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Milwaukee, Our First Socialist City Charles Edward Russell 569
Illustrated with photographs and portraits. Decorations by John Boyd

Gloucester Road (Verse) . . . Edna Valentine Trapnell 573

The Love Letters of a Leading Man (A Story) Louise Closser Hale 573
Illustrations by Herman Pfeifer

The Tenderfoot Goes Bear Hunting (A Story) Harris Dickson 576
Illustrations by Charles Sarka

New Animals for America . . . Capt. Fritz Duquesne 579
Illustrated with photographs and portraits

Fun in the Home . . . Orison Swett Marden 582

Marriage in America . . . Robert Haven Schauffler 583
The Society Girl's Ideals
Illustrations by Maud Tousey

Molly Make-Believe . . . Eleanor Hallowell Abbott 586
(A Novelette—Conclusion)
Illustrations by Walter Tittle

With the Gardener (Verse) . . . Lewis Worthington Smith 613

When the Women Vote . . . John Kendrick Bangs 626

DEPARTMENTS

The World in a Nutshell	591
Mrs. Curtis's Home Corner	Isabel Gordon Curtis 608
Business Hints	615
The Individual Investor	Montgomery Rollins 618
Editorial Chat	620
Point and Pleasantry (10-Cent-a-Word Department)	622

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In the Editor's Confidence



It is not unlikely that in hundreds of Japanese villages old settlers with shaven heads are at this moment gathering by twos and threes, puffing their little pinches of tobacco and wagging heads sadly over the disintegration of the ancient feudal régime. Yet Japan goes on, her social and industrial life permeated by the newfangled scientific perception and precision which have come within the memory of living men and which are rebuilding the little island empire before our eyes.

Their plight is suggested by the predicament of that oddly American product, the peanut politician, who to-day is looking about him with bewildered eyes while a great nation slips quietly out of his grasp. Perhaps he struggles and defies, like the cross-roads statesman, Cannon; perhaps he hides himself bitterly away, like the trader, Aldrich and the autocrat, Hale; perhaps he plunges blindly along his blundering path like the ward boss, Lorimer; perhaps he tries to adapt himself, like the laborious Hitchcock; yet America goes on, serenely as always, breeding the precise type of human servant that she needs at the moment.

The passing of the peanut politician is not without its pathos. Everything considered, he was not wholly wanting in rich human quality. He and his work have for generations been incidental to the pioneer "development" of a new and bountiful land. It has been an orgy of exploitation, this railroad-building, land-grabbing, mine-gutting, trust-promoting, stock-juggling epoch through which we have been passing. There was a Titanic energy about it and a careless splendor of achievement that already in retrospect dwarf the freebooting glories of Elizabethan England and her exploits on seven seas. No laws ever devised by man could control such a riot.

The peanut politician came into being because he was needed as a buffer between exploiting and exploited America. He was there to complicate the laws, to bamboozle the public, sometimes to yield temporarily under pressure and mildly regulate the exploiters; but always, in fair weather and foul, to plunder. Sometimes he was personally honest but without clear perceptions. Then men talked to him of loyalty to "the party," and he plundered with a clear conscience. Sometimes, often in fact, he blithely filled his own pockets at the public bin. Now and then he turned his legislative six-shooter on his benefactors, the exploiters, and went into their pockets. But he never failed to be interesting. There is no use denying that we liked him. There is no use denying that he was a part of our national life.

He came, and passed, with that other quaintly American institution, so intimately a part of his environment, the cuspidor. And just as medical science in the public interest is putting away that once useful receptacle, so political science and the new social economy are putting away the peanut politician. Our great "developing" epoch is about over. We have our plant now, and are ready to run it. So we are calling in the business doctors to show us how to check up costs and how to organize properly to insure economy and efficiency. The "pork barrel" is already doomed. Tariff making by barter and sale is about through. Before long we shall very likely see scientists in Congress and in the State legislatures. Engineers, editors, and even ministers will perhaps be there; and thoughtful students of sociology and of conservation of the public resources will rub elbows with the more familiar lawyers. Perhaps an expert on the causes of poverty will sit on the permanent tariff commission, side by side with the lawyer

THE PASSING OF THE PEANUT POLITICIAN

for the woolen trust. And just as John Burns and Kier Hardie have found their level in the British Cabinet, so will representatives of labor find desk-room in the Senate. To the peanut politician such talk as this is raving idiocy—which is precisely why he must pack up his cuspidor and go.

The work to be done staggers the imagination. A new kind of tariff making; a comprehensive working out of the

Pinchot Conservation program; a simplification of our laws, Federal, State and municipal; effective control of the corporations—these things are only the beginning. Before we get through with it we shall probably have to see our educational methods overhauled and some radically new ideas about taxation brought into play. There will be a much more effective supervision of the various food supply industries; and very likely Government ownership and operation of the railroads, telephones, telegraphs and express companies. The bankers and stock jobbers will undoubtedly have to give up eating our cake and having it too. We can hardly let them continue doing both. And for another thing, we shall probably have to do something in the way of saving to the community such proportion of land values as the community, through its common effort creates.

All or many of these reforms will come. Not because reformers demand it; not because sentimental dreamers prattle of Utopia; but for the excellent reason that the present anarchy costs more than we can afford to pay. It didn't use to matter how much things cost. It does matter now. It even disturbs us a little to see poverty and slum under-nourishment and unregulated diseases (mentionable and unmentionable) because we are just beginning to learn that human efficiency must ultimately be the basis of national strength. Germany learned this a generation ago, and has gotten away with a handicap of forty years. England and France are learning this truth to-day. We of America are only beginning to grope at it. We are only beginning vaguely to realize that we can't afford to let a Mr. Hofstott shoot down his strikers, or even let him keep them in poverty, because we need those strikers, and we need their children and their children's children. More, they must be well fed, and educated some, and must have a little sweetness and light in their souls, or we can hardly expect them to become intelligent, industrious, law-abiding citizens. And good citizens we must have, somehow or other, if we are to have much of a country. All this means paying them a reasonable income, of course, and supporting good schools for them, and giving them good drainage and plenty of light and air, and perhaps even pensioning off the old folks when their fingers grow stiff and their eyesight fails. If our Mr. Hofstotts can't manage this without overcharging the consuming public, why—well, we shall have to do something about that, too. These are the puzzling problems that we are not going to be able to escape. And when we come to tackle them, we shall be certain to overlook the peanut politicians and pick out men who have been trained to close, accurate thinking to do the job for us.

But it seems too bad to let so likable and picturesque a crew go altogether. When the day of final parting comes, we might be willing to consider setting aside a Government Reservation for Peanut Politicians—maybe on an island, somewhere—and give each man a big leather armchair and a high-necked brass cuspidor. Then we could go there in a boat and hear them make wonderful speeches, so full of fine phrases and delivered with such fervor and such oratorical vigor that at the moment we would almost think we knew what they were talking about.

And when we were tired we could go away.

MILWAUKEE

OUR FIRST SOCIALIST CITY

by Charles Edward Russell

DO ALL THE GOOD YOU CAN
BY ALL THE MEANS YOU CAN
IN ALL THE WAYS YOU CAN
AT ALL THE TIMES YOU CAN
TO ALL THE PEOPLE YOU CAN
AS LONG AS EVER YOU CAN

JOHN WESLEY
E.S.

—The little illuminated card that Emil Seidel nailed on the wall of his office when he became Mayor of Milwaukee.

THE Socialist Movement, of great magnitude and importance on the Continent of Europe, has not so far been a considerable factor in American politics; it has, indeed, appeared to arouse only academic interest. But now, suddenly, a particularly orderly and prosperous Middle Western city of 400,000 inhabitants has placed itself outright in the hands of the local Socialist organization, known there as the Social Democratic Party. The result may be the making of the Socialist Movement in America; it may be the death of it; but it is certain to be interesting. Mr. Russell, because of his intimate knowledge of civic problems and his personal acquaintance with the leaders of the Milwaukee movement, is peculiarly fitted to write on the subject.—THE EDITORS.

ON ELECTION night in April of this year the West Side Turn Hall—the largest hall in Milwaukee—was crowded to the doors with cheering Socialists. After so many years of campaigning and futile efforts, their party at last had carried the city. A band was playing, but nobody could hear it. About eight o'clock, Victor Berger, the Socialist leader, came out upon the platform with Emil Seidel, the pattern-maker just elected mayor. Terrific din burst forth. Mr. Berger wished to make the announcement of victory. Mr. Seidel was to make an address. For twenty minutes Mr. Berger waved his hands for silence, the band played favorite Socialist airs, and nothing was heard but the roar of applause. Men cheered, youths shrieked and women cried for joy. Some of the soldiers in that army had dreamed for twenty-five years of just such an occasion, and every election night, plodding home wearily from the inevitable defeat, had warmed their hearts with pictures of the inevitable victory. They knew that they or their children would see it, and now it had come—full measure, shaken down and running over, for the Socialists had swept the city and carried the Common Council and the Board of Supervisors. Milwaukee was theirs and they turned upon their adversaries the old humiliation of defeat.

The Victors Take a Solemn Pledge

Not without reason, therefore, they shouted and cheered, and Berger, waving at them, was like a man inhibiting a great wind. But when they had cheered away the exuberance of their joy, he made himself heard.

"Comrades," he began, "comrades, I want to ask every man and woman in this audience to stand up and with lifted hand take a pledge that we will do all in our power to help the men that the people have chosen to do their duty and to fulfil our promises. The eyes of the country will be upon us. We must make good for the faith that is in us."

The whole vast audience was on its feet; silence succeeded the recent uproar; every right hand was raised and with singular solemnity the pledge was taken.

That was three months ago. Mr. Seidel and the Socialist government were inaugurated April 9. The pledge of election night has been kept; the Socialists have stood together with the same crusaders' fervor that moved them in their campaign. But they have learned many things since then, and as Victor Berger foresaw, it is in a chastened and graver spirit that they now view the colossal problem of American municipal government thrust upon them. As a rule, Socialists do not need much inspiration to seriousness. Even in their hour of triumph they impressed Milwaukee as abnormally self-contained.

On election night, for the first time in years, the streets were quiet; there were no noisy nor hoodlum demonstrations; having cheered in their halls, the victors went soberly home and to bed; and but one arrest was made that night, against an average of one hundred and fifty on such occasions. Yet it is one thing to win elections and another thing to manage a great and growing American city under the idiotic conditions that we have provided for city management; and on this point the Socialists of Milwaukee have had much enlightenment.

Nevertheless, in the opinion of the community, they have begun to make good. After three months of so much control as conditions allow, there seems to be no question about that. Indeed, some very curious observations might be made on the general respect in which the once despised Socialists are now held. Many men that in no way endorse the Socialist faith told me that the Socialists were perfectly honest; they were visionaries, no doubt, and they could never do what they had

planned to do, but they were honest. The able opposition press, raking over the daily records, has found much to commend and little to blame in the new administration. Pre-election visions of incompetence, like the fantastic prophecies of riot, bloodshed and anarchy, are now the average citizen's jest. On trial, Milwaukee rather likes its Socialists. Municipal business has flowed on with exceeding smoothness; the city has never been safer nor more orderly; its credit has not been impaired. Observers generally admit that good men have filled the offices. No one has pretended decreased efficiency anywhere; in some directions the work is better done; in all, the intention is manifest to have it well done. This is not the comment of a casual visitor. I am repeating what was told me by non-Socialist residents. A few of them said that what Milwaukee really needed, of course, was a straight Republican administration, or a straight Democratic (according to the preference of the speaker); but since Providence had not sent such a blessing, the present condition was well enough and meantime the Socialists might show what they could do.

Some Things the New Government Is Doing

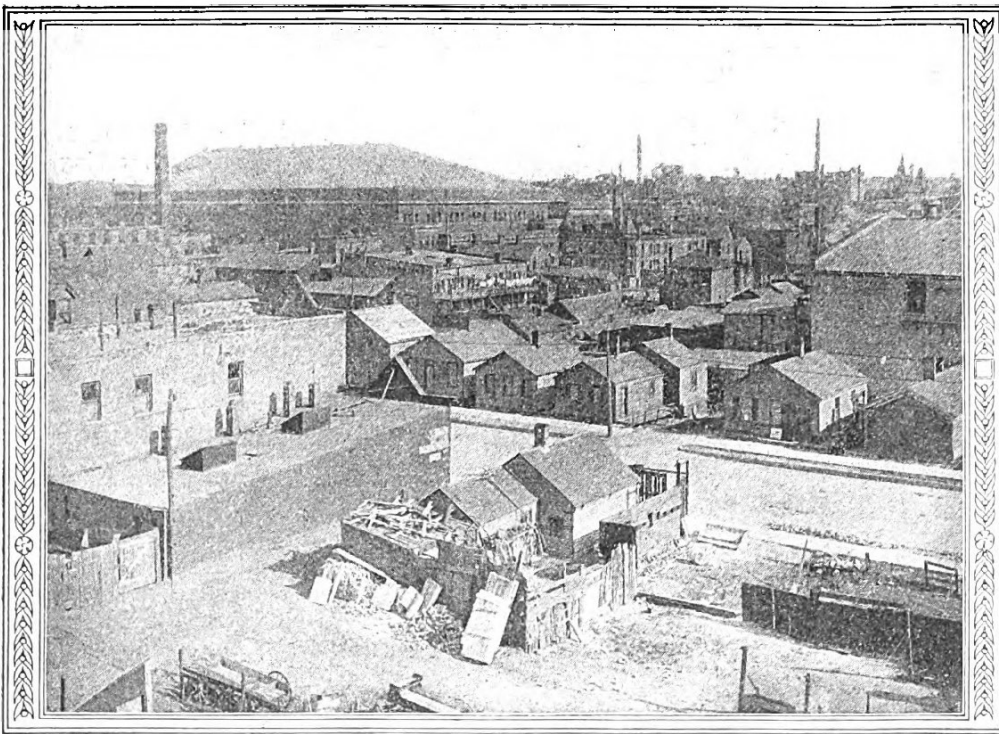
Even the most hostile admit that the Socialists have already done some good things in Milwaukee.

They have straightened out the city's finances. They have separated tax receipts from bond receipts. They found in use methods of accounting that are totally discredited in all modern business houses. Such old style letter-files as were used by Andrew Jackson and Jefferson Davis had never been discarded. Some department offices had no inventories to furnish to their successors. The new administration began to introduce new systems. Hereafter when a citizen wants to know how and where certain funds are going, it will not be necessary to send to New York or Chicago for a commission of accountants as has been frequently the case in the past.

Property accountability is being established and the council has arranged to install a cost-keeping system so that hereafter any citizen can know at any time what is the cost of every square yard of pavement, every foot of sewer, every item in every other improvement. This in itself will probably work the death of contracts and in any event it will make clear at a glance the exact profit that every contractor will reap

from his job. All "snaps" have been abolished in the public service. No more sinecures are maintained for political henchmen, and not one place is given out as a reward for political service. All the city employees work eight hours a day—except the mayor and the department heads. They work from ten to fourteen, as the case may be. Unnecessary offices have been eliminated. The Department of Public Works had been administered by a board of three men; the new administration dismissed two of these and made one do the work. It found a city gas inspector and a city chemist, each drawing a salary and each devoting part of his time to private business. The Socialists consolidated these offices and made the incumbent devote all his time to the city. They found in the city clerk's office an officer called the license and chattel mortgage clerk. He did not seem to have much to do, so they dispensed with his services. They found another called the inspector of bridges, whose functions seemed to be largely ornamental, so they dispensed with him also.

They went through the departments, cutting out the easy jobs and reducing expenses. It would have been easy to make superficially an even larger showing of such economies, very alluring to the taxpayer.



Present aspect of the proposed "civic center." All the structures (with the exception of the Auditorium in the background) are to be swept away and beautiful parks, boulevards, public buildings and a terminal are to take their places

They preferred to secure a more practical benefit. Therefore, with some of the money they had saved, they instituted factory inspection, with rigid regulations for air, light and sanitation in factories. They said that the city suffered most from inadequacy of service. It needed to have many things done that never had been done, and to enlarge the service was more desirable than to save the expenses.

The Socialists Are Not Job Hungry

The remarkable thing about this policy is that often the men for whom work was provided were not Socialists. Throughout the city the new administration has absolutely rejected the spoils idea in politics. No question has been asked concerning the political faith of any place-holder; efficiency has been the only test; if he could do the work his employment was secure without the least regard to his party faith. For the first time Milwaukee is free from the spoils system and from the curse of practical politics.

Business, service and common sense. The first thing Mayor Seidel noticed when he came into office was a policeman idling about the door. He inquired the occasion for this presence and was told that the policeman was the Mayor's Bodyguard, an institution of ancient and traditional regard.

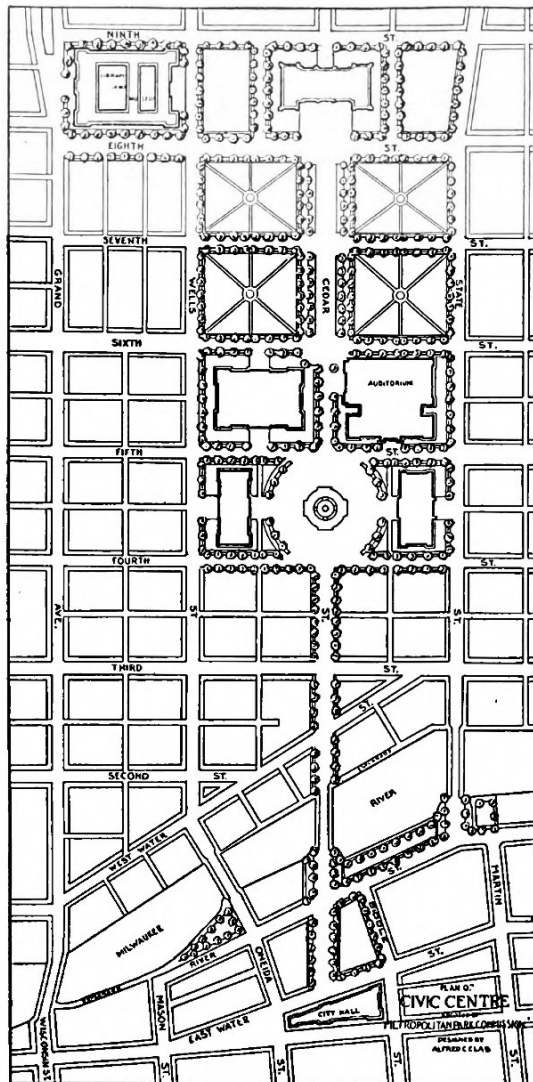
"Well, turn him out to do patrol duty," said the pattern-maker. "Let him do something useful."

The news caused a shock. What is a mayor without a bodyguard! A newspaper called up by telephone to ask if the revolutionary tidings were really true.

"Sure," said the pattern-maker; "I'm no king. What do I want with a bodyguard? Bodyguards don't go here."

Trying to Make Saloon Keepers Good

An entirely new policy has been introduced about the saloons. In previous days licenses were easy—being, in fact, a part of the political system; for as usual the saloon, the disorderly house and the public service corporation were in alliance to rule the city. The pattern-maker and his friends had a different idea about the functions of the saloon. Milwaukee has about two thousand drinking places, which would seem to be enough. The mayor recognizes the saloon, in our present stage of civilization, as the poor man's club, but he wishes to have it a better kind of club than it has ever been. So the license committee of the Common Council now grants license renewals on the basis of the



Civic center planned by Sam Olmsted and John Nolan



character of the place. Up to June 30, the committee had wearied and disgusted certain elements in Milwaukee by refusing sixty-nine license renewals because the applicants, having been investigated, were found to conduct dance halls or to keep places otherwise disreputable. About forty others had gone out of business because they knew they could not have their licenses renewed. A man that gets a license now must sign an elaborate pledge that he will keep his place at a certain standard.

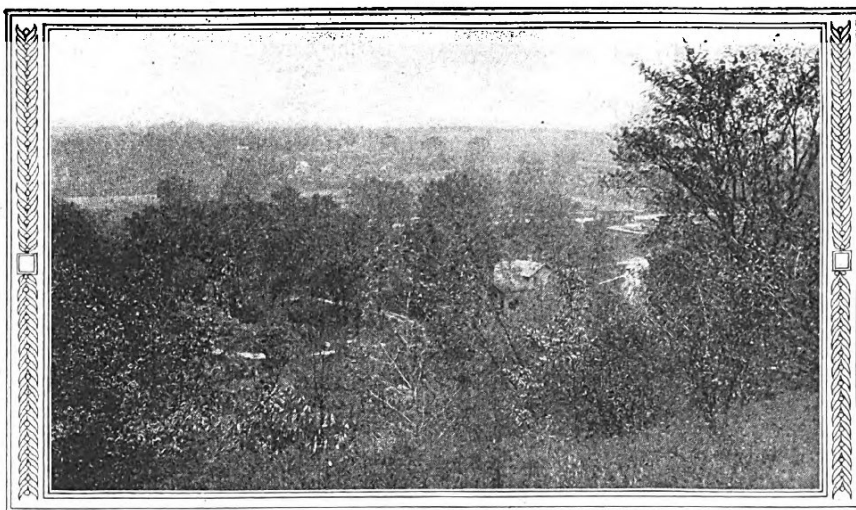
A delegation of clergymen called upon the mayor not long ago to encourage him to close all the dance halls.

"Why, certainly," said the pattern-maker suavely. "Just as fast as something better is provided. I do not purpose to curtail the amusements of a people that already have too little. I am utterly opposed to the dance hall; it is a menace to health and morals. But people go to it because they have n't any better place of amusement. Every time we provide such a place, let's close a dance hall."

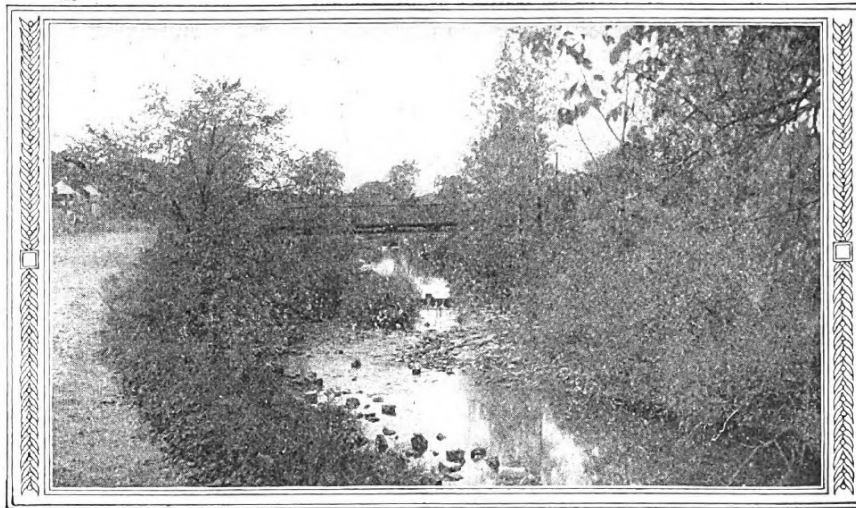
In pursuance of this idea, the schoolhouses are being turned into social centers for the people, and for every such transformation, out goes a dance hall. Weekly dances are held at some of the schoolhouses. The city has now secured E. J. Ward, who developed the admirable social center system of Rochester, New York, probably the best in the world, and next winter will see the wide elaboration of all these plans.

Planning a Government by Experts

The purpose of the new administration is to give Milwaukee a government by experts. It has sent all about the country for the best obtainable men and has not considered their politics, but only their ability. For the reorganized health department it secured from the Federal service Dr. W. C. Rucker, who fought down the bubonic plague in San Francisco and yellow fever in New Orleans. I suppose I hardly need say that Dr. Rucker is not a Socialist. At almost the outset of the new order, the city was suddenly confronted with an epidemic of typhoid fever. The water supply is Lake Michigan; no filtration plant has ever been provided; and the sewage flows into the lake. Under these conditions typhoid was naturally hard to fight, but the health department succeeded in making the water safe by chemicalizing it. A filtration plant and a complete sanitary system of sewage disposal are among the plans now being worked out.



Menomonee, the site of the model suburb for workingmen



A suburban stream as nature made it and as the Socialists purpose to keep it in their new "City Beautiful"

Street-cleaning has always been slovenly in Milwaukee, as in all American cities. Mayor Seidel's administration has taken it in hand and revised and improved the methods employed, but has not yet been able to find the expert it has sought to take charge of the work.

The parks are better cared for. Free concerts are provided for the people. On summer Sundays five bands play at public expense in the different parks. School extension and playgrounds for the children have had due attention.

The Socialists Themselves Are Dissatisfied

Thus the community at large seems to be quite content with the present government of Milwaukee. The only persons that are disappointed and dissatisfied are the Socialists themselves. Upon the results they have achieved they look with profound disfavor. They were not foolish enough to imagine that they could establish in Milwaukee the co-operative commonwealth nor anything like it; but certain things for the bettering of conditions they believed they could do, and when they got control of public affairs they found that, in fact, and for the time being, they could do none of them. Like the generality of Americans that have never looked into the matter, they had not conceived of the extent to which the American city is hampered, bound, swaddled and fettered by foolish charters and childish laws. According to the American system of control by State Legislatures, a city is assumed to be peopled entirely by babies and imbeciles, and anything it wants to do is the very thing it must not be allowed to do. In the average American city the grand old Hamiltonian idea of checking the peoples' will has been carried to lengths that are merely ridiculous. The city can hardly buy a paper of tacks without the sanction of the legislature or the courts, or both. Milwaukee does not know what is good for it; that is the basic idea. But a legislator from Higgins Ferry who never saw Milwaukee in his life and knows no more of city problems than he knows of Immanuel Kant, can tell what is good for Milwaukee every time. The persistence of this idea in a country of intelligent people is the strangest of all anomalies, and must fill with inextinguishable mirth the gods of misrule.

Yet Milwaukee is a place where, if anywhere, adult people might be expected to go about without guardians. In many ways it is a city to be proud of. It is only about sixty years old and has four hundred thousand inhabitants and an enormous commercial and productive activity. For an American city it is unusually attractive in its physical aspects—made so by the intelligence and good will of its people, who, with acute civic pride, have tried to provide it with every modern equipment. Yet these same people are the legislative wards of the State.

With all its advantages and attractions, nevertheless, Milwaukee was going the way of the typical American industrial center, and it was this

tendency that the Socialists wanted to reform. A large and rapidly growing part of the working population was as a rule badly housed in unattractive regions and without prospects except of toil and sleep. There were good schools, but not enough of them, and at one time only four per cent. of the public school pupils went beyond the grammar grades. Because of the exigencies of partisan politics, great vital problems like water supply and sewage disposal were shuffled off from one administration to another. Everybody knew they ought to be met and nobody cared to meet them. While the city grew and grew, a coherent plan to beautify it and direct its growth was lacking. The poor worked long hours, got little pay, found scant enjoyment in life and were at the mercy of chance or caprice. Sometimes, in the winter, thousands of men were without work. Nobody seemed to care much about these matters. Government was directed largely for the benefit of the well-to-do and the prosperous, who were, strange to say, a numerically inconsiderable part of the community. Except for philanthropic experiments, the poor shifted for themselves. Most intelligent persons knew quite well, and, if asked, would admit that the effect of prevailing conditions would be disastrous upon the generations to come. It was evident that bad housing and unsanitary surroundings, uninteresting toil and monotonous lives, would produce in time a population mentally inferior and physically defective. But while everybody knew this, nobody in authority seemed to care very much about it. Other purposes were neglected to further the political fortunes of individuals, and this was achieved by serving the corporations and tolerating the vice interests, with which the corporation interests joined hands.

The corporations had at all times much to say about city affairs. When they wanted a new privilege they got it. By importing fraudulent voters, by giving liberally to campaign funds and by controlling or corrupting public officers, they exercised the final power in politics. They disfigured the city, poisoned the air of some regions, killed citizens on the street railroad lines, spread disease and furnished inferior service at high prices. Everybody knew these things, but no administration would deal with them because of the great power of the corporations in politics and business.

In other words, Milwaukee was just like every other great city in America.

What the Socialists Proposed to Do

The Socialists desired to change all this; their conception of government was that it should be conducted for the good of the people and not as part of the political game. They held seriously and consistently to the idea of John Wesley's motto that Emil Seidel nailed upon the wall of his office. "Do all the good you can to the people you can."

Here are things they proposed to achieve for Milwaukee as declared in their city's platform:

Home rule.

Public ownership of public utilities.

A municipal terminal and municipal wharves.

Equal and just taxation.

Public slaughterhouses; public markets; public cold storage.

Public improvement by the city; no contract system.

Municipal quarry; wood and coal yards; ice plant; work for the unemployed.

Extension of the city limits; sanitary homes, factories and schools; playgrounds for children.

Dispensaries; four hospitals.

Public comfort stations.

Sewage and garbage disposal.

Small parks; shade trees; the abolition of slum neighborhoods; a municipal lodging house to abate the tramp nuisance.

School extensions; free text books; free concerts in the parks; social centers.

Fair treatment for all city employees; no dismissals without public trial.

Now, most persons would agree that these proposals are sane, reasonable and for the public advantage. In fact, many of them were copied into the platforms of the local Republican and Democratic parties.

But the Socialists, having a mandate from the community to carry out these improvements, found the mandate nullified by the legal swaddling clothes in which the city was bound up.

For home rule and the public ownership of public utilities they must beseech the Legislature. The street railroad monopoly had a franchise for twenty-five years. The gas monopoly had a franchise forever. The administration attempted to build a municipal electric lighting plant that would save money and release the city from another monopoly, but somebody had recourse to the handy injunction and the courts made it permanent. They tried to build a hospital for contagious diseases (already authorized by popular vote and a thing most sorely needed) and were blocked by the non-Socialistic minority in the Common Council. The bond issue required a vote of three-fourths of the council, and while the Socialists had a fair majority they did not have three-fourths.

The municipal terminal, municipal wharves, public slaughter-house, cold storage plant, dispensaries, sewage disposal and other good things they found to be blocked either by the charter, by the necessity for legislative sanction, or by the condition of the city finances.

Even a Socialist Government Needs Money

To conduct a city government for the Common Good, money is required, and the first discovery of the Socialists was that the Milwaukee government had no money to spare. Broadly speaking it was on the road to bankruptcy.

At this assertion a loud outcry of protest will go up; but judge for yourself.

For years one "business" administration after another had been juggling and playing slack-wire tricks with the finances. The city had been spending more than its revenues and then covering the deficiency by using the proceeds of bonds issued for specific purposes. Funds appropriated for one purpose were used for another. As a consequence there impended an annual deficit of \$220,000, although the "business" administration had deftly concealed the fact.

An administration of working men declined to descend to these tricks. Revenue, it said, was one thing and bond proceeds were another, and by law the two must be kept separated. Hence their first perplexity was an income insufficient to meet current expenses, let alone the improving of basic conditions and the making of Milwaukee a place habitable for the poor—who, after all, are the greater part of the population and the most important. Moreover, this administration could borrow very little money, because the city's debt was already close upon the legal limit; and it could not increase the tax rate because that also was fixed by law.

Therefore, it could do no more than to enforce economy, to undertake with its savings the improvements the law allowed and to prepare for the next session of the Legislature a complete program for which it will beg, beseech and implore the consent of the gentlemen from Higgins Ferry.

To this general truth is one exception. By some oversight the Higgins Ferry statesmen have allowed the city of Milwaukee to do one thing without interference. It can buy and hold real estate—for park purposes.

This opens the door to a magnificent plan of city regeneration. Unless the door be closed, the city will now proceed to realize the

dream of sanitary and comfortable houses for its toilers. It has set apart a handsome tract in the northeast quarter it proposes to acquire by parcels—for park purposes. It will acquire more than it needs for the park and then sell the rest, under close restrictions, that the coherent plan for a vast and sanely built residence region may be carried out.

The park is to be long and narrow. On each side will be the residence streets, departing from a main avenue of travel and circling back to it, that there may be no thoroughfares and quiet may be assured. One house, restricted as to size and height is to be built on each lot, with ample space for light and air. These houses will be sold at cost to working men, or rented to them. Without much capital the city can embark upon this enterprise, and then devote to extending it the returns from the increased value of real estate that will result. In this way the project will carry itself, and without waiting for legislative action or charter reform. This sounds somewhat like a dream, but I don't really believe it is, and neither do the people of Milwaukee. They expect to see it realized. Of course, the Legislature is likely at any time to repeal the law or the courts to upset it. We must go on killing people, I suppose, in our fetid tenements and overcrowded regions.

There is, besides, an extensive plan of some years standing for adornment and improvement by creating a civic center. This contemplates the clearing away of an unsightly region in the heart of the city and the constructing of a broad boulevard from the city hall by a gradual ascent to the top of a slope to be crowned by a new courthouse on one side and the city library on the other. Along this boulevard will be small parks, fountains, the auditorium and the planned municipal terminal for street railroad lines. The Socialist administration did not originate this plan, though Socialists helped to create it. The Socialist administration hopes to carry it out, however, and will, if the Legislature does not interfere.

With the same proviso it will carry out many other fine and beneficent plans. So will many other cities where the new spirit of decency and progress has found a place. They will all do fine things if they can be let alone and allowed to attend to their own affairs, and if the people can secure some measure of control over their government. Otherwise these cities will hold the same old unkempt way and the curse of the slipshod and the haphazard will continue to afflict them.

Working Men Turned Statesmen

I called this an administration by working men. Let us see how that is.

Officer.	Occupation.
Emil Seidel, Mayor	Pattern Maker.
Charles B. Whitnall, City Treasurer	Florist.
Daniel Hoan, City Attorney	Cook—while he worked his way through the university.
Carl D. Thompson, City Clerk	State Organizer.
Carl Dietz, City Comptroller	Solicitor.
William Alldridge, Alderman-at-Large	Machinist.
Joseph Sultaire,	"
William Coleman,	" Painter.
Albert J. Welsh,	" Compositor.
Victor L. Berger,	" Editor.
Benn P. Churchill,	" Physician.
Martin Gorechi,	" Solicitor.
Henry Ries,	Alderman. Cigarmaker.
Jacob Rummel,	"
August W. Strehlow,	" House Painter.
William Koch,	" Cigarmaker.
John Hassman,	" Carpenter.
Ferdinand Rehsfeld,	" Machinist.
Gilbert H. Poor,	" Solicitor.
Max Grass,	" Machinist.
M. Mikkelsen,	" Merchant.
John L. Reisse,	" Painter.
G. H. Poor,	" Machine Helper.
E. T. Melms,	" Newspaper Writer.
A. F. Giese,	" Carpenter.
Louis A. Arnold,	" Stock Clerk.
C. L. Weiley,	" Printer.

Curious misconceptions exist among the people of the United States as to the situation in Milwaukee.

Thus, the entire nation, outside of the Socialist movement, has agreed that the Socialists carried Milwaukee because of a profound and sudden revulsion among the people against abominable misrule. "They thought the Socialists could n't be any worse and might possibly be a little better." This is the verdict you hear on all sides.

As a matter of fact, the previous administrations of Milwaukee had not been particularly bad. They had not been good, but they had not been worse than the average American administration and had no features to cause any outbreak of public wrath.

Whoever cares to know why Milwaukee went Socialist at the last election can get a glimpse of the reason by looking over

[Continued on page 623]

Gloucester Road

By EDNA VALENTINE TRAPNELL

DOWN the road to Gloucester I ran on two glad feet,
For the boats were in the offing and my fisher-lad I'd greet.
Crowded were the streetways, crowded was the quay,
Oh, the green road to Gloucester was a glad road to me—
A glad road, a glad road, a road there's no forgetting.

UP the road from Gloucester full wearily I crept,
For out among the sea-grass my sailor-laddie slept;
Home came all the brown boats, but never more came he,
And alone I sit in Gloucester with his baby on my knee—
(The dear days, the dead days, the days there's no forgetting.)



"MY DEAR MR. WEYBOURN:

"My dear Sir—Pardon me for writing you in this fashion, but I am very fond of going to see plays, and I go to see you whenever I can. All the girls at school think you are a very good actor—so supple—and go to see you often.

"Now, Mr. Weybourn, I am going to-night, and I should appreciate a glance from you. I am in the fifth row, E-6-L the ticket says. An old lady will probably be on my right, and an old gentleman on my left. They are my aunt and uncle. I do not like to go this way, but it is the only way I can get to go.

"I hope your looking for me will not mix you up in your words, but if you should get mixed up, I could tell you what to say, for I know every word. Thanking you for reading this, I remain

"Your true admirer,

"ESTELLE MAGINNIS.

"P. S.—Don't look too hard."

"MR. MARTIN WEYBOURN,

"Cross Theater, Broadway and Fifty-first Street, New York City.

"Where Right Is Might" Troupe.

"My dear Mr. Weybourn—Why do you paint your face like a woman when you act?

Your sincere well-wisher, MARIA FITZROY FARRINGTON.

"Hotel Dolly Madison, East Thirty-third Street, New York City.

"Private phone 8812 Murray Hill. Thursdays (until February—then any day).

"P. S.—I enclose a stamped envelope."

"Dear Marty—I hear you are married, so I shan't bother you. I have been married, too, since your old San Francisco stock days, but I am not now—he died. (Really). I am awfully glad you are successful and should enjoy seeing you act out. Could you send me a couple of passes for Saturday night of this week? I would prefer three seats, but, of course, I don't want to ask too much. I am thinking of being married again, so don't trouble to answer, but just send the tickets. Letters always get a woman in trouble, it seems to me.

"Your affectionate friend,

"MRS. NONA BELMONT MACK. (GIRLIE)

"P. S.—I would n't be mad if you sent a box.

"2 West Fortieth Street."

"MR. MARTIN WEYBOURN, Leading Man of the Cross Theater:

"Dear Sir—Will you kindly autograph the enclosed picture of you and your dog, obliging a lover of all animals? F. MARIAN HOWARD."

"MR. MARTIN WEYBOURN:

"Sir—To decide a wager, are your eyes blue or brown?

