

SUCCESS

FOUNDED BY
ORISON SWETT MARDEN



MAGAZINE

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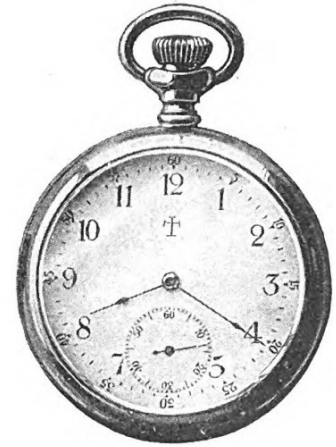
If you find a blue pencil cross in the space below, your subscription expires with this (October) issue; if a red pencil cross it expires with the next (November) issue.

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Watch Folly and Watch Wisdom WHICH?

Make Up Your Mind and Act



A watch that **keeps time** is doing its full duty—no watch can possibly do more than that. We are spreading, as vigorously as we can, a new gospel of **economy in watch buying**.

Ingersoll-Trenton

The INGERSOLL-TRENTON is a **time-keeper**—mechanically perfect, wonderfully accurate, beautiful to see, pleasant to carry. It is a watch of character, durable and dependable. We build it by the most approved methods of modern watch making, sell it only through reliable jewelers, and attach to it the full guarantee of our house. And yet the **price** of the INGERSOLL-TRENTON, jewelled with seven jewels and timed to the second, is only \$5, \$7, or \$9,—according to the **case** you select; the jewelled **movement** is the same at all three prices.

If a man "has money to burn" it may be all right for him to pay a big price for a good watch; if he **hasn't**—if his income is moderate—if he wants to **save** without sacrificing the **quality** of his timepiece—he will be wise to buy an INGERSOLL-TRENTON, and foolish to pay more than the INGERSOLL-TRENTON price.

Suggestion—Go to your jeweler and take a look at this watch. It will make you want to take the watch itself. And if you do take it you will be glad you read this advertisement and followed this suggestion.

We are sending out INGERSOLL-TRENTON booklets, on request, to thousands of inquirers. Want one? All we need is your address.

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ROOSEVELT'S PREDICTION


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Colonel Theodore Roosevelt in a letter addressed to the Chairman of the Southern Commercial Congress, says:

"No part of our country has seen such progress as the South has made in the last twenty years along material lines, and, knowing as well as I do how broad and firm are the bases of commercial leadership in the South, I believe that the next twenty years will show a greater progress."

"From now on I think the South will share with the West in rapidity of growth."

Theodore Roosevelt

So says the great ex-president, the man who knows. He came and saw whereof he speaks. Thousands of you who live in the North, the East and the West, cannot afford to come and travel our Southern States as he has done, but there is a way:—Through the great new union of Southern interests and Southern men, the Southern Commercial Congress.

Every person who is interested in a new place to live, a new site for a factory, better lands for farming, better opportunities for money-making, can now obtain without cost absolutely reliable and impartial information concerning the advantages of either of the following states: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and West Virginia.

The Congress has nothing to sell. It has no axes to grind, no favors to ask.

It advocates no section, no city. It represents the whole South, its towns, cities and states.

Its one object is to furnish *facts* to inquirers who wish to better their health, their wealth or their happiness.

If you will look at the bottom of this page you will see the names of the men on the executive committee of the Congress, men of national reputation and standing. Together with hundreds of others they have united in this great movement for the South in order to better and benefit every man and woman who in turn seeks greater opportunity for advancement. These names are your guarantee.

Public spirited Southern men are paying all the expenses of this Congress. Inquirers have nothing to pay; the Congress makes no charge of any kind for the help and advice it gives.

The South offers more and greater opportunities than any other section of America, far superior to Canada, or the West or the Southwest. Here you can raise every variety of crop from corn to cane, from cabbage to cotton, vegetables, garden truck in infinite variety, fruits, etc.

Southern industry and commerce shows a volume and increase greater than any other part of the United States. Southern cities are growing faster and the population is increasing more rapidly in the South than any other grand division of the country. The tide is on. The people are coming. *Now is the time* for you to take advantage of the Free Service of the Southern Commercial Congress and get your information now from the one most reliable, unprejudiced and unbiased source. The Congress has exactly the information you need; exactly. It costs you nothing; nothing. Are you a farmer, manufacturer, merchant, professional man, clerk or mechanic?

Address your letter of inquiry direct to

Southern Commercial Congress, 1425 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

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In the Editor's Confidence

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has placed himself squarely and unmistakably in the Progressive movement; he has formulated that movement into a definite set of principles; he has given it a new name. This magazine has no concern with Roosevelt's personal or political fortunes and no desire to explain away the faults and inconsistencies of his public career. We are interested in the Progressive idea, the movement to which Roosevelt gave his support in its infancy, but which has increased in wisdom and in stature without his aid. In his address, delivered on the ground where John Brown and his followers fired the first shots in the struggle against human slavery, Roosevelt shows that he has kept pace with the progress of that movement. His pronouncement is temperate, clear cut and specific and as such is worthy of serious consideration.

The Roosevelt of the former day was concerned with the doctrine of a square deal under the rules, the new nationalism as set forth at Osawatomie declares that there must be "a square deal under new rules." Roosevelt demanded that the corporations stop breaking the laws; the new nationalism demands that the corporations stop making the laws.

"We must drive the interests out of politics," is Roosevelt's first demand, and he would begin by prohibiting the use of corporation money for political purposes.

"It is necessary that laws should be passed to prohibit the use of corporate funds directly or indirectly for political purposes; it is still more necessary that such laws should be thoroughly enforced."

Roosevelt goes further than ever before in his advocacy of the Government regulation of industry.

"I do not wish to see the nation forced into ownership of the rail-ways, if it can possibly be avoided, and the only alternative is thorough-going and effective regulation which shall be based on a full knowledge of all the facts, including a physical valuation of the property."

He would extend this regulation also to other than public service corporations.

"It is my personal belief that the same kind and degree of control and supervision which should be exercised over public service corporations should be extended also to combinations which control necessities of life, such as meat, oil and coal, or which deal in them on an important scale."

The difficulty of dealing with corporation offenders the ex-President proposes to minimize in this way:

"I believe that the officers, and especially the directors, of corporations should be held personally responsible when any corporation breaks the law."

Roosevelt takes advanced ground in approving new and more equitable forms of taxation.

"I believe in a graduated income tax on big fortunes and in another tax, which is far more easily collected, and far more effective—a graduated inheritance tax on big fortunes, properly safe-guarded against evasion and increasing rapidly in amount with the size of the estate."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND THE NEW NATIONALISM

Quoting Abraham Lincoln's statement that "labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration," he insists that the people have the right to regulate the terms and conditions of labor, which is

the chief element of wealth.

"We need comprehensive workmen's compensation acts, both State and national laws to regulate child labor and the work of women, and especially we need in our common schools not merely education in book learning, but also practical training for daily life and work. We need to enforce better sanitary conditions for our workers and to extend the use of safety appliances in industry and commerce both within and between the States."

Since our problems are national, Roosevelt proposes that they be met in a broad, national way.

"The new nationalism puts the national need before sectional or personal advantage. It is impatient of the utter confusion that results from local legislatures attempting to treat national issues as local issues. It is still more impatient of the impotence which springs from the over-division of government powers, the impotence which makes it possible for local selfishness or for legal cunning, hired by wealthy special interests, to bring national activities to a deadlock."

"This new nationalism regards the executive power as the steward of the public welfare. It demands of the judiciary that it shall be interested primarily in human welfare rather than in property, just as it demands that the representative body shall represent all the people rather than any one class or section of the people."

The list of Roosevelt's recommendations includes, besides the measures mentioned, increased powers to the Federal Bureau of Corporations and the Interstate Commerce Commission, readjustment of the nation's financial system, an efficient army and navy, use of national resources for the benefit of all the people, clear divisions of authority between national and State governments, publicity of campaign contributions both before and after election, direct primaries with corrupt practises acts and (by implication) the recall.

It is not necessary that one agree with every detail of this program to see in it the comprehensive formulation of the advanced political thought of the day. The people are determined to try to free their institutions from the domination of selfish wealth, to restore popular government, to establish equal opportunity. In this declaration Theodore Roosevelt seems to cut himself off from those sinister influences which hampered his administration and that of his successor. There is no room on this platform for Cortelyous and Lodges and Ballingers and John Hays Hammonds. If Roosevelt is willing to stand or fall by this Osawatomie declaration and to bring to this movement his genius and his popularity he can be of signal service to his country.

But he is not indispensable to this movement. The new nationalism fails in its purpose if it is not of the people. It will express itself through men and parties but it is bigger than any man and broader than any party. It will be bigger and broader to-morrow than it is to-day.

THE NOVEMBER NUMBER A Triumph in Magazine Making

"THE STORY OF WENDELL PHILLIPS"

By Charles Edward Russell

Beginning a series of inspiring articles upon America's greatest apostle of human freedom.

"THE SECOND-HAND TOMBSTONE"

By George Fitch

An irresistible story by one of America's few real humorists.

"THE SANITY OF PARIS"

By F. Berkeley Smith

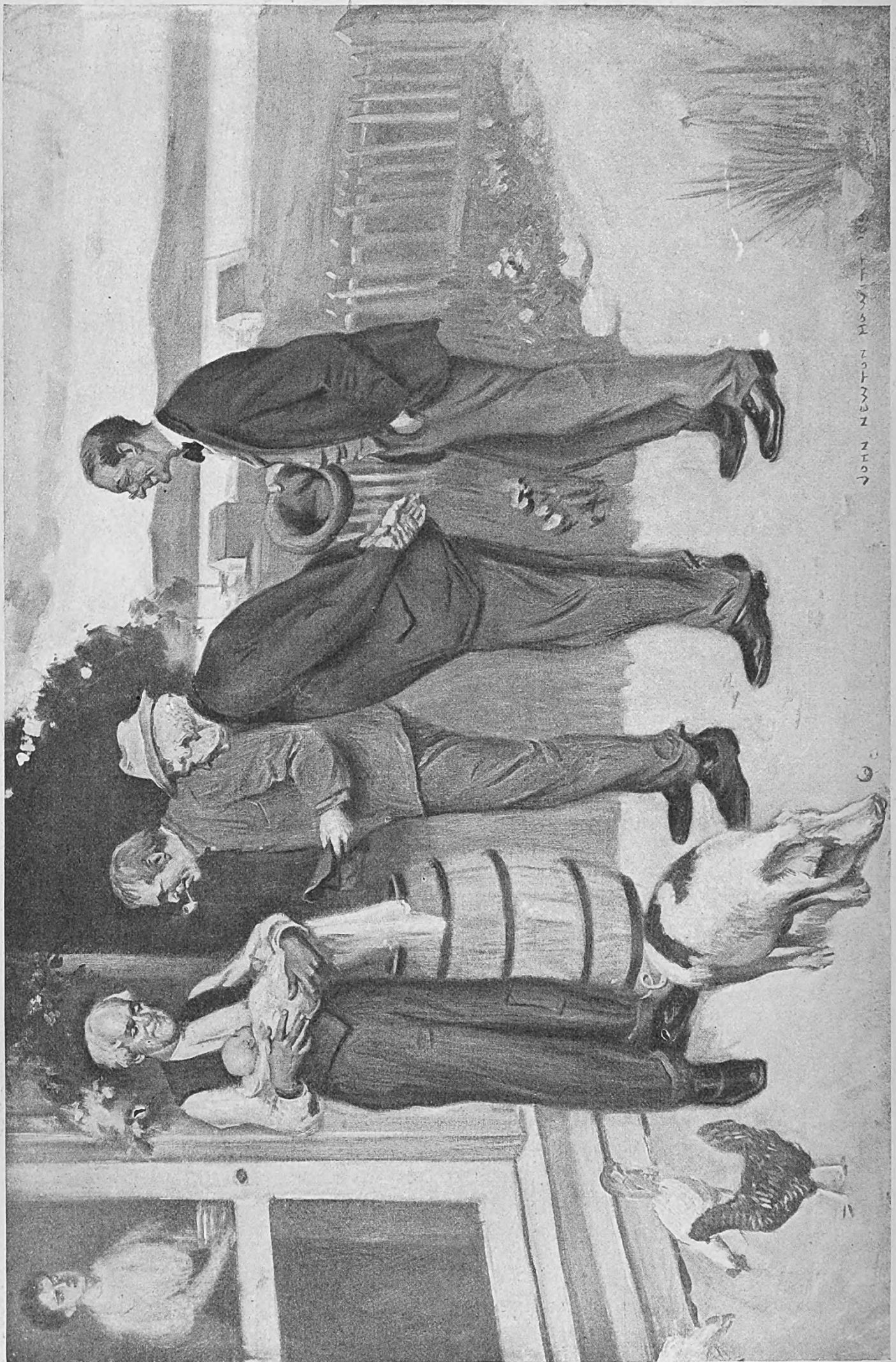
The pleasant truth about a much libeled city.

OTHER STORIES AND ARTICLES

By Samuel Hopkins Adams, John Kendrick Bangs, Evelyn Van Buren, Mary Heaton Vorse, Woods Hutchinson, Robert Haven Schaffer.

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION FORECAST

In the November number, 1908, we published a remarkably accurate forecast of the results of the Presidential Election. A similar forecast in considerable detail of the coming Congressional election will appear this year.



INSPECTING THE NEW ARRIVAL

AMERICA'S YOUNG MEN

BY
ERNEST POOLE

DECORATIONS BY JOHN R. BOYD

"THE America I know is large. It is gathered in this room to-night. It is large with stories just begun. It is gathered here to consider these stories honestly, unsparingly. We shall follow each story as far as we can. But how each story is to end no man can tell. For we live in times of astounding change. Boundless possibilities are here. And that is all we know."

In a rambling library room, in a college town of the Middle West, a college president sat at his desk facing the men of the senior class. The night was warm, the windows were open, and from the campus came low voices, laughter, snatches of song. Commencement was about to begin. And as had been the president's custom for years, he had gathered the twenty-eight seniors here to have a last intimate talk. For this was an intimate president. The twenty-eight all knew him well. They knew his keen human enjoyment of all the life they were leaving behind. And they knew the rugged hold he had on the life that now suddenly loomed ahead. For he was an aggressive president. He had striven hard to keep his small college in vital touch with a changing world; many decrepid courses of study he had swept ruthlessly aside; each year he had given larger place to the study of the big news of the year in politics, industry, finance. And though he was now in his sixties, this work had kept the president young. That was plain by the look in his eyes, as he began the first story:

* * * * *

There is a man—he said—who is going to make steel. In the village where he lived as a boy, a foundry was erected. And the work in this foundry gripped his mind. Watching the half-naked men at their labor in the red furnace glow, striving to understand what they did, he was often there late into the night. Before this, his world had been only the village. But now in what papers he could find he began to follow the news of steel, and it carried him far. He began to watch the career of a certain great steel-maker. He grew eager to start a career of his own; to begin at once. But his father insisted that he go to college. And so the boy came here.

His first weeks here were gloomy. For it was as he had feared. There was nothing in college but talk out of books. But suddenly there came a change.

"You were right," he wrote home to his father. "This is just the place for me. These professors certainly know how to talk."

In a little town less than a mile away he had discovered a foundry.

But that was nearly four years ago, and since then, to his profound surprise, he has learned that even in college there are things worth noticing; things that bear upon his work.

First—to make his vision clear, his purpose more intense. Knotty problems met in the foundry have been cleared up here at college in

books. And when discouraged in it all, again he has been spurred by books, by the driving force of the story of Man's long struggle with iron and steel, a story of Grit written large, and at last of mighty triumphs.

And these he has learned are only beginnings of what is still to be done with steel. Inspiring possibilities! The vision of his own career has become intense!

And not only intensity, but breadth has been given his vision here. For he has learned how much depends on steel—that the prairies to be ploughed, the grain to be reaped, the mills and factories and mines, the crowded centers of cities and towns, the ships and railroads, telegraph lines, the presses that print our papers and books, and the amazing new world they have made, all rest on a grim foundation—steel.

He has learned on how much steel depends—on industries of every kind, on the powers that rule in high finance, on courts and laws and the makers of laws, on great political movements, the organization of labor, the tides of immigration, tenement homes, churches, schools and colleges, books. On these and all other vital parts that make this nation's work and life, he has learned that steel depends—just as all depends on steel.

For the world binds swiftly together these days.

He knows that in the years ahead lie sweeping industrial changes, and that because our lives are bound so close these changes will affect us all, will urge and stir and try us all with vital social problems and threatening disasters, election upheavals, panics, strikes. For America is groping her way. And he knows that through these struggles two kinds of men will exert their forces: the men whose vision is narrow, each for himself and his small good; and the men whose vision is wide, each striving for the great good of the whole.

To which of these does he belong? Is it to be booty or service? Is he to work for himself or the whole? We can not tell. In a week from to-night he will be in the mills, on the night-gang, in the glow and the roar of the fires. This man is going to make steel. And that is all we know.

* * * * *

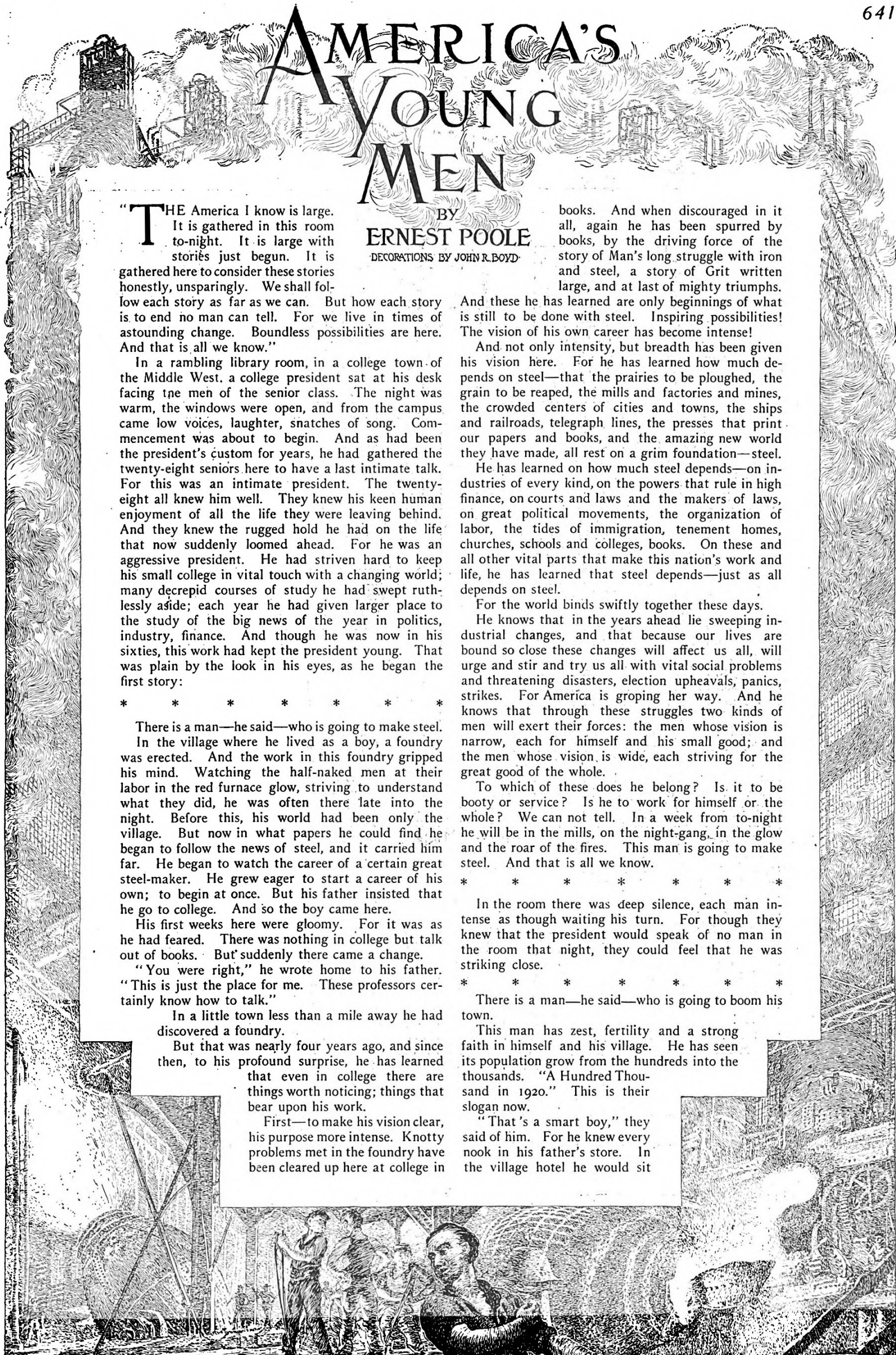
In the room there was deep silence, each man intense as though waiting his turn. For though they knew that the president would speak of no man in the room that night, they could feel that he was striking close.

* * * * *

There is a man—he said—who is going to boom his town.

This man has zest, fertility and a strong faith in himself and his village. He has seen its population grow from the hundreds into the thousands. "A Hundred Thousand in 1920." This is their slogan now.

"That's a smart boy," they said of him. For he knew every nook in his father's store. In the village hotel he would sit





for hours listening to the traveling men; he was quick to pick up points, and he helped his father increase his stock to keep up with the growth of the village. He helped win the fight with the rival store to get the post-office appointment. As time went on, he was given charge of the window; and this he took great pride in, varying the display each week. No one had noticed that window before, but now people looked, and he watched the effect, and learned his A-B-C's in the art of advertising.

Then he came to college.

"This place is dead," he wrote home in disgust. "Population only four thousand. The place can never grow."

But the place did grow. For at once he began making friends from towns and cities all over the State. And with his friends on the campus at night there were moments when the place grew large. Even with a single friend in his room in one of those long solemn talks, the place grew. Later, when he had found three professors whom he called "real men," in their classrooms as he listened—still the place grew. And in the college library, filled not only with books but with magazines and newspapers from all parts of the country—still the place grew, until there were hours when it became as immense as the world and the ages.

And yet, as is right and natural, his thoughts have always come back to his town. They are there now. In his mind the village looms large to-night—large with possibilities.

How is he going to boom his town?

The store is to grow. Of that he is sure. In his mind he can already see it a dazzling department store filling a whole city block. But how shall it grow? What of the wages and working conditions of all the people he is to employ? And what of the goods that he offers for sale? Which is he to rely upon more—the goods or the advertisements?

The town is to grow. Hundreds of new town lots are to be plotted out and sold, new streets are to be opened. But how? Is private speculation or civic need to rule? Shall it grow in beauty or ugliness, in order or chaos, in health or disease? Are there to be slums? What of factory smoke, sanitation, the water supply, fresh air, street-railroads, parks and playgrounds, sites for public buildings, schools? And what of city politics? Is it to be the gang, sloth, waste and graft? Or citizenship and progress? *How* is the town to grow?

"A Hundred Thousand in 1920." How does he see them? Citizens bringing strength to a town, or customers bringing cash to a store? We can not tell.

For he is still young and he has two sides. He is narrow, hard and grasping—and he is broad, open-minded, ready to serve. He belongs to a vast, significant army scattered in villages over the plains from here to the Pacific Coast. This

man is going to boom his town. And that is all we know.

* * * * *

To most of you young Americans I know the next case will make little appeal. And yet, in many ways it is more vital to this nation than any case we shall take

up to-night.

There is a man who is going to stay on the farm.

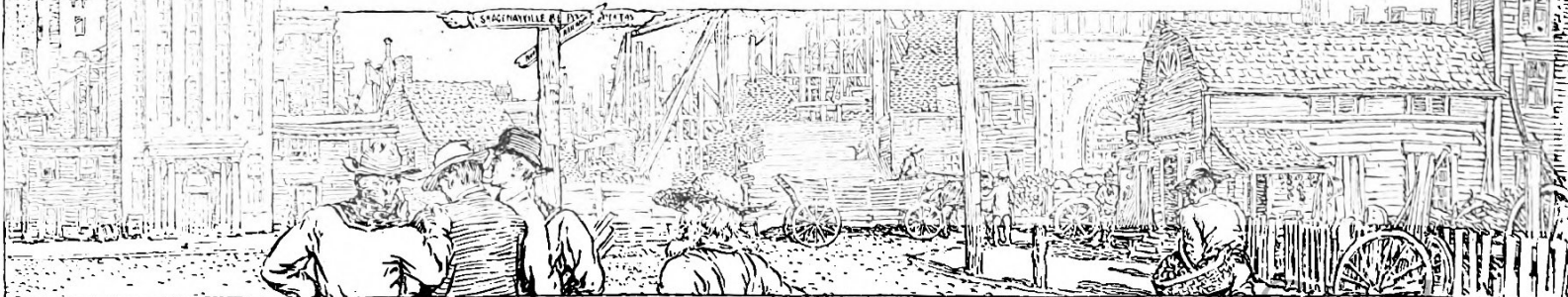
This was not his first choice. For as the boy grew, the life on the farm became tedious, dull, the winters long. And when at last, through his own hard work and his mother's help, he made his way to college, the new life he discovered here in books and in athletics, in the glee club, on the campus, the life made rich and glad by friends only whetted his appetite for more. And he began to lay his plans. By earning more and spending less he would save enough money through the four years for six long months of travel abroad. He would have one splendid look at the world. Then he would make his start in one of the Eastern cities. And then? The vision grew!

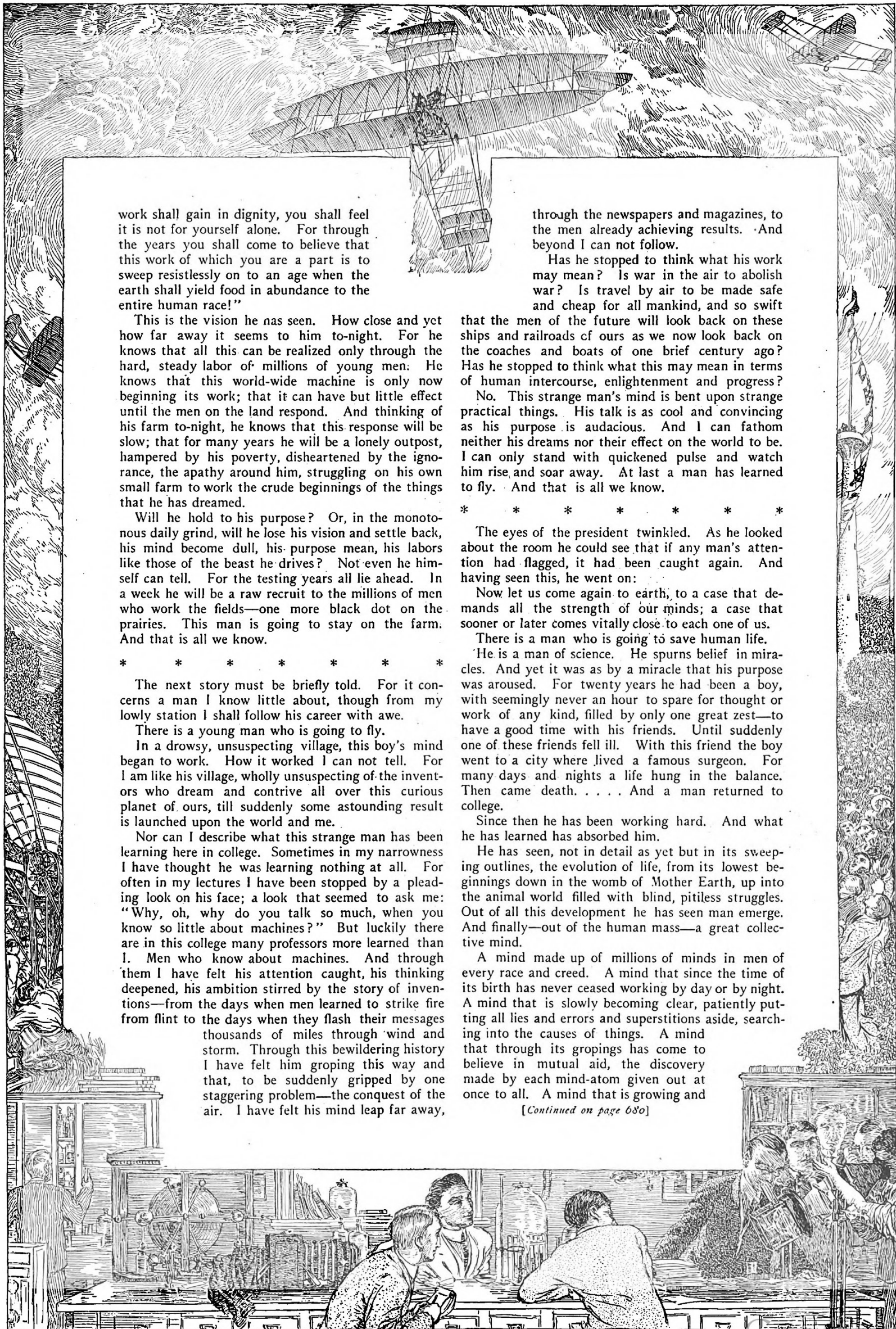
But in the middle of senior year, his older brother suddenly died. Only his father, aging fast, was left to manage the work at home. And so, after bitter struggle, this man at last made up his mind that so soon as the college year was up he would go back to the farm.

Since then, to his amazement, little by little a new vision has opened up before him. For he has begun to read about farms and has found new possibilities here.

He has found that the farmer of to-day needs no longer work alone—that behind him swiftly year by year there is rising a powerful machine, an intricate system of mutual aid fast spreading over the civilized world, made up of keen, trained minds at work in colleges and schools, in laboratories, experiment stations, model farms, with the powers of nations behind them. He has found that year by year this machine is gathering into itself all the old "rule of thumb" wisdom amassed by tillers of the soil through the plodding centuries; systematizing, examining all, and out of it all bringing to light new ways and methods, proved and tried; and through schools and stations and model farms spreading this knowledge over the land as a farmer scatters seed over his farm; displaying marvelous results, and saying, "Come—look—and believe!"

"Your farm shall be made to yield fourfold. Your home shall get more of the good things of life. And you shall no longer work alone. You shall join a world-wide army, you shall read its bulletins week by week, you shall learn of its greater and steadily greater achievements year by year. You shall see old wasted farms all over the earth made new again and swamps and deserts and rocky lands transformed into vast gardens. And of all that is done you shall feel yourself a vital part, your





work shall gain in dignity, you shall feel it is not for yourself alone. For through the years you shall come to believe that this work of which you are a part is to sweep resistlessly on to an age when the earth shall yield food in abundance to the entire human race!"

This is the vision he has seen. How close and yet how far away it seems to him to-night. For he knows that all this can be realized only through the hard, steady labor of millions of young men. He knows that this world-wide machine is only now beginning its work; that it can have but little effect until the men on the land respond. And thinking of his farm to-night, he knows that this response will be slow; that for many years he will be a lonely outpost, hampered by his poverty, disheartened by the ignorance, the apathy around him, struggling on his own small farm to work the crude beginnings of the things that he has dreamed.

Will he hold to his purpose? Or, in the monotonous daily grind, will he lose his vision and settle back, his mind become dull, his purpose mean, his labors like those of the beast he drives? Not even he himself can tell. For the testing years all lie ahead. In a week he will be a raw recruit to the millions of men who work the fields—one more black dot on the prairies. This man is going to stay on the farm. And that is all we know.

* * * * *

The next story must be briefly told. For it concerns a man I know little about, though from my lowly station I shall follow his career with awe.

There is a young man who is going to fly.

In a drowsy, unsuspecting village, this boy's mind began to work. How it worked I can not tell. For I am like his village, wholly unsuspecting of the inventors who dream and contrive all over this curious planet of ours, till suddenly some astounding result is launched upon the world and me.

Nor can I describe what this strange man has been learning here in college. Sometimes in my narrowness I have thought he was learning nothing at all. For often in my lectures I have been stopped by a pleading look on his face; a look that seemed to ask me: "Why, oh, why do you talk so much, when you know so little about machines?" But luckily there are in this college many professors more learned than I. Men who know about machines. And through them I have felt his attention caught, his thinking deepened, his ambition stirred by the story of inventions—from the days when men learned to strike fire from flint to the days when they flash their messages thousands of miles through wind and storm. Through this bewildering history I have felt him groping this way and that, to be suddenly gripped by one staggering problem—the conquest of the air. I have felt his mind leap far away,

through the newspapers and magazines, to the men already achieving results. And beyond I can not follow.

Has he stopped to think what his work may mean? Is war in the air to abolish war? Is travel by air to be made safe and cheap for all mankind, and so swift

that the men of the future will look back on these ships and railroads of ours as we now look back on the coaches and boats of one brief century ago? Has he stopped to think what this may mean in terms of human intercourse, enlightenment and progress?

No. This strange man's mind is bent upon strange practical things. His talk is as cool and convincing as his purpose is audacious. And I can fathom neither his dreams nor their effect on the world to be. I can only stand with quickened pulse and watch him rise and soar away. At last a man has learned to fly. And that is all we know.

* * * * *

The eyes of the president twinkled. As he looked about the room he could see that if any man's attention had flagged, it had been caught again. And having seen this, he went on:

Now let us come again to earth, to a case that demands all the strength of our minds; a case that sooner or later comes vitally close to each one of us.

There is a man who is going to save human life.

He is a man of science. He spurns belief in miracles. And yet it was as by a miracle that his purpose was aroused. For twenty years he had been a boy, with seemingly never an hour to spare for thought or work of any kind, filled by only one great zest—to have a good time with his friends. Until suddenly one of these friends fell ill. With this friend the boy went to a city where lived a famous surgeon. For many days and nights a life hung in the balance. Then came death. . . . And a man returned to college.

Since then he has been working hard. And what he has learned has absorbed him.

He has seen, not in detail as yet but in its sweeping outlines, the evolution of life, from its lowest beginnings down in the womb of Mother Earth, up into the animal world filled with blind, pitiless struggles. Out of all this development he has seen man emerge. And finally—out of the human mass—a great collective mind.

A mind made up of millions of minds in men of every race and creed. A mind that since the time of its birth has never ceased working by day or by night. A mind that is slowly becoming clear, patiently putting all lies and errors and superstitions aside, searching into the causes of things. A mind that through its gropings has come to believe in mutual aid, the discovery made by each mind-atom given out at once to all. A mind that is growing and

[Continued on page 680]

A Swap in Physiques

Being a Million-Dollar
Deal in Arms and Legs

by Wallace Irwin

Author of "The Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy,"
"The Love Sonnets of a Car Conductor," etc.

Illustrations by HOWARD V. BROWN

"That's a queer way
to use money!" I gasped

IT WAS a clear spring morning in Central Park when I first comprehended the Human Curiosity occupying a bench near the duck pond, obscured by shrubs. With a sort of invalid activity he was tossing something to a flock of quarreling sparrows as I passed, and I paused on the pretense of lighting a cigarette, but really to gaze furtively at the freak before me. It was not the eccentric splendor of his clothes, nor the brilliancy of the royal jewels flashing from his fingers and necktie that attracted my attention. It was the absolute nonsensicality of the man's physique which constrained me to defy politeness and look and look again. His person was the strangest combination of the sublime and the ridiculous that I had ever seen. For some mysterious reason there seemed to be no logical connection between his head and his body, except that they were obviously incorporated in the same individual. The head was conspicuously young and big and robust, the face handsome and the neck the size that would have balanced well on the shoulders of a heavyweight champion, but below the neck the rest of his body withered away into a sort of anatomical joke. His shoulders were narrow, his legs were short and his ring-covered hands, as they strewed the crumbs, were so old and withered and palsied that half the fragments missed their mark and dropped helplessly over his clothes. The whole effect was like that of a wizened dwarf in a pantomime walking about under the papier-mache head of a Greek god.

I would have passed on and missed a story had not the old-young man called me to his aid. Something he had just taken from his pocket slipped his tremulous clutch and fluttered to the walk before me. I stooped, picked it up and handed it back to its owner. It was a thousand-dollar bill.

Without a word of thanks the Curio seized the bill in his sickly little hands, tore it into fine scraps, mixed the scraps with bread-crumbs which he took from his pocket, and tossed the queer composite to the flock of chattering sparrows at his feet. There was no emotion in the act. It was cool, methodical and calculated.

"That's a queer way to use money!" I gasped.

"It is and it ain't," he croaked. "They say money's a magician—search me. But I sure know one thing about it. It made me, and I guess that ought to keep you for a while."

His tone was not jocular. His gaze, in fact, was rather searching and

pathetic. The morning was pleasant and I had nothing important to do, so I sat beside the freak, who continued scattering bank-notes to the birds while reciting the following history of his condition.

* * * * *

I did n't always look the way I do now. Six months ago I was athletic trainer and instructor at Gridley's Gymnasium. I was twenty-seven years old then—Lord knows how old I am now. I stood six feet two inches in my socks and was always fit to go six rounds at the Sharkey Club and take a fall out of the amateur heavies. If I'd only had sense in proportion to my muscle—but what's the use?

It was love that put me on the blink.

Maybe I need say no more. Probably you never met Mabel Mulqueen, living with her Ma and studying to be an actoreen at Mrs. Updike's Boarding Pavilion on West 34th street. And I guess if you never met Mabel, you won't fully realize

the desperate nature of this story; but there are only two or three women alive who can coax a man to saw off his cocoanut and present it to her on a silver salver, like John the Baptist. Mabel was sure one of that rare coterie.

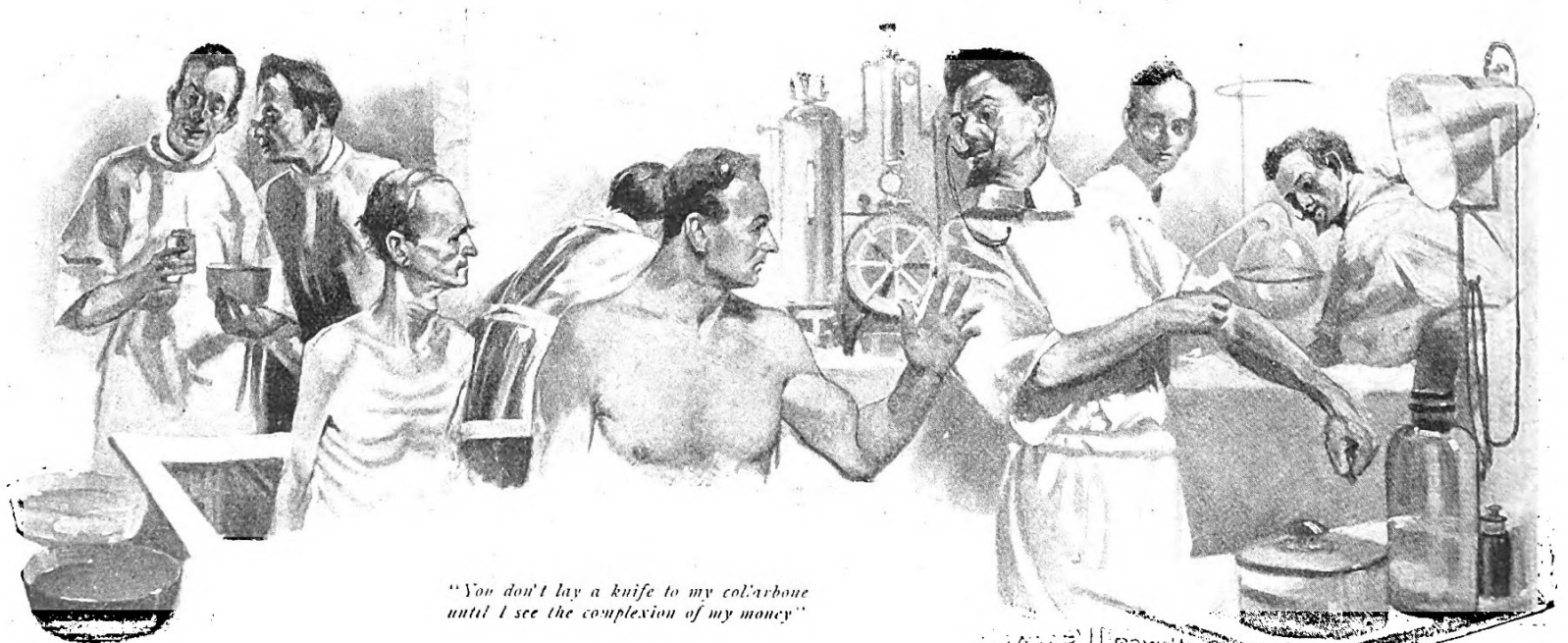
I was as anxious to marry Mabel as some folks are to get into the Union League Club. Mabel was n't averse to me, either, but she had an awful grouch on my job. Said she loved only me, but she never could marry a man who was a rubber in a gymnasium. Ain't that like a woman? If you're a rubber she wants you to be a chauffeur. When you've learned the chauffeur's art at great trouble and expense, she begins to wish you were an actor. Well, you study to be an actor, all for her, and just as soon as you've got a good job with David Belasco, your lady begins pining because your business keeps you up late nights. Do you wonder so many bright young men give up and join the Salvation Army?

About the time my story begins I got what was then, to me, a princely situation at forty per week as private massage artist, trainer and muscle-builder for Cornelius Morgenthauer, who was, and still is, the richest man in captivity. To be picked out of Gridley's Gymnasium and dropped into a job like that was all to the ostermoor. It was like picking a guv out of Huber's Museum and giving him a star part at the New Theater. You can't blame one in such a situation for wearing one's chest poked out in front of one like a Colonial sideboard.

