

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

FOUNDED BY
ORISON SWETT MARDEN

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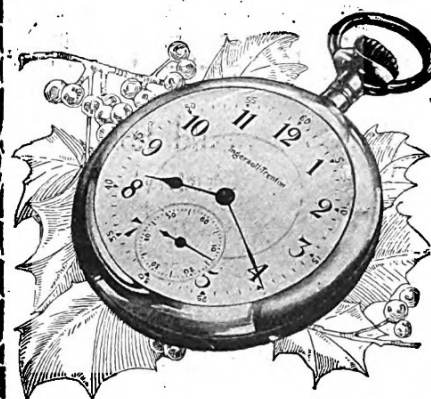
Our Advertisements

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

Expirations and Renewals

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

Subscriptions to begin with this issue should be received by December 15; to begin with January, should be received by January 15. Subscription price: \$1 a year; in Canada \$1.50; foreign countries, \$2 a year; all invariably in advance. On sale at all news-stands for 15c. a copy.



For a Man's Christmas

Is there anything that so delights a man's heart as a fine watch—one that permits him to speak the time with authority? It is refined and beautiful, as a gift should be, and besides is his most personal and useful possession. For years he carries it wherever he goes.

But his satisfaction depends upon its being an exact timer. Among watches there is one, though moderate priced, which has come to be conspicuous for its close timing—accurate as only high-priced watches have been.

A Superior Watch

Ingersoll-Trenton

7 and 15 Jewel Models

\$5 to \$15

No handsomer watch has ever been made. It will keep time for a generation. Your home jeweler can sell you an Ingersoll-Trenton and he will stand behind it. It is sold at our advertised prices by all who handle it and our price ticket is on each watch.

The I-T is sold exclusively by responsible retail jewelers, because fine watches should not be bought by mail nor from those who do not understand them and their adjustments. Over 9,000 good jewelers now handle it.

Go to your own jeweler's and examine it before buying any watch. If, by chance, he hasn't the I-T, we will gladly send the name of one nearby who has. Our booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," is the best explanation of a watch ever written, and is free on request. The \$5 Ingersoll-Trenton has 7 genuine jewels and is in a solid nickel case.

The \$15 Ingersoll-Trenton has 15 jewels and is in an I-T 25 year guaranteed gold-filled case of the highest quality.

Equally accurate models in a variety of I-T cases at \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10 and \$12.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
30 Frankel Bldg. New York

TELL THE WORLD ABOUT IT

ONE would hold a poor opinion of the business man who, after investing his money in a large industrial plant; after equipping it with modern machinery; after engaging the services of expert employees; after purchasing his raw materials; after converting those materials into finished products—one would hold a poor opinion of that man, we say, if, after doing all these things, he failed to tell the world about his wares, and neglected to make an effort to draw the great buying public to his door.

What shall we say of the city that, after placing its government upon a high plane; after cleaning and improving its streets and alleys; after perfecting its public utilities; after erecting fine buildings; after enacting good laws and electing good men to enforce those laws—what shall we say of the city that goes so far toward municipal idealism, and yet fails to tell the world about what it has to offer to capital and labor; about its homes, its civic advantages, its general residential and commercial opportunities?

OPPORTUNITIES FOR CITIES AND STATES

Many of the progressive cities of the United States have found new capital, new industries, new residents—new **Life**—through advertising intelligently done.

And, taking example from what municipalities have accomplished in this way, the chief executives and energetic citizens of various states are engaged in or making preparations for similar campaigns.

The importance of presenting such propositions to the right kind of people is evident. Men having serious pur-

poses; capitalists in search of investment opportunities; high class laborers seeking employment in cities where civic attainments are large and in states where educational advantages are superior; progressive men; **thinking** men—these are the ones to approach in municipal or state advertising, and if the case be made in forceful form, if every claim be substantiated in fact, then the results of such advertising are bound to be profitable to a satisfying degree.

*A Magazine That is Read in The Homes of
350,000 People Who APPRECIATE and can
USE Municipal and State Opportunities is*



QUALITY
CIRCULATION

SUCCESS MAGAZINE



QUALITY
CIRCULATION

FOUR-SQUARE ADVERTISING

The duty of the city or state that advertises—like the duty of the individual advertiser who would pay the obligation he owes to himself and the public at large—is to use media that are **Four-Square**.