"Very truly,

LOUISE ADAIR."

"MARTIN WEYBOURN, Esq., Cross Theater:

"Dear Mr. Weybourn—Will you please send me an autograph on the enclosed card? I asked John Rew this favor, and he sent me a type-

written one, but you look too kind to treat a girl's collection that way.

"Your deep admirer,

"MARY PAINE JOHNSON.

"P. S.—I enclose a stamped envelope.

"P.P.S.—Sometimes the stamp falls off, so please look in the outer envelope if it is missing. I try to stick them on carefully, as a lady told me actors are very apt to forget to answer if they can use the stamps for any other purpose."

Love Letters of a Leading Man

ANOTHER STORY
OF THE STAGE

by

Louise Closser Hale
Illustrations by HERMAN PFEIFER

Weybourn threw the last letter on the dressing-room shelf, and taking off his coat, handed it silently to Walsh. Walsh, who was a typical theater valet, devoted, capable and entirely friendly, swept the envelopes to one side, uncovering the make-up, and hung the garment on the wall. "Quite a bunch to-night, Mr. Weybourn," he announced cheerily. This was Walsh's idea of jollyng his boss. Sometimes it worked and sometimes it did n't.

"Hand me my boots," was the leading man's reply, and the dresser knew he had failed of his purpose.

The actor seized a towel, and digging vigorously into the cold cream, cleaned his face preparatory for its coating of color. Then he paused, and after musing about the let-

ters for a minute, extracted one of them and reread it. He took no joy in the perusal, but threw it far aside, picking up a stick of flesh-colored grease paint. Again he hesitated, laid it down, stared at the blue crayon for the lining of his eyelids, and at last, in a sort of frenzy, rubbed his face until the shine of the cream was eliminated and reached for his costume.

Walsh stared at his unpainted countenance in amazement, but it was evident that the boss knew what he was about, and the dresser made no further comment. There was a knock at the door. The knob was turned by the property man and the white bull terrier came bounding in. Weybourn's momentary gloom disappeared. They romped like children and the terrier was in transports.

"Overture over—ready, Mr. Weybourn," called the assistant stage manager.

"Fire away," replied the leading man, picking up his riding crop. Walsh opened the door and ushered the two out, the bull terrier at the heels of his master, slowly waving his tail and treading with importance. "Romping's all very well in the dressing-room," waved the white dog, "but one must have dignity before these actors."

A fierce beating of palms from E-6-L almost anticipated his entrance. The noise swelled into a more general hand-clapping, to which was added a little running "Ah-h-h-h" as the white dog also swung into view. The dog walked to the footlights, blinked a little, snuffed at the audience. "This bores me," he decided, and curled up on his accustomed chair.

"Don't you think he's handsome?" whispered E-6-L to her uncle.

"Mmm, yes," returned the uncle, "pretty good dog."

"He looks sort of upside down," whispered the aunt, more understandingly. It was trying to the niece—but it was so. Her hero was shadowy where he should have been white, with high lights where there should have been shadows. They could n't understand, but Betsy, his wife, coming in through the front of the house, took in the situation at

a glance. Even as she gasped, the business manager, Walters, who had ushered her through the gates, whispered in the darkness:

"What's the matter with that handsome husband of yours? He looks like 'Camille.'"

Mrs. Weybourn was standing on tiptoes, for she was very little, staring at the stage in amazement. "Well, what do you think of Marty Weybourn?" was her aspirated answer. "He's gone and forgotten his make-up."

At the end of the act her high heels tapped back to her husband's room. She moved fluffily, everything about her was feminine, yet there was the decision in her eye and the practical look in her face which is generally believed to be antipodal to beauty.

The door was open and Weybourn was standing before the mirror viewing himself with a sort of bitter complacency. His wife addressed him severely, seeing that he was aware of his lack of the essential color.

"Marty Weybourn, go put on some rouge. You look like a dying calf from the front."

"No," said Weybourn pointedly, "I look like a man. Read that!" He singled out the criticism of Maria Fitzroy Farrington.

Mrs. Weybourn scornfully swept the page with a glance. "Nonsense! She wants you to come to see her. Besides, what does she know about the necessity of counteracting the false lights of the theater? She's an idiot."

"Of course she is," exclaimed the young man, growing suddenly excited, "but they're all idiots who deign to write to me. I don't draw anything else. I must be a fool, too."

He flung himself despondently into a chair, and the dresser quietly stepped out, closing the door behind him—the actor had no change of costume between the first and second acts. Mrs. Weybourn picked up the rouge foot and blue lining pencil, and perched on his knee. Her husband lifted his arms to clasp her waist, and groaningly let her line his eyes and rub a little color over his face. "Yes, you're a goose all right," she agreed, "but a different kind from the flock who come to see you. Besides," she continued persuasively, "though all the theater-

goers are n't letter writers, every reply you make will bring the writer and the writer's friends to the theater over and over again. —It adds to your popularity in all ways and lays a foundation for your starring." He made no response and having completed his make-up, she picked up the mound of envelopes. "Are they all for me to look at?"

"Sure, dear." He viewed himself critically.

She was reading the letters without any particular display of interest or emotion. One she held up.

"Shall I buy this old San Francisco 'girlie' of yours two or three seats?"

"Two," answered Weybourn promptly. "What nerve! I can barely remember her!"

"All right," responded the small secretary. "I'll send her two and she'll buy the third seat herself. They always do."

"Getting near you, Mr. Weybourn," said Walsh, withdrawing from the door where he had gone to listen to the progress of the scene on the stage.

"I tell you," said Weybourn, passing out of the room with his wife, "when I get a bunch of letters like that—nothing to do with my art, nothing to do with my mind—it makes me lose heart." A scarcely perceptible pause in the lines reached his ears—"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, leaping to the stage a half second late.

Betsy sighed over this sudden abbreviation of their conversation—she never liked to leave him perturbed. The white bull terrier, tied to the chair leg, and Walsh smiled understandingly. They both loved their master better than they did their master's wife, yet they were inclined to think she was too good for him. As a rule, the mutual friends of the Weybourns were divided on this subject. She was an inconspicuous member of a miserable company when he met her, already half a failure in life, for when a young girl she had gone through a library school and had not passed the examinations. It was a blow, but, after a week's study of her pretty face, she practically decided it was her only asset, and became an earnest though untalented actress.

That she would be as a ball-and-chain to the rising artist was the firm conviction of his friends. They were almost gratified when she gave up playing to "live off of him"—as they were positive that from such a

time he would steadily retrograde. But to their surprise, and the delight of the pro Betsies, he contrarily ascended—although the white bull terrier and Walsh knew who was blazing the trail toward success.

"I'll be out in front, Walsh," said she.

She sat in the last row again, with no thought of the young lady in E-6-L, no thought of any of those whose letters filled her bag, but with eyes wandering from row to row, seeking out and lingering on the coiffed heads of New York's fashionable world. She wished passionately that some of those women *would* write to Marty—just to make him feel that his work was "understood." When the play was over she loitered in the aisle that she might pass through the zinc covered door after the audience dispersed. A party of four stood by Betsy while they adjusted their wraps. Two men and one of the women of uncertain age, the other woman distinctly under twenty-five, and beautiful. Character was stamped upon her face, breeding in her carriage. They were chatting together with the simplicity of those who had soared beyond the necessity of any affectations of manner.

"Marcia adores him," said the older woman, jestingly.

The girl admitted this. "I always go to see him. He plays well, but unevenly, it seems to me—with that loose manner of the emotional being who needs an intellectual grasp on something—or some one."

"You might offer yourself as a mental prop," suggested one of the men teasingly.

"Yes, Marcia"—the other woman spoke again—"Send him a line or two, a word from the erudite signed 'Hypatia.'"

Marcia's lips curled a little. "I don't write to actors—at least I never have, but if I did, my letter wouldn't be anonymous."

They passed out into the lobby.

Two nights later the leading man raised his eyes from the letter he was reading, and threw it to one side with an assumption of carelessness. "Better get some seltzer," he said briefly. He watched the dresser depart, then arose, crossed the room twice, and again picked up the letter from those which had already been opened. It was on stiff cream paper. The handwriting was small, firm and capable.

"Dear Mr. Weybourn:" read Marty, "Sometimes I write a little story, and sometimes it comes back to me. Then I am very sad indeed, for I thought I had a message to the world. I put the tale away, and after awhile I take it out again and I see that it is well that my efforts did not reach the world, for the message is very poorly expressed, and so the little story goes behind the logs of my fire."

"Every night you have a message for us who come to see you. You can not take it back again after it has been delivered, so it must always be of the best. There is no glowing log wherein to despatch your poor work. These are the nights when your fine performance does not illumine us, and we little ones who grope after things of worth go away perplexed, and we ask one another, as we sit at supper, if real art

should vary, and there are misunderstanding brutes at that supper who say you can not act, which angers us who know you can. Besides, we have a feeling that you, somewhere in this great city, are also sitting over a friendly meal, but sick at heart because you have not done your splendidest. So, dear Mr. Weybourn, do your best, always, for the sake of your own self, and for those who come to enjoy you as the most excellent medium of a noble calling.

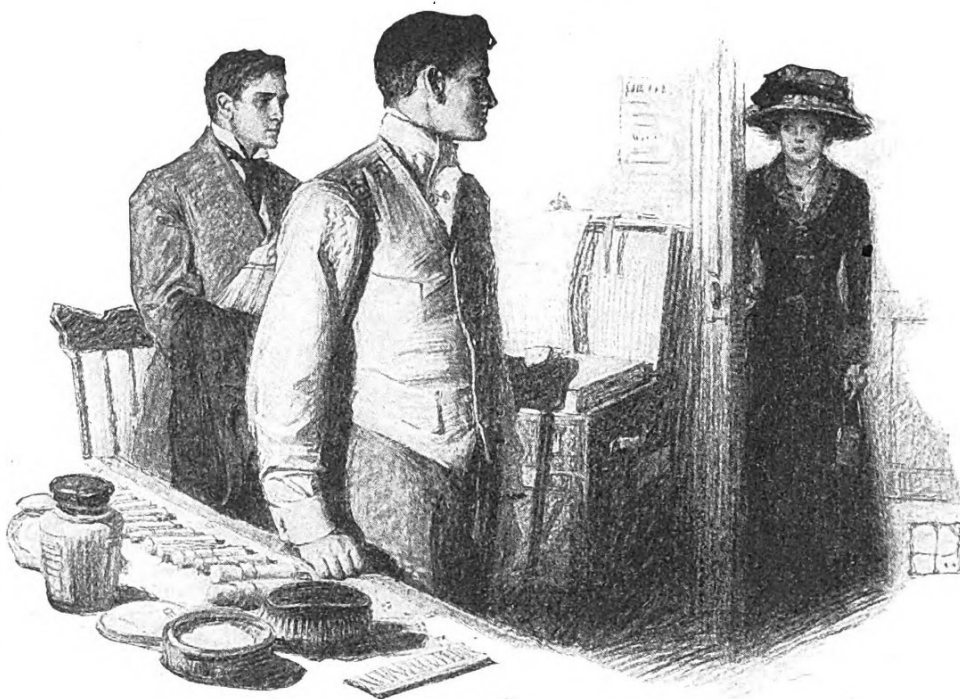
"And now, though I have said my say, womanlike, I can not close, for I must explain to you my rudeness when I do not sign my name in full. Yet I am not ashamed that I have written—only this is an excursion into another world for me; a world of phantasy, which an earthing like myself hugs to herself. I give my pen name and the address where all those manuscripts come hurtling home to me. I do not wish you to reply, but I scorn utter anonymity."

MARCIA KENDRICK.

"General Delivery, Post-office Z, New York City."

When Walsh returned, accompanied by the white bull-terrier, the letter topped the heap waiting for the advent of Betsy, while her husband smiled and whistled and vowed that he would play as no actor had ever played before. "How pleased she'll be; how pleased!" he uttered to himself. "Some credit from 'those others,' after all. And in such charming style—true, yet not so awfully direct, not so practical"—a pause—"direct? practical?" he questioned.

He seated himself and pulled at the white dog's ears. The white dog



At the end of the act her high heels tapped back to her husband's room

was patient. "That's what I've got 'em for," he blinked.

"What if Betsy," continued Marty introspectively, "with her stern, common sense, laughs at the letter! What would she suspect if I refused to answer it! Why, she might send one in her slanting, unformed hand when I was out—an awful one—breathing of New England dinners." He jumped to his feet. "No, I don't mind her seeing it—it is n't that—but this is the letter which should go unanswered, showing that it has reached me only by my work, by my improvement. It is a letter which must be destroyed."

It was not until the second act that Betsy dropped in for the mail. Marty was on in the scene, the dog tied to the leg of the chair. She swept the outbursts into her bag and turned to go, for they were to entertain at supper after the play was over and there were things to be done. A round of applause at the end of one of Weybourn's speeches reached her ears, and she smiled happily, patting her stuffed bag. The white dog called after her: "There's another one under the upper shelf paper," but, of course, she did n't understand him.

A week after that, on matinee day, Weybourn, hurrying into the theater ahead of his wife, swished over his mail, which was laid on the dressing-room shelf and selecting a heavy cream envelope, slipped it into his pocket before Betsy entered. He was sorry he did this, but he had begun the thing and now he would have to see it through. In spite of his misery, his heart beat happily—a curious combination of emotions which only the temperamental can enjoy.

This letter was Her second. He had already grown to think of the lady as Her, preferring it to Marcia, as less personal. There had been nothing of the personal in the answer he had sent her—he had insisted upon this as the right thing. He knew, too, that it was what she would want. He had withdrawn to his most dignified club for the writing of the epistle and had succeeded only at the third draft in telling her how he appreciated her criticism. It was a letter of thanks, nothing more. A graceful letter, however; better than anything Betsy could have framed.

But he felt touched about Betsy, now that this second message had come. She was so splendidly capable—up to her limitations—it was hardly fair. He stooped and kissed her as she approached the shelf.

Betsy pinched him on the wrist as an exchange of affection. "Any letters?" was her only comment.

Marty pushed them toward her warily. "Only three."

She departed soon, and after a little, by more strategy, Walsh was induced to leave. Then Marty got out the letter. It was short, thanking him for his thanks. "You need not have written," ran the words, "to prove that my first kindergarten efforts to advise were not disdained. By the unconscious connivance of delightful friends I was a witness to your fine work on the night that my letter must have reached you. I was so proud! I sat up like a happy little school of acting and beamed at my first pupil. Did n't you feel—no, not me—but that you were doing well?"

"And now I say ugly things again—hands lifted for forgiveness as I boldly criticise—but don't you think your transition from joy to grief comes too quickly in the third act? Perhaps I rebel because glove handkerchiefs can hold so few tears in these days, and mine is always very limp before the climax. That is jesting, and there is no slippancy in art, but ask yourself to-day if one can feel such sorrow in so short a space of time. And if I am wrong, then hate forevermore your critic."

"Pat the white dog for me."

MARCIA KENDRICK."

Weybourn had not expected to write her again, but now he must, for she was wrong about that scene and he must tell her so. She did not understand how the action had to be swift; how he had to work into the emotion quickly, so that he could reach his climax in the given time. Perhaps, too, she did not know—she who lived a controlled existence—how easily one of his kind can go from joy to sorrow.

In the middle of the third act it came to him that the man he was playing was not an emotional creature like his kind, but a thorough worldling, and if that were so, should the transition come quickly, after all? He decided to try tempering his agony, working into it—just for Her gracious sake. He did this, heart beating with nervousness, for he had played a long time the other way and it was difficult to change the mechanics of the rôle. The curtain fell upon a deadly onslaught of women's palms. He saw the stage-hands watching in the wings as he, with the leading woman, took their many calls; he saw Walters, the manager, passing through the zinc door, flashing approval. More than all this, he, the workman, knew that for the first time he had builded rightly.

Of course, he must go to the club now to admit his error—even though



She was very white and still

his dinner was abbreviated to a chop. He would make up to Betsy for this by sending her some tulips.

And possibly the best thing to be said of Weybourn as the season advanced and the notes flew back and forth, was that he never failed to "make up" to Betsy for the intellectual outpourings of his soul to another woman. At least he atoned in every way he could.

The correspondence had become delightful. The two were wonderfully reading the same books, and there was so much to say about them; so much that could n't be written! Oh, if they could meet! But no, that was impossible! They were seeing the same plays and operas on odd days, and once she said she had sat very near him. She was funny about it; they both blew their noses at the same time all through "La Bohème"—it was such a teary opera! Not once did she mention Betsy, who was always with him. He decided this was very fine; it showed how purely mental was her attitude. For the same reason he did not touch upon a subject so mundane as his marriage.

Through March he grew terror-stricken, fearing she would go South with her fashionable friends. It was then—he reasoned—that he saw clearly; if he did not meet his lady soon, before she might whimsically cease to write, and if, in consequence, his art suffered, would not Betsy, the ambitious, be more concerned than by any intellectual friendship? He went immediately to the club.

The lady had been sending him delicious nonsense of late regarding her walks in the park. She had found a clump of pine trees in one corner corresponding with the members of his company, and there was a very lofty one firmly in the center which she called Marty (he had admitted that some called him Marty), and there was, as well, a slender silver birch among a baby forest of trees growing in a sort of hollow which she was pleased to fancy as herself among the audience.

Marty, after much searching, aided by the white dog, found the clump. He liked Marcia being the silver birch, and he liked being the big pine tree, but he did not care so much for its position in the center of the stage like a selfish actor. He wrote about this; in fact the wildness of the spring grew in his blood also. He was continually in the park watching Nature play the same old game.

Once Marcia spied him. "I ran as though I had never seen a man before," she confided. "I was sure if we met face to face, I would cry 'Marty,' and you answer 'Marcia.' No, you would cry 'Marcia' first—I insist upon that—and then we would stand breathless before each other until—until you remembered your manners and introduced me to the white dog."

After that Weybourn felt bound, in duty bound, to suggest that they do meet. For six nights from the posting of the letter he received no word.

On the seventh day he received a missive. In the language of Weybourn's associates it would have been termed "hurt stuff." To the leading man's agonized senses it was, as well, a delicate suggestion that he was not a gentleman. Marty crushed up the letter and destroyed it as he had destroyed the others.

He did n't go to the club the next day—he walked in the park with Betsy, moodily silent, and tried not to be annoyed when his wife counted the crocuses in one bed and calculated the expense to the city. He determined a thousand times over to break the spirit of Marcia. When he reached the theater, he found a note sent by messenger; a gay little note. "She could n't fight against the spring," she wrote; "the soft earth was relenting—she would relent, she would forgive."

Weybourn replied and protested that she had anything to forgive; rather would he be lenient. It was a mighty letter; he trembled until the answer came—a humble little note—gray like the day, as tearful as the skies, but as gentle. The incident was closed—the quarrel was over, and, as the leading man ceased his advances, she crept forward like the season.

In April the meeting took place. It came about by force of circumstances. Which one forced the circumstances they are ever yet contending; but a play was put into the hands of Weybourn by his mighty management—a play in which he figured as the greatest pine tree of them all, ever in the center. "It will make a star of you," said the management with meaning.

Weybourn flew to the club, brain swimming. In a lone corner he read the excellent possibilities for him and knew that he had at last "arrived." One scene perhaps would have to be changed—the managers had spoken of it also—so he gathered up the manuscript and

[Continued on page 614]

The Tenderfoot Goes Bear Hunting

by Harris Dickson

Author of "The Changing South"

Illustrations by CHARLES SARKA

"LOOK, here, Rat, the *Japan* ain't no *Bob Lee*: how's she goin' to carry all that plunder?" Cap'n Dave squeezed through the forward door of the gasoliner and planted one huge foot on the gunwale of the shanty-boat beside her. The tiny stern-wheeled *Japan* rocked beneath his weight. There he stood, like a blue-shirted Colossus frowning at the "River Rat" and a mysterious camp outfit which was stacked on the bank. Rat felt his shame, and refused to look up.

Cap'n Dave stepped ashore in the mud and kicked at some queer shaped leather cases. "What's them things?"

"Don't know," answered the Rat.

"I'll bet that greeny never got 'em in Vicksburg."

"No, he sent for 'em to New York. Dave—" the Rat straightened up—he was a clear-eyed young fellow—and looked the angry Cap'n Dave squarely in his eye—"Dave, tain't no use for you an' me to fall out about this; we're in for it. That feller saw me at the hotel when I was sellin' fish. Somebody had pumped him full o' notions about hunting on the Little Sunflower an' he went bug-house—jes crazy to go. Asked me if I could take him, and I said 'sure.' He skinned a hundred-dollar bill off his roll, jes like a cigarette paper, and told me to buy some provisions. I just bought the regular chuck—coffee and sow-belly and navy sixes—and he run in the bunch o' fancy things."

"Well, who's goin'? Covey o' dudes, I reckon?"

"No, jes him. I asked him how many friends he was goin' to take, an' he jes laughed—said fer me to pick out five good fellers—his friends bored him stiff in the neck. Honest, Dave, I felt kinder sorry fer him. He wanted every one o' my friends to be the biggest liar between Vicksburg and St. Louis. You can sure hold *that* job with the *Japan* at fifty dollars a week."

Dave quit growling and took hold of a box. "Bear a hand. Stow these things aboard. I'm skittish of a dude with guns—here's nine kinds o' new-fangled firearms."

"And nine kinds o' fancy drinks," suggested the Rat.

The two men loaded the *Japan* and her tow with puzzle packages. Presently Dave stopped and rubbed his bristly beard until it rasped like a currycomb. "Rat, how did you call that name o' his'n?"

Rat tried to remember, then fumbled in his pockets and produced a bit of pasteboard:

"Mr. Richard Edrington Saville, Patroon Club."

Dave whistled; "Frisky, ain't it? Ketch hold here." He lifted the barrel, then dropped it and exclaimed: "Hello, look what's coming!"

Both the river rats stared at a prodigy that strode down the declivity with the joyous abandon of twenty-six prosperous years. Shiny leggings, corduroy hunting-suit and cap—everything spick-span new, including a rosy shave on a round and smiling face. "Hello, boys," he remarked with that assurance which feels certain of a welcome.

There are surprises, even in a green-horn. Mr. Richard Edrington Saville pulled in the headline which the Rat cast off, and wiped his muddy hands on those gorgeous trousers. Then he had sense enough to keep out of the way while Dave was cranking the engine.

The little *Japan* moved off fussily, shoving the shanty-boat. They stopped at a fish dock for Rube, the negro cook, and

Villars, an unkempt white creature, barefooted, with breeches rolled up to his knees and straggly hair like the ends of an unraveled rope.

At the ferry Johnny Dutch clambered aboard, with a face like a smile on the bottom of a dish-pan, and a whining black-and-tan dog in his arms. Saville stroked the dog. "Now, Dutchy, we're friends."

"Possible so—vat's your name?"

"Savvy."

"Dot is good." Dutch caught sight of old man Villars: "Vy for you bring him? Ole talkin' masheen—he say dere ain't no sense to wear shoes in summer, an' he can't fool dose feet in vinter dime. He walk on der ice an' his feet dey knock out der sparks."

At noon next day Saville sat on the forward roof of the shanty-boat, dangling his legs through the door. It was so good to be alone. "Little Sunflower," the Captain called.

Little Sunflower River had deposited a mud-bar across its mouth, leaving a narrow passage through which its clear water discharged into the muddy Yazoo. Above these shallows the stream broadened and lay still, with high banks and solemn woods on either side. Fallen trees lay across the water, a blue crane stalked along the sand-bar, the *poule d'eau* swam close ashore, and ducks flew low overhead.

The Rat stood up on the roof and shouted, "Hello, Simon! Savvy, here's our camp. Yonder's Simon with the dogs. He's the best bear-hunter in this swamp."

A middle-aged negro appeared on top of the bank, surrounded by his dogs.

"Where's the camp?" asked Saville.

"Yonder—see the shacks—under these pecan trees."

The shanty-boat swung in shore. Before the Rat could stop him, Saville dropped from the roof, took two quick steps and bounded for the bank. He made a good jump—into the mud—and sunk to his waist.

"Never mind, Cap, I'll get him out," Simon shouted, and the boats passed on. The negro plunged down the slope, snatching up brushwood as he came and throwing it to Saville. "Easy, boss; res' yo'se'f on dese 'till I git some mo'." He kicked forty dogs to right and left, and dragged Saville to firm ground.

"Boss, dem mud banks is mighty 'ceitful. Us better come to camp whar I kin clean you off."

In the midst of a yelping pack, the green-horn followed the bear-hunter into camp and sat down on a log. Simon took out a hunting knife and began scraping the mud off Saville's clothes. "Dat's all right, boss. Dees clothes ain't no 'count till you gets 'em christened. I never has luck wid new clo'se. We'se got to get the hang o' each other, same way as you has got to git used to de woods. I been here two days lookin' 'round—got a big ole she-bear picked out for you. She ranges nigh de Green Water. My dogs stumbled upon her unbeknownst dis mornin' an' she kilt two o' 'em. But you'll git her—you'll git her."

"Are there many bears in here?"

"Many? Dey's thicker'n fleas on a fat pig—got trails throo de cane-brake same as cows."



"Easy, Boss; res' yo'se'f on dese 'till I git some mo'."



"Hello, dere. Ve want some water"

And deers—you can knock 'em down wid a stick. It'll sho' be some credit when you gets dat ole she-bear."

Simon had selected a level spot overlooking the river where there was plenty of driftwood, built a shack high enough to crawl under, and covered it with brush.

"You don't use tents?" Saville inquired.

"No suh, boss; dey tole me you wanted to hunt jes like we hunts. Tents is a heap o' trouble to tote around, and bears pick the mos' on-handly places fer to live in."

At the foot of the steep bank Capt. Dave had made his boats fast.

Dutch came first ashore

bringing his dog, then went back and helped the others unload their camp utensils. "Dat's right Cap'n," Simon called down; "give de boss a snack; he wants to git into de cane-brake."

The forked sticks were ready for the pot, a fire burned against the back-log, and Rube got the dinner. Simon did not wait. He took a couple of biscuits and started off. "I'll saddle de mules, Boss. We jes got time to get dat ole she-bear by de Green Water."

Saville turned to Cap'n Dave. "How far is the Green Water?"

"About three miles. It's a scummy green lake with cypress trees standing all around like a lot of dead men with skinny fingers; dark in the middle of the day—and lonesome! I ain't skittish none, but one time I went there to shoot some ducks. My dugout wasn't makin' no noise an' I was lyin' still, but I heard noises same as people whispering behind the trees; something kept splashing in the water, but I couldn't see a thing. I paddled along easy, bumped my dugout against a log, and backed off. There *war n't* no log—*war n't* nothing. Ef 'twas an alligator lying on top, he sunk without sayin' nothin'. Everything was so creepy it give me the fidgets; kep' me lookin' over my shoulder like a boy in a graveyard. When the ducks began to fly in, I shot two; one with each barrel. They fell in open water—I could see 'em, plain as the fingers on this hand. One was dead and one went flapping across the lake with a broken wing. I paddled to him first and just as I leaned over to pick him up, he squawked and disappeared. Something grabbed 'im from below. I turned around, and—the other duck had gone. Then I lost my nerve and come home."

"Dere is much alligators in dem lakes," observed Dutch.

"See here Dutch, twarn't no alligators that give me that creepy feelin'—it was somethin' else."

"You get sick mit the liver—possible so." Dutch had no imagination.

Simon came up leading two mules: "Now boss, you and Mister Dutch jes ride along wid me and you'll get a shot befo' the sun goes down. No suh, I wouldn't trust dat rifle—better take a shot-gun. I'm gwine to get you a close shot, not more'n twenty feet—all you got to do is to lay low and wait."

Dutch threw a sack across his mule with a dozen bottles of beer in each end. "Simon say ve wait maybe two hours, maybe two days, before dot bear come along."

As they started off with the pack, Simon noticed the trembling cur that crept along right under the mule that Dutch rode. She stared and snapped at the other dogs like a kitten in a corner. "Mister Dutch," suggested Simon, "I specs you better leave dat pup in camp—"

"Vilhelmina goes mit me."

Simon said no more, but walked on, and Saville asked, "Couldn't we travel faster if you rode?"

"No suh, boss. Shanks' mare is de bes' hoss for dese woods; dis swamp is so thick, unless you knows de way mighty well you can't git nowhars."

They rode on through a tangled wilderness of underbrush which grew densely about the feet of magnificent oaks, giant cottonwoods and graceful cypress trees. Simon talked but little and Dutch puffed on his pipe. The dogs quit their yelping and steadied down to the business before them. For a while Saville asked questions and whistled between times, but in spite of himself, he kept thinking of what Dave had said about the Green Water where a man could lose his nerve. He began to

feel the oppressive silence and the subtle spirit that pervaded the swamp. That was why he whistled.

"Dis is de place." Simon stopped and hitched their mules securely; then he led Saville a hundred yards further to a low promontory that jutted into the Green Water. The opposite shores came nearly together, like the waist of a wasp, and across the narrow space a fallen cottonwood had made a bridge.

"Now boss, you set right here; I'm gwine to roust dat ole bear outen de cane-brake, an' she's gwine to cross dis log befo' dem dogs git done chasin' her. When de bear comes across dat log, you wait till she gits on dis end, plum clear o' de water, den let 'er have it behin' de shoulder. Don't shoot whilst she's *on* de log, 'case my dogs mought git excited an' jump in on top of 'er—den de alligators'll git 'em. Ef she's on dis side o' de lake she'll come de udder way. Den you mus' shoot 'er befo' she gits on de log."

Saville listened attentively. Simon blew up his dogs, they crossed the log in single file and the cane-brake swallowed them like a string of ants going into a hole.

Saville looked all around him without saying a word. Dutch hitched up his trousers: "I pelief I dakes a bottle of beer." He went back to the mule and returned with half a dozen. Saville watched that wretched little dog. She never got three feet from her master and kept her tail between her legs.

Saville sat down on a bit of driftwood and leaned against a hollow-hearted cypress. Before him and around him lay the Green Water with the scum and the moss, the water unthinkably still as if painted there in daubs of green, and over all, the brooding solitude.

"Dutch, what makes that water so green?"

"Der color of it."

"Wonder what that is?" Saville rose, went to the water's edge and stooped, meaning to scoop up a handful of scum which was not scum at all, but a tiny plant. A dull brown log lay convenient and Saville started to step upon it, then jerked back his foot, for the log began to move. It did move, quite perceptibly, passed into the lake pushing the scum before it, and sunk. This happened in broad daylight before his very eyes. Saville stared: "Look Dutch, look!"

"Yah, dere he goes. You vake 'im up already."

"Who? What?"

"Alligator; gosh ding, he's a big feller; maybe fourteen to twelve foot. You step on 'im, huh?"



Dutch left the trail and burst through a portiere of briers

Saville felt squeamish inside, but walked back to his seat without asking questions.

"I pelief I dakes annudder bottle," said Dutch, and Saville joined him.

For hours they talked intermittently, but for the most part held their silence; silence seemed the law of the wood, and its hush lay heavy on the Green Water. There was no use arguing with himself. Saville felt the creepiness that makes a fellow lose his nerve.

Faint and far off, through the cane-brake, came the baying of a hound. Vilhelmina whined and crept closer to her master. Saville bounded to his feet.

"What's that?"

"Dot's Simon's dog; he's blenty far." Soon the dogs, many of them, commenced barking again. "He's a whole lot nearer—they are coming this way." Saville spoke excitedly and began fingering his trigger.

The barking ceased. Saville had time to meditate and watch the scanty patch of sky that showed through the trees. Except at noon there could be no sunshine on this lake. By three o'clock twilight set in, and a growing dimness filled the swamp.

For another hour they heard nothing. The bear must have dodged and doubled on his track. Presently Dutch suggested: "Ve petter look out behind already."

Saville looked out behind, and looked around, but mostly kept his eyes glued on that log. A twenty foot shot it would be; six paces, it seemed much nearer. He could almost touch the log with the muzzle of his gun.

"Dutch, how many bears have you killed?"

"Me? Not one. I fishes. How many you kilt already?"

Saville blurted out the truth: "I never saw a bear outside of a menagerie."

"Gosh ding! I dought you vas de killer—mit all dot rig."

Dutch guzzled a bottle in haste; Saville heard the neck rattle against his teeth. His hands were trembling.

A lone blue crane, perching in the top of a dead tree, uttered his discordant squawk. "Dot crane see some ding." Dutch dropped the empty bottle and ambled toward the mules.

It was psychologically the wrong moment for any man to be left alone. Suddenly, right beside him as it seemed, Saville heard one short quick bark; then a perfect babel uprose across the Green Water—the yelping and baying of excited animals. High above the clamor came a scream of mortal agony and fear—some foolish pup that had ventured too near. Wilhelmina tucked her tail and ran for the camp.

It might not have been so terrifying if Saville could have seen—but he could n't. The tenderfoot stood erect, for the first time listening to the music of a pack, the crackle of dry cane, the rending asunder of creation.

Dutch was half way to the mules. He didn't stop—he kept going. But for his example Saville might not have run. He could feel his heart thumping; a singular weakness attacked his knees.

"Shoot him! Shoot him!" yelled Dutch, "I forgot mine gun!" For one sickening instant Saville's legs refused to work, then got into running order. Dutch left the trail and burst through a portiere of briars that hung beside the lake. This made an opening for Saville. They heard the dogs breaking cover on the far side of the lake and darting across the log, flashes of white and black and yellow. Neither of them saw the bear, but the mules did. No mule has time to waste on a bear. They snorted, snapped their bridles and followed the men. In the underbrush Saville thought it was the bear. He turned, fired both barrels, then dropped his gun. It was a pretty race, but the mules had all the advantage from the start. They ran over the men, knocked them aside, and galloped on with their tails in the air.



Laughing to himself, he crept back and pinned the rag to the clothesline

Dutch caught his neck in a vine which jerked him backwards. The bear had dodged to the left; they heard the diminuendo of the chase as it passed beyond their hearing.

Saville, disgusted with himself, came back and gazed down at Dutch. Dutch rolled over. "Ve must ketch dose mules," he remarked placidly.

"Why did you run away?" demanded Saville.

"You vas in the front."

The men got over their fright, but the mules did not. Mules have no pride. More than this they knew where they were going. Every half mile or so Dutch picked up a bottle to show that he was still following the trail. "Dem mules got away," Dutch finally remarked, and dropped on a log. Saville sat down sulkily beside him.

"Dutch," he said after a while; "I feel ashamed; don't you?"

Dutch sat and panted until his breath came back. "You know vot dose fellers do to you to-morrow—over dere?" indicating with a gesture that elusive camp somewhere on the horizon.

"Do to me? What?"

"Dey cut already off your shirt tail and hang 'im up mit your name on."

"For what?"

"You shoot nix. You run away. I have much times see a clothes line of dem full in der camp."

"And will they cut off yours?"

"Mine odder shirt is at home vich is got tails. Dis von not."

Dutch had been taking his bearings. "Come," he said. By keeping sight of a particular star they held a straight course for many miles until Dutch stumbled into a wire fence. "Dere's a light."

They felt their way around the fence and never let go of it. "Now," said Dutch, "dere is a road, and ve go to dot light."

A thin sheet of light shone out from under the door of what appeared to be a cabin. Around it stood a forest of dead trees, ghostly white, hiding their heads in the somber sky. But there was the light. They strode through the sassafras brush and came to a fallen fence which had once enclosed the cabin. The outhouses had tumbled down, the mud-and-stick chimney lay in ruins. There was no animal of any kind; no dog, no mule, nothing. Weeds grew rank, and no path led to the rotten steps. But there was the light.

"Dutch, suppose you go up there and get a man to guide us back to camp."

"Maybe you go." Dutch did not advance an inch.

Together they went up to the gallery where the boards had fallen in. But there was the light. Side by side they came to the edge of the gallery, and Dutch rapped on it. "Hello, der house!" Dead silence, and that creepy crawly feeling.

"See here Dutch, I would n't wake up those people if I was n't so thirsty. I'm bound to have a drink of water."

They climbed cautiously to the gallery and knocked together.

"Hello, inside!" There was no answer; nothing but the light.

"Go in Dutch. We're bound to have some water."

"I ain't thirsty."

The dread of the Green Water, the bear fright and the silence had got them both unnerved. Their hands trembled as they lifted the latch, opened the door and peeped in.

"Hello dere. Ve vant some vater!" Then they pushed the door open.

A candle burned on a barrel-head in the middle of the floor; the draught set its flame a-tremble and shadows flickered on the floor. They saw a number of cots, each with its shrouded human figure.

"Gott in Himmel!" Dutch stumbled backwards and his leg crashed through a rotten board. Saville stood paralyzed and stammered: "We want some water."

A squeaky voice piped from the corner; "We ain't got no water. Day don't 'low us to have no water. We got de smallpox."

Saville tumbled off the gallery on top of Dutch. They rose together with an even start and ran. Sometimes a blind hog may pick up a persimmon—luck led them into a path.

Half a mile away they came to another cabin. It was dark, but there were mules in the lot and dogs that barked. It had a human suggestion. Dutch struck his foot against something at the gate. It jingled and he stooped—two bottles and a sack. "Yah, yah; dis is vere dose mules live."

Their shouting roused a sleeper. "Our mules run away," Dutch explained; "ve come to git 'em." For a dollar the negro agreed to guide them back to camp. After riding for half an hour they heard shots at regular intervals. "Dot's de camp. Dey makes dose shootings for us."

Saville had been doing a lot of thinking. He dismissed his guide and turned to Dutch. "Now, Dutch, wait a minute. What are we going to tell those fellows?"

"Tell a goot lie, I bet, if dot white-eyed Simon ain't dere. Dot nigger can look at our tracks an' tell vat ve vas dinking about. But he got sense, an' you pays 'im. Tell vot you please. He von't say nodding."

"All right. Now listen. The bear comes along—you remember that."

[Continued on page 612]

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Frank S. Dart, Photo.



