts of success, of happiness, of abundance, joy, gladness, peace, tranquillity, serenity; instead of the poverty thought, substitute abundance of all that is good. Suppose we could show him that it is his birthright; that he was made for success, happiness, and not for failure and misery. Suppose that instead of thinking himself a failure, a man down on his luck, he should hold persistently the thought of his God-given birthright and that there are thousands of indications in his wonderful make-up that he was intended to be sunny; to be cheerful, successful, happy, instead of gloomy, melancholy. Why, even a month's training and right thinking along these lines would completely revolutionize the man. Hope would take the place of despair, courage of discouragement, and he would become a new creature.



Doing Favors Cheerfully

SOME people, if they extend a favor, do it so grudgingly, and make the recipient feel so small and mean, so conscious of being helped and of being under an obligation, that he despises himself for appealing to them.

I know a man who sometimes lends money to those who are less fortunate. He always takes occasion to preach a sermon to the borrower, and to reprimand him for being obliged to be dependent on anybody. He likes to humble poor people, and to make the contrast between their condition and his own as great as possible. The result is that people who are helped by him look upon him as a Shylock, not as a friend.

It is a great art to confer favors cheerfully and gracefully. No one likes to be reminded that he is receiving a favor for which he ought to humble himself and be grateful. We get no gratitude for what we do ostentatiously, grudgingly.

The Knocker

[Continued from page 532]

they wanted. But she began to believe that the fascination he exercised upon her was merely physical. That gave her pause. Not only was Burns Carroll on trial, but also a very foolish fluttering little moth—herself. It was time enough, however, to be stern with herself after she had tried him.

"Was n't that a splendid catch of Crane's to-day?" she asked.

"A lucky stab! Crane has a habit of running round like an ostrich and sticking out a hand to catch a ball. It's a grand-stand play. Why, a good out-fielder would have been waiting under that fly."

"Dalgren did fine work in the box, don't you think?"

"Oh, the kid's all right with an old head back of the plate. He's wild, though, and will never make good in fast company. I won his game to-day. He wouldn't have lasted an inning without me. It was dead wrong for Pat to pitch him. Dalgren simply can't pitch and he has n't sand enough to learn."

A hot retort trembled upon Madge Ellston's lips, but she withheld it and quietly watched Carroll. How complacent he was, how utterly self-contained!

"And Billie Sheldon—was n't it good to see him brace? What hitting! . . . That home run!"

"Sheldon flashed up to-day. That's the worst of such players. This talk of his slump is all rot. When he joined the team he made some lucky hits and the papers lauded him as a comer, but he soon got down to his real form. Why, to break into a game now and then, to shut his eyes and hit a couple on the nose—that's not baseball. Pat's given him ten days' notice, and his release will be a good move for the team. Sheldon's not fast enough for this league."

"I'm sorry. He seemed so promising," replied Madge. "I liked Billie—pretty well."

"Yes, that was evident," said Carroll, firing up. "I never could understand what you saw in him. Why, Sheldon's no good. He—"

Madge turned a white face that silenced Carroll. She excused herself and returned to the parlor, where she had last seen her uncle. Not finding him there, she went into the long corridor and met Sheldon, Dalgren and two more of the players. Madge congratulated the young pitcher and the other players on their brilliant work; and they, not to be outdone, gallantly attributed the day's victory to her presence at the game. Then, without knowing in the least how it came about, she presently found herself alone with Billie, and they were strolling into the music-room.

"Madge, did I brace up?"

The girl risked one quick look at him. How boyish he seemed, how eager! What an altogether different Billie! But was the difference all in him? Somehow, despite a conscious shyness in the moment, she felt natural and free, without the uncertainty and restraint that had always troubled her while with him.

"Oh, Billie, that glorious home run!"

"Madge, was n't that hit a dandy? How I made it is a mystery, but the bat felt like a feather. I thought of you. Tell me—what did you think when I hit that ball over the fence?"

"Billie, I'll never, never tell you."

"Yes—please—I want to know. Didn't you think something—nice of me?"

The pink spots in Madge's cheeks widened to crimson flames.

"Billie, are you still—crazy about me? Now, don't come so close. Can't you behave yourself? And don't break my fingers with your terrible baseball hands. . . . Well, when you made that hit I just collapsed—and I said—"

"Say it! Say it!" implored Billie.

She lowered her face and then bravely raised it.

"I said, 'Billie, I could hug you for that!' . . . Billie, let me go! Oh, you must n't!—please!" . . .

Quite a little while afterward Madge remembered to tell Billie that she had been seeking her uncle. They met him and Pat Donahue, coming out of the parlor.

"Where have you been all evening?" demanded Mr. Ellston.

"Shure it looks as if she'd signed a new manager," said Pat, his shrewd eyes twinkling.

The soft glow in Madge's cheeks deepened into tell-tale scarlet; Billie resembled a school boy stricken in guilt.

"Aha! so that's it?" queried her uncle.

"Ellston," said Pat, "Billie's home-run drive to-day recalled his notice, an' if I don't miss my guess it won him another game—the best game in life."

"By George!" exclaimed Mr. Ellston. "I was afraid it was Carroll!"

He led Madge away and Pat followed with Billie.

"Shure it was good to see you brace, Billie," said the manager, with a kindly hand on the young man's arm. "I'm tickled to death. That ten days' notice doesn't go. See? I've had to shake up the team but your job is good. I released McReady outright, an' traded Carroll to Denver for a catcher and a fielder. Some of the directors hollered murder, an' I expect the fans will roar, but I'm running this team. I'll have harmony among my players. Carroll is a great catcher, but he's a knocker."

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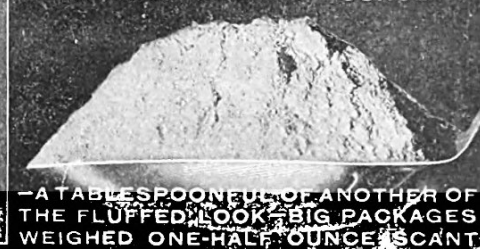
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MOLLY MAKE-BELIEVE

[Continued from page 524]

Great Scott, man! Are you going to call a fellow unfaithful because he hikes off into a corner now and then and reads a bit of Browning, for instance, all to himself—or wanders out on the piazza some night all sole alone to stare at the stars that happen to bore his wife to extinction?

"But you'll never be able to read Browning again 'all by yourself,'" taunted the doctor. "Whether you buy it fresh from the presses or borrow it stale and old from a public library, you'll never find another copy as long as you live that does n't smell of cinnamon roses. And as to 'star-gazing' or any other weird thing that your wife does n't care for—you'll never go out alone any more into dawns or darkneses without the very tingling conscious presence of a wonder whether the 'other girl' would have cared for it!"

"Oh, shucks!" said Stanton. Then, suddenly his forehead puckered up. "Of course, I've got a worry," he acknowledged frankly. "Any fellow's got a worry who finds himself engaged to be married to a girl who isn't keen enough about it to want to be all the world to him. But I don't know that even the most worried fellow has any real cause to be scared as long as the girl in question still remains the only flesh-and-blood girl on the face of the earth whom he wishes did like him well enough to want to be 'all the world' to him."

"The only 'flesh-and-blood' girl?" scoffed the doctor. "Oh, you're all right, Stanton. I like you and all that, but I'm mighty glad, just the same, that it isn't my daughter whom you're going to marry, with all this 'Molly Make-Believe' nonsense lurking in the background. Cut it out, Stanton, I say. Cut it out!"

"Cut it out?" mused Stanton somewhat distraught. "Cut it out? What! Molly Make-Believe?"

Under the quick jerk of his knees the big box of letters and papers and things brimmed over in rustling froth across the whole surface of the table. Just for a second the muscles in his throat tightened a trifle. Then, suddenly he burst out laughing—wildly, uproariously, like an excited boy.

"Cut it out?" he cried. "But it's such a joke! Can't you see that it's nothing in the world except a perfectly delicious, perfectly intangible joke?"

"U—m—m," reiterated the doctor.

In the very midst of his reiteration there came a sharp rap at the door, and in answer to Stanton's cheerful permission to enter, the so-called 'delicious, intangible joke' manifested itself abruptly in the person of a rather small feminine figure very heavily muffled up in a great black cloak and a rose-colored veil that shrouded her nose and chin bluntly like the nose and chin of a face only half hewed out as yet from a block of pink granite.

"It's only Molly," explained an undeniably sweet little alto voice. "Am I interrupting you?"

VI.

JUMPING to his feet, the doctor stood staring wildly from Stanton's amazed face to the perfectly calm, perfectly accustomed air of poise that characterized every movement of the pink-shrouded visitor. The amazement, in fact, never wavered for a second from Stanton's blush-red visage, nor the supreme serenity from the lady's whole attitude. But across the doctor's startled features a fearful, outraged consciousness of having been deceived warred mightily with a consciousness of unutterable mirth.

Advancing toward the fireplace with a rather slow-footed, hesitating gait, the little visitor's attention focused suddenly on the cluttered table and she cried out with unmistakable delight. "Why, what are you people doing with all my letters and things?"

Then climbing up on the sturdy brass fender, she thrust her pink, impenetrable features right into the scared, pallid face of the shabby old clock and announced pointedly, "It's almost half-past seven. And I can stay till just eight o'clock!"

When she turned around again the doctor was gone. With a tiny shrug of her shoulders, she settled herself down then in a big, high-backed chair before the fire and stretched out her overshoed toes to the shining edge of the fender. As far as any apparent self-consciousness was concerned, she might just as well have been all alone in the room.

Convulsed with amusement, yet almost paralyzed by a certain stubborn, dumb sort of embarrassment, nothing on earth could have forced Stanton into making even an indefinite speech to the girl until she had made at least one perfectly definite and reasonably illuminating sort of speech to him. Biting his grinning lips into as straight a line as possible, he gathered up the scattered pages of the evening paper and attacked them furiously with scowling eyes.

After a really dreadful interim of silence, the mysterious little visitor rose in a gloomy, discouraged kind of way, and climbing up again on the narrow brass fender, peered once more into the face of the clock.

"It's twenty minutes of eight, now," she announced. Into her voice crept for the first time the faintest perceptible suggestion of a tremor. "It's twenty minutes of eight—now—and I've got to leave here exactly at eight. Twenty minutes is a rather—a rather stingy little

bit out of a whole—life-time," she added falteringly.