By this is meant those media which not only reach a large body of desirable "prospects," but which admit to their columns no advertising that will have an injurious effect upon the announcements of honorable advertisers, and which adequately safeguard their readers against loss by fraudulent advertisements which may creep in against the most diligent precautions.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE is a Four-Square medium. It believes in and accepts only clean, straightforward advertising. The quality of its circulation is high and the standard of its advertising is upon a corresponding plane. It reaches 350,000 men and women who **are interested** in the things that cities and states are doing for their betterment and in the opportunities which those cities and states present.

WE WILL SEND HELPFUL DATA

To all who are interested in community or state advertising, we will be glad to send a pamphlet showing what SUCCESS MAGAZINE has done for every municipality that has used its columns.

These data will recount the experiences of Dallas, San Antonio, Memphis, Portland, Winnipeg and other places, showing the results obtained from the use of this Four-Square medium.

If you are not now one of the 350,000, a sample copy of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, which is yours for the asking, will show you **why** it is a publication that is read by the kind of people you want to draw to your city or your state.

We will be pleased, also, to send you SUCCESS MAGAZINE facts, figures, circulation statements, advertising rates, and other valuable information.

FRANK E. MORRISON
Advertising Manager

SUCCESS MAGAZINE **NEW YORK**

HARRY T. EVANS, Western Advertising Manager, Home Insurance Building, CHICAGO

The Publishers' Outlook

The Congressional Election

IT IS probable that never in the history of this country have there been State and Congressional elections which have so thoroughly puzzled political observers, and in which so many local and personal issues and animosities have entered as has been the case with the November elections of this year.

Both parties—the Republican party particularly—have been torn by factional strife, which at times and in places has assumed most violent and bitter form. President Taft, Ex-President Roosevelt, Speaker Cannon and those of his lieutenants who have been most prominent in his support and in the support of the Aldrich-Payne Tariff Bill; Senator Beveridge of Indiana, Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, and a dozen other Senators whose fight for re-election is shortly to take place; have all been storm centers around which struggles have developed which are likely to have lasting effect in party history.

Against Colonel Roosevelt in particular, and those whom he is supporting, has been waged as extreme and virulent a fight by the so-called "business interests" of the great cities as has ever been seen in any country. The effort has been, and is being made to "drive that man Roosevelt out of politics at any cost"; and the metropolitan dailies, the Associated Press and other powerful engines of publicity have not hesitated to ascribe to Colonel Roosevelt's activities in politics the most extraordinary and cataclysmic misfortunes. The varied nature of his responsibilities as detailed by his newspaper opponents excite in the philosophic mind mingled amazement and amusement.

The belief in the approaching success of the Democratic party has led to unwonted activity among Democratic aspirants for political fame and fortune, and various storm centers of more or less importance have been developed in New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Nebraska, and in some of the districts of the South represented by men who helped fasten upon the country for another two years the power of Speaker Cannon.

In a very large number of States, the "wet and dry," or local option campaigns have had an important influence on national results. In two or three of the Southern States—in Oklahoma especially—the attempted "grandfather clause" of the State Constitution has changed the lines of battle pretty seriously and United States Supreme Court decisions are made necessary.

All over the country, the political machines of both parties have been broken to pieces, and insurgency is rampant. The Socialist Party is obviously making great headway in its organization, and has, in this election particularly, made an immense number of nominations for State and Congressional tickets and has elected one Representative.

At the time of this writing, November 10, the second day following the election—one thing only is obvious, namely, that in both Houses of the Sixty-Second Congress there will be a condition of chaos instead of the usual smoothly running machines of the dominant party. The House will be Democratic by a majority of about sixty. The Senate will be so equally divided between the two parties, that the Progressive Republicans will hold the balance of power and will be likely to throw their strength with either party, according to their judgment on the individual issues presented. It is much to be feared that in this condition of virtual chaos both parties will play for position in the Presidential struggle of 1912, and that there will be little real creative and progressive legislation adopted.