CAPTAIN FRITZ DUQUESNE

of the Boer and Congo armies and field officer of the New Food Supply Society, who brought the desirability of introducing new food animals into America to the notice of Washington, and at whose instance Congressman Broussard presented the bill for the investigation of the project.

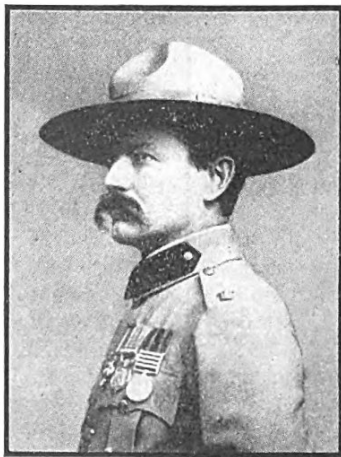
AMERICA is seriously in need not only of new food animals that will subsist on less valuable grazing land than is now occupied by our diminishing herds of cattle but also of new draught and wool-bearing animals and beasts of burden which can be maintained at a minimum of cost for food and care. It is only necessary to mention the commercially successful establishing of the ostrich in this country to make it evident to our readers that Captain Duquesne's proposal to import the hippopotamus, the giraffe, the camel, the yak, the llama, etc., is by no means as fantastic as it might at first appear.—*The Editors.*

CONGRESSMAN BROUSSARD of Louisiana, a member of the Ways and Means Committee of Congress, at the instance of the writer, recently presented the following bill at a special meeting of the House Committee on Agriculture which was called for a hearing of those interested in the proposal that certain African, Asiatic and South American animals at present practically unknown here be imported into the United States:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the Secretary of Agriculture be, and he is hereby directed to investigate and import into the United States, wild and domestic animals whose habitat is similar to Government reservations and lands at present unoccupied and unused;

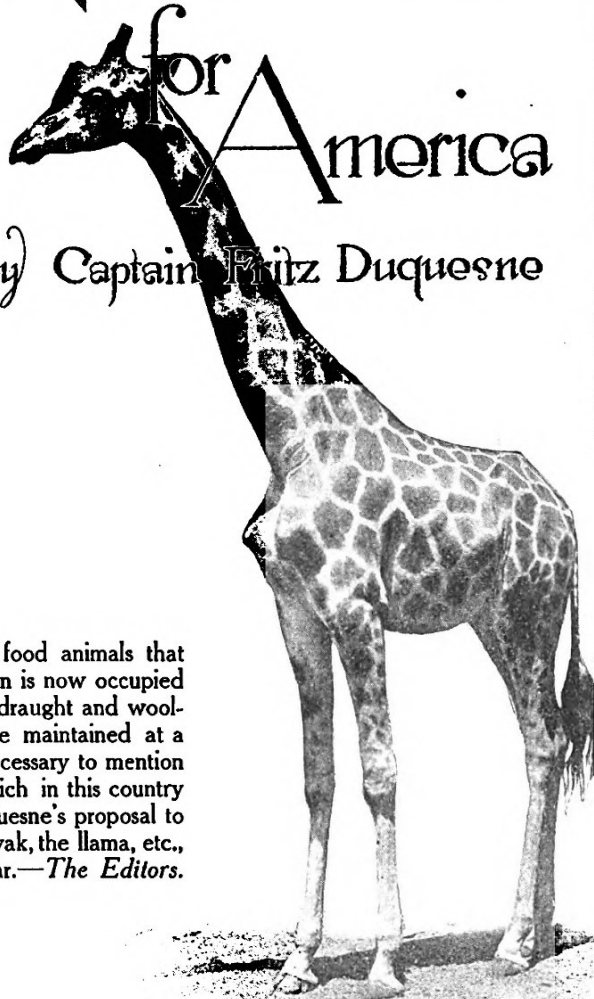
"Provided, that, in his judgment, said animals will thrive and propagate and prove useful either as food or as beasts of burden; and that two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or as much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, for this purpose."

My own testimony before the committee was supported by Dr. W. N. Irwin of the Department of Agriculture, who has made an extensive study of the country's food supply and the use as edibles of many wild and domestic animals of other countries, besides compiling a quantity of convincing figures in support of the bill. Another who gave valuable evidence as to the use of various African animals as food and whose testimony had great weight with the committee, was Major Frederick Russell Burnham, a noted American soldier, who was chief of scouts for the British army during the Boer War and



MAJOR
FREDERICK RUSSELL BURNHAM
Chief of Scouts, British Army, during the Boer War and explorer of British East Africa; a member of the New Food Supply Society, who supported Congressman Broussard's bill in testimony given before the Congressional Committee.

New Animals for America by Captain Fritz Duquesne



GIRAFFE

The tallest animal in existence, reaching from 18 to 20 feet in height. Its flesh is excellent and its hide is used for all purposes, being much tougher than ox hide. Its habitat is in the driest parts of the African deserts.

also one of the chief explorers of Rhodesia and British East Africa. This gentleman, who has written of the subject of transplanting African animals, spoke with an intimate knowledge of the West, South and Southwest, as he has spent a great part of his life ranching and hunting in these parts of the United States.

Cattle, Sheep and Swine Were Originally Imported

This bill, in its way, is as important as the Declaration of Independence, for to maintain the country's independence, it is necessary to maintain its food supply, the chief constituent of which is meat. Its object is to create a new meat supply to keep the country independent of the outside world and prevent the control or cornering of the supply by individuals or corporations within its boundaries. At the same time that the above bill was introduced, an association known as the New Food Supply Society was designed in Washington by Mr. Broussard and associates. An organizing committee, which includes prominent Congressmen of both parties, editors, naturalists and other representative men keenly interested in the movement, has been formed under the chairmanship of Mr. Broussard.

Of course, such an important



CONGRESSMAN
ROBERT
BROUSSARD
OF LOUISIANA
Member of the
Ways and Means
Committee. He
presented the bill
for the introduction
of new food
animals.

national undertaking as the introduction of new food animals into the country must be done in a thorough and scientific manner. Nothing must be haphazard and no indiscriminate importations must jeopardize the movement. The question must be studied, the country educated, and Federal and State laws passed to protect the imported animals from the guns of the ubiquitous game assassins that infest the country.

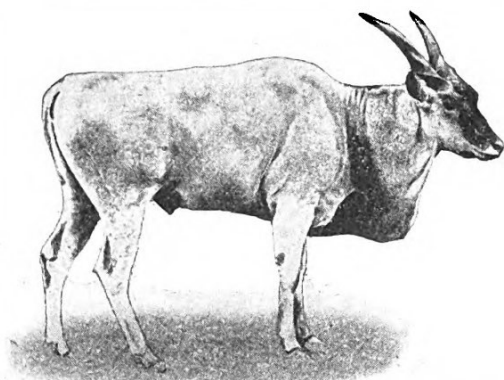
An argument against the importation of foreign animals has been brought forward by people who have given the objects of the bill only a very superficial study. They ask: "Why import game when we have the buffalo, which is indigenous and will grow without any trouble?" True, but the habitat of the buffalo is the same as that of the domestic cattle, and to grow more meat on the same land would be impossible. Breed the buffalo where the cattle are and the cattle must go. The habitat of most of the American game is similar to that of the imported domestic animals. Both could not occupy the same feeding grounds, and as a result the wild animals were driven out to make room for the more useful domestic animals.

Another argument against the importation of foreign animals is that they will not live here. It is a fact that all the domestic animals in this country, including the black and white human beings, were originally imported. The indigenous animals, including the Indians, have fallen back and died before the imported ones. Traveling menageries, where the animals undergo the worst possible treatment, are proof that almost any of the animals we purpose to introduce will thrive and propagate, so there is no fear on that score.

Another question that has been asked all over the country is: "Will these animals prove dangerous to human beings?" The answer to that is that dangerous animals will not be introduced on any account, and animals that would increase and become a pest, as the rabbit did in Australia, will also be excluded. The animals it is planned to introduce are all mammals which generally bear one offspring a year—never more than two. No such animals have ever become pests, and they can easily be exterminated at any time, should it be found necessary.

The Hippopotamus Would Thrive in Louisiana

It is indeed strange that the people of the United States, with their great spirit of progress, have been content to live mostly on the three food animals that were introduced by the early settlers from Europe. The early pioneers brought the cattle, sheep and swine which were their staple meats because they knew no others. They brought what Europe had. Since then the goat has been added and the reindeer was introduced in Alaska because no other animal so useful would live there. The reindeer experi-



ELAND

A fine beef and skin animal, standing from 5 to 6 feet at the shoulder and running from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds in weight. Largest of all antelopes; is easily domesticated, and its flesh is tender and juicy. It would live in Arizona, Texas and New Mexico.



WART-HOG

This good food animal and swamp dweller stands 26 inches in height and is not so formidable as it looks.



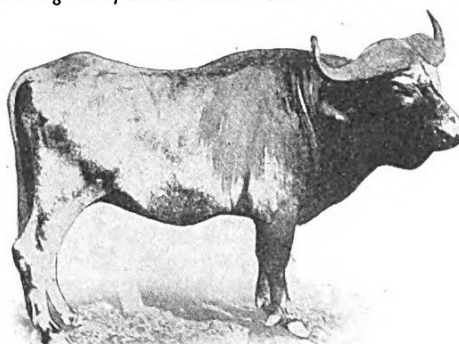
LLAMA

Used as a beast of burden all through the mountainous regions of South America. It supplies good food and splendid wool. The habitat of the llama is the arid snow regions of the Andes. It will transport 100 pounds.



CAMEL

There are two species; the dromedary or one-humped camel, and the Bactrian or two-humped. They are both good food and dairy animals, as well as beasts of burden. They would thrive in all the arid regions of the United States.



CAPE BUFFALO

A splendid beef and leather animal. It stands 5 feet high and resembles the ordinary domestic cattle, with the exception of the horns. It thrives in marshy country and would live in Louisiana swamps.



YAK

The domestic cattle of the snowy mountain regions of Asia. It resembles the ordinary ox, with a long hair growth on the belly. It would thrive in the Rocky Mts.



ZEBRA

There are many varieties, ranging from 12 to 16 hands in height. Its flesh is good and its hide of very fair quality. Successful tests have been made by Boer farmers in crossing the zebra with Clydesdale, Arab, Iceland and West Highland mares.

ment was very successful and has proven of great value to Alaska. The introduction commenced in 1891 with sixteen head. A year later one hundred and seventy were brought in, and varying numbers until 1902. In all, one thousand two hundred and eighty reindeer were imported and these have increased to a herd of twenty-five thousand. Here is an animal living in a habitat differing from the present food animals, eating different provender and not conflicting in any way with the domestic animals. Such examples support the contention of the New Food Supply Society; what can be done in Alaska can be done practically all over the country. The ostrich is another proof that the introduction of foreign animals is practical and profitable. When that bird was brought to America, the man who imported it was looked upon as an impractical dreamer. To-day, ostrich raising for feathers is one of California's important industries. Florida also raises a large number, and one of the Southern railroad lines, in its advertisements for settlers, speaks in glowing terms of ostrich growing on the desert, upholding the successful ostrich farmers on the Australian arid lands as examples of what can be done in the Southwest. The Mongolian pheasant, the sambar deer, the camel and every domestic animal in the country is proof that there will be no difficulty in breeding non-indigenous animals here. It is only a matter of knowing what animal is suited to and will thrive in a particular territory, what its value as food will be, what its other commercial values and its habits. It is for the study of these things that the New Food Supply Society was formed and the bill placed before Congress. As field officer of the new society, I have already made a study of the Louisiana marsh and swamp lands which offer a very favorable field indeed for the experiments. Already Congressman Broussard has offered to turn over a large experimental farm to the New Food Supply Society for this purpose.

When selecting species for introduction, it is very important that their food supply be taken into consideration. What struck me in Louisiana was the vast area of lifeless, dismal swamp and marsh land—six million four hundred thousand acres of it, that would with proper care produce one million tons of meat per annum, worth one hundred million dollars. To do that it would be necessary to place a herd of hippopotami in the swamps and bayous and breed them as we now breed cattle. Some of the swamp land can be drained and is now being drained, but that makes very little difference, for there is a great deal of it that can not be drained at any reasonable cost. The rivers are overgrown with millions of tons of water hyacinth and other aquatic plants which are the natural food of the hippopotami. They will eat other food, but prefer the water plant to anything else.

The hippopotamus, as any one who has traveled in Africa knows, is very good eating. The

flesh tastes something between pork and beef. It is highly esteemed by whites and natives alike. It is known among the Boers, who were the first whites to eat it, as Zee-Koe speck (sea-cow bacon) when it is cured. The hippopotamus is practically the beef of Africa. The fat, which lies between the skin and the flesh, and averages about two hundred pounds, is one of the purest animal fats known to science. It is in great demand for soaps and cold cream and brings a high price from the African trader.

The hippopotamus is the second largest animal in existence, the elephant being first. No other animal grows at such a rate. From birth it puts on one hundred pounds a month, weighing at three years three thousand six hundred pounds, and when full-grown four tons and a half. It breeds once a year even in the closest captivity, as the experience of the New York Zoological Park shows. The female confined in this Zoo produced nine calves in ten years and raised eight of them. Added to the enormous amount of meat and fat the animal supplies, there is the two-inch-thick hide which makes splendid leather, especially for automobile wheel covers, when split. These are only some of the valuable points in the ungainly hippo.

Of course, people would have prejudices against hippo steak at first, but they would soon learn to eat it. At present, according to some investigators, a great deal of the sausage sold in some of the Coast States is made of porpoise meat and slaughterhouse waste mixed together. The recent exposé of the cold storage methods which kept meat for years, waiting for a favorable market, should make people willing to prefer anything to that.

What to do with the swamp lands was once Louisiana's absorbing question. To-day the question with farmer, merchant and politician is how we shall keep down or destroy the water-hyacinth, which is an ever-growing menace to the health of the people, which is throttling the water highways of the State and has almost destroyed the fresh water fishing industry of the country, besides adding enormously to the State debt. Thousands of dollars are spent monthly on machinery, chemicals and experiments for the destruction of the costly and useless pest.

So far every scheme and plan adopted by the State has been a failure and the hyacinth goes victoriously on, choking the streams of the land, impeding the development of industry and agriculture, and preventing navigation; proving a tremendous loss to the river shipping.

Owing to a great increase in the number of cases of sickness in the districts adjacent to the watercourses, the New Orleans Department of Health made an investigation and found that the trouble was due to the pollution of the waters by millions of decaying fish rotting under the pestiferous water-lily, which caused their death. The stench arising from these dead fish made it almost impossible to stay in the vicinity of the rivers during the warm days. The fish are

destroyed by the absorption of the oxygen in the water by the hyacinth, which causes them to suffocate.

A hundred hippopotami in the hyacinth-infested swamps and rivers would do more to remove the hyacinth than all the chemicals and dredges in Louisiana, and at the same time provide valuable food for the country. The animal is not dangerous, as any managerie keeper will testify. At one time the Khedive of Egypt had a herd of tame hippopotami in his palace gardens on the side of the Nile, where they would romp and sport and flop into the water, never leaving their own feeding grounds. These gardens were open to the public. Of course the animal does get wild, as any other animal would, after half a dozen amateur hunters have wounded it with express bullets.

Another animal that would add to the wealth of the swamps and the food supply of the country is the Cape buffalo, a fine flesh animal, whose leather is far superior to ox hide and which does not take pneumonia, as did the domestic cattle that were placed on the Louisiana marshes to graze.

The wart-hog would also live well in the swamps and prove good food, as would the sitatunga, the bushbuck, the nsunu, the reedbuck and the waterbuck, all living more or less on aquatic plants, and, with the exception of the last, making good meat and leather, the waterbuck being good only for leather. These are eight animals that would grow where nothing is now produced but malaria, and add to the national wealth. The wonder is that they are not there already. These remarks apply to all the swamp lands of the country.

The Giraffe Would Be at Home in the Southwest

The lonely American deserts, which have produced nothing so far but cowboy romances and rattlesnakes, can also be stocked with valuable animals which would be of great service, if they only broke the heartrending monotony of the mournful sands. The giraffe, one of the most docile animals in the world, whose flesh is as good as any ever eaten, whose hide is so tough that it will turn even a spear and which will live on the cacti and bush of the desert, away from water and away from any conflict with the domestic cattle, should be placed in Arizona and New Mexico. The giraffe reaches the height of twenty feet and weighs a ton at full growth. A peculiar thing about the flesh of the giraffe is that it is absolutely free from uric acid, which is one of the great faults of the domestic beef, and which, according to some authorities, causes such diseases as rheumatism, gout, etc.

There are ten other African animals that would thrive on the arid country and add to the food supply. Most of them could be farmed like the ostrich, and all would thrive in a wild state. The bushbuck would do well in the foothills region. Its height is about three feet, its flesh has a very fine flavor and its leather is of the best quality. It has a relation known as the harnessed bushbuck, which is very common on the Kalahari Desert. It gets its name from its beautiful harness-like markings. The flesh and leather are the same as the bushbuck. The handsome gemsbok with its beautiful straight horns and white head is equally adaptable to the dry country. It grows to about four feet, weighs from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds, and is built about the hind quarters something like a well-built cob. I have met them in the middle of the Kalahari Desert where there was no water for hundreds of miles. It is a fine game animal and its flesh is excellent.

Then the mighty and fearless eland, averaging from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds in weight, is five feet six inches high, nine feet from the horns to the base of the tail, fawn-colored, with a white belly and sometimes white striped, has a splendid, juicy, tender flesh and a good hide; its friend, the koodoo, with its

mighty spiral horns, stands fourteen hands high and is as strong as a bullock. Both these animals are very desirable for this country and would thrive from Nevada to Mexico.

The oribi, a swift and beautiful gazelle, weighing thirty pounds, height twenty-two inches, color dark fawn and white belly, is splendid eating. It is a desert dweller, being a close relation to the steinbok, one of the most beautiful antelopes in the world. It has a peculiar habit of leading a solitary life.

The above remarks concerning the food and leather values of the animals and their adaptability apply equally to the Damaraland antelope, blue wildebeest, the hartbeest, the fleet-footed tsebebi, and that little antelope made famous by Colonel Roosevelt, the dik-dik, or nosebuck, a little fairy toy thing with tiny hoofs the size of a dime, and real jet black horns an inch long which it uses in its love duels, which are frequent considering the size of the beast. It gets the name of nosebuck because it has a prehensile upper lip. It weighs about twelve pounds and reaches the mighty smallness of twelve inches in height. It is easily tamed and its flesh is delicious. Its home would be the cactus patches of the Southwest.

The Patient, Profitable Camel

Outstripping all these animals in usefulness, as a friend to man, as a food animal, a dairy animal and a beast of burden, stands the camel, probably the first animal ever domesticated. To-day, this "ship of the desert" is the servant of man all over Asia, Africa and Australia. Whenever there was a stretch of desert that defied the ordinary advance of the pioneer, the camel, the patient hero of a thousand Oriental proverbs, was requisitioned, and with its help the arid wastes were conquered. There is no doubt about this animal living in the southwestern deserts or anywhere else in the country, for there was once a Government herd in Arizona which was running wild and thriving as though it were on its native sands. This herd was imported for army transportation during the Mexican War, I believe.

The Government made the mistake of not importing men to handle them, and, when they tried to put them to use, they found that the camels did not understand English and would not answer to the storm of invective and abuse that the soldiers hurled at them as though they were common mules. Had men who understood the camels been brought here to break in the cowboys and soldiers who handled them, instead of leaving them to apply noose and mule methods on the unfortunate beasts, there would be many a string of desert ships in the Southwest to-day and that country would be of greater value to itself and to the nation.

The Australians Harness Camels to Plows and Buggies

The Australians, who were prejudiced in favor of the horse for a long time, had only to be shown the camel's usefulness in opening up their great central desert when they took them into the country by thousands from Asia and Africa, and they have, by scientific building, within fifteen years won the proud distinction of producing the best draught camels in the world. And what is more, the great Australian desert is no longer an impassable waste. The camel trains with their tinkling bells and red tassels and valuable loads of merchandise, travel from one side of the continent to the other, adding millions to the wealth of the country. From the mines in the interior where there is no water for milling purposes, the camel comes laden with quartz. It can be seen pulling the plow, trotting to the farmer's buggy and it is used as a saddle animal. The camel requires very little care; it will carry from six to eight hundred pounds, requires no roads, lives on the country it travels through, and will go seven days without water. And just think that an increasing

herd of animals with all these virtues was allowed to be captured by a dollar-loving individual and sold to circuses through the apathy of the United States Government. The camel should be placed in the Southwest again and without delay. It would not be a profitable investment for any private individual.

The Virtues of the Yak and the Llama

There are thousands of square miles of waste lands in the Rockies that are practically of no commercial value as far as food production is concerned. Comparatively speaking, there is little life in them. As I write, I can, without long thinking, call to mind fourteen animals, all excellent food—and at least two fine beasts of burden—that would thrive and multiply in that territory. The yak of the Asiatic mountains is used exactly for the same purposes as our own domestic cattle. Its beef is as good as our ox beef; its milk compares favorably with our dairy product; it is used as a beast of burden, for saddle and harness, and its hair, which reaches the ground, is in great demand among Oriental carpet and rug makers. Its great value to the United States would be that it will live above the snow line and on the most uninviting provender. The land in this country resembling the yak's habitat—and there are thousands of miles of it—produces nothing in the way of food now and is practically uninhabited.

A companion of the yak in the mountains would be the llama of South America that lives from the plains bordering the Pacific to the arid heights of the snow-capped Andes. This is an animal whose wool is splendid and very long, which makes fine meat, and is also a beast of burden. In its home it is packed up to one hundred pounds. Like the yak, its habitat is absolutely different from any domestic beast in the country. Other animals from South America that would live in the Rockies are the vicuna and alpaca, both valuable for food and wool. The llama, alpaca and vicuna are of the camel family but more resemble sheep, though from twice to three times the size of the latter. The European chamois, famous for its meat and leather, is another animal that could be introduced into the mountains of the country.

African Antelopes Are Good for Food

There are eight African antelopes of varying sizes whose habitat is the mountains. The klipspringer, known as the African chamois, is perhaps the commonest and hardest to get at on account of the altitude of its home, which is in the more rugged and solitary mountains. It gets its name from its ability in springing from stone to stone and hanging on where a cat could hardly find a footing. It can balance itself on a space the size of a silver dollar. The name "klipspringer" is Dutch and means rock-jumper. This animal is twenty-two inches high and weighs on an average forty pounds. The rooibok, the red rehbok, the gray rehbok, the steinbok and the grysbok should all be in the United States, adding life, variety and beauty to the great unoccupied territories, and, what is more, making a reserve food supply.

Most of these antelopes will live well in domestication. At present there are many herds preserved by the Boers on their farms. The preservation movement had just set in when Great Britain attacked the Boer Republic and a great many of the herds were wantonly destroyed by the British soldiery. When the war ended, the Boers immediately collected the thin and scattered herds of their beautiful antelopes and preserved them, so to-day these animals that were on the verge of extermination have a hope of being preserved to posterity.

In British East Africa, the scene of Colonel Roosevelt's recent hunting expedition, and in fact all over European-controlled Africa, there are game reserves where it is unlawful to shoot

(Continued on page 624)

Fun in the Home

by Orison Sweet Marden

"WHAT makes you Americans hurry so?" asked a distinguished foreigner, now visiting this country. "This is not living, it is merely existing."

The American people as a rule take life too seriously. They do not have half enough fun. Europeans look on our care-worn, solemn-faced people as on pieces of machinery run at forced speed and which squeak for lack of oil.

Life has become so strenuous in this country that even Edward Everett Hale, late chaplain of the United States Senate, was allowed only one minute for prayer, excepting on extraordinary occasions.

With us the hurry habit has become almost a disease. We get so accustomed to the American pace that we can not slow down, even when we are not in a hurry. Our movements, habits and manners give us the appearance of always being in a rush, and we hurry even when on a vacation.

Americans do not seem to know how to let themselves out unreservedly in their play. The ghost of worry or anxiety is always present to mar their enjoyment, or they fear that it would not be dignified for a man to act like a boy. This keeps many people from getting the best out of their recreation. When in the country, they could derive a good lesson in healthful abandon from the young cattle or colts when they first leave the barn in the spring and are turned out to pasture. How they kick up their heels, as though they delighted in mere existence!

Notwithstanding the fact that the country has so many natural advantages of pure air, stimulating scenery, fresher and more healthful food and freedom from the racking noises of the city, city dwellers, as a rule, do not age so rapidly and are much more cheerful than farm dwellers.

The reason for this is found in the fact that there are so many more facilities for amusement in the city than in the country. People who live in congested districts feel the need of amusement; they are hungry for fun; they live under strong pressure and they take every opportunity for easing the strenuousness of their lives. This is why humorous plays, comic operas and vaudeville performances generally, no matter how foolish, silly or superficial, are always well patronized. City people laugh a great deal more than country people, and everybody knows that laughter is a refresher, a rejuvenator, a success factor. They must unbend, and this fun-seeking has a great deal to do with keeping city people young and fresh.

What is needed is more play every day, mixing play with work. Don't take your vocation so seriously. Do not let a spurious "culture" keep you from laughing out loud, or giving yourself up with abandon to the fun-loving instinct.

As a rule, lovers of humor, great story-tellers and jokers have a wonderful power of self-refreshment and retarding old age. People who seldom laugh, people who can not appreciate a joke, age much faster.

An aged person ought to be serene and calm and balanced. All of the agitations and perturbations of youth ought to have ceased. A sweet dignity, a quiet repose, a calm expression should characterize people who are supposed to have had all that is richest and best out of the age in which they lived; but quite the contrary is true. In a restaurant, recently, I saw an old man who was so nervous that he could scarcely eat. He was constantly drumming on the table with his fingers, taking hold of things and dropping them, twitching his elbows and his knees and moving his feet. Yet he was drinking the strongest coffee in order to quiet his nerves. It was really pitiable to see an old man who ought to be the very embodiment of wisdom, of dignity and of repose fidgeting as though he had Saint Vitus's dance, with no serenity, no balance, no physical poise.

In ancient Germany there was a law against joking. "It makes my men forget war," said the king. Sad, serious faces are seen everywhere in Christendom, "lest they forget" business, dollar-chasing.

When *Denys*, the light-hearted soldier of fortune in Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," saw a friend with the blues or discouraged, he used to say: "Courage, comrade, the devil is dead!"

This is a good motto to adopt. Always take it for granted that the devil, personifying everything that is bad, disagreeable and injurious, is dead.

To ignorant, superstitious people the devil is very much alive. He has the whisk of his tail in all their amusements. But to people who have their eyes open, who think, the devil is dead.

Whatever your lot in life, keep joy with you. It is a great healer. Sorrow, worry, jealousy, envy, bad temper, create friction and grind away the delicate human machinery so that the brain loses its cunning.

Half the misery in the world would be avoided if people would make

a business of having plenty of fun at home, instead of running everywhere else in search of it.

"Now for Rest and Fun." "No Business Troubles Allowed Here." These are good home-building mottos.

When you have had a perplexing day, when things have gone wrong with you and you go home at night exhausted, discouraged, blue, instead of making your home miserable by going over your troubles and trials, just bury them; instead of dragging them home and making yourself and your family unhappy with them and spoiling the whole evening, just lock everything that is disagreeable in your office.

I know a man who casts such a gloom over his whole family, and so spoils the peace of his home by insisting upon talking over all his business troubles, that his wife and children fairly dread to see him come home, because, when they see the thunder-cloud on his face, they know that their fun for the evening will be spoiled.

Just resolve that your home shall be a place for bright pictures and pleasant memories, kindly feelings toward everybody, and, as Mr. Roosevelt says, "a corking good time" generally. If you do this, you will be surprised to see how your vocation or business wrinkles will be ironed out in the morning and how the crooked things will be straightened.

Make a business of trying to establish a model home where every member of your family will be happy, bright and cheerful. Fill it with bright, cheerful music. Physicians are employing music more and more in hospitals and homes, because of its wonderful healing properties. If there are no musicians in your family, get a graphophone, a piano-player or some other kind of automatic musical instrument. There is nothing like music to cheer up and enliven the home and to drive dull care, the blues and melancholy away.

Music tends to restore and preserve the mental harmony. Nervous diseases are wonderfully helped by good music. It keeps one's mind off his troubles, and gives nature a chance to heal all sorts of mental discords.

You will find that a little fun in the evening, romping and playing with the children, will make you sleep better. It will clear the

physical cobwebs and brain-ash from your mind. You will be fresher and brighter for it the next day. You will be surprised to see how much more work you can do, and how much more readily you can do it if you try to have all the innocent fun you can.

We have all felt the wonderful balm, the great uplift, the refreshment, the rejuvenation which have come from a jolly good time at home or with friends, when we have come home after a hard, exacting day's work, when our bodies were jaded and we were brain-weary and exhausted. What magic a single hour's fun will often work in a tired soul! We feel as though we have had a refreshing nap. How a little fun releases us from weariness, and sends a thrill of joy and uplift through the whole being!

Laughter is as natural a form of expression as music, art, or work of any kind. We can not be really healthy without a lot of fun.

There is something abnormal, something wrong in the parent who is annoyed by the romping, the playing, the laughter of children. The probabilities are that his own child-life was suppressed. The man who would not grow old must keep in touch with young life.

Do not be afraid of playing in the home. Get down on the floor and romp with the children. Never mind the clothes, the carpets or furniture. Just determine that you will put a good lot of fun into your life every day, let come what will.

Have all the fun you can at the table. It is a place for laughter and joking. It is a place for bright repartee. Swallow a lot of fun with your meals. The practise is splendid. It is the best thing in the world for your health. It is better than swallowing dyspepsia with every mouthful of food. The meal time ought to be looked forward to by every member of the family as an occasion for a good time, for hearty laughter, and for bright, entertaining conversation. The children should be trained to bring their best moods and say their brightest and best things at the table. If this practise were put in force it would revolutionize American homes and drive the doctors to despair.

I know a family in which joking and funny story telling at meals has become such an established feature that it is a real joy to dine with them. The dinner hour is sure to afford a jolly good time. There is a rivalry among the members of the family to see who can say the brightest, wittiest thing, or tell the best story. There is no dyspepsia, no nagging in this family.

A few hours of sunshine will do for plants what months of cloudy

MARRIAGE IN AMERICA

The Society Girl's Ideals

by Robert Haven Schauffler

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

Illustrations by MAUD TOUSEY

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

"WHAT sort of a man would I marry? Well, in the first place he'd have to be successful. Not terribly rich, though, because I have money of my own. Say five thousand a year and

good prospects. Don't care how he makes it, but he must be a good spender and have plenty of small-talk. Dress? Why, of course, the men in our set have to dress well or the girls wouldn't look at them. As for his principles and so on, I'm not awfully straight-laced, you know. What I absolutely insist on is that he does not get drunk in public."

The speaker, Miss Winnie M., was a popular member of the Smart Set in the large Northeastern city which she called home. She was tall, slender, animated, with a charming figure, light, curly hair and extraordinary flashing blue eyes. She was the only child of a millionaire and barely twenty-three.

The Society Girl is Not So Thoughtful as the Working Girl

"Of course I'd like him older," she continued. "About fifteen years older would do. The elderly ones can give a girl a better position. And I would n't mind if he were a widower—either grass or sod. I know lots and lots of divorced people. And of course, if I didn't hit it off with my husband, I'd not be long about getting a divorce. . . ."

"Would I prefer remaining single to marrying a man I did n't love?" The great eyes opened in naive astonishment. "Why don't you know that after a few years, if a girl does n't marry, she simply has no position? Love's all very nice, of course, but it is n't really necessary for marriage. . . ."

"Children! Oh, yes. I'd want one or two, but no more. . . . Heredity? Now what does that word mean anyway?"

Then the investigator asked her whether the institution of marriage, judging from what she had seen of it, was a success or a failure. "I don't know a single married couple who are what I call happy, and I think it is generally the woman's fault," she replied. "Women are so nagging. They expect altogether too much from a man—especially in America. All the same, I'd much rather marry and be unhappy than stay single and be an absurd forlornity."

How closely do the views of this starry-eyed beauty represent those of her own particular class? And how far are these ideals of Smart Set girls to-day the ideals of that larger group known as society girls, of which they are part?

In the hope of throwing light on these questions a large number of trained social students have long been quietly acquainting themselves with the views of the society girl. The work has been carried on with a full realization that she has never thought these matters out patiently, intently, like the working girl. Therefore, it has been harder to come at her real ideals. And even when come at, the ideals bear far less relation to her future actions—although they still provide an illuminating commentary on the sort of character that, as a mother, she is to transmit to the next generation.

For the society girl is a good ostrich. She is inclined to be intensely self-conscious and has to bury her mind away from the crude logic of life, so that her ideals, when secured, have been generously discounted in the light of a long-continued study of her class. And, to guard against her tendency to fiction when she is self-conscious, the precaution has usually been taken of having intelligent and tactful women, with the entrée to her set, secure her views in the course of natural conversation.

So it comes that any American society girl in reading these pages, may possibly find that she herself has all unwittingly been helping to clear up a small corner of the eternal mystery.

The Society Girl Demands a "Successful Husband"

In looking through the literature of love and marriage in several languages, one is deeply impressed with the fact that nearly all of it has been written from the masculine point of view. Whatever they may have thought of it, the women have generally been too wise or kind or timid to put it on paper. And, though what marriageable girls really think and feel about these things largely determines the quality of all marriages, and so of the race, as the girls are, after all, the really judicial parties, they have seldom ventured to record their ideals. This is one circumstance that lends a study like the present one its interest.

First of all, let us consider how the average girl of the Smart Set feels about these questions that hold in their solution "the whole of human destiny." For "it is not the weal and woe of any one individual," as Schopenhauer pointed out in this connection,



The Smart Set makes the most of horse and dog shows





She is sold into a marriage that is practically certain to end unhappily

"but that of the human race to come, which is here at stake."

"Her future husband's chief qualification may be summed up with Miss Winnie in the single phrase: *'He must be successful.'*"

The average income demanded by the Smart Set girl, on which to start married life, is \$7000 a year and excellent prospects. Besides that, as a rule she expects to have money of her own. "I simply could n't be happy," declares a spoiled child of fortune in the Middle West, "without certain luxuries such as opera seats, trained servants to care for me, and beautiful surroundings. I simply couldn't ride in the trolley cars. It may seem snobbish, but it's a fact. I hate crowds, and one cannot have privacy without money."

More than a third of the girls are so partial to "success" that they would actually marry a man who successfully negotiated for a dowry with them. They are not ready to begin married life where their mothers began. They strongly prefer to be brides with a matron's purse.

In a few cases, however, the size of a man's income in relation to his age and occupation is regarded as an indication of his efficiency and, in a sense, a clue to him and his character. Thus, one bright California girl demands for an older or a business man twice the income that she specifies for one in the early twenties or who is in such a non-lucrative profession as teaching in a university.

The girl of wealth has one more reason for looking coldly on poor suitors. She is haunted by a suspicion that they want her money and not herself—a thought that seems even more insupportable to women than to men.

But, with all due allowance for these things, the student of the Smart Set girl is constantly struck by her selfishness and her worship of wealth. In this investigation each girl was asked whether she would be willing to marry a struggling man, or would prefer to wait until he had made his way, or would refuse him outright. It seems significant of their lack of self-dependence, of the way in which they are prepared to lie back upon their husbands, that not a single one declared herself willing to marry the hypothetical struggler under any circumstances. One-eighth were uncertain. Of the rest, half would refuse him and half would wait.

Alcoholism and Wild Oats Not a Serious Drawback

"Efficiency!" is the cry. The Smart Set girl has a strong penchant for a polo player "because he looks so efficient." The strife of mallet and ball and frothing pony symbolizes for her the struggle of the "Street."

So much, then, for the main qualification. "He must make good." Only "good" in her vocabulary, is too often written with a dollar sign before it. Her further ideals for her possible—sometimes her "impossible"—husband need not detain us long. Like Miss Winnie, the average girl of her class is inclined to take an airy view of such questions as alcoholism and wild oats, although alive to the physical dangers involved by the latter. Her position, however, on transmissible diseases like apoplexy and certain forms of insanity in the man's ancestors is little short of criminal: "I know such things are dangerous to the babies, but if I loved him I'd risk it." This is typical.

It is surprising how few of the girls seem to consider the question of a man's character. A certain sub-set is represented by the Northwestern girl who specified: "My husband must be absolutely devoted to me even though I had affairs with other men." But this view of the character problem is below the average and I hasten to restore the balance by citing one correspondingly above. The young woman is a charming Southwesterner coming from a family of distinction: "Marriage is a game of chance. Those that seem most promising often turn out badly, and vice-versa. It is a matter of character. A good way for a girl to sound a young man is to play golf with him. It's a great test of character. Any tendency to cheat and to be mean is sure to come out."

Only a small minority agree with the Western girl who complains: "The trouble with marrying is that the men we girls meet are the kind who are not doing anything, but living on their fathers for the most part. We don't like them especially, but the few men we meet who are worth while are not marrying men."

Few stipulate that he shall be a religious man, but many that he shall observe the outward forms. "It would n't matter at all whether he had any religion, but he must go to church with me on Sunday morning. That's only decent." This is much the sort of whited-sepulcher plan preferred by the Pennsylvania girl who "would be willing to help with the housework if I could have a butler. Nobody would know what I did and it looks so well to have a man answer the bell."

The girl of the Smart Set seldom wholly agrees with the Northwestern debutante who knows Europe well: "I like live, alert men who are ambitious and want to do something, and particularly men who can talk about something worth while. So far, I have met very few in America. I honestly believe the American society man is the most deadly in existence."

One Heiress Prefers Hungarian Men to American

On the contrary, finished dancing, a dilettante knowledge of French and music and an infinite capacity for small-talk seem often to count as much for the candidate as depth of culture and a live intellectual curiosity seem to count against him. These are considered somehow "queer" and "hardly good form, you know." It is clear why much culture would hardly appeal to many of these young women. Idleness and constant pre-occupation with self have a sad enough effect on the highly educated, resourceful, well-poised woman, but it has remained for the Smart Set to show what this regimen can accomplish under perfectly favorable conditions. There is the case, for instance, of the girl who was asked by the investigator how she liked Henry Esmond. She replied that she had never met him.