Then, and then only did Stanton's nervousness break forth suddenly into one wild, uproarious laugh that seemed to light up the whole dark, ominous room as though the gray, sulky, smouldering hearth-fire itself had exploded into iridescent flame. Chasing close behind the musical contagion of his deep guffaws followed the softer, gentler giggle of the dainty pink-veiled lady.

By the time they had both finished laughing it was fully quarter of eight.

"But you see, it was just this way," explained the pleasant little voice—all alto notes again. Cautiously, a slim, unringed hand burrowed out from the somber folds of the big cloak and raised the pink mouth-mumbling veil as much as half an inch above the red-lipped speech line. "You see it was just this way. You paid me a lot of money—all in advance—for a six weeks' special edition *de luxe* Love-Letter Serial. And I spent your money the day I got it—and worse than that I owed it—long before I even got it! And worst of all, I've got a chance now to go home to-morrow for all the rest of the winter. No, I don't mean that exactly. I mean I've found a chance to go up to Vermont and have all my expenses paid—just for reading aloud every day to a lady who isn't so awfully deaf. But, you see, I still owe you a week's subscription—and I can't refund you the money because I have n't got it. And it happens that I can't run a fancy love-letter business from the special house that I'm going to. There aren't enough resources there—and all that. So I thought that perhaps—perhaps—considering how much you've been teasing and teasing to know who I was—I thought that perhaps if I came here this evening and let you really see me—that maybe, you know—maybe, not positively, but just maybe—you'd be willing to call that equivalent to one week's subscription. Would you?"

In the sharp eagerness of her question she turned her shrouded face full-view to Stanton's curious gaze, and he saw the little nervous, mischievous twitch of her lips at the edge of her masking pink veil resolve itself suddenly into a whimper of real pain. Yet so vivid were the lips, so blissfully, youthfully, lusciously carmine, that every single, individual statement she made seemed only like a festive little announcement printed in red ink.

"I guess I'm not a very good business manager," faltered the red lipped voice with incongruous pathos. "Indeed, I know I'm not because, well, because the Serial-Letter Co. has 'gone broke!' Bankrupt, is it, that you really say?"

With a little mockingly playful imitation of a stride she walked the first two fingers of her right hand across the surface of the table to Stanton's discarded supper dishes.

"Oh, please may I have that piece of cold toast?" she asked plaintively. No professional actress on the stage could have spoken the words more deliciously. Even to the actual crunching of the toast in her little shining white teeth, she sought to illustrate as fantastically as possible the ultimate misery of a bankrupt person starving for cold toast.

Stanton's spontaneous laughter attested his full appreciation of her mimicry.

"But, I tell you, the Serial-Letter Co. has 'gone broke!'" she persisted a trifle wistfully. I guess—I guess it takes a man to really run a business with any sort of financial success, 'cause you see a man never puts anything except his head into his business. And, of course, if you only put your head into it, then you go right along giving always just a little wee bit less than 'value received'—and so you can't help, sir, making a profit. Why, people would think you were plain, stark crazy if you gave them even one more pair of poor rubber boots than they'd paid for. But a woman! Well, you see, my little business was a sort of a scheme to sell sympathy—perfectly good sympathy, you know—but to sell it to people who really needed it, instead of giving it away to people who didn't care anything about it at all. And you have to run that sort of business almost entirely with your heart and you wouldn't feel decent at all unless you delivered to everybody just a little tiny bit more sympathy than he paid for. Otherwise, you see, you wouldn't be delivering perfectly good sympathy. So that's why—you understand now—that's why I had to send you my very own woolly blanket-wrapper and my very own silver porringer, and my very own slingshot that I fight city cats with,—because, you see, I had to use every single cent of your money right away to pay for the things that I'd already bought for other people."

"For other people?" quizzed Stanton a bit resentfully.

"Oh, yes," acknowledged the girl; "for several other people." Then: "Did you like the idea of the 'Rheumatic Nights Entertainment?'" she asked quite abruptly.

"Did I like it?" cried Stanton. "Did I like it?"

With a little shrugging air of apology the girl straightened up very stiffly in her chair.

"Of course, it wasn't exactly an original idea," she explained contritely. "That is, I mean not original for

you. You see, it's really a little club of mine—a little subscription club of rheumatic people who can't sleep; and I go every night in the week, an hour to each one of them. There are only three, you know. There's a youngish lady in Boston, and a very, very old gentleman out in Brookline, and the tiniest sort of a poor little sick girl in Cambridge. Sometimes I turn up just at supper-time and jolly them along a bit with their gruels. Sometimes I don't get around till ten or eleven o'clock in the great boo-black dark. From two to three in the morning seems to be the cruelest, grayest, coldest time for the little girl in Cambridge. . . . And I play the banjo decently well, you know, and sing more or less, and tell stories, or read aloud; and I most always go dressed up in some sort of a fancy costume 'cause I can't seem to find any other thing to do that astonishes sick people so much and makes them sit up so bravely and look so shiny. And really, it is n't such dreadfully hard work to do, because everything fits together so well. The short skirts, for instance, that turn me into such a jolly prattling great grand-child for the poor old gentleman, make me just a perfectly rational, contemporaneous-looking playmate for the small Cambridge girl. I'm so very, very little."

"Only, of course," she finished wryly, "only, of course, it costs such a horrid big lot for costumes and carriages and things. That's what's 'busted' me, as the boys say. And then, of course, I'm most dreadfully sleepy all the daytime when I ought to be writing nice letters for my Serial-Letter Company business. And then one night last week—" the vivid red lips twisted oddly at one corner—"one night last week they sent me word from Cambridge that the little, little girl was going to die—and was calling and calling for the 'Gray-Plush Squirrel Lady.' So I hired a big gray squirrel coat from a furrier whom I know, and I ripped up my muff and made me the very best sort of a hot, gray, smothery face that I could—and I went out to Cambridge and sat three hours on the footboard of a bed, cracking jokes—and nuts—to beguile a little child's death-pain. And somehow it broke my heart—or my spirit—or something. Somehow, I think I could have stood it better with my own skin face! Anyway, the little girl doesn't need me any more. Anyway, it doesn't matter if some one did need me! . . . I tell you I'm 'broke!' I tell you I haven't got one more single solitary thing to give! It is n't just my pocketbook that's empty: it's my head that's spent, too! It's my heart that's altogether stripped! And I'm going to run away! Yes, I am!"

Jumping to her feet she stood there for an instant all out of breath, as though just the mere thought of running away had almost exhausted her. Then suddenly she began to laugh.

"I'm so tired of making up things," she confessed. "I'm so tired of making up grandfathers; I'm so tired of making up pirates; I'm so tired of making up lovers that I really cherish the bill collector as the only real, genuine acquaintance I have in Boston. Certainly there's not the slightest trace of pretense about him! . . . Excuse me for being so flippant," she added soberly, "but you see I haven't got any sympathy left even for myself."

"But, for heaven's sake!" cried Stanton, "why don't you let somebody help you? Why don't you let me—"

"Oh, you can help me!" cried the little red-lipped voice excitedly. "Oh, yes, indeed you can help me! That's why I came here this evening. You see, I've settled up now with every one of my creditors except you and the youngish Boston lady, and I'm on my way to her house now. We're reading Oriental fairy stories together. Truly, I think she'll be very glad indeed to release me from my contract when I offer her my coral beads instead, because they are dreadfully nice beads; my real, unpretended grandfather carved them for me himself. . . . But how can I settle with you? I haven't got anything left to settle with, and it might be months and months before I could refund the actual cash money. So wouldn't you—couldn't you—please call my coming here this evening an equivalent to one week's subscription?"

Wriggling out of the cloak and veil that wrapped her like a chrysalis, she emerged suddenly a glimmering, shimmering little Oriental figure of satin and silver and haunting sandalwood—a veritable little incandescent rainbow of spangled moonlight and flaming scarlet and dark purple shadows. Great, heavy, jet-black curls caught back from her small piquant face by a blazing rhinestone fillet; cheeks just a tiny bit over-tinted with rouge and excitement; big red-brown eyes packed full of high lights like a startled fawn's; bold in the utter security of her masquerade, yet scared almost to death by the persistent underlying heart-thump of her unescapable self-consciousness; altogether as tantalizing, altogether as unreal as a vision out of the Arabian Nights, she stood there staring quizzically at Stanton.

"Would you call it—an—equivalent? Would you?" she asked nervously.

Then pirouetting to the largest mirror in sight she began to smooth and twist her silken sash into place. Somewhere at wrist or ankle twittered the jingle of innumerable bangles.

"Oh! don't I look—gorgeous!" she stammered. "O—h—h!"

[Concluded in September]



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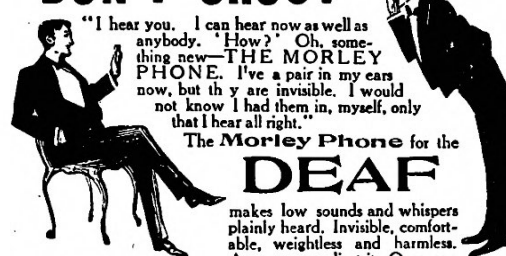
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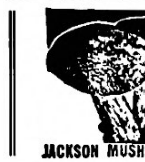
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The Homesteader in Western Canada [Continued from page 526]

have worked on it, as the law requires, breaking the prairie sod, putting it first in flax, then in wheat and oats; you have built your shack and have done some fencing—in a word you have satisfied the Land Department of the Dominion of Canada that you are really trying to prove up your claim; at the end of three years you come into the nearest land office and get your final papers. You now have a deed to your property. You now have the power to alienate—to sell or trade; the land is yours—you own it in fee simple, as the lawyers would say. Up to this time you have had no completed title; nothing but an inchoate right; one that would ripen into a title. Now you have this title, good against all the world. You have a farm of one hundred and sixty acres and it is yours.

The time has come to cast up the account to see whether or not you have been paid for your time and work during these three years. They have not been exciting years. Your next door neighbor was some distance away, and you didn't see many people, especially in the winter time when it was pretty cold. You have worked hard and so has the wife—and for the matter of that, so have the stock and the implements and even the *lares* and *penates* have been a little busier around the hearth, making things as cosy and warm and comfortable as possible. What do you have to show for this?

A Good Investment for a Poor Man

Well, you have a home that is yours. You have made some money on your crops—not much in these three years, but a little. Your property is valued at from \$1,600 to \$3,200, the price varying with the distance from a railroad, or from town—and with the quality of the soil, the improvements, the amount of land in cultivation. This is what your three years have given you if you have homesteaded.