When I blew into Mabel's that afternoon to tell the good news, I thought I carried sufficient general uplift for two. I was disappointed. I found her standing near the enlarged crayon portrait of Dustin Farnum, looking sad and far away. She did n't nestle her coronet of braids up against my college pin, as I had grown to expect, seeing what had passed between us. No. She just stood at the window gazing sadly up at the new electrical cocoa sign on Broadway. She heard my news and did n't crack a smile.

"I don't see much in that," she said finally. "Clancey, you're always too optimusly about everything."

"But don't you see?" said I. "Think of what forty dollars a week will do for us. We'll be married. I'll be able to take you out of these sordid surroundings and keep you in wealth and luxury in a three-room flat at the corner of 225th street and St. Nicholas Avenue."



"You don't lay a knife to my collarbone
until I see the complexion of my money"

Mabel paused and swallowed hard. Two great tears were running down her complexion.

"Clancey," she says, "we had better end all this. Sometimes, in your softer moods, I think I love you. But it can never be. Your means of livelihood repels my romance. No, I could never marry a man who calls himself a 'rubber.' Can't you see? Suppose we were married, and neighbors—neighbors whose husbands were in the cloak and suit business—should come to call, and inquire: 'And what is *your* husband's business?' and I should be obliged to reply: 'rubber!' Do you think they would understand me?"

I took up my hat and started to go away from there.

"Mabel," I remarked with some bitterness, "I see your position. It's kind of scandalous for a poor back-slapper like me to blockade the passage when an endless line of dukes and earls stands night and day awaiting the faintest flicker of a smile off your ruby lips. Only put me on a level with the aristocracy, Mabel. That's all I ask. Give me three weeks in which to duck my sordid destiny, to find some wealthy but genteel employment and rush to your arms saying, 'If you'll be Mine the world is Yours.' If I have to sell my head to a museum or my voice to Oscar Hammerstein, I'll be back with the money—understand? And will you have me then?"

"Yes," says Mabel, looking up to me sort of idolatrous. For I was an able-bodied husky then, and when I promised her the world she expected me to lay it bleeding at her feet.

"And will you promise meanwhile not to hitch up with the first chauffeur that comes hooting along?" I inquired.

"I will," she responded, as I kissed her and skiddooed. But I had my doubts about those chauffeurs. You can't tell how a woman will act when suddenly confronted by wealth and social position. So, with the greatest hankering toward frenzied finance my young life had ever known, I hot-footed it down Fifth Avenue to find my new job.

Cornelius Morganthaler's home on Fifth Avenue is a cozy effect; sort of cross between Buckingham Palace and the Grand Central Depot. 'Way down in the basement, in a compartment about as big as the Seventh Regiment Armory, old Cornelius has had a giant gymnasium built for himself—swimming tanks, Turkish baths, running track, weights and pulleys of every description—enough to make a Sharkey out of a field-mouse. And in the midst of this million-dollar muscle-building layout stood the giddiest-looking physical specimen I have ever beheld, in or out of business hours. He sure was. He was a perfect example of Undeveloped Anatomy. Imagine two legs like crooked pipes stuck carelessly on a frame that bulged out at the waist, curved in at the chest and was hung on both sides with a pair of biceps about the size and condition of cherry-stone oysters. To add to the effect, he was dressed in a gymnasium suit and stood about five-feet-one in his rubber shoes.

As I entered he was talking to a big Russian dude with a set of black drapers on his chin.

"Who's the shrimp?" I asked the flunkey who led me in.

"The shortish gentleman?" asked the trotter in a shocked tone. "That's Mr. Morganthaler himself. The tallish gentleman with the black beard is Dr. Krakovich of the Morganthaler Institute of Vivisectional Experimentation. I dessay you have heard of him, perhaps?"

"You mean the famous surgical cut-up?" I remarked. "You mean the guy who grafts new legs on old dogs and sends them on their way rejoicing? He sure could improve your boss by sticking a few able-bodied limbs onto what he's got now," says I.

"I dessay, I dessay!" piped the butler, and dropped me like a keg of hot nails.

Cornelius and the Doc went right on talking, heads together, quite absorbed. It was an awful scientific conversation, and pretty soon I got so tired of sitting lonesome that I gum-shoed quite close to where they stood. But they paid no attention to me.

"I wish it understood," says the Doc, "that the operation which you suggest, though perfectly feasible in the light of recent discovery, involves a certain amount of risk."

After letting out that lungfull he took a fresh breath.

"I'll take the risk," says Cornelius, coldly, like the human ticker-tape.

"Not only is it a scientific risk, but a legal one as well. Such operations are, as you know—er—irregular. It might amount to surgical murder. The law, you know, the law—"

"Damn the law!" snaps out the successful financier. "Have n't I dodged, dazzled and defied the civil law for forty-five years? Do you think I'm afraid to tackle the criminal law, when my health and my life are at stake, as they are now? I tell you, Krakovich, my body is going to pieces. It can't support this clear, strong brain of mine much longer. My physique's no good to me any more. Unless I can throw it away and—"

"But strong young men, willing to undergo such an experiment, are hard to find," growled the Doc.

"That can't be," yelled Cornelius. "Make it worth their while. Men will do anything for money. My life experience has taught me that. I'll raise the price. I'll make it a million dollars."

"The job requires a perfect physical specimen," says the Doc. "Such specimens are harder to find among the common people than you imagine. Few draymen have strong hearts, most iron-workers are rheumatic, alcoholism is common among longshoremen, and as to prize-fighters, too many of them are developed to a dangerous degree. A scientific, gymnasium-trained athlete would do—but how many men of this class would be willing to sacrifice their bodily strength, even for a million dollars?"

Grasping my nerve firmly in my right hand I stepped in front of the Main Guy.

"Why don't you ask me?" I inquired.

Old Cornelius, when he saw me, jumped back like a czar in a bed of bombs. But Krakovich poked me in the muscle and looked me over calmly.

"You're a healthy-ap-

pearing lad," he said, "but do you appreciate what you will be required to undergo?"

"What I would n't undergo for a million dollars is too trifling to mention," I said. "Please regard this deal as all over except signing the check. Now, what do you want to do with me?"

"Cut off your head," said Krakovich slowly.

"My which?" I requested.

"Your head," he repeated. "To be more specific, surgery, as you know, has now become so perfected that any defective part of the human body—an eye, an arm, a lung—can be supplied by a healthy member from another body. Not only this. By careful and skilful manipulation, the heads of two adult human beings can be removed and exchanged without any serious suffering on the part of the patients. I hope you catch my meaning."

"I hope you catch his meaning," echoed old Cornelius, licking his pale lips.

"Proceed with the story of your life," said I.

"Well," went on the Doc, "the body of our illustrious patient here, Mr. Cornelius Morganthaler, is so far gone in senile decay that it seems advisable for him to cast it off, as it were—to have his wise, philanthropic and distinguished head transplanted on the trunk of some young athlete of low intelligence, perhaps, but of perfect physique."

"You are describing me like an encyclopedia," I said. "Robbed of all scientific terminations, the situation is this: You get a saw and neatly remove my knob, then you nail the old Johnnie's block onto my perfect figure. After this job of cabinet-making is over, a sort of composite Me & Him effect leaps up from the operating table with a glad-some shout, blows down to Wall Street and proceeds to clip coupons with my recent fingers and thumbs. Am I right?"

"You describe the situation with crude directness," allowed Dr. Krakovich.

"Well," I observed, "that situation is all very well for the Trusts, but where do I get off at? As far as I can see, when the operation is over it will find my decapitated and astonished head gazing peevishly



Cornelius Morganthaler, using his superior brain and my superior physique to steal away my girl

at a million-dollar check which it has got neither fingers nor toes to spend as a gentleman should. Broadway sees some very curious sights during the tourist season, but I bet a nickel the Oscar at Rector's would swoon over a champagne bucket if a trunkless human head should stroll in some night and say sadly: 'Please reserve me a table for six on the center aisle.'

"Hem!" says old Morganthaler, clearing his dry throat. "Of course we didn't intend to leave you *entirely* unprovided for—in a physical way."

"Certainly not," pipes up the medico; "your head would not be left without a leg to stand on, as the proverb goes. It could be stitched to Mr. Morganthaler's body, you see."

"What, to *that*?" I whistled, comparing the animated budget of rickets and dyspepsia with my own clean-muscled, thoroughbred body. The Demon of Despair fetched me a left hook to solar plexus. I sat down and nearly took the count.

"Doc," I sang out suddenly jumping to my feet, "a million dollars is a whole lot of money. Life is n't going to be any merry widow waltz carrying around a shape like that. But I'm doing it for a girl—God bless 'er!—so get out your shears and dig as deep as you like."

Far be it from a scientific piker to give more than a crude vaudeville sketch of what happened to me that eventful afternoon. When the Doc stripped me for a physical examination he acted as proud as Sir Purdon Clark inspecting the statue of Apollo Belvedere. He examined me everywhere, from my heart to my innards, and occasionally he'd clap his hands, yell "perfect," and write down something in a book.

Pretty soon he ran to the phone and rang up his vivisection foundry, and next we knew six assistants and twelve nurses arrived with the proper tools, and me and Cornelius were led to a lily-white hospital-room just off the gymnasium, where we were laid side by side on twin cots and surrounded by Krakovich's trained retinue of dog-butchers. Everybody, it seemed to me, held a carving set of some sort or other.

"Is there any statement you wish to make before the operation?" asked Krakovich as he gave a signal to the chloroform squad.

"There is," says I. "You don't lay a knife to my collarbone until I see the complexion of my money. I know old Morganthaler's Wall Street record, and I don't do any million-dollar job for him unless it's down in black and white."

"How would you like the money?" cackled Cornelius from his table.

"In thousand-dollar bills—a thousand of 'em," says I. For I had often wanted to see what a million dollars looked like.

Cornelius wrote a check and called one of his secretaries.

"Go to the Alfalfa Exchange Bank and bring it back in a valise," he said. "Rush!"

Five minutes later the secretary brought back a roll and laid it down on the table beside me. There were a thousand thousands in the pile.

"I'm satisfied," says I. "Now go ahead with your decapitation."

In another minute the Doc had clapped the sleep-funnel over my face. I took a long breath. What, ho! I could see the Flatiron building getting down on its hands and knees trying to crawl into the Pennsylvania tube. All nature smiled—*whoof!!*

The next I knew I was lying in bed with an awful headache. "If I ever go to Churchill's again on a Saturday night!" I said. I slept. I woke again to find a red-headed nurse at my side offering me soup. I tactfully dodged her by falling into another trance.

Again I blinked at daylight and saw the same nurse standing by with what I thought was the same bowl of soup.

"What time is it?" I asked in a creaky sort of voice.

"Four o'clock, Wednesday," she answered sort of far off.

"Wednesday! I thought it was Saturday!" I gurgled.

"You've been asleep four days, sir," she said very respectful.

I groaned and tried to raise my hand to my fevered brow. But when that hand was midway between my chest and my forehead, I stopped and noticed. That wasn't *my* mitt, was it? Why, it was long and skinny and attached to little, thin stenographer's wrists. What had happened to my thumbs that they were so white and blue around the nails?

I started to pinch the muscles of my right arm. Holy hemlock! I didn't *have* any muscles! I noticed the little strings of spaghetti that wobbled limp and lonely inside the sleeves of my nightshirt. Then I turned feebly on my pillow and let out a groan like a dying cow. Dr.

Krakovich bounced into the room. He nodded two or three times and felt my measly little pulse.

"Very successful!" he grunted.

"Doc, is it all right—do I get my money?" was the first question I asked.

"Hush! You've nothing more to worry about—in a financial way—for the rest of your life. The money is here in a valise ready for you at any time," said Krakovich, opening a leather bag full of bank-notes.

"How's the boss?" I asked.

"Mr. Morganthaler? He's making wonderful progress. Says he feels like a new man already. He'll be out in a week or so. Of course, you will take a trifle longer, on account of your inferior vitality."

"You mean he'll be out and knocking around town before me?" I whimpered. "Don't let him out first—please, Doc! I don't want to have him batting around with my strong body, and me lying like a sick canary in a gilded cage. Promise you'll let me loose as soon as him."

"Tut, tut! We'll see what we can do when the time comes," said the Doc, rolling back the bed-clothes and taking a long squint at me.

"Doc, honest, how do I look?" I croaked. He straightened his eye-glasses with a happy smile.

"From a surgical standpoint," he said, "you are beautiful. But humanly speaking you are—what shall I say?—an anomaly."

"What's an anomaly?" I asked.

He handed me a looking-glass and went out of the room.

Well, I spent three weeks getting used to myself. Gradually my squab-limbs began to fidget to get away. So I put up an awful holler for my money. I wanted to take it over to Mabel's place and dump it at her feet, a whole bulging bale of thousand-dollar bills!

When I started to get up, I found I hadn't any clothes. The old suit which had fit me proper before the operation now flapped about my spindle-shanks the way a Broadway cop's uniform would look on Consul, the monk. But one of Morganthaler's talented corps of valets saved the situation by loaning me an entire outfit of the old man's clothes.

And fancy lugs they were, too. All-silk underneath, patent-leather kicks with gray spats on my cute little feet, a broad-cloth suit and a vest that looked like the Crimes of the System by Lawson of Boston. On top of all this came the overcoat I now wear. Dinky shell—what? You'll notice it's lined with some kind of Klondyke fox and has a collar of real sable. Nobody can look at that overcoat without wanting to borrow money.

Finally I got my mean little arms and legs into that outfit. A pussy-toed butler helped me to the door, and as he was showing me out I said, by way of politeness:

"Chauncey, chuck my compliments to Mr. Morganthaler and tell him I hope he likes his new shape better than I do mine."

"O, sir," says the flunk, "Mr. Morganthaler has perfectly recovered, sir. He's been out and around town for the past three days."

"Aha! beat me out, did he?" Somehow the idea made me superstitious like a nigger in

pullet season. I could see Old Trouble waiting for me around the corner. What kind of mischief was Cornelius Morganthaler getting into with that husky body I sold him so cheap?

The brass doors banged behind me. I grabbed my satchelful of wealth, then pulled on my hat and walked out into the world.

II.

Did n't Bill Shakespeare say, "There are lots of things in Heaven and earth never dreamed of in your vocabulary, Alfonso?" Well, as I stepped out on Fifth Avenue that day with my head stuck onto another man's body, I reminded myself quite vivid of one of those things in Heaven and earth. Mister, if you've never been in a position like mine—and I bet you ain't—you'll never suspect what an embarrassing fix I was in with Clancey Kelley's brain thinking one thing and Cornelius Morganthaler's legs trying to do another.

In the first place, the way I acted when I got out on the sidewalk was a shocking revelation to me of how little headwork and how much footwork we use in the general course of our daily business. Us all-human folks, like you and me and Governor Hughes, think we're run by

(Continued on page 684)



I affixed Cornelius Morganthaler's well-known signature to a billion dollars' worth of transactions

"You want a breezy, quick, fast-going first act"



MAKE up the quatrain for yourself, the theme being Musical Comedies and the last line being, "I'd rather see than write one." That is the text, the burden, the reason-

to-be, the calcium light *motif* of this story.

In default of an Editor's Prefatory Note in italics, let it be said that I am not one of the legion of playwrights-with-a-grievance, that I am not writing this to "get back" at anybody, that I am not "beefing," not martyring, that I attribute the unsuccess of my first cold plunge into the "show game" to nothing but my own lack of ability, equipment, training and fitness, that I still owe the manager money, that the manager I refer to is neither an altruist nor a villain, but is about the Average Manager, neither better nor worse, and that, if you will pardon the brazenness of my modesty, I am utterly unused to writing about myself in the first person singular. I question my ability to make my "I's" behave. "No wonder he could n't write a comedy," you say, "if that's a sample of his sprightly humor." But if you will read as much of the story as the proofreader has to, you may discover even more reasons.

If you were a newspaper man and had written or were anxious to write a play or a musical comedy libretto—but that is tautological. There are only two newspaper men in the world who never have written an alleged play and intend never to write one. They are Henry L. Mencken and Glenmore Davis, and they are so proud of the distinction that they have formed the Association of Newspapermen Who-Never-Have-Written-and-Expect-Never-to-Write-a-Play.

And so, after this long and verbose sparring for an opening, if, I repeat, you were a newspaper man and on February 10, 1909, you had received a letter from Chicago saying in part as follows:

"I am very anxious to secure a piece on the lines of 'The Time, the Place, and the Girl.' I say that, for the reason that I have a star by the name of John E. Young, who is really a sensation in this section of the country, and we want to get him a piece that will suit him. It must be a modern character, as he is a very nice looking fellow and I believe in a man continuing in a character in which he has achieved success. He is quite a fast talker, natty, dances very well and sings excellently and is in every way wonderfully clever. We will have an opportunity to do a piece here by April and my ambition now is to get a play for him.

"O. Henry has written a story for Collier's that fits Young to the ground. How would you like to cooperate with him?"

You would, being unbusiness-like and unversed in theatrical ways, reply at once, saying that you would like it above all things and that as soon as you had mailed the letter you would call on O. Henry and see what he thought about it. You would—pardon me—I called on O. Henry and we discussed it at length. His other pseudonym was Barkis. We agreed to collaborate, both of us to work on the dialogue and both on the lyrics.



A manager's idea of the public

Lo, the Poor Musical Comedy

The Sad but Actual Experience of Two Well-known Writers, Mr. Adams and the Late O. Henry, Who Fell Among Theatrical Managers

by Franklin P. Adams

Illustrations by BOARDMAN ROBINSON



MR. ADAMS

(And as it happened, it was almost a complete collaboration. Hardly an independent line was written.) But both of us had families to support and felt that we could not afford to gamble our time, so we wrote the manager that we would go ahead with it if the usual advance royalties were forthcoming.

"Feb. 16, 1909.

"Your proposition at hand and contents of same have been thought out. First, I think the shoe is on the wrong foot and it's rather tight. If I did n't want the piece I would not have asked O. Henry to write it, and if I was n't

in a hurry to get it produced, I would n't have said anything to you about it.

"Second, I am taking all the chances with two unknown librettists and if there is any speculation at all, I have got all of it and you have none. These are the facts. You must realize that both of you know very little about the technique of the stage and before the piece is able to be produced I have got to bring somebody in to have it put in shape. Nothing would please me more than to put coin in the bank for both of you, but I don't want to get tied up and not have any play . . . I am in earnest . . ."

He certainly was in earnest. Never was a man more wrapped up in anything than that manager was in this projected musical comedy. He breathed it. He had rather an engaging personality, too. O. Henry and I both liked him. Again I assure the reader and him that this story is not being written to "show up" anybody or to vent any animus. It is merely a report of happenings.

Came then this letter to O. Henry:

"I don't suppose anybody admires your writings more than I do and I want to get you started in musical comedy because I know it will be a big thing for you. After you make a success of this one, every manager in New York will be lying on his stomach holding up money in his hands asking you to take it.

"George Ade never made a dollar until Henry Savage produced his plays, and I hope I will occupy the same position with you and that you will be as true to me as Ade was to Savage. I think under the circumstances it would be a good scheme to let Adams do the work and have you suggest the characterizations and anything else you want to."

Followed more correspondence, a trip to Chicago—of which the manager divided the expense with me—to talk things over and to see the star, who was then playing in South Bend, Indiana, and appraise his work, and to arrange the contracts. Liberal enough contracts they were, too. We were to write a musical comedy based on said magazine story, furnish it in its completed form on or before the first day of July, 1909, "and that said musical comedy when so presented shall be satisfactory to said first party." For which each of us was to receive five hundred dollars advance royalty and one and one-quarter per cent. of the gross weekly receipts. The checks covering the advance royalty came by return mail.

We—O. Henry and I—were in earnest, too. We were interested in the piece and were anxious to please a manager who had gone out of his way to get us. I, especially, who had wasted many an hour waiting in theatrical offices, was grateful to this manager who had given me my first chance. And I still am.

All this time O. Henry and I would convene nearly every afternoon and talk the thing over, outlining scenes, making notes of bits of dialogue, tentative ideas for lyrics and so on. We intended, for instance, to lay the first scene in a small town theater. A melodrama company was ending a performance, not to bore you with details. In a letter to the manager we spoke of our progress.

Came this: "March 18, 1909.

"There is one thing I want to impress upon you. Do not have an interior scene for the first act. Exterior is the thing in musical comedy. When 'The Earl and the Girl' was originally produced here in Chicago with an interior scene it killed the piece. Afterward they changed it to an exterior and played to ten and twelve thousand a week. You want all the sunshine you can possibly inject into a musical comedy. Color is half the battle."

Then: "April 5, 1909.

"We must settle on the title of the new piece, otherwise we will have no printing when we open. I have written to Sloane (A. Baldwin Sloane, who was to compose the music) to-day the same thing. I wish you three would get together and decide on some title."

And: "April 7, 1909.

"It looks to me as though we will be able to get the piece on here in Chicago during July, so the sooner we get it the better position we will be in to produce it, and we will have a longer run."

We enjoyed working at this time. It was fun blocking out the plans and O. Henry was simply shedding whimsical ideas for lines and situations. I would keep the manager advised of the progress made and in most of my letters, for no particular reason, I would wind up with some ridiculous suggestion, usually an atrocious pun. Once, for instance, I wrote: "P. S.—We thought it would be excessively comic to have the Indian say something about his love of card-playing, so that the comedian might ask him if he were descended from Poker-hontas."

But:

"Be careful not to put that 'Poker-hontas' joke in your book unless you emphasize the poker. I must confess I had to read it over three times before I got the joke. You are a high-forehead humorist, but be careful you don't get some of those top-haired jokes in the book. If you do they will never see them; in fact, they must see them to understand them. Sometimes blue prints go with jokes, but we don't want those kind."

Oh, yes, the title. Not to go into the plot, it concerned an anthropological expedition sent to Yucatan to inquire into the theory that the American Indian was descended from the ancient Aztecs—aztechnology O. Henry called it. Finally, after several experiments in our laboratory, we distilled "The Enthusiaztecs" and forwarded our suggestion.

"April 10, 1909.

"Your two favors at hand and also the title, and I am awfully sorry we can't agree with you. It sounded to us like the title of an amateur performance given by the Lincoln Memorial High School, or something like that. Can't you imagine what the 'fly guy' would say when he would look at a title like that? There is no commercial value to your title. I am betting all my money on you. Please, please don't get foolish ideas in your head, but get down to the people. They must eat it as well as see it. They don't want to think; they don't pay for that."

But the title "inspiration" soon came. It was O. Henry's, and I am still of the opinion that it was an excellent title—"Lo." As originally written the comedy emphasized the reversion to type of the Indian, and tried to show, as Pope suggested, after

"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind.

that

To be, contents his natural desire.
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire."

We got a telegram of congratulation on the title, and then we wrote a scenario, which elicited:

"April 15, 1909.

"The scenario is all right. It shows possibilities of really an awfully good piece. I know you are going to give me a good show—I always felt that way. You are a smart fellow, O. Henry is a genius, and Sloane is a 'smart kid'—may I say a tuneful one. It is a big combination and is sure to bring forth results. The whole thing is bully, and has more motive than any musical comedy I have read in a long time. It is a good idea, and you are getting along all right. . . . This is getting



"The territory we play is not familiar with Friganza and Tuft"

that a man of rather dignified appearance would be more helpful, because when he descends to break the prohibition laws of South America there is going to be a scream; where if the said comedian should start to be undignified at the beginning a great deal of the fun would be lost. The old saying—'Everything is told by comparison,' and I think by having John E. Young the real funny man, it would serve our story better. This, of course, is for earnest consideration, and we shall gladly be advised by you."

Later:

"I want to compliment you very much on the songs. I know very well that Sloane is hard to please and the lyrics must have been beyond his expectation to have him as enthusiastic as he is. Nothing helps a composer more than a good lyric, and I know you are the boy that can put them over."

And then:

"May 19, 1909.
"I note your quotation—'We love the United States, but O, Yucatan!' Let me sing my little song as follows: 'O, for a libretto! O, libretto, how I want my libretto!'"

"If I don't get a manuscript pretty soon I will have nervous prostration."

And:

"May 21, 1909.
"Yours of Wednesday at hand and glad to hear from you, and kind of makes me feel you are thinking of us. You are at liberty to do anything you want to with the piece. Lay the locale wherever you care to, and the only thing I want is a satisfactory settlement of the matter so I can have a scenic artist call on you and get your ideas."

This on the receipt of three songs:

"The lyrics are wonderful. I always considered that the English wrote the best lyrics but I will not think so any longer. There is nothing in the world to prevent these three numbers being hits and when you get three hits in a musical comedy you have a high percentage."

"This man Mathews is very, very artistic and I want him to get an idea for the scenery as well as the costumes. Your color scheme is very important. It is unnecessary to say we are both enthusiastic in hearing. O. has done some great stuff. There is nobody in the world can beat him if he applies himself. I am particularly happy this morning over your note and the music."

And:

"We are going to make this the biggest musical success of the season. It must be. We have got the money and brains and there is no reason why it should n't be a success. Congratulating you with all my heart, believe me. . . ."

All this time, of course, we were working on the book and the lyrics. Hitherto we had supposed that in the construction of musical comedies a librettist wrote some verses and a composer evolved a melody to fit them. But most of our songs were constructed to fit tunes the composer had already written. I am not saying that this method is absolutely wrong, but it is infinitely harder work for the lyricist and is likely to result in a worse song than otherwise. It made our work more difficult, at any rate. Take an unfamiliar melody—often irregular as to meter—and try to fit intelligible, singable, rhythmical words to it. No wonder that after a month or two of it the barber tells you that it's getting pretty thin on top. And yet the two songs that sold more copies than the others combined were written in that reverse English manner.

More letters and rumors of letters. On June 10 we mailed the manuscript—script you must call it



"They don't want to think"

if you're in the show business—of the first act, and the following day received a telegram: "Congratulations on first act. Full of splendid material."

Soon after this, one of the manager's partners, well-intentioned and kind of heart, came to New York and called on us. We were working hard on a part for a woman who had to be placed in the company, for reasons. We had written a song or two for her and distorted the piece somewhat in order to give her something to do. This, said the manager's kind-hearted partner, was unnecessary—a few lines would suffice. We changed things around to conform to this idea. Understand that we were plastic. We confessed to an ignorance about stage technique and said we were not too proud to take suggestions from anybody who cared to offer them. Oh, fatal error! Oh, foolish candor! Because we admitted that we knew as little about dramatic construction as any street-cleaner, the management assumed the corollary; that, therefore, any street-cleaner could assist us with the work. (Lest any misunderstanding, let me hasten to add that eight or nine did not.) The good-hearted partner told us that what you needed in a musical comedy—take it from him—was comedy and music and a good cast, whereat, not to be outdone in gravity, we responded that now that we knew those secrets, the thing was as good as done, and that, of course, inexperienced as we were, we could not be expected to know the *nuances* of playwrighting. O. Henry and I treasure the interview. It was beautiful. He ordered us—and we imagined he had authority—to put in a "juvenile" part to increase what he called, several times an hour, "contentions" and "cross purposes." Which we did, reconstructing the entire book therefor. "He thinks," wrote a friend of ours who saw him on his return, "that you and O. Henry are a pair of deity-abandoned fools and that Sloane tries it, but is certain that he put all three of you on the right track and that 'Lo' will now be 'all to the good.' But we liked him, despite the weeks of unnecessary trouble he caused us. He was so ingenuous.

Work was going forward now on the second act; work according to many and conflicting orders, hints and suggestions. The manager had written his intention of coming to New York on July 1 and had told us to deliver the manuscript to him there, but he was delayed by a legal matter and so we mailed the first two scenes of the second act on June 30. No telegram this time, but—in pencil—

"July 2, 1909.

"After reading your two scenes I did not sleep all night. They are awful."

Probably they were. We telegraphed back that there was no compulsion to accept anything awful and that we would return the advance royalties on request. No answer. A few days later the manager arrived in New York. We had a conference. Rather we listened to him. Unless one wished to interrupt, anything else was out of the question. After hours of trying to offer suggestion after suggestion, we gave up, weary and beaten. There is no appeal from a manager's "I've been in this business twenty-seven years and I know." Argument, unless one wishes mere elocution practise, is futile. "Two and two," says a manager, profoundly and confidentially, "are five." "But—" you begin. "You're inexperienced," says the manager, "and you don't know, *believe me*. I've been in this business twenty-seven years. We need comedy here. Laughs is what we want, all the time."

Which brings to mind a story. When Augustus Thomas was attending the rehearsals of "The Witching Hour," a member of the producing firm was annoying him by continual interruptions and meaningless comments. Mr. Thomas kept his dignity and temper, however. The interruptions increased. "Wait a minute," cried the manager. "Right here, Mr. Thomas, we want to have a lot of bright, snappy lines, full of humor."

Mr. Thomas turned to the manager. "As for instance?" he queried.

Back to "Lo." Followed chaos—ground and lofty, plain and fancy, animal and vegetable, hither and yon—tragic and comic chaos. Our manager called in a man in whose skill in dramatic construction he had the utmost faith. He was to "rewrite" the horrible mess we had thrown together. We were passive, *pro consuetudine*. He "rewrote" it and as he himself admitted to us, did it badly. He told us there was no need to do anything to it, that it was all right as it stood, but the manager wanted it done and he had to do it. He was like the copy-reader who considers any change in a reporting story an improvement. But he was an honest, likeable chap and we again "rewrote" the book, this time in

accordance with his outline. His dialogue had to be rejected wholly. "Do it that way" said the manager, referring to the new outline as he left for Chicago, "and I'll have no kick." We did it that way. I violate no confidence in saying that O. Henry never worked harder or more conscientiously on anything in his life. He lost weight. He worried. Day and night we worked on it, for rehearsals were called for July 26. Again we sent on the completed script, this being the third or fourth "rewrite." As we mailed it, O. Henry recited in a singular, minor key:

"Dramatization is vexation;
Revision is as bad;
This comedy perplexes me
And managers drive me mad."

This, remember, was the libretto as ordered, according to the managerial blue prints and specifications.

Then:

"July 28, 1909.

"It is useless for me to go into details about the second act. The only thing is we must do a lot of work, and I don't want to get Blank or somebody out here in Chicago to do it. You are the one and you can do the work of the filling in, situations and changes that must be done to the act to put it in a playable condition. Now I think the best thing for you to do is to arrange to leave New York next week and stay with us as long as you can. This means a great deal to you but it means more to me than you have any idea of. I don't want to take the piece on the road knowing I will have to close it immediately after opening, which I think would be the result of 'Lo' in its present condition, but if you come out here and get in touch with the rehearsals and the people and see these gaps and awful stage waits and other details, you will realize that everything I write you is true and will be anxious to jump in and put it in shape. Now these are the facts and I am writing you friendly, kindly, and am even willing to make a railroad deal from Buffalo over the Wabash to Chicago for you. We are making good progress with the first act and expect to get into the second next week. Won't you give this consideration and appreciate the tone in which it is written and realize I want success and we can not have it unless we are all working together?"

In the first act we had an entrance song for the comedian, the idea being how easy it was to make people laugh, with illustrations, such as mentioning fried eggs, stout people, New Rochelle, slipping on a banana peel, and so on. One of the choruses ran:

"When you sing the second stanza,
Speak of Taft or Miss Friganza—
You can always get a laugh with that."

Came this: "Mr. Temple, who is rehearsing Mr. Young's number in the first act, 'You Can Always Get a Laugh,' and all of us have agreed that the song will not get over and we thought it advisable to ask you to write a new lyric. We tried the new

music by Sloane, but that doesn't help. The territory we play is not familiar with Friganza and Taft and you want to give them more of a song and less of a flip style of lyric. We all appreciate that the lyric is a wonderful piece of rhyme, but to establish *O'Day* in his first song we must have more story. The day of the topical song is done. It is too much like the song of our specialty number. I wish you would give this thought, and now that you have nothing else on your mind, try to get out something new. A good character song with a march tempo is essential. Young and Brown just suggested an idea. 'When I Go Out With Tammany On Parade,' 'How Proud I Am to Walk Along With Tim, Little Tim,' and that sort of thing. The characterization of the song could be immense, and you, who are more familiar with the piece than anybody else, should be able to write the song. A topical song never sells a sheet of music and is what is called a stage hit. You might as well have a good income as well as reputation."

In response to the suggestion that I come on to Chicago, I replied that I could not afford the expense incidental to the trip and the foregoing of my salary for two or three weeks, but that if my expenses were paid I should be glad to go and do all that I could. Indeed, I wanted very much to go.

Well, after some uninteresting dickering about expenses, which I

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The Rube

A BASEBALL STORY

by Zane Grey

IT WAS the most critical time I had yet experienced in my career as a baseball manager. And there was more than the usual reason why I must pull the team out. A chance for a business deal depended upon the good-will of the stockholders of the Worcester club. On the outskirts of the town was a little cottage that I wanted to buy, and this depended upon the business deal. My whole future happiness depended upon the little girl I hoped to install in that cottage.

Coming to the Worcester Eastern League team, I had found a strong aggregation and an enthusiastic following. I really had a team with pennant possibilities. Providence was a strong rival, but I beat them three straight in the opening series, set a fast pace, and likewise set Worcester baseball mad. The Eastern League clubs were pretty evenly matched; still I continued to hold the lead until misfortune overtook me.

Gregg smashed an umpire and had to be laid off. Mullaney got spiked while sliding and was out of the game. Ashwell sprained his ankle and Hirsch broke a finger. Radbourne, my great pitcher, hurt his arm on a cold day and he could not get up his old speed. Stringer, who had batted three hundred and seventy-one and led the league the year before, struck a bad spell and could not hit a barn door handed up to him.

Then came the slump. The team suddenly let down; went to pieces; played ball that would have disgraced an amateur nine. It was a trying time. Here was a great team, strong everywhere. A little hard luck had dug up a slump—and now! Day by day the team dropped in the race. When we reached the second division the newspapers flayed us. Worcester would never stand for a second division team. Baseball admirers, reporters, fans—especially the fans—are fickle. The admirers quit, the reporters grilled us, and the fans, though they stuck to the games with that barnacle-like tenacity peculiar to them, made life miserable for all of us. I saw the pennant slowly fading, and the successful season, and the business deal, and the cottage, and Milly—

But when I thought of her I just could not see failure. Something must be done, but what? I was at the end of my wits. When Jersey City beat us that Saturday, eleven to two, shoving us down to fifth place with only a few percentage points above the Fall River team, I grew desperate, and locking my players in the dressing-room I went after them. My way of managing had always been pretty easy for players. Perhaps I had not been rough because somehow I had been lucky enough to get good work out of them without driving. This bunch, however, had to have something. They had lain down on me and needed a jar. I told them so straight and flat, and being bitter, I did not pick and choose my words.

"And fellows," I concluded, "you've got to brace. A little more of this and we can't pull out. I tell you you're a championship team. We had that pennant cinched. A few cuts and sprains and hard luck—and

you all quit! You lay down! I've been patient. I've plugged for you. Never a man have I fined or thrown down. But now I'm at the end of my string. I'm out to fine you now and I'll release the first man who shows the least yellow. I play no more substitutes. Crippled or not you guys have got to get in the game."

I waited to catch my breath and expected some such outburst as managers usually get from criticised players. But not a word! Perhaps my hot passion, my sudden change from habitual good nature, had surprised my men out of speech. As to that, I knew I would get it presently, for these players of mine were not youngsters, nor in any way lamb-like. Then I addressed some of them personally.

"Gregg, your lay-off ends to-day. You play Monday. Mullaney, you've drawn your salary for two weeks with that spiked foot. If you can't run on it—well, all right, but I put it up to your good faith. I've played the game and I know it's hard to run on a sore foot. But you *can* do it. Ashwell, your ankle is lame, I know—now, can you run?"

"Sure I can. I'm not a quitter. I'm ready to go in," replied Ashwell.

"Good! A little more of that and Worcester will strike her gait. Say, Stringer, are you ever going to get another hit? You, who batted three hundred and seventy-one last year, falling down and fanning before some of these lob pitchers! You, with the eyes of big league managers on you—are you going to keep on piffing up Texas

"Call him 'Pogie' leaguers and fungoes?"

"Con, I've got a hunch that my bad spell is over," replied Stringer, soberly. "I've got some new sticks and if I don't kill these pitchers from now on I'll demand my release."

"Raddy, how about you?" I said, turning to my star twirler.

"Connolly, I've seen as fast a team in as bad a rut and yet pull out," returned Radbourne. "We're about due for the brace. When it comes—look out! As for me, well, my arm is n't right, but it's acting these warm days in a way that tells me it will be soon. It's been worked too hard. Can't you get another pitcher? I'm not knocking Herne or Cairns. They're good for their turn, but we need a new man to help out. And he must be a cracker-jack if we're to get back to the lead."

"Where on earth can I find such a pitcher?" I shouted, almost distracted. "Haven't I offered big money for some of these pitchers? It's simply impossible now to buy or trade."

"Well, that's up to you," replied Radbourne.

Up to me it certainly was, and I cudgled my brains for inspiration. After I had given up in hopelessness it came in the shape of a notice I read in one of the papers. It was a brief mention of an amateur Worcester ball team being shut out in a game with a Rickettsville nine. I had never heard of Rickettsville, but I knew several of the amateur players, and knew them to be good stickers. So, chasing a blind hope, I hunted up a couple of them and asked about the Rickettsville pitcher. What they said was a-plenty! Rickettsville played Sunday ball, which gave me an opportunity to look them over. Somehow I sensed the opportunity to be the one of my life. Rickettsville was tucked away off in the hills somewhere, close to the State line, but it did not matter to me where or how far.

It took some train riding and then a journey by coach to get to Rickettsville. The town was no different from other country towns I had seen, except that when I rode in it appeared to be deserted. The reason for this, however, became manifest when I reached the ball grounds. All the inhabitants were there. The field was laid out in a fine big meadow which made me think of Stringer and how he would like to hit a ball there and see it roll.

I mingled with the crowd of talking rustics. There was only one little "bleachers" and this was loaded to the danger-point with the feminine adherents of the teams. Most of the crowd centered alongside and back of the catcher's box. I edged in and got a position just behind the stone that served as home plate.

Hunting up a player in this way was no new thing to me. I was too wise to make myself known before I had sized up the merits of my man. So, before the players

Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



"Call him 'Pogie' leaguers and fungoes?"



"Boys," I said curtly, "Hurtle works to-day"

came upon the field I amused myself watching the rustic fans and listening to them. Verily a baseball fan is a queer product. There is absolutely no comprehending him. I ventured a couple of questions. The first, an innocent query to a lanky individual as to whether they played good ball up there, was an unfortunate one. I had to move a little away from that vicinity. Then the other question, relative to Rickettsville's chances of winning, brought out the amazing fact that Rickettsville could not lose. Then a roar announced the appearance of the Rickettsville team and their opponents, who wore the name of Spatsburg on their Canton flannel shirts. The uniforms of these country amateurs would have put a Philadelphia Mummers parade to the blush, at least for bright colors. But after one amused glance I got down to the stern business of the day, and that was to discover a pitcher, and failing that, baseball talent of any kind.

Never shall I forget my first glimpse of the Rickettsville twirler. He was far over six feet tall and as lean as a fence-rail. He had a great shock of light hair, a sunburned, sharp-featured face, wide sloping shoulders, and arms enormously long. He was about as graceful and had about as much of a baseball walk as a crippled cow.

"He's a rube!" I ejaculated, in disgust and disappointment.

But when I had seen him throw one ball to his catcher I grew as keen as a fox on a scent. What speed he had! I got round closer to him and watched him with sharp, eager eyes. He was a giant. To be sure, he was lean, raw-boned as a horse, but powerful. What won me at once was his natural, easy swing. He got the ball away with scarcely any effort. I wondered what he could do when he brought the motion of his body into play.

"Bub, what might be the pitcher's name?" I asked of a boy.

"Huh, mister, his name might be Dennis, but it ain't. Huh!" replied this country youngster. Evidently my third question had thrown some implication upon this particular player.

"I reckon you be a stranger in these parts," said a pleasant old fellow. "His name's Hurtle—Whitaker Hurtle. Whit fer short. He hain't lost a gol darned game this summer. No sir-ee! Never pitched any before, nuther."

Hurtle! What a remarkably fitting name!

"He played some other position, eh?" I asked.

"Nope. Last summer our pitcher got hurt, an' Whit he come up an' sez he guessed he could throw hard enough. Then he learned to pitch curves. Say! he can curve a ball round a corner."

Rickettsville chose the field and the game began. Hurtle swung with his easy motion. The ball shot across like a white bullet. It was a strike, and so was the next, and the one succeeding. He could not throw anything but strikes, and it seemed the Spatsburg players could not make even a foul.

Outside of Hurtle's work the game meant little to me. And I was so fascinated by what I saw in him that I could hardly contain myself. After the first few innings I no longer tried to. I yelled with the Rickettsville rooters. The man was a wonder. A blind baseball manager could have seen that. He had a straight ball, shoulder high, level as a stretched string, and fast. He had a jump ball, which he evidently worked by putting on a little more steam, and it was the speediest thing I ever saw in the way of a shoot. He had a wide-sweeping out-curve, wide as the blade of a mowing scythe. And he had a drop—an unhittable drop. He did not use it often, for it made his catcher dig too hard into the dirt. But whenever he did I glowed all over. Once or twice he used an underhand motion and sent in a ball that fairly swooped up. It could not have been hit with a board. And best of all, dearest to the manager's heart, he had control. Every ball he threw went over the plate. He could not miss it. To him that plate was as big as a house.