Polish is almost indispensable to the candidate. A great heiress of twenty who knows Europe almost as well as she knows New York and Chicago and San Francisco said: "I think I like the men I have met in the East better than Western men. They have more time to be lovely to you. They do not seem to be the least bit hurried. . . . Yes, I know that applies to Frenchmen and Italians, not so much to Englishmen. But I like our men better than either. Oh, I forgot that I have seen the Hungarians! I suppose they are not so reliable, but they are fascinating."

The girl of the Smart Set insists that men shall dress and dance well. "I should n't care for a man who did n't make a good appearance"—though one heiress finds it "rather fascinating for a man to neglect his appearance." The only mention of the word "respect" in all the reports occurs in the following: "My beau must respect me at least enough to see that his necktie and stockings and handkerchief match."

When it comes to his looks, the majority's ideal is the Gibson man plus a rather more "distinguished" air than that popular idol has ever been taught to assume.

She has definite ideas of how he should spend his money and is not at all satisfied with the present condition of affairs. From many States come complaints like these: "He should play his part. Most men are willing enough to accept invitations if the girl entertains well, but as for any obligation to return, they seem to feel none at all." "I hate a man who does n't recognize his social obligations. Mighty few of them do

It is a pleasure to announce that Mrs. Inez Haynes Gillmore is writing more stories about little "Janey" Elizabeth Blair. The stories will appear during the fall and winter.

here." "A man should n't take up a girl's time unless he's willing to buy flowers, theater tickets and so on, and show agreeable attentions." "I hate a man who is n't willing to spend his money!"

Regarding his age, Miss Winnie's estimate of about fifteen years older would be nearly the average if it were not for a small group of the more thoughtful who fear that a middle-aged husband might be too sedate: "He would probably have already enjoyed all the things that I am interested in, and when I'd want to go to dances and theaters and entertain young people, he'd want to be quiet."

The Market Place for Girls

Though this willingness of youth to wed age reminds one of the ideals of the "marriage factory," the views of the Smart Set stand sharply opposed to it on the question of his previous marriage relations. For two-thirds of the girls would marry a widower and almost half would take a divorced man.

If the foregoing is a truthful sketch of the kind of man the Smart Set girl is most ready to marry, one might almost infer from this alone her attitude toward the greatest thing in the world. One wonders how many of them could comprehend Lowes Dickinson's superb definition of love as "that unaccountable passion, of all things the most mysterious, the most terrible and the most divine, whereby bodies and souls are drawn to one another in defiance of all other affinities, be they interests or occupations or convictions, by an impulse so profound that it seems to have its source beyond the portals of life, so imperative that it overrides every other tie, so instinctive that it sweeps Reason like dust before its onset."

It is undeniable that there are many girls in the Smart Set as womanly, as unspoiled, as impatient of materialism as any in the world. In not every "smart" home by any means does Cupid append the miserable letters i-t-y to his name and devote himself to making only Lucifer matches. But the fact remains that four-fifths of the Smart Set girls in this investigation are ready, by their own admission, to marry on a materialistic basis. They are willing to let their heads, not their hearts, give the casting vote for a life-partner. And their heads will less often inquire "Is he the right father for my children, or the right husband for me?" than "How much is he worth?"

This state of affairs appears to be less the fault of the girl than of her parents. She is put upon the market to sell and is given the ideals of the market-place. It is not so much that she or her parents long for more money—it is the social position that is indispensable, and this needs the money to support it. So she is sold into a marriage that is practically certain to end unhappily.

One could not in fairness say that the majority of the girls in the

Smart Set are anxious to make loveless marriages, or even that their parents are set on marketing them regardless of their feelings. But the general ideals of the class are so subtly pervasive that insensibly they carry all before them.

The Heavy Investment in American Daughters

Miss Mamie O. lives in a large Eastern city. Whenever a strange man's name is mentioned in her home the first question always is: "Has he any money?" This is characteristic. The young girl of the Smart Set is not crudely and directly sold. It is her environment that sells her—the very air she breathes. She is almost as much shut in by the walls of family and social prejudice and conservatism as is the Oriental woman in the harem.

Last year one of these girls had a very vacuous, foolish young suitor, whom she was always openly snubbing and ridiculing. Her family encouraged her in this, for his father was supposed to be worth only five or six hundred thousand. But after she had definitely dismissed him, the father suddenly died, leaving him between five and six millions. Instantly the attitude of her family changed. "After all" it turned out "Henry was a good deal of a fellow." Before long the mere mention of his name became the signal for a general burst of eulogy. After a few weeks of this the family left for Europe. Henry followed with his motor. In five days they were engaged. Henry's unaided millions won her.

From her cradle, the girl of the Smart Set is trained with all the care usually bestowed on athletes or race-horses for the moment when she shall "come out" and burst upon society. For that emergency the family resources are often taxed to the utmost. Each year the debutante's wardrobe is growing more like a trousseau, as if—like the Venetian Doge wedding the Adriatic—the young thing were plighting her troth to the social sea.

Of late it has grown the custom for her to go across and buy this trousseau in Paris. The family often takes a showier house for the event and replaces the old motors. This seeming extravagance, however, is no mere heedless throwing away of money. In most cases the heavy expense is deliberately incurred by hard-headed men of business in order to help the debutante to what they call a "favorable" alliance. And to this end a pressure is brought to bear upon the girl which is even more effective than the pressure a bad factory exerts upon a sweated operative. Only it is, of course, seldom direct and obvious. The American girl is usually too high-spirited a creature to stand much direct parental coercion. But, indirectly, it is all the more severe. In the first place her circle of ideas and acquaintances is artificially narrowed—restricted by efficient chaperones to one small set. And there she is assailed by the constant suggestion that all is lost unless as a bride she can maintain the old social level.

The Haunting Specter of Spinsterhood

The average Smart Set girl is given nineteen hundred dollars a year for her clothes alone, and it is constantly being conveyed to her in all kinds of subtle ways that this money is considered strictly as an investment.

While she is allowed to run up large bills at the stores, she is sometimes made to feel her economic dependence keenly by being kept without pocket money. One Middle Western girl, in love with a penniless artist, has businesslike parents who are bound to have her marry a brainless and rather dissipated millionaire. And they have thrown her at his head till she has been talked about everywhere. They feel the fact that she is not yet married in spite of all that they have spent on her, and they make her feel it. "I've never had an allowance" she complains. "I just long for some money of my own. It doesn't seem just. Why, I have to ask if I want carfare. Why was I brought up with extravagant tastes

[Continued on page 610]



With fresh charms the new debutantes are constantly coming out and lessening the elder ones' chances

Molly Make-Believe

Part 2-(Conclusion)

by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

Author of "The Very Tired Girl"

Illustrations by WALTER TITTLE

VII.

EVERYTHING that was discreet and engaged-to-be-married in Stanton's conservative make-up exploded suddenly into one utterly irresponsible speech.

"You little witch!" he cried out. "You little beauty! For heaven's sake come over here and sit down in this chair where I can look at you! I want to talk to you! I—"

Pirouetting once more before the mirror, she divided one fleet glance between admiration for herself and scorn for Stanton.

"Oh, yes, I felt perfectly sure that you'd insist upon having me 'pretty!'" she announced sternly. Then courtesying low to the ground in mock humility, she began to sing-song mischievously:

"So, Molly, Molly made-her-a-face,
Made it of rouge and made it of lace. •
Long as the rouge and the lace are fair,
Oh, Mr. Man, what do you care?"

"You don't need any rouge or lace to make you pretty!" Stanton fairly shouted in his vehemence, "Anybody might have known that that lovely little mind of yours could only live in a—"

"Nonsense!" the girl interrupted, almost temperishly. Then with a quick, impatient sort of gesture she turned to the table, and picking up book after book, opened it and stared in it as though it had been a mirror. "Oh, maybe my mind is pretty enough," she acknowledged reluctantly. "But likelier than not, my face is not becoming to me."

Crossing slowly over to Stanton's side she seated herself, with much jingling, rainbow-colored, sandalwood-scented dignity in the chair that the doctor had just vacated.

"Poor dear, you've been pretty sick, haven't you?" she mused gently. Cautiously then she reached out and touched the soft, woolly cuff of his blanket-wrapper. "Did you really like it?" she asked.

Stanton began to smile again. "Did I really like it?" he repeated joyously. "Why, don't you know that if it had n't been for you I should have gone utterly mad these past few weeks? Don't you know that if it had n't been for you—don't you know that if—" A little over-zealously he clutched at the tinsel fringe on the Oriental lady's fan. "Don't you know—don't you know that I'm engaged to be married?" he finished weakly.

The Oriental lady shivered suddenly, as any lady clad in thin silken clothes might shiver on a November night. "Engaged to be married?" she stammered. "Oh, yes! Why—of course! Most men are! Really, unless you catch a man very young and keep him constantly by your side, you can not hope to walk even into his friendship—except across the heart of some other woman." Again she shivered and jingled a hundred merry little bangles. "But why?" she asked abruptly, "why, if you're engaged to be married, did you come and—buy love-letters of me? My love-letters are distinctly for lonely people," she added severely.

"How dared you—how dared you go into the love-letter business in the first place?" quizzed Stanton dryly. "And when it comes to asking personal questions, how dared you send me printed slips in answer to my letters to you? Printed slips, mind you! . . . How many men are you writing love-letters to, anyway?"

The Oriental lady threw out her small hands deprecatingly. "How many men? Only two besides yourself. There's such a fad for nature study these days that almost everybody this year has ordered the 'Gray-Plush Squirrel' series. But I'm doing one or two 'Japanese Fairies' for sick children, and a high-school history class out in Omaha, has ordered a weekly epistle from William of Orange."

"Hang the high-school class out in Omaha!" said Stanton. "It was the love-letters I was asking about."

"Oh, yes, I forgot," murmured the Oriental lady. "Just two men besides yourself, I said, didn't I? Well, one of them is a life convict out in an Illinois prison. He's subscribed for a whole year—for a fortnightly letter from a girl in Killarney who has got to be named 'Katie.' He's a very, very old man, I think, but I don't even know his name 'cause he's only a number now—'4632'—or something like that. And I have to send all my letters over to Killarney to be mailed—Oh, he's awfully particular about that. And it was pretty hard at first working up all the geography that he knew and I did n't. But pshaw! You're

not interested in Killarney. Then there's a New York boy down in Ceylon on a smelly old tea plantation. His people have dropped him, I guess, for some reason or other; so I'm just 'the girl from home' to him, and I prattle to him every month or so about the things he used to care about. It's easy enough to work that up from the social columns in the New York papers—and twice I've been over to New York to get special details for him; once to find out if his mother was really as sick as the Sunday

paper said, and once—yes, really, once I butted in to a tea his sister was giving, and wrote him—yes, wrote him all about how the moths were eating up the big moose-head in his own front hall. And he wrote an awfully funny, nice letter of thanks to the Serial-Letter Co.—yes, he did! And then there's a crippled French girl out in the Berkshires who is utterly crazy, it seems, about the 'Three Musketeers,' so I'm d'Artagnan to her, and it's dreadfully hard work—in French—but I'm learning a lot out of that, and—"

"There. Don't tell me any more!" cried Stanton.

Then suddenly the pulses in his temples began to pound so hard and so loud that he could not seem to estimate at all just how loud he was speaking.

"Who are you?" he insisted. "Who are you? Tell me instantly, I say! Who are you, anyway?"

The Oriental lady jumped up in alarm. "I'm no one at all—to you," she said coolly, "except just Molly Make-Believe."

Something in her tone seemed to fairly madden Stanton.

"You shall tell me who you are!" he cried. "You shall! I say you shall!"

Plunging forward he grabbed at her little bangled wrists and held them in a vise that sent the rheumatic pains shooting up his arms to add even further frenzy to his brain.

"Tell me who you are!" he grinned. "You shan't go out of here in ten thousand years till you've told me who you are!"

Frightened, infuriated, quivering with astonishment, the girl stood trying to wrench her little wrists out of his mighty grasp, stamping in perfectly impotent rage all the while with her soft-sandaled, jingling feet. "I won't tell you who I am! I won't! I won't!" she swore and reswore in a dozen different staccato accents. The whole daring passion of the Orient that consumed her seemed to have permeated every fiber of her small being.

Then suddenly she drew in her breath in a long quivering sigh. Staring up into her face, Stanton gave a little groan of dismay and released her hands.

"Why Molly! Molly! You're crying," he whispered. "Why, little girl! Why—"

Backing slowly away from him, she made a desperate effort to smile through her tears.

"Now you've spoiled everything," she said.

"Oh no, not—everything," argued Stanton helplessly from his chair, afraid to rise to his feet, afraid even to shuffle his slippers on the floor lest the slightest suspicion of vehemence on his part should hasten that steady, backward retreat of hers toward the door.

Already she had re-acquired her cloak and overshoes and was groping out somewhat blindly for her veil, in a frantic effort to avoid any possible chance of turning her back even for a second on so dangerous a person as himself.

"Yes, everything," nodded the small grieved face. Yet the tragic, snuffing little sob that accompanied the words only served to add a most entrancing, tip-nosed vivacity to the statement.

"Oh, of course I know," she added hastily. "Oh, of course I know perfectly well that I ought n't to have come alone to your rooms like this!" Madly she began to wind the pink veil round and round and round her cheeks like a bandage. "Oh, of course I know perfectly well that it was n't even remotely proper! But don't you think—don't you think that if you've always been awfully, awfully strict and particular with yourself about things all your life, that you might have risked—safely—just one little innocent, mischievous sort of a half hour? Especially if it was the only possible way you could think of to square up everything and add just a little wee present besides? 'Cause nothing, you know, that you can afford to give, ever seems exactly like giv-



Cornelia's mother answered this time

ing a really, truly present. It's got to hurt you somewhere to be a 'present.' So my coming here this evening—this way—was altogether the bravest, scariest, unwisest, most-like-a-present-feeling-thing that I could possibly think of to do for you. And even if you had n't spoiled everything, I was going away to-morrow, just the same, forever and ever and ever!"

Cautiously she perched herself on the edge of a chair, and thrust her narrow, gold-embroidered toes into the wide, blunt depths of her overshoes. "Forever and ever!" she insisted almost gloatingly.

"Not forever and ever!" protested Stanton vigorously. "You don't think for a moment, do you, that after all this wonderful, jolly friendship of ours, you're going to drop right out of sight as though the earth had opened?"

Even the little quick, forward lurch of his shoulders in the chair sent the girl scuttling to her feet again, one overshoe still in her hand.

Just at the edge of the door-mat she turned and smiled at him mockingly. Really it had been a long time since she had smiled.

"Surely you don't think that you'd be able to recognize me in my street clothes, do you?" she asked bluntly.

Stanton's answering smile was quite as mocking as hers.

"Why not?" he queried. "Did n't I have the pleasure of choosing your winter hat for you? Let me see—it was brown, with a pink rose—wasn't it? I should know it among a million."

With a little shrug of her shoulders she leaned back against the door and stared at him suddenly out of her big red-brown eyes with singular intentness.

"Well, will you call it an equivalent to one week's subscription?" she asked very gravely.

Some long-sleeping devil of mischief awoke in Stanton's senses.

"Equivalent to one whole week's subscription?" he repeated with mock incredulity. "A whole week—seven days and nights? Oh, no! No! No! I don't think you've given me, yet, more than about four days' worth to think about. Just about four days' worth, I should think."

Pushing the pink veil further and further back from her features with plainly quivering hands, the girl's whole soul seemed to blaze out at him suddenly and wince back again. Then just as quickly, a droll little gleam of malice glinted in her eyes.

"Oh, all right then," she smiled. "If you really think I've given you only four days' and nights' worth of thoughts, here's something for the fifth day and night."

Very casually, and still very accurately, her right hand reached out to the knob of the door.

"To cancel my debt for the fifth day," she said, "do you really, 'honest injun' want to know who I am? I'll tell you! First, you've seen me before."

"What?" cried Stanton, plunging forward in his chair.

Something in the girl's quick clutch of the door-knob warned him quite distinctly to relax again into his cushions.

"Yes," she repeated triumphantly. "And you've talked with me, too, as often as twice! And moreover, you've danced with me!"

Tossing her head with sudden-born daring she reached up and snatched off her curly black wig, and shook down all around her such a great, shining, utterly glorious mass of mahogany colored hair that Stanton's astonishment turned almost into faintness.

"What?" he cried out? "What? You say I've seen you before? Talked with you? Waltzed with you, perhaps? Never! I have n't! I tell you I have n't! I never saw that hair before! If I had I should n't have forgotten it to my dying day. Why—"

With a little wail of despair she leaned back against the door. "You don't even remember me now?" she mourned. "Oh dear, dear! And I thought you were so beautiful!" Then, womanlike, her whole sympathies rushed to defend him from his own accusations. "Oh, well, it was at a masquerade party," she acknowledged generously, "and I suppose you go to so many masquerades."

Heaping up her hair like so much

molten copper into the hood of her cloak, and trying desperately to snare all the wild, escaping tendrils with the softer mesh of her veil, she reached out a free hand at last and opened the door just a crack.

"And to give you something to think about for the sixth day and night," she resumed suddenly, with the same strange little glint in her eyes, "to give you something to think about the sixth day, I'll tell you that I really was hungry when I asked you for your toast. I haven't had anything to eat to-day; and—"

Before she could finish the sentence Stanton had sprung from his chair and stood trying to reason out madly whether one more stride would catch her or lose her.

"And as for something for you to think about the seventh day and night," she gasped, hurriedly. Already the door had opened to her hand and her little figure stood silhouetted darkly against the bright, yellow-lighted hallway, "here's something for you to think about for twenty-seven days and nights!" Wildly her little hands went clutching at the woodwork. "I did n't know you were engaged to be married," she cried out passionately, "and I loved you—loved you—loved you!"

Then in a flash she was gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

WITH absolute finality the big door banged behind her. A minute later the street door, four flights down, rang out in jarring reverberation. A minute after that it seemed as though every door in every house in the street slammed shrilly. Then the charred fire-log sagged down into the ashes with a sad, puffing sigh. Then a whole row of books on a loosely packed shelf toppled over on each other with soft, jocose slaps.

Crawling back into his Morris chair with every bone in his body aching like a magnetized wire skeleton charged with pain, Stanton collapsed again into his pillows and sat staring—staring into the dying fire. Nine o'clock rang out dully from the nearest church spire; ten o'clock, eleven o'clock followed in turn with monotonous, chiming insistency. Gradually the relaxing steam-radiators began to grunt and grumble into a chill quietude. Gradually along the bare, bleak stretches of unrudded floor little cold draughts of air came creeping exploringly to his feet.

And still he sat staring—staring into the fast graying ashes.

"Oh, glory, glory!" he said. "Think what it would mean if all the fine fancies of that dear mind were turned loose upon just one fellow! Even if she did n't love you, think how she'd play the game! And if she did love you—oh, lordy, lordy, lordy!"

Toward midnight, to ease the melancholy smell of the dying lamp, he drew reluctantly forth from his deepest blanket-wrapper pocket the little knotted handkerchief that encased the still treasured handful of fragrant fir-balsam, and bending groaningly forward in his chair sifted the brittle, pungent needles into the face of the one glowing ember that survived. Instantly in a single dazzling flash of flame the tangible forest symbol vanished in intangible fragrance. But along the hollow of his hand—across the edge of his sleeve—up from the ragged pile of books and papers—out from the furthest, remotest corners of the room, lurked the unutterable, undestroyable sweetness of all forests since the world was made.

Almost with a sob in his throat Stanton turned again to the box of letters on his table.

By dawn the feverish, excited sleeplessness in his brain had driven him on and on to one last, supremely fantastic impulse. Writing to Cornelia he told her bluntly, frankly:

"DEAR CORNELIA: When I asked you to marry me, you made me promise very solemnly at the time that if I ever changed my mind regarding you I would surely tell you. And I laughed at you. Do you remember? But you were right, it seems, and I was wrong. For I believe that I have changed my mind. That is—I don't know how to express it exactly, but it has been made very, very plain to me lately that I do not by any manner of means love you as little as you need to be loved."

"In all sincerity, "CARL."

To which surprising communication Cornelia answered immediately; but the 'immediately' involved a week's almost maddening interim.



Cornelia followed every movement of his hand with vaguely perplexed blue eyes

"DEAR CARL: Neither mother nor I can make any sense whatsoever out of your note. (You're not drinking, are you?) By any possible chance, was your note meant to be a joke? You say you do not love me 'as little' as I need to be loved. You mean 'as much,' don't you? Carl, what do you mean?"

Laboriously, with the full prospect of yet another week's agonizing strain and suspense, Stanton wrote again to Cornelia.

"DEAR CORNELIA: No, I meant 'as little' as you need to be loved. I have no adequate explanation to make. I have no adequate apology to offer. I don't think anything. I don't hope anything. All I know is that I suddenly believe positively that our engagement is a mistake. Certainly I am neither giving you all that I am capable of giving you, nor yet receiving from you all that I am capable of receiving. Just this fact should decide the matter, I think."

"CARL."

Cornelia did not wait to write an answer to this. She telegraphed instead. The message, even in the telegraph operator's handwriting, looked a little nervous.

"Do you mean that you are tired of it?" she asked quite boldly.

With miserable perplexity Stanton wired back: "No, I could n't exactly say that I was tired of it."

Cornelia's answer to that was fluttering in his hands within twelve hours.

"Do you mean that there is some one else?" The words fairly ticked themselves off the yellow page.

It was twenty-four hours before Stanton made up his mind just what to reply. Then, "No, I could n't exactly say there is anybody else," he confessed wretchedly.

Cornelia's mother answered this time. The telegram fairly rustled with sarcasm. "You don't seem to be very sure about anything," said Cornelia's mother.

Somehow these words brought the first cheerful smile to his lips.

"No, you're quite right. I'm not at all sure about anything," he wired almost gleefully in return, wiping his pen with delicious joy on the edge of the clean white bedspread.

Then, because it is really very dangerous for overwrought people to try to make any noise like laughter, a great choking, bitter sob caught him up suddenly and sent his face burrowing down like a night-scared child into the safe, soft, feathery depths of his pillow—where, with his knuckles ground so hard into his eyes that all his tears were turned to stars, there came to him very, very slowly—so slowly, in fact, that it did not alarm him at all—the strange, electrifying vision of the one fact on earth that he was sure of: a little keen, luminous, brown-eyed face with a look in it, and a look for him only—so help him!—such as he had never seen on the face of any other woman since the world was made. Was it possible? Was it really possible? Suddenly his whole heart seemed to irradiate light and color and music and sweet smelling things.

"Oh, Molly, Molly, Molly!" he shouted. "I want you! I want you!"

In the strange, lonesome days that followed, neither burly flesh-and-blood doctor nor slim paper sweetheart tramped noisily over the threshold or slid thuddingly through the letter-slide.

No one apparently was ever coming to see Stanton again unless actually compelled to do so. Even the laundryman seemed to have skipped his usual day; and twice in succession the morning paper had most annoyingly failed to appear. Certainly, neither the boldest private inquiry nor the most delicately worded public advertisement had proved able to discover the whereabouts of "Molly Make-Believe," much less succeeded in bringing her back. But the doctor, at least, could be summoned by ordinary telephone, and Cornelia and her mother would surely be moving north eventually whether Stanton's last message hastened their movements or not.

In subsequent experience it seemed to take two telephone messages to produce the doctor. A trifle coolly, a trifle distantly, more than a trifle disapprovingly, he appeared at last and stared dully at Stanton's astonishing booted-and-coated progress toward health.

"Always glad to serve you—professionally," murmured the doctor with an undeniably definite accent on the word 'professionally.'

"Oh, cut it out!" quoted Stanton emphatically. What in creation are you so stuffy about?"

"Well, really," growled the doctor, "considering the deception you practised on me—"



"Are you a good boy?"

"Considering nothing!" shouted Stanton. "On my word of honor, I tell you that I never consciously, in all my life before, ever—ever—set eyes upon that wonderful little girl until that evening! I never knew that she even existed! I never knew! I tell you I never knew—anything!"

As limply as any stout man could sink into a chair, the doctor sank into the seat nearest him.

"Tell me all about it instantly," he gasped.

"There are only two things to tell," said Stanton quite blithely. "And the first thing is what I've already stated, on my honor, that the evening we speak of was actually and positively the first time I ever saw the girl; and the second thing is that, equally upon my honor, I do not intend to let it remain the last time!"

"But Cornelia?" cried the doctor. "What about Cornelia?"

Almost half the sparkle faded from Stanton's eyes.

"Cornelia and I have annulled our engagement," he said very quietly. Then with more vehemence:

"Oh, you old dry-bones, don't you worry about Cornelia! I'll look out for Cornelia. Cornelia isn't going to get hurt. I tell you I've figured and reasoned it all out very, very carefully, and I can see now, quite plainly, that Cornelia never really loved me at all—else she wouldn't have dropped me so accidentally through her fingers. Why, man, there never was even the ghost of a clutch in Cornelia's fingers."

"But you loved her," persisted the doctor scowlingly.

It was hard, just that second, for Stanton to lift his troubled eyes to the doctor's face. But he did lift them and he lifted them very squarely and steadily.

"Yes, I think I did—love Cornelia," he acknowledged frankly. "The very first time that I saw her I said to myself: 'Here is the end of my journey.' But I seem to have found out suddenly that the mere fact of loving a woman does not necessarily prove her that much coveted 'journey's end.' I don't know exactly how to express it; indeed, I feel beastly clumsy about expressing it, but somehow it feels as though it was Cornelia herself who had proved herself, perfectly amiably, no 'journey's end' after all, but only a way station, and not equipped to receive my particular kind of a permanent guest. It isn't that I wanted any grand fixings. Oh, can't you understand that I'm not finding any fault with Cornelia? There never was any slightest pretense about Cornelia. She never, never, even in the first place, made any possible effort to attract me. Can't you see that Cornelia looks to me to-day exactly the way that she looked to me in the first place? Very, amazingly beautiful. But a traveler, you know, can not pause indefinitely to feed his eyes on even the most wonderful view while all his precious lifelong companions—his whims, his hobbies, his cravings, his yearnings—are crouching starved and unwelcome outside the door.

"And I can't even flatter myself," he added wryly, "I can't even flatter myself that my—going will inconvenience Cornelia in the slightest; because I can't see that my coming has made even the remotest perceptible difference in her daily routine. Anyway—" he finished more lightly—"when you come right down to 'mating', or 'homing', or 'belonging', or whatever you choose to call it, it seems to be written in the stars that plans or no plans, preferences or no preferences, initiatives or no initiatives, we belong to those—and to those only, hang it all—who happen to love us most!"

Fairly jumping from his chair the doctor snatched hold of Stanton's shoulder.

"Who happen to love us most?" he repeated wildly. "Love us? us? For heaven's sake, who's loving you now?"

Utterly irrelevantly, Stanton brushed him aside and began to rummage anxiously among the books on his table.

"Do you know much about Vermont?" he asked suddenly. "It's funny, but almost nobody seems to know anything about Vermont. It's a very good State too, and I can't imagine why all the geographies neglect it so." Idly his finger seemed to catch in a half open pamphlet, and he bent down casually to straighten out the page. "Area in square

miles, 9,565," he read aloud musingly. "Principal products, hay, oats, maple-sugar—" Suddenly he threw down the pamphlet and flung himself into the nearest chair and began to laugh. "Maple-sugar?" he ejaculated. "Maple-sugar? Oh, glory! And I suppose there are some people who think that maple-sugar is the sweetest thing that ever came out of Vermont!"

The doctor started to give him some fresh advice—but left him a bromide instead.

IX.

THOUGH the ensuing interview with Cornelia and her mother began quite as coolly as the interview with the doctor, it did not happen to end even in hysterical laughter.

It was just two days after the doctor's hurried exit that Stanton received a formal, starchy little note from Cornelia's mother notifying him of their return.

Except for an experimental, somewhat wobbly-kneed journey or two to the edge of the public garden, he had made no attempts as yet to resume any outdoor life; yet for sundry, personal reasons of his own he did not feel over-anxious to postpone the necessary meeting. In the immediate emergency at hand strong courage was infinitely more of an asset than strong knees. Filling his suit-case at once with all the explanatory evidence that he could carry, he proceeded on cab-wheels to Cornelia's grimly dignified residence. The street lamps were just beginning to be lighted when he arrived.

As the butler ushered him gravely into the beautiful drawing-room, he realized with a horrid sinking of the heart that Cornelia and her mother were already sitting there waiting for him with a dreadful tight-lipped expression on their faces which seemed to suggest that though he was already fifteen minutes ahead of his appointment they had been waiting for him there since early dawn.

The drawing-room itself was familiar to him; crimson-curtained, green-carpeted, shining with heavy gilt picture frames and prismatic chandeliers. Often, with posies and candies and theater-tickets he had strutted across that erstwhile magic threshold and fairly lolled in the big deep-upholstered chairs while waiting for the silk-rustling advent of the ladies. But now, with his suit-case clutched in his hand, no Armenian peddler of laces and ointments could have felt more grotesquely out of his element.

Indolently, Cornelia's mother lifted her lorgnette and gazed at him skeptically from the spot just behind his left ear where the barber had clipped him too short, to the edge of his right heel that the bootblack had neglected to polish. Apparently she did not even see the suit-case, but—

"Oh, are you leaving town?" she asked icily.

Only by the utmost tact on his part did he finally succeed in establishing tête-à-tête relations with Cornelia herself; and even then, if the house had been a tower ten stories high, Cornelia's mother, rustling up the stairs, could not have swished her skirts any more definitely like a snake.

In absolute dumbness Stanton and Cornelia sat listening until the horrid sound died away. Then, and then only did Cornelia cross the room to Stanton's side and proffer him her hand. The hand was very cold, and the manner of offering it was very cold, but Stanton was quite man enough to realize that this special temperature was purely a matter of physical nervousness rather than of mental intention.

Slipping naturally into the most conventional groove either of word or deed, Cornelia eyed the suit-case inquisitively.

"What are you doing?" she asked thoughtlessly. "Returning my presents?"

"You never gave me any presents," said Stanton cheerfully.

"Why, did n't I?" murmured Cornelia slowly. Around her strained mouth a smile began to flicker faintly. "Is that why you broke it off?" she asked flippantly.

"Yes, partly," laughed Stanton.

Then Cornelia laughed a little bit, too.

After this Stanton lost no possible time in getting down to facts.

Stooping over from his chair exactly after the manner of peddlers whom he had seen in other people's houses, he unbuckled the straps of his suit-case and turned the cover backward on the floor.

Cornelia followed every movement of his hand with vaguely perplexed blue eyes.

"Surely," said Stanton, "this is the weirdest combination of circumstances that ever happened to a man and a girl—or rather, I should say, to a man and two girls." Quite accustomed as he now was to the general effect on himself of the whole unique adventure with the Serial Letter Co., his heart could not help giving a little extra jump on this, the verge of the astonishing revelation that he was about to make to Cornelia. "Here," he stammered, a tiny bit out of breath, "here is the small, thin, tissue-paper circular that you sent me from the Serial-Letter Co. with your advice to subscribe, and there—" pointing earnestly to the teeming suit-case—"there are the minor results of having taken your advice."

In Cornelia's face the well-groomed expression showed sudden signs of immediate disorganization.

Snatching the circular out of his hand she read it hurriedly, once, twice, three times. Then kneeling cautiously down on the floor with all the dignity that characterized every movement of her body, she began to poke here and there into the contents of the suit-case.

"The 'minor results'?" she asked soberly.

"Why, yes," said Stanton. "There were several things I didn't have room to bring. There was a blanket-wrapper. And there was a—girl, and there was a—"

Cornelia's blonde eyebrows lifted perceptibly. "A girl—whom you didn't know at all—sent you a blanket-wrapper?" she whispered.

"Yes," smiled Stanton. "You see, no girl whom I knew—very well—seemed to care a hang whether I froze to death or not."

"O—h," said Cornelia very, very slowly, "O—h." Her eyes had a strange, new puzzled expression in them like the expression of a person who was trying to look outward and think inward at the same time.

"But you must n't be so critical and haughty about it all," protested Stanton, "when I'm really trying so hard to explain everything perfectly honestly to you—so that you'll understand exactly how it happened."

"I should like very much to be able to understand exactly how it happened," mused Cornelia.

Gingerly she approached in succession the roll of sample wall-paper, the maps, the time-tables, the books, the little silver porringer, the intimate-looking scrap of unfinished fancy-work. One by one Stanton explained them to her, visualizing by eager phrase or whimsical gesture the particularly lonesome and susceptible conditions under which each gift had happened to arrive.

At the great pile of letters Cornelia's hand faltered a trifle.

"How many did I write you?" she asked with real curiosity.

"Three thin ones and a postal card," said Stanton almost apologetically.

Choosing the fattest looking letter she could find, Cornelia toyed with the envelope for a second. "Would it be all right for me to read one?" she asked doubtfully.

"Why yes," said Stanton. "I think you might read one."

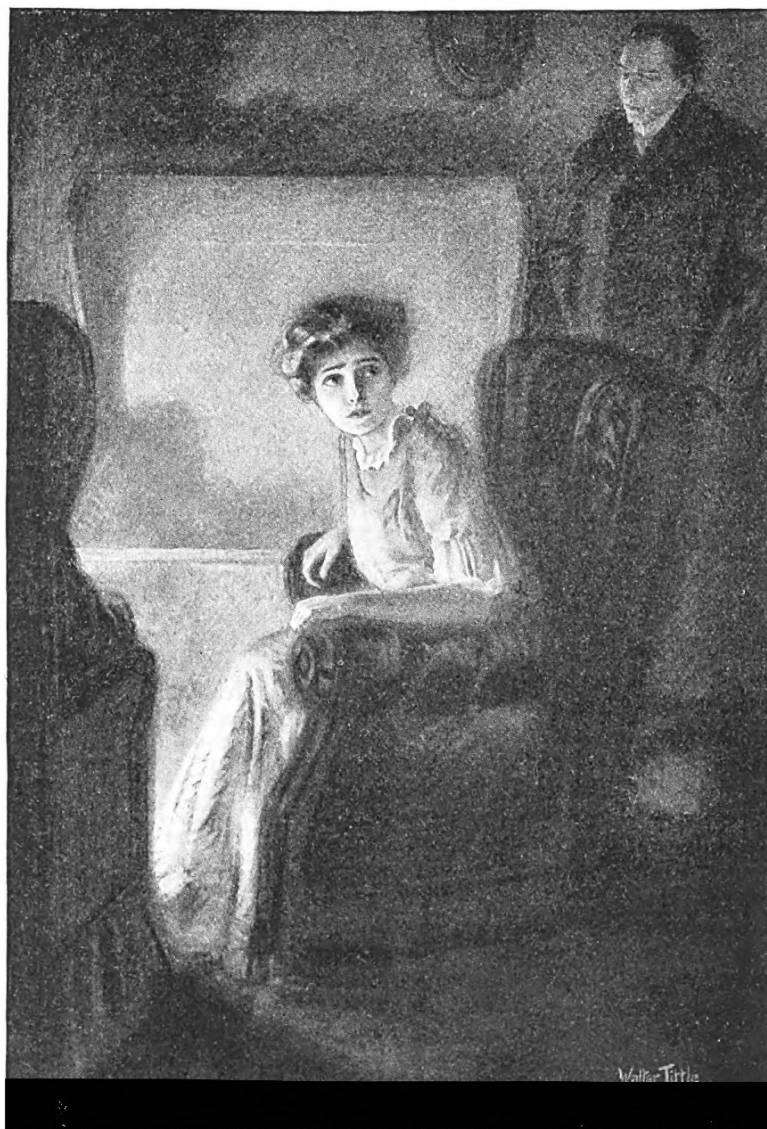
After a few minutes she laid down the letter without any comment.

"Would it be all right for me to read another?" she questioned.

"Why yes," cried Stanton. "Let's read them all. Let's read them together. Only, of course, we must read them in order."

Almost tenderly he picked them up and sorted them out according to their dates. "Of course," he explained very earnestly, "of course, I would n't think of showing these letters to anyone ordinarily; but, after all, these particular letters represent only a mere business proposition, and certainly this particular situation must justify one in making extraordinary exceptions."

One by one he perused the letters hastily and handed them over to Cornelia for her more careful inspection. No single associate detail of



time or circumstance seemed to have eluded his astonishing memory. Letter by letter, page by page he annotated: "That was the week you did n't write at all," or "this was the stormy, agonizing, God-forsaken night when I did n't care whether I lived or died," or "it was just about that time, you know, that you snubbed me for being scared about your swimming stunt."

Breathless, in the midst of her reading, Cornelia looked up and faced him squarely. "How could any girl write all that nonsense?" she gasped.

It was n't so much what Stanton answered as the expression in his eyes that really startled Cornelia.

"Nonsense?" he quoted deliberately. "But I like it," he said. "It's *exactly* what I like."

"But I could n't possibly have given you anything like—that," stammered Cornelia.

"No, I know you could n't," said Stanton very gently.

For an instant Cornelia turned and stared a bit resentfully into his face. Then suddenly the very gentleness of his smile ignited a little answering smile on her lips.

"Oh, you mean," she asked with unmistakable relief, "you mean that really, after all, it was n't your letter that jilted me, but my temperament that jilted you?"

"Exactly," said Stanton.

Cornelia's whole somber face flamed suddenly into unmistakable radiance.

"Oh, that puts an entirely different light upon the matter," she exclaimed. "Now it does n't hurt at all!"

Rustling to her feet she began to smooth the scowly-looking wrinkles out of her skirt with long even strokes of her bright jeweled hands.

"I think I'm really beginning to understand," she said pleasantly. "And truly absurd as it sounds to say it, I honestly believe that I care more for you this moment than I ever cared before, but—" glancing with acute dismay at the clattering suit-case on the floor, "but I would n't marry you now if we could live in the finest asylum in the land!"