Whether or not this is worth while to you depends upon you and your circumstances. To a man in what we might call "comfortable circumstances" it would not be worth while, unless some exceptional element like health enters into the case. As a financial matter he can do better than a thousand dollars a year right around home. The young business or professional man, with an average future, but no present—well, let him figure it out for himself. For the young man or the young family without either a present or a future, the matter may have a different aspect. But whatever, whoever, wherever, wherever you are—rich man, poor man, beggar man, and so on down the row of buttons—you figure it out yourself. I only point out to you what you may expect.

In closing this discussion of the homestead and its possibilities, I shall give a word or two with reference to the requirements and duties of a homesteader. Under the Canadian Northwest Land Regulations, any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over eighteen years of age, may homestead a quarter section (160 acres, more or less) of Dominion land available in Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must be a British subject or declare his intention to become one. A widow with minor children depending upon her for support is permitted to make homestead entry. The duties include six months residence on and cultivation of the land in each of three years. Under certain conditions and in certain sections of the country a homesteader may purchase another quarter section adjoining his for three dollars an acre.

Government circulars tell this tale at great length. But the circulars do not tell the exact way you are to go about it. You decide first whether you want the prairie wheat land, the prairie grazing land, or the mixed farming land of the foothills. Having decided that, you go to the nearest land office and find out what sections and quarter sections are open. Then you get a land guide who takes you (at your expense) over as many available sites as you want to see. Picking out one you like, you come back to the land office and file your application. Then you go about your business on the land for three years, make your improvements, and at the end of that time bring in some neighbor to swear to the fact that you have satisfied

the regulations; then you agree with him (also on oath) that you have done so and your patent is issued to you; and that's about all there is to that. Everything is made easy for the settler, according to the land officials, especially for the settler from "the States" for "the American settler is a great fellow to do things, and do them right," as the officials explain.

It Is a Man's Game

But the whole proposition is essentially a man's game—the women get very little fun out of it. In making the fight for the home, the man is the one who seems to be in the thick of it. He is the one who chooses his claim; he is the one who puts up the peat and sod house; he is the one who cuts his plow into the fresh prairie and sings his binder into the ripened grain; he is the one who sells the grain and takes the necessary trips to town.

Not but that the wife has her share of work in the game. She stands at the back, bracing foundations, "chucking" the load as it starts down hill. She is, in polar parlance, the supporting party.

Her work, therefore, is real work, but not the dramatic and spectacular work. While the man is out in the open, bucking and backing and fighting, bringing to pass visible and tangible results, the woman is in the house and around the yard doing the unobtrusive work that makes for the success of the whole.

In other words, she is doing what the women do the world over, but there is this difference: In what we may call the settled part of the world, the woman has certain little cultural avocations, certain social obligations and pleasures that touch off and color out an otherwise dead level and narrow round. Here there is little or none of that. For even in the new towns, where there are several people, at least, every activity is a man's activity—commercial. A Browning club is to be found in none of these towns, the dead languages are really dead and bridge whist no more consorts with the wash tub than does "Votes for Women!" go hand in hand with the everlasting patching of the clothes of year before last. Aside from the church (usually a union church, including all denominations except the Church of England) and the free schools, there is little of the cultural to be found, even in the towns. The saloon, the moving picture show and the ice skating rink furnish the social centers. The only club in town is the Board of Trade, which is formed for business and boosting. Business, business, business—the commercial side dominates the woof and warp of the life of these communities to the exclusion of even a few threads of gregarious social activity.

Even in the towns is this true. And out on the prairie, ten, twenty, thirty miles from the towns, the situation, socially, is not improved. The wife has her round of duties in the house and about. But she finds it hard to get away from them. Looking out of any window, in any direction, she sees grain and prairie, and grain and prairie, stretching on and on and on to the sky line, north, east, south and west—seemingly to the very edge and end of things, with nothing beyond. She is a bit of the finite in a world of infinite—and that is lonesome.

And when, on a winter night, she and her man sit around the fire place, and neither talks—then she has her thoughts and they are not the thoughts of the land and the grain and the dollar, such as make the man's eye glow back at the fire with as steady a fire. Her thoughts are a thousand miles away, east, let us say, or south, beyond the sky line of snow, over the edge of the world—friends, a sister, a mother, the family group—and she asks herself, over and over again: Is it all worth while; is the game worth the candle?

Last year ninety-odd thousand Americans decided that the game is worth the candle. They brought with them into "Canada West" close to one hundred million dollars. Most of them took the plunge knowing that it is a pioneering game—a man's game. Many of them will succeed. And with success will come the peculiar contentment that is known only to him (and to her) who is conscious of having fought the good fight.

The Meeting

By ARTHUR STRINGER

Says She:

'TIS a long way ye've thraveled, me thrue love,
'Tis a long thrip ye've made on the sea,
For the sake av a shlip av a gurl loike me,
For a bit av a kiss
No better than this—
'Tis a long road ye've thraveled, Machree!

Says He:

'T WAS a long way and lone way, Mavourneen,
But it's millions av miles, as He knows,
That a hungerin', wanderin' sunbeam goes
To be gettin' a kiss
No warmer than this
From the lips av no sweeter a rose!

Janey Takes Her Pen in Hand

[Continued from page 528]

dreadful things she knew to be true of the species, they had hoofs—cloven at that.

"Mother," she said later, emerging from a terrible reverie, "I should think you'd have a key to our room so that if we wanted to lock the door nights to keep out—anything—we could."

But there is nothing more fascinating than terror, provided it is surrounded by a sense of personal safety. Besides—another great light dawned on Janey. The thorny way to publication must lie through an editor. And here, in a few days, they would have one, tamed and domesticated maybe, eating at their very board. Janey found herself actually longing for Saturday to come. She tried to help it along by steady work on her book. Saturday noon, Dan Vickery noticed, even in the midst of vociferous welcome, two silent children standing in the doorway of the Warriner house. One, roly-poly, brown, bright-eyed, studied him open-mouthed, a meditative finger at her lips. The other, tow-haired, freckled, stared at him with gray eyes so dilated and wide-open that it seemed as if they must pop out of her head. They fell back to a normal size and position, however, as their look shifted to his feet.

"My prophetic soul tells me that this is Janey," Mr. Vickery said, offering her his hand. "You don't know me, Janey, but I know you. Everybody in New York who knows Uncle Jim knows Janey. And pray who is this gigantic young person? Caroline? Oh, I see. My eye, what nice little girls!"

This sounded good. But Janey was not to be put off her guard.

Fifteen minutes later, Mr. Vickery begged the privilege of a salt-water dip before luncheon. Slipping with masculine dispatch into his bathing-suit, he descended to the living-room. Quick as he was, Janey was quicker. Seated upright in the melon-chair, a one-piece bathing-suit making innocent revelations of her charming little-girl slimness, she seemed to be waiting for something. Again Mr. Vickery got the impression that her eyes were going to pop out of her head. Again, leaving his face, their look riveted itself on his feet.

He swung her to his shoulder and in the midst of her unexpressed terror, bore her to the beach. Janey kept looking behind to see if the others were close. After a while, to her great relief, they caught up.

"Oh, say," Mr. Vickery began, "maybe we aren't going to rip things up next winter. I stopped in Boston and had a talk with Martindale. And you listen to me, that little man's got it in him. He's just given us a series of articles that—"

"Oh, cut it out, Vick!" Timothy demanded. "Of course when we're in your office, we have to listen to your editorial piffle, but down here, you listen to us. We're going to make a man of you or die in the attempt. To-night, for instance, Richard and I, relieving each other at intervals, propose to read aloud to you the first fifty thousand words of our new serial. And you're going to print it. See?"

There the authors were again, Janey observed, with disapproval, at their old game of picking on people.

"Police!" Mr. Vickery called gaily. "When did you say the next train went out, Jim?"

Janey continued covertly to watch the editor. She continued, intently to listen to his words.

She was waiting.

He puzzled her more than anybody she had ever known. He was long, lean, dark, handsome. When he talked with her, his lips said one thing and his eyes said another. One eye-brow that flew up and down in the most distracting manner and at the most unexpected times added to this facial mystery. Janey made up her mind to pin her faith to his eyes. This decision simplified things enormously.

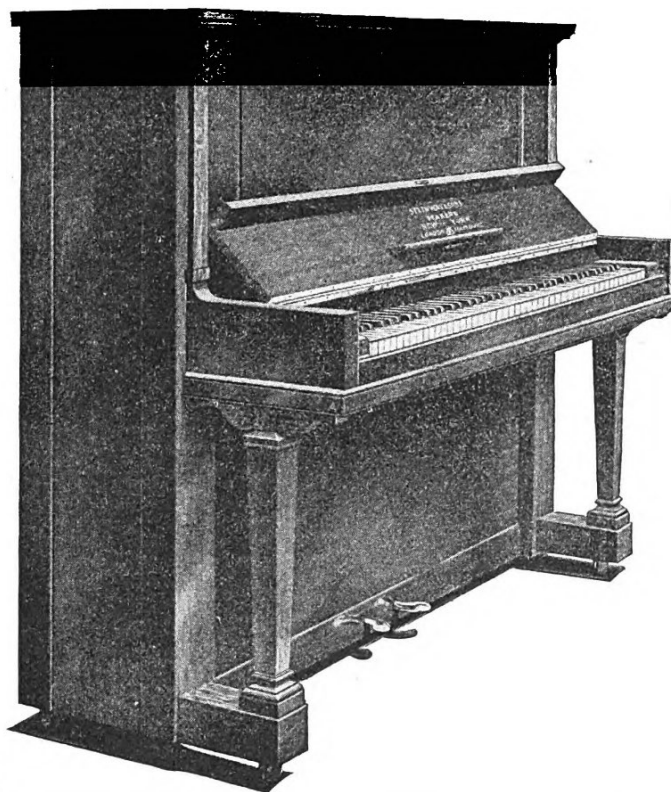
Mr. Vickery spent that afternoon on the tennis-court, beating the authors, as they admitted, with one hand tied behind him. Later, they walked over to the Post Office. He insisted that Janey should go too. He bought her a balloon. That evening, Mr. Morgan took them about in his auto. Mr. Vickery insisted that Janey should go, too. He bought her a bean-bag. Coming back, they bowled a string. Mr. Vickery insisted that Janey should bowl, too. Sunday, he wheeled over to the village for the newspapers. He insisted that Janey should wheel in front on the handle-bar. He bought her an ice cream soda.