What a find! Already I had visions of the long-looked-for brace of my team, and of the pennant, and the little cottage, and the happy light of a pair of blue eyes. What he meant to me, that country pitcher Hurtle! He shut out the Spatsburg team without a run or a hit or even a scratch. Then I went after him. I collared him and his manager, and there, surrounded by the gaping players, I bought him and signed him before any of them knew exactly what I was about. I did not haggle. I asked the manager what he wanted and produced the cash; I asked Hurtle what he wanted,

doubled his ridiculously modest demand, paid him an advance, and got his name to the contract. Then I breathed a long, deep breath; the first one for weeks. Something told me that with Hurtle's signature in my pocket I had the Eastern League pennant. Then I invited all concerned down to the Rickettsville hotel.

Nothing on this earth, not even wildfire on a dry, windy prairie, flies so swiftly as baseball gossip. In half an hour the hotel was surrounded by an excited mob. It escorted Hurtle and me to the other hotel, where we were to take the coach. I hung to Hurtle like a leech. Twice he mumbled something about seeing somebody off, but it did not go with me until I saw there was a girl. I weakened at that, let him go, and was in mortal dread lest he would slip out of my clutches. While I was waiting, the pleasant old rustic who had been my informant at the game sidled up to me with a wise look and mysterious wink.

"Stranger, I knowed all the time what you was. You did n't fool me none," he said, and taking me by the sleeve he drew me a little way out of the crowd. "I'm a-goin' to tell you somethin' about Whit Hurtle. Whit's a queer boy. I knowed him when he worked out here to the poorhouse. You jest bet I know Whit! He had it in fer this Spatsburg team an' was some riled. Whit's so softy he can't pitch or do

nothin' 'cept when he's stirred up. But you oughter see him when he's mad! By gosh! Wal, mebbe up there among you city ball players Whit'll be kinder shy an' skeered. So I'm tellin' you—make him mad! An' sometimes it's hard to rile Whit. But there's one way that never fails, if you dare risk it. Remember, I ain't sayin' it's safe. Call him 'Pogie!' Whit gits like a mad bull when he hears that. You see the boys hereabouts call us old poorhouse fellers 'Pogies.' Whit worked out there an' he hates that name. So if you can't git no other way to rile Whit, call him 'Pogie!'"

I thanked my well-meaning and voluble friend; and getting a glimpse of Hurtle in the crowd I dived for him, and presently landed him in the coach. We got a rousing cheer as we rode away.

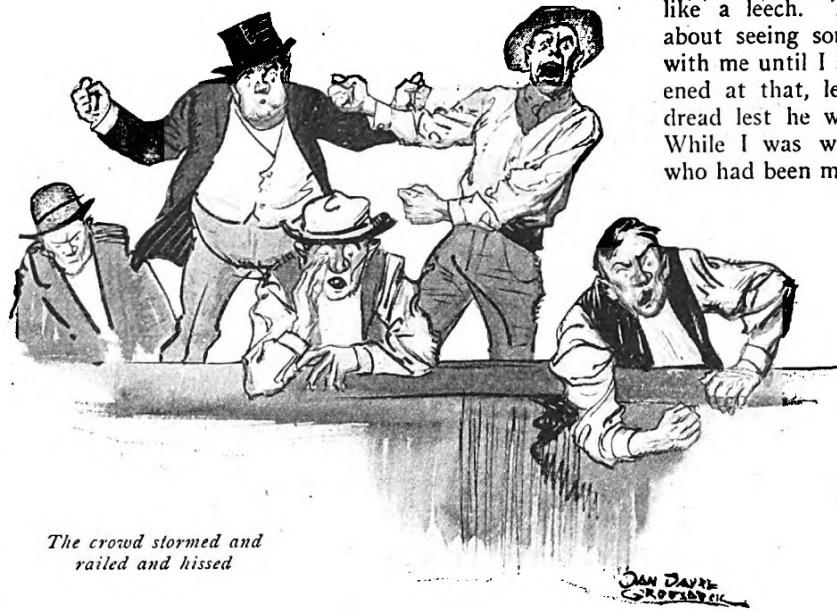
We made connections at the railroad junction and reached Worcester at midnight in time for a good sleep. I took the silent and backward pitcher to my hotel. In the morning we had breakfast together. I showed him about Worcester and then carried him off to the ball grounds.

I had ordered morning practise, and as morning practise is not conducive to the cheerfulness of ball players, I wanted to reach the dressing-room a little late. When we arrived, all the players had dressed and were out on the field. I had some difficulty in fitting Hurtle with a uniform, and when I did get him dressed he resembled a two-legged giraffe decked out in white shirt, gray trousers and maroon stockings.

Spears, my veteran first-baseman and captain of the team, was the first to see us.

"Sufferin' umpires!" yelled Spears. "Here, you micks! Look at this Con's got with him!"

What a yell burst from that sore and disgruntled bunch of ball-tossers!



The crowd stormed and railed and hissed



"I'm a-goin to lick you, too"

My players were a grouchy set in practise anyway, and to-day they were in their meanest mood.

"Hey, beanpole!"

"Get onto the stilts!"

"Con, where did you find that?"

I cut short their chaffing with a sharp order for batting practise.

"Regular line-up, now, no monkey-biz," I went on. "Take two cracks and a bunt. Here, Hurtle," I said, drawing him toward the pitcher's box, "don't pay any attention to their talk. That's only the fun of ball-players. Go in now and practise a little. Lam a few over."

Hurtle's big freckled hands closed nervously over the ball. I thought it best not to say more to him, for he had a rather wild look. I remembered my own stage fright upon my first appearance in fast company. Besides I knew what my amiable players would say to him. I had a secret hope and belief that presently they would yell upon the other side of the fence.

McCall, my speedy little left-fielder, led off at bat. He was full of ginger, chipper as a squirrel, sarcastic as only a tried ball-player can be.

"Put 'em over, Slat, put 'em over," he called, viciously swinging his ash.

Hurtle stood stiff and awkward in the box and seemed to be rolling something in his mouth. Then he moved his arm. We all saw the ball dart down straight—that is, all of us except McCall, because if he had seen it he might have jumped out of the way. Crack! The ball hit him on the shin.

McCall shrieked. We all groaned. That crack hurt all of us. Any baseball player knows how it hurts to be hit on the shin-bone. McCall waved his bat madly.

"Rube! Rube! Rube!" he yelled.

Then and there Hurtle got the name that was to cling to him all his baseball days.

McCall went back to the plate, red in the face, mad as a hornet, and he side-stepped every time Rube pitched a ball. He never even ticked one and retired in disgust, limping and swearing. Ashwell was next. He did not show much alacrity. On Rube's first pitch down went Ashwell flat in the dust. The ball whipped the hair of his head. Rube was wild and I began to get worried. Ashwell hit a couple of measly punks, but when he essayed a bunt the gang yelled derisively at him.

"What's he got?" The old familiar cry of batters when facing a new pitcher!

Stringer went up bold and formidable. That was what made him the great hitter he was. He loved to bat; he would have faced anybody; he would have faced even a cannon. New curves were a fascination to him. And speed for him, in his own words, was "apple-pie." In this instance, surprise was in store for Stringer. Rube shot up the straight one, then the wide curve, then the drop. Stringer missed them all, struck out, fell down ignominiously. It was the first time he had fanned that season and he looked dazed. We had to haul him away.

But that was the only time Rube located the plate. He drove Henley out of the batter's box, hit Mullaney on his sore foot, scared Gregg into the middle of next week, and worst of all he sent an in-shoot square into Captain Spears's ribs. The veteran bawled once, then crumpled up like a leaf. Whereupon the team roared at Rube as if they intended to lynch him, and they roared at me. It is strange how mature ball-players hate to be hit in the morning practise. They will take a crack on the head during a game and bob up serenely and show the audience what they are made of.

I called off the practise, somewhat worried about Rube's showing, and undecided whether or not to try him in the game that day. So I went to Radbourne, who had quietly watched Rube while on the field. Raddy was an old pitcher and had seen the rise of a hundred stars. I told him about the game at Rickettsville and what I thought of Rube, and frankly asked his opinion.

"Con, you've made the find of your life," said Raddy, quietly and deliberately. "You need n't tell me. I know what he's got. He's a marvel. I don't say he'll get over his scare and find control to-day or next week. But he'll come round. He's simply a natural-born pitcher. What a grand arm! That jump ball of his and that drop—say . . . Con, you know I'm not a fellow to shoot off my mouth. Well, you've stumbled upon a great pitcher and the pennant's ours."

This from Radbourne was not only comforting; it was relief, hope, assurance. I avoided Spears, for it would hardly be possible for him to regard the Rube favorably, and I kept under cover until time to show up at the grounds.

Buffalo was on the ticket for that afternoon, and the Bisons were leading the race and playing in top-notch form. For some inexplicable reason Worcester hated Buffalo. The games between them had always been fiercely contested, and this sort of thing always drew big crowds. The stands were filled at three o'clock, and the bleachers could not hold another fan. There was scrap in the air. I went into the dressing-room while the players were changing suits, because there was a little unpleasantness that I wanted to spring on them before we got on the field.

"Boys," I said, curtly, "Hurtle works to-day. Cut loose, now, and back him up."

I had to grab a bat and pound on the wall to stop the uproar.

"Did you mutts hear what I said? Well, it goes . . . Not a word, now. I'm handling this team. We're in bad, I know, but it's my judgment to pitch Hurtle, rube or no rube, and it's up to you to back us. That's the baseball of it."

Grumbling and muttering, they passed out of the dressing-room. I knew ball-players. If Hurtle should happen to show good form they would turn in a flash. Rube tagged reluctantly in their rear. He looked like a man in a trance. I wanted to speak encouragingly to him but Raddy told me to keep quiet.

It was inspiring to see my team practise that afternoon. There had come a subtle change. I foresaw one of those baseball climaxes that can be felt and seen but not explained. Whether it was a hint of the hoped-for brace, or only another flash of form before the final let-down, I had no means to tell. But I was on edge.

Carter, the umpire, called out the batteries, and I sent my team into the field. When that long, lanky, awkward rustic started for the pitcher's box, I thought the bleachers would make him drop in his tracks. The fans were sore on any one those days, and a new pitcher was bound to hear from them.

"Where! Oh, where! Oh, where!"

"Connelly's found another dead one!"

"Scarecrow!"

"Look at his pants!"

"Pad his legs!"

Then the inning began, and things happened. Rube had marvelous speed, but he could not find the plate. He threw the ball the second he got it; he hit men, walked men, and fell all over himself trying to field bunts. The crowd stormed and railed and hissed. The Bisons pranced round the bases and yelled like Indians. Finally they were retired with eight runs.

Eight runs! Enough to win two games! I could not have told how it happened. I was sick and all but crushed. Still I had a blind, dogged faith in the big rustic. I believed he had not got started right. It was a trying situation. I called Spears and Raddy to my side and talked fast.

"It's all off now. Let the dinged rube take his medicine," growled Spears.

"Don't take him out," said Raddy. "He's not shown at all what's in him. The blamed hayseed is up in the air. He's crazy. He does n't know what he's doing. I tell you, Con, he may be scared to death, but he's dead in earnest."

Suddenly I recalled the advice of the pleasant old fellow at Rickettsville.

"Spears, you're the captain," I said, sharply. "Go after the rube. Wake him up. Tell him he can't pitch. Call him 'Pogie!' That's a name that stirs him up."

"Well, I'll be dinged! He looks it," replied Spears. "Here, Rube, get off the bench. Come here."

Rube lurched toward us. He seemed to be walking in his sleep. His breast was laboring and he was dripping with sweat.

"Who ever told you that you could pitch?" asked Spears, genially. He was master at baseball ridicule. I had never yet seen the youngster who could stand his badinage. He said a few things, then wound up with: "Come now, you cross between a hay-rack and a wagon-tongue, get sore and do something. Pitch if you can. Show us! Do you hear, you tow-headed Pogie!"

Rube jumped as if he had been struck.

[Continued on page 686]

To An Aeroplane

By ROBERT C. MCELRAVY

BRILLIANT, dashing, winged thing
Moving there across the sky,
What new message do you bring
Unto mankind as you fly?

Swift you cleave the vibrant air,
Now you fly and now you float;
Life itself you seem to share—
Are you bird or are you boat?

What new era do you bring
Speeding to us through the years?
Hark! your motor seems to sing
With the music of the spheres!

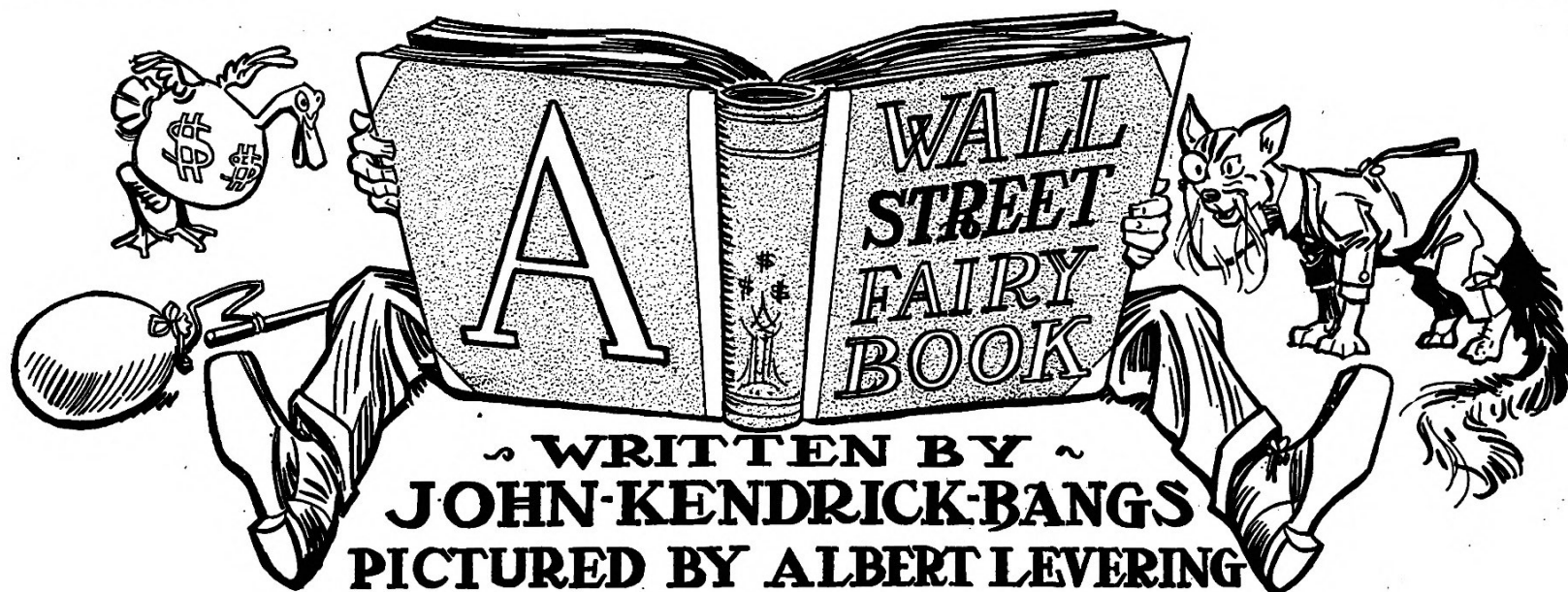
Shall mad hosts who go to war
Look to you for deadly skill?
Will you only sing and soar
So that men may maim and kill?

Rather may you skim the seas
And go whirling near and far
Fly to yonder Pleiades,
Visit Moon and Evening Star.

Waft young lovers through the air,
Ply them straight to Heaven's own door;
Ride on sunbeams bright and fair,
Chase ycn cloudlets at your fore.

Go where Gods in laughter sit,
Take us where life is but kind,
Seek where elves and fairies flit—
Some new Eden for us to find.

Tiny airship, light and strong,
Lifting upward to the sky,
Life a joyous, rising song,
You shall teach our souls to fly!



NUMBER ONE—

Jack and the Check Book

ONCE upon a time a great many years ago there lived a poor woman who, having invested all her savings in mining shares, was soon brought to penury and want. She had bought her modest little home and all there was in it on the instalment plan, and here she was, upon a certain beautiful morning in late spring, absolutely penniless, and three days off, staring her in the face, were payments due on the piano, the kitchen range and even on the house itself. Moreover, the winter had been a bitter one. Four times had the water pipes frozen and burst, and a plumber's bill of appalling magnitude had come in the morning's mail with the stern admonition stamped in red letters at the bottom:

LONG PAST DUE. PLEASE REMIT

The unhappy woman was at her wit's ends to know what to do. She had tried to sell her shares in "Amalgamated Warwhoop" only to find that that once promising company had passed into the hands of a receiver and that there was an assessment, amounting to four times their face value, due on the shares, so that every possible purchaser to whom she applied refused to take the stock off her hands unless she paid them five dollars a share for the service and would guarantee them against the chance of further loss. All other means of raising the necessary funds, and she had tried them all, proved equally futile. The savings banks would not lend her a penny on a house of which the parlor floor alone was clear of obligation, and the threat of the piano people to remove that instrument if the March instalment, now a month overdue, was not immediately forthcoming, rendered that both unsalable and valueless as security for a loan.

She sat, the perfect picture of hopeless despair in her rocking-chair, gazing moodily out of the window; thinking dreadful thoughts, and, it may be, contemplating the alternative of suicide or marriage with the village magnate, a miserable villain whom everybody detested, and who, everybody knew very well, had been instrumental in the ruin of her deceased husband, a once prosperous haberdasher. But on a sudden her look of despair faded wholly away and a great light of happiness illumined her eyes, as up the garden path, whistling merrily as he strode along, came her son Jack, a lad of fifteen, the comfort and solace of her lonely days.

"Dear boy!" she murmured softly to herself as he waved his hand at her, "he is the only thing I have left that there is n't something due on."

The boy, entering the room, still singing, flung his cap upon the table and kissed his mother affectionately.

"Well, mother," he said joyously, "our troubles are over at last."

Her face beamed an eager inquiry. The sudden overwhelming happiness of the news itself deprived her of the power of speech for a moment and then with difficulty she gasped out of the words:

"Then you have secured a place with steady wages, my son?"

Her heart beat wildly as she awaited the answer.

"No, mother," he replied, promptly. "The only position open to me was that of private secretary to old Jonas Bilkins, my father's enemy, and when

he found out that I was my father's son he fired me out of his office."

"No wonder!" muttered the woman. "He did n't dare let you have access to his private papers. He knows that every penny he calls his own belongs by right to us, and once you got hold of his letter files and secret documents you could prove it."

"So he said, mother dear," said the boy. "He was brutally frank about it, and when I told him what I thought of him, and advised him to pick out a nice comfortable jail to spend his declining years in, he threw his check-book at my head."

"The miserable villain!" groaned the old lady. "Did it hit you?"

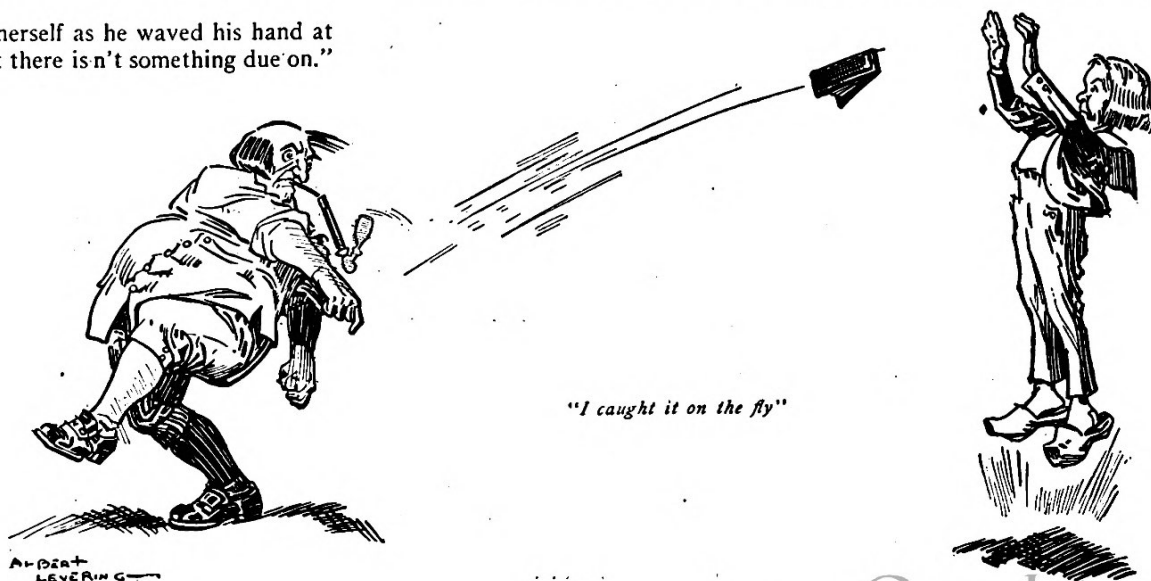
"No, indeed," laughed Jack. "My baseball training helped me out there. I caught it on the fly and have brought it home with me. Meanwhile, I have sold the cow."

"You have?" cried the delighted mother, clasping him warmly in her arms.

"Yes," said Jack, proudly. "We need not go hungry to-day, mother. I swapped her off for a pot of beans."

An awful, despairing silence followed this announcement. The old lady loved her son beyond everything in the world, but this was too much even for a mother's love. The idea that a first-class Jersey cow worth not less than forty-five dollars regarded merely as raw material for the table, and not taking into account her value as a producer of rich creamy milk, should have been bartered for a miserable pot of beans, and doubtless pickled beans at that, was the last straw of misfortune that broke the back of the Camel of Maternal Patience, and with certain phases of a forceful nature, she seized the pot from her son's trembling hand and flung it with such impetus against the garden wall that it was shattered into countless fragments and the beans scattered in every direction. After this attack of rage she took to her bed, weeping bitterly. Jack too, stunned by his kind mother's wrath, retired to his little cot in the attic and sought relief from his troubles and the gnawing pangs of hunger in sleep.

But lo and behold, the following morning a strange thing had happened. Jack, upon waking early, found his once sunny window obscured by a heavy growth of leaves, and on dressing rapidly and going into the garden to see what had caused this strange condition of affairs, was



surprised to find a splendid beanstalk sprung up during the night, and what was still more wonderful, still springing, moving rapidly upward like the escalator he had once seen upon the elevated railway in New York, when with his father he had visited that wonderful city to inspect the spring and autumn styles for the haberdashery.

He gazed at it in wondering amazement, and then the silence was broken. "All aboard for Ogreville," cried a squeaky little voice from behind one of the branches. "Step lively please! All aboard!"

Jack, nothing loath for a new experience, immediately seated himself astride one of the rapidly rising tendrils, and soon found himself soaring in the upper air, far, far above the earth, upon what he came subsequently to call his "Aero-Bean."

"Well, we have you at last," said the squeaky little voice from behind the leaves pleasantly. "You may not remember it, my lad, but you once gave up your strap on a subway train to a tired-looking woman and she has never forgotten your kindness. It so happens that she was Queen of the Fairies, and later on she became Chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Fairy Corporation of Wall Street. You are now about to receive your reward. You have Major Bilkins' check-book with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "He threw it at me yesterday, and I've had it ever since."

"Good!" said the squeaky little voice. "What is the old man's balance?"

"\$3,575,457," said Jack, reading off the figures slowly, and gasping at the thought of anybody's having so much money as that on hand.

"H'm!" said the squeaky little voice. "It is rather less than I had thought. However we can fix that without much trouble. Zeros are cheap. Just add six of them to that balance."

"Do you mean add or affix?" asked Jack.

"Affix is what I should have said," replied the squeaky little voice. "Get out your fountain pen and tag 'em on."

Jack immediately obeyed.

"Now what does it come to?" asked the little voice.

"\$3,575,457,000,000," stammered Jack, his eyes bulging with amazement.

"That's better," laughed the little voice. "Thus you see, my boy, how easy it is to make much out of a little if you only know how. Three and a half trillions is a pretty tidy bit of pocket money for a boy of your age. So be careful how you use it, my son. Use it



corner lots, and an easy suburb for business men!"

The lad wandered along for awhile rejoicing in all the beauties of the wondrous scene, when, coming to a turn in the magnificently built road, he perceived not far ahead of him a splendidly built castle, much resembling a famous city hotel he had once passed on a sight-seeing coach, and remembering on a sudden that he had had no breakfast, he walked boldly up to the main entrance and knocked on the massive bronze door. A beautiful young girl about his own age answered the summons.

"I don't know if this is a hotel," said Jack, politely, "but if it is, might I get a bite here?"

"I fear you might if my step-father should happen to see you," replied the girl with a shudder, her face mantling with a deep luscious red, the like of which Jack had never seen anywhere save on the petal of a rose or the cheek of a cherry.

The silvery tones of her voice thrilled him.

"Thank you," he said, stepping into the hallway through the open door. "I shall be very glad to meet your step-father, and if, while I am waiting, I might have a couple of scrambled eggs and a cup of coffee—"

"O, go! Do not stay here," pleaded the girl. "Please go!"

"I go?" laughed Jack. "And leave you? Never!"

"But you do not understand," trembled the girl. "My step-father is an Ogre and he eats—"

"I only understand one thing," said Jack, valiantly. "And that is that I love you with all my heart. I don't care if your step-father eats—"

"For my sake, then go," pleaded the girl. "I too am not unsusceptible to the dart of love, and for the first time I look upon a spirit I could honor and obey, but—"

"Then it is love at first sight for both of us," said Jack, folding her in his arms.

It was indeed a blissful moment for both, but alas, it was more than fleeting, for suddenly there came from an inner room off the great corridor, a terrific voice roaring,

"FEE-FO-FI-FOY!"

I SMELL THE BLOOD OF A HIGH-SCHOOL BOY

BE HE REAL OR BE HE FAKE

I'LL GRIND HIS BONES FOR A BUCKWHEAT CAKE."

"Oho!" cried Jack, springing back. "I think I've heard something like that before. This is not a hotel but the castle of that child-eating Ogre—"

"The very same," cried the girl, her face blanching with terror. "And what is worse, he has n't had a boy to eat for three weeks. If you truly love me, I beg you will fly at once."

"Sorry to be disobliging, but I can't fly, my beloved. I've left my aeroplane at home. In short, my dear-er-er-what is your name, Sweetheart?"

"Beanhilda," replied the blushing girl.

"In short, my dear Beanhilda," Jack resumed, "having no wings, I can not fly."

"Alas!" cried the girl, bursting into floods of tears as the Ogre suddenly appeared in the hallway, and seizing Jack by the collar of his coat held him high in the air between his thumb and forefinger. "Alas—it is too late. I shall never get a fiancé past step-papa's breakfast table!"

"No, my child, grinned the Ogre smacking his lips hungrily. "It is not too late. He is just in time. I have been wanting a couple of poached boys on toast for three solid weeks, and the butcher has just telephoned me that there is n't a fresh kid to be



The Ogre collapsed in his chair

had for love or money in any of the markets."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Ogre," said Jack as calmly as he could under the trying circumstances, "but I won't poach well. I'm half-back on our high school eleven, and as a matter of fact, am known as the toughest lad in my native town."

A shadow of disappointment crossed the Ogre's face.

"Confound football!" he growled. "I have n't managed to get a tender boy since the season opened."

"Moreover," said Jack, seeing that the time for strategy had arrived, "I didn't come here for your breakfast, I came for mine."

"By Jove, you shall have it!" cried the Ogre slapping the table with his fist so hard that the platters and glasses upon its broad surface jumped up and down. "I like nerve, and you are the only kid I've caught in forty years that did n't begin to yell like mad the minute I grabbed him. We'll keep you here and feed you on the fat of the land, until you have sort of softened up. Sit down, sir, and have your fill. Beanhilda, get the lad a cup of coffee."

The Ogre placed Jack in a high-chair at his side, and they breakfasted together like two old cronies, the fair Beanhilda waiting upon them, and with every passing moment convincing Jack by her grace, beauty and amiability of the solid fact that he loved her ardently. It was a terrible sight to see the Ogre swallow a whole lamb at one bite, taking it up by its tail and dropping it into his mouth as if it were no more than a stalk of asparagus, and consuming not less than fifty-seven varieties of breakfast food, boxes, wrapping premiums and all at one spoonful, but the lad's nerve never deserted him for a moment, and he chatted away as pleasantly as though breakfasting with Ogres was one of the accustomed operations of his every day life.

"This is a great place you have here, Mr. Ogre," he remarked, sipping his coffee slowly. "Of course, it is n't quite as rich and fertile as my own little place up in Vermont, and your cattle, though evidently of fine breed, are hardly what Montana ranchmen would consider first class. Still—"

The Ogre stopped eating and looked at the speaker with considerable surprise.

"You mean to say you can beat this place of mine anywhere?" he demanded.

"Well," said Jack amiably, "of course I don't mean to criticize this beautiful country. It is very beautiful in its own way, and there is some evidence of wealth here. I was only saying that next to my place, it comes pretty near to being the finest I ever seen."

"I guess you'd go a good many miles before you'd see a castle like mine," said the Ogre, with a proud glance around him.

"I haven't seen your castle yet, sir," said Jack. "But this little bungalow we are in strikes me as about as cute and comfy a cozy-corner as I've visited in a month of Sundays."

"Bungalow?" roared the giant. "You don't call this a bungalow, do you?"

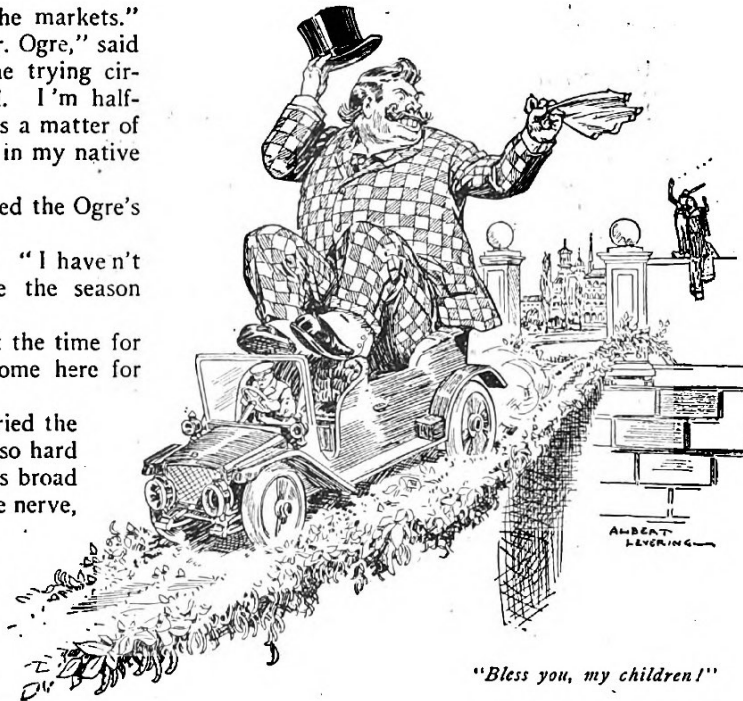
"Why, yes," said Jack. "It certainly isn't a tent, or a chicken-coop, or a tool-house, is it? It's mighty comfy anyhow, whatever you call it. I would n't mind owning it myself."

A glitter came into the Ogre's eyes. If this young man were merely bluffing now was the time to call him.

"Oh, as for that," said the Ogre, with a sarcastic laugh. "You can own it—that is, you can if you can pay for it. I'll sell."

Here he winked at the butler as much as to say: "Now we'll see him flop." But Jack had no intention of flopping.

"Really?" with a great show of enthusiasm. "Well, this is fine. I had n't the slightest idea the place was in the market, but if we can get together on a figure, I might be tempted. How much?"



"Bless you, my children!"

"What would you say to \$2,500,000 demanded the Ogre, with a grim smile.

"Done!" said Jack. "And cheap at the price."

Here he drew out the check-book, and drew a check for the full amount to the order of William J. Ogre, Esq., which he tossed across the table to the amazed giant.

"There's your money," he said. "Fork over the deeds."

The Ogre rubbed his eyes, and almost stopped breathing for a moment.

"H'm! he muttered, inspecting the check closely, 'This looks pretty good to me. What kind of a book is that, young man?'"

"That?" laughed Jack, "oh that's what we call the magic check-book. It is the kind that all our big financiers use—Mr. Rockerriegie, Colonel Midas and John Jacob Rothschild and all the rest of them. It is merely an ingenious financial contrivance that enables us to avoid contact with actual money, which is not only vulgar and dangerous to carry in large quantities, but in some

cases is full of germs." The lad went on and explained to the Ogre just how checks were drawn and presented for payment.

"It's a pretty nice sort of an arrangement, that," said the Ogre, very much interested, "But suppose you draw out your whole balance, what then?"

"All you have to do is to affix a half dozen ciphers to the remainder," said Jack. "For instance, on my way up here this morning, I found that the balance on hand was only \$3,575,457, so, feeling that I should be more comfortable with just a little more ready money to carry me along, I added those six ciphers you see on the right hand side of the figures, bringing the balance up to \$3,575,457,000,000. If you will examine the ciphers under a microscope, sir, you will note that they have only recently been entered."

"By thunder!" roared the Ogre, glaring at the book enviously. "This is one of the marvels of the age. Why, armed with a book like that you can buy anything in sight!"

"If the other man will sell," said Jack. "By the way, would you mind if I lit my after-breakfast cigarette?"

"Go ahead. Go ahead. Do anything you darn please," said the Ogre, gazing at him with wonder.

Jack thereupon drew a check for five hundred thousand dollars, tore it from the book, and rolled it into a small cylinder which he filled with some corn-silk he had in his pocket, and then lit it with another check for a similar amount.

[Continued on page 683]



"A week's vacation in little old New York"

ALBERT LEVERING

MARRIAGE IN AMERICA

IN view of the present proportions of the two classes of college girls, the Co-eds in this investigation greatly outnumber the woman's college girls (or "Nuns," as, for convenience, we shall call them in the neat slang of a certain section.) Each individual report involves answers to more than fifty questions with numerous subdivisions, secured in a personal interview with the student, and, if possible, with her friends and teachers. This mass of material has been tabulated three times: once for the Co-eds, once for the Nuns, and once for fusion of both classes; thus it is possible to find how the Co-ed differs from the Nun before making the final synthesis which shows in large the attitude of the American College Girl.

As the following table will show, the Co-eds and the Nuns found that college had affected their respective attitudes toward life very differently. The various effects are arranged in the order of their frequency of mention. A star marks an item not found in the opposite column:

How College Affects Girls' Attitude Toward Life	
CO-EDS	WOMAN'S COLLEGE GIRLS
1. Broadens you generally.	Broadens you generally.
2. Makes life fuller.	Makes you more sympathetic.
*3. Makes you morally more democratic.	Gives you presence of mind.
4. Makes you more sympathetic.	*Makes a life-work seem more important.
5. Gives you a standard by which to judge men.	Makes you more impersonal.
*6. Makes life more serious.	Gives you a standard by which to judge men.
*7. Humbles you.	Makes you more individualistic.
8. Makes you more impersonal.	Makes you more domestic.
9. Gives you presence of mind.	Makes life fuller.
10. Makes you more individualistic.	*Makes you slower in your judgments.
*11. Makes you fitter to help your future husband.	
*12. Unfits you for a quiet life.	
13. Makes you more domestic.	
*14. Develops your sense of humor.	

Here one notices that the Co-eds mention six effects of college life which are not noticed by the others; and the Nuns, two. It is no less interesting to compare the positions of the items that are mentioned by both. According to the Nun's estimate, the life of the campus has given her greater presence of mind and has made her more sympathetic, impersonal, individualistic and domestic than the Co-ed, for whom, in turn, it has "made life fuller."

Contrasts still more striking were brought out by the question: "How has college affected your ideas of men?" It appears that more than one-third of the Co-eds think less of men than they did before entering college; and it seems highly significant that fewer than one-twelfth demand more from the possible husband—presumably because the associations and observations of campus life have taught them how futile such demands would be.

Why the Co-Ed Likes the Co-Ed Man

Whereas with the inexperienced Nun the situation is very different. Only one-tenth think less of men than they used to, and one-fifth demand more from them. But this does not for a moment signify that they go to the other extreme of man-worship; for only an actual twelfth think more of men than they used to. And this twelfth is confronted by thrice that proportion of the other class, for this investigation appears to show that a full quarter of all Co-ed girls have given their ideas of the other sex a genuine upward revision since entering college.

The truth is that the Co-ed during her college years comes to know a deal of good about men and a deal more of ill. The Nun's knowledge of men, on the other hand, remains practically stationary as long as she lives on the campus, despite occasional week-end visitors and dances and vacations; and this, though her ideals are all

The College 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 article 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.*

sprouting apace. Consequently the "grave old senior" emerges from the woman's college into the wide, wide world with ideals which are far more loosely adjusted to the world's reals than are those of her co-educational sister.

There is an instance of this in the fact that in this undemocratic country of ours, college life has made ten Nuns "more democratic toward men" for every Co-ed whom it has thus affected. It is evident that the Nun is a paper democrat. She does not yet know the demos.

A yet more salient fact shows how little the Nuns have really thought about men and looked beneath their veneer. Two-thirds of the women's college girls see no difference whatever between the man's college man and the co-educational man.

"A man's a man for a' that" explains one. And another: "Coeducation makes less difference to a man than to a girl. A Co-ed is apt to be a little snappier; but most men go through that stage sooner or later. It's good to get it out of their systems."

The remaining third of the Nuns prefer the man's college man by the imposing majority of six to one. A Nun from the West thinks that "non-co-ed men are more loyal to their colleges. The Co-ed college fraternities are so aristocratic that they lose college spirit. Men's college men are not such fussers." A New Yorker declares: "Co-ed men speak horridly of girls. They are more apt to be rude." A beautiful and popular New England Nun finds Co-ed men, "less gallant and thoughtful and generous to girls than non."

Now on the other hand it must be borne in mind that two-thirds of the Co-ed girls prefer the Co-ed man, which is over thrice as many of them as favor the man's college man. And they express their opinions with even more incisiveness than do the Nuns: "I have no use for a fusser! The non-co-ed type has nicer manners toward a girl, but he does n't seem so wholesome; he's more apt to think girls created for his own amusement; he's more apt to scrape acquaintance. The other may not be so considerate, but he's more wholesome—more on an equality." "They sort of stoop to be nice," complains a Middle-Westerner. "The non-co-ed type are crazy foolish about girls. Our kind have a healthy good time," asserts another.

The Woman's College Girl Views Man From Another Angle

A Southern girl thinks the Co-ed man "is less apt to have foolish standards. He has been thrown with girls till the glamour has worn off and so he's able to recognize real worth." Be it remarked that this young woman and the next quoted are more richly endowed with "real worth" than with beauty. "The Co-ed man may not have such attractive manners, but down in his heart I think he has a bigger and more truthful attitude toward women. He does n't lose his respect; he only loses his sentimentality about them." An unusually bright Westerner is reported as follows:

"I used to be strong for the non-co-ed type, but I'm losing my belief in them. It would do lots of the men in the East lots of good to come out here. They will go with any kind of a girl—whether nice or not—just for a lark. I don't think the fellows here do, or if they do, they have to stop. The non-co-ed men, while they seem to be lovely to a girl, are often secretly sneering, and have not the same real appreciation of girls as girls that men have in the coeducational colleges, where the purely sex-judgments are often lost sight of, and the more strictly human judgment substituted."

The effects of the Nun's isolation are still more vividly shown by the fact that three-fifths of them—and only



The college girl demands good comradeship in her husband



one-half of the Co-eds—are undecided as to whether they would prefer a college man, or not. In general they agree with the girl from Pennsylvania who decided that “the outward, formal form of his education would n’t count, but he must have real education, either from life or from college. And, of course, he must n’t eat with his knife or say ‘ain’t.’”

At the same time, though one-twentieth of the Co-eds definitely preferred a non-college man, not a single Nun would commit herself to this position.

Six-sevenths of the Co-eds preferred the college type of man. These are a few of the more representative reasons:

“The college man has more poise.”

“The other kind grates on me.”

“More healthy, alert and boyish.”

“More congenial, more worth while; he’ll have a better chance in life.”

And one quoted with approval a saying of Dr. Johnson’s, remarking that it is just as true if not truer with the sexes reversed: “A man of sense and education should meet a suitable companion in a wife. It is a miserable thing when the conversation can be only such as whether the mutton should be boiled or roasted, and probably a dispute about that.”

A glance at the following table will reveal how much more practically and soberly the Co-ed looks at the man question than does the Nun.

Kinds of men that most interest the college girl, arranged in the order of their importance, as the girl sees it	
CO-ED	WOMAN'S COLLEGE GIRL
1. Seriously engaged in something.	Intellectual.
2. Intellectual.	With artistic tastes.
3. Energetic.	With sense of humor.
4. Able to keep her interested.	Energetic.
*5. Sound character.	*Business talent.
6. Sense of humor.	Seriously engaged in something.
*7. Athlete.	Professional talent.
8. Professional talent.	Good talker.
9. Fond of society.	All kinds of
10. All kinds.	Out-of-door type.
11. Good talker.	No fussier.
12. No fussier.	*Fussier.
*13. Quiet.	*Not sulky.
*14. Man's man.	*Cultivated.
*15. Altruistic.	*With no sense of humor.
16. With artistic tastes.	Able to keep her interested.
*17. Straightforward.	Fond of society.
*18. With good common sense.	
19. Out-of-door type.	

NOTE—Items are arranged in the order of frequency with which they occurred in the depositions. Those marked by a star are not found in the opposite column.