Altogether, however, life will be well worth living during the next few years in the interest excited by the legislative and executive handling of the great public problems which must sooner or later be solved in the business management of the Government of the United States.

A few words about the forecast of the Congressional Election made in our November issue will be of interest to our readers, and particularly to our Life Subscribers who contributed the information upon which this forecast was based.

In spite of the large Democratic majority in the House actually shown as a result of the election, the accuracy of the predictions of our Life Subscribers, as translated into the forecast, has been little less than marvelous, particularly when it is considered that the information was sent to us about a month and a half before election. This will be clearly evident when it is stated that out of the 328 Congressional districts which we put down as reasonably certain—160 to elect Republicans and 168 to elect Democrats—the forecast was correct in 303 districts, and there are but 25 possible mistakes; while even this number is likely to be reduced by the final figures in some ten or fifteen districts, where the contests have been so exceedingly close that the results are still in doubt.

Moreover, of the twenty-five possible mistakes made, seven occurred in New York City, Chicago and Philadelphia, where we have virtually no Life Subscribers in many of the districts, and where we were dependent for our forecast upon political information locally obtained; while

six of the remaining eighteen were corrected in our final forecast issued on November 1st—eight days before election—as a result of additional information then in our hands. This reduces the total number of actual possible mistakes made in the predictions of our Life Subscribers to twelve—less than 4 per cent. of the total number of districts.

Of the 63 districts which we indicated in the forecast as "Close" or "Doubtful," 40 have apparently gone into the Democratic column, while 23 are apparently Republican. As we stated last month, it is in these districts that the real political fight was concentrated, and in at least two-thirds of these districts, the indications are that the majorities either way have been under 1,000.

Broadly speaking, this has undoubtedly been an election in which the total votes cast have been small and the stay-at-home vote extraordinarily large. It is well settled political history that in such an election the Democratic party gains, rather than the Republican party, and that the "Democratic sweep" has been due largely to Republican apathy as well as to general discontent with the increasing prices of living, is certain.

The next House of Representatives will be full of strange faces, and many of the great leaders of the present day will be conspicuous by their absence. The blight of Cannonism has destroyed many an otherwise bright Congressional career, and comparatively few of Speaker Cannon's most intimate friends and political lieutenants will be his companions when he takes his place on the floor of the House as a simple Congressman from Illinois.

James A. Tawney of Minnesota, one of his closest friends and advisers, was defeated at the primaries, and John Dalzell of Pennsylvania barely escaped defeat by a few hundred votes. The mortality has been particularly strong among the chairmen of the committees of the House, who collectively have formed, in effect, the "House Machine."

The list of those who will not be seen in the next Congress, either because of defeat at the primaries or at the polls, are—

Richard Wayne Parker of New Jersey, Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary.

D. S. Alexander of New York, Chairman of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors.

Charles F. Scott of Kansas, Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture.

James A. Tawney of Minnesota, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations.

James M. Miller of Kansas, Chairman of the Committee on Elections.

John A. T. Hull of Iowa, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs.

Henry S. Boutell of Illinois, Chairman of the Committee on Expenditures in Navy Department.

Charles B. Law of New York, Chairman of the Committee on War Claims.

Joseph H. Gaines of West Virginia, Chairman of the Committee on Election of Representatives, etc.

William A. Reeder of Kansas, Chairman of the Committee on Irrigation.

Benjamin F. Howell of New Jersey, Chairman of the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization.

Don C. Edwards of Kentucky, Chairman of the Committee on Expenditures in State Department.

Irving P. Wanger of Pennsylvania, Chairman of Committee on Expenditures in Post Office Department.

William H. Graham of Pennsylvania, Chairman of Committee on Department of Agriculture.