It was the same with every member of the family. He inspected Mrs. Blair's rose-garden and gave her some advice for which she thanked him, almost with tears of gratitude. He talked with Mrs. Benton about her husband's engineering work in the West and he said that "Brother" was as husky a six-week-old as he ever saw. He even talked Italian with Giovanni. Of course, the fact remained that he was an editor. But Janey was beginning to wonder if even that grave social handicap compelled him to stand constant insult at the hands of the authors.

Sunday at dinner Mr. Vickery made caustic comments on the serial that, sometime and somehow, he had found leisure to read and, tentatively, to accept.

"You shut up, Vick," Richard said, "haven't we

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put in a typical young magazine-cover female just to cater to your low-brow, bromidic editorial taste—"

"And did n't we throw in one perfectly good baby for full measure?" Timothy demanded. "If you say another word—"

Janey's wrath burst its dam at last. "I think you're perfectly dreadful to the editor-man. He's just as good as you are and a great deal better. Besides, that was a lie about his having a cloven hoof and you know it. I looked when he went in bathing."

Janey could never get accustomed to the obtuseness of grown-ups. The more obvious the truth in the remarks she made, the greater the sensation they produced. Upstart greeted this.

"Janey," Timothy assured her solemnly at last, "you haven't seen the brutish inner nature of the man yet. It's a peculiarity of the beast that it never shows the cloven hoof until you make a noise like a manuscript."

But Janey had lost all faith in authors.

"I think Mr. Vickery is a very nice man," she persisted firmly, "even if he is an editor. And to-morrow morning, I'm going to read him a story that I've just written myself."

What had seemed uproar before faded to a mere patter.

Timothy pounded on the table with a spoon. "Stung again, Vick! That's right, go to it, Janey, while we've got him in our power. Vick, you're hoist with your own petard. Say, fellows, Vick's so got into the habit of conning authorines that he practises his nefarious arts on all females between nine and ninety. Balloons and bean-bags and bowling and bicycling—see how he wins their trusting young hearts. Vick, I entreat you to bear in mind that your position in this household is that of a guest."

"Now don't get new, Tim," Richard said. "It may be that Vick's got one of those long-distance editorial eyes. He can see it coming even in the cradle. Janey, if he accepts your manuscript, we'll make him give you a pink tea when you come to New York."

But the author-ego still held Janey in its clutch. "I would read my story to-day," she said in a coy tone, "but I'm not sure it's the kind of story to read on Sundays."

Mr. Vickery looked shocked. "My dear Miss Blair," he said solemnly.

Janey would have been quite frightened if she had not made that decision to go by his eyes, not by his words.

"We publish nothing in *The Moment* that cannot be read week-days, Sundays and Washington's Birthday," Mr. Vickery continued.

"Well, Janey," Uncle Jim said, "if you're really going in for authoring, my advice would be to marry an editor. That would be a good strategic move. You see, between us, we could train him the way he should go."

It was finally decided—Mr. Vickery made a most impassioned and unselfish plea for his friends—that Janey should read her story to the whole family that afternoon.

"Now don't one of you crack a smile," Uncle Jim warned them while the trembling young author went upstairs for her manuscript. "It'll be all off if you do. Janey won't stand being laughed at."

When Janey reappeared, Mr. Vickery with great ceremony, placed a chair for her beside a table. With even greater ceremony, Mr. Dix brought her a glass of water on the Sheffield plate tray.

"Now, in the first place," Janey explained, "when I made up my mind to be an author, I could n't seem to think of anything to write about."

"A mere bagatelle!" Timothy commented with an airy shrug of his shoulder. "That's the least of a real author's troubles."

"And then I thought of a perfectly bee-you-tiful way to make stories. I cut a whole lot of pictures out of the magazines and pasted them in a blank book and wrote my story about the pictures."

"Richard O'Brien," Timothy said, "why didn't you—we—think of that first. Fellow-scribes, I have a moment of great illumination. Janey's methods explain perfectly the phenomenon of the lists of best-sellers. Richard, to-morrow we take our shears in hand."

"It's called 'The Story of the Princess Elsie and the Peasant Stephen,'" Janey went on. "And I have dedicated it, just the way Uncle Jim does, 'To my oldest doll—black Dinah!'"

Janey stopped and sipped importantly from the glass of water.

"Once upon a time," she began, "there lived a beautiful princess by the name of Elsie in a faraway land and she lived in a palace that crowned a noble eminence beside a river."

"Crowned a noble eminence!" Timothy said admiringly. "Good work, Janey! How you can turn a phrase!"

Janey blushed with delight.

"The palace was surrounded by grass and trees and parks with deer in them and gardens with flowers and fountains, but most specially it was surrounded with atmosphere so that everybody who came there said how atmospheric it was, particlly writers who know better than anybody else what atmospheric meant."

The sentence practically exhausted the author's wind.

She paused to breathe. By a curious coincidence, the authors all sat in the same position, their hands to their faces.

"There was an island in the silvery stream beside the palace that crowned the noble eminence and on the island there was an enchanted castle. One day, the Princess, Elsie decided that she would go over to the island all by herself and have a picnic. Elsie had golden hair, blue eyes, cherry lips, pearly teeth and dimples. She looked perfectly beautiful when she was dressed. She wore a blue satin dress and a blue plush coat, a blue merry widow hat, blue silk drawn-thread stockings, blue satin slippers and blue kid gloves. She wore a golden round-comb with turquoises in it and a gold watch with turquoises in it and on her arm a gold bracelet with turquoises in it and on her fingers three rings with turquoises in them and in her hand she held a blue canton flannel bag, lined with rubber that she carried her lunch in."

Here Janey paused and looked furtively about, for she was very proud of that description. By another curious coincidence, none of the authors was looking at her or at the others. They all gazed straight ahead, their eyes positively glassy.

"When Elsie stepped out of her little shallop a beautiful peasant named Stephen came forward to meet her. Stephen had black eyes, black hair, red lips, white teeth and a long flowing black beard. 'Where are you going, my pretty maid?' he asked. 'To yon castle, sir,' she said. 'May I go with you, my pretty maid?' he asked. 'A burly negro guards the door.'

"Burly negro!" Richard commented admiringly. But at the same time he shook his head. "Janey, I'm afraid you're an iconoclast. I fear the language won't stand the strain you're putting it to."

"Stephen politely led Elsie to the enchanted castle. Stephen knew how to be polite because he was a prominent clubman in the village where he lived and he occupied a palatial residence in the suburbs and—"

But now the authors were struggling with handkerchiefs—you would have thought they all had the nose-bleed.

"As they approached the front yard of the castle, the janitor came out. 'Get off the grass,' he said, 'or I'll call a policeman.'

"How dare you insult the Princess Elsie!" said Stephen, for this made him awful mad. He hit the janitor with a left-hook and killed him. The body fell—"

Janey paused as one about to emit a masterpiece of phraseology, "with a dull sickening thud, and—"

Timothy rolled from the couch to the floor. "Dull sickening thud!" O, friend of my cub-days—welcome to our fair city!"

It is not our intention to quote the whole of this early masterpiece of Jane Elizabeth Blair. Suffice it to say—as she would herself have remarked—that there was not a slow moment in it anywhere.

"And so, the Princess Elsie and the Peasant Stephen were married and lived happily ever afterwards," Janey concluded. "And I thought it would be nice to end it with some poetry, so I put in a piece I learned at school:

"Kind hearts are more than coronets

And simple faith than Norman blood."

She ended in the midst of a whirlwind of applause.

"Miss Blair," Mr. Vickery said, "we accept your manuscript for our children's page. Under ordinary circumstances, we should feel that we could not offer you more than an eighth of a cent a word. But your story shows such originality of plot and such hair-raising originality of diction that we have decided to start you at a quarter of a cent. I calculate that your manuscript is about six hundred words—"

"I shall count the words myself," Janey said, setting her lips.

"Roughly speaking, that means two dollars. Check follows immediately on acceptance. But" Mr. Vickery raised a warning hand, "considering that we have offered you such liberal terms, we feel that that ought to entitle us to the first look at your next book."

"Oh, of course!" Janey said, "I wouldn't think of sending it anywhere else."

The world was swimming in a rosy haze to Janey. Surely the hardships of the literary career had been exaggerated. As for editors, in her opinion they stood lower only than angels. It was almost a half-minute before she spoke. Then, "When will I get the money?" she asked.

At this, Uncle Jim, who hitherto had only twinkled, collapsed. "She's an author all right. No further proof is needed."

And now, quite as if the authors had been released from some invisible strain, they laughed very hard and very long at nothing in particular.

But gradually all the joy went out of Janey's face. Janey's conscience—and it was the biggest organ Janey had—was hectoring—was stinging—was lashing her to the heights of renunciation. A moment she struggled. But it had to be done, and she knew it. She sighed heavily.

"Mr. Vickery," she said, "maybe you won't want to publish my story when I tell you something. I did n't make up every bit of it myself. I copied some things in it out of the newspapers."

Would she ever understand grown-ups! What booted it, as far as they were concerned, her moral conflict, her spiritual victory? They kept right on laughing.



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No. 14

T. Roseman
Secretary.

The Shears of Destiny

[Continued from page 539]

"Yes?" said Drexel mechanically. He was glad of a momentary respite from his unpleasant task.

"Things have developed just as we planned. The scheme is ripe. All we've got to do is to hustle home, do a little more work, and then pluck the profits."

The scheme had been out of Drexel's head for near a fortnight. Coming back fresh as it did, it had certain aspects it had not borne before.

"I believe the fifteen millions profit is to be squeezed out of the city—out of the people," he said slowly.

"I would n't use such an unpleasant word as 'squeeze' about money that I was to control," returned his uncle dryly. "Remember, this is where I step out and you step in. 'The king is dead; long live the king!'"

Drexel gazed steadily at the carpet.

"You seem to take your coronation very coolly," grumbled his uncle. "But in two weeks you'll be back in Chicago, in the midst of the deal. You'll be excited enough then!"

Drexel still looked down. His thoughts had gone to Sonya—to Sonya and the others, giving their all to the people's cause. He raised his eyes.

"And what about the people?" he slowly asked.

"The people?" queried his uncle. "What people?"

"The city—the stockholders—the taxpayers—the passengers—all the people we're going to get the fifteen millions out of."

"Now what the devil's the matter with the boy!" exploded the old man.

"I haven't been doing any thinking, and I'm not going to do any moralizing now—but somehow that deal has taken on a new aspect to me." He was silent a moment. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, uncle, but you'll have to count me out."