Shrugging his shoulders with mirthful appreciation, Stanton proceeded then and there to repack his treasures and end the interview.

Just at the edge of the threshold Cornelia's voice called him back.

"Carl," she protested, "you are looking rather sick. I hope you are going straight home."

"No, I'm not going straight home," said Stanton bluntly. "But here's hoping that the 'longest way round' will prove even yet the very shortest possible route to the particular home that, as yet, does n't even exist. I'm going hunting, Cornelia; hunting for Molly Make-Believe; and what's more, I'm going to find her if it takes me all the rest of my natural life!"

X.

DRIVING downtown again with every thought in his head, every plan, every purpose, hurtling around and around in absolute chaos, his roving eyes lit casually upon the huge sign of a detective bureau that loomed across the street. White as a sheet with the sudden new determination that came to him, and trembling miserably with the very strength of the determination warring against the weakness and fatigue of his body, he dismissed his cab and went climbing up the first narrow, dingy stairway that seemed most likely to connect with the brain behind the sign-board.

It was almost bed-time before he came down the stairs again, yet—"I think her name is Meredith, and I think she's gone to Vermont, and she has the most wonderful head of mahogany-colored hair that I ever saw in my life," were the only definite clues that he had been able to contribute to the cause.

In the slow, lagging week that followed, Stanton did not find himself at all pleased with the particular steps which he had apparently been obliged to take in order to ferret out Molly's real name and her real address, but the actual audacity of the situation did not reach its climax until the gentle little quarry had been literally tracked to Vermont with detectives fairly baying on her trail like the melodramatic bloodhounds that pursue "Eliza" across the ice.

"Red-headed party found at Woodstock," the valiant sleuth had wired with unusual delicacy and caution.

"Denies acquaintance Boston everything positively refuses interview temper very bad sure it's the party," the second message had come.

The very next northward-bound train found Stanton fretting the interminable hours away between Boston and Woodstock. Across the sparkling snow-smothered landscape his straining eyes went plowing on to their unknown destination. Sometimes the engine pounded louder than his heart. Sometimes he could not even seem to hear the grinding of the brakes above the dreadful throb-throb of his temples. Sometimes in horrid, shuddering chills he huddled into his great fur-coat and cursed the porter for having a disposition like a polar bear. Sometimes, almost gasping for breath, he went out and stood on the bleak rear platform of the last car and watched the pleasant, ice-cold rails go speeding back to Boston. All along the journey little absolutely unnecessary villages kept bobbing up to impede the progress of the train. All along

the journey innumerable little empty railroad-stations, barren as bells robbed of their tongues, seemed to lie waiting for the noisy engine-tongue to clang them into temporary noise and life.

Was his quest really almost at an end? Was it—was it? A thousand vague apprehensions tortured his mind.

And then, all of a sudden in the early, brisk winter twilight Woodstock happened!

Climbing out of the train Stanton stood for a second rubbing his eyes at the final abruptness and unreality of it all. Woodstock! What was it going to mean to him? Woodstock!

Everybody else on the platform seemed to be accepting the astonishing geographical fact with perfect simplicity. Already, along the edge of the platform, the quaint, old-fashioned yellow stage-coaches set on runners were fast filling up with utterly serene passengers.

A jog at his elbow made him turn quickly, and he found himself gazing into the detective's not ungenial face.

"Say," said the detective, "were you going up to the hotel first? Well, you'd better not lose any time. She's leaving town in the morning."

It was beyond human nature for the detective man not to nudge Stanton once in the ribs. "Say," he grinned, "you sure had better go easy and not send in your name or anything." His grin broadened suddenly in a laugh. "Say," he confided, "once in a magazine I read something about a lady's 'piquant animosity.' That's her! And *cute*? Oh, my!"

Five minutes later, Stanton found himself lolling back in the quaintest, brightest, most pumpkin-colored coach of all, gliding with almost magical smoothness through the snow-glazed streets of the little, narrow valley-town.

"The Meredith homestead?" the driver had queried "Oh, yes. All right; but it's quite a journey. Don't get discouraged."

A sense of discouragement regarding long distances was just at that moment the most remote sensation in Stanton's sensibilities. If the railroad journey had seemed unhappily drawn out, the sleigh-ride reversed the emotion to the point of almost telescopic calamity: a stingy, transient vista of village lights; a brief, narrow, hill-bordered road that looked for all the world like the aisle of a toy-shop, flanked on either side by high-reaching shelves where miniature house-lights twinkled cunningly; a sudden stumble of hoofs into a less traveled snow-path, and then, absolutely unavoidable, absolutely unescapable, an old, white colonial house with its great solemn elm trees stretching out their long arms protectingly all around and about it after the blessed habit of a hundred years.

Nervously, and yet almost reverently, Stanton went crunching up the snowy path to the door, knocked resonantly with a slim, much worn old brass knocker, and was admitted promptly and hospitably by "Mrs. Meredith" herself—Molly's grandmother evidently, and such a darling little grandmother—small like Molly, quick like Molly, even young like Molly, she appeared to be. Simple, sincere and so comfortable—like the fine old mahogany furniture and the dull-shining pewter and the flickering firelight that seemed to be everywhere.

"Good old stuff!" was Stanton's immediate silent comment on everything in sight.

It was perfectly evident that the little old lady knew nothing whatsoever about Stanton, but it was equally evident that she suspected him of being neither a highwayman nor a book agent, and was really sincerely sorry that Molly had "a headache" and would be unable to see him.

"But I've come so far," persisted Stanton. "All the way from Boston. Is she very ill? Has she been ill long?"

The little old lady's mind ignored the questions but clung a trifle nervously to the word "Boston."

"Boston?" her sweet voice quavered. "Boston? Why you look so nice—surely you're not that mysterious man who has been annoying Molly so dreadfully these past few days. I told her no good would ever come of her going to the city."

"Annoying Molly?" cried Stanton. "Annoying *my* Molly? I? Why, it's to prevent anybody in the whole wide world from ever annoying her again about—anything, that I've come here now!" he persisted rashly. "And don't you see—we had a little misunderstanding and—"

Into the little old lady's ivory cheek crept a small, bright, blush-spot. "Oh, you had a little misunderstanding," she repeated softly. "A little quarrel? Oh, is that why Molly has been crying so much ever since she came home?"

Very gently she reached out her tiny, blue-veined hand and turned Stanton's big body around so that the lamp-light smote him squarely on his face.

"Are you a good boy?" she asked. "Are you good enough for—my—little Molly?"

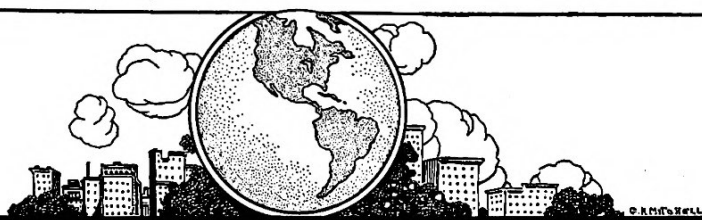
Impulsively Stanton grabbed her small hands in his big ones, and raised them very tenderly to his lips.

"Oh, little Molly's little grandmother," he said; nobody on the face of this snow-covered earth is good enough for your Molly, but won't you

[Continued on page 607]

"AVERAGE" JONES, the Ad-Visor, the very modern publicity detective created by Samuel Hopkins Adams, will reappear in the November number in a story entitled "The Fire-Blue Necklace."

THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL



The Month in America



THE first returns from the Kansas primaries, with only two out of eight districts in doubt, inform us that six insurgent candidates for nomination as Republican Congressmen were successful—a clean sweep so far.

Insurgent Clean-up in Kansas

Victor Murdock and E. H. Madison were not opposed in their districts. The other winners were Alexander Mitchell, Fred S. Jackson, R. R. Rees and I. D. Young. Heretofore the only uncompromising Insurgents in Kansas have been Murdock and Madison. Next year, unless the Democrats show unexpected strength, all or nearly all the State delegation will be Progressive. All of which is a pathetic reminder of the hopeless futility of the efforts of Speaker Cannon, who invaded Kansas in support of the reactionaries and later announced that Insurgency was dying.

Perhaps the outcome of this experiment will suggest to the Republicans that in permitting such men as Cannon and Sherman to do their campaigning they are playing a grim joke on their party.

OHIO Republicans in State convention made a good old-fashioned effort to "straddle," and it will be for the voters to decide on election day whether that sort of thing is as effective as of yore. It is hard to calculate how the party can gain by the performance of the State convention.

A Straddle in Ohio

Senator Theodore E. Burton, whose selection for the Senate gratified Progressives less than two years ago, and whose performances as Senator have been grieving them ever since, made the saddest spectacle of the convention. Had he joined hands with the Progressives, he might have helped them to substantial results. Instead, he took the course which played into the hands of Boss Cox of Cincinnati, and held it until he feared the talk of an alliance. He let it be known, just when it would be most effective, that he as well as President Taft did not want James R. Garfield named for Governor or given any substantial recognition. Senators Burton and Dick—the latter a candidate for reelection—aligned themselves in favor of vigorously indorsing the Payne-Aldrich tariff, and, with the various bosses and the Congressmen who had helped make that tariff, they had the power to force an unequivocal indorsement of it. President Taft, for his part in rejecting the demands of the Progressives, received a strong indorsement of his administration to date, with a demand for his renomination in 1912. Cox, failing to name his own candidate for Governor, was able to get to the band wagon of the winner, Warren G. Harding, at the critical moment. Representative Longworth was gaining strength on the third ballot when Cox threw the big vote of Hamilton County for Harding, assuring him nomination and simultaneously displaying his contempt for that Roosevelt sentiment which had gathered around Longworth, who might be regarded as a bit of a Progressive by marriage.

President Taft had taken active part in pre-convention conferences and presumably is satisfied, inasmuch as Mr. Garfield, to whom he especially objected, was so thoroughly discredited that he would not permit his name to be placed before the convention.

A convention which indorses the new tariff, kicks Progressivism as represented by Garfield, snubs Roosevelt sentiment as personified in Longworth, makes Dick Chairman of Resolutions, and lets the petty bosses of the local machines of the State name the Governor, may help the Republicans this year and it may not.

SENATORS Bristow and Dolliver have publicly charged that Senator Aldrich helped organize the \$40,000,000 Intercontinental Rubber Company; that he is a heavy shareholder in it; that his son is its general manager, and that Aldrich did this within three months after he had raised the tariff on rubber; that thereupon there was a big boom in rubber shares to the profit of Aldrich, the Guggenheims and Ryan, who make up the Trust.

New Charges Against Aldrich

Aldrich has denied nothing, explained nothing. Why should he? He has never denied or explained his

manipulation of the sugar schedule in an earlier tariff bill, by which the Trust made many millions, and in consideration of which the Trust capitalists backed Aldrich's street-railway consolidation scheme in Rhode Island and put Aldrich in the way of making some millions that laid the foundation of his huge personal fortune. The Aldrich kind of "Business Senators" never explain.

JONATHAN BOURNE was a Senator from Oregon about three years before he undertook a speech. Then he got excited and carefully prepared some remarks on Oregon's great movement to restore government to the people through the initiative, referendum, recall, absolutely popular primaries, popular election of Senators, and so on.

He Built Better Than He Knew

He committed the speech to memory, but when it came to the scratch he lost his nerve and didn't make an oration. He read it instead, and sat down, feeling sure that he had perpetrated a sad fiasco.

Which shows how much Senator Bourne does not know about a fiasco. That speech has now been sent out in greater numbers than any other address ever delivered in Congress. It has been sent almost entirely to people who asked for it. Thousands of letters have reached the Senator, enclosing anything from a postage stamp to a comfortable check, asking "as many copies as the enclosure will pay for." Bourne has in every case sent the copies and returned the money; thus far over 800,000 copies have been sent out.

DURING a strike at the American Sugar Refining Company's plant at Williamsburg, Long Island, the company attempted to send out five truckloads of sugar guarded by strikebreakers and police. Fifteen hundred Polish strikers, men and women, attacked the guards and drove the trucks back, whereupon several strikebreakers and officials of the company opened fire on the

Sugar Trust Men Shoot to Kill

mob from a bridge connecting two of the buildings, killing one man and seriously wounding eight others. Henry A. Morgan, cashier of the refinery was arrested, charged with firing the fatal shot. It would be interesting to get at the real merits of such a lawless contest as this, and find out which side the police really ought to help.

OUTBREAKS of lawlessness are to be noted elsewhere than in New York. At Greensburg, Pa., there have been several battles between striking miners. One miner and one State deputy were killed and an unknown number injured. Columbus, Ohio, where a strike of street-car employees was in progress, recently took on the appearance of an armed camp. Several regiments of militia were rushed into the town to keep order. The dispute between the company and the men was submitted during the spring to the State Board of Arbitration, whose recommendations were acceptable to the employees but not to the company. Hence the present difficulty. In this case, were it not for the injury worked to the business men and residents of Columbus (who, by the way, petitioned the mayor to place the company in the hands of a receiver until the dispute could be settled) it looks as if the troops should have helped the strikers, instead of following the traditional blind course of protecting the company.

Strike-Ridden Columbus

TWENTY or more negroes were killed near Palestine, Texas, in an encounter between armed bodies of whites and blacks. No white men were injured. The trouble originated over a note which a white man had endorsed for a negro and which he had later been compelled to pay. When the negro was called to account for his default, the trouble started. It is not stated just what were the intermediate steps between a minor dispute between individuals and this considerable slaughter of negroes.

A Race War in Texas

[Continued on page 606]

Best & Co.



School Outfits for Children

School Days bring mothers face to face with the difficult task of fitting out the children in serviceable, suitable and stylish clothes, at an economical price.

Thousands of mothers save worry, expense and delay by clothing their children, from head to foot, from this large establishment, devoted completely and exclusively to the outfitting of boys, girls and infants.

School Clothes. Hats. Shoes. Hosiery. Underwear. Furnishings for Boys and Girls are pictured, described and priced in our new Fall and Winter Catalogue

which we mail free to any address upon request. This guide to correct clothes for children aids mothers in deciding upon any article of dress for school, street, house, or special occasions.

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is made as satisfactory as a personal visit to the store, by the helpful offices of our Long Distance Shopping Bureau, under experienced house buyers. You are safe in outfitting your children from here, because we guarantee satisfaction, or promptly refund your money.

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Refreshing
and Healing**

The Most Useful
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POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
NEW YORK





MEMPHIS

OFFERS free to manufacturers, to business men, and all interested, the most remarkable "Demonstration Series" of Comparative Industrial Maps, Freight Tables, and comparative data ever issued by any city.

Send for these and compare the manufacturing centers for yourself.

Memphis Taxable Values now 100 million dollars—twice the volume of five years ago.

MEM

YOU who realize the changing conditions of today, and the radical readjustment of economic manufacture and distribution of commodities, have a right to the plain truth about our American cities and what they have to offer.

The business men of Memphis, its Freight Bureau, its Commercial organizations, have prepared an exhaustive analysis of the South from an industrial point of view, comparing sources of Raw Material, nearness and character of Markets, Transportation and Traffic facilities, Comparative Freight Rates, Cost of Labor, Cost of Power and Fuel, Comparative Manufacturing Costs, etc.

You want this information if you are looking South or Southwest for a site for your new factory, new plant, or branch plant.

Nothing like this matter has ever been published before.

You will find it not only exhaustive and accurate, but exactly calculated to answer the questions in your own mind covering this great subject. Northern and Eastern Manufacturers and Distributors, you owe it to your own interests to send for this great comparative analysis and post up.

As an illustration, do you know that Memphis is the most healthful city of the South? It is. Official reports prove Memphis more healthful than New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Cleveland or Montreal. Memphis has the finest sewage system in America.

Memphis has an inexhaustible supply of pure artesian water.

Memphis washes her streets and flushes her sewers with artesian water.

Memphis commands the greatest market in America, the most buoyant market The Great Southwest—with freight rate advantages far greater than Cincinnati, St. Louis, Atlanta, Kansas City, or any of the cities North and East.

Memphis has seventeen lines of railroad and the best terminal facilities in the United States.

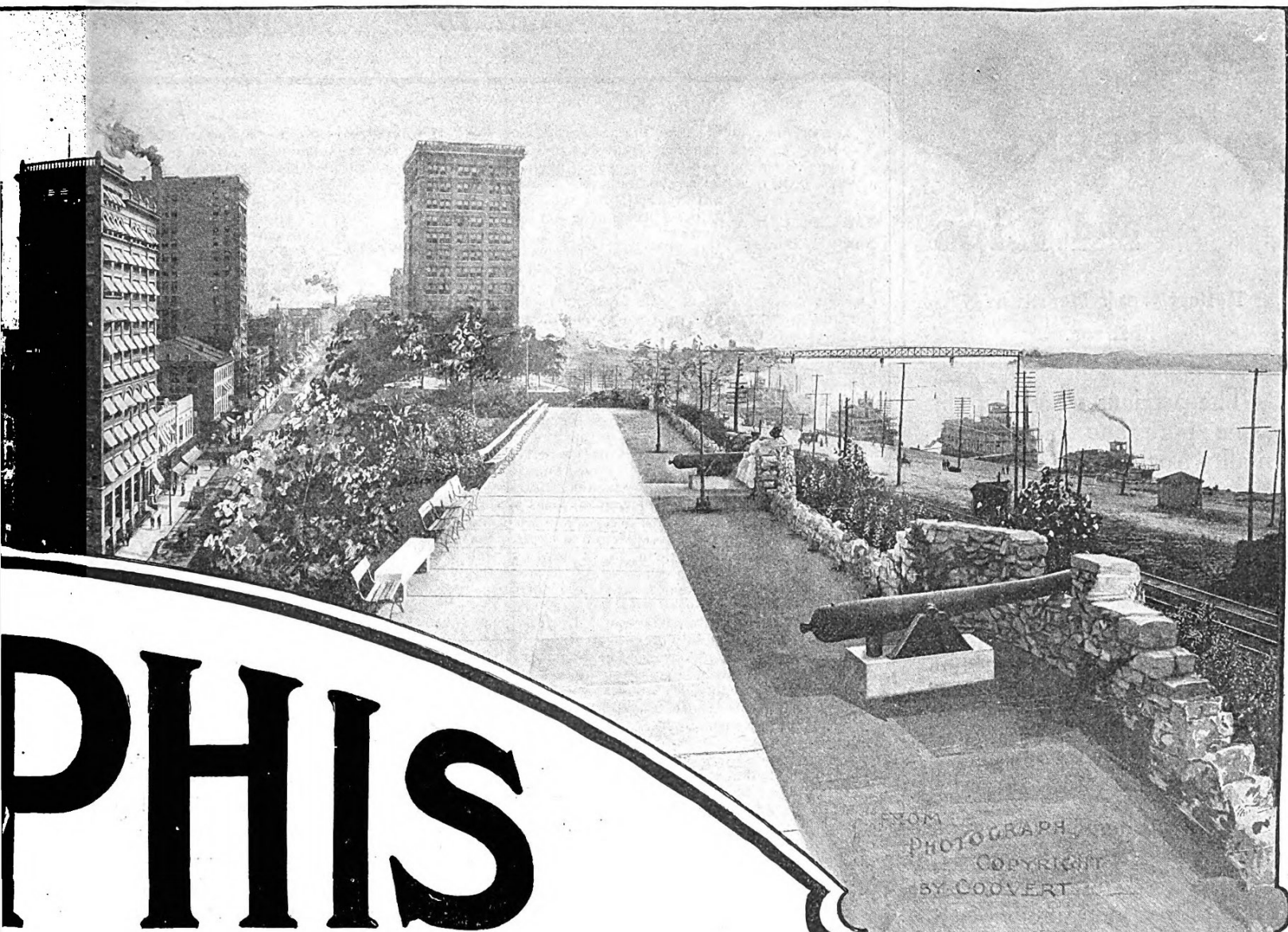
Memphis is within 20 hours fast freight of 20 large cities.

Memphis has three belt lines and the lowest maximum switching charge of any city—\$2 per car—and this, on all competitive freight, is absorbed by the road deriving the long haul.

Freight deliveries to and from factories are made into and out of Memphis within from one hour to one day—absolutely.

Factory sites on the belt lines are cheap, from \$5 to \$10 per front foot. The Standard Oil Co. has located its greatest cooperage plant in Memphis. The American Steel & Wire Company has chosen Memphis for its new distributing plant. The National Biscuit Company has located its great branch establishment here, and the Virginia Bridge and Iron Company declined a \$50,000 cash bonus offered by another city because, in the language of its president, "We save more than that every year on the low freight rates into and out of Memphis."

James S. Warren, *Manager Bureau Publicity & Development,* **Busin**



PHIS

WE, the manufacturers *now* located in Memphis call your attention to the following facts:

"Memphis is undoubtedly the center of the hard wood lumber production of the United States and of the world," (this is quoted in the authority of the Department of Forestry of the Government).

Memphis is just one-night's-ride from Chicago. A night's-ride from New Orleans. A night's-ride from Cincinnati and Louisville. A night's-ride from Kansas City.

Memphis is the center of the heart of the Mississippi Valley.

Memphis has the Mississippi River.

Memphis is the inevitable inland terminus of ocean transport to the markets of the world, hundreds of miles nearer Panama than competing cities.

Memphis has an abundance of peaceful and efficient labor.

The average wage scale in Memphis is lower than that prevailing in Northern and Eastern centers of manufacture.

Memphis has abundance of cheap coal by both rail and river. Furniture factories and wood-working plants here burn their own waste.

Memphis markets are calling for Furniture Factories, *demanding* them, Mantel Factories, Kitchen Cabinet Factories, Table Factories, Sash and Door Factories, Box Factories, Wood Splitting Factories, Saddle Tree Factories, Stirrup Factories, Hame Factories, Moulding, Column and Pole Factories, and all lines of manufacture producing commodities the by-products of wood.

Memphis is the ideal site for manufacture of agricultural implements and products depending on iron and wood.

Memphis has a differential on steel from Pittsburg lower than Chicago, lower than St. Louis, lower than Kansas City.

Memphis wants Manufacturers of Food Products; and Feed.

Memphis wants Cotton Mills and Canneries.

Memphis combines all the industrial, commercial and distribution advantages in one, and she presents the most perfect conditions residentially, educationally and morally.

Memphis is a city of hustle; enterprising and indefatigable; hard-working—and the most *operative* city on the continent.

It's the greatest get-together city you ever saw, and it has the strongest, best organized, and most helpful business body in the country to stand by the new-comer and advise him well.

Come to Memphis. Come and *see* Memphis before you go *anywhere*.

Compare the cities for yourself, and don't fail to send for your Comparative Maps, Tables, Statistics, etc

Business Men's Club, Memphis, Tenn.

"BEST DESTINY"

MEMPHIS

SUPREMACY rests upon and is supported by solid columns of facts. Memphis is the most healthful city in the South. Artesian water, inexhaustible.

Memphis population close to 200,000. Memphis will send you tables of municipal comparative statistics which prove her the strategic center of the South for manufacture and distribution. You want above all, the Industrial Maps, etc. They're *free*.

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Eyes

Cheeks

and Lips

Reflect One's Health as a Mirror.

The precious blood current when pure and laden with vitality from proper and well-digested food, is Nature's greatest beautifier.

Without it, the cosmetic art can do no more than sham and make-believe.

To possess the beauty that all women seek and men admire, is largely a matter of right living—principally proper food and drink.

Thoughtful men and women who know the simple reasons why beauty and health depend upon proper food, use

Grape-Nuts

regularly as a part of their diet.

It is a concentrated food—in 100 parts there are only about 2 parts waste.

Grape-Nuts is not only partially pre-digested—hence easily assimilated—but eaten with other foods, it assists in their digestion.

What wonder then, that bright eyes, cherry lips and rosy cheeks tell the story of good health for those who use

Grape-Nuts

This food contains the vitalizing elements of the field grains scientifically prepared in appetizing form.

"There's a Reason"

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



The World in a Nutshell



[Continued from page 591]

A RECENT remarkable slump in stock values on the New York Exchange promptly brought forth a still more remarkable explanation. Something less than a year ago, it is stated, a syndicate of Canadian and British capitalists set about to

The Cause of a Slump in Stocks

gather a controlling, or at least dominating interest in a chain of railroads which would make up a complete transcontinental route. The Lehigh from New York to Buffalo, the Wabash to Chicago, the Rock Island to Denver, the Denver and Rio Grande and the Western Pacific from there to the Coast, were the coveted links in the system. To control all these lines would mean to control companies having aggregate stock of almost half a billion, to say nothing of about as much more in bonds.

The syndicate, headed by Dr. F. S. Pearson, a noted engineer and promoter, secured immense holdings in the Lehigh, Rock Island and other companies named, all of them Gould properties. But the market conditions were not favorable, the load proved onerous and finally, the story goes, the banks which had been holding the syndicate's shares as collateral for loans pressed for more margins and it became necessary to sell some of the holdings in order to secure cash to protect the rest. In this selling movement prices were cut, not only on the stocks directly involved, but all along the line. A startling list made new low records for 1910.

Prompt reaction followed, and stocks bounded forward almost as fast as they had tumbled. It is really an evidence of the stability of general business conditions that such a tremendous avulsion should have produced so little general business effect.

It also inspires inquiry. Is it desirable that our vitally important railroad interests should be so held that a syndicate of foreigners could, in a secret stock-market campaign, almost gain control of a transcontinental system?

Is it desirable that seventeen billions of railway capitalization should be so loosely held and utterly unregulated, that a secret cornering process may at any time plunge us into such ruinous experiences as this recent collapse, or the Northern Pacific corner?

Is it not possible that failure to secure supervision that will prevent these things will give new impetus to the already rapidly growing sentiment in favor of government railroad ownership?

It is being borne in on people that within a very few years this country will reach the position where an adverse balance of trade, or an inconsiderable favorable balance, will be the rule of prosperous times. In periods of depression, when we are too poor to buy and need the money so much that we are willing to sell on attractive terms, we will continue to have a good balance, just

Prosperity and the Balance of Trade

as, following the 1907 crisis, the exports jumped, imports slumped, and the change brought a big importation of gold that quickly improved conditions.

Probably, if we could calculate all exports and imports, including money sent abroad by naturalized citizens to relatives in the Old World, Christmas presents, travelers' expenses and merchandise, it would turn out that the final balance is against us, even now, in most years. But the notion of a so-called adverse balance indicating impoverishment of the country is becoming recognized as buncombe. When we buy more than we sell, we get the goods, and we have the money to pay for them: signs of prosperity, not poverty.

The treasury deficit is fast being wiped out, having been reduced from \$118,000,000 to \$25,000,000 in the last business year.

THOMAS C. DAWSON, sometime chief of the Bureau of Latin-American affairs in the State Department, has been designated as minister to Panama. The announcement is accepted as presaging an effort to bring about annexation of Panama, Mr. Dawson being our leading specialist and expert in handling Latin-American relations. The present status of Panama is impossible, considering our vast interests there and their vital importance. The little makeshift Republic has served its purpose as such, and inevitably must become an American possession.

The Fate of Panama

The Caribbean region has become highly important to this country, and possibilities of dangerous complications there have been forced into view by the development that Germany has apparently been playing a double game in connection with the Central American troubles. Washington can not permit any rival among the great powers to entrench itself among the turbulent little Republics of the ci-isthmian region, and the establishment of a firm grip and supervision of them seems to be the only sure preventive. We seem to be sighting a time when the whole Caribbean hotbed of revolution and complications will be somehow reduced to the status of Santo Domingo; perhaps ultimately to that of Hawaii.

TWENTY-TWO cotton manufacturing companies have turned themselves into a trust known as the International Cotton Mills Corporation, and capitalized at \$20,000,000. These companies at present manufacture three thousand varieties of fabric, employ ten thousand operators, and own ten thousand acres of land. Their annual sales are estimated at \$18,000,000. As if to forestall criticism, the new president announces that the twenty-two companies have not been in competition. Time and politics will probably determine whether this is to be a good trust or a bad one.

Now a Cotton Trust

FOLLOWING close on the announcement of the formation of the cotton trust comes word of a baker's trust, the new Federal Biscuit Company, a \$30,000,000 affair. From the newspapers we learn that "it is unofficially announced that the new company was formed to create a virtual monopoly of the baking business of the United States without rendering the promoters liable to the Sherman Anti-trust act." This sounds like an interesting experiment.

And a Baking Monopoly

WE ARE just old-fashioned enough to take no stock in the modernized Bible which is shortly to appear, "couched in every-day language, with obsolete words and phrases eliminated." The King James Bible has done more to preserve the good old Saxon words and style, which are the best English literature has produced, than anything else. Instead of a movement to get us further away from that vigorous, simple, classic style, and in the interest of establishing the finest literary ideals possible to a people destined to use the curious hybrid which the English language has become, it would be more sensible to frown upon all efforts to improve on the King James Bible. It is the greatest treasure-house, inspiration and teacher of good English that we possess.

Old Bibles for New

LAST year Senator Gore, the blind statesman of Oklahoma, blocked an attempt to buy \$160,000,000 worth of Indian mineral land for \$30,000,000, of which \$3,000,000 were to go as "attorney's fees," by stating in the open Senate that he had been approached with a bribe. Recently before the special House Investigating Committee, he added that Jacob L. Hamon, who, he says, acted as intermediary, informed him that Vice-President Sherman was interested in the proposition and explained the Vice-President's interest by adding, "this is lots of money, you see."

Two of Senator Gore's clerks confirmed parts of his testimony; and Congressman Creager testified that he too was offered an "interest." It will be interesting to see whether the Senate will now permit its own Investigating Committee to proceed in the matter.

Vice-President Sherman Named in Bribery Scandal

THE trouble with the opposition to Socialism in this country is that most of those who voice this opposition don't know what Socialism is. With the belief that in any contest it is important to understand both our enemies and our friends, we strongly advise thoughtful citizens everywhere to read the new book by Charles Edward Russell entitled "Why I am a Socialist." In this book Mr. Russell succeeds in making clear the mental attitude of a consistent Socialist, a by no means easy thing to do. The book is sober and temperate, if earnest. In it are set down the deepest and most intimate mental experiences of a great-hearted American, who in all the turmoil of an active life has never been afraid to think or to face his conclusions. In reading his book we can not wholly resist the notion that while timidly radical political leaders would denounce it, Abraham Lincoln would have understood.

PROHIBITION has been represented as making great gains in recent years, but the rejoicings voiced by the recent annual convention of the United States Brewing Association suggest that the makers of liquors are not worried. President H. J. Hester in his address said the pendulum was swinging away from prohibition and that despite the fact that some forty-two million people live in nominally "dry" territory, the consumption of liquor increases. He added that the people are steadily growing more temperate, notwithstanding the increased use of liquors; more people drink than ever, but fewer drink to excess. The brewers explained that they favor license laws rather than attempts at prohibition.

PROHIBITION Not Worrying the Brewers

Charles Edward Russell's Book

[Continued on page 616]

Molly Make-Believe

[Continued from page 590]

give me a chance? Couldn't you please give me a chance? Now—this minute? Is she so very ill?"

"No, she's not so very ill; that is, she's not sick in bed," mused the old lady waveringly. "She's well enough to be sitting up in her big chair in front of her open fire."

"Big chair? open fire?" quizzed Stanton. "Then, are there two chairs?" he asked casually.

"Why, yes," answered the little grandmother in surprise.

"And a mantelpiece with a clock on it?" he probed. The little grandmother's eyes opened wide and blue with astonishment.

"Yes," she said, "but the clock has n't gone for forty years!"

"Oh, great!" exclaimed Stanton. "Then won't you please—please—I tell you it's a case of life or death—won't you please go right upstairs and sit down in that extra big chair—and not say a word or anything, but just wait till I come? And of course," he said, "it wouldn't be good for you to run upstairs, but if you would hurry just a little I should be so much obliged."

As soon as he dared, he followed cautiously up the unfamiliar stairs, and peered inquisitively through the illuminating crack of a loosely closed door.

The grandmother, as he remembered her, was dressed in some funny sort of a dullish purple, but peeping out from the edge of one of the chairs he caught an unmistakable flutter of blue.

Catching his breath he tapped gently on the wood-work.

Round the big winged arm of the chair a wonderful, bright aureole of hair showed suddenly.

"Come in," faltered Molly's perplexed voice.

All muffled up in his great fur-coat he pushed the door wide open and entered boldly.

"It's only Carl," he said. "Am I interrupting you?"

The really dreadful, collapsed expression on Molly's face Stanton did not appear to notice at all. He merely walked over to the mantelpiece, and leaning his elbows on the little cleared space in front of the clock, stood staring fixedly at the timepiece which had not changed its quarter-of-three expression for forty years.

"It's almost half-past seven," he announced pointedly, "and I can stay till just eight o'clock."

Only the little grandmother smiled.

Almost immediately: "It's twenty minutes of eight now!" he announced severely.

"My, how time flies!" laughed the little grandmother.

When he turned around again the little grandmother had fled.

But Molly did not laugh, as he himself had laughed on that far-away, dreamlike evening in his rooms. Instead of laughter, two great tears welled up in her eyes and glistened slowly down her flushing cheeks.

"What if this old clock has n't moved a minute in forty years?" whispered Stanton passionately, "it's such a stingy little time to eight o'clock—even if the hands never get there!"

Then turning suddenly to Molly he held out his great strong arms to her.

"Oh, Molly, Molly!" he cried out beseechingly, "I love you! And I'm free to love you! Won't you please come to me?"

Sliding very cautiously out of the big, deep chair, Molly came walking hesitatingly toward him. Like a little wraith miraculously tinted with bronze and blue she stopped and faced him piteously for a second.

Then suddenly she made a little wild rush into his arms and burrowed her small frightened face in his shoulder.

"Oh, Carl, sweetheart!" she cried. "I can really love you now? Love you—Carl—love you! And not have to be just Molly Make-Believing any more!"



Helpful Advice

"JOHN," asked father, "do you practise on the piano while I am away at business?"

"Yes, father, every day," replied the boy.

"How long did you practise to-day?"

"Three hours."

"Well, I am glad to hear that you are so regular."

"Yes, sir."

"And the next time you practise be sure to unlock the piano. Here is the key. I locked the instrument last week and have been carrying the key in my pocket ever since."

A Use for Rats

A USE has been found for the American rat besides its employment for *chop suey*. The Japanese used rats to keep their ears and noses warm while they were fighting the Russians. Their fellows in this country caught them for this purpose, using the hides, which they dried and prepared in the most primitive manner. Seattle was the scene of the rat-skin manufacture, and proved again that the only drawback to their being of economical value is their lack of size.



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Mrs. Curtis's Home Corner

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS



THE questions which come from our readers frequently deal with the problem of a woman's success in the business world. I am constantly asked: “If a woman had a vote, would it enable her to earn a man's income?” I recently attended a meeting where a suffragist addressed an audience made up wholly of working women. She assured them that if women could acquire suffrage, it would mean equal rights with men; also equal wages for the same grade of work. Looking over the audience, I wondered what sort of an examination these women could pass if a test were made of their ability in various fields of labor. It did not strike me as encouraging, judged by appearances. There were few, very few, women present who looked competent, and therefore successful.

Some Phases of Woman's Problem in the Workaday World

ONE day while talking to a Southern woman of the trials of incompetent help, she got on a strange tack. “It is not wholly the woman's fault that she is an incompetent when she tries to earn her daily bread.”

I imagine I looked my amazement. “Women were not designed by the Creator to work for a living,” she explained.

“Not in any sphere?” I asked.
“Not in any sphere outside the home,” was her calm answer. “Of course, I except the colored race. They were designed, male and female, for servitude. In every case, where a woman leaves her home to earn a living, some man is to blame—father, brother, husband or son. She is paying the penalty for his selfishness, cruelty or injustice. I read in a census report yesterday of the tremendous increase during ten years in occupations open to women. It is wrong and shocking, because every woman who goes out in the world to earn her bread, sooner or later loses her womanliness and charm.”

It was useless to argue with the lady. She would have talked me into a corner because she believes implicitly in what she says. It shows, however, one ridiculous viewpoint of life that women take. Any woman believing as she does—and there are many who do—would not be worth her salt, to say nothing of bread and butter. No one can achieve success while harboring inward rebellion against her lot. If every woman had a vote, it would avail her nothing, so far as the equalization of wages is concerned, unless she can do her work as well as a man does his. There is no sentimentality in the business world. If you can not “make good” you are invited to step down and out. This sounds harsh; but the fact remains that the incompetency of a great mass of our working women is startling. You find it in every walk of life, from professional careers to menial occupations. Behind it are all sorts of reasons: lack of mental or physical strength, want of education, idiotic ideals, the “don't care” spirit, dearth of courage, rebellion against the necessity of toil, and, most frequent of all, a wrongly chosen career.

THE working woman who has achieved success shows it. You can pick her out from a throng as you can a successful business man in a sidewalk crowd. It is not wholly a matter of garments, although that has something to do with it. She possesses the undefinable air of having “made good”—also a wide-awake, alert manner acquired by hard work and its rewards. She carries herself with a pride and dignity quite unlike the haughty air we associate with social position or wealth. It is simply the well-earned insignia of a self-made woman. As a rule the self-made woman cares little about the suffrage question. During her busy career she has had scant leisure to study such things; besides she confesses to a belief that politics would have helped her less than her own efforts. She took up her work as she would have plunged into study in a coeducational school, remembering that sex privileges and sex disabilities count for nothing when a woman shoulders a man's work. Perhaps suffrage for women, if they ever achieve it, may bring more strenuous careers and larger opportunities. Of what avail, however, will that be unless the woman chooses work according to her capacity and does it to the best of her ability—cheerfully, loyally, faithfully and with a heart-felt interest.

Sometimes a woman is utterly incapable of sizing up her own abilities, and an outsider can do it better than she could. A woman who is achieving remarkable re-

sults in a crowded settlement district once spoke of this while telling her experiences.