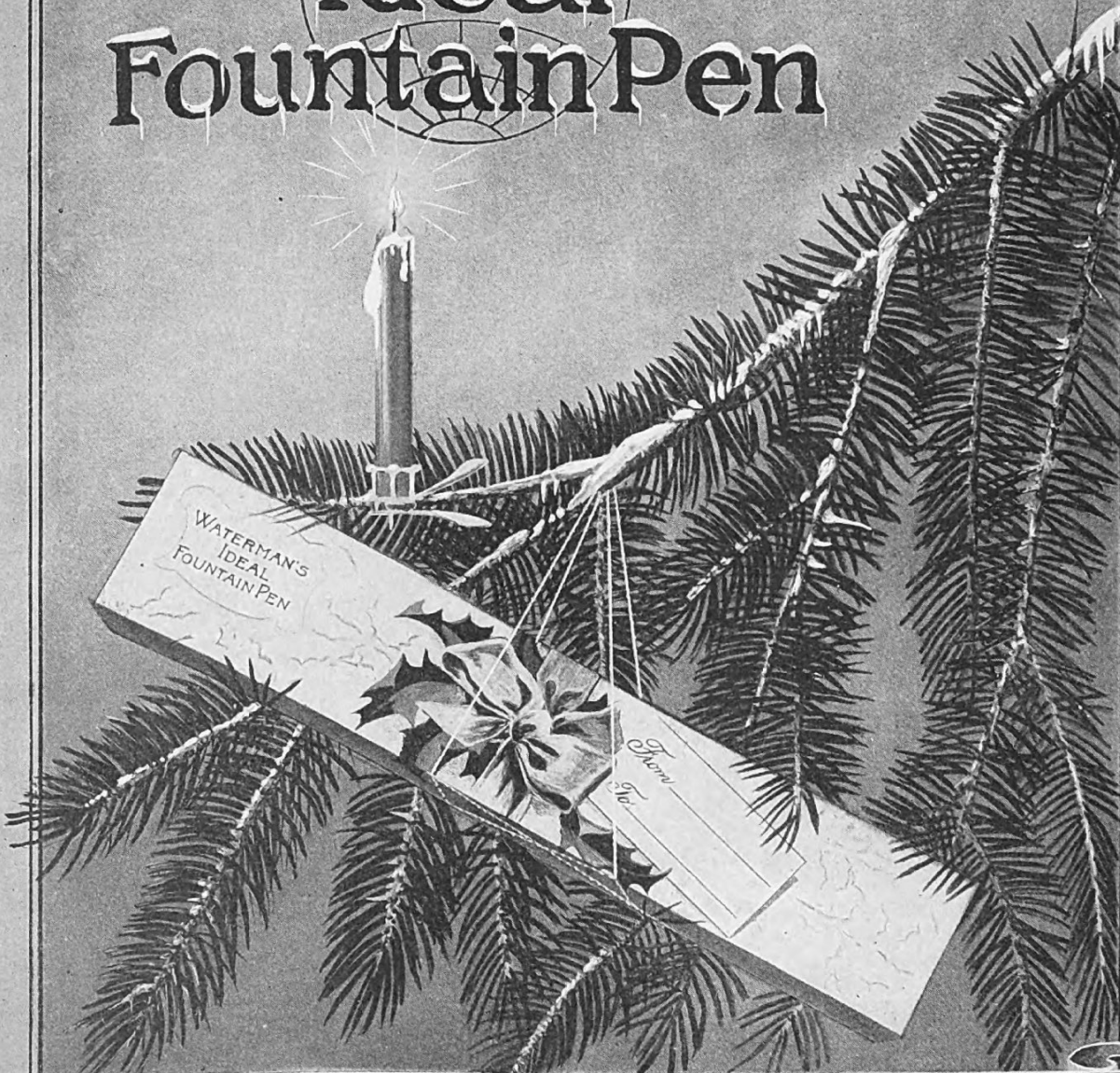
Representatives Payne of New York, Mann of Illinois, Smith of Iowa and Campbell of Kansas barely escaped defeat.

Among Cannon's Democratic supporters, who bolted their party platform and caucus and voted with the Republican machine to continue the power of Speaker Cannon at the beginning of the 61st Congress, all of the New York, Brooklyn and Tammany members have been re-elected, and nearly all of the others, except in Georgia, where there has been some mortality. Edwards, Lee and Brantley have been re-elected and Howard, Griggs and Livingston have been defeated.