Notice how the Nun seems to favor the lighter, more ornamental qualities, and how the disillusionized Co-ed stresses the opposites of those failings which she has seen men display so monotonously on the campus. The Nuns, however, handicapped as they are by isolation and inexperience in gaining an adequate working knowledge of men, are somewhat compensated by more knowledge of the abstract kind that may be had from lectures and books. While nineteen out of twenty of them know about the risks of disease implied by masculine wild oats and would take measures to satisfy themselves of the health of the man in question, this investigation brings out the distressing fact that one-half of the Co-eds are totally ignorant on this subject. This comes perhaps from the fact that the lectures on sex-hygiene, so common in woman's colleges, are often considered inexpedient before mixed co-educational classes. It is remarkable to find how strongly most of the students who know anything of this matter agree with Dr. Westermarck when he says: “I think that the doctor ought to have a voice in every marriage which is contracted. It is argued, of course; that to interfere here would be to intrude upon the individual rights of freedom. But men are not generally allowed to do mischief simply in order to gratify their own appetites. It will be argued that they will do mischief even though this law try to prevent them. Well, this holds true of every law, but we do not maintain that laws are useless because there are persons who break them.”

The Engagement That Is a Mere “License to Spoon”

The Nuns have a further advantage. Nearly all of them—as contrasted with fewer than one-half of the Co-eds—mentioned comradeship as indispensable between husband and wife. This discrepancy may be due to the fact that the campus life of the woman's college fosters the comradely instinct and what Stevenson calls “a faculty for willing com-

promise” more strongly between girls than does the Co-ed atmosphere where the sense of sex-rivalry is more keenly felt. As for “the great comradeship and all that sort of thing that you hear so much about in coeducational colleges,” declares one of the most brilliant and attractive seniors in a representative State university, “it simply does not exist. Why, an engagement here does n’t mean anything; half the time, but a license to ‘spoon.’ One of the nicest girls in my class has been engaged eight times in four years and is going to marry the eighth this summer. There is scarcely any girl-fun. We never get together but to talk men, men, men. Clothes are n’t in it.” Another in a far-distant State confessed: “You can never make a friend of a university student. It is always a ‘crush’ and he’s never able to talk of anything at all but jollying.”

This view seems to be endorsed by the general trend of Co-ed opinion, although a number agree with the Western junior who thinks that “it is the girl's fault chiefly if she has ‘crushes’ instead of friendships.” Miss Mary Bidwell Breed, adviser of women in the University of Missouri, writes about this evil of flirting (in the *Collegiate Alumna Magazine*, December, 1908), that it constitutes one very serious problem for coeducation, especially in the large State universities. “Announced engagements are rare; secret and tacit engagements are frequent. These are called . . . ‘harmless flirtations.’ But after a girl has gone through several years of harmless flirtations under a nominal chaperonage; after she has formed the habit of spending six to twelve hours a day in the society of the particular man she is flirting with; after a girl has been through this she could hardly be taken as a brilliant confirmation of the thesis that there is no coeducational problem, even though she leaves the university not engaged to marry anybody.”

There are two other important points where the two classes of college girls radically differ. More than three-quarters of the Nuns favor the movement for woman's emancipation, and it should be noted that no studies were made in frankly pro-suffrage institutions, while fewer than one-half of the Co-eds declared for the movement.

Three-Quarters of the College Girls Look Forward to Marriage

Much the same ratio holds for the optimists about marriage. Slightly more than one-half of the Co-eds believe, from their own observation, that more marriages turn out happily than unhappily, while four-fifths of the Nuns hold this comforting and reassuring doctrine. As girls are apt to generalize from the few cases nearest at hand, these beliefs may possibly throw some light on the conditions of their home environment.

But let us put aside these glaring contrasts with their inevitable confusion and try to see the Nun

and the Co-ed fused into The College Girl.

How has college affected her attitude toward life? Most of all it has broadened her. “College makes a girl far more impartial,” said an Eastern girl. “She thinks of more things, more generalities, understands men, and girls, too, far better; has, in short, more poise.” A California girl, with the radiant enthusiasm of youth, called college “a huge telescope pointed at the world.”

Next in order, college “makes life fuller,” it “broadens you morally.” (“I used to be very narrow about people—a regular Puritan,” confesses a Southerner. “Now I can't seem to blame any one for anything, because no one can possibly understand another's temptations.”)

Further, college “gives you more sympathy” and “a standard by which to judge men;” “makes life more serious,” “humbles you.” “It makes you take more notice of human nature. You see things you never saw in high school—how small you are, for instance.” “College gives you presence of mind,” “makes you more impersonal,” “more individualistic,” “makes your life-work seem more important,” “makes you fitter to help your future husband,” “unfits you for a quiet life.” Last of all, it “makes you more domestic,” “slower in judgment,” “develops your sense of humor.”

[Continued on page 687]



She desires a large family



SCANLAN, crouched in a velvety patch of shadow near the deck windlass, flung a comment into the silence of the tropical night.

"That was a mighty narrow escape I had to-day," he said.

The admission was made in a peculiar manner. The voice was sullen. It seemed as if the sensitive Scanlan had forced the confession from the dæredevil Scanlan who flung a glove at destiny each minute of his waking hours.

The trepang-scented ocean gurgled around the pearling lugger. The chant of the Klings and Orang-Laut rose from the fo'c's'le, echoing curiously about the boat as if afraid to rush out into the silence that had rolled across the Arafura like an invisible strata. A big scared-looking moon hurried away from a pack of fat clouds that chased her up over Timor.

Griswold put a question. "You have n't anyone belonging to you, have you? I mean anyone that would have been upset to hear of your death?"

"No, I have n't." Scanlan's voice had softened. "That's why I did n't care," he continued. "I just kept swimming on for pure cussedness." After a minute, evidently seized with the thought that his words might be taken as cheap bravado, he added: "You know a man is careless when there is no one dependent on him."

A grunt of understanding came from the glowing pipe-eye that marked Griswold's position near the rail. To the rest of us the broken conversation brought back the picture of Scanlan tossed like a feather on the current that swirled madly between the Spikes of Hell. It had been a narrow escape. A naked Dyak had cheated death by the fraction of a second.

Silence followed the grunt—a choking silence that made one crave for noise and yet feel afraid of the shock of sounds upon tense membranes.

Griswold spoke again. "I know how a lonely man feels," he said quietly. "He can't fight with death—Well, he can't fight like others. I'll tell you a story."

Mayburn gave a sigh of relief. He craved the sound of voices to break the mystery of the night.

"Four of us got ready for a trip to New Guinea in '96," continued Griswold. "Four men like Scanlan, who made their fights just through cussedness. The gold fever gripped Queensland then, and big stories of gold came out of Papua. One man out of every twenty got the gold and came back; the other nineteen got malarial fever and stayed there forever. That's the kind of average that tempts the man who has no one to think of."

"Three days before we sailed from Brisbane we met Kennalon. Hepworth had known him way back in Los Angeles, and like a fool, he told the youngster all about the expedition. It took the boy's fancy. It was like talking to a wall to argue with him. He wanted to come, and just because he was a countryman right out there on the rim of the earth, Hepworth and Ferguson voted to let him come in."

"The morning we boarded a bull-snouted brig whose captain agreed to drop us at the mouth of the Purari delta, we found that a girl had come down to see Kennalon off. We tried to stop him mighty hard then. The ordinary girl that comes down to the waterside to see a man off on an expedition always upsets me, but the one that came down to that dirty dock in South Brisbane was n't an ordinary girl. Don't get thinking that. She was a queen woman with a soul looking out of her big amber eyes that made us feel like murderers when the boy introduced us."

"Ferguson took the youngster aside and bullied him. 'Don't go, you fool,' he said. 'Stay here with her. Why, you idiot, ninety per cent. of the crowd that are going never come back.'

"But the kid's plans were all parceled up. 'I'm going,' he snapped. 'And I'm coming back. She'll bring me back.' He ran his lower jaw out like a car-fender when he spoke, and Ferguson gave up arguing."

"All of us, except the boy, were lonely men. We had n't a soul that we cared for or a soul that cared for us. Every place was the same to us. We turned our backs on a town and never thought of it again because there were no threads to bind us to the place. God help the lonely men!"

The chant of the Maylays grew softer. Occasionally a thin, whistling shriek would go up and flick the silence like a whip. The heavy night exhumed memories that were painful.

"It was different that day we dropped down Moreton Bay," said Griswold, resuming the narrative. "The four of us derelicts felt it so. There seemed to be a thread connecting the dirty boat with the town we had left, and the thread came to the boy who was standing in the stern all by himself. It was mighty curious for us to have the feeling. We had n't been tied up like that for years and years, so that the sensation was mighty strange. Seemed to me

as if there was a real thread there. You know, I thought I could see it. We'd forget a place the day we left it, but Brisbane—well, I guess I can't explain it so that you'd understand."

"I understand," grunted Belnard. 'Brute' Belnard they called him at every getting-off place between Penang and Papeete, but the way he shot those two words into the night made us think. It looked as if he was n't all brute."

Griswold was evidently relieved at finding that he was understood. His voice took on a confident note. I suppose he reasoned it out that we understood the "thread" explanation when it was so plain to Belnard.

"That feeling got stronger as we butted into the oily waters up near the Great Barrier," he said. "The boy was tied up to some one in Brisbane, and the boy was none of us. She'd wait till he came back, looking up into the North with those big, amber eyes of hers, and it made us think about how we'd get back. We started to examine the odds that were stacked up against us, and we had n't done that much before. On other trips we'd rustle along through pure cussedness like Scanlan did to-day. These new feelings made Ferguson curse."

"I told him to stay with her, the darned fool!" he used to growl. "What did he want to come for? Good Lord! If I had a woman like that to cry about me, d'ye think I'd come to this fever-smitten spot?"

"Papua is the devil's land. It's dead—you can feel it and smell it the moment you get in its shadow. No, it is n't dead! It's alive! That's how we felt it! It's alive! It has a personality of its own that frightens white men away from the boundaries. Every step you take you feel as if you're uncovering something that should n't be uncovered."

"You're near it there," interrupted Mayburn. "I was at Kerema, the Government station on the Gulf in '99, and the place gave me the same sort of feeling that a chap has unrolling mummies."

A chuckle came from Griswold; he appreciated the comparison. "It's queer country that makes you keep on turning your head when you don't hear a sound," he continued. "Papua's like that. It got too old before white men clinched with it and now it's mighty hard to tame. Did you ever notice the breed of plants that live in places where civilized men don't go? You ask the traders at the Carolines. Green, sweaty, poisonous-looking things—they shift back into the jungle when a white man settles down for keeps. Papua has that breed of vegetation, and that's what makes the place so lonely. It's the loneliest spot

The Thread

(A STORY)

by James Francis Dwyer

Illustrations by WILSON C. DEXTER

on earth. I've been all over the Rockies, but I never felt lonely—not really lonely. Places like Ponape, the north coast of Borneo, and Papua—well, they make you long for spots where God throws down the snow. After living in the tropics you come to the opinion that snow is a purifier, don't you think so? The countries that have a white winter are generally wholesome countries. They're clean.

"We got up the Fly River in a boat; the brig made straight for Port Moresby. The captain was going to call at the delta on his way back. If we were there he'd take us aboard—if we were not there he'd agree not to worry. It was a careless way of doing things in a quarter like Papua, but where there's gold lying around loose, a man does not map out his retreat too carefully. That was all we could do then, anyhow. We had that part planned before we saw the girl with the amber eyes, and before our imaginations manufactured that thread that tied us up with Brisbane.

"The four of us old men thought pretty often of the girl in the weeks that followed. The boy thought of her always. We could see that. Our camp was right at the foot of Mount Alexandria, and he'd mop up space with a day-dream. Those infernal forests of massoi and ebony and ironwood weren't there at all; neither was the Gulf nor the oil-smeared waters of the coral sea. She was near him—a presence. It might be funny explaining all—"

Belnard snarled angrily. "It is n't!" he snapped. The snarl made one think of an animal being robbed of its food.

"Then one night," continued Griswold, ignoring the interruption, "the Kukukukus, the little fuzzy-headed cannibals of the Gulf country, took a hand. They sneaked out of the jungle like phantoms, and we had n't much interest in life after they finished clubbing us. I don't know whether we fought much—perhaps we did; anyhow it didn't count. They trussed us up, half unconscious as we were, and they started to drag us inland as fast as they could travel. We felt the strain on that thread mighty hard then. Brisbane seemed seven million miles away from us. I don't know how far it was from the boy. He lay with his eyes shut half the time. Ferguson and Reilly raved in a sort of delirium. Those naked devils of niggers, with their bracelets made out of the notches of human spinal columns, would make any one rave. The banana fibers cut into our arms and legs, and we left a trail of blood behind that a blind man could follow.

"I counted five days, then I forgot everything. I guess I became unconscious. When I came to my senses I found myself in one of those big dubu houses where the Kukukukus hold their cannibal feasts. I was naked—not a stitch of clothing on me, and I was tied hand and foot, while a leg rope fixed to a pole that supported the roof, made it impossible for me to roll very far.

"I remember going off in a swoon and waking up again. A little light from the moon came in through the cracks in the nipa-palm roof then and I saw something white wriggling round on the greasy floor. When I looked at it for a long time I knew it was a man. After another long stare I knew it was Kennalon.

"He rolled himself over to the edge of the platform on which we were lying, then he wriggled over the edge and disappeared. He did n't quite disappear. His ankles were tied to the same post that I was tied to, and when he rolled off the platform the cord tightened. See? It let his bare feet show a little above the edge, and I lay there half stupefied and stared at them. It seemed as if they were there an age. Then the

cord snapped and I heard Kennalon go flop into the darkness. Somebody just near me whispered: 'He's got his foot loose, but I guess he's broken his neck.' It was Hepworth that whispered. He was trussed up the same as I was, and he had been watching the bare feet too.

"We waited an awful long time in that greasy, stinking hole, dozing off at times from weakness and waking up at times to wonder if the boy had broken his neck. I remember wondering what the girl with the big, pure eyes would say if he had. I kept saying over and over again, 'It's our fault. It's our fault. It's our fault.' But when I had said it about five thousand times I heard Hepworth give a little gurgle, and I looked at the edge of the platform. Two white hands had come up out of the darkness and gripped the rough planks, and the next instant the boy's head appeared. I thought at first that it was his ghost, but when he started to saw at my bandages with a blunt parong I knew he was real. He cut Hepworth and Ferguson and Reilly loose, and after we had rubbed our legs to restore circulation, we crawled after him to the door of that infernal death-house. The cussedness that

Scanlon tells about did n't prompt us to roll over the edge of that platform and hang there for a couple of hours to break the rope that tied our legs to the post. Not it! It was the memory of the queen woman that made the youngster do that!

"Kennalon choked one of the undersized devils that were guarding the entrance; Reilly brained the other with a club. We were in the open then. The jungle just heaved around us like a big sprawling animal and we made a rush for it. 'Hold on,' said the youngster, 'wait for me.' He dived back into the dubu house and we crouched in a clump of nutmeg, wondering what he had gone back for. 'I know,' said Reilly, 'he's after our shoes. He's a great boy. He knows I can't run without my shoes.'

"But Kennalon brought no shoes back. He brought nothing, so far as we could see, and he did n't give us any explanation when we rushed after him into the packed trees. He just cut out a pace that was terrific, and we followed him without asking any questions. We ran all through the night. When the sun rolled up out of Micronesia we sat down to pick thorns out of our feet. We had gathered up a few score of them. 'I thought you went back after our shoes last night,' said Reilly. Kennalon looked at him. 'Did you?' he said. 'Yes, I did,' stammered Reilly; 'I told them all that it was the shoes you were after.' The boy smiled. 'You were wrong,' he said quietly. 'Come on, we must be footing it again.'

"All that day we fought our way through the wilderness, the boy leading, the rest of us following at his heels. It was hell. The place made us afraid. It's a fact. There were great green pods on a ground creeper that burst under our feet with a noise that resembled a groan of pain; there were orchids with heliotrope flowers that looked like human eyes, and the slimy vines that hung out of the ebony trees like swaying snakes hooked their thorns in our naked flesh as we raced by them. And the trees! Way back in the Never Never country in Australia the shepherds talk to trees. I don't wonder if they're like the trees we struck. You felt inclined to talk to them. Do you know why? Just to beg their pardon for being there. They stared at us—massoi and ebony, wild nutmeg, canary-wood, and pandanus—stared like humans, and we raced by them, trying not to make a noise as we ran."

Griswold paused for a moment, pulling vigorously at his pipe till the red eye shone viciously. The smell of Asia came down on a breath of wind from the north.

"I remember when I was a kiddy up on Lake Kezar in Maine," he continued, "I always wanted to read about tropic seas and palm trees and beaches of gold. Funny, that craving is in the kids of a cold country. I know what the tropics mean now. Snakes grow too long there, plants and trees grow too human. Those trees that watched us, and the fungus that looked like leprosy fingers, and the flabby, sweaty leaves

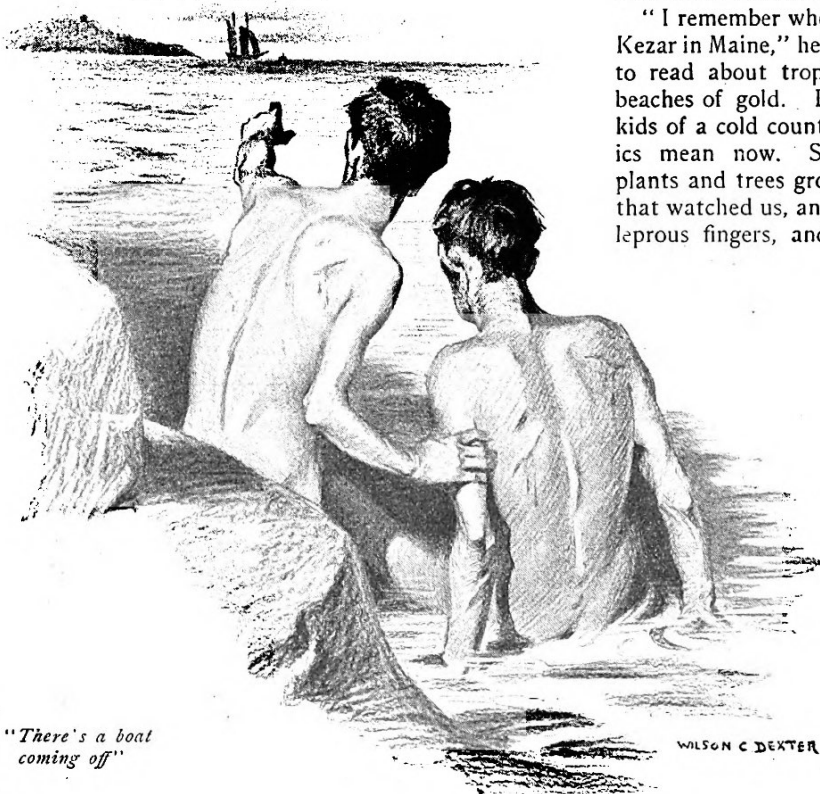
that felt unclean, made us afraid. The place seemed indecent. That day I wondered why we let the boy break trail—I guess we all wondered. It was hard work on him. I found the answer in Hepworth's eyes. I suppose he found his answer in mine. We were scared—plumb scared. Wild animals could n't have frightened us. No, sir! An old bear wouldn't have stamped us; not a bit. But bears don't live in Papua. Bears seem to like the healthy country, too. Papua breeds snakes, trees and

things that look as if they were alive, and a silence that trickles down your back and puts your marrow in cold storage.

"That afternoon Kennalon stumbled and something flew out of his hand into a clump of spiked grass. I wondered what it was and helped him look for it. I found it after a while; then I knew what that boy had gone back into the dubu house for. It was a locket holding a photo of the girl with the big, amber eyes, and he snapped it out of my hand as if I had no right to touch it.

"We slept a little that night, all of us huddled up together. At day-break Kennalon stirred us up and we went on again, running where we could run, walking in spots, crawling on our hands and knees where the vines and creepers and cactus had plaited themselves together so that they could flay us alive as we wriggled through. There was n't an inch of our bodies that was n't cut. The whiplike creepers slashed us across the face and blinded us. Our feet were nearly raw. The boy was still leading. Somebody asked him if he was sure of the track, and he

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"There's a boat coming off"

WILSON C. DEXTER

The Tenderfoot Goes Alligator Hunting

A Ducking, an Alligator, and a
Sheriff Who Stayed to Dinner

by Harris Dickson

Author of "The Negro's Idea of Marriage," "Double-Crossing the Bar," etc.

Illustrations by CHARLES SARKA

THE swamp flourished in full leaf, but a tingling wind coursed along the river. Saville took up his clothes and a towel, slipped on his shoes and picked his way through the mud down to the shanty-boat. Old man Sim watched him in disgust. "Got to dress in the boat. Scared he'll ketch cold."

The round-faced Dutchman, with the rotunda in front, glued his eyes to Saville's pajamas and patted his dog: "Dey vont hurt little Vilhelmina."

Dave remarked off-handedly: "I've seen a lot o' them things; used to be a New Orleans dude traveled on my boat, an' his'n was blue. All the swell city folks has 'em."

"Vimmen?" inquired Dutch.

"Of course, women—ain't you seen 'em on the show-bills, pasted all over Vicksburg?"

"Possible so," observed Dutch, pouring a deluge of coffee into his tin cup.

Old man Sim sat in the dirt beside the camp-fire. "'Pears to me like city folks wastes a heap o' time puttin' on clothes an' takin' 'em off ag'in. I kin sleep jes as good in my breeches as he kin in them pink pants. What's that? That fool is fell in the river."

Everybody heard Saville yell and heard a splash at the stern of the shanty-boat—then everybody ran. Dave and the Rat kicked off their shoes, undressing as they went. "Tole you so; greenhorns is a lot o' worry—either shootin' somebody or you're fishin' 'em out o' the river."

They dashed through the shanty-boat and from her stern they saw Saville's head rising above the water. Both men plunged in as Saville rose.

"Keep cool; don't kick. We'll git you out."

Saville came up like a cork and with one long stroke sent a sheet of water into their mouths. "Now don't get strangled," he laughed. Then he ducked them, tousled them, dived under them, swam around them. "This is bully!"

Half choked, Dave and the Rat struggled back to the boat and climbed aboard, dripping and shivering.

"Vot ails dot feller?" inquired Dutch.

"Crazy in the head," snorted Dave.

Saville sported about like a playful seal, his firm white body glistening in the sun.

"Here, you fellows, get off my paper. I spread it there so I can get out clean. Don't knock my towels in the river."

"I tought dese city fellers vas all sissy," remarked Dutch, his teeth chattering.

Saville swam toward them like a steam tug. "Bear a hand, boys."

Dutch and Dave lifted him clear of the mud; he stood on the paper

bath-mat and rubbed until his skin glowed like that of a pink baby. "Now for breakfast. I can eat a cow."

"I say, Dutch," remarked old man Sim as they climbed the bank together, "how come he fell in?"

"He say he did n't fell in—he jes' vent in. Possible so."

Sim shivered at the thought. "Takes a lot o' different kinds o' liars to make a city, don't it?"

After breakfast Dutch led Saville mysteriously aside. "I say, Savvy, you's a good feller—you's game; I likes you."

Saville flushed and smiled at the big Dutchman's sincerity.

"I got a scheme vat makes 'em forget dot shirt-tail foolishness. Ve ketch von big alligator—you an' me. Alligators is more worse dan bears."

"Not that big one in the Green Water?"

"Possible so." Dutch winked profoundly. "Vilhelmina, she ketch 'im. Dot is her bizness."

Saville glanced at the scrap of a dog that cringed beside her master and shook his head. "I don't see how."

Dutch drew him deeper into the woods and explained at length. "Dot vas in Florida my bizness. I ketch much alligators."

Saville grew enthusiastic. "Good. I'd give a thousand dollars for that big fellow."

"Dot much he vont cost," said the matter-of-fact Dutchman. "Mebbe about three dollars to dig de pit for some niggers; I shows 'em. Ve don't let dese fellers know somedings until ve gits 'im already; den ve laugh ha! ha!"

Three mornings in succession Dutch disappeared with his shotgun to hunt squirrels and the shivering Vilhelmina sneaked at his heels. They stayed all day and never brought back a squirrel. On the fourth morning Simon had located another bear, but Saville went off with Dutch. "Keep your eye on him, Simon; we'll go after him to-morrow." The extra ten did not remove Simon's disgust.

Dutch had a pretty clear trail through the forest, across the dried-out swamp amongst the cypress-knees, skirting the far end of Green Water and coming back to the lake on the other side. As they rounded the end of Green Water, Dutch pointed along its scummy surface, "Dere is de log vot dot bear come across—he run dot vay; ve run dis vay."

"Yes, we ran different ways." Saville remembered that.

Some distance beyond the lake four negroes were waiting. "Good mornin' Mr. Dutch," said Black Henry. "You spec we'll git 'im to-day? He come out yistiddy."

"Ve git 'im all right enough." Dutch began laying out his ropes and tackle, making slip-knots and complicated nooses. Saville helped like a meddlesome boy and asked questions; "Jee—rusalem!" exclaimed Dutch. "Vonce dere vas a census man comes to my boat, by yiminy. He haf no guriosity. Come, I show you." Dutch caught Saville's arm and led him down to the lake. "See dot?" "Dot" was a path—a slippery, muddy path which climbed the bank from the Green Water to a sunny knoll, and stopped. In the center it was as slick and regular as if a mason had trowelled it down. But on either side were footprints, clawprints, gashes in the mud—such a trail as might have been made by a traction engine dragging logs out of the lake. The trail—whatever it might be—led from nowhere to nowhere else.

Dutch kept his mouth shut and let Saville puzzle over the conundrum.

"Give it up, Dutch. What is the answer?"

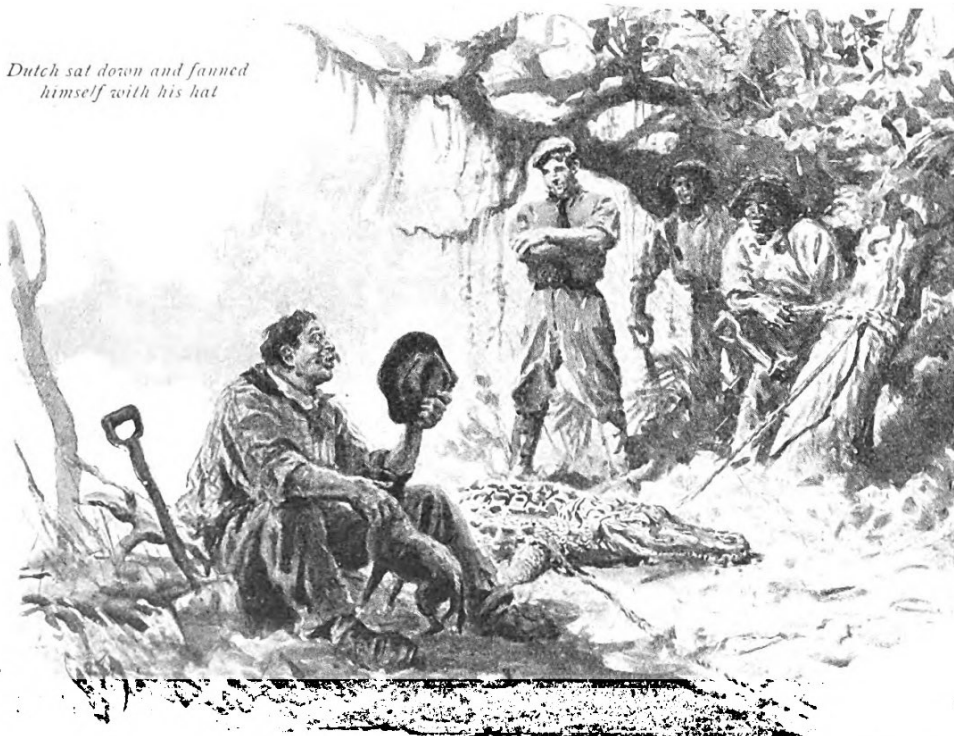
"Der answer, you have not seen it already."

Dutch pointed to a place where the trail seemed to pass some scattered leaves and brush. Dutch pulled aside a branch. "Look dere." Saville saw a deep pit, cunningly concealed. "Dot is vere Mister Alligator gits in it his foot."

Saville began to understand. The clawprints on the side were where the alligator drew himself along, and the slick place in the middle was made by dragging himself over the mud.

"This is where he comes out to sun himself. O, I see."

Dutch sat down and fanned himself with his hat



"Yah, ef you stands sidevays you kin see droo a vire vence. Possible so."

Saville propounded more questions. "How are you going to put him in that hole?"

"You must trow 'im by his tail in; I likes to see you try dot. Vilhelmina is got much alligator in a hole already."

"How does she do it?"

"Vilhelmina, come show der gentermans." He coaxed his whimpering cur to the edge of the lake where the track entered the water. Then he stepped back. Vilhelmina took her position and began to whine. Dutch lifted his finger. "Sh! Not so loud." The animal made no more noise, but backed away from the lake very slowly, following the path until she crossed the pit. Then she stopped on the far side, crouching and whining.

"Dot alligator dinks he git fer dinner a nice juicy dog; an' he gits in de ditch."

Dutch spent the morning arranging his knots and nooses, spreading them like the web of a huge spider. When the sun got hot he rose. "Come, Vilhelmina."

Clear white sunshine blazed upon the Green Water; gray moss drooped motionless from the cypress; trout rose and struck; the widening ripples died away. Dutch led Vilhelmina and Saville to the lake and posted the dog. Vilhelmina's habitual attitude had been one of abject apology to the world for living in it—ingratiating humility—tail permanently tucked between her legs. Now she straightened herself. Her tail stuck out like a jibboom; she braced herself on four positive legs and began to bark. Dutch stooped and petted her. "Dot is all," he said to Saville.

When they had gone and she seemed the only mite of life in all that solitude, Vilhelmina began to howl at intervals—long wails of loneliness. Dutch laughed at Saville for pitying her.

"She is skeered nix—she makes brentences like dose actor-man vat cry on der stage."

"Now, what can we do?"

"Ve do nuddings a whole lot—maybe ten minutes—maybe ten years—possible so."

It was neither ten minutes nor ten years. Presently Dutch detected a different note in Vilhelmina's voice. "Sh! Sh! Mina sees somedings. It is der alligator."

Saville sprang up. "Where? Where?" Dutch grabbed his belt and pulled him back again: "Keep quiet; ef you makes music on der brass band, dot alligator he come out of der vater nix."

Saville could not sit still nor stand still while that barking and yelping went on; yet he was sure the dog remained in one place as if she were tied. After three or four jerky yaps the dog's voice took on a quavering tremolo. Dutch knocked the fire from his pipe. "Now, I belief he comes out of der vater. Yah! Yah! it is so, he follows der bank up."

Saville pawed the earth like a nervous horse. Dutch grasped him by the wrist. "Ve vill not run away, both; it is no bear."

The dog continued to whine: Dutch listened critically. "Bime-by dot hole he tumble in."

A rustle of leaves; a crackle of brushwood; crash! More noise than a bear in a canebrake. The dog barked triumphantly. Dutch waddled out from behind his tree. "Der ropes; hurry boys up."

Saville and the negroes ran like mad, the white man well in advance, the negroes eager, but not forgetting their superstitious awe. Dutch trundled on with his slip-knots over his arm, hurrying with corpulent dignity. "Dere is no need of rush. Dot alligator in dot hole stays."

Dust was flying as from the crater of a volcano. Vilhelmina frisked around barking hysterically; then she sat down at a safe distance and waited for the men to do their share of the work. After Saville had stood for some seconds looking down upon the alligator, one of the negroes crept up and gloated over his ancient enemy.

"He is der great-grand-daddy of der fambly," exclaimed Dutch.

"I tole you so," remarked Black Henry. "I knowed dat ole he-alligator stayed in dis lake. Dar he. Ain't you ugly? You ole squint-eyed freckled face!"

Dutch proceeded systematically, as if he were giving orders to move a house. He selected four trees at the corners of a square and passed a rope around each one, with a stout negro at the end. "Now, Savvy, dese slip-knots you vill put around his legs."

Saville was so excited that he never could remember how this part of the trick was turned. Dutch managed to lasso each of the alligator's legs and pulled the rope tight. "Now ve got 'im; make fast, boys."

Each negro pulled his own rope taut and tied it around the tree. With holy dread they made these knots secure.

"Fill vid dirt der hole up."

As the dirt was thrown in, the alligator scuffed on top of it, and a few minutes work brought him to a level.

"Now Dutch," said Saville, "what are we going to do with him?"

The sheriff looked into it and turned incredulously



"I joost bring him up so you can see him alive. He makes fine leather already. Dot alligator hide is vorth more dan maybe six bears." Dutch eyed him professionally. "He is more longer a foot dan dot biggest one what dot professor got in Florida. He say dot vas de biggest one yet ever."

"You are not going to kill him?"

"Sure. Alligators is no lap-dog. Ve skin 'im."

"Can't we take him out alive?"

"You dink he's Mary's little lamb und you lead 'im out? Build a railroad, maybe—or der flying masheen."

Saville had an idea—a big, brand-new, sizzling inspiration. Already he could see on this alligator's tank in the museum, "Captured by Richard Edrington Saville." A girl he knew would turn pale and clutch his arm.

"See here, Dutch, could n't we haul him out on a wagon?"

"Git forty oxen, cut der road, make bridges already—possible so."

"Hold up just a minute, Dutch, and talk sense. You say this specimen is a foot longer than the biggest you ever saw?"

"Sure; maybe more as dot."

"Very well; I'll present him to the museum—and he's going there in good health."

Dutch sat down and fanned himself with his hat. "Den ve stays here all der summer."

"And part of the winter." Saville spoke rapidly, earnestly. "Can't we put him in a big box, get a heavy wagon, plenty of oxen and cut a road to the river? I'm willing to pay these men—"

"Sure, you can do anything if you got der mazuma."

Their transportation problem simmered down to main strength and awkwardness—enough oxen, a strong wagon and plenty of negroes to cut a road to the river. "Den ve build a live box und float him down to Vicksburg—possible so."

"Bully!" Saville walked over and stood with folded arms beside the huge lizard. Dutch smiled at his theatrical pose. "Now, hold dot bleasant expression."

"Bully! Bully!" Saville shouted.

"We'll have our pictures taken. Where is the nearest photographer?"

Dutch let all the stiffening out of his backbone and flopped down in a mushy heap. "Here is vere bizness picks up in dis swamp."

Business did pick up. Saville turned that swamp upside down, wrongside out, and kept it moving. Black Henry went grinning off to a lumber camp to borrow, buy or steal a log wagon. His orders were to get it. Two other negroes hurried away for oxen and more negroes, lumber, nails and carpenters. "Hold

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Change the Thought Change the Man

by Orison Swett Marden

YEARS ago, Central Park and other parts of upper New York City were made very unsightly by "squatters," people who camped on vacant lands and built all kinds of unbeautiful shanties on them. They made a great deal of trouble for the real owners of the land, especially those who resided abroad, because, after a protracted occupation, they would often dispute the ownership.

Many people are troubled with mental squatters, such as prejudice, bigotry, superstition and all kinds of little peculiarities that seem harmless at first but which gradually become so entrenched in their lives that it is very difficult to dispossess them.

One of the hardest lessons we have to learn is that we build our bodies by our thoughts; that they are discordant or harmonious, diseased or healthy, in accordance with our habitual thought and the thought of those who preceded us. There are those who, having learned this lesson, have had their countenances so altered in a single year by persistent right-thinking that one would scarcely know them. They have changed faces that were lined with doubt, disfigured with fear and anxiety and scarred by worry or vice, to reflectors of hope, cheer and joy.

Saint Paul was scientific when he said: "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds;" that is, the changing, ennobling, purifying, refreshing of one's thoughts.

Growth everywhere neutralizes decay. So long as we keep growing, *renewing* the mind, constantly reaching out for the new and progressive, the retrograding, disintegrating, aging, deteriorating processes can not be operative.

There is a law of perpetual renewal, a re-creation constantly going on in us which is only interfered with by our adverse thought and discordant mental attitude.

The majority of us have had startling experiences of sudden mind renewal which have come unexpectedly and which have driven away the clouds from our minds, let in the sunshine of joy and happiness, and changed, at least for the time, our whole outlook upon life. When we have been discouraged and everything looked dark, some good fortune has perhaps come to us suddenly, or some jovial, congenial friend whom we have not seen for a long time has called upon us, or we have taken a trip into the country and all our mental hurts have been healed by the new balm of suggestion. Sometimes, perhaps, when traveling we have come across a bit of entrancing scenery or some beautiful work of art about which we have read and have long wanted to see, and this stronger affection and interest—the marvelous suggestion of beauty, grandeur and sublimity—has temporarily completely antidoted the worry thoughts or fear thoughts which a little before were destroying our happiness.

Many people have the idea that the brain is not susceptible of any very great change; that its limits are fixed by the destiny of heredity, and that about all we can do is to give it a little polish and culture.

There are plenty of examples, however, of individuals who have completely revolutionized portions of their brains, and have made strong faculties of those which were weak at birth or deficient from lack of exercise. There are many instances where certain mental faculties were almost entirely lacking, and yet have been built up so that they have powerfully buttressed the whole character.

Take courage, for instance. Many good and very successful people were once so completely devoid of this quality that the lack threatened to wreck their whole future. But by the help of intelligent training by parents and teachers they have developed it until it became strong.

This has been done by the cultivation of self-confidence, by holding the constant suggestion of courage in the young mind, by the contemplation of brave and heroic deeds, the reading of the life stories and works of great heroes, by the suggestion that fear is a negative quality—the mere absence of the natural quality of courage which is every man's birthright—and by the constant effort to perform courageous deeds.

The brain is very adaptable. Each vocation makes a different call upon it and develops faculties and qualities peculiar to itself, so that as the various professions, trades and specialties multiply, the brain takes on new adaptive qualities, thus giving greater variety and strength to civilization as a mass.

When the world was young the brain of man was very primitive, be-

cause the demand upon it was largely for self-protection and the acquisition of food, which called only for the development of its lower, its animal part. As civilization advanced, however, there was a higher call upon the brain and a more varied development until to-day, in the highest civilization, it has become exceedingly complex.

Every new demand of civilization makes a new call upon the brain, and just as the physique of animals and men has been modified to meet varying

physical conditions of climate and of maintenance, it develops faculties and powers to meet these fresh calls of a more complex life.

The brain is modified by its condition of activity, the motives which actuate it and the conditions which the individual has to meet. The brain of the man who leads a strenuous life in a great city is very different from that evolved by a quiet life on a farm. The great multiplicity of suggestions constantly held in the mind in city life tend to a more diverse development of brain power. The city man thinks quicker, his movements are quicker, his perceptions are sharper because of the complexity and urgency of the demands upon him, so that he is really a different sort of man.

Then, again, the demands of each vocation call out different brain qualities and develop entirely different brain characteristics. The clergyman, for instance, whose mind for years is centered upon spiritual things, develops very different brain characteristics from the lawyer, the merchant or the architect.

It is easy to distinguish between a man whose life has been spent in intellectual pursuits and one whose life has been spent in dealing in merchandise. Distinct faculties are developed and strengthened in the trader, such as sagacity, foresight, shrewdness and the ability to systematize. Leadership calls out and often enormously develops certain faculties, such as initiative, the ability to use and control others, knowledge of human nature, and penetration.

An ambition-arousing environment is a powerful influence in modifying brain development, and the cultivation of ambition itself is a good illustration of the power of suggestion. A boy born and reared in a sparsely settled portion of the country may have great natural ability in a particular line, but, not coming in contact with the right stimulus to arouse his individual ambition, may never develop the power to do the greatest thing possible to him. On the other hand, if he should go to the city and get into an ambition-arousing atmosphere, his whole brain structure might be very materially modified.

How often we see examples of this sudden change in college men, especially those who have come from the country. The attrition of brain with brain, the contagion of ambition, the coming in contact with ambition-arousing personalities, often give the youth a glimpse of power which he never before realized he possessed, and thus alter his whole career.

We are just beginning to learn something of brain development possibilities; to discover something of the secret of brain-changing and of character-building which will some time revolutionize our methods of education.

Teachers and parents in the future will be trained in brain study. The coming teacher will learn how to develop and strengthen deficient faculties by systematic brain-cell building; in developing brain cells which preside over certain faculties.

The science of brain-building will teach us how to prevent and how to eliminate idiosyncrasies and peculiarities and how to strengthen weaknesses which now handicap so many of us. We shall learn that *symmetrical* brain development is what gives power, and that the development of some particular faculty or faculties—while others, which are perhaps equally as important, are allowed to atrophy and shrivel from disuse—is not scientific education, and that this one-sided development is a curse to our civilization and a menace to sanity.

We not only can strengthen mental weaknesses and deficiencies, but it is perfectly possible to increase the general ability through the power of suggestion. Indeed, the susceptibility of all the mental faculties to improvement, to enlargement, is something remarkable.

Sometimes very strong faculties are latent until especially aroused. There are many people who pass for cowards; who are humiliated because

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What is the Matter with Our High Schools?

by Benjamin C. Gruenberg

Chairman of the Biology Department of the Commercial High School, New York

IN TWO generations great changes have come about in our schooling. One of the most remarkable and significant features of the advance is the great increase in the proportion as well as in the number of high school pupils. For two generations the public school enrolment per capita of population has remained practically stationary;* nevertheless the enrolment in public high schools has increased in twenty years (from 1889 to 1908) from thirty-six per ten thousand of population to ninety-eight per ten thousand—a relative growth of more than one hundred and seventy-two per cent. Everywhere our high schools are overcrowded and everywhere new high schools are being built. Yet no part of the public school system has been subjected of late to such severe criticism, both from its friends and from its foes, both from critics within and from critics without the system.