“When I can discover what a human being is best fitted for and set her at it,” she said, “there is promise for the future. So many people fritter away their lives in vain attempts to accomplish something for which they have no ability. They find no enjoyment in their labor, it is poorly done, and the employer does not get the worth of his money. The results are failure, destitution, discouragement—sometimes suicide. I have been laboring among the poor for thirty years and I have not yet found an able-bodied man or woman, who with encouragement and teaching, was not capable of doing some sort of work and doing it well. It is not possible to discover ability at a glance. It may take months of endeavor and many failures before the one talent is found.”

“Some weeks ago a girl came into our manual school eager to learn something which would relieve her from a stenographer's career. She hated the work and she knew she was a failure. As soon as she began to handle tools she showed remarkable aptitude for the most delicate craftsmanship. She was set at a jewelry bench and already she is making really artistic things which she designs herself. Women who possess backbone, intelligence and energy are capable of working out their own salvation, but the other class is legion. There could be no greater charity instituted than a sort of guidance bureau which would put every round human peg into a round hole.”

AMERICA has the reputation in European countries of holding out a welcome to the unskilled laborer. This is true in the case of domestic service. We are largely to blame for the incapable emigrants dumped at Ellis Island by the million. Last summer, while visiting in a Yorkshire home, my hostess asked what wages were paid to servants in this country.

“Almost anything,” I said, “according to supply and demand. Wages range probably from three to ten dollars a week.”

“What?” she asked in amazement. “Two pounds a week! I have a splendid cook and I pay her eight pounds a year.”

Then she told me of the situation in her kitchen. A few months before her cook's sister had sailed for America. She was young and had done nothing but scullery work. She had scarcely set foot in New York when she found a situation at one pound a week. With a wage six times larger than she had ever earned in England went all sorts of indulgences, which looked startling to an English mistress. She had Thursday and Sunday afternoons off, the work was not hard, there were conveniences never dreamed of at home, and she was having her own way about things because servants were so scarce in America a mistress would do anything to keep one. That letter was brewing all sorts of trouble in a Yorkshire kitchen. In the Yorkshire drawing-room, American housewives were set down as idiotic, extravagant and backboneless, and I could not altogether refute the assertion. In England the wages of a domestic are graduated by her ability. Here we take anything that Providence sends along and return thanks because it is no worse.

If we can judge by the long columns in the morning papers headed “Help Wanted” and the short ones of “Situations Wanted,” the demand for workers, especially among women, is far larger than the supply. Although she can not hold on long to a position or earn her wages honestly, the unskilled worker is often able to make a living. We pick up human driftwood simply because it is so hard to get anything else.

A friend asked me one day if I wished some one to sew for me at home. “I have an excellent dress-maker,” she explained. “I had engaged her for next week and I can not take her. So you may have the time if you wish.”

I accepted gladly. At the end of that week I looked over a pile of clothing so excellently made that I felt as if even the liberal price I had paid was not sufficient recompense. There was no poor stitching, nor raw seams, nor bad fitting nor any of the small tantalizing errors one grows accustomed to after years of scamped work. I asked the woman to hold another week for me some months hence.

“I am sorry,” she explained, “but I am engaged for a year ahead.” She spoke modestly enough while she discussed her own successes. “I have no special talent

for dressmaking," she said. "Still I sew better than anything else I do and I do my level best. I keep up as well as I can with the styles, fill every engagement promptly and turn out no work I would not accept myself."

This city could easily support fifty women sewing by the day. I doubt if there are ten who give satisfaction. Hundreds are looking for sewing engagements. They come to me constantly asking for the time I can not fill. I seldom recommend them. I know too well their slovenly work. Still they find employment and everywhere I hear tales of woe about spoiled clothes."

At a certain lingerie shop where one pays good prices for work which is correspondingly good, I asked the proprietor to recommend a woman who would go out to sew.

"If I knew of one," she confessed, "I would be selfish enough to take her myself. Every day I decline orders because I can not find competent help. I pay my seamstresses two dollars a day, and scores of women come to me asking for employment. Frequently I try them and let them go in a day, for I spend hours ripping out their botched work. I am not running a charity institution. The only charity one can offer such a woman is to wake her up to the knowledge that she cheats the public by taking wages for scamped work."

THERE are others besides domestics and seamstresses who do not give an equivalent for the money they are paid. Stenographers have come to me with the best of recommendations, and I have found that they could not spell, punctuate, or even put an ordinary letter together. Some of them did not have average intelligence. They did not classify themselves as cheap, untrained workers, and asked a competent's wages. They are simply types of the drifters who give no just equivalent for wages. One of them came highly endorsed by a clergyman in our city. She was absolutely the worst I ever tried out. Sometime afterward I met the man who said kindly things of her work and asked him if her references from him were a forgery.

"No," he answered, apologetically. "I fear I said better things about her than she deserved. Perhaps you did not understand the case. She is the sole support of a widowed mother and she is a good, well-meaning girl—but—"

"But," I completed his sentence for him," she can not typewrite nor take dictation."

ONE day in a thronged graveyard I lingered to read the inscriptions on two stones. One tall marble shaft told the achievements of a woman who had been president of a great college. Close by, inside a railing, was a small, unpretentious stone. It bore this tribute:

In fond remembrance of
MARGARET MCKEEVER,

After fifty-two years of faith, love and loyalty to one household she now rests with the family she served.

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Coney Island, Take Notice.

WHO says the Germans are serious people? Could any nation be lost to humor that originated the game of "Human Skittles?" The city of Munich in Bavaria, has the game in successful operation and it will no doubt be a great mirth producer at Coney Island and similar pleasure resorts next summer.

The nine pins or "skittles" are giant wicker baskets looking very much like the laundry baskets used in restaurants. These are set at the foot of an incline. The bowls are also baskets but differing in shape, being more like the bushel baskets used by vegetable and coal dealers. Into these latter baskets, one or two adults or several children "squat" and the point of the game is that these "loaded" bowls slide, twirl and tumble down the incline, knocking down the "pins" or passing them by as luck will have it.

The crowd watching this game derives just as much, if not more fun than the participants themselves. The bowls twist, lurch, topple, tumble, and rock as the humans move about, onlookers and players shrieking with laughter at the sport.

Why He Disapproved

TWO littleboys, aged seven and six, after a session at Sunday-school were giving their views upon the lesson.

"There's one thing I don't like about that lesson," said the younger. "It does n't seem right to put that in the Bible."

The lesson had been about the healing of the blind man, who was told he would receive his sight after washing in the pool of Siloam.

"Why?" asked the other boy.

"Because," replied the young censor, "The Sunday-school lesson says that Jesus put mud in the blind man's eyes and told him to go and wash in a pool saloon."



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[Continued from
page 585]

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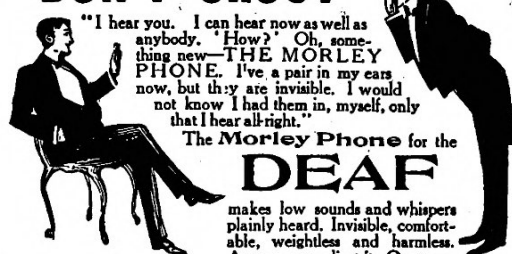
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MARRIAGE IN AMERICA

if I was to be scrimped?" She now shows signs of succumbing to the millionaire, although her father will let her marry the artist if his parents will settle two hundred thousand on him.

It is thus that, in the words of Canon Liddon: "the most sacred of all human relationship, both for time and eternity, is prostituted to the brute level of an affair of cash, and is quickly followed by months and years of misery."

Another method of inducing a girl to marry in haste is to appeal to her sense of sisterly justice.

Miss Lucy M.'s family has recently suffered heavy losses. She feels very keenly that she is expected to make a good match. "Of course," her mother is constantly saying, "your poor little sister can't come out as long as you're in society."

But the greatest bugaboo that is dangled before the eyes of the Smart Set girl is the specter of spinsterhood. It is dangled so effectually that three-fifths of the girls agree with Miss Winnie in frankly declaring that they would certainly prefer marrying without love to remaining single. "After a few years of society a girl has a fearfully dull time unless she marries." "What would I do if I didn't marry? Live at home and take care of my sister's babies?" "There's no place on earth for an old maid!"

Everywhere among the older girls one meets with pitiful boredom and discontent and anxiety for the future. The parents take care to make them feel how severe are the social and subjective penalties of being "too particular" in the choice of a husband. With fresh charms the new debutantes are constantly coming out and lessening the elder ones' chances. And after three or four years, the whole situation begins to get on the nerves. No wonder that so often a girl tears loose in wild revolt, becomes for the moment just a woman—and elopes with the Japanese valet or the private waiter or the chauffeur. There are often sufficient grounds for revolt. For, by subjecting a daughter to such influences, parents sell her just as truly as though they took in exchange for her the cattle of the young savage, coming in his bridal paint and with the scalp which qualifies him for marriage, swinging at his belt. She is simply revolting from what John Stuart Mill accurately defined as "relics of primitive barbarism."

What She Thinks About Having Children

If the attitude of the Smart Set girl is discouraging to those who have the future of the race at heart, her attitude toward motherhood is scarcely less so. On this point her ideas are clear-cut. Unlike the working girl, she knows exactly what she wants. There are no groups of waverers, of the stolidly indifferent, or of fatalists who will take "whatever the Lord sends." But there is a much larger class in the Smart Set who are quite unwilling to become mothers under any circumstances whatever. And for what different reasons! Here are some of them: "Children are such a fearful responsibility." "I am so sensitive to pain that I don't believe I could ever have children. Then, too, isn't it likely to spoil the figure?" "Preserve me from babies!" "Never thought much about them. My great interest is dogs and horses."

A full quarter of the Smart Set girls in this investigation had some such reasons as these for being unwilling to become complete women and do their duty by the race. This is calculated to make the judicious grieve—not because such girls are not willing to bear children—nobody wants them to—but because bad ideals are infectious.

Then, too, it is rather hard to win any comfort from the fact that the three-quarters who wish to be mothers desire on the average three children apiece. Hard, that is, when one considers the kind of fathers they propose to select for their three children, and from what motives.

A startling commentary on both fathers and mothers and motives is supplied by the Smart Set girl's birdseye view of the institution of marriage as she has observed it among her married friends. Three-quarters conclude that more marriages turn out unhappily than happily—an even more pessimistic view than that of the factory girl.

With such a gloomy view of the success of monogamy, one naturally expects Smart Set opinion to be liberally disposed toward the means of escape. It is. Almost seven-tenths of the girls favor divorce.

The reader has perhaps been wondering why so much of an article on the society girl has been devoted to the views of one small subdivision of society. It is because, broadly speaking, the feminine ideals of the Smart Set are simply exaggerations of the society girl's ideals. Or rather, it might be more just to invert the statement and say that the influence of Smart Set standards has pervaded almost every nook and corner of society.

"Not Marriage But Getting Married Is the Serious Consideration"

The term "Society Girl" as used here covers a multitude of social levels, from the glittering pinnacle of the most exclusive metropolitan coterie down to the lower ragged edge of the polite world in small and decadent towns from which the young men have gone cityward to seek their fortunes. If the picture turns out rather melancholy in tone it must be remembered that

it is drawn in the gray medium of averages and majorities; and that each cloud which overshadows it has a silver lining.

I can not insist too strongly that many of the most consummate specimens of perfect girlhood are to be found among the society girls and even in the Smart Set—girls whose marriage ideals, if generally realized, would bring Heaven literally to earth in the course of a generation or two—girls, moreover, who would almost face the rack and the stake than betray the men and women of the future by relaxing their beautiful ideals.

The pitiful fact remains, however, that such specimens of true womanhood find themselves in the minority. And therefore their views can scarcely be touched upon within these limits.

A tabulation of reports on the Smart Set girls and on the far larger group that includes them, reveals the fact that the standards of both classes are seldom very far apart, and are, indeed, sometimes identical. These are a few items taken almost at random from the tables:

ATTITUDE	SMART SET GIRLS	SOCIETY GIRLS IN GENERAL
Favor Divorce	69%	69%
Give serious thought to marriage as one of the problems of life	54%	62%
Fond of dancing	87%	77%
Spend much time and thought on dress	85%	77%
Willing to marry a widower	65%	58%
Would marry despite parental opposition	80%	68%
Income demanded for possible husband	abt. \$7000	about \$5000
Would defer or refuse struggler	88%	89%

Almost everywhere there is much the same close correspondence between the ideals of the four hundred and those of the four hundred thousand. Only three-tenths of the former, and but very few more of the latter look on marriage as a vocation to be prepared for and seriously pursued. As a California belle expressed it: "Not marriage but getting married is the serious consideration."

By and large, the society girl takes a rather more idealistic stand than the Smart Set girl on the questions of love and motherhood, though it can not be denied that these ideals are being more and more crowded to the wall through the influence of the girl "higher up." For proof of this one has only to consider the newly married. A woman with an intimate knowledge of society life in the metropolis said to me not long ago: "Most of the young married people I know to-day in New York say: 'Why should we have children? We've got other fish to fry. Can't afford the time or money or bother.' 'What I can't see,' she went on, 'is why they should have married at all. It's like going to a feast and neglecting to eat.'"

"The Children Will Be Safe If You Only Have Money Enough"

The most decided advance in the ideals of the society girl lies in what she demands of a possible husband. She lays more stress on character, culture and education and somewhat less on dancing, dress and small-talk. But only "somewhat." She complains that really interesting men are rare. But then, because the Smart Set proclaims it to be *de rigueur*, she feels it incumbent on her to hide whatever intellect she has under the froth and foam of badinage and to take more exercise than is good for her in the squirrel-wheel of unprofitable chatter. One brilliant young woman who had passed from college straight into the social whirl confessed that she felt like the court fool of whom Sill wrote,

"They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore."

The average society girl wishes to marry a man somewhat nearer her own age than the other does. She is more religious. She would be more apt to decline the attempt to be the making of him, on the ground that she desires a man "already made."

But when we turn from personal to abstract ideals, her class is painfully near the other in its flippant disregard of the laws of life and of the workings of heredity. Three-quarters of the Smart Set girls have such fatally un-eugenic ideals on these all-important subjects that, if they should carry them into effect, our next generation would start cruelly handicapped by epilepsy, insanity, alcoholism and unnamable diseases. The girls' eyes are often open to the menace of these things, but many are filled with a pathetic belief that "the children will be perfectly safe anyway if you only have money enough!" Far too many more, though they fully realize the futility of locking the door after the horse is stolen, would let no consideration interfere with their personal happiness. "If I loved him I'd risk it anyway," they say.

It would be a pleasure to report that the society girl has ideals poles apart from these, but, alas, they are only too close! It is such a standard as this that is

threatening our land with a dangerous but temporary alloy of degeneracy; temporary, because degenerate families soon become extinct.

Some of my readers will note with dismay the disparity between the two sets of ideals described in this and in the previous article. They will find that the business girl holds loftier standards of men and marriage than does the society girl.

Why?

One cause, in the writer's view, may be found in the rapid spread of materialism and extravagant luxury in society. It seems to be getting on by geometrical progression. The average annual cost of dress for the girls is one thousand one hundred dollars, while in the Smart Set it is nineteen hundred dollars. And everything else—except possibly her allowance for pin-money—must match the girl's wardrobe. By a thousand daily suggestions the power of wealth is so emphasized that a sudden transition to a married life of comparative poverty, no matter who the man, becomes unbearable in thought.

The Problem of Feminine Idleness

This is usually the fault of thoughtless parents—thoughtless because few parents would remain utter materialists in these matters who had thought out the logical implications of such an attitude, and had come fully to realize the bald truth of Professor Thomas's words: "To the extent that women make finery and luxury dominant ideals, and provide themselves with no charms of mind and character, they are putting themselves, and marriage as well, in competition with the prostitute class, in which these are the dominant and sole ideals."

This tendency fosters another cause of low ideals by severely restricting eligible men to the financially elect. The society girl is held inflexibly within her own small sphere. In her young days, one of the present investigators was asked by a matron of her own set why she tolerated a certain man. "Why, because I like him," she answered; "he interests me." "Oh," was the retort, "but you shouldn't be wasting your time on such men. They aren't marriageable, you know." It developed that "marriageable" was to this lady a synonym for "successful." That was fifteen years ago, and since then the words have been growing more synonymous every day.

The wonder is, when society ostracises principles—without-pence, setting dollars above character and tempting its young men to grasp wealth at any moral sacrifice, that woman's ideals of the home should not sink as low as the ideals of the masculine market-place of which they are the source. That they have not is triumphant proof of the American girl's latent strength.

The fear of spinsterhood is apt to be compelling in inverse proportion to the population. Several of the smaller towns have been studied where so many of the older society girls are unmarried that the others are marrying in sheer panic at sixteen, seventeen and eighteen, before the boys escape to the city.

The chief reason, however, for the society girl's comparatively low standard lies in her idleness. In our day, before her "coming out," she is often given an elaborate training intended to prepare her for most of the contingencies of life (except wifehood and motherhood). "Then," as Anna A. Rogers has expressed it, "she stops dead short and faces a world of negatives! No exigent duties, no imperative work, no manner of expending normally her highly developed, hungry energies. That they turn back upon her and devour her is not to be wondered at. One is reminded of the irresistible characterization: 'alarm-clock women that buzz for a little and then run down.'"

The Flight of Pleasure Turns Into the Flight From Boredom

Not that she is not an extremely busy person. For mere idleness does not preclude quantities of mere busy-ness. Here is the report on how Miss Winnie M. employs her time: "During the season she is on the go constantly. Gets up at noon; then follows a round of luncheons, teas (sometimes six in an afternoon), social calls, bridge parties, musicales, etc. Evenings; dinners and balls. Spring and fall she travels the same dreary round to Asheville, to New York for clothes, staying at the Plaza; then home. Summer; golf, rides, plays tennis, and duplicates her winter life but with less formal entertainments."

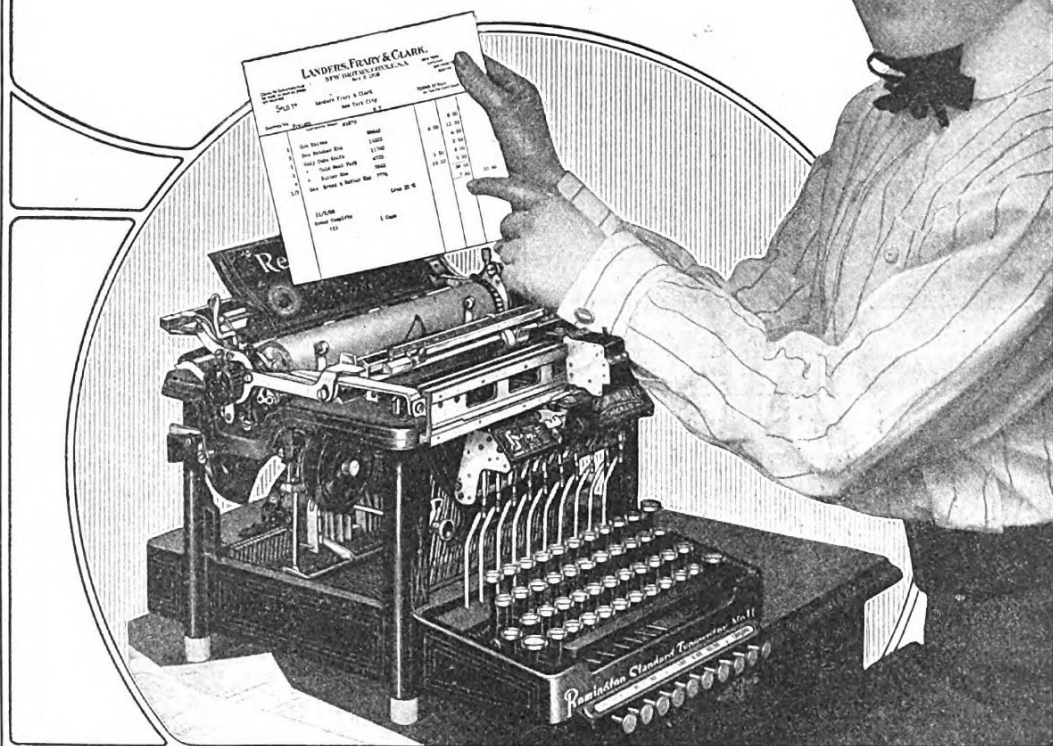
It is a truism that such a continual flight of pleasure soon grows a continual flight from boredom. The Smart Set makes the most of horse and dog shows, and when these pall, human county fairs are organized. They introduce themselves into the mangers, put their heads through the bars, make noises like certain animals, and have blue ribbons awarded to the most successful imitators, without the least regard to natural equipment. Human ingenuity is taxed to the limit to devise new thrills.

The only serious occupation these girls have, that of beautifying themselves, is made the most of. Many spend a large proportion of their time shopping and at the dressmaker's; and much of the extravagance comes from a self-protective instinct to spin out this most intellectual part of their lives as far as possible.

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mentary cult of psychology professors or of such intellectualism as Bohemia purveys; now it is Greek dancing in diaphanous draperies, studied only under the most expensive masters.

By contrast with such a life, the average society girl passes an ascetic and highly spiritual existence. But it is just as objectless. This is the program of one of the quieter sort in a small Southern city: "Horseback or basket-ball in the morning unless I've been out late; embroider a little, spend half an hour overlooking household matters for Mamma, visit girl friends, go to matinees, baseball and football games. Read and study a little and would rather sing than any of these things except the horseback riding. It takes me a long time to dress and arrange my hair in the newest way. Love dancing. Evening taken up with callers, theaters and parties. I don't like a beau who comes and sits and sits for me to entertain him. I would rather be on the stage and then I could at least repeat the same lines every night. I want to go somewhere if it's only for a soda or to a picture show."

Now such idleness is probably as pernicious in its effect on a girl's ideals and on her married happiness as are the stresses of the Marriage Factory with which readers of this series are familiar. The society girl, being economically dependent, is far more restricted in her field of choice by financial and social considerations and family coercion. But her idleness is a far worse influence than her dependence. It is an acknowledged fact to-day that idleness makes for selfishness and lack of poise and a general relaxation of the moral fiber; and that these things can pull ideals down faster than almost anything can raise them.

The Work that She Might Do

"But," I hear the objection, "many society girls are in reality far from idle." That is partially true. None of the Smart Set girls in the investigation do any serious work, though many long to but are deterred through fear of "losing caste." It must be remembered that, according to these reports, the Women's Emancipation Movement with its democratic influence, has scarcely touched this class as yet. It is a fact that a small proportion of the others have admitted the blessing of some serious occupation into their lives, and

[Next month Mr. Schauffler will deal with the college girl and her attitude toward marriage.]

The Tenderfoot Goes Bear-Hunting

[Continued from
page 582]

"Sure, I remember."
"We shot at him a couple of times—"
"Und never shoot vonce at dem mules."
"Our mules stampeded and we followed them back to that colored man's house."
"Yah. Ve prove it by jings dat ve vas dere. Dat vill do so good as anything. Dey believe noddings nohow."

Saville had taken great pride in being the head of an expedition to kill bear, hunter-fashion, in the cane-brake. It galled him to come sneaking back without his gun. "Hello, the camp!" Two white men and a negro sprang up. "Dot nigger Simon ain't dere; him and der Rat is gone to hunt for you," suggested Dutch. "Hello, Savvy," Dave shouted joyfully; "we'd give you up. If a feller misses a trail in that swamp he generally camps out all night."

"We weren't lost; our mules stampeded and we had to walk about fifty miles to get them. They went back home."

Dave didn't laugh. "The first thing you fellers want is some supper. I got a fine buck, and old man Sim caught a mess of fish. Rube, heat up that squirrel stew."

There was no discussion of the greenhorn's adventure. Saville ate his supper, then settled down beside the log and took out his pipe.

He was sitting there smoking when Simon came quietly into camp and leaned Dutch's gun against the tree. Simon's gray eyes twinkled, but his impassive face told no tale. The Rat sat down without a word.

Saville puffed very hard, then rose and remarked: "Let me get you fellows some cigars." He started to the boat and called back over his shoulder, "Oh, Simon." Dave winked at the Rat.

Saville opened negotiations by slipping Simon a five dollar bill. Simon closed negotiations by words of comfort: "I'll git yo' gun tust thing in de mornin' an' nobody won't know nuthin' 'bout it. Lordy, boss, you needn't feel so bad. Some o' de finest gent'men in dis swamp is fergot to shoot de fust time dey saw a bear. Tain't 'tactly de bear; it's de fuss he kicks up."

The fire glow reddened the overhanging trees. Saville lay, face upwards, trying to hold his eyes open by watching a solitary star that pierced pecan tree and gazed unwinkingly through the brush that covered his pallet. It irritated him to think that he had come into a Mississippi swamp for the purpose of killing a bear and had run away from one that he did not see. He suspected something from the unanimity with which they encouraged him to go to bed, so he tried to stay awake; he watched the star; listened to the owls; once he heard a panther crying in the swamp, like a woman or a babe.

He dozed a moment, and something roused him; something which came creeping toward his shack from the owl-broken silence of the swamp. Suddenly,

—here is the significant coincidence—these are the very girls with the loftiest ideals and the most eugenic promise for the race. But, alas, this fear of losing caste is what keeps a large proportion of society girls from the inestimable boon of labor, and this very fear is directly responsible for much of our American commercial graft and moral rottenness in high places. The burning words uttered by Wendell Phillips forty-four years ago apply with equal truth to-day: "A sneer at woman's making her living, a lack of recognition because she earns her bread, just that flavor of unfashionableness which work stamps upon woman—in that impalpable, almost invisible, indescribable power is the magic that binds Albany in the chains of male legislation."

This investigation seems to bring convincing support to the principle that every girl should work consistently and seriously at something. Merely to hang around, living on the family, with all her thoughts centred on dress and pleasure and "the not impossible he" is ruinous to her character and her chances of married happiness. She is apt to grow morbid and cynical and then to marry too hastily, on too low a plane, and from a too narrow circle. And she seldom realizes that her idleness is a fruitful source of depravity in the men of her acquaintance and thus still further reduces her chances of finding a desirable father for her children.

"If idleness be the root of all evil," quoth Sir John Vanbrugh, "then matrimony is good for something, for it sets many a poor woman to work." In our day of specialized servants and housekeepers, however, not even marriage can be counted on to perform this kindly office for her. The society girl is fortunate indeed who can find a congenial occupation that will make her economically independent.

Then she will find her reward both from without and from within. She will fit herself in character and capacity to be a happy wife and a successful mother. For the supreme guarantee that a girl will find the right mate is to have high ideals embodied in her own character. Like will find like.

And though, by working she may slightly lessen her actual mathematical chances of marriage, she will undoubtedly—whether she marries or not—vastly increase her human dignity and usefulness and happiness.

[College girl and her attitude toward marriage.]

wide awake, he listened to the cautious movement of something which stopped in a tangle of grape vines not fifty feet away. It stopped and moved on again, straight toward him—something that he could not see. Saville felt for his hunting knife and lay very still. A stick snapped; a human figure moved across the patch of starlight. Saville crawled out of his shack and stood up.

"Who is that?" he asked steadily.

"It's me; don't shoot."

"Hello, Rat, what are you doing?"

"I—I went out to see what was the matter with the mules."

The Rat went stumbling down the river bank. He paused beside the camp fire, raked it together and threw on a couple of logs. As he moved off, something fell from his bosom into the logs. He stooped quickly to pick it up and Saville saw that it was a knife.

The Rat passed on to the shanty-boat. Presently Saville heard whispering voices inside the boat. "I guess I won't go to sleep for awhile," he thought, as he crawled beneath his shelter and lay down. After waiting for half an hour he heard a duet or trio of snores. Then he crept out with his knife in his hand and looked around him.

Both the negroes lay still. Old man Sim sat bolt upright against his tree and had not moved for hours. The dogs slept singly and in clumps. Nothing stirred. Saville picked up a piece of rope and went carefully down the hill. There were two saplings, one on either side of the fire, and he stretched his clothesline between them. Then he hurried back to the shack, took the shirt that he had worn to the bear hunt and cut off the tail. Spreading the cloth on his gun case he wrote his name on it: "Richard Edrington Saville." Laughing to himself, he crept back and pinned the rag, washer-woman fashion, to the clothes line, and left it swaying in the wind. "I guess that's a lynching because it's not hung according to law. Now I can go to sleep."

From the moment he struck his pallet Saville was conscious of nothing until a voice said: "Reckon we better wake him up?" How long do these city fellers sleep?

Saville rolled over, and the sun shone full into his face. "What time is it, Dave?"

"Dinner time," he answered with a grin.

"I say, Savvy," Cap'n Dave remarked, nodding toward the clothesline, "you kinder got the bulge on us. Last night we made it up to have some fun—hunter's law, you know, and we don't play no favorites."

Saville laughed. The tail of his shirt flapped merrily with a strip of blue checked stuff beside it. "What's that other piece of rag?"

Dave rubbed his stubby whiskers, "That's Dutch; he always runs. His shirt is been trimmed so reg'lar we couldn't get nothin' cept a string."

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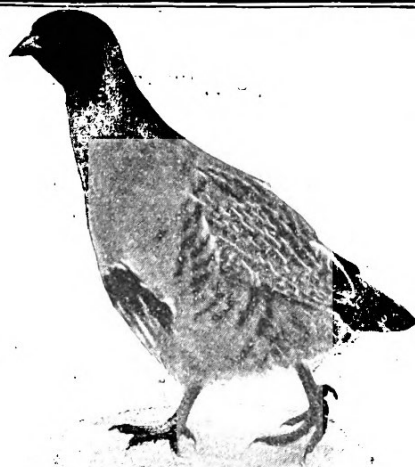
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With the Gardener

By Lewis Worthington Smith

"SO HERE I find you?" Something in the face
That met my greeting with a smile, some grace
Of fine serenity as open-browed
As summer heavens with a sunlit cloud
Spoke to my heart.

"This is your world," I said.
"Here through the days your toil is promise-led.
You fight no battles, strike no tyrants down,
But this, I hold, is worthier renown,
Making the cherry larger than the peach,
Giving the grape a growth beyond the reach
Of sluggish fancy in the common mind,
Growing a melon with a thinner rind."
He looked up laughing, while a breath of song
Swayed from a branch, an oriole hopped along.
"Not that," he said. "The melon needs no change
To suit my fancy in its furthest range."

WE WALKED by beds of red and purple bloom,
Breathing a mingled richness of perfume
That might have made the senses swoon and die
Under the strangeness of an orient sky.
The daisies matched the rose. The poppy's flame
Was like the rifted sunsets poets claim
For riot of brave fancies. Pansies made
A woven tapestry, and near us played
The trembling stalks of some strange blossoms brought
Across the world with loving care and thought.

"TO SEE these flowers and fruits and only know
That by this crossing I have made them grow,
Or by that grafting made a hardy tree
Strong to endure whatever storms may be
Waiting to blast it in a colder clime;
All this is nothing. Slowly passing time
That watches every change from hour to hour,
The seed, the shoot, the growing plant, the flower—
That only gives reward and sure delight,
Fresh and unfailing for the eager sight.
This berry that you see was once as hard
And tasteless, almost, as a broken shard.
It took a hundred years to make it sweet,
Juicy and luscious for a king to eat."

FROM some dim bower of clinging vines and trees,
Joy-sheltering as far Hesperides,
I heard two voices singing sweet and clear,
Girlish as April dawns when love is near.
I listened where the stately canna stems
Bore high their circled ranks of deep-hued gems.

"THE seasons come and the seasons go,
Like winds of caprice that breathe and blow,
Now out of the South where the rivers flow,
And now from the North over fields of snow.
The seasons pass, ah, me! ah, me!
They will come again with the leaf on the tree,
And the summer clouds floating white and still.
So let us laugh for the joys to be
When the buds burst green and the grass springs free,
And my love comes back to me."

WE PASSED along a lane of palms and plumes,
Of giant grasses set with tropic blooms
More strange than cloudland fancies.

"Here you see
A pear by which the yield of every tree
I hope to double. Years have come and gone
While I have watched it growing dawn by dawn
To golden sweetness, but the future holds
A fairer fruitage, as my toil unfolds.
God gives, not things to have, but things to do.
The grape was but a grain of purpling hue,
A hard primordial substance, like the ore
Man learned to dig from earth's exhaustless store,
To mould and shape to uses past belief.
It was a promise like the budding leaf,
Until it grew the globe we crush for wine,
Large, round, and full, a drink and fruit divine.
With this to cheer us we may pause and rest,
Achievement grown a rapture in the breast."

WE TURNED to pass, and, as we turned, a face
Fairer than rose's blush or lily's grace
Waited before us with large smiling eyes,
A goddess startled in her paradise.
It was the gardener's daughter. As she stood,
An unaffected charm of womanhood,
Her sister's voice caught at the song's refrain
And poured it on my heart like summer rain.

"THEN let us sing for the days to be
When the streams laugh on to the foam-gay sea,
And my love come back to me."

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Industrial Designing	Stationary Engineer
Architectural Draftsman	Textile Manufacturing
Building Contractor	Civil Engineer
Architect	Concrete Construction
Chemist	Plumbing, Steam Fitting
French	Mine Foreman
Spanish	Mine Superintendent
German	Automobile Running
Italian	
Banking	
Civil Service	

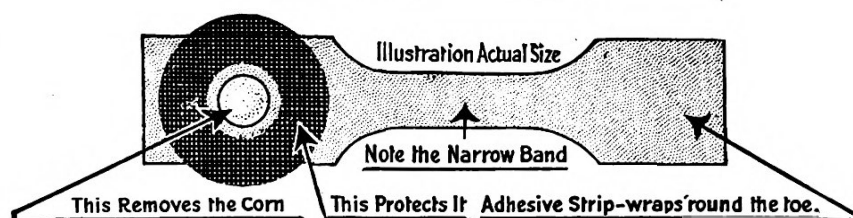
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Love Letters of a Leading Man

[Continued from page 579]

started toward his home. He would ask Betsy. But no, this was a fault in style; it was a defect in writing. Now, could Betsy tell him? Could not Marcia help him here? Betsy—Marcia—Marcia—Betsy.

In the end Marcia won. He, himself, carried the precious document to the branch office among the fashionables where she called for the letters. Under a separate cover he sent a hasty line, urging immediate assistance and return of the play in one day's time. When he quitted the office he was wiping the perspiration from his brow. Now he must keep this news from Betsy until advice and the play came from Marcia.

The following night, arriving early at the theater, he halted at the stage door for the letter and the script—there was no word of any sort.

He had to frame an excuse for the manager and beg for more time. Another day passed and still no manuscript. Betsy heard about the offer, asked to see the play, and had to be lied to. Weybourn's supply of excuses was exhausted; his stories began to fall apart; he was desperate. On the third night a letter came—by messenger.

"A wilderness of social duties," it said, "has kept me from the thing most in my mind—your play. And even now I can not send it back, for the time has come when I must see you; must talk this over with you; must put aside all the restrictions of my narrow life to meet you face to face and speak only of your future. At eleven I shall bring the manuscript and be clinging to the silver birch, one of the audience—as usual—to greet my star."

MARCIA.

"P. S.—Of course, if it rains I can not come."

The next morning Betsy found that Marty had quitted the house by the time that she was dressed. Three hours' sleep had sufficed him. Now, with the white dog bounding at his side, he walked the streets.

He had not dressed with any care, the dark blue serge which he had often planned to wear for the great occasion, he had forgotten to put on—rough tweeds served his purpose—his hat in one hand, his watch in the other. At a quarter of eleven, he leashed the dog and cut into the park, but for some time he could not get his bearings, and his fear that he might lose her after all—and lose the manuscript—caused him to run through the paths like a lost sheep.

They say that love finds a way, but love did not find this way—it was the white dog, straining at the leash, which pulled Weybourn over a hillock to look unexpectedly down upon the amphitheater. There, by the silver birch, half hidden in the bracken, he saw the delicate outline of a woman's form. The white dog behaved remarkably—instinct told him it was the lady. He broke from his master, and in great bounds crackled through the underbrush toward her. Marcia turned—only it was not Marcia—it was Betsy.

She held the manuscript and a little packet of letters as well—the ones which he had written. The dog twisted around her, but she was very white and still. There were so many things that Marty could do now. He could say that she had spied, or, if he understood without further explanation, he could cry that she had made a mock of him and had sought to prove by her fine letters the weakness of his own mentality.

But Weybourn did none of these things, and that is one reason why a temperamental being brings such joy to a household: one never knows just what he is going to do, and life goes on in endless variety. Humiliating moments would come to Marty later; shame would hang his head, remorse fill his heart, but in the glowing present Marty was wholly glad.

"Betsy—Betsy darling, are you Marcia?"

"Yes I am," said she, the color coming back into her face—after all there wouldn't be a scene. She hurried on. "I wanted you to be encouraged, Marty, by some letters from 'those others' and when I heard one of them say that she might write you, I just thought I'd do it for her. Then I grew interested, and—oh, Marty, how you hurt me!"

Her husband seized her in his arms, and eloquently filled the silent instant.

"I was angry too," she went on, "and was going to keep the manuscript for a long time, but when I saw how you were suffering, I had to hurry off the note to you last evening. All through the night I watched you looking at the weather." Again the voice broke, but with a note of laughter.

"Go on," said Marty, "go on; it's good for me."

She went on a little, and then her husband came back at her, radiant with praises of her cleverness. Why you're a writer, darling, a real writer! And to think that I destroyed the letters! They were classics! They should live on forever! He groaned comically. "And I once thought you practical—just practical!"

Betsy here became confused. She shuffled in the mold a little. "I am practical," she whispered. "I've kept copies of the letters, and I've sent—I've sent—" Fumblingly she produced a check. "I've sold them to a magazine!"

The white dog looked up at them, rich in contentment. "When two young people laugh like that," wagged he, "I've no fear for their future happiness."

BUSINESS HINTS

The "I Don't Know" Employee

SOME employees never seem to know anything definitely. No matter what you ask them, unless it is something their work makes them perfectly familiar with, they will say, "I don't know."