The thirty-one original insurgent Republicans have all been re-elected, except Representative Fowler of New Jersey, who was defeated at the primaries by the organized "standpat" element of the party, and Representatives Johnson of Ohio and Hinshaw of Nebraska, who did not seek renomination.

Representative Gronna of North Dakota and Poindexter of Washington, have been chosen in the district primaries as the next Republican Senators from their respective States. Representative Lovering of Massachusetts has died.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



Always Acceptable

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen is one of the very few gifts which the receiver can put right in his pocket for constant use. If everyone had the selecting of his own Christmas presents this is the kind that would be purchased. As a gift to *anyone*, or for yourself, there is not another article that shows better purchasing discretion than Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen—it is a compliment to your taste. This pen is made in a very wide range of sizes and styles in order that the pen technique of every writer may be individually suited. Your selection may be exchanged until satisfactory. Whether you buy a plain Waterman's Ideal or one studded with diamonds, the quality is of that same successful standard which the careful workmanship and Waterman patents have brought to continued perfection. This is the gift for people who are hard to suit. "It saves the dip."

Make your present a gold or silver mounted Waterman's Ideal wherever you can, for it will last for years and the beauty of the mounting will be appreciated as well as the writing qualities of the pen. Perfectly plain styles with Clip-Caps attached are appropriate for school boys or girls, and in the large sizes for general business purposes. For Gifts to Women there are Safety Pens, which may be carried in the purse or trunk in any position without fear of spilling, or small, artistically mounted sizes for library use. Self-Filling Waterman's Ideals are especially advisable for very busy writers—those who use a pen more than the average person. Fully illustrated booklet of all styles mailed upon request.

Sold by the Best Dealers Everywhere

In Christmas Gift Boxes

Avoid Substitutes and Imitations

Standard, Safety and Self-Filling Types



Plain Standard
No. 12 \$2.50
Larger Size:
No. 14 \$4.00

Silver Filigree
No. 412 \$5.00
Larger Size:
No. 414 \$7.00

Clip-on-Cap adds to
above prices
German Silver 25c
Sterling Silver 50c

L.E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, New York.
8 SCHOOL ST. BOSTON. 189 CLARK ST. CHICAGO. 734 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO.
KINGSWAY, LONDON. 6 RUE de HANOVRE, PARIS. L.E. WATERMAN COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL



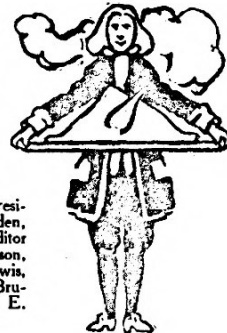
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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

DECEMBER
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Edward E. Higgins, President; Orison Swett Marden, Vice-President and Editor in Chief; Frank E. Morrison, Secretary; H. A. Lewis, Treasurer; Howard Brubaker, Editor; William E. Prickett, Art Manager.



SUCCESS MAGAZINE is just completing its happiest and its most useful year. You who have been in our big family for a while remember that prophetic article of Welliver's, "The End of Cannonism," with which we ushered in 1910. Perhaps you did n't know how truly prophetic it was until that day in Washington when the citadel of legislative absolutism fell with a loud crash and the old order gave way to the new. A lot of you have followed Charles Edward Russell through his dynamic series, "The Power Behind the Republic"—we know you have because so many of you have written and told us how simple and basic and clarifying these articles seemed to you. You watched with interest while Street turned the search-light upon the dusty and cobwebby old vaults of the United States Treasury and found things there that threaten the safety of the Republic. You—especially those of you who are women—went with Schauffler into the subject of "Marriage in America," and learned what effect the growing economic independence of women is having upon the most fundamental of our institutions. And, since you are not always serious and thoughtful and earnest, you joined us in our lighter moods of fiction—admired "Janey" and "Molly Make-Believe" and "Average Jones," Grey's baseball heroes, and Dickson's "Tenderfoot." All of you did n't like all of these contributions, of course, but you must have found dozens of articles of far above the average import and a score of stories that seemed to you striking, forceful, whimsical, amusing—somehow unusual. The point of all this retrospective boasting is that we pledged ourselves to give you that kind of a magazine in 1910 and you got it. Now for the important part.