Our High School System Is Not an Unqualified Success

Pupils leave the high schools at the end of the first term and at the end of the first year in disheartening numbers. The business man complains that the high school product is as inefficient for his purposes as the child who had not received the additional schooling. The reformer complains that it is the citizen with education above the average who corrupts the voter and bribes officials. The parent finds that his child with the additional training must begin as near the bottom of the proverbial ladder as the children of his poorer neighbors who had less schooling. Or he finds that his educated son is out of sympathy with his struggles and outlook upon life. The children who have had the additional schooling feel above beginning so near the bottom, and many of them never do begin; or they are dazed to find themselves not at all superior to those upon whom they had learned to look down. Teachers complain that the pupils lack seriousness and application; the pupils, could they formulate their feelings, would rejoin that they do not see the use of it all.

Instead of our high schools serving uniformly to make our boys and girls better citizens, more cultured men and women, more efficient workers and happier human beings, the results have often been quite the opposite. We find countless high school graduates who turn their talents against their city or State; who think they know it all and make no intellectual progress whatever; who shun work and service and despise the workers of the world; who break their hearts in the successful pursuit of things not worth while, or in vain efforts after a life to which they are in no way adapted.

To be sure, there are undesirable citizens, lazy and dishonest and unhappy men and women among those who have had but very little education. But the point is that the high schools have failed in too many cases to do what was expected of them. At least, a very important share of the criticism directed against the high schools is well-founded. What is the matter with our high schools?

In order to understand clearly the shortcomings of our high schools and the reasons for them it is necessary to answer two questions. First, what has the public been expecting of the high schools? And, second, what have the high schools been expecting of themselves?

What Has the Public Expected of the High Schools?

The public that pays the taxes and sends its children to the schools does not philosophize. It feels what it wants and follows its faith. One of the fundamental faiths of our democratic civilization has been the faith in education. Without analyzing the process or the results we have been confident that education is worth while, and as fast as we could accumulate the surplus wealth we have invested it in more schools and still more schools. And in doing this we have had in mind chiefly one set of standards of what is worth while; namely, the reduction of the hardships of life and an increase of "success."

Our public is made up of hard-working men and women; and to the toiler Heaven has always suggested a place of rest and leisure. Our public is made up of men and women who are not, to say the least, over-rich in this world's goods; and to such, Heaven has always appealed as a land of plenty and to spare. We have in constant view before this great public such men of comfort and relative leisure as the priest, the doctor and the lawyer; we also have in constant view before them such men of poverty and hardship as the ragpicker, the shovel-man and the scavenger. And the most obvious difference between the successful and the unsuccessful is the fact that the former is "educated" while the latter is not. The same difference is observed between the prosperous business man and his less prosperous employees. The reasoning is very simple: the employer is more educated than the employed; to remain uneducated is to remain in the ranks of the employed, the hard-working, the unsuccessful, the unprosperous; therefore, to become educated is to become prosperous, successful—perhaps even an employer; at any rate, to pass to that state in which it is not necessary to work so hard.

And every hard-working father and mother of the great public, reflecting upon the hardships of life and the handicaps he or she has had to overcome, or succumb to because of inadequate education, resolves that the children shall have better educational advantages. So year by year the public has given its sons and daughters a longer school term; and after they completed the seventh grade, it wanted the children to complete the eighth; and now, when they complete the eighth it wants them to go to high school—if it can possibly manage it.

In the mind of the great public the professional man does not have to work very hard.

And the comfort—not to say luxury—which he enjoys in addition to his leisure and his exemption from hard work is his, very obviously, by virtue of his education. But very often the advantage that one business man or industrial worker has over another may be traced to superiority of education. One must be smart at figures, and quick at reading and writing to get along these days; that is, one must be master of what the school offers. The next step is to assume that the more of the school's offerings one can master, the greater his chances of success in his competition with others. And to a certain extent this is true. The parent, naturally solicitous about the welfare of his children, is justified in spending more money and in making them spend more time upon this mystery called "education." But there is a point beyond which all this kind of education is absolutely worthless for the purpose which the parent has in mind.

The Demand for "Practical" Results

Higher mathematics, acquired in six or seven years, will not help the merchant in proportion to the time and effort that the study has taken when he is concerned with commercial transactions. Ten years devoted to the study of literature, ancient and modern, may have its compensations but it will not make a better mechanic or window trimmer. High school history will be of no assistance to any one in guessing whether the market is going up or down. The professional educator, the philosopher and the statesman will tell you that these things will make better men and women, wiser parents, more valuable citizens; that they will open up sources of enjoyment that are closed to the uncultured person. The professional educator and the philosopher and the statesman may be quite right, but the public paying the bills and making the sacrifices has in mind something quite different. The public has assumed that more schooling means more material prosperity, more money-making power for its sons and daughters, and has supported the high schools accordingly.

There is another point at which the aims of the public defeat themselves. While it may be true, as the countless business "colleges" and correspondence schools try to convince you, that a person with a little education has an advantage in a commercial way over a person with none; or that one with much education has advantages over those with little, it is evident that there are no individual advantages when all are given the same education. The only gain that may accrue from additional education that is given to all the children of the public must be some common gain to the public. There may be great improvement of the general level of public life but there can be no advantages for the individual at the expense of others or at the expense of the public. The mistake here has been that the public has been under the impression all this time that it was educating its children to compete more vigorously with one another—and more successfully! It never struck us as absurd that we should train our children to beat each other at a certain game. Of course, each individual parent thought that his own children were to get advantages over other people's children and he was quite willing to pay his share of the expense of the training. And he had no objec-

*This does not mean that the amount of education per individual has remained stationary during this period; there has really been a great gain. The apparent lack of improvement is due to the fact that the relative number of children (of school age) has steadily declined during the nineteenth century—there being now only about three-fourths as many children in proportion to the population as there were a hundred years ago. A stationary per capita school enrolment means, therefore, a relative increase in average schooling.

tion to the neighbor contributing also to the training of his children. But it never occurred to him that he was at the same time paying for the education of the neighbors' children, training them to be "successful" at the same game—whatever it might turn out to be. And now, if we find after many years of this sort of thing that our children have not the advantages that we expected they would have, we rub our eyes and wonder whether our calculations were wrong or whether the teachers are not as good as when we were young. In short, the public has expected the high school to give its children certain "practical" results; increased wage-earning or profit-taking power; and it has expected the high school to give its children advantages over their competitors who were also children of the public.

What Have the Schools Been Expecting of Themselves?

But are the schools to blame? Have they made promises they could not fulfil? What have the high schools attempted to do?

If we go back a little in the history of our school systems we shall find that the high school is a hybrid product. It embodies the response to the demands of the colleges on the one hand and of the indiscriminating public on the other. The colleges had a rather definite ideal of culture, and they had a definite work to perform in connection with preparing young men for professional and public service. Our earliest colleges borrowed from England their concepts of "culture" and "gentlemen" and they equipped themselves as best they could for manufacturing these products in this country. For those people who could afford to train their sons for the professions or for independent leisure the colleges were satisfactory. Since our democracy would exclude none from the highest callings and positions because of parentage or poverty, the more ambitious youths aimed at the colleges and created a demand for schools in which preparation for college could be obtained. Thus arose the academies.

Later, as the common schools became more firmly established, the ambitions of the public for its children created a demand for more schooling than the elementary schools afforded, as well as for the kind of schooling that was considered "higher" and, of course, the education that the professionally educated people selected was assumed to be the best. Neither the public nor the educators had yet learned that what was the best education for the minister or lawyer was not necessarily the best for the engineer or the banker. The high school served for those who planned to go to college and those who simply wanted more education without regard to the kinds of lives they would have to live later.

Here the public and the educators came together. The public wanted its children prepared for success; the educators recommended the high school as a preparatory school. The high school product was very successful in college and in after life. The public was invited to send its children to prepare for life—if not for four years, then for three, or for two, or at least one, to the "people's college." The children came but success does not come to all children.

As an outgrowth of the older academy and preparatory school, the chief business of the public high school was to prepare young men (and later young women also) for college, or to "finish" the education for life. To prepare for college it was necessary to teach certain subjects that the colleges demanded—a certain amount of Latin and Greek, some mathematics, some history, mostly ancient. Gradually English and other modern languages found a place in the course; modern history was reluctantly admitted, and the sciences broke into the colleges and later into the high schools in spite of the opposition and resistance of the conservative educators and academic traditions.

In carrying out the purpose of preparing for college the high schools necessarily adopted a method of instruction that did "prepare." That is, they followed a method which enabled the student to meet the requirements of the colleges—to pass examinations, which were considered adequate tests of the amount and of the character of the education received. One result was that the high schools acquired not only an excellent technique and considerable skill for that kind of teaching, but also the habit of thinking that that was the only kind of teaching required for education.

Preparing for College vs. Preparing for Life

Thousands of children were sent to the high school without any thought of ever going to college, simply to get more and more of whatever benefits more schooling might bring. What the assumption of the parents was we have already seen. The result was a very rapid increase in the high school population, made up in ever larger proportions of boys and girls who had neither the desire nor the ability—mental or economic—to continue their studies into college. But these children who never went to college—over ninety-five per cent. of all—have been given exactly the same treatment as those who were preparing for college. The assumption of the educators was, and with very many still is, that the best schooling for college preparation is also the best schooling for life. All the virtues were supposed to take possession of the youth who had mastered the grammar and history and mathematics. The mere fact of studying was supposed to make him industrious. The difficulty of the lessons was supposed to develop in him a capacity for overcoming difficulties. The arbitrary nature of much of the information was supposed to develop his memory. The practise in solving grammatical puzzles was supposed to develop his reasoning power.

Perhaps we may now see the reason for the dissatisfaction with the high schools. The public has expected that the schools would make its children more successful in the industrial and commercial struggles that nearly fill the lives of most adults in our civilization. The schools have not only failed to make each child superior to its classmates—since they have treated all alike—but they have even failed to prepare the children for the kinds of activities that these will have to take part in when they are grown up. On the other hand, the high schools, in perfectly good faith, have worked diligently and efficiently to give the children who came to them "culture and training" of the only kind they had—the kind, namely, that was demanded by college standards. But alas, most of these children never went to college and the culture and training they received were of very little use elsewhere. In the meanwhile, conditions of life have changed; we have changed very rapidly and very profoundly in our manner of producing our food and our clothing and our shelter, in our methods of communication and transportation and distribution, in our social customs and relations. The high school has not changed as rapidly as was necessary to fit it to the needs of the new age. We have continued an institution that was admirably adapted to its purposes years ago, in an attempt to accomplish something to which it was not at all adapted. In other words, we have outgrown our high school without noticing it. And naturally we are dissatisfied when we notice the misfit at last.

The Approaching Change in the High School Idea

It must be said, however, in all fairness, that many school officials and many teachers have always realized that constant readjustment is necessary. So far as the taxpayers on the outside and the reactionaries on the inside would permit, there have been introduced many really radical changes in the work of the high school. Physical training as a regular part of the high school

program is now all but universal. Drawing, both freehand and mechanical, is found in the high schools in all parts of the country. Music is making rapid headway. The sciences have been introduced in the leading schools, even where they can not be counted for credit toward admission to college. Over thirty years ago manual training was first introduced and it has now spread to every State; domestic science for girls will probably become established more rapidly. In several States the teaching of agriculture is coming to be a distinctive feature of many of the rural high schools.

But in addition to the introduction of all these and other new subjects, there is needed a fundamental change in the spirit of the high school. The methods of instruction are still very largely the methods of the preparatory school, or a dilution of the methods used in the college. The examination still hangs over the unlucky student and the unlucky teacher as a warning and a fright that dulls the spirit and impedes progress. The ideals that prevail are still dominantly the ideal of personal advantage on the side of the pupil and of the parent, and the ideal of "culture" for a leisure that most of the students will never know, on the part of the teacher.

There is needed a new leaven; and indeed there is one already at work. It is not the idea of industrial training of which we hear so much these days; that is bound to come. To-day this movement is still too largely influenced by rather gross material considerations of a narrow kind: the employer would like to have the public schools furnish him more efficient workers in return for the wages he has to pay; while the parent would like to have the public schools give his children a higher earning capacity.

It is not the idea of introducing "commercial" and other "practical" subjects; this has already gone very far in many cities and will go much further. This also seeks too often to help the individual who gets the additional schooling in his competition with his less fortunate fellows.

It is not the segregation of the sexes nor more coeducation. It is not the abolition of the fraternities nor the regulation of athletics. It is not the lengthening of the course nor the shortening of the course. The great change that we need in our high schools is a new point of view, an awakening of the public and an awakening of the teachers to certain fundamental ideas.

Traditional Methods Do Not Meet Modern Needs

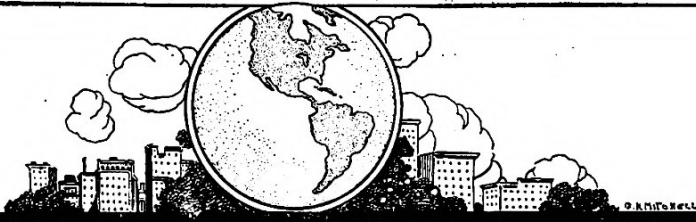
First, we must realize that the public school in a democracy exists for the benefit which the public may expect to receive from the education of its children, and not primarily for the purpose of enabling one individual to gain advantages at the expense of others or of the community. Public education from the point of view of the State is a form of insurance against crime and stupidity: in a democracy it is also a means for educating the governing class—which is presumably the whole people. If we look to education to discover our superior individuals, our leaders, it is because society needs the services of these superior individuals, and not because these individuals need the opportunity to exploit the rest of us in order to "succeed."

The complexity of our civilization is such that the elementary education of the "three R's," plus a few frills is no longer adequate (if indeed it ever was) for the needs of a living people; not sufficient for making the kinds of citizens our civilization demands. We must, therefore, not look upon the boy or girl who goes to a public high school and receives free schooling and free books and stationery as in any way a recipient of charity or free gifts. On the contrary, we should consider it the duty of every boy and girl to get as much as possible of the education he or she can assimilate.

In the second place, we must realize that certain

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THE PULSE OF THE WORLD



The Month in America



THIS is the year of an unprecedented dual political campaign. Nothing quite like it has ever before taken place. It is a dual campaign because with the primary election as widely operative as it now is, the series of State and district primaries to determine which faction shall control in each political party amounts in effect to a series of preliminary elections. Years ago, there were several "September States" or "October States" which, polling some weeks before the general election date in November, were regarded with profound interest because of the belief that they provided an index of the national political drift. Nowadays, we study the results of the primaries; and this year, because more States have adopted the primary system, and because issues have been sharply joined in the primaries of so many States and districts, their results are especially significant.

A New Kind of Campaign

And the most casual consideration of results in the primaries, which have practically all been held at this writing, forces the conclusion that this country has gone insurgent. Later, on November 8, it will go Democratic or Republican; but that will not be half so important as the thing which has already happened. The country has not elected its Congress, but it has adopted its resolutions of instruction to the Congress that it will elect in a few weeks.

That is the greatest thing the primary system achieves. The country is able to instruct its representatives. By the time there has been a campaign within the ranks of each party, followed by a campaign between the two parties and an election, it is pretty easy to calculate what the constituencies want. Certainly no man could seriously doubt that the country has registered a verdict against Cannon and for the Insurgents. And that will remain true, whichever way the election goes in November. Insurgent sentiment at the South has been operating on the Democracy, just as the like sentiment at the North, East and West has been affecting the Republicans. Florida "dumped" the old Taliaferro Democratic machine and went for the Insurgent, Broward; and Georgia turned out two of its veteran Congressmen, Livingston and Howard, defeating them for renomination because they were two of the Democrats who joined with the Cannon Republicans on March 15, 1909, for the purpose of readopting the Cannon rules of the House. That was the one issue in the fight against them, and on it they were retired.

Insurgency in Both Parties

Georgia defeated "Little Joe" Brown, railroad-machine candidate for Governor, and nominated Hoke Smith, Insurgent and anti-machine. That result places Georgia exactly in line with Kansas and Iowa, though Georgia is almost unanimously Democratic and Kansas and Iowa overwhelmingly Republican. To such a pass have we come in our politics that to say a State has gone Insurgent means a deal more than to say it has gone Republican or Democratic.

AND so with the country. It has gone Insurgent, anyhow; later it will attend to the less important detail of indicating whether it will be Republican-Insurgent or Democratic-Insurgent. As a matter of fact, it will go both: Democrats who get into the next House will know that they are expected to be Insurgent; Republicans who live through the November cataclysm will understand that the country demands that they forget partisanship and cooperate to get results along the lines of Insurgent policies and promises.

"From Maine to California" is literally descriptive of the wave, for it has overwhelmed the old Hale machine in Maine and made the Pine Tree State doubtful, while in California it has smashed the ancient Southern Pacific machine and given the Progressives control of nominations for the most important offices in both parties. No victory of the year, North or South, East or West, means more than the sweeping nomination of Hiram Johnson as Republican candidate for Governor of California. The old machine which Collis P. Hunting-

ton founded, and which from his day has almost without a break ruled the Golden State, has been smashed in a campaign on so square an issue that there could not possibly be any uncertainty about the meaning of the outcome. Wisconsin has rendered an overwhelming verdict in favor of La Follette, Michigan has registered her disapproval of the stand-patter, Burrows, defeating him for renomination, and New Hampshire has upset the old machine and nominated Bass, Progressive, for Governor.

Every State in which insurgency has been the dominant note in the last two years has stood by its Insurgent leadership. Every State in which "regularity" has prevailed has either turned to the Progressive side or else is to-day facing a chaos of uncertainty about the November result. There is the summary of the whole situation. Not a New England State but is classed as close or doubtful by judicial Republican observers. New York, New Jersey, Delaware—all are giving the Republicans great concern. Pennsylvania is the exception that proves the rule; it will be Republican by a greatly reduced vote, with a third party, Insurgency, polling a startling strength.

OHIO went "Regular" and is extremely doubtful. Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas—all have endorsed their Republican Insurgent Senators and Representatives, and Michigan has defeated Senator Burrows. Wherever they were, Insurgents who stood for renomination have been successful; and about the only ones who didn't stand kept out of the Congressional fights in order to be candidates for promotion to the Senate on their Insurgent records. On the other hand, a long list of "Regular" Republicans have been defeated for renomination or have deemed the discretion of voluntary retirement preferable to the quixotic valor of hopeless candidacies for renomination.

The Middle West Progressive

The great decrease in the Republican majority in Vermont's September election has been taken to indicate an overwhelming victory for the Democrats in December, but he is a bold prophet who attempts political forecasting. Twice Mr. Bryan has looked like a winner in October; but November has always seen him loser by a million or more. Wherefore, prophecy may be avoided and the simple observation recorded that if the next House is not Democratic, this country will be a tremendously surprised body politic. Likewise, if the Senatorial elections next January do not record gains to the Democrats and the Insurgent Republicans, at the expense of old-line Republicanism, then there will be another huge surprise.

The Democratic Party will do well not to accept its victory as a national endorsement. It will be evidence that the contest between Republican factions is so bitter that thousands of Republicans, of either faction, have preferred to vote for Democrats rather than to support Republicans of the opposite faction. That condition exists all over the country, and the Republican chance for turning the tide and turning a prospective defeat into an actual victory is just about proportionate to the chance for restoring harmony between the party factions. Republicans are traditionally strong at getting together, and President Taft and Ex-President Roosevelt are making appeals whose effectiveness will be better gauged after election.

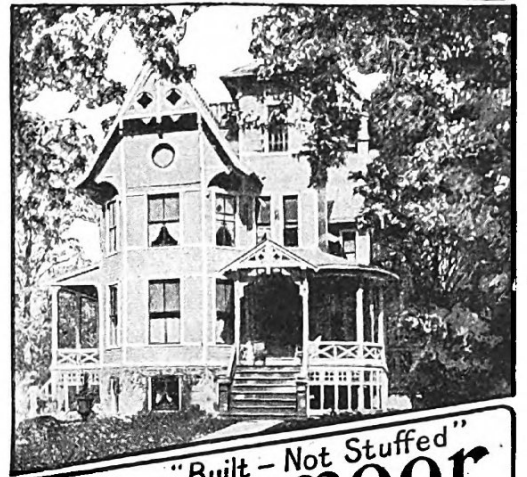
WHERE Theodore Roosevelt is, there plays the limelight. The former President has been the center of the New York political situation since he returned to this country. For a supposedly impulsive man, he was distinctively deliberate about the direction of his plunge back into politics. He studied developments in his absence, interviewed people from all parts of the country, familiarized himself with details of political relationship and got behind the scenes to intimate knowledge of much that another man could not have reached. He visited President Taft, and the story—a highly suggestive one, too—is that they talked almost everything but politics. When he was at length satisfied with the results of his inquiries, he proceeded to align himself

Roosevelt Slow but Sure

Roosevelt Slow but Sure

When he was at length satisfied with the results of his inquiries, he proceeded to align himself

23 Years here



"Built - Not Stuffed"
Ostermoor
Mattress \$15.

Slingerland, N.Y.
June 27, 1910

Messrs. OSTERMOOR & CO.

Twenty-three years ago I purchased two Ostermoor Mattresses, which have been in constant use since that time. They have given entire satisfaction and are still in good condition, as are all the mattresses and cushions purchased since, for both this and our winter home at St. Petersburg, Florida.

I think Ostermoor the best obtainable.

Your very truly,
CHAS. D. HAMMOND.

AMONG all household furnishings, you surely buy a mattress for service. There are two kinds of mattress service—the comfortable, sleep-inducing, life-long service of the Ostermoor, and the lumpy, sleep-disturbing, short-lived service of the imitation.

Ostermoor imitations are legion; their greatest claim is, "as good as"

or "the same as Ostermoor." Next time you read their advertisements, or are shown their goods, remember there is only one Ostermoor way—that of building a mattress, not stuffing it. Are you going to get the original, of known quality, or just the imitation?

Write for 144-Page Book—
with Samples—FREE

The Ostermoor Mattress is not for sale generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places. Write us and we'll give you his name. We will ship you a mattress by express, prepaid, when we have no dealer in your town or he has none in stock. Try it 30 days—money back if you want it.

Ostermoor & Co., 134 Elizabeth Street, New York
Canadian agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

Mattresses Cost
Express Prepaid.
Best blue and white
stripe ticking,
4' 6" wide, 45 lbs.
\$15.
In two parts, 50c
extra.
Dust proof, satin
finish ticking, \$1.50
more.
French motorized
Art Tulle, \$3.00
more.



Pears'

Most soaps clog the skin pores by the fats and free alkali in their composition.

Pears' is quickly rinsed off, leaves the pores open and the skin soft and cool.

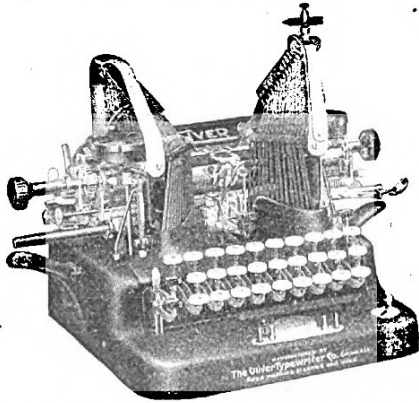
Established in 1789

Thousands Buying The Oliver Typewriter for 17 Cents a Day

Faster and faster come the orders for Oliver Typewriters at Seventeen Cents a Day.

Thousands and tens of thousands are buying these wonderful machines on the liberal Penny Plan.

This unique selling system has swept the country like a whirlwind.



It extends the benefits of the perfect typewriter service enjoyed by corporations and business firms to every individual who is ambitious to own the Oliver Typewriter.

The same machine that you see in offices everywhere—the latest model Oliver, with its marvelous speed and capacity—is now within easy reach of every home in the land!

For even the children can easily save Seventeen Cents a Day!

No need to tell you here the details of design and construction that have made the Oliver Typewriter supreme in sales and service.

Any Oliver owner or operator will be delighted to show you, point by point, all these amazing advantages.

No mere machine has ever before created for itself such a big place in popular favor. The business man favors the Oliver because its high efficiency and startling speed mean each day's work done completely—no "left-over" letters—no delays in the correspondence.

The Stenographer is an Oliver enthusiast for the simple reason that the Oliver lends wings to her fingers, adds to the quality and quantity of her work, and thus helps her to a better salary.

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The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer for Seventeen Cents a Day

The whole plan is plainly stated in the coupon. You can order your Oliver Typewriter today by forwarding the coupon properly filled out and the small first payment of \$15.

Your check is good—or send draft or money order. The typewriter will be delivered promptly, for use while you pay the balance at the rate of Seventeen Cents a Day.

If you are one who prefers to see the typewriter before buying it, simply ask for a free demonstration and one of our 15,000 agents will appear on the scene with the magnificent machine in double-quick time. Better use the coupon and get the Oliver Typewriter at once!

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

APPLICATION BLANK

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

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

Name

Address

Town State

References



The Pulse of the World



with the Progressive element of the Republican party. As the foremost public man of New York, his first business, if he was to go back into active politics, naturally was to organize his own State at his back.

Rebuff met his first effort. With President Taft, he indorsed the campaign of Governor Hughes for primary election legislation. The "Old Guard" of New York machine politics, pathetically devoted to its idols, declined to receive suggestions and was strong enough in the Legislature to defeat the measure which Roosevelt, Taft, Hughes and the Progressive side of the party demanded and which almost every Progressive State has now made its rule. Of course, the result was what everybody save the unseeing Bourbons of the "Old Guard" could have foreseen. Roosevelt was lined up as the relentless enemy of the old machine. The petty bosses led by Woodruff, the State chairman, Vice-President Sherman, Barnes, boss of Albany, Ward, national committeeman, Wadsworth, Speaker of the New York Assembly, and others of like caliber declared war, and with an assumption worthy the tailors of Tuley Street, proclaimed intent to destroy Roosevelt's political pretensions.

SUPPORTERS of Roosevelt, realizing the critical position of his party in the Empire State and determined that it must put its best foot forward in an effort to get in step with the nation-wide progressive sentiment, secured his promise to take active part in the campaign. It was made known that if designated by the State Committee, Roosevelt would accept the temporary chairmanship of the State convention. Whereupon, the purblind Old Guardsmen hustled around, corralled proxies enough to control the meeting of the State Committee, voted down the name of Roosevelt and voted up that of Vice-President Sherman for temporary chairman.

T. R. and the New York Machine

Great was the excitement, for it was assumed that Sherman represented Taft and that the President had backed the anti-Roosevelt move, taking this public method of proclaiming an open break with his predecessor. Political gossip had a short session of unprecedented interest over this dainty bit, when President Taft made public a letter which showed that he had, prior to the State Committee meeting, asked the Vice-President to have the "Old Guard" consult with Roosevelt and act in accordance with his views! This request from the President was tantamount, in the circumstances, to giving his support to Roosevelt for temporary chairman. In order to get away with their plan, Sherman and his associates suppressed this request from Taft, asked for "consultation" with Roosevelt after they had turned him down rather than before, and when the job was consummated permitted the public to believe that Taft had been practically party to the Roosevelt insult. Evidently they believed Mr. Taft would be so well pleased to see Roosevelt humiliated that he would keep still and take his share of the credit once the job was put through.

The President certainly displayed no undignified haste about repudiating this inference. It was not until the country was agog over a Taft-Roosevelt breach, and it was apparent that the manner of it was going to rebound finally to Roosevelt's advantage, that the President came forward with a letter in which he told of the suppressed and ignored request he had addressed to the Vice-President.

So the earlier impression of a feud between President and Ex-President was negated. Mr. Roosevelt expressed himself as much pleased with the Taft explanation, but there was no manifestation of enthusiasm on either side. A few days later, Nassau County (Oyster Bay) chose Roosevelt as a delegate to the State convention, and the Colonel announced that he would attend and fight. Which was promptly construed to mean that the "Old Guard" was to be put under fire of the combined power of the national administration and the Roosevelt following, with the control of the State convention as the immediate stake and the dominance of the State organization and the future course of politics as the ultimate one.

The "Old Guard" has displayed, at least, an engaging disposition to live up to the Napoleonic legend that "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders." It promptly set about the fight for control of the State convention, announcing that it wanted two things: First, to force through the convention its choice of Sherman for temporary chairman; second, to prevent adoption of a plank in the platform, indorsing primary elections. This achieved, the old leaders declared themselves willing to let Roosevelt write the rest of the platform, and dictate the ticket. But there was this reservation: that the Old Guardsmen threatened to make Roosevelt the nominee for Governor if possible, so that his responsibility for results should be unquestionable.

No Break With Taft

WAR is horrible, unjust, expensive, thoroughly unnecessary; this has been demonstrated repeatedly. The only thing that can be said for war is that it cultivates the essential qualities of hardihood and discipline. One of the last acts of the late Professor William James was to offer a plan to provide a substitute for war and yet secure its benefits.

He proposed in an article in *McClure's Magazine* to institute instead of military training "a conscription of the whole youthful population, to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted in the war against nature." He would put the youth of the land, regardless of their circumstances in life, to work in coal and iron mines, on freight trains, in fishing fleets, foundries and stoke-holes, at dishwashing, road-building, tunnel-making and skyscraper building. He would thus hammer into the nation's youth the manly qualities that come with the great fight with nature. This life of enforced hardship and deprivation, would give our young men broader sympathies and stronger bodies, and in the end the nation would have a substantial balance in the way of useful productive work accomplished.

Whether Colonel Roosevelt's speeches on his trip through the West are to be regarded as the platform of a man willing again to be President, or merely as the counsel of a seasoned advocate of good government, they are of utmost significance. At Osawatimie, Kansas, a town immortalized by association with the name of John Brown, Mr. Roosevelt made the most vigorous of his speeches on present-day issues. He declared that we face a new crisis in the nation, comparable with that which resulted in its formation, and with that of the Civil War which perpetuated it. He agreed with Lincoln, that "Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration." He made the contest between manhood rights and property rights the greatest contest of our day. He insisted that we need a graduated income tax and a graduated inheritance tax; more control over corporations, their organization, capitalization and especially their participation in politics; more power to the Interstate Commerce Commission in its regulation of transportation problems; a tariff commission which shall be entrusted with the business of making a customs schedule entirely free from "the possibility of business pressure or of improper business influence."

The Ex-President's Speeches

At Denver and again before the Conservation Congress at Saint Paul, Colonel Roosevelt spoke strongly for conservation. His Kansas City speech contained some very sharp references to the corrupting influence of bad corporations in politics, especially a most effective reference to the "jack-pot" legislative method in Illinois. Altogether, Mr. Roosevelt managed to repeat a great many things we have all realized he believed; things we have all believed for a very long time—but with an emphasis and earnestness which made it easy to believe that he had come to attach a new significance to and entertain a new understanding of the progressive movement in this country. If Colonel Roosevelt did not enunciate particular doctrines calculated to win Radicals to his support, he certainly erred; he enunciated plenty of those which are calculated to drive Tories away from his standard.

Not enough census figures have been given out to justify sweeping generalizations or interpretations. It is apparent, however, that the population increases from 1900 to 1910 will prove to have been considerably changed from those of the preceding decade. When the census figures of 1900 came in, the constant wonderment was at the immense increases in Eastern cities as compared to much smaller gains in Western places. The tremendous industrial development in the East was the explanation.

In the last decade, the West has done distinctly better. Every automobile town of the Middle West—and the auto industry is distinctly an Eastern-Mid-Western one—shows an immense gain. Further West, the big towns which are commercial centers, like Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, etc., all show splendid increases for the reason that in the last decade agriculture has produced the most magnificent returns in all history, and the commercial centers of agricultural regions reflect the benefit.

There is nothing in the figures issued thus far to justify deductions concerning the shifting of the population balance as between urban and rural. The movement to the towns seems to have gone on at a rather slower pace than for the previous decade, and there is much in present conditions to suggest that in another decade the swing may actually be back toward the farm.

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The Pulse of the World



OUR railways are becoming safer year by year, but the recent claim of the Bureau of Railway News and Statistics, that they are now the safest in the world, is doubtful. A few years ago national disgust over the slaughter of passengers and

Safety of European Railroads

employees brought about a movement for reform, and results have been marvelous. For the latest statistical year it is said three hundred and forty-seven of the three hundred and sixty-eight companies did not have a fatal accident. A German statistical tabulation of accidents by rail shows that even yet the United States is far down the list. Its figures of the killed and injured, per million passengers carried, according to latest reports, are:

KILLED	KILLED
Germany.....0.08	Switzerland.....0.15
Austria-Hungary.....0.12	Belgium.....0.22
France.....0.13	United States.....0.45
Great Britain.....0.14	Russia.....2.24

THE little principality of Montenegro, with perhaps a third of a million of people, has lifted itself up by its bootstraps into the rank of a kingdom, and Prince Nicholas has been duly proclaimed and crowned king. Montenegro preferred the dignity and was free to do as it pleased, so its little parliament asked Nicholas to take the king job and he did.

WU TING-FANG, former Chinese minister to the United States, has been designated as head of the Chinese delegation to the Hague permanent arbitration tribunal.

THE American cigarette has at last found an excuse for existence. In China, it is reported, the cigarette is fast driving out the opium habit. The Chinese have taken to coffin nails with prodigious avidity, and billions of them are finding market in the country, with the trade increasing constantly.



Women Everywhere



WHILE yet a slip of a girl, Florence Nightingale, during an illness in her family, saw the difficulty of procuring an efficient nurse, and then and there chose her life work. Now, at the age of ninety, she has passed away, famous as a pioneer in sanitation, a teacher of health preservation, the founder of an institution where thousands of women are trained as nurses and hospital attendants, and above all, as the organizer of the Red Cross movement.

Her fame commenced with the Crimean war. In reply to Sir Howard Russell's appeal in the London Times: "Are none of the daughters of England at this extreme hour of need ready for such mercy work?" this experienced nurse with the aid of forty companions offered to care for the wounded and dying soldiers. With utter disregard for official opposition and the dangers and hardships of war, she immediately set to work organizing an adequate system of military hospital service. Up to that time, about eighty per cent. of the wounded who received surgical aid died of gangrene.

It surely must have been with a satisfied feeling of having done a good life's work that Florence Nightingale closed her eyes for her final rest; and in the hearts of all humanity the sacred memory of such blessed service will always be coupled with the name of this "Angel of Mercy."

IT SEEMS that Chicago is quickly taking the lead in training girls to be economically independent citizens. It is reported that a quarter of a million dollar college has been founded for the teaching of millinery in its every detail. It is hoped that this will become the central bureau for American fashions in headgear.

New Studies for Girls

Besides its promise of being a good business proposition, it is believed that the college will demonstrate that simplicity and art are not altogether incompatible with the manufacture of women's hats.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young has added to the public school studies for girls a course in plumbing. It is planned to teach in detail the intricacies of drainage, and water and gas distribution.

A thorough understanding of such matters would not only mean great curtailment in the plumber's bill, but, as Mrs. Young insists, the gain from a sanitary point of view would be inestimable.

IN OUR sympathies for overworked humanity we have entirely overlooked the Newport victims. Why allow class feeling to interfere with brotherly love? Is n't a faint a faint whether it happens over the sewing machine or the lobster salad?

After Newport—What?

The result of one week's activities is summarized in the following bulletin:

Fainted: Mrs. French-Vanderbilt, Mrs. William E. Carter, Mrs. Reynolds Hitt, Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt.

Ill: Mrs. Pembroke Jones, Mrs. Leonard N. Thomas, Mr. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, Mr. William E. Carter.

Recovering: Mrs. Craig Biddle.

It is regretted that despite the physical suffering brought on by such primitive amusements as barefoot dancing and midnight baths, our sociologists and humanitarians have not as yet been disturbed to the point of planning a sanitarium for the victims of Newport.

IN the past few months the newspapers have devoted much space to the exposure of alliances between wealthy American women and Oriental sects. One supposed Hindu philosopher, who, under the guise of a teacher of Asiatic languages, carried on a boarding school for girls, proved to be a very ordinary American cad.

Now we have the sensational report that the head of the Vedanta Society, an Eastern cult which has a large intellectual following in this country, instead of being the new-found Messiah his women congregation thought him to be, is a mere human being, with rather more than the usual supply of human weaknesses.

One cannot help wondering why it is that the propagation of these socially exclusive sects is almost always carried on by women. Where men won't tolerate the cant and impiety of some ancient fanaticism, women enter into it with undaunted heroism, create their idols, talk themselves into believing in spirits and miracles until they are awakened by the falling of their reincarnated divinities. Usually the spell is broken through the spread of jealousy in the congregation. The "deity" has forgotten to be cautious and has shown favoritism—some disciples are more charming than others, some are richer. The usual excuse of the victims is, "I have been hypnotized."

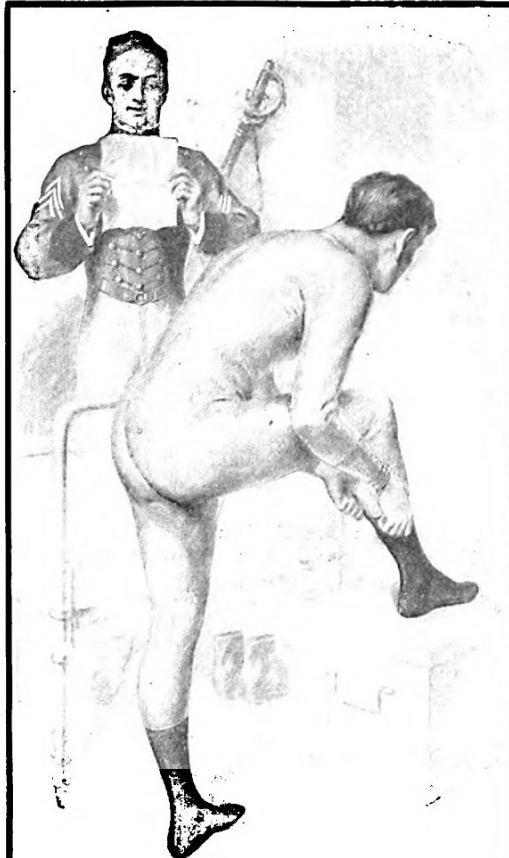
It is hard to believe that there is a pathological reason for women's attraction to Oriental secret cults. There is no doubt that if women were trained in more varied fields of development, they would not go to the mystical and hysterical for mental stimulant, but would exert their energies in saner and more useful labor, and learn to distinguish truth from error.

SO MANY wealthy women have taken to smuggling luxuries from abroad that Collector Loeb and his assistants have been forced to keep unspeakable hours, the scientists have been busy diagnosing the phenomenon as a new "feminine instinct," and only the courts, with their usual brutality, have maintained that it is "indirect larceny."

Neither genteel Southerners nor frightfully respectable Northerners have thought it unscrupulous to conspire with tailors, jewelers, and other merchants to get their wares in free, and yet, were they told that by so doing they placed themselves in the same class with common "thieves," they would resent it with bitter vehemence.

Even by the widest possible stretch of imagination one finds it difficult to see the sportive wholesomeness of hiding pearls in hat-linings or furs in coat-linings, in order to cheat the government. It is amusing to note that with a curious kind of consistency, it is usually in the families where the husbands fight for higher protective tariff on necessities that the wives resent paying custom duties on luxuries.

THE brilliant but not very amiable Countess Cadogan, who two years ago printed a volume of memoirs which made social England sizzle, is to bring out another and more sizzling volume at the holiday season. She is almost ninety, remembers the breezy bits of scandal and intrigue of three generations, and is said to design to handle the late King Edward very freely in the coming book. Wherefore all England is filled with anticipation—and fright.



GET AWAY FROM OLD-FASHIONED, BULKY UNDERWEAR.

WEAR

DUO-LASTIC INTER-LOCK RIB



This MODERN Underwear is knitted on the new specially patented Inter-Lock stitch machines. It is remarkably light in weight, yet very warm and comfortable.

The fabric is very elastic and it never loses its shape. Guaranteed not to shrink.

A DUO-LASTIC UNION SUIT IS THE IDEAL UNDERWEAR FOR THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

No bulging waistline, no binding at the crotch or under the arms.

One simple exertion after the morning bath puts you into your union suit.

Duo-Lastic Union Suits are guaranteed to fit every size comfortably.

Your dealer sells Duo-Lastic Inter-Lock Rib. If he doesn't, write to us and we will see that you are supplied quickly and conveniently.

We are also the manufacturers of the famous

High Rock Fleece-Lined Underwear

—50 cents the garment.

Write for our interesting, free book, "Modern Underwear." It tells the history of our Inter-Lock Rib Fabric.

HIGH ROCK KNITTING CO.
DEPT. 11 PHILMONT, N. Y.

PUZZLED

Hard Work, Sometimes, to Raise Children

Children's taste is oftentimes more accurate, in selecting the right kind of food to fit the body, than that of adults. Nature works more accurately through the children.

A Brooklyn lady says: "Our little boy had long been troubled with weak digestion. We could never persuade him to take more than one taste of any kind of cereal food. He was a weak little chap and we were puzzled to know what to feed him on."

"One lucky day we tried Grape-Nuts. Well, you never saw a child eat with such a relish, and it did me good to see him. From that day on it seemed as though we could almost see him grow. He would eat Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper, and I think he would have liked the food for dinner."

"The difference in his appearance is something wonderful."