They can not tell you the commonest things in their own neighborhood, the names of streets or the location of well-known firms. They don't know how to do this; they don't know how to do that. They don't know because they don't observe; they don't go about the world with their eyes open. They don't see things. They don't think; they just mull.

Other employees seem to be able always to answer your question. They can tell you almost anything you ask them, because they have used their brains. They have observed; they have kept their eyes and ears open; they have reflected; they have drawn conclusions.

The "I don't know" employee is not a climber in his vocation; he is a perpetual clerk, because people who fill important positions must use their gray matter.

Putting up a Good Front

A LITTLE while ago I heard of a firm which, through a circular letter, informed their salesmen on the road that their business was very poor, that they were falling behind, and that they depended upon them to pull the firm out of the hole they were in.

Such a letter would only dishearten men who were supposed to be doing their level best. They would say to themselves, "If my house is having such a hard time of it as that, it may go to the wall. There must be something wrong at the home office. It can not be the fault of the salesmen, for we have just as good men as there are on the road."

This firm's policy was extremely short-sighted. Very few men are so constituted that they can work without encouragement. Employees like to work for a successful concern.

Tell Him So

WHEN an employee does a thing unusually well, takes unusual pains with it, tell him so. It will stimulate him to do it even better next time.

When you see any one trying to do his best, who, perhaps, has no one to encourage him, give him a little lift, tell him so. It will not hurt you, and may do him a great deal of good.

Form the habit of encouraging people when they do well. Give them a lift when they are down. It costs you only a little effort and it may make a vast difference to those you encourage.

See how many people you can give a lift to this year.

Don't Know the Simple Life

ONE of the most unfortunate things about living in a large city is its tendency to create false ideas of what constitutes real pleasure. Take the average New Yorker for example; he has totally incapacitated himself for simple, quiet, homelike pleasures. He must plunge into excitement. He must see exciting plays, or go to big shows with powerful scenic effects, or to light, flip-pant vaudeville—something that will tickle the senses for the minute—that will stimulate. There must be something exciting about it to give him any pleasure.

There are thousands of people in New York who would think it a great bore to sit down to quiet parlor games or home amusements of any kind. I know old New Yorkers who say they are homesick the moment they leave the city. They must be in the swim of excitement where they can hear the roar of the great city all the time. Their lives are set to a rapid pace in everything. The country seems dull and stupid to them. They don't know the joys of the simple life.

New York life unfits a great many people for living anywhere else, especially in small communities. It dulls their taste for the quiet evening at home, the reading of good books, the family discussions, the home story telling. They have become used to the New York pace, attuned to the New York life, and nothing else is stimulating enough to satisfy them. They don't know how to slow down.

What many of these people call amusement is simply a nightmare when it comes to realities. What many young men in New York call having a good time is most demoralizing in its effect. It leaves behind nothing but regret and the loss of self-respect. It stimulates for the moment, lends an exhilaration to the nervous system, only to be followed by the "blues" or disgust the next day.

What a pity we should lose our old-time taste for the simple, uplifting, refined, old-time pleasures—pleasures which give real recreation, which lubricate the whole system and give elasticity to the mind, but which leave no reaction behind.



One Telephone, Dumb; Five Million, Eloquent.

If there were only one telephone in the world it would be exhibited in a glass case as a curiosity.

Even in its simplest form telephone talk requires a second instrument with connecting wires and other accessories.

For real, useful telephone service, there must be a comprehensive system of lines, exchanges, switchboards and auxiliary equipment, with an army of attendants always on duty.

Connected with such a system a telephone instrument ceases to be a curiosity, but becomes part of the

great mechanism of universal communication.

To meet the manifold needs of telephone users the Bell System has been built, and today enables twenty-five million people to talk with one another, from five million telephones.

Such service cannot be rendered by any system which does not cover with its exchanges and connecting lines the whole country.

The Bell System meets the needs of the whole public for a telephone service that is united, direct and universal.

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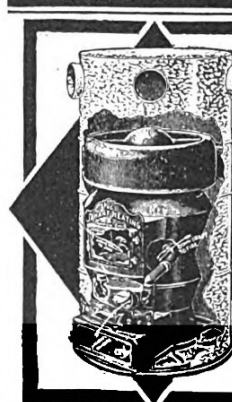
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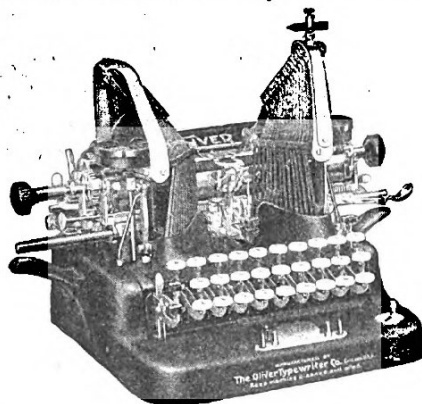
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These moving parts exemplify "the poetry of motion" in their beautiful, rhythmic action.

All one would expect in any typewriter—and a score of unexpected perfections—you will find in this matchless machine.

And this, the newest model—The Oliver Typewriter No. 5—is the one we offer to sell you for seventeen cents a day.

You can order the machine today on the blank below, enclosing \$15.00 to show that you mean business.

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

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

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References



The World in a Nutshell



[Continued from page 606]

"WHAT is the economic mind of the Supreme Court?" demanded William M. Ivins in a recent address; pointing out, of course, that the direction of economic development depended mainly on the Supreme Court's decisions in cases before it.

Our Judicial Legislators

The question can not be answered now. The economic mind of the Supreme Court has been made up too often by five-to-four votes, and now, with a fast shifting personnel making all previous conjectures worthless, we seem to have an era of new uncertainty ahead of us.

If our institutions fail, it will be largely due to incapacity to adapt themselves to demands of changing economic conditions; and for that, history will blame a judicial system which forces the Legislature always to act with careful consideration for the attitude that the real, ultimate legislature—the Supreme Court—will assume. Legislatures, not the courts, ought to decide economic policies. The Supreme Court would do well if it would decide, by unanimous vote, to get along without any economic mind and exercise a judicial one only. Everybody except the Supreme Court knew that the economic mind of Congress, when the Sherman Law passed, meant that law to prevent a Sugar Trust; but the Supreme Court in the Knight case declined to make the obvious and historically manifest application. Likewise, everybody except the Supreme Court knew

that the economic mind of Congress designed that that same law was not to be applied to labor organizations; in the Danbury Hatters' case, however, the court made that application in drastic fashion.

If the Supreme Court would do up its economic mind in a neat parcel and send it back to Congress, where it belongs, it would do the country a patriotic service.

THE Texas Prohibitionists tried to make prayer serve as a substitute for common sense, and failed. They ran two candidates for the Democratic nomination for governor, Cone Johnson and William Poindexter.

The antis ran one candidate, O. B. Colquitt. The Prohibition forces prayed for the defeat of Colquitt, and Colquitt won, which seems to indicate that Providence

expects folks, if their prayers are to be answered, to keep their politics on straight. The Prohibitionists had a big majority for a no-liquor platform, but because they were divided on governor, a "wet" candidate was named. The Legislative nominees are overwhelmingly for prohibition. Senator Bailey's candidate for governor, Poindexter, ran third. Altogether, the result is very mixed, but the Prohibitionists seem to have gained their biggest victory in recent years, controlling platform and Legislature and apparently assuring the "dry" legislation.



The Month Abroad



THE text of the new agreement between Russia and Japan, concerning their future relations in and to Manchuria, is vague and uncertain enough to do full credit to the diplomatic skill of both powers. You may read it both ways without getting a definite impression that any harm is purposed to be done to any interest of China or any other power.

The Open Door Menace in China

Nevertheless, the powers all suspect that Russia and Japan intend to construe this innocuous pact—perhaps in the light of a secret treaty that is held in the background—in such fashion as to strengthen their own hands in Manchuria and in all North China. The Chinese Imperial Government plainly believes this, and is reported to have intimated to Washington a hope that the United States, as the original guarantor of the open door, will exercise its influence now and in future to prevent departure from the ideal of equal opportunity in China, and preservation of the real, substantial, as well as nominal territorial autonomy of China.

THE Peking Government has formally denied the demand for early meeting of the National Parliament, and unless there is a change of plan, that body will not come together till the latter part of 1918. The parliament is to be bicameral, and many members of the upper chamber have been already designated by the provincial councils and commercial organizations entrusted with selecting them. But the lower chamber has not been chosen. Most of the members of the upper chamber believe that early convocation of both bodies and the launching of parliamentary government is very necessary. They petitioned, therefore, that the rescript fixing 1918 for inauguration of the parliament be changed to allow an earlier meeting; and this petition is now denied.

The Chinese Par- liament Deferred

The Manchu dynasty at Peking seems unable to realize that it has need to popularize itself. What with internal troubles and external powers prying at the foundations of the empire, it will be no wonder if before 1918 the very existence of China as a governmental unit is threatened, in which case China could only lose and the Manchu House of Bourbon be wrecked. Yet the Manchus refuse to yield anything.

SOME recent figures on the debt and the wealth of France have renewed interest in the paradox that the country with the greatest debt should be the most uniformly thrifty and prosperous. In forty years, it is shown, savings deposits have multiplied by six, while population has been almost stationary. France not only carries her own huge debt, but is the international banker for the world. The Bank of France is the safety-valve in every period of panic pressure. The French gold stock is more than one billion two hundred million dollars, over half of it being in the Bank of France. The explanation of France's ability to

The Paradox of France's Prosperity

maintain a huge debt and yet be so prosperous seems to lie in the fact that she has assets to represent her debt, so that it is really investment. Who will be certain, for instance, that the United States would not be richer if it had two billion more of debt, the two billion invested in a national system of highways as magnificent and economical as those of France.

FRANCE and Germany are making remarkable social progress and adopting some very radical economic methods. They are moving along lines which in many ways are parallel, but they are curiously different in method. The German monarchy hands down good things to the people as dispensations of an all-wise and all-powerful Providence. Republican France generates its reforms out of the ferment of popular government.

M. Aristide Briand, in a great speech recently in the French Chamber, told a cheering House that the time was past when Republicanism needed to fear the monarchical party in France. Republicanism has "made good." It is determined to maintain itself and strengthen its position by the laudable process of making better at every opportunity. M. Briand, Socialist, whose accession to the premiership was so recently regarded with real concern outside of France, has proved himself a moderate and constructive Radical. His recent speech received more applause from the opponents of that radicalism which he espouses than from the ultra-Radicals. But M. Briand is assured the support of all the Progressives, simply because he has built up republican power and policies to a point never before reached in France. It seems certain, that under its first Socialist Premier, France has set the Republic more firmly on its feet than ever.

WHEN Professor Ferrer of Barcelona, Spanish Liberal, was executed under charge of treason at the instigation of the extreme Liberal party, he prophetically declared that his death would help the Liberal cause more than his life possibly could, and he seems to have been right.

Ferrer's Prediction
Realized
Premier Maura, under whose régime the assassination took place, has retired; his successor, Canalejas, has taken a firm stand against extension of church influence in the State; King Alphonso has sided with the Liberals, signing a bill to bar further religious orders from Spain till the concordat shall have been revised. The business interests of the country seem lining up strongly against the religious orders, in much the same way that the French people did. It is charged that the orders are too often industrial and commercial concerns, privileged to enjoy valuable monopolies, exemption from taxation and other concessions which increase the burdens and decrease the opportunities of the people generally. Spain is in a real ferment over the whole religious question, and the Government has aligned itself definitely against the contention of the ultra-church authorities who declare that as the Catholic church is the State religion, the church laws are laws of the State.



The World in a Nutshell



HUMAN folks like their news highly spiced. A score of murderers may come and go without ever attaining a front page position; but the mental picture of the unfortunate Dr. Crippen pacing the deck of the *Montrose*, all unsuspecting while the ornately disguised Inspector Dew, of Scotland Yard awaited him at Rimouski, Quebec, with a specially made pair of handcuffs, was too much for the equilibrium of the entire English-speaking world. As international drama it drove *Chanticleer* back to the woodyard.

A Murder and Some Safety Pins

From the London *Daily Mail* we learn that it was the sleuth-like penetration of Captain Kendall of the *Montrose* that solved the mystery. Crippen's woman companion was disguised as a boy, but Captain Kendall was not to be foiled. He first observed the two supposed men holding hands "under the lee boat." Later he flashed this illuminating bit of observation of the woman by wireless to a palpitantly eager world: "Her

trousers are very tight about the hips and split a bit down the back, and are secured by large safety pins." We trust that this latest sensation will not affect men's fashions as *Chanticleer* did women's.

MUCH satirical comment has been passed on the fact that Diaz was once more triumphantly elected President of Mexico, the election passing off quietly, save for the fact that the opposing candidate was in jail and Federal troops patrolled most important cities election day. Yes, it *does* justify some cynicism. So does the fact that on each occasion when Mr. Bryan has run for President of these free and independent United States, the most potent argument against him has been the posting of notices that if he is elected "this establishment will shut down the day after election." Persons of cynical turn could keep all their cynicism working on domestic raw material without losing any time.

A Political Parallel

for President of these free and independent United States, the most potent argument against him has been the posting of notices that if he is elected "this establishment will shut down the day after election." Persons of cynical turn could keep all their cynicism working on domestic raw material without losing any time.



Women Everywhere



BUT a few years ago, had the suggestion of woman's eligibility to the office of president of the National Education Association arisen, it would have been met with the same burst of cynicism that now greets the suffragists when they speak of women's capability of holding political positions. When the National Education Association held its annual convention at Boston, on July 7 of this year, it elected Mrs. Ella Flagg Young president of that organization by a vote of six hundred and seventeen to three hundred and seventy-six. The rival candidate was a man.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young

A year ago Mrs. Young was unanimously elected the first woman president of the Chicago Board of Education. For a long time previously, general dissension and bickering among the officers had paralyzed the progress of the Board. With a woman's tact, and yet without compromise or lowering of her educational standards, she firmly and quickly established order, and now Chicago boasts of the best school system in the United States.

The most important reform instituted through her efforts was the opening of schools as social centers, well equipped with spacious assembly halls and gymnasiums, where thousands of children of the streets find wholesome entertainment and training during the evening hours. These school centers also serve as meeting places for parents' organizations interested in the physical, social and moral welfare of the child; also for lectures given under the direction of the Board of Education.

The Y. M. C. A. of Chicago has turned over to her the use of its natatoriums, where during the summer months school children will receive special instruction in swimming.

The convention at Boston was marked by an overwhelming enthusiasm for their woman candidate on the part of the teachers, who seemed to recognize that Mrs. Young's experience, gained through forty-seven years of teaching and close contact with school life, peculiarly fitted her for the office. The nominating committee itself wanted a man to fill the place.

Her first move, after being elected, was to reduce the large annual fee which prevented many teachers joining the National Education Association, for, to use her words: "This association will never be democratic until every teacher in the land is able to become an actual member of it."

The subject of vocational training then came in for thorough discussion, many of the school officials advocating various ways and means whereby the educational training of children may be made more practical.

Mrs. Young is sixty-five years old. Her pale, grave face reflects a gentle yet firm and independent spirit and she carries herself with a womanly dignity which shows her ability to cope with the responsibilities her position entails.

THE most hopeful sign in all the pure food agitation is that many manufacturers of food products are at last commencing to recognize the fact that it pays them to take sides with the defenders of pure food, and are lending active cooperation in a

The Domestic Science Exposition

Domestic Science Exposition which is to take place in September at Madison Square Garden, New York City.

The initial idea and plans for this exposition were brought about through the efforts of the *National Food*

Magazine, a periodical which has for a long time carried on a hard and earnest fight for pure food.

Besides a show of food products, it is planned to have demonstrative lessons in the preparation of food for babies and invalids, tests as to purity of milk and other foods, and also lectures on food preservation, food chemistry, germs, and how to detect adulterations.

Many women's clubs are cooperating in the movement and it is hoped that this exposition will stimulate a desire in women all over the country to take a deeper and more active interest in this important question.

THE British women seem to have proved that what is worth having is worth fighting for, even when you are a woman and theoretically not able to bear arms. The Commons have passed the so-called suffrage conciliation bill on second reading. The bill gives parliamentary suffrage to woman possessing those property qualifications which already give them the right to vote at municipal elections. It is, of course, far from being law, because after second reading it was quietly pigeonholed for the rest of this session and will not progress further till after the coming election. But it passed the second reading by one hundred and nine majority, which is a real accomplishment. Of course, a large majority of the propertied who would gain the franchise are of the class who would be Conservative or Tory in tendencies, and the Liberals are not at all enthusiastic about adding a considerable force to the opposition's strength.

England's Fighting Women

Nearly a million British women would gain parliamentary suffrage under this bill. It would be a beginning, certain to be followed by big extensions of the voting class of women before long. When a million British women get the parliamentary franchise, the battle for woman suffrage in Britain and America alike will be half won. And they are going to get it before many years; to get it, too, because they affixed a most fetching "kibosh" on the theory that women mustn't vote because they can't fight.

KANSAS, always a bit in the lead, comes forward with a decision by Attorney-General Jackson that in that State a woman may marry without surrendering her maiden name. More than this, if a woman insists on it there is nothing in the law to prevent her husband's taking her name.

WITH President Taft to open the campaign, St. Louis raised the sum of \$500,000 for a new Y. W. C. A. building. The St. Louis Trust Co. presented the association with a \$100,000 lot. The entire sum was raised in three or four months of work and the thorough business-like way in which the women conducted the campaign is worthy of high praise.

What the Y. W. C. A. is Doing

The recent success of that organization throughout the United States has been amazing. In Youngstown, Ohio, \$181,057 was collected in six days. The women of Colorado Springs raised \$65,000 during the month of June. Pittsburgh has erected a new structure at a cost of \$375,000 and Cleveland's new building is estimated at \$350,000. St. Paul is now erecting a \$300,000 structure, while Los Angeles has bought new property worth \$250,000.

During the months from January to June eight associations raised \$951,580 and fifty-two new buildings have come into existence since January, 1907.



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THE INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR



WHO can explain the fascination of "The Land of the Setting Sun?" Why has the world always turned westward? History shows that the hordes of the East flocked and conquered to the westward. In seeking treasure, whether by warlike or peaceful means, the westward movement has largely predominated. The Spaniards in their discoveries of lands and riches, looked to the west. "Westward Ho!" has always been the pioneering and conquering cry, and Horace Greeley simply perpetrated the phrase in another form. So it has gone on, until the world has been circumscribed, and to-day one of our most important seaports is to be found upon the shore of the broad expanse of water which divides it from the continent from which the migration first began.

The Magnetism of the West

There are good geographical and social explanations of the westward movement, but there seems a certain fatalism, as we might say, about it all. It is well known that the trend of most cities in their growth is westward. This knowledge has often been taken advantage of, profitably, by investors in real estate.

With all this seeking of riches toward the sunset, and with all the wealth that the earlier settled portions of the world have drawn from those lands, as civilization begins to replace the rifle and the ax, we have a strange reversal of this economic principle. For, in the peaceful development of such regions, it is necessary to retrace the footsteps of the early adventurers and lay siege to the "treasure-houses" of an older civilization. So, therefore, much of the wealth garnered from the Occident, in the lust of discovery and adventure, has returned to aid in its material upbuilding.

The preceding articles have shown how the local bond house was the outgrowth of the Western development, and did not, until recent years, become a factor in the South. Consequently, in treating much of the period covering the last three decades of the past century, the historian turns to the Western field, which we shall continue to exploit in these pages.

We have explained how bond houses, in this last mentioned section, gradually took up corporation issues. The Eastern bankers had long been handling both municipal and corporation bonds. There are now but comparatively few concerns which devote themselves exclusively to either one or the other class. The municipal bond house, pure and simple, is to-day a rarity, but there are houses here and there devoting themselves almost entirely to corporation issues, and even then, principally to those of railroads.

No better application of the old saying could be made than that a bond "well bought is half sold" and it has a world of meaning. Without doubt, each department of the bond business is dependent upon every other department, and more particularly in this way are the buying and selling departments dependent one upon the other. Greater importance, however, must be given to the former, for not only do the profits of the business hinge very largely upon wise buying, but the whole future reputation and credit of the concern are likewise wrapped up in the careful management of the purchasing end, and this is where one should begin his education, and where the greatest care and precaution should be exercised.

The buying field, in its entirety, should properly have three subdivisions: first, municipal bonds; second, corporation bonds; third, general facts relating to buying as a whole. Thus we shall now consider them in their natural order.

Municipal Bonds

In the first place, by common consent, Government bonds are in a class by themselves and are not included under the heading "municipal," which the writer believes to be any obligation in the form of a bond, issued by a village, township, city, county, State, or any other territorial subdivision of the foregoing, the payment of which, both principal and interest, must be accomplished through the collection of taxes assessed upon the property embraced within the territory holden for the bond's payment, with the exception that income derived from the operation of some municipally owned plant, such as water-works, gas or electric light plant, or other similar property, may be used in lieu of income from taxation.

The Nation's Development Through the Investment Banker—Fifth Article

By MONTGOMERY ROLLINS

A bond such as any of these may be the "direct obligation" of the entire corporate body promising payment and known as a "direct municipal obligation;" or only the particular property benefited may be held for payment, although the security upon its face appears to be the promise to

pay of the entire community. Under the latter heading may be included District issues such as drainage, irrigation, fire, water, school and so forth, besides issues for street improvement purposes, sewers, sidewalks and so on, for which only the abutting or benefited property is liable for payment. "Precinct" is sometimes used synonymously with "District," and among the improvement issues we meet with such titles as "intersecting" or "intercepting" sewer loans, paving loans, etc.

The section benefited may or may not be wholly within the municipality which it embraces, or of which it is a part. Occasionally a district is larger than the municipality, as in the case of the port of Portland, Oregon, or the port of New Orleans, Louisiana, each of which has borrowed extensively for the purpose of obtaining suitable ways for navigation. In one State, at least, there is a peculiar division between the cities and the towns, the latter including the former. This is, perhaps, a more equitable division of the burden than in most States. The inhabitants of outlying country districts may rightly declare that they receive little or no benefit from sewers, fire departments and other improvements that the city installs, and for which, in most sections, the entire community is taxed. It is fairer, in such cases, that the city proper should be responsible for debts created for its own specific benefit, and that the rural population should only share in such part of the tax assessment as is of benefit to both sections alike. In the State to which reference has just been made, the city debt is distinctly a separate one from the township debt.

One of the most singular issues which we find in the United States for special improvement purposes is that of the Sanitary District of the City of Chicago. It has its own officials and creates its own indebtedness for which all the taxable property therein is held for payment. It is three hundred and fifty-eight square miles in extent; embraces all of the city of Chicago and considerable adjacent territory, and by this district we have been given the well-known Chicago Drainage Canal.

It is true that many of the Western States provide for the issuing, by districts territorially formed for the purpose, of bonds to raise money for the proper drainage of such districts, more in the way of reclaiming submerged or over-irrigated lands; yet the Chicago Sanitary District, although for drainage purposes, is distinct in its functions from the ordinary drainage district of the West. It is for the disposal of refuse matter from the city of Chicago, and not for land reclamation.

There are many other issues for which we find no general legal provision in the laws relating to the creation of municipal debt, and for which special legislation is necessary.

A Few Unusual Instances in Bond Issues

It is a common experience to find that water districts comprise less rather than more than a given municipality, and as the intent is to supply only the urban part of the community with water, that portion only should properly bear the burden. The same is true as relates to fire districts. But, in the Metropolitan Water District of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, we find quite a contrary principle in operation. In this instance, an aggregation of towns and cities are specially assessed for the payment of the principal and interest upon an issue of bonds put out by the Commonwealth itself, although the latter is directly responsible for the payment, and the holders of the bonds rightly consider themselves in possession of a State obligation. The State, in turn, levies upon the towns and cities receiving their water from this common supply for the maintenance charges, as well as those for indebtedness.

One more unique class of loans is to be encountered in such cases, as where a small town or city has preserved its integrity, so to speak, and has not become amalgamated with a larger municipality. For years, the village of Ste. Cunegunde, although contiguous to the direct center of and almost entirely surrounded by the city of Montreal—the streets of one traversing the streets of the other—maintained its corporate entity,

and the possessors of its village bonds held indebtedness against property occupying a very central location in Canada's largest city.

Before leaving this subject, we would like to make it clear that all sorts of "freak" bond issues—if we may use that word for lack of a better—are to be met with by investors. The changing of city and county lines is a fertile source of this sort of thing. Norfolk County, in Massachusetts, has been so divided in this way that two distinct portions of the county are cut off, like islands, from the mainland. To illustrate, the town of Brookline, the wealthiest and most populous town in the world, belongs to Norfolk County, yet is completely separated from it geographically.

The bond man is ever alert to the possibility of such changes and large profits have rewarded him, as well as the investor, when some adjacent town or city has been consolidated with its larger neighbor, under which circumstances the bonds of the former generally appreciate materially in value. The bonds of the larger community may be legal investments for savings banks in New York State, and, on account of such a privilege, may command a very high price. The bonds of a village taken under the protecting wing of such a city might advance in consequence, ten or twenty points in market price. Great profits were made in this way at the time of the creation of Greater New York.

Very important, indeed, is it that the general features of a special assessment bond should be clearly understood by the investor before purchasing this class of security. But the general features by no means comprise the detailed knowledge that is requisite for the safe placing of money in this way.

To illustrate, it might be profitable to know that in some States it has been held by the courts that when the interest or principal of a special assessment bond is defaulted, the holder may have recourse against the municipality of which it is a component part. In other States quite the contrary is the case. It is, unquestionably, very desirable that the former condition prevail.

There is a prevailing, in fact, almost an inherited impression that the municipal bond, by virtue of so being, is totally lacking in the usual dangers and pitfalls incident to other investments. But, aside from the customary details to be investigated by a prospective purchaser, which will be covered later, there remains a very important matter, the proper solving of which requires careful thought. Even if the debt is perfectly legal; even if it is a very small one in proportion to the population and wealth of the community; even with the countless other "ifs" answered, the stability of the municipality remains to be proven. In due consideration of this important factor, regard should be had for peculiar events which may bring about a city's or town's decay. This may be all summed up in the precautionary advice to **make no investment in securities, the payment of which is dependent upon the successful continuance, during the life of the issue, of one, or possibly, at times, even two or three industries or resources.**

Bonds of a One-Industry Town are Risky

We read that the automobile has dealt a severe blow to a little village in the West, which faces extinction industrially as the result of the gradual disappearance of the old-time carriage from the highways. An axle company, the only industry there, recently announced that its factory would be closed on account of unprofitable business. The proprietors attribute their misfortunes entirely to the popular demand for automobiles. Unless some other industry is established there, a large number of the hands formerly employed must leave the town, which will result in wide-spread disaster to the merchants and others who have been dependent upon the local expenditures of the factory's payroll.

A certain small water district, with an indebtedness of over two hundred thousand dollars, is so situated that it furnishes one of the United States navy yards with its entire supply of water. The income, therefore, is to such an extent from this single customer that any cessation of its patronage would alone reduce the earnings far below even the amount necessary to pay the interest upon the indebtedness of the district. Inasmuch as the question of discontinuing or closing this navy yard has already come up in Congress, and furthermore, as, with the successful exploiting of artesian wells, it is often economical for a large consumer to develop his own supply, the weakness of an issue such as the one just described must be evident. The closing or removal of these Government works would further react upon the little village, as, to quite an extent, it benefits commercially because of its close proximity to the yard. The fundamentals of this one-industry thought have been tersely expressed by a financial writer in these words:

"In this State, the bonds of Turtle Run, or Buffalo Creek, or any other one-night stand, are a legal investment" (i. e., for trustees, and, therefore, derive a market value which they would not otherwise attain) "and as a result sell, in normal times, on a three and three-quarter per cent. or four per cent. basis, although the hamlet may have a population of only two or three thousand people, may be wasting the proceeds of its bond issue, and may be itself dependent for existence upon a single industry. That industry probably could not borrow upon bonds at six per cent., and yet the town that would cease to exist if the industry failed or moved, can sell its bonds to trustees on a four per cent basis."

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	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	Increase in Five Years
Population served	140,000				180,000	28%
Gross Earnings	\$527,457	\$659,983	\$751,941	\$790,637	\$863,101	63%
Net Earnings	240,973	298,664	356,073	378,179	418,328	73%
Interest	110,520	150,397	158,243	162,077	167,563	51%
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If you desire to know about the bonds we recommend, we shall be pleased to send you complete information, without any obligation on your part. If you request us to place your name on our mailing list, you will be certain to receive circulars describing original issues of securities as underwritten by us from time to time.

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UNCLE BOB'S MONEYMAKERS

A Club for Boys Who Want to Earn Money



LAST January was surely a lucky month. Do you know why? Well, it was then that the announcement came out in the February number of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* that I had conceived the idea of banding the boys of this country together and training them to become strong, honest, ambitious, self-supporting business men.

That foresight into the needs of boys inspired the formation of the "Moneymakers' Club." Little did I realize when I wrote the first article that within eight months the membership would assume gigantic proportions—reach into the thousands. It is a proof of the old adage, "wise minds often run in the same channel." The minds of hundreds of boys seemed to be primed and tipped with the same inspiration, and letters of inquiry came from all sections of the country.

After receiving particulars about the club and its plans, it was not a case of *stop* in the majority of cases, but rather of *start, rush and keep going*. So many boys wanted to earn premiums, such as bicycles, cars, ponies, watches, guns, fishing outfits, etc., in addition to money, that I had a premium book printed, containing some sixty or seventy different articles. This feature has added very materially to the attractiveness of the club's plans. Most boys would like to earn a bicycle or a watch. Those who read my article in the February number, will recall the picture of the bicycle which can be secured by doing a certain amount of work. A picture of the watch appeared in the August number and a great many boys are "hustling" for it.

The enrollment shows members in Newfoundland, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, South America and other countries as well as in every State in the Union. Just at present there are active workers in twenty-eight different States. I mean boys who are hustling in the interests of the club.

Below are the names of a few of the most ambitious hustlers. Bert Edmonds, Canada, Haygood Cummings, Arkansas, Theo. Daboll, New York, Clarence Dahl, Pennsylvania, Hugh P. Bowden, Newfoundland, Mervin Lichtenstein, New York, Arthur Shoemaker, Pennsylvania, Noah Weiner, Connecticut, Carl Richman, Indiana, Elbert Taylor, Nebraska, Harold Blume, New York, Arthur Davis, Illinois, John Kleine, Colorado, John Toodles, New York, Clyde Naylor, Iowa, William James, Tennessee.

It is only a question of time when I shall not dare to try to publish the names of the most successful boys, for although the above names stand out a little higher now, there are hundreds of others who are climbing the Success ladder, and will be, eventually, on the same level. It would take several *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* columns to contain their names.

I am still receiving hundreds of interesting letters. Some boys want money to get an education, others want money to help their parents. All have their needs and, of course, it is Uncle Bob's duty to assist in satisfying them. I quote a few letters that speak for themselves.

"DEAR UNCLE BOB:—I have received your letter of the 14th, and was glad to hear from you. I am also glad that you put so much confidence in me; it has encouraged me and I hope to do still better next week. Your letter has encouraged me more than any other letter I have received from you, and I will try more than ever to get to work good and hard, and hope to succeed. I hope I will have great success this summer, which I am almost sure I will."
"HUGH BOWDEN."

"DEAR UNCLE BOB:—I have a desire to go to college some day and would feel proud if I could pay my own way through. Your Moneymakers' column has aroused a keen interest in me to follow up your plans, and put them into active use. I work during the daytime, but I would like to put a little of my spare time to doing something. I am rapidly drawing near the age when I must meet the world in a serious way, and do something to keep me on a straight, honorable path."

"Sincerely yours,
"JACOB ZEITHIN, N. Y."

"DEAR UNCLE BOB:—My mother is dead and my father is delicate and I would like to earn some money to send myself to school. Will you please give me some advice as to how to do it. I am a boy twelve years of age and am healthy. With love to you and your club."
"ROBERT RICHARDSON, La."

So boys, it pays to keep on the alert and make the best of your opportunities. "The Moneymakers' Club" offers a plan to boys by which a nice little salary can be earned, the size of the income depending upon time and energy spent. Full information will be sent upon request.

UNCLE BOB, Manager Moneymakers' Club,
Care *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*, New York

EDITORIAL

CHAT



G.M. MITCHELL

Worrying All Night

MANY people lie down to sleep as the camels lie down in the desert, with their packs still on their backs. They do not seem to know how to lay down their burdens and their minds go on working a large part of the night. If you are inclined to worry during the night, to keep your mental faculties on the strain, taut, it will be a good plan for you to keep a bow in your bedroom and unstring it every night as a reminder that you should so unstring your mind that it will not lose its springing power. The Indian knows enough to unstring his bow just as soon as he uses it so it will not lose its resilience. If a man who works hard all day, works his brain a large part of the night, doing his work over and over again, he goes to his work in the morning weary, jaded. Instead of a clear, vigorous brain capable of powerfully focusing his mind, he approaches his work with all his standards down, and with about as much chance of winning as would a race horse who has been driven all night before the contest. Not even a man with the will of a Napoleon could win out under such conditions.

It is of the utmost importance to stop the grinding, rasping processes in the brain at night and to keep from wearing life away and wasting one's precious vitality.

Many people become slaves to night worry. They get into a chronic habit of thinking after they retire—especially of contemplating their troubles and trials, and it is a very difficult habit to break.

Some people age more at night than during the daytime, when, if they must worry, the reverse ought to be true. When hard at work during the day they do not have much time to think of their ailments, their business troubles, their misfortunes. But when they retire, the whole brood of troubling thoughts and worry ghosts fill the mind with horrors.

The imagination is particularly active at night. All unpleasant, disagreeable things seem a great deal worse then than in the day, because the imagination magnifies everything in the silence and darkness.

I know people who have a dread of retiring at night because they go through so much mental suffering during the torturing wakeful hours. They toss about and long for the daylight.

It is fundamental to sound health to make it a rule never to discuss business troubles and things that vex and irritate one at night, especially just before retiring, for whatever is dominant in the mind when one falls asleep continues its influence on the nervous structure long into the night. This is why so many people age so rapidly during the night. They grow older instead of younger, as they would under the influence of sound, refreshing sleep.

I know people whose lives have been completely revolutionized by this experiment of putting themselves in tune before going to sleep. Formerly they were in the habit of retiring in a bad mood; tired, discouraged over anticipated evils and all sorts of worries and anxieties. They had a habit of thinking over the bad things about their business, the unfortunate conditions in their affairs, and their mistakes. They discussed their misfortunes at night with their wives. The result was that their minds were in an upset condition when they fell asleep, and these melancholy, black, ugly, hideous pictures, so exaggerated in awful vividness in the stillness, became etched deeper and deeper into their minds, and the consequence was that they awoke in the morning weary and exhausted, instead of rising, as every one should, feeling like a newly made creature with fresh ambition and invigorated determination.

Business men ought to know how to turn off brain power when not using it. They would not think of leaving or closing their factories at night without turning off the machinery power. Why should they themselves attempt to go to sleep without turning off their mental power? It is infinitely important to one's health to turn off mental power when not actually using it to produce something.

When you get through your regular day's work, why allow your precious energy to dribble away in little worries? Why carry your business home, take it to bed with you and waste your life forces in ineffective thinking? Why permit a great leakage of mental energy and a waste of life-force? You must learn to shut off mental steam when you quit work.

Many men waste almost as much mental energy in the evening and in a restless night as during their actual work in the day. It is positively wicked for people to get up in the morning, haggard, worn, and with a weary expression. Learn to slow down at night.

Refresh, renew, rejuvenate yourself by play and pleasant recreation. Play as hard as you work, have a

jolly good time, and then you will sleep. You will get that refreshing, invigorating sleep which gives an overplus of energy; that buoyancy of spirit which will make you eager to plunge into the next day's work.

No matter how tired, how busy you are, or how late you retire, make it a rule never to go to sleep without erasing every unfortunate impression, every disagreeable experience, every unkind thought, every particle of envy, jealousy, selfishness from the mind. Just imagine that the words "harmony," "good cheer" and "good will to every living creature" are written all over your sleeping room in letters of light.

People who have learned the art of putting themselves into harmony with all the world before they retire, never harboring a thought of jealousy, hatred, envy, revenge or ill-will of any kind against any human being, get a great deal more out of sleep and retain their youth much longer than those who have the habit of reviewing all their disagreeable experiences and thinking about all their troubles and trials at night.

It must be made a rule to put the mind into harmony and a good will attitude when retiring. By it, you will be surprised to see how much fresher and younger and stronger and more normal you will become.

Unless you tune your mind to harmony for sleep, there will be a constant strain upon the nervous system. Even if you do manage to go to sleep with a troubled mind, the brain keeps on working and you will wake up exhausted.

If you wish to wake up feeling refreshed and renewed, you must retire in a happy, forgiving, cheerful mood. If you go to sleep worrying, depressed with melancholy, you will wake up tired, exhausted, with no elasticity or spring in your brain or buoyancy in your spirits, for the blood poisoned by worry is incapable of refreshing the brain.

If you have a grudge against another, forget it, wipe it out, erase it completely, and substitute a charitable love thought, a kindly, generous thought, before you fall asleep. If you make a habit of clearing the mind every night of its enemies, of driving them all out before you go to sleep, your slumber will be undisturbed by hideous dreams and you will rise refreshed, renewed.

Clean your mental house before retiring. Throw out everything that causes you pain. Everything that is disagreeable, undesirable; all unkind thoughts of anger, hatred, jealousy; all selfish, uncharitable thoughts. Do not allow them to print their black, hideous pictures upon your mind.

And when you have let go of all the rubbish and have swept and dusted and garnished your mind, fill it full of the pleasantest, sweetest, happiest, most helpful, encouraging, uplifting thought pictures possible.