"Count you out!" He stared. "Are you crazy?"

"I am just beginning to come to my senses," said Drexel.

"Then you are in earnest?"

"With all the earnestness I have."

The old man regarded the other in grim silence. His jaw began to tighten and his eyes to shoot fire from beneath their bushy iron-gray brows.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I don't know."

Some quality that had lain dormant in Drexel till it had been roused by his fortnight's contact with new motives, now suddenly stirred within him. His face quickened with decision.

"Yes I think I do know," he said.

"Well—what is it?"

"After all, I'm not going to drop out of that street-car deal. I'm going back to fight it."

"Fight it?" The old man looked bewildered. "For whom?"

"For the people."

"For the people!"

Amazement, contempt, rising wrath, struggled in his face. "You realize, young man, that means you are going to fight me?"

"Forgive me, uncle, for I think we have truly loved one another—"

"No snuffing!"

"Yes, I am going to fight you."

The old man stared as if he could not quite believe his ears; but the square-chinned, determined young face left him no doubt. His lips tightened into a hard straight line, his head sank crouching between his shoulders, his short hair seemed to rise like the ruff of an angry dog. He leaned forward—the fighting John Howard that many a man in Chicago had met and gone down before.

"A declaration of war, eh?" he said in a slow guttural voice. "All right. I thought I was done for, but that puts ten more good years in me. And I think John Howard can give you all you want. Oh, it'll be a fight, young man, a fight—and you'll never imagine it's anything else! And now, good morning to you."

"I suppose it is only natural for you to take it so, uncle. I'm sorry the break—"

"I think I said good morning!"

Drexel gazed a moment at the glaring, rigid old man. "Good morning," he said, and started for the door.

But he turned about. "Pardon me, I have something of importance to tell you."

"You've told me enough!" He pointed to the door.

"This does not concern me. It concerns you and aunt, and Alice most of all. I must speak to the three of you."

It was the look in Drexel's face rather than his words that made his uncle summon Alice and her mother. Their exclamations of pleasure at sight of Drexel were stopped by an abrupt command.

"We are no longer friends," the old man explained to the wondering women. "Go on, Henry."

"What I'm going to tell you is God's truth—I can prove it all if need be," he began. And he went on to unfold the prince's secret office and his crafty villainies. Before he was half to the end of the dark record, his uncle and his aunt were staring with white faces and Alice was bowed upon the table among the wedding gifts, sobbing and shuddering.

When he finished, Alice threw herself upon her father's breast. "Oh, I can't marry him—never! never!"

The old man strained her to him convulsively. "There—there, my child! You shall not!"

He looked an accusing wrath at Drexel. "My God, why did you wait till the very wedding-day to tell this?" he fiercely demanded.

"This was my first chance."

"Well—if they were at the very altar we'd break it off!"

"There is no need to break it off," said Drexel quietly.

"No need to break it off! Why?"

"Because he's dead."

"Dead!" they cried in one voice.

They stared at him, blanched, astounded—and relieved. Drexel went on to tell how the prince had come by his death, telling it as something he had overheard in the dining-room, and referring only in vaguest terms to Captain Laroque. Some day he might make known his part

WISE WORDS

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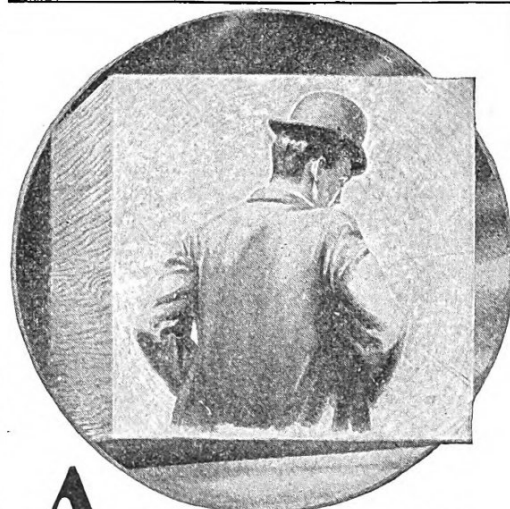
"With such a feeling as to my duty I take great pleasure in saying to the public that in my own experience and also from personal observation I have found no food to equal Grape-Nuts and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefit this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence.

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in this daring escape, with its triple tragedy, but that day was in the far, far future.

Alice again threw herself upon her father's breast. "Take me home, father—please, please!" she begged him.

He caressed her hair with tender hand. "You shall go. We shall leave at once—to-day. But there's much to be seen to—packing, tickets, passports, returning these presents."

He looked at Drexel, and his face became grim, but not so grim as it had been a half-hour back. "Henry, it's still going to be war all right," said he. "But under the circumstances, till we get out of this country, what do you say to a truce?"

"With all my heart!" said Drexel.

The hours that followed were feverishly busy ones. Drexel furtively studied Alice. She could but be appalled by the revelations concerning the prince and by his death, but in her manner was none of that excruciating grief and horror that a loving heart would feel over such a double loss of a loved one. It was plain, what he had all along suspected, that she had never loved Berloff, but that her pretty young head had been turned by his title. Drexel knew who had most of her heart, and it needed no superhuman prescience to see her a year from then, her wounds healed, her head a little wiser, yielding a blushing "yes" to her old Chicago lover, Jack Hammond.

But all this while Drexel's first thoughts were of Sonya. Twelve o'clock came—one—two—three—and not a word of news. Did this silence mean that she had escaped, but could not without great risk send him word of her security? Or did the silence mean that she had been secretly re-arrested and was being secretly held in some voiceless dungeon?

Every minute repeated these hopes and fears. He acquiesced in the plan for the general hegira of that night, let his passport be countersigned, his baggage be packed, his ticket be bought, for he well knew the masked advice of General Kuratoff was good advice. Yet even as he suffered these preparations, he knew he would not, could not, leave St. Petersburg till he had word with Sonya, or knew her fate. Perhaps—oh, wild, wild thought—perhaps when he left he would not leave alone!

At a little after three Sabatoff called. He had not heard a word and promising to return at six, he soon left, to be ready for a message should one come.

The early darkness closed down upon the city. Another hour dragged on. Drexel could stand the suspense no longer, so, despite the risk, he slipped down into the tea-room and again set his ears wide open. They were still discussing the daring of the unknown Captain Laroque, the escape, the three tragic deaths. But no word about the prisoners. He returned above and wore away another awful hour and yet another. Then Sabatoff came again—still with nothing.

He had barely gone when a letter was handed Drexel. It read:

"I am requested to inform you that the condition of Princess Kuratoff has shown rapid and great improvement. Her doctor has given her permission to receive a few friends, and in case you are at liberty she will be glad to see you."
"VERA SARANOVA, Nurse."

CHAPTER XXIX

TO-MORROW?

THE next fifteen minutes, when Drexel looks back upon them, present nothing but a blur of ecstatic relief. Distinct remembrance begins with his being ushered to a certain door—a door within which, excited as he was, he recalled that the princess, ten days before, had thrown off her mask to him.

He entered.

There she was—in a convalescent's robe, half reclining in a great chair soft with many cushions. He could but stare. But a few hours since he had seen her in the coarse gray garments of death. But a few hours—and there she was!

"Close the door, Andrei," she said.

She rose up in all her superb young beauty and came to him, her arms outstretched, her face a glory of love.

"Oh, Henry! Henry!"

"Sonya! My Sonya!"

And he caught her to him.

Ah, that minute against her heart. . . . It was payment and more for all his fortnight's pain and danger—aye, and payment for the pain and longing of all the long years to come!

And then she disengaged herself, and took his pale cheeks in her two hands and gazed into his face, her eyes ashine with tears and love and wonder.

"Oh, my brave one! It was brave—brave—splendid!" she said in a trembling whisper. "But I forgot—you are wounded!"

She led him to a divan before the glowing fire, and was going on with her praise, but he caught a hand and pressed it to his heart. "Feel it! another word will kill me with happiness. Please don't, Sonya!"

He begged her to tell him what had happened during the day and how she had come home. An hour after leaving the fortress, she said, they had deserted the van and scattered, she going into hiding in the home of a trusted friend. Here she had lain all day, not daring to move till she learned how matters stood. By the coming of dusk her course was resolved upon. Only three persons, besides her friends, knew the identity of Sonya Varanoff—her father, Freeman and Prince Berloff. The two last, in the interest of their crafty scheme, she was certain had told no one—and now they were dead; her father she knew she could trust. Dressed as a working girl, she had hurried through the disguising darkness across the city, had watched her chance and entered the servants' door unnoticed, had slipped unseen up to the sick-room where watch was still being kept—and had become once more the Princess Kuratoff.

As for the others, the faces of the escort had not been seen; they could not be identified if caught, and furthermore, they were all as clever at hiding as the fox. Borodin and Razoff were already on their way out of Russia, in the guise of immigrants bound for America—of course, to return in a few weeks to resume their revolutionary work. They were all quite safe.

They might be safe, but his concern was not for them.

He looked at that fair dark face, with its crown of glorious black. Yes, she was again the princess, but—

"But you are still in danger!" cried he.

"And who in Russia, with a soul, is not?"

"But not such danger as you! You may still be found out. And then—"

He sickened as he saw her again in last night's danger, with this time no rescue for her. "I can not bear to think of that!" he cried desperately. "Sonya, come with me to America!"

"That's what my heart wants most of all to do," said she.

He caught her hands in joy. "Then you will come?" Her face grew gray with pain, and she sighed.

"If I only could!"

"You can!"

She slowly shook her head.

"I can not, dear. If my country were happy, I would. Ah, but I would! But at the time of my country's agony, I can not think first of my own happiness. I can not desert her in the time of her distress."

"Then I will stay with you!" he cried. "I'll stay with you, and help you!"

"I can not let you. Father has told me how the description of Captain Laroque is posted everywhere. You are safe for only a few hours perhaps. You must leave at once."

He thought a moment. "You are right," he said. "I must leave for a greater reason than my own safety. You have an alibi; no one will suspect the sick princess Kuratoff. But should I stay, and should we be seen together, I, the double of Captain Laroque, you the double of the escaped prisoner—that would rouse a fatal suspicion. Yes—I must leave at once."

"I was thinking only of your safety," said she.

"But to go away to placid safety, leaving you to undertake new perils!" he groaned. "If, at least, she were only safe! He thought of her father, and his love seized at that hope. "Now that your father knows, will he not prevent your activities?"