"My husband had never fancied cereal foods of any kind, but he became very fond of Grape-Nuts and has been much improved in health since using it."

"We are now a healthy family and naturally believe in Grape-Nuts."

"A friend has two children who were formerly afflicted with rickets. I was satisfied that the disease was caused by lack of proper nourishment. They showed it. So I urged her to use Grape-Nuts as an experiment and the result was almost magical."

"They continued the food and today both children are well and strong as any children in the city, and, of course, my friend is a firm believer in Grape-Nuts for she has the evidence before her eyes every day."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

CORTINA-PHONE

"The Original Phonographic Method"

Awarded Medals—Chicago 1893, Buffalo 1901

ENGLISH GERMAN FRENCH
ITALIAN SPANISH

It enables any one to learn any language in the easiest, simplest, most natural way. The Cortinaphone Method makes language study a pleasure and at the same time gives you a practical speaking knowledge.

IDEAL HOME STUDY METHOD

Our free booklet tells all about the Cortinaphone Method and the Cortina courses, also our easy payment plan.

Write for it to-day

CORTINA ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES

Established 1892

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Would You Like to Discard Your Glasses

Just Try

The Ideal Sight Restorer for 10 Days at Our Expense

Minor eye weaknesses are caused by poor circulation of blood. Near-sight, far-sight and astigmatism are caused by their becoming distorted (out of shape). By a gentle massage The Ideal Sight Restorer produces a normal circulation of blood and molds the eye painlessly but surely to its normal shape. Thousands have used it with perfect success and without danger, as it does not come in direct contact with the eyes. Five minutes manipulation twice a day is all that is necessary. If you wish to relieve eye strain and headaches, and in a short time be entirely independent of your glasses, write for instructive booklet, No. 129K, records and 10 days test to

THE IDEAL CO., 184 West 65th St., NEW YORK

Be Clean Internally

INTERNAL BATH

My free booklet proves that 90 per cent. of human ailments are due to one easily removable cause, and tells you how to remove the cause. Write to Dept. 130K.

Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D.
134 West 65th Street, New York

FASCINATING NEW GAME "LOOIE THE BOWLER"

If you want to win with this exact duplicate, in part or size, of the National Game of Bowling (Ten Pins) Enjoyed by young and old; easy to play; makes ideal pre-ent. Every play possible on regulation alley made with Looie The Bowler. Consists of alley, 4 ft. long equipped with balls and pins. "Looie's" good right arm, fitted with steel spring, bowls ball as you direct. Expensed pre-paid in heavy carton, on receipt of \$2. Dealers Wanted.

LOOIE THE BOWLER CO.
70 East 130th St., N. Y. City

EDITORIAL

CHAT



Short-sighted Economy

MANY people injure their health seriously by trying to save a little money. No ambitious person can afford to feed his brain with poor fuel. To do so would be as foolhardy as for a great factory to burn bad coal because good coal was too expensive. Whatever you do, however poor you may be, don't stint or try to economize in the food fuel, which is the very foundation and secret of your success in life. Economize in other things if you must, wear threadbare clothes if necessary, but never cheat your body or brain by the quality and quantity of your food. Poor, cheap food which produces low vitality and inferior brain force is the worst kind of economy.

There are lots of ambitious people with mistaken ideas of economy who very seldom get the kind and quality of food which is capable of building the best blood and the best brain.

The ambitious farmer selects the finest ears of corn and the finest grain, fruits and vegetables for seed. He can not afford to cumber his precious soil with poor seed. Can the man who is ambitious to make the most of himself afford to eat cheap, stale foods which lack or have lost their great energizing principle?

Everywhere we see business men patronizing cheap restaurants, eating indigestible food and drinking, for instance, cheap, diluted or "doctored" milk, saving a little money, but taking a great deal out of themselves.

The most precious investment a man can make is to be just as good to himself as he possibly can, and never, under any circumstances, pinch or economize in things which can help him to do the greatest thing possible to him. There is no doubt that the efficiency of numerous people is kept down many per cent. by improper diet. Many a man who thinks he is economizing in time and money because he spends only fifteen or twenty cents for his lunch may lose dollars in possible efficiency because of this short-sighted economy.

Take as little as possible out of yourself during your work. This does not mean that you should not enter wholeheartedly and fling yourself with great zest into it, but that you should not needlessly waste your vitality. When you are traveling long distances and can possibly afford it, have a chair car, a sleeper, and take your meals regularly, thus saving time and energy and conserving your health.

Look at the people of means who are too stingy to take a chair or berth in a Pullman car or to eat their meals on a train when they travel, but who carry cold lunches with them, or snatch a bite at lunch counters en route. They may save a little extra money, but they take many times more out of themselves by their cheap economy than it is worth. Their ideas are mean and stingy, their efforts lifeless and lacking in enthusiasm because they have not taken food that can produce ideas, brain force.

Being good to themselves would have made all the difference between discomfort and irregularity and comfort and well-being, and the money spent would have brought them double returns, for when they got to their destination, instead of being jaded and depleted of vitality, they would have been fresh, vigorous and in condition to do effective work, or to enjoy themselves.

Power should be the goal of high ambition. Anything which will add to one's personal force, which will increase his vigor, brain power, is worth its price, no matter how much it costs. Spend generously for anything which will raise your achievement power, which will make you a broader, abler man or woman.

Multitudes of people are handicapped for years because of constant nervous headaches which are often due simply to eye-strain. They may have some slight defect in the lens of the eye which causes a great deal of suffering, but because of mistaken ideas of economy, they delay getting the glasses by which the trouble can be corrected and entirely removed.

I know a business man who lost a considerable amount of time periodically through neglect of his feet. Every step he took pained him, yet he could not bear the idea of paying money to a chiropodist and submitting to a simple operation, which finally, after years of suffering, was performed and gave him immediate relief.

Many people delay some trivial but needed surgical or dental operation for months or even years because they dread the pain and expense, and thus not only suffer a great deal of unnecessary pain all this time, but also incapacitate themselves for giving the best thing in them to their vocations.

The great thing is to make it a life principle never to delay the remedy of anything which is retarding our progress.

We little realize what a fearful amount of energy and precious vitality is wasted in most lives through false ideas of economy.

Some people will waste a dollar's worth of precious time and suffer much discomfort in visiting numerous stores looking for bargains and trying to save a few cents on some small purchase they wish to make. They will buy wearing apparel of inferior material because the price is low, although they know the articles will not wear well.

"Thair iz sartin kinds of economy that don't pay," says Josh Billings, "and one of them iz that thair iz a grate menny pepul in the world who try to ekonomize by stratenin' pins."

I have seen a lady spoil a pair of fine gloves trying to rescue a nickel which had fallen into the mud.

There are plenty of women who would not think of throwing away a nickel but who would not hesitate to throw fifty cents' worth of good food into the garbage pail. It is a strange fact that people who are close and stingy with their money are often extremely liberal with what the money will buy, especially when put into foodstuffs. Apparently most of the value seems to evaporate in the cooking, in their estimation.

One should live between extravagance and meanness. Don't save money by starving your mind. It is false economy never to take a holiday, or never to spend money for an evening's amusement or for a useful book.

P. T. Barnum once said: "Economy is not meanness. True economy consists in always making the income exceed the outgo."

Most people fail to do their greatest work because they do not put the emphasis on the right thing. They do not always keep their goal, their larger possibility in view. They handicap their prospects and kill their greater opportunities by keeping their eyes fixed on petty economies.

Appearances, what others think of us, have a great deal to do with our standing in the community. I never knew a man to achieve his greatest possible success who ignored public opinion, the value of good clothes, and a decent living-place. The young man who wants to get on must remember that little things sometimes have as much to do with his achievement as great ones.

Did you ever realize what splendid capital there is in good health, a strong, vigorous constitution which is able to stand any amount of hard work and hard knocks? Did you ever think that great physical reserve, the very ability to stand a long, persistent strain, has carried many men through hard times and discordant conditions, under which weaker men would have gone down?

He who would get the most out of life must be good to himself. Everywhere we see people who have been trying to pinch and save paying for it in premonitory indications of discomfort. Does this pay? Does it pay to take so much out of oneself, to rob one's life for the sake of putting a little more in the bank? We must look at life from a higher plane, a longer range, and ask ourselves at the very outset, "What must I do, how conduct myself, how treat myself, in order to make the largest success, the completest life possible?"

The Habit of Happiness

NO MATTER what his vocation or condition in life may be, every one owes it to himself and to the world to form a habit of being just as happy as he can. Happiness means harmony and harmony means health to all bodily functions; it means efficiency. Faculties give out their best when they are normal. To keep happy is, therefore, the best personal economy and surest investment; it insures the greatest possible output of brain and body.

Much natural ability is rendered inefficient because men and women do not know that discord, whether in fear, worry, selfishness, hatred or jealousy, is a health and happiness killer; an efficiency blighter. Many men waste more vitality and mental energy in a few minutes of hot temper than would be required in the legitimate running of their business for days.

What would we think of a banker who would open his vaults and throw all his money into the street? But when, in a fit of anger or rage, a man throws open the safety valves of his mind and flings out his energy, his precious life capital, character capital, we think very little about it.

We can make ourselves happy or miserable, comfortable or uncomfortable, according to the emotions

which we allow to pass through our minds. Whatever goes through the mind must reappear in the character and physical condition.

It is a law that every state of mind, whether good or bad, affects every cell in the system and is outpictured in the body. We are thus the arbiters of our fate through our thoughts, emotions and passions.

The time will come when we shall know how to refresh ourselves by mental change, by mental chemistry; that is, by holding in our minds the antidotes of the things that have wearied us or vexed us, by holding the mental attitude which will neutralize the thought enemies that have thrown our bodies into confusion.

There is nothing so deadly to happiness as mental discord. It paralyzes the thinking ability and destroys the power of concentration and effectiveness.

All diseases and sicknesses of whatever kind are the outpicturing of some form of discord. If the mind is kept as happy as possible it is difficult for discord to get a foothold in the body. A happy mind is the best possible health producer, disease killer and discord destroyer.

For centuries man's happiness was looked upon by many earnest, thinking people as a condition largely beyond his control. They seemed to think that it depended mostly upon the temperament one happened to develop and that there were other things of so much more importance that we should not consider it too seriously or take precious time to cultivate it directly.

We are beginning to find, however, that even as an economical investment it pays immensely to make a business of being happy and being just as good to ourselves as possible, although not in a selfish way. We could not be good to ourselves in the higher sense by being selfish.

There is nothing better that we can do for our children than to train them from infancy to form a habit of always being happy, cheerful and hopeful, and of making this a life principle. The habit of optimism, of facing life the right way, will be worth infinitely more to them than the greatest fortune they may inherit without it.

Children should be given a bright outlook upon life. There is nothing like a sunny disposition, a happy temperament, and if they are not inherited they may be cultivated.

Keep yourself cheerful, joyous, happy. It was never intended that you should be a grumbling, discordant, unhappy mortal. You were made to be joyously happy, exuberant; but do not mistake intoxicating excitement, a titillation of the nerves, for happiness. Real happiness is as calm as a summer sea; it is deep, quiet, serene. It works noiselessly, silently but powerfully. We are most powerful when most perfectly poised, when most serene.

Happiness is a great stimulator of growth. Nothing grows when discordant. When we shall have learned how to conserve our energies by getting our minds into harmony, even the hardest day's work will not tire us. It is nerve exhaustion, wasted energy through unnatural, discordant conditions, that makes us jaded and tired out, the result of friction in our machinery. If we could keep ourselves in a happy condition all day, we should be fresh at night. It is by keeping ourselves in perfect harmony that we become more efficient and get the most out of life.



Getting Something for Nothing

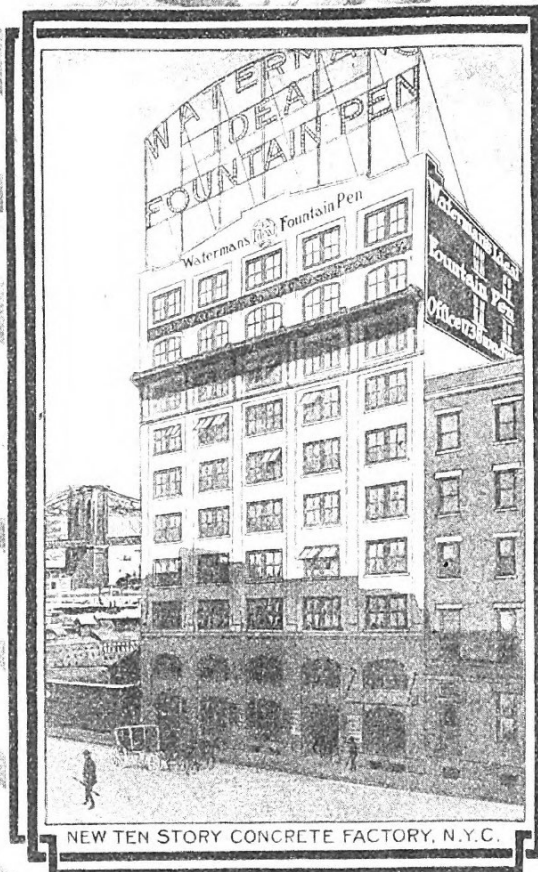
It is a strange phase of human nature, which does not quite appreciate or feel the proper gratitude for favors. I have hardly ever known a boy whose way was paid through college, for example, by some one interested in him, to show the proper regard for his helper, or to quite respect the one who boosted him—who furnished crutches for him when he might have had to use his own legs.

As a rule, the things that we are helped to are never fully appreciated. We experience a satisfaction when we have honestly earned a thing which we do not feel when it is given to us. There is something within us which rebels at being helped, because help from others tends to kill self-respect. We do not think quite so much of ourselves after having accepted favors or a position which we have not earned, as we did before. The sense of justice in us is violated. We do not feel quite honest in accepting something for nothing.

The man who tries to get along without satisfying his sense of justice is always placed at a disadvantage. He may try to be grateful for unmerited help, for the assistance in getting that which he has not earned, for being given a position far above his merits through a "pull"; but he never feels quite right about it. The man who has been lifted above others because he was a son or a relative, or because his father owned controlling interest in the concern, never quite respects himself when he goes around among the employees and sees those who have struggled for years and have worked over hours for the position he occupies, and who in fact have developed the strength to maintain the position after they get it. His sense of fairness is violated. He knows that it is not right to take the place which somebody else has honestly earned, and who according to merit should have had it. He is conscious, too, that he is not equal to the demands of the position into which he has been boosted.

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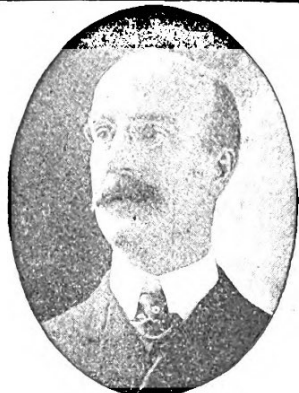
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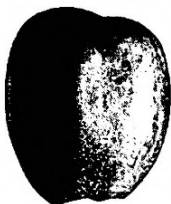
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POINT AND

PLEASANTRY



Strong on Length

RICHARD CARLE lately engaged as cook a Swedish giantess who proved unsatisfactory. On departure she asked for a written testimonial and Mr. Carle presented her with the following:

"To whom it may concern:—I have lately had in my employ Hulda Swanson who was engaged to cook for a family of three and do such other things as would be possible when not cooking. Under this head might come a little dusting and dish-washing and answering the door-bell. Taking all these things into account I wish to say that Hulda is absolutely the tallest cook I ever saw."—DRURY UNDERWOOD.

For these bits of "Point and Pleasantry" payment is made at the rate of TEN CENTS A WORD. Stories which have appeared in other publications are not eligible. The editors reserve the right to make such editorial changes as may seem necessary. Material which fails to gain a place on these pages, and yet seems worthy of publication, may be retained at the usual rates.

NO CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE RETURNED UNLESS STAMPED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED. Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

Barrett Wendell's Pun

WHEN Professor Wendell of Harvard entered upon his Sabbatical year, he remained in Cambridge some weeks after his leave of absence began and persisted in taking part in the departmental meeting. The head of the department protested.

"Sir," he said, "you are officially absent. You are *non est*."

"Oh, very well," replied Professor Wendell, "a *non est* man is the noblest work of God."

—W. L. WHITTLESEY.

His Distinguishing Mark

ONE day a big city bank received the following message from one of its country correspondents: "Pay twenty-five dollars to John Smith who will call to-day." The cashier's curiosity became suspicion when a cabman assisted into the bank a drunken "fare" who shouted that he was John Smith and wanted some money. Two clerks pushed, pulled and piloted the boisterous individual into a private room away from the sight and hearing of regular depositors. The cashier wired the country bank:

"Man claiming to be John Smith is here. Highly intoxicated. Shall we await identification?"

The answer read: "Identification complete. Pay the money."—CHARLES R. BLUNT.

Coming and Going

THERE was a man in our town
And he was wondrous rash.
He voted for a Republican
And thus lost half his cash.

And when he found what he had done,
As guileless as a calf,
He voted for a Democrat
And lost the other half.—ELLIS O. JONES.

An Antiseptic Child

LITTLE WALTER was always carefully guarded against germs. The telephone was sprayed, the drinking utensils sterilized, and public conveyances and places were forbidden him.

"Father," he said one night, in a tone of desperation, "do you know what I am going to do when I grow up?"

"What?" asked his father, preparing himself for the worst.

"I'm going to eat a germ."—L. G. WOOLFALL.

He Knew

A CERTAIN jurist was an enthusiastic golfer. Once he had occasion to interrogate, in a criminal suit, a boy witness from Bala.

"Now, my lad," he said, "are you acquainted with the nature and significance of an oath?"

The boy, raising his brows in surprise, answered: "Of course I am, sir. Don't I caddy for you at the Country Club?"—FRANK M. SMITH.

Preparing to Look His Best

RASTUS: "For the love of heben, Sambo, what fer you got you 'alls pants turned wrong side before-mos?"

Sambo: "Sh! Don't talk so loud. You see, I's invited to a swell reception to-night and I's gettin' de bulge out 'n de knees."—HARVEY FERGUSON.

Expressive

ONE day little George's father brought home some Rocquefort cheese. Upon being asked how he liked it, George replied with all seriousness, "Papa, it tastes just like the animal cages at the circus."—GLENN P. CARSON.

He Needed the Job

AT a meeting of a State Medical Society, the secretary read a letter from the consul of one of our far-away possessions urging the need of a resident physician in his district. In the moment of silence that followed the reading, a young man in the hall arose and said modestly: "I wish you would put me down for that place, sir. It sounds good to me. My practise here died last night."—K. B. V.

Applause Under Difficulties

OPIE READ, the novelist, appeared as entertainer for a switchmen's convention in Peoria.

"It was a very enthusiastic audience," said Mr. Read. "They laughed heartily, but they didn't applaud much. You see there were so many one-armed men there, that they had to applaud in pairs."

Time Alone Would Tell

THE father of four boys, discovering the eldest, aged thirteen, smoking a cigarette, called the four together for a lecture on the evils of narcotics.

"Now, Willie," he said, in conclusion, to his youngest, "are you going to use tobacco when you get to be a man?"

"I don't know," replied the six-year-old, soberly, "I'm trying hard to quit."—J. H. HITCHCOCK.

A Hands Off Policy

"THAT nephew of yours is a little wild, I'll admit," said Uncle Jerry's neighbor, trying to comfort him, "but he'll reform as he grows older. Leave him to time and nature."

"Time and nature!" snapped Uncle Jerry. "It's time and nature that make Limburger cheese what it is."—NAN BROSIÑO.

New Wrinkles

AN IRISHMAN desired to become naturalized, and after the papers were signed the judge turned to him.

"Now, Dennis," he said, "you can vote."

"Will this ceremony," inquired the new citizen, "hilt me t' do ut anny better than Oi have been votin' for th' lasht tin years?"—H. E. ZIMMERMAN.

Unregenerate

"IT WAS to satisfy your extravagant tastes," cried the desperate man, "that I committed the forgery. The crime is upon your head."

The woman started and gazed at him wonderingly. "Is my crime on straight?" she asked.—W. H. FRANCIS.

Their Master's Voice

THE oxen had belonged to an old sea captain and their new owner was unable to back the animals round in a narrow street, despite all efforts with voice and ox-goad.

The old captain appeared on the scene. "Hard aground are ye?" he called. Then seizing the ox-goad, he raised the old boat-steerer's cry, "Starn all!" The huge hulks slowly backed at the familiar call. "Lar-board all!" The beasts swayed sideways, turned to the right and the thing was done.—MARY STARBUCK.

Change the Thought, Change the Man

[Continued from page 662]

they have so little courage, when, if they only knew how, they could strengthen this deficient faculty wonderfully by holding the courageous ideal; by thinking and doing the courageous deed; by carrying the thought of fearlessness; by reading about heroic lives; by constantly thinking the heroic thought and trying to live it. The courage may be small in a person because it has never been called into sufficient exercise. It may need only to be aroused. There are many people living lives of mediocrity who might do great things; might become mental giants if their dormant faculties were aroused, their general ability improved and enlarged.

Hold any particular thought in the mind persistently until it has formed grooves in the brain-tissue and become dominant in the brain structure and you have permanently changed the character in that direction. You have only to change your mind to a desired direction, holding it there tenaciously until you have formed a new mental habit. Then you are, in that particular, a new creature.

There is every evidence in the human plan that man was made to express completeness, wholeness—not a half nor a fraction of himself; a hundred, not twenty-five nor fifty per cent. of his possibilities; made to express excellence, not mediocrity, and that the half lives and quarter lives which we see everywhere are abnormal.

Learn to assert stoutly the possession of whatever you lack. If it is courage or staying power, assert these qualities as yours by divine right. Bear in mind that they are your birthright and stoutly refuse to give them up. Be thoroughly convinced that these qualities belong to you, that you actually possess them, and you will win.

We tend to become like our aspirations. If we constantly aspire and strive for something better and higher and nobler, we can not help improving. The ambition that is dominant in the mind tends to work itself out in the life. If this ambition is sordid and low and animal, we shall develop those qualities. Our lives all follow our ideals.

We shall ultimately learn that vicious and criminal tendencies, even when hereditary, may be educated out of the brain, and symmetry and power be obtained.

Many people have the impression that their ability is something that is inherited, and that while they may polish it a little, they can not add to it or enlarge it. But we are beginning to see that all the mental faculties are capable of very great enlargement. The brain power can be increased immensely by systematic thought education. In fact, there is not a single faculty which can not be very materially changed and improved in a comparatively short time.

The time will come when one of the principal objects of education will be the poisoning of the mind; balancing it, making it symmetrical, and strengthening its weak cells by the building up of defective or deficient faculties, by scientifically exercising that portion of the brain which presides over them.

The impression held by parents and educators for centuries that mental qualities, traits and faculties are not cultivatable or subject to change to any great extent, has been entirely exploded. In the little kindergarten plays designed to develop the different faculties, it is found that in the courage plays, for example, the timid, shrinking, bashful children gradually develop greater confidence, and, as they become experts in their parts, their shyness, self-consciousness and fear entirely disappear.

The little joy plays, laughter plays and cheerful plays have a marked influence upon children, especially when they have very little fun in their home life and are inclined to sadness and melancholy. Their whole expression changes very quickly in response to suggestions in such plays.

One of the cruellest things one can do to another is to reproach him for deficiencies, peculiarities, weaknesses. What such a person wants is encouragement and help; not additional handicap.

If a girl is less favored by facial beauty than her companions, instead of being constantly reminded of it she should be taught to hold the beauty ideal until it modifies her features. She should be told that soul beauty infinitely transcends physical beauty; that by constant self-improvement and trying to help others she can make herself so fascinating in manner, so unselfishly interesting that no one would notice any physical lack or irregularity of feature or form.

The craving for something higher and better is the best possible antidote or remedy for the lower tendencies which one wishes to get rid of.

When the general habit of always aspiring, moving upwards and climbing to something higher and better is formed, the undesirable qualities and the vicious habits will fade away; die from lack of nourishment. Only those things grow in our nature which are fed. The quickest way to kill them is to cut off their nourishment.

Multitudes of people keep their minds so trammled by ignorance and superstition, so deformed by worry, crippled by fear and anxiety, that their brains can not express a tenth of their maximum creative power.

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The most extraordinary feature of this Edition is a 32 page color section devoted exclusively to **Oil**, California's greatest industry. This section is profusely illustrated with pictures of its great gushing oil wells, refineries, pipe lines, oil steamers and maps of the fields, including several unusually interesting views of the marvelous Lakeview Gusher, the most remarkable oil well the world has ever known, it having produced over five million barrels of oil in four months. The oil business of California has grown within a few years from insignificance to an industry that represents today intrinsic valuation of over

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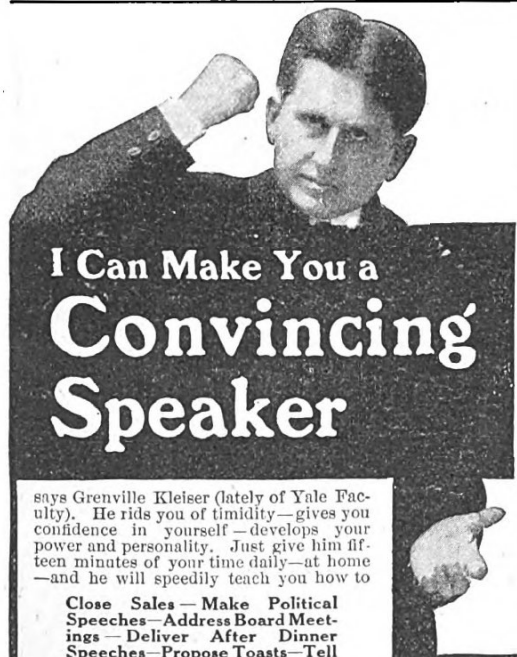
and is even now only in its infancy. The story of this marvelous growth, the men who have grown with it and the countless fortunes made through it, is told for the Post by men who have been in its midst for years. The story makes one of the most interesting chapters of America's commercial development, and should be read by every progressive American.

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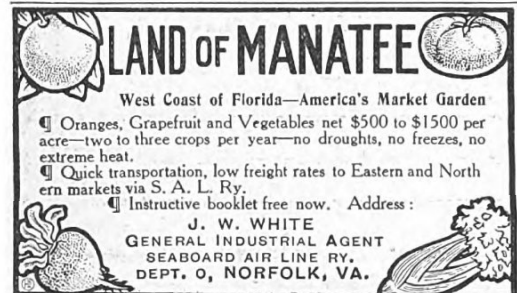
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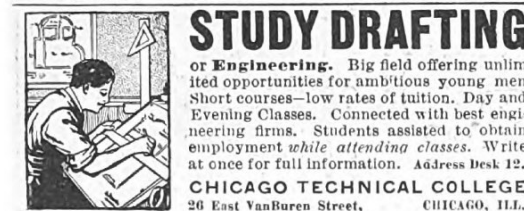
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They never know what complete liberty means. Their minds are restricted by terrors, by hatreds, by unrestrained passions which make effective thinking impossible. Every repeated thought tends to confirm, a corresponding habit and make the probability of any material change or reversal of the tendency so much the less. But it is not so very difficult if we understand the law of habit formation. The whole thing is simply a question of unraveling the ball in the opposite direction from which it was wound.

Take, for instance, the hot temper habit. Self-control is not so very difficult if we just cut off the fuel which feeds the fire, but when the hot blood rushes through your brain you feed the conflagration with the suggestion of angry words and angry physical attitude, and if you continually raise your voice, thresh your arms, throw things across the room and proceed to break things up generally, you can work yourself up into a terrific rage in a very few moments.

But if, on the other hand, you cut off the fuel which feeds the burning passion and apply the antidote—just as you would put out a fire with water—if you will only mechanically try to apply the love-thought, the kindly, good-will thought, the charitable thought, the do-as-you-would-be-done-by philosophy, you will be surprised to see how quickly these antidotes will put out the fire. You will then have, instead of a destructive conflagration raging through you, burning up your energy and consuming your vitality, a kindly good-will glow gradually stealing over your entire being, and in a very few moments you will be at peace with all the world.

The mother calls out of the child the ideal qualities which she sees in it. Many mothers make the mistake of forever looking for the bad in the child, trying to correct the evil, up-root and drive it out. This is like trying to eject the darkness from a room without opening the shutters and letting in the light. "I can not sweep the darkness out, but I can shine it out," said John Newton.

Parents, teachers, reformers are beginning to see that they call out of those whom they wish to help just what they see in them, because their suggestive thought arouses its affinities. The subject feels their thought, if it is a helpful, inspiring one. It tends to uplift. If, on the other hand, it is concentrated upon his defects, these very qualities they try to erase are only etched deeper and made more indelible.

The same principle applies to our own imperfections; our own unfolding. If we over-emphasize the bad in ourselves, if we are always criticizing our shortcomings and weaknesses and castigating ourselves for not doing better, we only deepen the unfortunate pictures

America's Young Men

[Continued from page 643]

spreading with such amazing swiftness these days that there seems no end to the things it may do.

He has seen its first achievements in the preserving of human life. Great plagues swept from continents, diseases mastered one by one, their causes learned, their ravages checked. He has seen the average life of man already prolonged by many years and freed to an immense degree from its deformities and pains.

And he has learned that the work of this branch of science is now to progress more swiftly than in any age before. For at last the physicians are learning that they can not act alone. They have come to sanitation, the water supply of cities and towns, and have found they can not act alone. They have come to drunkenness, to vice in all forms, to crowded tenements dark and foul; they have come to factories, mills and mines, to homes and rents and the prices of foods; they have come to the whole nerve-racking strain of modern life in cities—and have found they can not act alone. Already they have begun to call upon all good citizens for aid. They demand of homes more intelligent living, of nations more intelligent laws, the dispelling of ignorance everywhere, the spreading everywhere of truth.

To the man who is going to save human life, this vision rises far ahead. Close before him the medical school. After that the hospital ward. And then a doctor's office, a small sign in the window, large crowds of people moving by. This man is to come down from the heights, plunge deep into the thickets of life. Ignorance, dense and blinding, will close in all around him. And the Great Mind, his source of strength, will often seem to be far away.

And then will his mind grow narrow, his enthusiasm slacken, his work be only for the fees, his belief in the Great Mind's work grow dull? Or will he keep his vision wide?

We can not tell. Upon him many human lives will depend. And that is all we know.

Finally—there is a case which may seem to some of you very dull. But I know it well, and believe me, it is by no means dull. It reaches into the core of things, deals with momentous struggles, strives to express in clear, accurate terms the desires of a changing world. And yet it sounds as sober and plain as the name of Abraham Lincoln.

There is a man who is going to study law. It is hard for me to describe this man. He interests me so keenly—I've watched him in so many forms:

in our consciousness and make them more influential in our lives.

On the other hand, if we visualize the larger possible man or woman and see only what is sublime in ourselves, we shall be able to make infinitely more of ourselves and open up the glorious possibilities of what may properly be called a divine development.

Science and invention have increased the efficiency of machinery and various other appliances in a marvelous way, but we have made comparatively little progress in the science of increasing human efficiency.

The future physician will be a trained psychologist, a real educator of the people, showing them how to think properly; explaining how right thought makes right life; that their bodily conditions are simply reflections and outpourings of their mental attitudes, present and past, and how, by changing the thought they can change the life.

What a great thing it would be if we could learn to always think of ourselves, or of others when we are talking with or about them, as the image and likeness of perfection, instead of seeing the weak, the debauched image, the mere burlesque of the man God made.

One reason why a few clergymen have been able to revolutionize so many lives is because they looked for the God-side of people, and hence, no matter how low they had fallen, saw hope for them. No matter how blurred it seemed, they could see the God-image beneath.

No one can help another very much when he sees in him a hopeless picture. On the other hand, you can make a person do almost anything when you show him his possibilities and make him believe in himself.

The great secret of Phillips Brooks's marvelous influence upon people who had lost their self-respect and were wallowing in beastly habits was that he reflected back to them the lost image of their possible divine selves. This picture gave them hope and encouragement, for, as he said, no man will ever be willing to live a half life when he has once seen that it is a half life.

If invalids and people in poor health could only hold persistently the perfect image of themselves, and, no matter how much it might howl in pain for recognition, refuse to see the sick, discordant, imperfect image, the harmony thought, the truth thought would soon neutralize their opposites and they would be well.

All reforms and all mental healing must result from changing the mind; from a complete reversal of mental attitude; a turning about and facing the other way.

In proportion as the healer is able to annihilate the sick image, the disease image, and picture vividly the God-man, the divine image in all its wholeness and completeness, he is successful. When the mind is changed; the man is changed.

But from all the cases that I know, there is one of supreme significance. It stands out in my mind to-night.

His father, in his town at home, was attorney for the railroad. And since the boy began at home to listen and think over what he heard, for him two things were connected with law—on the one hand politics and on the other wealth. He came to feel that in wealth—the railroad—was high dignity, intelligence, civilization sweeping on; and that in politics—the State Legislature—was scant dignity, scant intelligence, progress blocked at every turn. He decided that as a lawyer he would ally himself with wealth.

And then he came to college. Here he has worked hard. And year by year his vision both of wealth and of politics has grown deeper, wider.

He has seen wealth, not only in one railroad but in its multitude of forms from the beginning, guiding the growth of a continent, developing its resources, rendering great services—working at times incalculable harm.

And he has seen politics, not only in one State Legislature but in many States binding steadily closer each to the other since the time of the nation's birth. And though through that long story he has still found gross ignorance, betrayal of trust and long, dreary years with no real achievement, he has found more in politics. His old disgust has worn away. The life and the work of Lincoln have made a steadily stronger appeal. And finally he has decided that when he has finished his study of law he will go into the political field, there to serve the common good.

So he has decided. But the road still lies before him. His case has just begun.

For to begin with, the study of law is long. Work hard as he may, he will be studying until he dies. He will be studying human society from its crude beginnings, in its industries, its commerce, its needs, its possibilities, its weaknesses, its great ideals—now lapsing back, now sweeping on—down to the present day. And the present day is as wide as the world.

The young man will find much that is perplexing in this study of the law.

And long before he has finished his studies—which is to say, long before he dies—he intends to go into politics and apply what he has begun to learn. And this he will find more perplexing still. For the books he has read will be placed upon shelves, and the human interests of the day will clash and clamor around him. At first they will seem chaotic and blind. But year by

year, if his mind be keen, he will discern in all these interests two main tides drawing him in opposite ways.

On the one hand, as in his boyhood, wealth will make its claims and offer its great prizes. On the other, the mass of the people will make claims and offer prizes too. And though he retain his integrity, his purpose to serve the common good, he will find that in each case he must decide anew, for the claims of wealth will often appeal to him as right, and the claims of the mass of the people will often seem to him unwise.

And for many such decisions he will be given little time. For since in less than a hundred years the very warp and woof of human society has changed, tremendous forces now press forward demanding changes in the law, some so radical and deep that already angry passions rise, years of crisis loom ahead. And the man who will lead must take his stand with firm, quick decision in time when popular feeling runs high, in the thick of election upheavals when it is hard for the mind to rule.

What will be his record?

When he has finished all his study—which is to say, when he dies—what pages will he have helped to add to all those ponderous books of law? Will he have worked for himself or the whole, for the size of the fees or the good of the cause?

Not even this man himself can tell. He is going now to open the books. And that is all we know.

The president ceased talking, and sat for a moment watching the eyes that were fixed upon him from all over the room.

The name of Abraham Lincoln—he said—recalls to my mind a scene in this room on a night like this, in the spring of 1861. I had just completed my sophomore year; I was only seventeen years old, but there were many younger than I. And all were leaving college, most of us never to return. I remember the look in the president's eyes as he rose and watched our faces. I remember the words with which he began.

"You are going out to war," he said. "I know not what awaits you. There is only one thing of which I am sure. It is that every man in this room is going to serve his country well."

Again there was a silence. And again he went on quietly:

In time of war men drop all thought of booty. Service is their one idea. But in time of peace it is not so. As we have honestly tried to-night to take stock of ourselves and our aims in life, over and over, in case after case, the same question has arisen. Is it to be booty or service? We can not tell.

For the America I know is large with stories just begun, with boundless possibilities. Sweeping changes are to be made; the times grow swift, tumultuous; years of crisis loom ahead. There are chances for booty and chances for service, such as the world has never seen. These chances are to be given to you. And that is all we know.

What Is the Matter With Our High Schools?

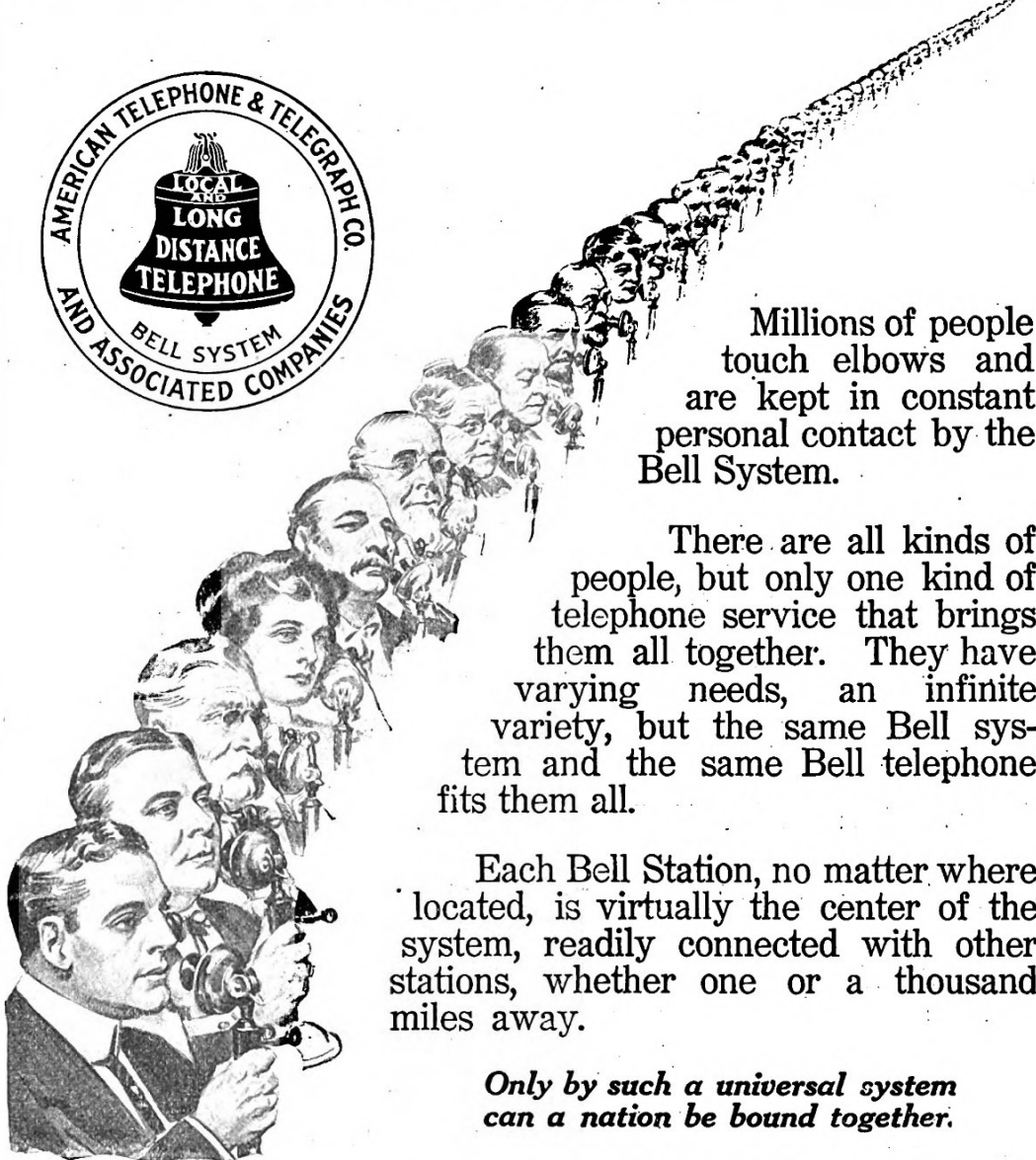
[Continued from page 664]

traditional notions of "culture" are not in harmony with the modern needs for character and efficiency. The ideal of personal perfection and satisfaction implied by much of our high school "culture" and the ideal of personal advantage implied by much of our high school "training" both assume at bottom a perpetual state of opposition and conflict among the individuals who make up society; whereas the fact is—as the very existence of our complex public school system itself implies—that the members of the Commonwealth have in common many interests that can be advanced only through regulated, cooperative effort. And as time goes on the need and opportunity for mutualism increases while the occasion for antagonism diminishes; this fact should be reflected in our education.

In the third place, we must realize that no one routine of schooling can possibly give all boys and girls the maximum of character and power and insight and appreciation of which they are severally capable. The boy whose head is in his stomach and can not rise much higher must receive a different treatment from the boy whose head is in the clouds and can not come down much lower. Equal education does not mean identical education. Individuals differ not only quantitatively in capacities for attainment and for service and for enjoyment, but also qualitatively; and they differ as to the means by which they can best develop.