Form, too, the habit of making a call upon the Great Within of you before retiring. Leave the message of up-lift of self-betterment, self-enlargement, which you yearn for and long to realize but do not know how to bring about. Registering this call, this demand for something higher and nobler, in your subconsciousness, *putting it right up to yourself*, will work like a leaven during the night; and, after a while, all the building forces within you will help to unite in furthering your aim; in helping you to realize your vision.

There are marvelous possibilities for health building, success building, happiness building, in ourselves, in the preparation of the mind before going to sleep by impressing, declaring, picturing as vividly as possible our ideals of ourselves, what we would like to become and what we long to accomplish. You will be surprised to see how quickly that wonderful force in your subjective self will begin to shape the pattern, to copy the model which you thus give it. In these great interior creative, restorative forces lies the great secret of life. Blessed is he who findeth it.

Seeing the Best in Others

It is unfortunate for a child to be reared in an atmosphere of pessimism, of an unnatural lack of confidence in one's fellows, an atmosphere of doubt, of suspicion. Belief in men and a desire to see the good side of people rather than the bad, is splendid capital with which to start out in life. When we see only the man that God made, refuse to see the burlesque man which unfortunate training, wrong thinking, mistakes and sin have made, we help to bring out whatever is noblest in our fellow man as well as in ourselves.

What we see in others is a pretty good indication of

what predominates in ourselves. If we are inclined to see crookedness, perverseness, dishonesty, malice and envy in our neighbors, it indicates that these very qualities are too prominent in ourselves. Others are mirrors in which we see ourselves. Beware of what you see in others. It is a tell-tale of what is in yourself. Look out for the person who is always condemning others, finding flaws, seeing the ugly, bad side. He is a dangerous man.

Don't allow yourself to be a cynic, a disapprover; don't go about with a microscope looking for other people's faults and failings. Learn to believe in people, to see the good in them.

We have a peculiar love and admiration for some people because they find good in us, they see the possibilities which others do not see. We love them because they do not see the bad, the ugly, the crooked in us.

I know a woman who has a genius for bringing out the best in others because she refuses to see anything but the good. In spite of the fact that she takes comparatively little pains in selecting her servants, she always has good ones and rarely has trouble with them. She has often taken those who have been discharged time and time again from other families and has made good servants of them.

The secret of her success is that she does not treat them as most people do—as hirelings or inferiors—but with great kindness and consideration. She has patience with their weaknesses and failings and by her treatment so wins their love and confidence that they try their best to please her. Although she never locks her jewelry, money or any other valuables from them, a servant rarely takes anything from her. She makes them understand that she trusts them, believes in them, relies upon their honor to deal as fairly with her as she does with them. It is really wonderful what she brings out of them by the Golden Rule, her philosophy. Yet it is perfectly natural and scientific. We do not misuse or take advantage of the friends who believe in us and see in us possibilities which others do not see.

Scolding, fault-finding, domineering, over-bearing methods bring the worst out of employees as the opposite methods bring out the best. Suspicion brings out suspicion, prejudice, prejudice, kindness, kindness.

Many men are always looking for the weak points in their employees; looking for some ugly thing, some unfortunate fault or habit. They are suspicious of them, taking it for granted that everybody who works for them would "do" them if they had a chance; would shirk and slight their work when out of their sight. The result is that these people always have trouble with their help.

Watched employees, those who are always suspected, will never give out their best. As a rule, you call out of employees the qualities which you recognize in them. They will reflect to you your own mental attitude toward them. They will give you back just about what you give them or expect of them. What you see in them they will come pretty near giving you. If you see good, they will give you their best. If you see the worst, they will give it to you in corresponding service.

A wrong mental attitude toward others, seeing the bad in them instead of the good, not only calls the same qualities out of these people but seriously injures ourselves. The habit of looking for the bad in others, of seeing only their failings and weaknesses, produces a habit of mind which is fatal to growth, to character-building.

It is just as important that we should see the best in ourselves as the best in others; that we should see the man or woman God intended, not the one created by false ideals and vicious suggestions.

Every time we think of ourselves we should insist upon seeing the ideal person, the God-created being which must be perfect, immortal. We should insist and persist in seeing the ideal self, which is the truth of our being, and not the mere scarred apology of a man or woman which wrong thinking or vicious living have made. There is everything in forming the habit of seeing the man or woman you long to be—the one you ought to be. Positively refuse to see anything else.

Many people make the mistake of trying to dig out the bad by the roots, instead of cultivating the good, the beautiful and the true, the antidote for the ugly, the false, the bad. This is like trying to get the poison which is killing a person, out of the blood instead of quickly using the antidote, which will neutralize it. Cultivate the good and the bad will go. Opposites can not exist in the same mind at the same time.

A large part of the divorces and the unhappiness in so many homes result from married people harping on the faults of their partners instead of on their virtues, from seeing the worst instead of the best, dwelling upon it, magnifying the bad. A married couple who see the best in each other, who try to bring out the best, who realize that we all have our weaknesses and our faults, live happily enough. There is always discord in a home where married people are always talking about each other's faults, shortcomings and failures. This always arouses antagonism and develops the ugly side in them. The brute always comes out to answer brute treatment. The same is true in the treatment of children. They are extremely sensitive to the parents' mental attitude. Their little minds are like the photographer's sensitive plates which respond to the slightest variation or stimulus. How quickly the child

feels our thought toward it, our mental attitude. Even infants are instinctively repulsed by people they have seen, while they will run with open arms to utter strangers whom they have never seen before. They feel our thought; they instinctively know our attitude of mind toward them. The child knows who loves children and who does not, at the first meeting.

Parents who are always harping upon the shortcomings of their children, scolding and nagging, finding fault with them, always develop the worst in them. They bring out just the qualities they appeal to and the thought which radiates through their own minds.

The mother who is always trying to eradicate the bad in her children, by plucking out vicious habits by the root, who is always hunting for the crooked and the ugly, and trying to remove it directly, does not have a tithe of the influence for good that the mother who does not see the defective child at all, but sees the ideal, beautiful child with the Christ-image. It is not the mothers who are always hunting for Satan in the child, but the mothers who hold the God-image, the Christ-likeness, who persist in seeing the best and noblest in the child, that develop noble qualities. and neutralize the opposite.

Take the Next Step

Do not be too anxious to see all the way ahead of you. It may not be best for you. The man who carries a lantern on a dark night can see perfectly to take the next step. He does not need to see all the steps, for he can take only one at a time, and when he takes that step the light moves forward for the next one.

The trouble with most of us is that we want to see too far ahead. We want to be sure that we are going to do some great thing. Then we will not be afraid to make a great effort.

But keep "pegging away," as Lincoln did. Keep your trust in the Great Unseen Power which somehow brings things out infinitely better than you expected.

How many times in our past lives the way has seemed so dark that we could not see a gleam of light. How many times failure has seemed absolutely inevitable and yet we kept hoping, working, doing our best, and the Unseen Power which makes things good for those who do their level best, came to our rescue and brought us our heart's desire.

Never mind if you can not at once obtain the thing you long for. No matter how far away or how impossible it may seem to you, just keep your mind, your purpose, fixed on it. There is magnetic power in focusing the mind on the thing we long for. Ways we never dreamed of before will open up in a marvelous manner.

Just keep trying, keep pushing, keep thinking—thinking hard all along the line of your ambition, and doing your level best to attain your desire, and you will be surprised to find how the way will open of itself as you advance.

It Is the Plus Vitality That Counts

Our judgments, our opinions, our actions in life are very much colored and affected by our bodily condition. Everything a dyspeptic thinks or does is necessarily affected by his condition. He can not avoid it any more than he can change the color of his eyes.

It was never intended that human beings should be ailing, or sick; it was not intended that their efforts should be withdrawn from the world's service. There are hundreds of evidences in our construction that we were intended for happiness, enjoyment and usefulness. In short, that we were formed for health. Man was made for achievement; and to achieve great things one must feel that thrill of bounding health, that fullness of physical force, that buoyancy and exuberance of animal life which makes one exult in the mere joy of being alive.

The man who has such superb health that he always has a large amount of plus, a lot of the positive in his thought, instead of the minus, the negative found in the weak, sickly man, ought to be a much larger producer than his weaker brother, because he is in a superior position to create. The inventive faculties, the springs of resourcefulness are much stronger in the man with a great physical surplus, with a large health reserve, than in the one who has no reserve. The man who is not up to the physical standard always labors at a great disadvantage. It is the plus vitality, the plus energy that counts.

The Self-Confident Are in Demand

It is the self-confident man who wins. He who strikes out boldly, who does not wait for time or tide, who does not sit on the stone of Fate waiting for an opportunity to come along, who goes through obstacles and not over or around them, who is not waiting for others to speak, think, or act, is the man who is going to win in this new country. There is a great demand for the self-centered man—the man who is not afraid of himself, who, if he can not say "I will," at least says "I will try." Leaders, not followers, original thinkers, not imitators; men with new ideas are being called for loudly in all the important walks of life.

California Oil

The San Francisco Evening Post, the largest afternoon newspaper on the Pacific Coast, will issue on September 3rd a great hundred page Special Edition adequately and accurately portraying by pen and picture California and its limitless resources. Mines, forests, grazing, wool, dairying, wines, fruits, nuts, cereals, fish and manufacturers are all fully considered.

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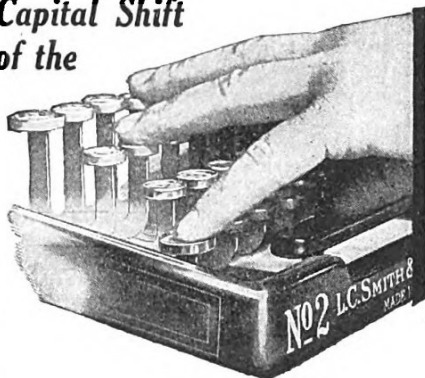
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Hard on the Artist

AN EXECUTIVE on the Hearst newspapers is responsible for this:

"They quartered me once in the same office with an editor noted for his eccentricity and his wit. One afternoon I entered the office so quietly that the editor, who was at that moment engaged with one of our artists, did n't hear me.

"Say," the artist was explaining, "I can't very well get that drawing in until Wednesday. Monday is the Fourth of July, and I've promised to go off on a picnic with my wife and children."

"The editor looked him over. 'I'd like to know what that's got to do with it! Here we're working Sundays and holidays and Fourth of July, fourteen hours a day. No holiday for us!'

"(I happened to know that this editor worked about four hours a day.)

"Well," said the artist, "a man owes something to his family."

"Family! Do you know how long it is since I've seen mine? Three weeks!"

"(I happened to know that he went home at four o'clock every day.)

"The artist wavered, but made a last stab: 'Well, anyhow, I want to go.'

"Your wants," said the editor, "have nothing to do with the case. Here we are, killing ourselves with work, and you lie down on us. Go if you like, but don't come back."

"Well," said the artist, "if you put it *that* way, I'll call it off." And he pounded out of the door.

"For a minute the editor never moved a muscle. Then, addressing empty air, he said in a perfectly audible tone of voice:

"My next imitation, ladies and gentlemen, will be of an elderly lady crossing the Alps in an open boat."

We're Always Right

THE sight-seeing gentleman from the Middle West had reached the land of the Pharaohs, the home of the age-old pyramids, the resting place of the immutable Sphinx.

"I wonder," he drawled, as he gazed about him, "why they call this place Kiro? We've got a town down in Illinois spelt like this and we call it Kayro, and, b' gosh, I believe we're right."—M. B. P.

A Preventive Measure

SIX-YEAR-OLD HARRIET announced her intention of giving up her German lessons with Fräulein.

"She hugs and kisses me all the time I'm at lessons and—ugh—I do hate Dutch," Harriet explained.

Father, who is something of a diplomat, reasoned with her: "See here, my little girl, I have read German and French with Fräulein ever since I was your age, and she has never tried to hug or kiss me."

"Father," observed the child dryly, "you had better touch wood."—CATHERINE R. HAMLIN.

Public Want Ads

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WANTED—A few select persons to represent us socially and do the things we have n't time for. No brains needed. All expenses paid. No worry.—ELLIS O. JONES.

Merely a Question of Comfort

"Now, doctor," complained a bibulous patient, "my great trouble is elephants—pink ones. Not that I object to elephants, you understand. I like them—but they do crowd one so."—WALTER L. WHITTLESEY.

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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Foiled

HE was very bashful and she tried to make it easy for him. They were driving along the seashore and she became silent for a time. "What's the matter?" he asked. "O, I feel blue," she replied. "Nobody loves me and my hands are cold."

"You should not say that," was his word of consolation, "for God loves you, and your mother loves you, and you can sit on your hands."—ROBERT J. DRYSDALE.

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 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.

The Tenor of It

If I could sing as sweet as you,
You little bird, you piper true,
Throating it there upon the fence
With such a gay inconsequence—
If I could sing as sweet as you—
Well, I have every confidence
My nest would be well-feathered, too.

—ALLAN PARKS.

Which Held Him For Awhile

"FINE view," observed the young man, waving a condescending hand toward the great sound, where water, fathoms deep, sparkled and rippled. "How long have you been here, old chap?"

The pioneer cast a slow glance over the questioner, as he answered slowly: "Young man, when I come here, old Puget had just begun to dig that sound."—C. M. GRISSOM.

A Confession

THE late Father Ducey was once eagerly sought, while hearing confessions, by an enterprising reporter for a New York newspaper.

There was a long line of penitents in the church and the reporter saw that the only way to get a speedy hearing would be to get a place in the line.

At last his turn came. "Father Ducey," he began, "I'm a reporter for the *Journal*." "My son," interrupted the cleric, "even that might be forgiven."—P. T. E.

Poetry at 110 Degrees

STEWART EDWARD WHITE, William Kent and myself were hunting mountain sheep in the ranges of Mexican California. Perhaps because the savage heat of the desert which we were crossing had somewhat gone to our brains, we fell to making poetry upon the various aspects of desert life. White rhapsodized upon the tarantula; Kent dithyrambed over the pack-mule; I sang the dispraises of the jack-rabbit. Finally White, who was cook for the day, offered a special prize of duff with raisins (the last remnants of our store) for the premier verse to be turned out before sunset. At noon we met up with a wandering prospector who introduced himself as Mr. J. Noel Benson, Native Son of California, and observed, upon learning of our literary efforts that he was some poet himself. On being invited to enter the lists he retired to the top of a mesa where the thermometer was something like 110 in the absence of shade, and after half an hour of self-communion returned with the following gem of poesy:

THE GNAT

The gnat, he is a noisome mite
He loves to buzz. He loves to bite.
He crawls upon you when you're hot.
I love the naughty gnat—*nil*—NOT!

The duff was awarded to him without protest from the other contestants.—SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS.

Milwaukee Our First Socialist City

[Continued from page 572]

this table of the Socialist vote for the last twelve years.

1898.....	2,414	1904.....	15,056
1900.....	2,473	1906.....	16,873
1902.....	8,453	1908.....	20,887
1910.....	27,622		

The increase from 2,414 in 1898 to 20,887 in 1908 was brought about by a skilful, persistent campaign of propaganda conducted by able leaders like that human dynamo, Victor Berger. The increase from 20,887 in 1908 to 27,622 in 1910 was achieved by exactly the same means. The men that voted the Socialist ticket in April were to a great extent convinced Socialists and not persons disgusted temporarily by a bad administration. They are convinced Socialists still.

It is also commonly said that the Socialists in Milwaukee are a minority party and that a coalition between the Republicans and Democrats could have beaten them in April and can beat them any time hereafter. I am not so sure of that. The Socialist vote in the April election was twenty-seven thousand and the combined vote of the Republicans and Democrats was thirty-one thousand. In politics no coalition is ever as strong as the sum of its normal units.

Why the Railroads Kept Out

Finally, men familiar with conditions as they actually are, and not as they are represented by the optimistic periodicals, point out that hitherto the real rulers of Milwaukee have been the railroad companies, which, by flooding the polling places with illegal voters, have been able to elect whatsoever ticket they have preferred. In the last city election, the railroad companies took no part. If they had so chosen they could have overwhelmed the Socialists, or they can do so at any election hereafter.

This is quite true as a general proposition. If, at the last election, the railroads had pursued their usual tactics, they could have prevented the Socialist victory and made a Republican or a Democratic mayor, as they deemed best. But they did not pursue their usual tactics, and the reason seems rather interesting. About two weeks before election, the local political manager for one of these corporations was asked by a confidant how many floaters his company would bring in for the election. He said:

"Not one. We are going to keep our hands off absolutely. Why? Because our yards swarm now with Socialists and if we start to bring in anybody they will know it, and we are not taking any chances."

The statement has been made and widely circulated, that when the Socialists took charge of the government of Milwaukee, not a member of the party asked for any office. This is quite untrue. More than one application for office was made by Socialists. In fact there were two. One came from this same Victor Berger, the leader, that was wont to utter the loftiest sentiments concerning political ideals. He wanted a job—though not for himself. There was a certain man that for many years had been treasurer of the local Socialist party, receiving no compensation and accounting rigidly for every cent. He had employment at one thousand dollars a year. A two thousand dollar place in the city treasurer's office fell vacant, and Berger asked for it for this man. The man indignantly refused it. With a crescendo scorn he said:

"What! After all these years in the party, do you think that I would be an office-seeker?"

The other case was a party member that applied for a position without salary or other emolument, and almost without honor.

The Personalities of Berger and Seidel

After years of furious abuse, Berger is now a popular man in Milwaukee. He is a singular type; shrewd, witty, cool-headed, resourceful, of a restless and almost superhuman energy, an able politician, poorer than poverty and admitted by his bitterest enemies to be scrupulously honest, generous, kind-hearted and a fair if indomitable fighter. He used to be a leader in the Turn-Verein, has been an expert athlete, possesses a frame of iron, has read everything worth reading in history and economics, knows men and literature, is a good stylist and can write blisteringly in two languages. Seidel, the mayor, is blond, American, blue-eyed, clean-shaven, gentle and frankly cordial in manner, a student, a steady, firm executive and an eloquent and forceful speaker. He never fails to create two impressions: first that he is sincere and second that he has as little to fear as he has to conceal. In the campaign he was accused of being Berger's tool and puppet. Since he came to be mayor, the people generally have formed a different opinion of him.

For all they have begun so well, the Milwaukee Socialists may go far astray before they are through. But the fact that makes their entire failure unlikely is the same fact that has caused their present success. Men of any faith or creed, that are really trying to do all the good they can, not for themselves, but for others, are not likely to blunder irretrievably.



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I would like to have a "RICHMOND" Electric Suction Cleaner demonstrated in my home provided it places me under no obligation in any way. My house is wired for electric lights.

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Cut Out This Coupon and Mail Today

Try This "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner Free

This free trial will give you an opportunity to find out all about the suction or vacuum method of cleaning. This picture is an actual photograph of the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner. Please note how small and compact it is and how light and readily portable it must be. It is of the simplest form of construction—being a small fan enclosed in a highly polished aluminum case. This fan revolves nearly 10,000 times a minute, and is operated by a small electric high speed motor. A powerful suction or current of air is created in this manner, which sucks the dirt out of the rug, carpet or article to be cleaned and carries it into the double cloth bag attached to the handle, just as shown in the picture.

Try the "RICHMOND" just as the coupon printed above specifies—watch it clean more thoroughly with one stroke than a dozen sweepings—make it meet your cleaning problems—note that its use absolutely eliminates all dust. Then if you want to continue to keep your home dust-free and germ-proof you can buy a guaranteed "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner for less than the cost of your Spring and Fall house-cleaning.

"RICHMOND" Points

—costs less per month for electricity than the average family spends for brooms.

—after a year of consistent use you couldn't find a thimbleful of dirt in a fourteen-room house if you took all the carpets up.

—no more spring or fall "house-cleanings"—no more "sweeping days"—no more "dusty Fridays."

—its total cost is less than the cost of one single annual house-cleaning—to say nothing of saving the wear and tear which house-cleaning brings to furniture.

—cleans furniture, walls, upholstery bedding, clothing, decorations, book shelves, tile floors, hardwood floors, nooks and crannies, as well as making old carpets look like new.

—equally valuable in homes, offices, stores, hotels, hospitals, libraries, schools, churches, theatres, public buildings.

—without any change or adjustment, uses either direct or alternating current; universal motor of our own construction.

—thirty feet of electrical cord, with connecting socket, comes with the cleaner—everything ready to start—any one can do it.

—handsome in appearance—all exposed parts are highly polished—operates with easy, gliding motion—no pressure required.

—absolutely guaranteed for one year, and without abuse should last as long as a watch.

How to Select the Best Suction Cleaner

Never buy any suction or vacuum cleaner without first trying it—this will prove its real efficiency to you. Find out if it is truly portable—if it can be carried with ease from room to room—up and down stairs by one person. Watch it clean—observe if it does the work quickly, easily and thoroughly. Be sure that it is of the simplest construction—that its mechanism is not complicated—hard to get at—hard to care for. Keep in mind that weight is a serious objection because weight takes a woman's strength. Remember that \$100 is about twice as much as you need pay for a thoroughly efficient cleaner. Look out that it is guaranteed by a responsible manufacturer.

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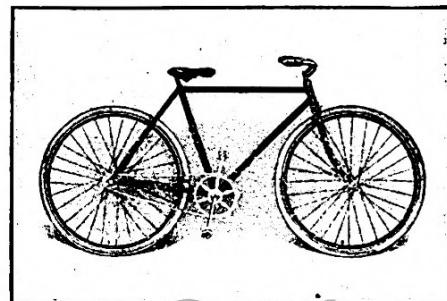
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For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade, or direct from springs.

Hotel at Springs now open.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

New Animals for America

[Continued from page 581]

anything but the carnivora that are dangerous to man.

Besides the mammals there are many harmless and useful denizens of the feathered world that would be valuable to the country. After the ostrich, the delicious and delicately flavored great kori bustard stands pre-eminent as a bird of value. The cock-bird of this species stands five feet in height from claws to beak and weighs forty pounds. I have found its flesh much superior to turkey. There are francolins, cranes, herons, plover and flamingos abounding in Africa that would find acceptable homes all over the United States.

A fine experiment for a private individual in this country would be to domesticate the kori bustard and put it on the poultry market.

Keep the Antelope in the Poultry Yard

An antelope that would thrive splendidly in the Northwestern States, either wild or in domestication, comes from Siberia. It weighs from thirty to forty pounds and is extremely hardy, easily tamed and its flesh is of fine flavor.

It would be an easy matter for farmers to grow any of the smaller antelope as adjuncts to their poultry yards. At present a farmer has to eat poultry or kill a sheep or calf when he wants meat. With a number of small antelope ranging from fifteen to forty pounds it would be an easy matter to have a good supply as well as a variety of flesh without any loss through excessive supply.

I have mentioned only some of the animals that could be profitably introduced into this country.

Another important fact that must be considered when looking into this project is that the supply of fish has greatly decreased in late years and there is every reason to believe that it will become smaller as time goes on.

Germany Reduced to Eating Horses and Dogs

In Germany last year, forty thousand old horses and fifteen thousand dogs were killed for human consumption. Are the Americans going to come to this? Will they accept such conditions? I think not. But what will they eat if something along the lines suggested by the New Food Supply Society is not done for the benefit of the immediate future and for posterity. It will require time, study and money to get the food supply on a basis where it will keep pace with the growth of population.

There has been some adverse comment about the possibility of introducing strange animals into this country, but it should be borne in mind that what is queer to the uninformed is not always chimerical, and that the sober investigations and procedures of the New Food Supply Society are entirely independent of any vagaries of personal assumption and conceit.

There is no subject to-day of more immediate and vital concern to the American people than its fast decreasing meat supply.



Moving a River

A most extraordinary feat of engineering has recently been completed in the southeastern part of Nevada. This is nothing more or less than the moving of a river one hundred miles out of its course, straightening out its windings, scooping out the rock for its new channel and then dropping it down in its new place.

One night the Meadow Valley river rose from a harmless stream into a torrent a mile wide. It carried the tracks of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad with it, and did other damage to the extent of \$2,000,000. Engineers studied the problem and decided that the road-bed of the river might remain, but the river itself must be moved. This feat has been accomplished at a cost of \$33,000 for each mile. A piece of mountain helped to make the new bed, and by the straightening out of the river, eight, instead of eighteen bridges are required.

From a Philosopher's Note-Book

CULTIVATING some voices is about as profitable as trying to raise a harvest of edible vegetables on a roof-garden.

When a man tells me that he plays the piano entirely by ear, I always look at his ears to see how many octaves he can stretch with them.

It was a smart child who observed that it is an ill nurse that blows nobody up.

There is nothing rarer than an end-seat hog on an open car on a rainy day.

Many a girl resembles the rose in that while on the parent stem her thorns are not noticeable, but once plucked she must be handled with gloves.

Dreams are not wholly without meaning. Many a man who has dreamed that he dwelt in marble halls has waked to find he has kicked the covers off.

A wide-open purse breeds heavy drafts.

Fun in the Home

[Continued from page 582]

weather could never do. It is the sunshine that gives the delicate, inimitable tint of beauty to fruit and flower.

I have been in homes that were so somber and sad and gloomy that they made me feel depressed the moment I entered them. Nobody dared to say his soul was his own, and to laugh out loud was regarded almost as a misdemeanor. If the children made any noise they were told to stop, sit down, hush up, be quiet. Everybody who attempted to have a little fun was promptly squelched. One felt, even though it was not seen, that this sign was everywhere about the house: "No joking allowed here. Laughter forbidden. No romping or playing here. Life is too short and too serious a matter for such frivolity. Besides, the furniture might be scratched, bric-à-brac might be broken, or the children's clothes soiled or rumpled."

Most homes are far too serious. Why not let the children dance and play to their hearts' content. They will get rubs enough, knocks enough in the world; they will get enough of the hard side of life later. But resolve that they shall at least be *just as happy as you can make them* while at home, so that if they should have unfortunate experiences later, they can look back upon their home as a sweet, beautiful, charming oasis in their life; the happiest spot on earth.

Let them give vent to all that is joyous and happy in their natures, and they will blossom out into helpful men and women instead of sedate, suppressed, sad, melancholy natures. Spontaneity, buoyancy, the bubbling over of animal spirits are worth everything in one's education. Children who are encouraged in self-expression of their play instinct will make better business men, better professional men, better men and better women. They will succeed better and have a better influence in the world than those who are repressed.

Only the happiest children can make the happiest and most useful citizens. Play is to the child what sunshine is to the plant. You can not give children too much heart sunshine, too much love. They thrive on fun. It is their normal food and the home is the place above all others where they should get an abundance of it. Some one has said that if you want to ruin your children let them think that all mirth and enjoyment must be left on the threshold when they come home at night. When once the home is regarded only as a place in which to eat, drink and sleep, the work is begun which often ends in degradation.

Children who have no childhood often develop hard, cold, unsocial dispositions which are a great handicap to their success later in life.

A happy childhood is an imperative preparation for a happy maturity. The disposition, the cast of mind, the whole life tendencies are fixed in childhood. An early habit of cheerfulness—the fun-loving habit—has a powerful influence over the mature man and his career.

A happy childhood is the best possible protection against ill-health, unhappiness and failure; the best possible protection against the development of handicapping peculiarities, idiosyncrasies and even insanity. A large percentage of the people in the insane asylums did not have a happy childhood.

It is of immense importance to teach children to avoid unpleasant, disagreeable, soul-harrowing books. Keep them from reading morbid stories, morbid descriptions of crime and misery in the newspapers. Do not let these black pictures etch their hideous forms into their tender, sensitive minds.

Children should be taught the art of getting enjoyment out of the common things of life. This will prevent the development of a restless tendency, a disposition to always think that they would be happier if they were only somewhere else, under other conditions.

If you want your children to be well, strong and happy, try to cultivate the sense of humor, the fun instinct, in them just as much as possible. Teach children to laugh at their misfortunes and to see the ludicrous side of unpleasant things which can not be avoided.

"Mirth is God's medicine; give the children a lot of it."

Blessed indeed are the Joy Makers.

I once knew a little girl who was so happy that she asked her mother if she could say "Good-morning" to God. She used to say "Good-morning" to her canary, and "Good-morning" to the sun, and she naturally thought, and rightly, that she ought to say "Good-morning" to her Creator.

All the members of the mental family, all our faculties, are dependent upon their harmony for their helpfulness and efficiency. If they are unhappy their efficiency is seriously impaired. Discouragement, worry, anxiety, fear, anything which makes them abnormal, practically ruins their efficiency.

On the other hand, whatever tends to encouragement, to cheerfulness, good humor, whatever brightens hope and brings good cheer multiplies efficiency.

There is no other one thing which so buoys up the faculties and refreshes the whole man as good, innocent fun. The enormous success of the theatrical business is based largely upon the instinctive demand in human nature for amusement.

When this demand in us is gratified, the whole man is improved, enlarged; is more healthy, more efficient, more normal; but when it is denied, as it was among

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When you buy ready roofing the only important question should be, "How long will it last?"

Everything else about a roofing is unimportant alongside that one big query.

And that is usually the one thing that you can't find out. All the answer you can get is a guess.

The poorest roofings usually make the biggest claims. There is no certainty in the proposition. You can't get a reliable answer to that vital question, "How long will it last?" **EXCEPT—**

When you buy Congo Roofing.

A Bond in Every Roll

In the center of each roll of Congo you will find a Surety Bond Guarantee. It says that "Congo Roofing will last ten years." It is a genuine legally binding Guarantee Bond issued by the National Surety Company of New York.

This Bond gives real protection—just like fire insurance. If your roof doesn't last 10 years, you get a new one. There is one of these Insurance Bonds in every roll of Congo Roofing.

Ten Years' Guarantee

That Congo will last ten years, goes without saying. The National Surety Company could never afford to guarantee thousands of roofs all over the country if it was not certain that Congo would do even more than we claim for it.

The ten year guarantee applies to both Congo three-ply and two-ply.

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Weather and climate have no effect on Congo. Its flexibility is the same in midsummer or zero weather. It doesn't get soft in high temperatures, or brittle in low ones.

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Congo is so pliable that you can fold it and crease it and double it over without breaking. You can't help making a good tight roofing job with it, even if you never laid a roof before. It is easy to do a good job with a roofing as pliable as Congo. Anybody can lay it. Skilled labor is unnecessary.

With every roll of Congo we supply free of charge nails, cement for the laps and caps. These caps are not the usual cheap quick-rusting tin discs, but galvanized iron that will not rust.

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Send for a sample of Congo Roofing. It's free by return mail. Also a little booklet telling about Congo more in detail and a copy of the Guarantee Surety Bond.

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many of the Puritans in our early history, there is a famine in the nature, the faculties shrivel and the whole character deteriorates.

It is a great thing to encourage fun in the home. There is nothing like a fun-loving home. It keeps children off the street, it discourages vice and all that is morbid. The fun-loving faculties in many children are never half developed; hence the melancholy traits, the tendency to sadness, moroseness, morbidness, which we see in men and women everywhere. These are not normal. They are indications of stifled, suppressed, dwarfed natures.

Many parents have a great idea of being stern, not realizing that suppression means strangling growth, stifling aspiration, dwarfing ideals. There can be no real growth, enlargement of faculties, where there is no freedom of expression.

The child that has been trained to be happy, that has been allowed free expression to his fun-loving nature, will not have a sad or gloomy disposition. Much of the morbid mentality which we see everywhere is due to stifled childhood.

Soul sunshine keeps everything within us sweet, pure, like the material sun which destroys the miasma. It antidotes the poisons caused from worry, jealousy and the explosive passions. It preserves us from becoming soured on life.

A pessimistic, crotchety disposition, a fault-finding, finical, disagreeable mind sours everything in life. Pessimism is darkness. Things do not thrive or ripen, become sweet or beautiful, in the dark. It requires the sun of optimism to bring out soul-beauty and to ripen and sweeten the juices of life. The tendency of pessimism is to sour, to distort one's way of looking at things.

What makes us happiest makes us most efficient. Happiness is the great lubricator of life which keeps the wheels from creaking, which prevents the grinding, wearing effect caused by discord.

How much stronger, clearer brained and more efficient we feel after we have had a real jolly good time! How it refreshes, renews and restores our flagging energies.

If you carry a gloomy face about with you, you advertise the fact that hope has died out of you; that life has been a disappointment to you.

The habit of frequent and hearty laughter will not only save you many a doctor's bill, but will also save you years of life.

Laughter is a foe to pain and disease, a sure cure for the blues and melancholy. Be cheerful and you will make everybody around you happier and healthier.

Laughter and good cheer make love of life, and love of life is half of health.

Laughter keeps the heart and face young and enhances physical beauty.

When Love Cries "Follow"

THE Dr. Crippen tragedy again emphasizes the wonderful devotion of a woman to the man who hypnotizes her or the man she is in love with. There is scarcely anything in the world that a woman will not do or undertake for the man she loves. She will brave all sorts of danger, and death itself, if necessary. It does not matter that the object of her affections is unworthy; she will follow him to the ends of the earth, through poverty, social ostracism, disgrace, everything. There is no price possible for a human being that she will not pay. Her constancy is one of the marvels of men, who are infinitely more selfish, and who think of the effect that this blind love-following would have upon their business, their social standing.

But a woman's heart is a very different thing. There is no selfishness in the genuine love of a woman.

No man, however devoted, can fully understand the marvelousness of this devotion and self-sacrifice; for men cannot fully divorce their self-interest, their comfort, their reputation, from their love. Their interest follows their affection.

What a Fine Manner Does

IT MORE than compensates defects of nature.

It doubles the possessor's influence and success.

It makes one as welcome as the sunshine in every household.

It constitutes the open sesame to the best society.

It often wins where ability coupled with boorishness loses.

Defiant Fixity

WE SOMETIMES meet people so entrenched in principle, so buttressed by strong, vigorous character as to appear to be in a condition of defiant fixity. We can hardly imagine their yielding to temptation or developing weakness. A balanced, poised serenity, everything about them speaks of power, of a great steadfast force. Their natures seem resistant. Their very presence suggests power, dominion. It is easy for these characters to dominate; they are such living forces that the world instinctively makes way for them.

When the Women Vote

READY REFERENCES FOR SERVANTS

By John Kendrick Bangs

I.

FOR A DEPARTING COOK

THE bearer of this note, Miss Bridget McCarthy, has been in my employ for six months. She is sober, honest and tolerably industrious and an unswerving Democrat of the Bryan school. I cheerfully recommend her for employment in close political districts.

II.

FOR A NURSERY MAID

Sarah Aniseed, the bearer of this letter, has been in my employ for three years, and I have found her well versed in all matters pertaining to the nursery. She leaves me of her own accord and only because she feels that in the political conditions prevailing in this district she is no longer needed here, preferring a position in some section of the country where Scientific Socialism is not wholly understood. I cheerfully recommend her as a child's nurse in families where it is desired to train the young along the lines of modern political thought.

III.

FOR A WAITRESS

Mary Maginnis, to whom I have handed this reference, is a woman of high character, and in any but campaign times is an excellent waitress. She is honest and neat. A Republican in principle, she is yet of an independent disposition, and is highly recommended by both my husband and myself as a faithful servant for ten months of the year, and an accomplished stump-speaker for the other two.

IV.

FOR A FRENCH MAID

This is to certify that the bearer, Fifi Barrette, has served me in the capacity of maid for five years. It is with regret that I find it impossible to retain her services any longer, and she leaves me only because we cannot agree on the subject of the tariff. She is most expert in the handling of gowns, and marcel and manucures beautifully, and will doubtless give entire satisfaction to any employer who does not believe in the doctrine of free trade.

V.

FOR AN ASSISTANT WAITRESS

I gladly comply with the request of Theresa Maginnis, who is the bearer of this card, for a reference. She is an excellent waitress and leaves me of her own accord, her principles as a recent convert to the Prohibition party preventing her from serving wine at table. She is amply capable of taking charge of the dining-room service of any small family in cold water districts.

VI.

FOR A LAUNDRESS

Norah Harrity is a very good laundress, and I gladly recommend her for employment in families where all the other servants are straight Democrats. She is sober, industrious and amiable, but is so thoroughly committed to the principles of Free Silver, Income Tax and Initiative and Referendum, that she is apt to neglect her work over the tubs to argue these questions with those who disagree with her. She leaves me for the sole reason that my cook is a pronounced Republican as are both my husband and myself, and party loyalty compels us to side with the latter in the little differences that have arisen.

VII.

FOR A GENERAL HOUSE-WORKER

The writer of this note, being about to break up house-keeping, takes pleasure in recommending the bearer, Ellen Byrnes, as a general house-worker and a first-class political mixer. Without at all neglecting her duties in the household, in the last campaign she organized the House-Maids' Third Ward Champ Clark Club, with the result that the Democrats carried the ward for the first time in thirteen years.

VIII.

FOR A HOUSEKEEPER

Mrs. Rebecca Spinks has served in my house for five years as house-keeper. She has been efficient in every respect, and is especially strong in political organization, no servant in the house for that period of time having voted otherwise than as she directed. Another strong point in her favor is her wonderful political adaptability, her principles depending entirely upon those held by the head of the house, maintaining a position of strict neutrality when there has been any question as to whether my husband or myself occupied that position. She leaves me only because I am going abroad for a prolonged and indefinite stay.

"Jim" Hill's Estimate of Odds

IN THE first days of James J. Hill's wonderful career as railroad builder and manager, he and "Diamond Joe" Halliday met on the levee in St. Paul one day when "Jim" was helping to start a freight train over the little up-grade, the engine's horse-power requiring more or less human aid. Hill and his friends had just made the purchase of the St. Paul and Pacific, and "Diamond Joe's" fleet of Mississippi River stern wheelers was then the dominant factor in transportation problems of the new Northwest.

"Jim, I'll race one of my boats against your train," Diamond Joe said.

"Don't know about that," Jim answered, "some of your boats are pretty fast."

"Race you up-stream; water high—current swift," insisted Halliday.

"What!" exclaimed Hill, in surprise. "You mean that you would race your boat in the water? Huh! Not much. I'm willing to give you odds, but not that big. Turn her paddles on dry ground and I'll go you."