"Father and I have just had a long talk. He can not countenance what I do, and I can not give up doing it. He can not denounce me; nor will his honor let him continue in power and keep silent. So he is going to resign; he had been considering that, anyhow, for he is close upon seventy. We are going to part—to part in love. He is going to retire to one of his estates."

"And you," he cried despairingly, "are going to plunge into new dangers!"

"Whatever danger my country's freedom requires—I must."

"Sonya! Oh, Sonya!" and her name came out as a sob.

"But, dear—would you have me suffer these wrongs in silence?" she asked softly.

"I would have my love be safe!" he cried in anguish.

"Would you have me apathetically content?" she asked.

"Ah, you know, dearest," he moaned, "that I would have you be yourself!"

"Yes, I know," she said softly.

He gazed at her in an agony of longing. There was a sudden flare of hope.

"You said—a moment ago—that if your country did not need you, you would come to me."

"And so I would!" she breathed.

"Then if there comes a day when your country is set free?"

"That day I'll come to you!" she said.

Hope suddenly died to ashes. "But moving among such dangers, you may never see that day!"

"Who knows? A month—six months—a year—more perhaps—and then—"

"Don't!" he whispered, and he tried to close his eye against the vision she had conjured up.

"If when you are back in America you should hear . . . anything, don't take it with too much sorrow," she went on. "Remember that, foreseeing the end, I have gone to it willingly, gladly—for my country's sake."

She said it quietly, with clear eyes, even faintly smiling. For many moments he gazed upon her for whom life held every good there was, yet who counted self as least of all. And as he gazed, something of her spirit crossed to him. Personal sorrow, personal happiness, seemed to grow a minor thing. Half his pain was swept away, and into him there thrilled a strange new exaltation.

"It is to do such things, I suppose, that we are given life," he whispered.

Her gaze softened, her voice sank to an exquisite tenderness. "And though I stay, and you go, and half the world shall lie between us, we are not giving each other up, dearest. I shall ever be with you."

"And I with you, my darling!" he breathed.

They talked on, of love, of danger, of what the future might hold, and then of love again. And thus their one short hour together sped away, and the time came when he must go. Their hands clasped and he looked long, long into that glorious face which it might never be his to gaze upon again. Then he strained her to him. . . . And they parted.

In the days when steam hurled land and sea behind him, and in those further days when the fight with his uncle was on (and a fight it was indeed, as his uncle had promised), her spirit was as a presence at his side, giving him new strength and new courage, making it easier to live humbly and bravely, and play his part as a man. It was as she in their last moment had said to him: "We shall be as husband and wife whom a duty higher than happiness keeps each in his own land."

Every day or two, at the pleasure of ocean mails, there comes a letter, bearing him fresh assurance of her love. But writ in fear of the censor's eye, it gives no hint of what she does, no whisper of what may be her danger. Of that he can only guess. And after each such letter, a hope that will not die breathes daringly in the ear of his heart that to him may yet be granted the fullness of bliss—that freedom may yet be won for Sonya's people—that she may come to him!

But, ah—the fear of that to-morrow when the letters shall cease to come! . . .

[THE END]

The Divinity of Desire

[Continued from page 545]

bilities which we can make real, tangible. No one is mocked with the yearning for that which he has no ability to attain. If he holds the right mental attitude and struggles earnestly, honestly toward his goal, he will reach it.

The bird does not have an instinct to fly South in winter without a real South to match it; nor has the Creator given us these heart yearnings, soul longings for a larger, completer life, for an opportunity of a full expression of our possibilities, the longing for immortality, without a reality to match them.

Everything in the vegetable world, our flowers, our fruits, come to their natural, flowering, fruitage and ripeness at the appointed time; the winter does not surprise the buds before they have had an opportunity to open up. The fruit is ready to drop off the trees before the snow comes; the growth is not stunted.

But if we should find that when the winter comes our flowers were just ready to blossom, that all our fruit was still green, that the flowers were still in the bud, that instead of having developed they were cut off by the cold, we would realize that there was something wrong somewhere. When we find that not one out of the hundreds of millions of human beings ever ripens into completeness, is never even half developed before cut off by death, then we know there is also something wrong.

All analogy teaches that human life will sometime, somewhere have an opportunity for its complete blossoming, full fruitage, untrammelled expression. There will be a time and opportunity for the blossoming of our desires, the fulfilment of our ambition, the ripening of our ideals for they are the petals in the closed bud which will find an opportunity, sometime, somewhere to open up and fling out their fragrance and beauty.

The windfalls which we see on every hand under the life tree are not normal. There is something wrong when men and women inheriting God-like qualities and capable of infinite possibilities fall off the life tree before they are half ripe.

We feel the same protest that the windfall apple feels against having its life blighted and cut off before it has had time to develop its possibilities—the same protest that the stalwart oak, still sleeping in possibility in the acorn which is just beginning to sprout, feels when it is ruthlessly torn from the soil.

Even the men most richly endowed with ability, education and opportunity; even the giants of the race, after the completest life possible, feel, as they stand on the edge of the grave, that they are but human acorns with all their possibilities still in them, just beginning to sprout.

But it will not always be thus. The human heart will find an opportunity for complete self-expression, without blight or bruise to strangle growth.

The universal longing for immortality in people of all conditions of savagery or highest civilization is the greatest argument for the truth of immortality.

Our instinctive yearning for the time and opportunity; for the complete expression, untrammelled unfoldment of our powers; the sense of the unfairness, the unfitness of being cut off before we have had half time enough in which to mature, to ripen; our yearnings for an opportunity for the complete unfoldment of all that is in us; all these are greater evidences that there are realities to match these heart longings and soul yearnings than have ever been printed in any book.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the outline of the image itself; the real substance, not merely a mental image. There is something back of the faith, back of the hope, back of the heart longings; there is a reality to match our legitimate longing.

What we yearn for, earnestly desire to bring about, tends to become a reality. Our ideals are the foreshadowing outlines of realities behind them—the substance of the things hoped for.

There is a tremendous creative, producing power in the perpetual focussing of the mind along the line of the desire, the ambition. It develops a marvelous power to attract the thing we long for.

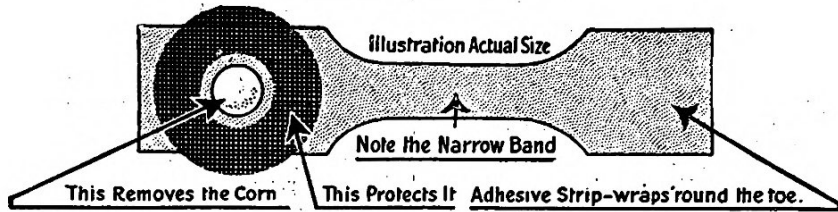
"The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment."

Our heart yearnings inspire our creative energies to do the things we long for. They are a constant tonic to our faculties and increase our ability, tending to make our dreams come true. Nature is a great one-price storekeeper and hands us out what we ask for if we pay the price. Our thoughts are like roots which reach out in every direction into the cosmic ocean of formless energy, and these thought-roots set in motion vibrations like themselves which attract the affinities of our desires and ambitions.

We are beginning to see that there is material in every normal being to make the ideal perfect man, the perfect woman. If we could only mentally hold the perfect pattern, the perfect ideal persistently, so that it would become the dominant mental attribute, it would soon be woven into the life and we should become perfect human beings.

The divine injunction to be perfect, even as He is perfect, was not given man to mock Him. The possibility of our waking in His likeness and being satisfied is literally true.

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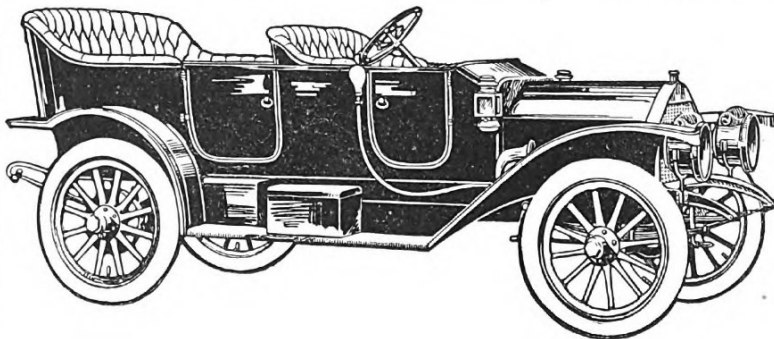
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The INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR

IN THE last number of SUCCESS

MAGAZINE, many of the transformations of the larger methods and conditions pertinent to the investment business were emphasized. But, side by side with these have gone minor changes, and it is within the scope of this article to mention how they have affected the man new to the investment business, who is earnestly endeavoring to learn its many details and lay a foundation for a successful career.

One of the greatest stumbling-blocks which the new employee encounters to-day is his inability to thoroughly master the countless intricacies and many ramifications of the buying and selling of securities, as could the similar man twenty or more years ago. He of the present time is much more limited in his sphere of action, and does not have the opportunity to gain by practical experience the extended knowledge of his predecessor.

Let us show briefly how much more favorable an opportunity the earlier period offered for the grasping of practical and fundamental knowledge. Let us cite an individual experience, by no means unusual in those days, as an example of the times.

An Enviably Opportunity for a Complete Business Equipment

The young man in question followed Horace Greeley's dictum, to "go West." Locating in one of the Rocky Mountain cities, he started at the bottom of the ladder in a banking house, then almost exclusively handling municipal bonds and warrants. With incredible rapidity, for things moved fast in those days, he was pushed from one department to another, but not until he had pretty thoroughly assimilated the details of each. In this way he gained the useful habits of office system and cleanliness, learned the duties of messenger, in which work he became somewhat familiar with some of the details of the general banking business as he went from bank to bank; then he acquired a fair knowledge of bookkeeping, and from that went on into the buying field. Here he became acquainted with the work of buying and selling warrants, investigating and reporting upon Western ranches (in those cases where mortgages were owned by Eastern clients), purchasing bonds directly from municipalities; and as the house began to branch out into corporation issues, he was instructed by hard experience in the examination and the making of reports upon electric light, gas, water company and other public service properties.

Having become familiar with the many details—and the above are but a few—in connection with the buying field, he was called East—for any one with a knowledge of local conditions in the West was of value in those days in the selling field. This was his initiation into the varied activities of the traveling bond salesman, and it was a "hard row to hoe," for he covered practically the entire East, and passed several years in strenuous service among the private investors, banks and insurance companies. He was meeting hundreds of such for the first time and was seriously handicapped by their lack of knowledge of and faith in the section whose securities he was trying to market.