In other words, the public and the teachers must come to realize that the business of the public high school is indeed to improve the individual, but not necessarily the individual in his competitive relations. Private schools of all kinds may claim to prepare their students to excel in skill and shrewdness and sophistry and whatever other qualities people may think will lead to success in the various competitions of our com-

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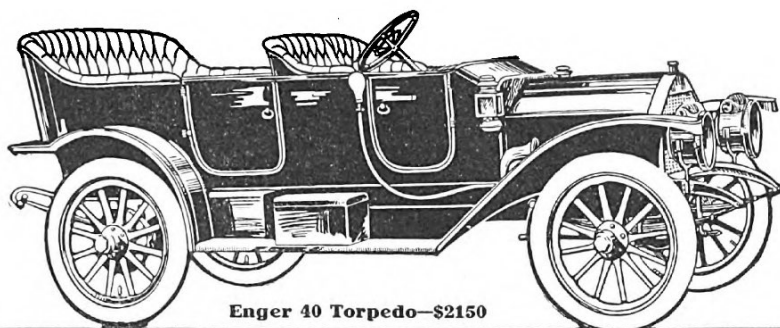
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Brought True Values and a Standard Product
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They have not kept up with the public's intelligent idea of values.

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Thus, the Enger "40" marked a new era—and set the first ten years of automobile development back into motor history.

The Enger is a big standard car—selling at a 1911 price.

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The luxury of body room in the Enger is apparent at the first sitting. The same is true of both the Enger "40" Torpedo and the Enger "40" touring car.

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The Enger gives the man who can only afford a moderate-priced car an opportunity to own a machine he will feel proud of in any motor gathering.

That is the reason the Enger has appealed so successfully to the intelligent conservative buyer.

He finds—on investigation—that he is not paying for an atmospheric prestige—but is buying a power plant and automobile equipment at their true value.

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mercial and industrial life; but the public schools may make no such claims, since they not only invite all children, but actually compel them to attend. The public school must seek to increase the efficiency, the resources, the endurance of the individual—not to prepare these boys and girls to "win out" in their struggles with each other, but to make more valuable social and industrial and human units, to prepare a better citizenry for the morrow. The public school is society's instrument for preserving its experience, cherishing its ideals and directing its progress. It is not for the employer, not for the parent, not for the employee, not for the teacher. It exists for the citizen and for the child—and for that State of which the child of to-day will be the citizen to-morrow. As fast as we recognize the various factors in the situation, we are revolutionizing the whole high school system.

In recognition of the essential individuality of each child, we are coming to expect the school to treat each child as a person, and not all children in hordes. We must expect the teachers to direct the education of each child in accordance with its capacities and needs.

In recognition of the material, organic foundation of human life, we are coming to expect the school to look after the physical welfare of the child. And this, not to enable him to beat his neighbors in any conflict that may arise, but to increase the social efficiency and to reduce the cost of his maintenance—to increase his enjoying and working capacity and to reduce the cost to the community of ill health and disease and premature death.

In recognition of the fact that human life is something more than the life of the body, we shall retain the ideal of culture in education; but we are coming to expect the culture supplied to the child to be of a kind to make him get more out of life and to make him mean more to his neighbors—not of a kind to enable him to pass examinations and then feel free that the cruel task is over.

The New Ideal of Social Efficiency and Strength

In recognition of the social needs of a civilized society we are coming to expect the schools to train our youth in civic relations and moral character, so that duties and responsibilities may no longer be obscured by too close attention to rights and privileges.

In recognition of the practical needs of an industrial civilization, we are coming to expect education for efficiency to be directed toward making each child as productive socially as the child's capacities will permit—not with a view to preparing him to undersell his competitors, but to making him a more valuable citizen.

These statements may serve to indicate the general trend of current changes in the spirit of our teaching. Instead of teaching history, for example, as a record of the conflicts of rival princes and buccaneers, we may teach it as the development of man's mastery of his surroundings through the growth of art and science and industry and institutions; and in many high schools this is already being done. Instead of teaching to pass examinations we may teach to give a survey of man's achievements and a vision of his possibilities. Instead of teaching science in conformity to an academic syllabus, we may teach it to make boys and girls get a glimpse of the world we live in; to make them realize man's place in nature both as a product of nature and as a conscious agent directing his own fate. Instead of teaching catalogues of facts that are to be of use, if at all, only when the child may perchance "some day be in educated company and need to know how to take part in the conversation," we may teach for common sense, for inspiration and for service.

The matter with our high schools is, in short, that the public has been expecting from them one set of results while the educators have been striving after an entirely different set. Both the public and the teachers will have to change their expectations. There must be a shifting of ideals. We must pass from the ideal of exploitation or defeat of others to the ideal of service and cooperation; of personal advantage for our children to social efficiency and strength; of personal power for narrow ends to democratic leadership and responsibility; of a dilettante "culture" to a broad conception of humanity, brotherhood and progress.

So far at least as the more progressive teachers and administrators and school commissioners are concerned, these changes are well under way. There is a strong revolt against the domination of the colleges in directing the subject matter of the high schools, a strong movement in revolt against the specialized high schools of the kind that have restricted arbitrarily the education of the pupils entrusted to them, a well defined reaction against the enlargement of schools and classes to the point at which the teaching becomes mechanical and perfunctory, a strong effort on all sides to analyze defects and to find remedies.

The high schools to-day are not doing altogether satisfactory work; but they are not resting. The outlook for to-morrow is hopeful just because no one concerned is entirely satisfied. The teachers are doing their best to improve things. What is needed is not less criticism from the dissatisfied public, but sincere recognition on the part of the teachers that there are faults to remedy, and sincere recognition on the part of the public that relief is to be found in going forward, not backward. When the public and the teachers demand the same results from the high schools, it is not too much to expect that they will get what they want.



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Jack and the Check Book

[Continued from page 655]

The Ogre's eyes nearly popped out of his head at such a marvelous exhibition of resources.

"It makes an expensive smoke," smiled Jack, settling back to the enjoyment of the cigarette, "but after all, as long as I have the money, why not enjoy myself? Will you join me?"

He took up his pen as though to make another.

"No, no, no!" cried the Ogre, walking agitatedly up and down the floor. "I—er—I'm afraid it's too soon after breakfast for me. Do you mean to tell me that such an inexhaustible treasure as this really exists?"

"There it is, right before your eyes," said Jack. "Suppose we test it. Think of a large sum of money, tell me what it is, and see if I can't go you a dollar better."

"Four hundred millions," cried the Ogre impulsively. "Piker!" ejaculated Jack, with a smile, as he drew his check for four hundred millions and one dollar.

"A billion and a half!" cried the Ogre.

"Now you're beginning to get your pace," laughed Jack. "There's my check, sir, for one billion, five hundred millions and one dollars, according to specifications."

"That reduces your balance some, though," said the Ogre.

"Yes," said Jack. "It reduces it by one billion, nine hundred millions and two dollars, leaving me with only \$3,573,574,999,998 on hand, but if I affix six ciphers to that, as I will now proceed to do, I have, as the figures conclusively show, \$3,575,574,999,998,000,000 or about a squillion more than I had before I began to draw."

The Ogre collapsed in his chair. The magnitude of these figures appalled him.

"Great glory!" he cried. "I did n't know there was that much money in the world. Can—can anybody work that book?"

"Anybody who comes by it honestly and without trickery," said Jack. "Of course, if a man gets hold of it in an unscrupulous way, or goes back on his bargain, it's as valueless to him as so much waste-paper."

The Ogre strode up and down the room filled with agitation. He had thought to trick the boy out of his wonderful possession—in fact, to swallow him whole and then appropriate his treasure, but Jack's explanation put an entirely new phase on the matter.

"I suppose you would n't part with that book?" he finally asked.

"Yes," said Jack. "I'll let you have it if you will transfer all your property irrevocably to your step-daughter, Beanhilda, and give me her hand in marriage."

"It's a bargain!" gulped the Ogre, whereupon he summoned his lawyers and his secretaries, and by noon all his possessions had passed beyond recall into the hands of Beanhilda. A special messenger was sent down the bean-stalk to fetch Jack's mother, and that afternoon the happy lad and the fair Princess of Ogreville were married with much pomp and ceremony.

"Bless you, my children!" murmured the Ogre, as the irrevocable words were spoken by the priest, and Jack passed the magic check-book over to its new owner. "May you live long and happily. As for me, I'm off for a week's vacation in little old New York."

"How did you manage it, sweetheart?" whispered Beanhilda in her husband's ear a few weeks later. "Step-papa had such a penchant for hard-boiled boys that I feared you were lost the moment he appeared."

Jack explained the whole history of the magic check-book to her, but when he had done his bride grew white.

"But what if he comes back?" she cried, shuddering with fear. "His vengeance will be terrible."

"Have no fear, Beanhilda," Jack answered. "He will not return. Read that."

And he handed her an evening paper in which with rapidly drying eyes she read the following:

"SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS FOR PASSING BAD CHECKS"

"William J. Ogre, claiming to be a prominent resident of Ogreville, who was arrested at the St. Gotham Hotel last Thursday afternoon on a charge of having passed a dozen bogus checks for amounts ranging from ten to fifteen thousand dollars apiece, was found guilty yesterday by a jury in the criminal branch of the United States Circuit Court. He was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment at hard labor in the Federal Prison at Thomasville, Ga., on each of the five different counts, making his prison term in all not less than seventy-five years. Other indictments are still pending against him for forgery on the complaint of Major Bilkins, President of the Suburban Trust Company, of whose name he was found availing himself in his criminal transactions. Major Bilkins when seen last night by a reporter of this paper stated his intention of keeping the shameless operator in jail for the rest of his natural life."

"I should n't sit up for Papa if I were you, Beanhilda," said Jack with a smile. "It looks to me as if he was going to be detained down town late on business."

And this happy couple lived happily forever after.



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A SWAP IN PHYSIQUES [Continued from page 646]

Thought and psychology and imagination and a thousand other jaw-working words that college professors tell us about. All fluff! Do you know what guides us to our ordinary acts of life? Our feet! What makes us pile on street cars or buy tickets to the Casino or stop into the Knickerbocker bar long enough to knock the show? Is it our Sub-Conscious Self reacting upon our Pre-Natal Disposition? Nixie, it is n't! It's a sort of itching in our toes which makes us follow our feet until we get there. It's what folks call habit.

Now, the first thing my think-tank (which the Prof. would call my Individual Ego) wanted to do when I got out of the sick-bed was to trot over to 34th Street and drop in on Mabel Mulqueen with my million dollar wad. But somehow or other I just couldn't do it. Cornelius Morganthaler's body seemed determined on another program. My mind was set up-town, but my toes pointed so stubbornly down-town that I almost sprained my ankles. Half a dozen times I stopped on a corner and said, "Look here, you legs, I want to go toward Harlem—see?" And the next thing I knew I would be trotting in the direction of Wall Street as fast as I could waddle. Then it occurred to me that Cornelius Morganthaler, before he was reconstructed, had taken that body of his down to the commercial district every working-morning for the past half-century. I hailed a taxicab. Next I knew, my disobedient body had stood me in front of the great mahogany doors of the Morganthaler Trust Company on the eleventh floor. My hand turned the knob and my bandy legs walked in with a pompous sort of motion. A liveried doorman and four dozen office-boys jumped up automatically at the sight of those plutocratic legs. But when they saw my face they jumped ahead of me to block my way. However, my purse-proud arms brushed them haughtily aside and the Morganthaler part of me marched right into the inner office, while the Clancey Kelley part of me blushed and stammered and wanted to beat it.

As I approached the old man's desk, a broad, husky private secretary bucked at me, sore as a goat.

"Here, here!" he said, "what do you mean by coming in here without presenting your card?"

"I don't know—that is—I'm—" I began spluttering like a burbling obo. But my little body stood straight up in a proud, Napoleonic attitude.

"You can't come that bluff on me," said the disagreeable secretary.

My Irish-American Clancey-Kelly brain wanted to fight at this insult, but when I raised my little biceps, soft and weak like the wings of a Philadelphia squab, the secretary lifted me bodily into the outer office where I was rudely passed along from kick to kick down an almost endless row of office help. At the door they gave me a shove and, chucked my valise, still holding a million dollars, after me.

Well, when I had dusted my limp carcass and got into the taxi outside, my brain said to my body: "You see, if you followed my advice, you would n't be getting in wrong all the time!" But in spite of everything, something inside my lungs or my digestive apparatus, or somewhere, prompted me to lean forward and holler to the chauffeur: "Drive me to the Union League Club, please." The outside man looked scornful at my valise, but saluted my fur overcoat with considerable reverence.

"Excuse me, sir; name, sir, please, sir."

"Kelley," I says.

"Sir Percy Kelley?" he asked, keen like a detective sergeant.

"No, simple Kelley," I came back kind of snappy.

"There is no Mr. Simple Kelley, I'm sure, sir, in this club, sir," he said. "If you'll take a seat outside for a moment, sir?"

I knew I was in wrong again, but what could I do? After I had waited about two hours and sixty-five seconds I jumped in the buggy again and said to the chauffeur: "Mrs. Updike's boarding-house, West Thirty-fourth Street." I said it quick, before my legs could change my mind.

The parlor was kind of dark when I walked in. The atmosphere seemed familiar and yet strange. Was I in wrong again? Cuddled close together on the near-mahogany sofa just under the crayon portrait of Dustin Farnum I saw what I saw. It was Mabel, my Mabel, and the figure sitting close to her, leaning nearer and toying with her lily hand, was the same identical human form that had belonged to me three weeks ago!

Half concealed behind the imitation Persian portieres I just stood and rubbered. This athletic masterpiece was me up to the Adam's apple, but on top of this powerful body sat the head of an old man. Then the truth—the horrid truth—flew up and kicked me between the eyes. The man before me was the reconstructed Cornelius Morganthaler, using his superior brain and my superior physique to steal away my girl, the girl that had cost me—well, all I had.

And Mabel? Was she pulling away from his soft intrusions? Not as I could notice from where I stood.

"Little one," Cornelius was saying with the beautifully modulated voice he got from my lung-power, "I offer you my wealth, my social position, my youth—for I am young, in spite of my age."

He seized her hand and pressed it to the broad chest which I had cultivated through years of constant application.

"But sir, I—hardly know you," resisted Mabel. "I realize you're an awful famous man, if you're who you say you are. There is something sort of reminiscent about you too. Maybe you are the reincarnation of some gentleman I knew in the Other Plane. Search me. But why did you come without even an introduction and take possession of the place in that fresh way?"

"Beautiful child!" he exclaimed, "I can hardly realize how or why I came here. I never knew your address, I have never been in this part of town before, I am sure. But this morning, some strange urge, some curious instinct of being, perhaps, fairly forced me to fly hither, to mount these stairs and knock at your apartment. I can not account for it. It must be the mysterious affinity of spirit."

"Affinity nothing!" I said to myself. "It was your feet."

"And now, while the mad mood is on us—you say you are strangely drawn toward me—will you be my wife?" asked Cornelius drawing closer.

"Oh, Mr. Morganthaler! You financiers are so persuasive when you talk," lisped my Mabel. "I admit I admire you very much. Mamma admires you too. But I am promised—sort of promised to a Mr. Clancey Kelley. If he comes back, what will he say?"

Cornelius sat up and blinked at this news.

"Kelley!" he exclaimed, "what sort is he? A tall, rather stocky person, a sort of mixed-ale pugilist who is called a 'rubber' in a gymnasium?" (I could have pounded him for his sneering expression.)

"Yes, yes—that's Clancey!" cried Mabel. "Where is he? Do you know him?"

"I know of him," said Cornelius solemnly, "and I want to assure you, Miss Mulqueen, that Mr. Kelley has fallen away dreadfully from your ideal of him. He can never be the same to you again."

"I'll settle that with him when he comes back," snapped Mabel drawing up.

A foxy grandpa expression passed over Cornelius' experienced features.

"He'll not come back. I assure you of that," he said. Still carrying my valise in my right hand I brushed aside the portieres and strode proudly to center stage.

"O, won't he?" I yelled. "What do you call this?"

Cornelius jumped up like the rube does when a spook blows in from the cabinet. He stood six feet two in his shoes. But Mabel, gentle Mabel, took one look at me, then threw back her head and laughed as if her heart would break.

"Clancey," she gurgled, "for the love of Heaven, what have you done with your legs?"

"Woman," I said sternly folding my weak little arms across my hollow chest, "this is no time for musical comedy. That man—that monstrous composite with which you are pausing on the brink of matrimony—is not what he seems. He is a duplex personality. What has he to offer you but wealth and a home of gilded luxury? But me—me—I offer you not only romance, but youth—"

"Youth!" yelled Mabel and Cornelius in unison, looking at the rag of a figure that shook with palsy inside my \$1,000 overcoat. And then I remembered.

"Mabel," I said pathetically laying my sack of bills on the floor between us, "under the circumstances I can't exactly blame you for taking up with him, for so much of him is me that every time you nestle in his arms you sort of pay a compliment to Clancey Kelley that used to be. Mabel, I leave it to you. Your love of three weeks ago is now chopped into two portions, never again to be united in this world. I, standing here, represent the mind and soul of Clancey Kelley. Him, sitting there, represents the body of that same unfortunate guy. Your job is clean cut and definite. Choose between us."

Mabel looked from him to me. It took her eleven seconds to decide. She tossed me a glance of pitiful amusement, then snuggled up against the million-dollar biceps now belonging to Cornelius Morganthaler. "Take your face away, Clancey," she said with tears in her eyes. "It reminds me of other days."

I went away from there. What business had I talking to a pretty girl? I sort of blushed and turned my hat in my hand. I didn't belong either on Old Man's Row at the Union Club, or in Young Folk's Corner at Mrs. Updike's boarding-house. As for Cornelius, he had made a deal with life and death and won at both ends. He was a business man.

Well, Mister, that dramatic event occurred less than a month ago. Since then I have been having an awful time spending that million dollars. I've been just like the teller in the bank—shoving out bank-notes all day and getting no good out of them. At first my young brain said, "Cheer up! We can still duck sorrow in the flowing tank, can't we?" No use! Alcohol gave me a frightful pain in my worn-out digestion. Eat? Every night at the Astor I had a line of waiters half way across the dining-room walking in with rich food and walking right out again with the same.

The doctors now advise malted milk. It costs a dollar for a bottle that will last a week.

Amusement? I've tried everything from Julia Mar-

lowe to Eddie Foy. No use! A theater's like matrimony. It takes two to make it interesting. I used to take Mabel to the show when I could afford it, and we used to laugh and cry at the high places. Now I can hire a box, if I want to, and sit alone in the middle of it. But I don't laugh or cry. Those are luxuries which fade away when your stomach goes. Another thing that keeps me away from shows is the fact that I wheeze. That fault ain't noticed when the actors are noisy and the audience is giving 'em a loud hand, but when the stage is dark and something sneaky and quiet is going on, then you can hear my asthmatic bellows creaking three blocks away.

No, I ain't got any real friends. I could go around to Sharkey's or the Gymnasium, but I know what would happen. The bums and the prize-fight welch-ers would greet me proper for what I could spend and lend. I would be welcomed as the Come Easy Blaze from Never-Never Land. But the real men of the profession, the guys who can stand up for ten rounds of actual scrapping and never lay down for money—they'd despise me for what I did.

Also I could give money to charity, the way most rich men do when their teeth begin to fall. Somehow I don't feel philanthropical that way. Yesterday a society beggar came around and asked me to donate ten thousand dollars toward founding another vivisectional institute. Can you beat it?

But this story's principally about me and Morganthaler. There's one little happy memory of him that I'm going to carry with me when I flicker out.

Did you notice last week that something happened to the stock market? Maybe you was stung with the others. All the principal securities went down twenty to thirty points, another big panic started and the rumor flew around that something had happened to Cornelius Morganthaler.

That afternoon I was in bed in my hotel with my feet in hot water and a doctor shooting dope at me, as happens very frequently lately. In the midst of this pleasant exercise I was surprised by a call from Cornelius Morganthaler. He seemed pale and nervous, considering his fine condition.

"Mr. Kelley," he said, "there was one thing I never thought of when we effected that little-exchange. It seems, after I got my mind adjusted to my new body, that the nature of my handwriting became entirely changed. The sharp diagonal stroke which has made my signature characteristic was replaced by a lax, rather slovenly handwriting. Practise as I would, I could not get over this. I realized, then, that your former body was employing the handwriting which was characteristic to it. This alteration began to injure me in a business way. It is my duty, almost daily, to sign documents which involve millions of dollars. For weeks I haven't dared to sign anything. My signature is being questioned everywhere. Enormous deals are being tied up. Unless you come to my rescue, I shall be ruined inside of forty-eight hours."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Lend me your signature," said Cornelius feverishly, pulling a great bale of papers from his inside pocket. "Sign these drafts and certificates. I'll do anything if you will. I'll make you richer than you are. I'll give you an equal partnership in the firm."

"I've seen your firm," I said, "and I don't know as I want any partnership in it."

"I'll make it cash," groaned Cornelius. "Will two extra millions be enough?"

"Cheese the money talk," I grunted. "Suppose I made the price still higher? Suppose I asked, in payment for this favor, the only thing you've got that I ever really wanted?"

"What do you mean?" asked Cornelius very sharp.

"I mean my girl," I said.

Cornelius walked to the door.

"I'm a strong man," he said. "I'll face it the best I know how. I came here willing to make terms with you, but I did n't think you'd ask a usurper's price."

I took to coughing. (My lungs are going bad, too.)

"Come back, Cornelius," I said patronizing like an old man, "I could squeeze you to the bargain if I wanted to. But I don't. I know what Mabel Mulqueen thinks of me. I've heard it very vivid from her own lips. I don't hanker to foreclose on any property after it's talked to me the way she did."

I rang for pen and ink and affixed Cornelius Morganthaler's well-known signature to a billion dollars' worth of transactions. He tried to thank me but I waved him aside, as befitted my superior social position.

"Take it as a wedding present, old man," I wheezed.

"And now run away to Europe and enjoy yourself." Cornelius Morganthaler stopped. "When I owned your heart," he said, "it was never so kind as *that*."

* * * * *

The Human Curio sighed and began searching his pockets with withered, clammy claws. There was a small cube of bread and a one thousand dollar bill still remaining. He tore the bill, like the others, into small bits, mingled the fragments with the bread and tossed the crumbs to a flock of gibbering sparrows. The sight stirred me to the depth of my financial instincts.

"Isn't it a shame," I gasped, "to use this method of getting rid of your money? It's doing positively no good to anybody."

"I guess that must be what I like about it," he said, as he tossed the last crumb and tottered away.

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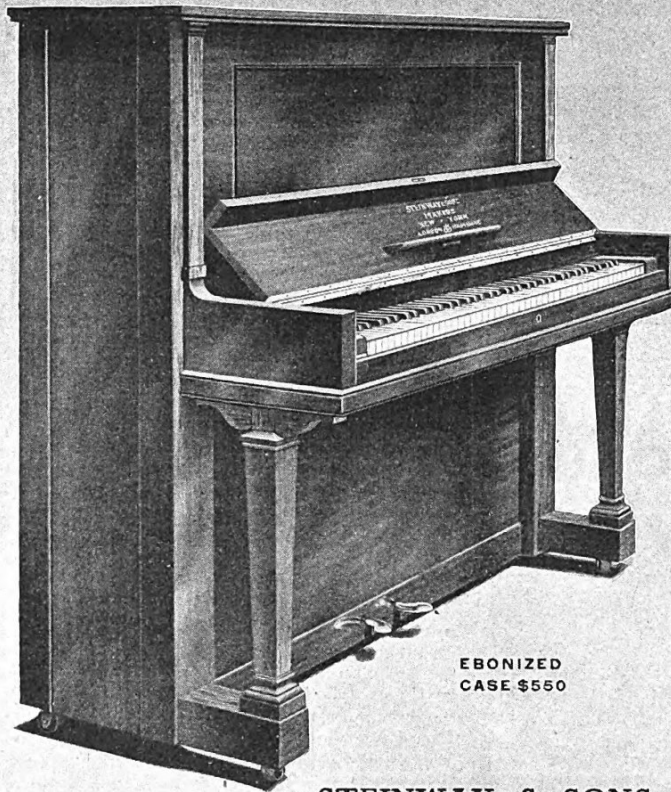
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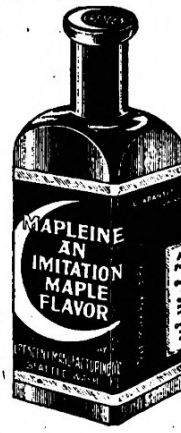
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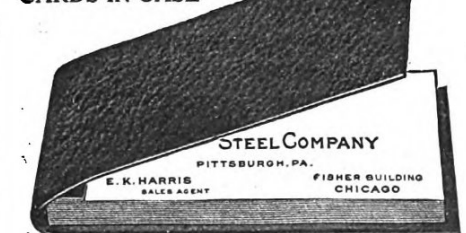
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THE RUBE

[Continued from page 652]

His face flamed red and his little eyes turned black. He shoved his big fist under Captain Spears's nose.

"Mister, I'll lick you fer that—after the game!"

"And I'll show you dog-goned well how I can pitch."

"Good!" exclaimed Raddy; and I echoed his word.

Then I went to the bench and turned my attention to the game. Some one told me that McCall had made a couple of fouls, and after waiting for two strikes and three balls had struck out. Ashwell had beat out a bunt in his old swift style, and Stringer was walking up to the plate on the moment. It was interesting, even in a losing game, to see Stringer go to bat. We all watched him, as we had been watching him for weeks, expecting him to break his slump with one of the drives that had made him famous. Stringer stood to the left side of the plate, and I could see the bulge of his closely locked jaw. He swung on the first pitched ball. With the solid rap we all rose to watch that hit. The ball lined first, then soared and did not begin to drop till it was far beyond the right-field fence. For an instant we were all still; so were the bleachers. Stringer had broken his slump with the longest drive ever made on the grounds. The crowd cheered as he trotted around the bases behind Ashwell. Two runs.

"Con, how'd you like that drive?" he asked me, with a bright gleam in his eyes.

"O-h-h!—a beaut!" I replied, incoherently. The players on the bench were all as glad as I was. Henley flew out to left. Mullaney smashed a two-bagger to right. Then Gregg hit safely, but Mullaney, in trying to score on the play, was out at the plate.

"Four hits! I tell you fellows, something's coming off," said Raddy. "Now, if only Rube—"

What a difference there was in that long rustic! He stalked into the box, unmindful of the hooting crowd and grimly faced Shultz, the first batter up for the Bisons. This time Rube was deliberate. And where he had not swung before he now got his body and arm into full motion. The ball came in like a glint of light. Shultz looked surprised. The umpire called "strike."

"Wow!" yelled the Buffalo coacher. Rube sped up the side-wheeler and Shultz reached wide to meet it and failed. The third was the lightning drop, straight over the plate. The batter poked weakly at it. Then Carl struck out and Manning following, did likewise. Three of the best hitters in the Eastern retired on nine strikes! That was no fluke. I knew what it meant, and I sat there hugging myself with the hum of something joyous in my ears.

Gregg had a glow on his sweaty face. "Oh, but say, boys! take a tip from me. The rube's a world-beater! Raddy knew it; he sized up that swing, and now I know it. Get wise, you its!"

When old Spears patted a single through short-stop, the Buffalo manager took Clary out of the box and put in Vane, their best pitcher. Bogart advanced the runner to second but was thrown out on the play. Then Rube came up. He swung a huge bat and loomed over the Bison twirler. Rube had the look of a hitter. He seemed to be holding himself back from walking right into the ball. And he hit one high and far away. The fast Carl could not get under it, though he made a valiant effort. Spears scored and Rube's long strides carried him to third. The cold crowd in the stands came to life; even the sore bleachers opened up. McCall dumped a slow teaser down the line, a hit that would easily have scored Rube, but he ran a little way, then stopped, tried to get back, and was easily touched out. Ashwell's hard chance gave the Bison short-stop an error, and Stringer came up with two men on bases. Stringer hit a foul over the right-field fence and the crowd howled. Then he hit a hard long drive straight into the centerfielder's hands.

"Con, I don't know what to think, but ding me if we ain't hittin' the ball," said Spears. Then to his players: "A little more of that and we're back in our old shape. All in a minute! At 'em now! Rube, you dinged old Pogie, pitch!"

Rube toed the rubber, wrapped his long brown fingers round the ball, stepped out as he swung and—Zing! That inning he unloaded a few more kinks in his arm and he tried some new balls upon the Bisons. But whatever he used and wherever he put them the result was the same—they cut the plate and the Bisons were powerless.

That inning marked the change in my team. They had come back. The hoodoo had vanished. The championship Worcester team was itself again.

The Bisons were fighting, too, but Rube had them helpless. When they did hit a ball one of my infielders snapped it up. No chances went to the outfield. I sat there listening to my men, and reveled in a moment that I had long prayed for.

"Now you're pitching some, Rube. Another strike! Get him a board!" called Ashwell.

"Ding 'em Rube, ding 'em!" came from Captain Spears.

"Speed? Oh—no!" yelled Bogart at third base.

"It's all off, Rube! It's all off—all off!"

So, with the wonderful pitching of an angry Rube, the Worcester team came into its own again. I sat through it all without another word; without giving a signal. In a way I realized the awakening of the bleachers, and heard the pound of feet and the crash, but it was the spirit of my team that thrilled me. Next

to that the work of my new find absorbed me. I gloated over his easy, deceiving swing. I rose out of my seat when he threw that straight fast ball, swift as a bullet, true as a plumb line. And when those hard-hitting, sure-bunting Bisons chopped in vain at the wonderful drop, I choked back a wild yell. For Rube meant the world to me that day.

In the eighth the score was 8 to 6. The Bisons had one scratch hit to their credit, but not a runner had gotten beyond first-base. Again Rube held them safely, one man striking out, another fooling out, and the third going out on a little fly.

Crash! Crash! Crash! Crash! The bleachers were making up for many games in which they could not express their riotous feelings.

"It's a cinch we'll win!" yelled a fan with a voice.

Rube was the first man up in our half of the ninth and his big bat lanned the first ball safe over second base. The crowd, hungry for victory, got to their feet and stayed upon their feet, calling, cheering for runs. It was the moment for me to get in the game, and I leaped up, strung like a wire, and white-hot with inspiration. I sent Spears to the coaching-box with orders to make Rube run on the first ball. I gripped McCall with hands that made him wince.

Then I dropped back on the bench spent and panting. It was only a game, yet it meant so much! Little McCall was dark as a thunder cloud, and his fiery eyes snapped. He was the fastest man in the league, and could have bunted an arrow from a bow. The foxy Bison third-baseman edged in. Mac feinted to bunt toward him then turned his bat inward and dumped a teasing curving ball down the first base line. Rube ran as if in seven-league boots. Mac's short legs twinkled; he went like the wind; he leaped into first-base with his long slide, and beat the throw.

The stands and bleachers seemed to be tumbling down. For a moment the air was full of deafening sound. Then came the pause, the dying away of clatter and roar, the close waiting, suspended quiet. Spears' clear voice, as he coached Rube, in its keen note seemed inevitable of another run.

Ashwell took his stand. He was another left-hand hitter, and against a right-hand pitcher, in such circumstances as these, the most dangerous of men. Vane knew it. Ellis, the Bison captain knew it, as showed plainly in his signal to catch Rube at second. But Spears' warning held or frightened Rube to the bag.

Vane wasted a ball, then another. Ashwell could not be coaxed. Wearily Vane swung; the shortstop raced out to get in line for a possible hit through the wide space to his right, and the second baseman got on his toes as both base-runners started.

Crack! The old story of the hit and run game! Ashwell's hit crossed sharply where a moment before the short-stop had been standing. With gigantic strides Rube rounded the corner and scored. McCall flitted through second, and diving into third with a cloud of dust, got the umpire's decision. When Stringer hurried up with Mac on third and Ash on first the whole field seemed racked in a deafening storm. Again it subsided quickly. The hopes of the Worcester fans had been crushed too often of late for them to be fearless.

But I had no fear. I only wanted the suspense ended. I was like a man clamped in a vise. Stringer stood motionless; Mac bent low with the sprinters' stoop; Ash watched the pitcher's arm and slowly edged off first. Stringer waited for one strike and two balls, then he hit the next. It hugged the first base line, bounced fiercely past the bag and skipped over the grass to bump hard into the fence. McCall romped home, and lame Ashwell beat any run he ever made to the plate. Rolling, swelling, crashing roar of frenzied feet could not drown the high piercing sustained yell of the fans. It was great. Three weeks of submerged bottled baseball joy exploded in one mad outburst! The fans, too, had come into their own again.

We scored no more. But the Bisons were beaten. Their spirit was broken. This did not make Rube let up in their last half inning. Grim and pale he faced them. At every long step and swing he tossed his shock of light hair. At the end he was even stronger than at the beginning. He still had the glancing, floating airy quality that baseball players call speed. And he struck out the last three batters.

In the tumult that burst over my ears I sat staring at the dots on my score-card. Fourteen strike-outs! one scratch hit! No base on balls since the first inning! That told the story which my deadened senses doubted. There was a roar in my ears. Some one was pounding me. As I struggled to get into the dressing-room the crowd mobbed me. But I did not hear what they yelled. I had a kind of misty veil before my eyes, in which I saw that lanky Rube magnified into a glorious figure. I saw the pennant waving, and the gleam of a white cottage through the trees, and a trim figure waiting at the gate. Then I rolled into the dressing-room.

Somehow it seemed strange to me. Most of the players were stretched out in peculiar convulsions. Old Spears sat with drooping head. Then a wild flaming-eyed giant swooped upon me. With a voice of thunder he announced:

"I'm a-goin' to lick you, too!"

After that we never called him any name except Rube.

Marriage in America

[Continued from page 657]

This wide diversity of opinion shows that college acts by no means uniformly on different girls and their attitudes toward life. But this can not be said of their attitudes toward marriage. I do not know how the entering freshmen feel, but genuine college girls—three-quarters of them and more—admit that they look forward to marrying. One-tenth are doubtful, while only one-eighth are definitely bent on following a career, and this eighth includes the large and insincere "Oh, I'll never marry" class with which we are all so familiar. Only six per cent. have given no thought whatever to the marriage question. Fewer than a third are drifting along the lines of custom and tradition, while almost two-thirds have given serious thought to marriage as one of the great problems of life.

But College Makes the Girl More Discriminating as to Men

An American proverb runs: "Keep your eyes wide open before marriage; half shut afterward." Whether or not the American college girl believes in the second of these injunctions, she certainly follows the first. It is distressing to learn that the chief way in which the higher education affects her ideas of men (the ideas of merely one-fourth are unchanged on this point) is to make her think less of them.

Here is a body of opinion gathered from all parts of the country. It may perhaps give pause to some of our more optimistic educators: "College has shattered my ideals of men." "Made me think them a lot more ordinary." "I find myself wondering if there are any really pure men, and I didn't used to feel that way." "I'd anticipated meeting many intellectually alert and stimulating men here, but they're very few." "I believe now that no men are 'nice' except the goody-goody, uninteresting ones." "I have found out things about college men that break my heart." "I think boys are dreadful!"

The foregoing are all from Co-eds. One of the few Nuns who agrees with them says: "I'm afraid I trust men much less than I used to. Here you hear so much about men from different girls who know the same fellow—things to his discredit. Girls have a big opportunity to compare notes in their dormitory life, and so we get a rather shrewd insight into the real quality of a man." A Nun declares, not without a touch of cynicism: "I think more of men because I see so few."

Second on the list as a salve to masculine feelings come those whose idea of men has been raised: "My professors have given me an altogether new idea of men," confesses a senior in the Northwest, and a considerable number feel as she does. A Middle-Westerner is "amazed to see the difference between the masculine and feminine mind. The girls stick; they dig and practise. But they don't get out of a course what a boy does—a boy of the right kind. I learn a lot from watching them. I try to work the way they do. I'd like to take my courses the way a boy does, but I have n't the nerve."

She Demands Intellectual Comradship from Her Husband

Next in order, college has made the girl student more discriminating as to men. It has led her to demand more from them. "Before coming to college I might have been contented with a good provider or one who merely appeared well before the world. I require more now. For a long time after I came to college I corresponded with a boy back home. But pretty soon his letters began to bore me so I couldn't stand them and I stopped." Here is an echo from a Nun: "There are two college boys at home I'm really very fond of, but for the last couple of years it has bored me nearly to death to talk with them. Can you understand how that could be? Perhaps the reason is that the women's colleges are making themselves into really more serious places of education than the men's colleges."

Further, college has made her more democratic. There is the Eastern girl, for instance, who has lived among working people all her life and had supposed that they were different from the others; now she perceives that "everybody is more or less alike."

The college girl has become more tolerant, more independent of man. "Men are no longer absolute necessities. I have my work even if the right man never comes." Next, she demands more intellectual comradeship.

So much, then, for the college girl's changed ideas about the other sex. About her specific ideals for a possible husband little need be added. In her case, at least, the German proverb is disproved when it says: "Fortune and women seeking husbands have a liking for fools." So much is plain from the mere beginning of her list of demands. Her husband must be intellectual, seriously engaged in something, energetic, endowed with a sense of humor, able to keep her interested. He must have a sound character, professional talent, artistic tastes, and so on.

"Cupid," declares *Punch*, "is blind to everything save pin-money." Even this truth has not escaped the foresight of college girls. Three-quarters of them would insist on having an understanding with their fiancés on some or all of such matters as finances, "obedience," children, and so on.

The fact that almost three-fifths of the college girls favor the Woman's Emancipation movement explains why three-fifths of them, after marriage, would like to continue the work they are particularly interested in: why two-thirds believe in a woman having a career of her own, why eighty-seven per cent. consider that no kind of honorable work would lower their social "caste," and nine per cent. more, that "high-grade work" would not do so.

We have already seen how this tidal wave of feminine unrest has driven the working girl to elevate her ideals of marriage and to struggle to better her industrial and business conditions so that she may keep economic compulsion in its proper place in her life and be free to marry from



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only the right motives. But it appears that this great unrest has affected college girls far more generally than it has affected their sisters in office and store and factory. It is, therefore, hardly surprising to learn that forty-two per cent. of these college girls have already, at one time or another, done serious work; and that twice that proportion, or eighty-four per cent. have given serious thought to becoming self-supporting.

She Spends Less on Dress Than the Society Girl

These figures are broadly confirmed by a canvass of three hundred and forty-three married alumnae made in 1900. This shows that nearly three-fourths of these graduates had been engaged in some occupation outside their homes before marriage. Later we shall refer again to this canvass.

It seems something more than a mere coincidence that brings the eighty-three per cent. proportion of those students who would prefer remaining single to marrying without love within one per cent. of those who have at some time seriously thought of supporting themselves. "College girls to-day," remarked one of the brightest students in this investigation, "talk of these serious matters of the future far more than people realize. They all want to marry, but they are not at all afraid of being old maids on the score of any possible social reproach."

It is a sinister fact—and throws a side light on the ideals of the Society Girl—that nearly all of the minority who expressed a willingness to marry without love is drawn from families of wealth, while only one-half of those who have never considered self-support come from homes of luxury.

Only a quarter of the girls would make "practical" marriages—that is to say, would give their heads more voice than their hearts in choosing a husband. That the large majority of these "practical" girls are also from wealthy homes makes an eloquent representation indeed for the almighty dollar when one takes into consideration how comparatively little wealth is represented in our American colleges.

On the other hand, only one-fifth would marry for love, quite regardless of economics. On the whole, the college girl apparently believes in the wise old adage: "Never marry for money, but never marry without it." She strikes an almost ideal balance between heart and head.

Perhaps the most salient fact that emerges from this study of the college girl's attitude toward marriage is that she is the champion of the spiritual as against the material. She is generally thoughtful and prudent about money matters, but she is determined not to let them down on "the things that count." Her present average annual expenditure for dress is about three hundred and twenty-five dollars, or about sixteen per cent. of the average two thousand dollars income that she expects her future husband to have. This compares favorably with the ratios of the Society girl's and the Smart Set girl's allowance for dress as compared with the incomes they demand. These are respectively twenty-two per cent. and twenty-seven per cent. In passing it should be noted that the college girl expects her future husband to make only one hundred dollars more each year than the Smart Set girl spends on dress alone.

As the love of children is the correlate of the master passion, one would naturally expect college girls to desire large families. And so they do—surprisingly large ones, compared with the classes previously studied. They have a normal desire for motherhood, tempered, like that of the working girl, by a firm resolve never to bear more children than they can properly rear.

Only one-twentieth want no children, and nearly all of these belong also to the class which would marry without love. The average college girl desires more than four children—to be precise, four and forty-one hundredths. It is encouraging to remember that this great love of children will not only insure them better care and rearing, but also that this beautiful endowment may be transmitted to the children themselves, who will pass it down the line.

Slightly more than seven-tenths believe in divorce. Three-fifths are confident that the majority of marriages turn out happily.

The Children of College-bred Women Are the Healthiest

So much, then, for our bird's-eye view of the college girl's ideals. To the thoughtful reader it must now be clear that these ideals, while the highest and most austere of any class yet considered in this series, are also the furthest divorced from the great, glamorous, disillusionizing eventualities of the crude world beyond the campus walls. In her way, the college girl is almost as much an ostrich as the society girl, because she has become a woman amid the artificial atmosphere of academic life and has absorbed many lofty ideals from her environment that she will never have the privilege of putting into practice. Therefore, as hopeful indications of the progress of the race toward consciously making eugenic marriages, these ideals must be more or less discounted—at least so far as they seem to indicate the sort of man the college girl is actually going to marry. For the campus life undoubtedly keeps the college girl younger than her sisters who are out in the world. Says a Western Co-ed: "Girls who simply stay at home are far older than college girls in ways of the world, but far more conservative and narrow. College keeps a girl young and fresh in her attitude, but always enthusiastic and interested in any new subject that comes up. She is more alive."

Because the college girl is the most retarded of all in her sexual development—and though this fact shows that she is further along in the scale of organic evolution than are the types that ripen earlier, she is therefore, of course, more likely after graduation to discard her earlier ideals as immature. Yet, in so far as these ideals are indications of her own character which she is to transmit to future generations, they are of immense significance.

It will not do, either, to be very suspicious of the significance of these ideals for the future. Such a broad and keen observer as Chauncey J. Hawkins, in his book, "Will the Home Survive?" declares of college girls to-day, "they are not trying to avoid marriage, but they are so independent that they are trying to avoid the

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wrong kind of marriage . . . They are determined that into their marriages shall enter intellectual and moral sympathy which shall survive the mere demands of sex. In short, for the first time in the history of the world, women; that is, self-respecting and intelligent women, have reached a place where they can make a choice of their life-mates, and they are exercising their right to choose."

The eugenic—or "race-improvement"—value of the college girl's ideals is triumphantly shown in the small death-rate of the children of alumnae and their high level of health.

In these ideals we no longer see the splendid and appealing yet blind groping toward the eugenic faith which we saw among the working girls. Instead, we find quantities of college girls thinking, with one Northern senior: "I don't believe marriage as an institution will be really successful until the general public is educated into going into it more intelligently." Numbers of them are accepting more or less completely, but with open eyes, the conservative and beautiful ideal of race-culture laid down by Francis Galton, the virtual father of our youngest science, in his "Memories." "What I desire is that the importance of eugenic marriages should be reckoned at its just value, neither too high nor too low, and that eugenics should form one of the many considerations by which marriages are promoted or hindered, as they are by social position, adequate fortune, and similarity of creed. I can believe hereafter that it will be felt as derogatory to a person of exceptionally good stock to marry into an inferior one as it is for a person of high Austrian rank to marry one who has not sixteen heraldic quarterings. I also hope that social recognition of an appropriate kind will be given to healthy, capable and large families, and that social influence will be exerted toward the encouragement of eugenic marriages."

The enemies of this ideal object that, if adopted, it will kill all romantic passion. But many of these college girls are clear-sighted enough to realize that, on the contrary, this ideal once adopted by humanity, instead of heaping obstructions on the path of true love, will simply act as a guard-rail against racial disaster. As Dr. T. D. Wood remarks: "Men and women will not choose one another in cold blood simply because intelligence and reason point the way, but human sentiment and every romantic quality will be enhanced when permanent and future interests are furthered by a saner and finer human choice."

For some years the idea has been widespread that the higher education seriously injures a girl's chances of marriage. Of late this has been disputed, notably by President Thomas of Bryn Mawr, who has not yet, however, published the data which were collected ten years ago by the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. Certain students of this subject declare that only a quarter of all college girls ever marry; others, one-third; while none, I believe, claim more than one-half. After looking through the published material on the subject, I conclude that the earlier types of college girl were on the whole more heavily handicapped for marriage, both by environment and natural endowment and masculine prejudice than is the type of to-day, which grows every year more womanly and healthy and attractive to men and is being increasingly recruited from the leisure classes as college-going becomes increasingly fashionable.

Educating for Spinsterhood Rather Than for Marriage

Undoubtedly there is much masculine prejudice still to be overcome, by men in general, for college girls in general. They are still somewhat prone to cry, with old Sir Edward Young:

"Is't not enough plagues, wars and famines rise,
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?"

Among the interviews are a number of passages like the following one from a beautiful New Englander: "Personally I have found a change in the attitude of the boys toward me every time I have gone home on vacation. They seem to be afraid, jealous, actually suspicious of a college girl—even the college men themselves. We girls positively have to work to think up small talk such as they can bear. That's what they seem to want from a girl. And if we say anything that has the least bit of sense they'll sort of collapse and groan 'college' in tones of the deepest scorn. I tell you I've thought a lot over this thing. I've cried over it, too."

Now, though President Thomas may be right in her contention that college girls marry just as frequently as other girls of the same walk in life, yet no one can deny that far fewer marry than should for the good of the race, or than anyone would naturally expect who knows how attractive the genus has come to be.

The reasons for this discrepancy are numerous. But three of them seem to stand out pre-eminently:

First of all, the college girl's marriage ideals are so lofty as, unfortunately, to limit her range of choice to comparatively few men, and these only under particular conditions. As we have seen, unless she may marry within that sphere and under those conditions she vastly prefers to remain single.

The second reason is that the ideals of the men are too low. They are jealous of her knowledge and of her accomplishments. They feel that she is "too wise" if not "too good for human nature's daily food." They suspect that her ideals have been raised so high that any subsequent reality is bound to result in disappointment.

But the third reason is that the ideals of the men are too high. They see that the higher education sometimes fills a girl with impractical radicalism and makes a man of her. They see that many an institution, by rigidly insisting on a strictly "cultural" diet for her, keeps foreign to her nature during the crucial years many of the considerations that are of paramount importance to the welfare of the race. They agree with M. de Ghellin, the Belgian writer, who warns us that American girls "are taught everything except how to become good housewives and mothers." They feel that there is a certain grim significance in the blue-ribboned diploma which conveys that the sweet girl-graduate is now a bachelor-girl of Arts. It is borne in upon them that the higher education is an education for spinsterhood rather than for marriage.

This, then, is the situation. What is to be done about it?

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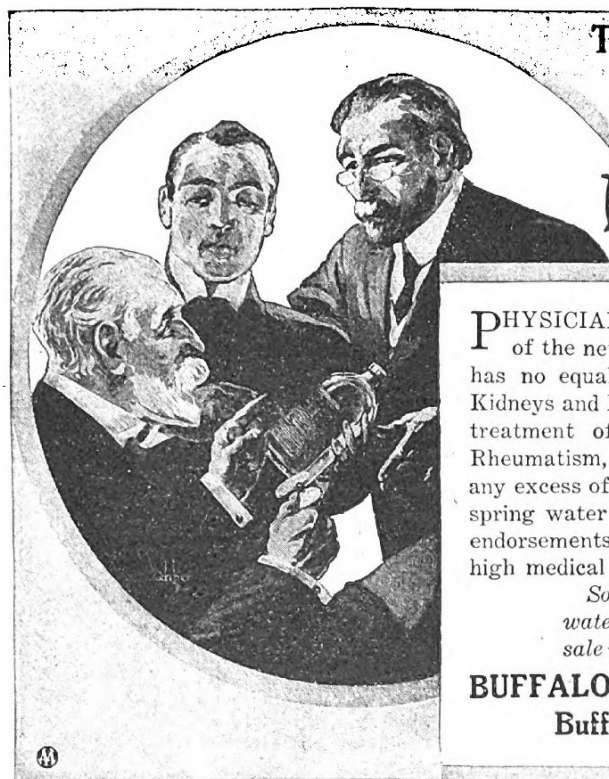
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Shall we try to lower these maidenly ideals that have so laboriously been uplifted? A glance at those of the Society Girl is sufficient answer. Rather we must elevate more of our men to the high level where they will be found worthy the comradeship of our college girls; for it seems probable that most of the latter are willing enough to marry if they can only find their mates.

The History of Nations Is Determined Not on the Battlefield but in the Nursery

It is true that coeducational institutions are more advanced than the woman's colleges in nearly all the necessary courses except sex hygiene; and it is plain that in this one subject the coeducational system should be suspended and separate lectures given for men and women.

It is evident that the students,—both Co-ed and non,—would welcome more preparation for marriage in the curriculum: More than nine-tenths of those who expressed any opinion at all on this subject felt that more should be offered in the way of biology, evolution, heredity, domestic science, sex hygiene, and allied subjects and that these should be available earlier in the course. The girls interviewed were almost pathetically eager for knowledge. One of the investigators writes: "I never get through my interview but the student promptly puts me in the chair and plies me with questions."

Even in the woman's colleges the hygiene lectures are not all that they should be. In many institutions the only real sex-knowledge imparted at all is given in the course of half a dozen optional lectures immediately before graduation. Often this knowledge comes too late. In some cases, years of prudish ignorance have made it almost dangerous to subject the girl to a sudden, frank revelation of these matters. In one leading institution so many seniors fainted during the lectures in sex hygiene that the course had to be discontinued for a time.

This is rather as though an army should be put through an exhaustive course in fan-painting, differential calculus, fancy dancing, and the philosophy of Hegel until, on the day that war was declared, there should be suddenly demonstrated to them by cinematograph the duties and horrors of the battle-field, with the result that they would desert at once by companies.

"Do you know," a well-known woman painter said to me the other day, "I think that there should be chairs of Matrimony and Maternity in all the colleges that admit women, and that the rarest, greatest spirits in the world should be called to them.—how I'd like to decorate a hall worthy of such lectures!—and this should be so honorable and glorious a thing that no man's college could offer anything to compare with it."

Some years ago two little Japanese scholars made a quiet tour through our country to find out, as they admitted, what was most significant about the woman's educational system of the West.

They returned and started a university, the aim of which, in the words of its founder is "to impart higher education to the daughters of Japan with the object of enabling them satisfactorily to discharge their duties as women, wives and mothers, fully equipped with ideas and knowledge, in touch with the progress of the nation and the world."

That university to-day is the largest woman's college in the world, if one includes the model schools. "In all the courses"—I quote from an article by Dr. Theodore Smith of Clark University—"psychology, child study, ethics, hygiene, education and nursing of children, and history of the fine arts are required. There is a dormitory system and the students share in the household work. Students in advanced classes hold in turn the position of head woman (*Shufu*) and learn the management of a home under the supervision of a matron appointed by the university."

Then the Japanese learned of us. Now we have to learn of them. And we have to remember that that nation which first consistently works out the eugenic ideal, as this university is working it out, is destined to rule the world. As Dr. Saleeby well says: "The history of nations is determined not on the battle-field but in the nursery, and the battalions which give lasting victory are battalions of babies. *The politics of the future will be domestic.*"

When American girls generally have attained even such ideals as have been outlined in this article; when masculine standards have been correspondingly elevated; when in the minds of our educators the needs of the race have come to assume at least an equal importance with the needs of the individual; then first we may begin to speak with hope of the millennium.



Superlative Courtesy

A SUBURBAN lawyer of Westchester County, New York, once ironically complimented Joseph H. Choate on his Chesterfieldian urbanity. Mr. Choate replied that it was not to be compared to his opponent's Westchesterfieldian suburbanity.

A Musical Chauffer

THE bandmaster was shy a violinist and failing to find the artist he sought, was compelled to take the best he could get—an unknown who had nothing to show but a union label. At the first rehearsal he played slow and came in behind the bunch. The leader shook him up and told him to get a move on. The unknown made a worse showing than before and was several beats late at the finish.

"Don't you know that you are way behind?" the leader asked, warmly. "Haven't you got any ear at all? What in thunder's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Well," apologized the man behind the bow, "I'm a chauffeur when I can get a job and I've been arrested so many times for violating speed regulations that I guess it has kind of got on my nerves."—W. J. LAMPTON.

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Lo, the Poor Musical Comedy

[Continued from page 649]

finally had to pay, I went to Chicago, where the rehearsals were going on. I was greeted cordially by the manager. Things were looking very bright, he said. I drew two hundred and fifty dollars against my royalties.

One day I ventured to tell the stage manager that I considered a certain interpolation vulgar. "Well," he said, "it's the only vulgar thing in the whole show, is n't it?" What was the use?

One rehearsal night I heard the chorus singing some ridiculous chant—an idol-worshiper's pæan. The tune was a lutherburbank of "Anitra's Dance" in the Peer Gynt suite and Moskowski's "Spanish Dance." As I recall them, the words were something about "twining garlands on his manly form, from the storm, keep him warm," and an allusion to his "kingly feet." It suggested regal shoes, obviously. "Where did those words come from?" I asked. "Didn't you write them?" asked the manager. "Great Funk-and-Wagnalls, no!" I shouted. Yes, I fear I shouted that time. It seemed that the composer had written an opening chorus and had thought that as long as nobody ever heard the words of a chorus I needn't be bothered with the work of them, and he did them himself. I wish I could remember those words. Well, I got the manager's permission—"I don't care what you write," was its verbiage—to write what I thought an improvement. Probably it was not. Perhaps it was too much trouble for the chorus to unlearn the first atrocity; at any rate, I never heard the substituted lyric sung. I think it never was bothered with.

Well, "Lo" was produced. The first performance was given in Aurora, Illinois, on August 25, 1909. With two exceptions—any members of the company who chance to read this will wonder who the second one I have in mind is—the acting was mediocre. But it "went" well and the unbiased Auroran seemed to like it. I rather enjoyed it myself. There was no Night of Triumph, however. After the performance the manager met me on the street. "Come to my room before you go to bed," he said. "Got to fix up that second act. It's rotten." And one of the typically futile "conferences" was held; six or seven men, each of whom had been "in this business" from ten to thirty years, telling just what was wrong. In effect, the music was superb; the dances delightful; the acting perfect; the stage effects all that might be desired; the costuming veristic and lavish. So I did some more "rewriting," which I think was never even tried out. I never heard of it, at any rate.

After performances in Waukegan, Illinois, and Janesville, Wisconsin, "Lo" opened in Milwaukee for a week's engagement. It seemed to please; the newspapers "treated us lovely," as the management had it. This was due, I was informed—lest my young head be turned by the sudden glory of printed praise—to the remarkable advance work of the press-agent, who had told the critics that the production "marked a new epoch in American musical comedy." Perhaps it did.

At the age of fourteen weeks, it breathed its last on December 5th in St. Joseph, Missouri. Its parents, bearing up nobly, learned the sad news through a stray newspaper paragraph. Its weekly gross receipts had averaged \$2,750, which is not large, but in a notoriously bad season, for a play with neither metropolitan endorsement nor the drawing power of a big name, I am told it was rather good. I don't pretend to know. I hear rumors that it is about to revive; I don't know that either; and, anyhow, this is no press-notice with a view to future patronage in case it does.

That is the plain, unjapalacked story. I am not recriminating. Taking one consideration with another, however, a librettist's lot is not a snappy one. Even Sir William Gilbert, who has made some slight reputation librettoing, has had his troubles. At the dress rehearsals of "The Fallen Fairies," which was produced in London last January, Sir William thanked the company in warm terms for their efforts and added: "I am sorry I can not say as much for the scene, every detail of which has been painted in absolute defiance of my expressed orders."

If I were writing an editorial on musical comedy and operetta in America, I would probably say that its future is all before it and that it depended largely on the managers; that in this country there is an embarrassment of themes for light, satirical treatment and dozens of men well able to handle them; that managers say—and often think they mean it—they want something original, and are afraid to be first with anything; that the manager makes the error of putting that myth, The Average Theatergoer, on too low an intellectual plane, just as so many editors do in the case of The Average Reader, who, if he exist, is far above the average. And I should wind up my editorial with the couplet, captioned "Managers,"

"O wad some power the giftie gie them
To see themselves as others see them."

But this is no editorial. You, O Mæcenas-Editor, asked me to tell the story. You thought it would be interesting. Don't blame me.

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THE INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR



IN THE last number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE the writer briefly covered some of the various forms of municipal obligations. In this number we shall treat of some of the precautions which the banker exercises in the selection and investigation of securities.

Municipal bonds have been issued for a vast number of purposes, such as for water-works, sewers, streets, sidewalks, public buildings of all kinds (such as court-houses, city halls, jails, school-houses and gymnasiums); bridges, anticipation of taxes, current expenses; for the payment of interest upon debt already existing (a practice which should never be tolerated); parks, playgrounds, for the funding of floating indebtedness and for the refunding of bonds falling due which had already been issued for some such purpose as the foregoing. They have also been issued to aid in the construction of railroads, manufacturing plants which it was believed would benefit the city, and so on. Bonds of this last kind, however, have been a fruitful source of default and repudiation.

Beware of Bonus Bonds

It has been held by a lawyer whose experience in examining into the legality of municipal issues is probably second to none, that there is no good purpose for the issuing of a municipal bond except the welfare, in a general way, of each and all of the taxpayers. It is conceded that bonds issued for such public purposes as water-works, sewerage, etc., come within this limitation, but that bonds issued to aid some railroad or manufacturing enterprise which is of doubtful value to all, and over the management of which the municipality has little if any influence, and which may benefit a certain class rather than the population as a whole, furnish good grounds for an effort to escape payment. Therefore, beware of all "aid" or "bonus" bonds, as they are frequently termed.

See what the laws of the State of Vermont have to say upon this subject:

"... moneys deposited in savings banks, savings institutions and trust companies, and the income therefrom, shall be invested only as follows: . . . in the municipal bonds, not issued in the aid of railroads, of counties, cities and towns of five thousand or more inhabitants, in the States of New Jersey, Wisconsin, . . ."

Realizing all this, it may be interesting to know how one irresponsible bond house overcame the objection and still purchased issues in the aid of manufacturing properties. The plan was based upon the fundamental principle that, in refunding a bond, the city acknowledges the indebtedness—legalizes it as it were—and that the buyer is not bound to inquire into the purposes of the original issue. In other words, if he buys a refunding bond, the bond being so designated only on its face, the reason for the first issue not appearing, he is not bound to inquire into the purpose of the original issue which the refunding bond has replaced, and that, therefore, the municipality will not be able to set up, as a defense against the payment of such a security, the fact that the original issue was for a questionable purpose. The holder, however, of such a bond must be an innocent party, and not the original purchaser of the refunding issue from the city. On this principle, therefore, the house in question would contract for a manufacturing "aid" bond, and, at the time, arrange that as soon as the bonds were issued and delivered to the bond house, another issue would immediately be given in exchange, the latter refunding the first. The real and underlying purpose for the loan would disappear from the face of the instrument itself, and supposedly be known only to the issuing municipality and the banking house which shared in the transaction. Such an arrangement for refunding had to be entered into with the municipality at the time of purchase, so that the banking house could depend upon the refunding taking place. These bonds, in the hands of the bankers, would not be considered, by law, as being in the hands of innocent holders, but, when sold to others, unless the city could afterward prove that they were cognizant of the subterfuge of the refunding transaction, it would not be entitled to put up any defense as to an improper issue in the first instance.

It is fortunate that such a discreditable plan of "whipping the devil around the stump" was the exception rather than the rule. Most of the self-respecting banking houses were perfectly cognizant of what was going on, and very much opposed to it, and, in a quiet way, they did all they could to discourage the

The Nation's Development Through the Investment Banker—Sixth Article

By MONTGOMERY ROLLINS

placing of bonds in this manner. So far as the writer knows, only one bond house employed this scheme.

In referring to refunding bonds, many lawyers do not consider it necessary to examine into the legality of the issue refunded, relying on the refunding itself as legalizing the former

obligation, considering it necessary only that there shall be no legal flaws in the refunding. Still, there are other lawyers and a goodly number of bond houses that wisely insist upon a rigid investigation into the acts and proceedings leading up to the creation of the first indebtedness.

Overbonding as a Source of Evil

However satisfactory municipal bonds are proving as a class, eternal vigilance must be exercised by the banker who wishes to perpetuate for himself an untarnished reputation for the handling of bonds prompt in their payment of interest and principal; and innumerable are the things to consider.

Overbonding has been, and may continue to be, a source of great evil. A famous student of municipal finance, a legal mind having to do with the straightening out of many defaults in securities of that class, holds that no municipality, fairly assessed, can ever hope to keep its head above water when the net indebtedness—meaning thereby indebtedness for purposes which are not income producing, such as water or light—is greater than five per cent. of such assessment. If we refer to the time of the Pilgrims we find that, as a result of King Philip's War, the debt incurred by the Plymouth colony alone exceeded the value of all the personal property of the colonists, and does not seem to have been too great a burden for them. But those hardy pioneers were inspired by motives of economy and thrift unlikely to be met with to-day.

It is the business of the banker to ascertain that the assessment is a fair one and that the indebtedness is not excessive; and the five per cent. rule suggested above—which the writer believes must have first originated in the legal mind referred to—is now becoming a more or less accepted rule, as is emphasized by the laws passed by so many of our States regulating the investment of the funds of savings banks. A few examples will suffice:

Massachusetts provides that no bonds or notes of any city located without the Commonwealth, and which are otherwise eligible for investment, shall be accepted if the net indebtedness exceeds five per cent. of the last preceding valuation of the property therein for the assessment of taxes. And, in that State "net indebtedness" is by law understood to mean the indebtedness "of a county, city, town or district, omitting debts created for supplying the inhabitants with water, and other debts exempted from the operation of the law limiting their indebtedness and deducting the amount of sinking funds available for the payment of indebtedness included."

In New Hampshire the law reads that investment may be made "in the authorized bonds of any county, city, town, school district or other municipal corporation of any other (outside of New England) of the United States or Territories, whose net indebtedness at the time of such investment does not exceed five per cent. of the last preceding valuation of the property therein for taxation; and the authorized bonds of any city of one hundred thousand inhabitants of any of said States, whose net indebtedness does not exceed seven per cent. of the last preceding valuation of the property therein for taxation." It will be noted that in cities of one hundred thousand or more inhabitants seven per cent. is accepted in place of five per cent.

In New Hampshire, the term "net indebtedness" is construed to denote "the indebtedness of any city, town or other municipal corporation, omitting the debt created for supplying the inhabitants with water, and deducting the amount of any sinking-fund available for the payment of municipal indebtedness." Many States have placed constitutional or statutory limitations upon the indebtedness of their municipalities.

The foregoing clearly sets forth the general feeling of legislators and financiers upon this matter, and it is a rule that may not be carelessly broken. But there are some Western municipalities where the assessed valuations are extremely low, and which it is not fair to compare with the assessments for the purposes of taxation in other States. In Massachusetts, it is customary to assess property somewhere near its marketable, or real value; whereas, in certain Western States

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a quarter or a third of the market value is nearer the basis upon which the assessment is computed. A knowledge of the customs in those sections is necessary in arriving at an intelligent decision as to the relative burden of the indebtedness.

The Proper Time Limit for Bonds

Attention has already been called to the custom which some municipalities have of issuing bonds for an undesirable purpose. The idea may be better understood by describing the stand which the corporation counsel of a city in New York State has taken in relation to the bond issues of his own community. His belief—in which the writer entirely coincides—is that no bond should be issued to run longer than the probable life of the improvement for which the indebtedness is created. Comptroller Metz of New York City has stated that the present generation is paying for brooms used in the street-cleaning department nearly half a century ago. The corporation counsel just mentioned goes upon the assumption that the life of a fire engine is, we will say, ten years; that the life of a street pavement is comparatively short—five to ten years, according to service—and so on; and that bonds to be issued for such purposes should become due and payable within that time, and not refunded; that the bonds should be made payable serially, so that the entire indebtedness might be extinguished at its final maturity—which is the best possible method—or that a sufficient sinking-fund should be created for the same purpose. In California somewhat the same idea is accomplished by the law which provides that every municipal issue must be made payable—and paid, not refunded—during forty years from its date.

No issue of bonds should ever be countenanced by a banking house for the payment of current expenses, for the payment of interest on indebtedness (which is properly a current expense), or for refunding an issue which originally represented an improvement, since obsolete; unless, in this last case, a provision is made for its early retirement through a serial issue or a sinking-fund, and the credit of the municipality is beyond reasonable question.

Communities Without Stable Resources

Mines or oil wells do not, as a rule, furnish good risks. A community undergoing a "boom" is one to beware of. Always take into consideration the surrounding country, its reserves, the probability of its going forward or backward, and a consequent increase or decrease in population; also the likelihood of a city losing prestige from the opening up of a better and more convenient distributing point, railroad center or port, which will take from the first city much of its business. Seattle and Tacoma are examples. Both are undoubtedly good cities, but there was, for many years, much doubt as to which would finally outweigh the other in the balance.

The building of the Suez Canal had a far-reaching effect upon many peoples; so will the completion of the Panama Canal. Natural conditions may prove a great bulwark of safety; the lack of good harbors upon the Pacific Coast assures a certain permanency to San Francisco, Portland, Oregon, and Seattle. The few passes through the Rocky Mountains available for railroad building offer a location to Ogden, Utah, of great strategic value.

The building of a line of competing railroad might have a detrimental effect upon a locality, or the building of a line to cross an existing one, forming a junction of two or more lines, might stimulate a competitive center to the detriment of a near-by rival not so favored.

The growth of localities has always been tremendously influenced by changes in the means of transportation. The class and disposition of population must be considered—whether it is shifting or permanent. This fact is considered in many of the Southern municipalities where the negro population pays but little in the way of taxes. Many bankers, in buying issues in the South, ascertain the percentage of the two races to one another.

Where the commercial dependence of a community rests entirely upon manufactures, their kind and probable endurance must be taken into account.

In the light of present-day knowledge, improved laws and well-established methods, municipal bonds, as a class, are by many conceded to be the safest form of bonded indebtedness—"Governments" not included if we take the world as a whole, because some of our South American and insular republics do not enjoy a very savory reputation for payment.

One of the elements of strength in a municipal issue rests in the right to enforce payment and in the obligatory requirement for the levying of taxes for the liquidation of interest and principal, supposing, always, that the issue is a legal one, and that no flaws exist in the issuance, opening the way to evasion of responsibility. Taxes are the first claim upon all property, and this fact was well expressed by the Finance Commission of the city of Boston in relation to the excessive indebtedness of that municipality: "This large burden of indebtedness is really a first mortgage upon unencumbered real-estate, and makes every first mortgage in reality only a second mortgage." In some States a law exists giving the holder of a defaulted bond the right to seize public property and hold it as security for the payment of indebtedness, and, in other instances, the law would permit the seizure of private property for the same purpose.

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(Space does not permit giving all the figures but same will be furnished on request.)

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The Tenderfoot Goes Alligator Hunting

[Continued from page 661]

on, boys," said Saville. "How much wages do you expect? Two dollars, four, five a day?"

Dutch jumped up. "See here, Savvy, you don't want a crazy bunch o' niggers. Let me tend to it. I gives lessons in bein' a fool."

Dutch hired the men for one dollar a day, and fifty cents for oxen.

Ike, the fourth negro, acted as Saville's guide and they set out through the swamp to find the easiest route to the river.

When he reached camp, Saville dispatched Cap'n Dave with the *Japan* to Vicksburg to get a photographer. "Pay him what he asks; don't let a few dollars stop you."

"An' I was jes' beginning to think maybe he had some sense," grumbled Dave as he cranked the engine.

Saville called for Ike to bring his hatchet, and started back, as he thought, on a direct line from the river to where his alligator lay.

"Hold on, boss; you'll be up to yo' neck in Mule's Ear Slough."

"What is that?"

"Jes' a slough—a boggy place about a mile wide with cypress trees. A skeeter could n't git through there, let alone a wagon."

"All right; we'll go this way."

"Lordy, boss, you'd have to swim Black Lake. An' dat udder way is Grassy Bayou."

"Which is the best way to get him out?"

"T ain't no bes' way out o' dis swamp."

"Very well; we'll blaze the shortest way."

After spending an entire day crawling through underbrush, wading in black mud, Saville reached his alligator—spattered, draggled and utterly worn out.

"I'm going to get my alligator out of here if we don't travel but an inch a day."

"Possible so," Dutch smiled placidly. "Vat you reminds me of, do you know? Dere vas vonce a bull yearling vat try ter butt von locomotive der track off. He had nerve blenty, but discretion, nix."

"But he tried?"

"Yah; und der gompany pay fer der biecses."

"Now, Dutch, be a good fellow. I don't want many things; maybe that is because I have had everything without working for it. You know how that is."

"I do not."

"Well, I want to put that alligator in the New York Museum, and I don't care how much trouble it is."

The big Dutchman arose from the log, hitched up his galluses and drawled: "Den ve yanks 'im out."

Saville transferred his camp to the Green Water. With ax and ox-whip, hammer and hustle, he routed the peace of nature out of that secluded swamp. A file of negroes stumbled in from the sawmill, eleven miles away, each bearing a plank on his shoulder. Then the carpenters cluttered away on a box that looked like Goliath's coffin. Axmen blazed a tortuous roadway through the forest to the river with such skill that they cut surprisingly few trees. When eight yoke of oxen dragged a huge log wagon into camp from one direction, and Cap'n Dave dragged in a disgusted photographer from another direction, Saville exclaimed "Bully!" and wrung the artist's hand.

"Sorry, old fellow, to give you so much trouble, but I want a lot of pictures."

Saville knew what he wanted and got it—the lake, the alligator track with Wilhelmina barking at the water, Dutch and the dog, and views, profiles and full-face of the alligator himself.

"Now, old fellow, focus your machine amidships—I'm going to put my foot on his back, and do it quick. That's a fashionable kind of picture." Saville took up his rifle, set his cap jauntily and approached the ugly brute. The photographer stood with the bulb in his hand, waiting to snap the shutter. With his eyes shut the alligator apparently paid no attention, and—

"Look out!" Dutch shouted too late. The alligator side-swiped his tail and eliminated Saville from the neighborhood. Fortunately, he had got so close that he was lifted and hurled instead of hit, or it would have broken every bone in his body. He turned a few handsprings and lit on his feet before Dutch and the negroes reached him.

"Both ends is dangerous," remarked Dutch. "Vait until dem boys tighten der ropes."

The photographer grinned. "I've got to change the plate. He scared me and I snapped the shutter. Got a fine view of your knock-out."

"Bully! Say, Dutch, does the spring in his head work sideways?"

"Nein—it works up und down."

Saville made his prudent approach from another angle. "Sic semper tyrannis!" he exclaimed as he planted his foot on the alligator's neck and posed. "That's right, old charrie; thrash your tail and knock up the dust; it'll look fine in the picture. Better expose two or three plates—this is a classic."

It made an impressive caravan when they tumbled their prize into his box and set out for the river. Saville marveled to see the oxen drag the wagon over logs and

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stumps and burst through thickets that he would have supposed impassable for a rabbit.

The wagon had nearly caught up with the axmen who were cutting within a mile of the river. Then all his negroes came back. "Boss, we got to quit."

"What's the matter?" Saville demanded.

"De man what watches dis timber is been hidin' in de woods; he seen what us was doin'. He's gone fer de sheriff. Las' year de sheriff put some white folks in jail, an' Lord knows what he'll do wid niggers."

It had never occurred to Saville that any human being really owned such a wilderness. "How long will it take him to get the sheriff?"

"He's got to ride about twenty miles."

"Then he can't stop us until to-morrow. Here, everybody take axes; we'll cut to the river before he gets back." Saville took an ax himself and hurried forward. The negroes shook their heads. Saville turned: "Look here, boys; I'm doing this. If anybody goes to jail it will be I—I'll pay you out, and ten dollars a day while you're in jail."

"Dose vages is good," observed Dutch, taking up a second ax. Then the negroes came.

No gang of timber thieves ever worked like these men, all day and all night, by torchlight and lantern. At noon next day Saville had the satisfaction of seeing his log wagon plow through the river's mud and deposit his captive beside the water.

"And now—for the fiddler. Say, Dutch, you don't suppose he'll take my alligator?"

"Take dot alligator? Nein. In der world dere is von man vants dot alligator—der rest is got sense."

This reassured Saville and he sniffed the dinner. Rube was lifting the brown fish and turning the venison; a row of broiled ducks sputtered while Simon basted them. Saville turned his head and saw the negroes running. "De sheriff."

Three men, with shotguns across their pommels, came riding along the trail over which the log wagon had passed. The foremost, a raw-boned blue-eyed man rode straight into camp.

"Who's in charge of this outfit?"

"I am," Saville walked out to meet him.

"You've been depreeding on land of the United Lumber Co."

"I knew I was on somebody's land—it does n't belong to me."

"Who do you represent?"

"Myself."

"Where's the timber you've brought out?"

Saville pointed to the box; the sheriff looked into it and turned incredulously.

Before the posse could recover from their surprise the Rat came smiling up from the shanty-boath.

"Here Simon," called Saville; "hitch the gentlemen's horses; they are going to take dinner with us."

They did. They took a competent, variegated and vanishing dinner. Dave and the Rat did n't know the names of half the things they served. Saville winced at Chateau Y'quem with corn bread and molasses—but nobody else knew the difference.

Softened by these evidences of sincerity the sheriff gradually got at the truth. He finished his coffee, lighted a cigar and laughed. "Honest, Mr. Saville, did you go to all that trouble to get an old alligator?"

"Sure. I'm going to send him home. Now gentlemen, would you mind sitting on your horses, with your guns, so that our special artist can take your picture?"



Principal Parts

TOMMY was called upon in the Latin class to give the principal parts of the verb "delay." With a blank look upon his face he nudged his companion and said, "Say, what is it?" His schoolmate replied, "Darn if I know!" Tommy's eyes brightened, and with a relieved expression on his face he thundered out, "Darn-if-I-know, darn-if-I-nare, darn-if-I-navi, darn-if-I-natum."



Always Good

SPEAKING of Jack London—or was it Rex Beach?—they tell that when in his salad days he submitted a story to a Great Editor the thing came back. So London—or was it Beach?—called upon the Great Editor and asked:

"What's the matter with this yarn? Don't you like it?"

"Yes," replied the Great Editor, impressively, "I always did."



His Choice

THREE boys aged three, four and five years respectively were discussing the matter of attending Sunday-school. The oldest boy, quickly made his choice saying, "I'd rather go to the Episcopal Sunday-school."

"I wouldn't," responded the four year old, "I'd rather go to the Methodist. Where'd you rather go brother?" turning to the three year old.

"I'd rather go to the Hippodrome," replied brother.

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The Thread

(Continued from page 659)

laughed like a madman. But no one volunteered to take his job from him. If there were wild animals in front we might have made an offer, but there were no animals. There were only trees, and fungus like white fingers, and a silence that had the same effect upon us as a blow from a sandbag. You could feel that silence. The hot air was charged with it.

"We ate wild bananas and mangosteens but they disagreed with us. Then the scratches made by the thorns became inflamed, and the agony was frightful, but Kennalton kept on without stopping. Three, four, five days he plunged along, his body cut to pieces, his eyes nearly closed. On the sixth day we could only crawl, all of us. The pain of our inflamed bodies was so great that we wanted to lie down and die, but we kept on because we were afraid to stay by ourselves. We wanted Kennalton to stop but he wouldn't. He was the only one who wasn't afraid of the silence and the trees, and he wouldn't stop with us to let us die in peace. D'ye see?"

"On the seventh day we refused to start with him, but when he got about fifty yards away, the fear clutched us with cold hands. We got to our knees like crazy men, and we crawled after him, cursing and yelling, and crying out to him to wait till we caught up to him. He did wait. Reilly begged him to stop with us till we died—till we died, yes, but he laughed, kissed the girl's picture and crawled forward, his hands leaving bloody patches on the bloated, hairy leaves of the roti plant. Our cussedness had petered out. We were chattering, fear-stricken maniacs, but Kennalton—well, he said, when we were starting from Brisbane, that the girl would bring him back, and he was doing all he could. The lonely man does n't make a good fight. No, sir! It's the man who is in love with a girl who has big, pure eyes; the man with a wife who gambles on him; the man with the little kiddies who think he's a bigger fellow than the President. He's the one to put up a scrap that thrills you to read about. It was the woman crouching in the darkness of the cave that made prehistoric man go out and knock spots off a hungry bear with a stone hatchet. Cussedness that made Scanlan swim to-day is a mighty poor spine stiffener when Death has a jiu-jitsu grip on you and prods you in the ribs when you howl.

"Ferguson wouldn't move on the morning of the ninth day. The boy tried to get him along, but he wouldn't budge. We went on and left him there—we could n't carry him. Those heliotrope blossoms of the poison plant, that I told you were like human eyes, watched us closer that day. The big green pods of the ground-creeper groaned louder than ever. They groaned so loud that we plugged our ears with soft moss to block out the sound. Kennalton did n't plug his ears, though. I guess he was listening to the sound of the trams in Queen Street, Brisbane; he did n't dodge the pods like we did.

"Late that night Ferguson caught up to us; he had followed the blood trail that we left behind. He was chattering like a madman. He had been by himself all day and the loneliness had torn away the tissue-paper that was between him and insanity. He felt us all over to make sure that we were real and then sprang at Kennalton and tried to get the girl's picture from him. We did n't help the boy. We wanted Ferguson to get the thing. If he lost the picture, we thought he would stop crawling and let us die. But Ferguson did n't get it. Kennalton nearly choked him and then the youngster kept awake the rest of the night to watch us.

"On the tenth day it was getting near our finish. Reilly gave out about midday. He just fell forward on his face and stayed there. Ferguson cursed Kennalton and laid himself down near him, but Hepworth, the youngster and I kept crawling. I guess we weren't going very fast just then. We heard Ferguson's curses splitting the silence like sharp knives for hours after we left him. I can't remember much after that. At times I'd think I was miles away, somewhere back in the States; then I'd wake up to find myself crawling just behind Kennalton. We saw snakes and iguanas, but they took no notice of us; just watched us go by without making an attempt to bite us. I was nearly blind then and I seemed to be glad. The sap of some poisonous plant had got into my eyes and they had swollen up so that I could hardly see the boy. I was wishing they'd close up altogether. The youngster was n't nice to look at then, and I thought if I could n't see him that I'd have to stop. Hepworth was lost some time in the afternoon, but we kept on. Near nightfall the boy slipped down a rocky slope and lay there till I caught up to him. 'We'll sleep here,' he said, and I heard him kissing the picture of the girl with the amber eyes all through the night.

"Next morning I was completely blind. I turned to tell Kennalton, but the moment I moved he clutched my arm with a grip of steel. 'I'm blind,' I cried; 'I can't see you.' He laughed. 'That's nothing,' he said. 'I broke my leg when I fell down here last night. I wouldn't tell you then because I was afraid that you might crawl away and leave me.' His grip tightened on my arm till I howled with the pain caused by his touch on the inflamed flesh. 'What do you want me to do?' I yelled. 'You've got to help me

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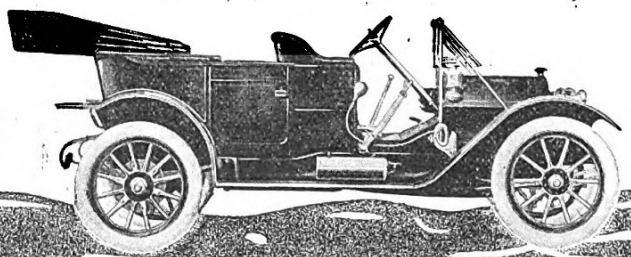
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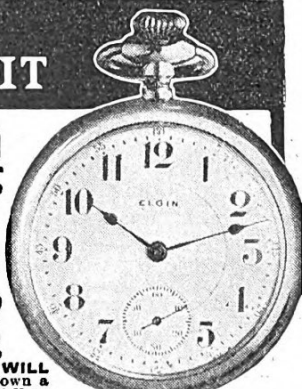
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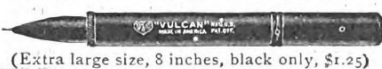
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along,' he snapped. 'You give me a hand and I'll steer.'

"I tried to get away from him, but he would n't let go. Then we fought. I had the use of all my limbs, while he had a broken leg. He beat me. He punched my raw ribs till I screamed for mercy and then I started to help him along. That day was a nightmare. Every few yards he'd take the locket out of his mouth, and still keeping his grip on me, he'd look at the face of the girl; then we'd go on again. 'We'll get back, I know we will. She knew I'd come back.' I don't know how long we kept it up. It might have been one hour or four hours or twenty hours. I was in the dark and could n't see whether there was sunlight or darkness. I could never remember afterwards. I know that I tried to get away from him a dozen times, but each time he punched me till I went on again. I know when I fell down for the last time. I thought Kennalton was a devil, and his clutch on my inflamed arm was shriveling my soul.

"When I became conscious, Kennalton was bathing my eyes with water, and I sniffed it. It was salt—salt water! I put out my hands and felt it swirling round me, and I felt the sting of it on my scratched flesh. 'Where are we?' I yelled. 'Tell me!' The boy laughed—a funny, hysterical laugh. 'We're on the shore of the Gulf,' he screamed, 'and there's a boat coming off from a schooner lying near the point.' Then he cried and started kissing the photo, and I fought with him again because I wanted to kiss it too.

"The crew of the schooner went back after Hepworth and Reilly and Ferguson—the track was pretty plain. They took us up to Port Moresby and when we recovered we got a trip down to Brisbane in an old sandalwood steamer.

"Three months after that I went down to Sydney to see Kennalton and the queen woman off by the *Alameda* to Frisco. A relative of the boy had died in the States and left him a ton of money. Just when the last bell rang, the girl flung her arms around my neck and kissed me twice. 'You brought him back to me,' she said. 'When he broke his leg you helped him. He could n't have done it.' 'Could n't he?' I blubbered. 'Could n't he? Why, he'd have got back to you if he broke both his darned legs.' And she laughed and kissed me again, and kept smiling and waving her handkerchief while the boat backed away from Circular Quay till I got so blamed blind with tears that I was waving at the Custom House instead of at the ship."

There was silence for a minute, then Mayburn put a question: "Did you ever hear from him afterwards?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Griswold. "He's Senator from his home town now, and if that woman keeps smiling at him with those big, pure amber eyes of hers he'll be President of the United States yet. Yes, God help the lonely men."

"Brute" Belnard stood up and looked out over the waters. The pack of flat clouds was still harring the scared-looking moon. The smell of half the world's nations floated across the tropic seas.

"Kick those niggers downstairs, Belnard," said Griswold. "They'll be breaking their necks sleeping up there."

It was the first time we had ever heard Griswold call Belnard by his surname. "Brute's" understanding of the story had evidently impressed him.



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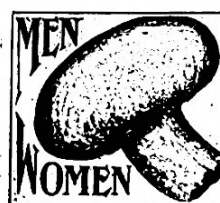
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