To overcome the original conservatism of the Eastern investors mildly suggests the difficulties of the man who wrote the first dictionary; it was immensely easier to write the second one, for there was something to go by. The territory, as already suggested, was a large one, for it covered not only the moneyed sections of this country, but many parts of the British possessions at the North.

His next advancement was to the management of an Eastern branch office, following which he became the head of the buying department of the main office, and, later on, the head of its selling department, from which he was promoted to a partnership in the firm.

It will be seen that he had practical experience in every department of the business, and at a time when history was making rapidly and methods constantly changing. He had the opportunity of introducing many improvements, and to just such as he may be attributed the laying of the foundation of the systematic business methods now in vogue. It was the training which familiarity with every department, root and branch, gave this man, that made him of value to others as well as himself.

The Nation's Development Through the Investment Banker—Fourth Article

By MONTGOMERY ROLLINS

"Experience is a great teacher"—an old adage, which nobody will gainsay. The early rough-and-tumble banking life in the great West had a tendency—besides drilling into one the knowledge gained by actual contact with the crude methods associated with frontier life—to dampen some of the enthusiasm

of youth and successfully crop a growth of tenderfoot conceit with which the college graduate is so frequently endowed. Of the many episodes which might be related in this connection, all of which would go to show the value of such a training, one will suffice.

A Purchase in the Dark

The young man to whom we have been referring gathered some theoretical knowledge of bond sales in the office, and endeavored to apply this knowledge at the first sale which he attended in a small city on the western slope of the Rockies. He was told that there might be competition at the sale, and that it would be wise to keep himself, as much as possible, out of sight of his competitors, some of whom, no doubt, would be present. He reached his destination three or four days in advance of the date upon which the bids would be opened, and imagined every man with the mark of a stranger upon him to be a prospective bond buyer. The detective work which he did in dodging these men would have done credit to a Sherlock Holmes. He figured out in his mind just what each man would probably bid, and, at the last minute, rushed in to the city authorities and submitted his own sealed proposal in writing.

He was the only bidder. No other bond house happened to have heard of the sale, and no representative was, or had been, present. He bought the bonds; they were his beyond peradventure, and at about three points higher than was necessary, on account of his needless fears.

But neither the West nor the East offers chances like those of which we have been speaking to the man who now selects investment banking as a career. He learns by actual experience the methods and details of but a few departments—usually but one—and works up into, and is likely to stay in, that department. He must depend upon his reading, or upon chance contact with other individuals, and a careful perusal of that portion of the firm's correspondence to which he may have access for his broader knowledge of the business.

There is, therefore, a need to-day, as never before, of financial literature that will be helpful toward a better education in the handling of corporation and municipal securities. The opportunities for such extended experience for the young man starting in at the Western end may never return; and those men trained in the early methods, who are to-day either in their prime or past it, form a coterie of experienced bond men peculiar to their generation. Most of those now coming upon the scene and assuming the reins of responsibility are more specialized in their usefulness. A banking firm to-day, to thoroughly cover the field, must be composed of men differing widely one from another in their individual knowledge; so that, as a whole, the firm may cover the several natural divisions of the business. One must look among the elder coterie mentioned above to find a man who understands the business in all its different aspects. Thus is explained the difficulty which a bond house encounters to-day in finding any one competent to assume the leadership at the head of a large banking house and masterfully dictate the policy of all its branches. Investment houses are constantly upon the alert for such men, and it is known that many firms would gladly offer extraordinary inducements to secure men of this class.

But where are they to come from? It is undoubtedly a fact that the most successful business is a one-man business. Any reader may demonstrate this to his own satisfaction by selecting at random the successful firms in any class of business the world over. It will be found that there is one strong-minded, dominating spirit at the head.

Few People Understand the Bond Business

That there is a vast amount of ignorance in relation to the bond and banking business needs no great proof.

Let any reader of this article take, at random, a question on finance. It would be strange to think that a bond man might not know what a bond is, but before reading further, you may ask a dozen men, supposedly familiar with this branch of finance, to give you a clear and accurate definition of a bond, and you will have, in their visible as well as audible embarrassment, evidence of what we are trying to demonstrate. This will illustrate how often those who have been for a considerable time connected with their own chosen business, or profession, and who do things because they have been doing them, or because other people have done them before, fail to familiarize themselves thoroughly with the fundamental principles and the reasons therefor.

Or you may take any subject relating to the bond and banking business with which you yourself have more or less familiarity, and, after careful thought and without reference to any additional information, endeavor to clearly explain it in writing, and, unless you are a student of finance, you will soon find yourself in difficulties.

The writer holds himself as no exception to the foregoing, for, in the preparation of one of his books, "Money and Investments," which represented three years of very hard work, he had painful proof of his own shortcomings. At the end of the first year, he became conscious of how little he knew, even after a career full of hard knocks and personal experience in practical finance. It seemed next to impossible that the necessary knowledge, which, at the beginning of the work he supposed any banking man of general experience should have, would be forthcoming. The question of proceeding with or abandoning the task was a staring one. But it seemed worth while, first, to ascertain whether he was more ignorant than the average. A list of questions bearing directly upon national banks—questions of common import and relating to the daily life of the officials—was selected. Fortified with this list, the writer went to three or four prominent bank men whose names are well known in banking circles, and submitted these questions to them, one by one. Yes, they were all familiar with the subjects, but, without a single exception, not one of those to whom the queries were put could give a lucid and unassisted explanation of both the why and the wherefore.

With this reassurance, the writer proceeded to accumulate a library on finance and settled down to thousands of pages of research work; in other words, undertook, at that late date, to educate himself. This is being told here principally for the purpose of instilling into the minds of the readers the necessity for research work and a thorough grounding in everything attempted. We, as a nation, are too apt to be superficial; we do a thing because it is the custom, without the mental reservation that an understanding of the principle underlying it should be obtained. We should ask questions, read books or persistently follow some plan to comprehend the matter in hand.

Before proceeding with the buying of a bond; that is to say, entering into the details of the buying field as exploited by the investment dealer, there is a query to which it is necessary to reply in some detail.

What Is a Bond?

The definition of a bond is, after all, not so easy. We naturally turn to something like the Century Dictionary and Encyclopedia, and there we find a bond described as "a certificate of ownership of a specified portion of a capital debt, due by a government, a city, a railroad or other corporation to individual holders, and usually bearing a fixed rate of interest. The bonds of the United States are of two classes; coupon bonds, both principal and interest of which are payable to bearer, and which pass by delivery, usually without endorsement; registered bonds which are payable only to the parties whose names are inscribed upon them, and can be transferred only by endorsed assignment."

But that is rather long, so, possibly, this definition may be advantageous:

An instrument by which a government, municipality or corporation contracts and agrees to pay a specified sum of money on a given date (sometimes reserving the right for earlier payment), the bond itself being a coupon-bearing (or registered) note under seal; the coupons representing the quarterly, semi-annual or annual interest, as the case may be, at a fixed rate.

Nearly every student of finance will find something to criticize in almost any definition of a bond; at least, if an attempt is made to be concise. Therefore, it is well to elaborate somewhat upon this subject.

Cleveland, in his "Funds and Their Uses," distinguishes between a bond and an ordinary promissory note in this way: "The only way that a bond is distinguished from an ordinary promissory note is by the fact that it is issued as a part of a series of a like tenor and amount, and, in most cases, under a common security. By rule of common law, the bond is also more formal in its execution. The note is a simple promise (in any form, so long as a definite promise for the payment of money appears upon its face), signed by the party bound, without any formality as to witnesses or seal. The bond, on the other hand, in its old, common-law form, required a seal, and had to be witnessed in the same manner as a deed or other formal

conveyance of property, and though assignable was not negotiable. This is still the rule within many jurisdictions."

In the mind of the public as well as of the dealer, bonds are commonly divided into municipal and corporation issues. The latter is the obligation of an incorporated company, the ownership of which is represented by shares of stock. Or, it may be the promise to pay of a joint-stock company, under which heading would be included many of the large express companies. Bonds issued by governments, States or any territorial subdivisions thereof, although corporation bonds in one sense, are not so known in the banking world, but are referred to as "Government Bonds," "State Bonds," and "Municipal Bonds," although by common consent State bonds are included under the heading of "Municipals." Occasionally an exception is made, however, as "Corporation Stock of the City of New York," by which New York city bonds are understood.

In the case of a corporation bond, a mortgage is ordinarily placed upon the property to secure the issue. But a government or municipality does not usually mortgage any property to secure the payment of its indebtedness, although sometimes certain revenues are pledged for payment, as the tobacco revenues of Japan or the nitrate industries of Chili. A government or municipality, as a rule, simply issues its promise to pay, under seal, in the form of a bond, and by legislative authority, either with or without the vote of the people, in accordance with the requirements of the law. A corporation bond can be issued only by permission and under the direction of the company's shareholders.

It is almost invariably the custom for the holders of corporation bonds to have their rights protected by the selection of some trustee—nowadays usually a trust company—to hold the mortgage—if any—against the property, and to carry out certain acts necessary to the issue. Such a bond states on its face many of the rights both of the issuing company and the holder, and refers to the Deed of Trust in further accordance with which the issue is created.

Three Different Departments of Banking

We will close this article by defining the banker, and distinguishing between one class and another. At the risk of repetition of what has previously appeared in these columns, we will state that banking is, and should be, a dignified profession, requiring capital, brains and integrity. But when we find, as is often the case, almost any person, with or without office equipment or tangible capital, establishing himself in a financial community by nothing more than the rental of desk room in an office, advertising himself as an investment banker and inviting subscriptions to supposedly attractive investments which are afterward proven to be nothing more than wildcat speculations in which the aforesaid banker's only investment has been, perhaps, the desk, the rental of its room, and the advertising account, it does detract from the dignity of the profession, and gives false impressions. Banking, in its true sense, may be broadly divided into three departments.

The first is discount banking; the old, true commercial banking—formerly more exclusively practised than at present—as represented by the national banks, trust companies, and other State and private banking institutions.

Second, speculative banking, as handled by those having membership in one or more stock exchanges, and who purchase and sell what are known as "stock exchange securities" either in the form of direct purchases on the part of their customers, or for the so-called "marginal accounts." Trading by this class is purely upon a commission basis, and must not be confused with investment banking.

Third, investment banking, as handled by concerns which buy and sell municipal, corporation and industrial securities, purchasing in a wholesale way and retailing the same to individual investors, trustees, fiduciary institutions, and so forth.

Under the last caption should be included any banking institution which comprises in its organization the equipment for buying and selling investment securities otherwise than upon a commission basis.

This third department of banking is that which suffers most from the liberal and unrestricted advertising indulged in by those without capital, credit, standing, or ability, as already referred to, and who flood the market with attractive and alluring advertisements of bonds and stocks in which they, probably, have no vested interest whatsoever.

The real, bona-fide investment banker is one with a bank account, unquestioned credit and established clientele, who actually purchases the bonds after very careful investigation by his well-made machinery which he offers, and, in turn, sells them to his customers. Or he may be an agent or representative in some smaller town or city of bankers of high standing elsewhere, who fulfil all these requirements. The investment banker whom the investor should seek is the one who has the virtues just outlined, or is the accredited agent of some concern which has. There are enough well-organized houses in our country to take care of all the money offered for investment, and they are easy to find.

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Uncle Sam in Blunderland

[Continued from page 530]

a business that is gone in the United States once and for good."

A letter from the "Carded Woollen Manufacturers' Association" says: "The tariff bill apportions the duty on worsted yarn and cloth to favor the spinner and discriminates against the weaver, giving the worsted spinner a monopoly of the production and sale of both yarn and by-products, and placing the carded woollen manufacturer and the worsted weaver at the spinner's mercy. . . . In its present form it is in almost exact agreement with a compact framed by its chief beneficiaries at Chicago on October 15, 1908, three weeks before the election at which the present House and President were chosen."

"Utter reasons!" Do these things give any light? Utilizing the tariff to fortify the Cotton Trust! Utilizing the tariff to cinch the control of the wool business of the nation within one group of its dealers and makers! Making or unmaking business prosperity! Laying the foundation, if Senator Dolliver was correct, of a future transaction in stocks and stock speculation! Sporting, gambling, playing on margins with a great revenue measure of a great Government! And the revenue consideration itself subordinated! Increases of tariff duties asked and obtained, as I subsequently found out, amounting to as high as one hundred and eighty-five per cent. when the gross revenue afforded to the Government under the old law was only five dollars. Decreases conceded in the cotton schedule when the total importations were only forty-four thousand seven hundred and ninety-four dollars; i. e., where the Government at best could expect little on which to levy a tax, and increases forced when the importations reached as much as ten million dollars.

The Game Has Not Even Novelty to Commend It

It all takes one's thoughts back to tariff fights of long ago. It reminds one of how, when the Civil War was over and internal taxes were remitted and prices resumed their normal level, the beneficiaries of high tariff refused to yield an iota of the special privileges that had been given them to prevent European goods coming in during the era of high prices and driving them out of business; of how Charles Sumner had refused to support the wool schedule of 1867 precisely because it had been framed and dictated by the interests concerned, and of how John Sherman had upheld it and fought for it because he claimed that if these interests framed the bill in their own way it would be a bill over which they could not complain later; of the debates on the Mills bill in 1888, when the report of the minority (Democratic) of the Senate of that time said of the House bill as reported and amended in the Senate under the leadership of Aldrich, the same man who reported in amended form the House bill of 1908:

"The object of the Aldrich bill is to reduce or abolish duties on those things which yield only Government revenue, but none on those which produce private profit."

Compare with this the terse summing up of the situation of to-day by Senator Beveridge:

"I wanted the ancient wool schedule reduced, a schedule which gives to the Woollen Trust unfair control of our markets, which oppresses the wool grower, burdens other woollen manufacturers, raises the price and reduces the weight of the people's clothing."

"I could not stand for the duties on lumber, out of which the homes of the people are builded."

"I could not stand for an increase in the duties on cotton cloths, when the evidence was against it and no evidence for it."

"I could not stand for an increase on structural steel, out of which all modern buildings are constructed, and with which all bridges all over the country are builded."

"I could not stand for the increase of duties on those grades of linoleums which are a poor man's carpet; or on zinc which is a universal necessity; or on silk which is a part of the clothing or adornment of every American woman, heiress or working girl."

"I could not stand for an obsolete and infamous sugar schedule, which no man can read and understand save the Sugar Trust itself."

Here, according to Beveridge, are at least eight huge groups of commercial interests, protected by the tariff, controlling the output and virtually controlling the market in the greatest staples of modern life, and they are unwilling that the tariff shall be changed, except upward, on those things in which they deal. They have been unwilling, with each successive attempt of many years past, to revise the schedules, and now their unwillingness is concentrated into far greater inter-association of interests than ever existed before. Does it mean that there is a voluntary, or even involuntary cooperation to make the Government serve the welfare of these highly crystallized "rings" and "cliques," these ultimate powers of Business, as Charles Edward Russell calls them?

A Tariff for Speculation, Not Revenue

So, we have some light on why it is always "The Tariff! The Tariff!" We understand that we are

dealing, not with a measure of revenue, but with a measure for speculation.

When it was proposed before the House Committee to reduce the duties on many of the aniline dyes and other coal tar products, the coke oven people protested, on the ground that it required much new capitalization to install the so-called by-product furnaces in lieu of the beehive ovens which were necessary to meet the competition of Europe, and that if the tariff were reduced, capital would not consider the investment sufficiently attractive.

When Champ Clark asked Frank C. Partridge, representing the marble producers of Vermont who had been recipients of a tariff of all the way from forty to two hundred and thirty per cent:

"Suppose I could convince you that the Government could get more revenue by reducing the tariff on marble, would you be willing to chop down your tariff a little in order to help the Government out of a hole?"

Mr. Partridge replied: "No, I would not."

When the members of the Gypsum Trust, who, although operating under a net profit of twenty-five to thirty per cent, wanted a still higher tariff than they then had in order to aid them to overcome the disadvantages of their distance from the seashore, were asked if they ought not to be satisfied to do business within their natural territory, they replied:

"But we have a right to do business anywhere," and Mr. Clark made no impression upon them, when he said:

"Yes, but you have no right to ask Congress to hire you to do business."

A Rule that Works Only One Way

Obviously, such people as these, such interests as these, have lost sight of their obligation to the Government and are thinking of the Government's obligation to them. When difficulties arise in the national treasury, their first question is not, as it would be were they members of some big club, of some fellowship, of some church vestry: "What can we do to rectify it? What is our share of the assessment?" The Steel men do not sit down and figure that their business is a certain part of all the business in the country and that therefore they ought to bear a certain proportion of the country's expense. The Shoe and Leather men rejoice in the approach of free hides, but they do not get together to determine how the revenue which is thus taken from the Government is to be restored and how they can return to the Government at least some percentage of the benefit conferred by the removal of the duty.

As we look over the ill-assorted and uncorrelated books of statistics and commercial information which are available for the public in Washington, we find that such a huge concern as the Linseed Oil Trust does approximately twenty-five million dollars' worth of business in the United States every year, but that the contribution to the funds of the Government arising from the tax on linseed oil was only two thousand eight hundred and thirty-six dollars at the last annual report of the Customs Office. Almost fifteen million dollars' worth of business is done in steel bolts, but only one hundred and thirty dollars tax is paid. Ninety million dollars' worth of business is done in structural iron and steel, yet only one hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars is paid in duties. And on the whole range of the nation's tariff-affected business of fourteen billion dollars, the gross tax, exclusive of internal revenue, is only at an average of 2.1 per cent.

The business of the country paying only 2.1 per cent. of its gross income to the support of the Government, and yet drawing from the Government a protection, in the form of tariff, of upward of forty per cent!

Doesn't that look as bad to you as some of the figures which we have seen in the books of account? Doesn't it look as if somebody on the Governmental side of things has lost sight of the Government itself as a business institution? Does n't it suggest to you that there are hogs in the pasture and calves in the lettuce?

We could go on indefinitely with this proof if there were space. We would find, also, that the hogs and the calves are not all of them trusts and alleged "infant" industries. A wool grower of Wyoming who has increased his capital from nine hundred and twenty dollars to one hundred thousand dollars in ten years, still unsatisfied, wanted the tariff on wool doubled. The man who wanted a tariff on Missouri mules admitted that there is no mule in the world that can compete with the Missouri mule or hope to supplant him in the American market. Lumberman Walker, of California, who owned six hundred thousand acres of stumpage which he bought at about seventy-five cents per thousand and could sell at three dollars and fifty cents, wanted high tariff in order to protect the laborer. Yet this same man acknowledged, when pressed, that he never paid more for labor than he had to.

But all these things would only indicate the pervasion of the hog and the calf principle downward. It is in our cities, our States, our Territorial sections, and hence, of course, in our Congressmen and in our Senators. Too many of us are thinking of the Business aspect of the tariff; too few of us are thinking of the business aspect of the Government.

And until we change our ways, the Business that is not Government will continue to get away with the Government that is not Business.

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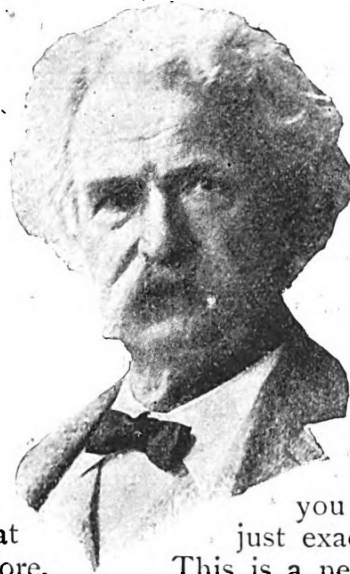
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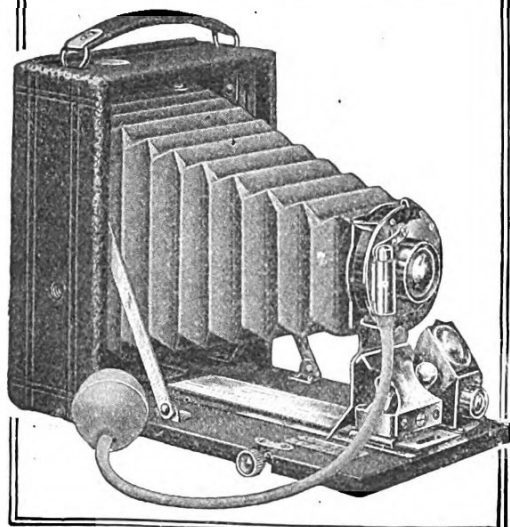
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