The magazine promises to be stronger and more readable this year than ever before. It will continue its fearless advocacy of progressive democracy in government and of equality of opportunity in trade and industry. When there is fighting to be done, when there are abuses to be brought to light, it will be found doing its duty; we hope it will not be wanting in humor or charity or the sense of proportion. It will continue to discuss boldly and disinterestedly the serious problems of our American institutions—the government, the home, the school, the farm, the office, store and factory. It hopes it may help these institutions to face their difficulties and solve them. With all this, however, it conceives it to be the chief function of a magazine to be interesting, and dullness to be the one unpardonable editorial sin.

In early numbers, political and social questions will be discussed in articles by Charles Edward Russell, Robert Sloss, Franklin Clarkin, Robert W. Woolley and Louis Brownlow. Mr. Clarkin's handsomely illustrated article, "Beauty in the Market-Place," will appear next month. In the same number Mr. Woolley's "A Soft-Pedal Statesman" gives a character picture of Massachusetts' amiable and reactionary Senator, Murray Crane. Forrest Crissey, in "Missionaries to the Soil" and other articles, will illustrate the advantages of modern farming methods. Charles Samuel Tator, in a plea for church unity entitled "The Mad Race for Souls," reveals some astonishing conditions. The mysteries of the newest and most fascinating of the sciences, psychology, will be dealt with by

In the Editor's Confidence

H. Addington Bruce. Two of his contributions are entitled "The Search for the Soul" and "Tunnelling Through the Mind." Adachi Kinnosuke in "The Everyday Mikado" reveals some hitherto unknown facts about the Emperor of Japan. Notable among the coming articles of special interest to women and of practical bearing upon home life are "The Family Clearing House," by Martha Bensley Bruere; "Life's Shop Windows," by Catherine Thayer; "Are Children a Duty?" by Virginia T. Vandewater; "The Nun in the Kitchen," by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, and "Poverty on the Farm," by Delia Glines Grover.

Success Magazine takes pride in the unusual character of the fiction it offers its readers. We can not begin to go into details here regarding the sixty or seventy fiction contributions of the coming year, but only call attention to a few in early numbers: "The Little Mother and Their Majesties," by Evelyn Van Buren, and "A Good Woman's Heart," by G. B. Lancaster. Alice Garland Steele's "Till Death Do Us Part" is a wedding-day story full of sentiment and charm. Mary Heaton Vorse will appear with a brand new line of stories of the intimate domestic sort that has made her such a favorite with the American public. Stories of a light or humorous turn designed for early publication are by Harris Dickson, P. G. Wodehouse, Bannister Merwin, Charles Battell Loomis and Robert McCheyne.

Holding fast to that which is good is a settled principle with this magazine. Samuel Hopkins Adams's "'Average' Jones" stays on into the new year, and John Kendrick Bangs, with his humorous satirical Wall Street Fairy Book, remains for a little while. "Janey" Elizabeth Blair will acquire more friends when Inez Haynes Gillmore's new series of "Janey" stories begins with "Janey Takes a Thinking Part," and "Janey Peers Behind the Veil." Seumas MacManus, author of "The Irish Schoolmaster," will contribute one more of those delightful Irish sketches, called "The Come-Home Yankee."

The wide-spread, long continued and constantly increasing popularity of the inspirational writings of Orison Swett Marden stands out as one of the few big facts in magazine literature. Dr. Marden's editorials and chats will appear in every number during 1911, and in this magazine exclusively.

It has been the aim of the editors to present in the regular departments a maximum of practical helpfulness in a minimum of space. We will continue doing so during 1911 in the following departments: "The Pulse of the World," lucid, readable comment upon the world's latest happenings in America, abroad and among women everywhere; "Point and Pleasantry," the now famous ten-cent-a-word page of jokes and jingles; "Mrs. Curtis's Home Corner," packed with helpful suggestions for women and girls, and "The Investors' Department," which will be conducted by David G. Evans, and which will continue to deal soundly and sanely with the question of the investment of savings.

All of this represents, we believe, the kind of magazine you want and the kind you must have. Be sure that if it is n't your kind of magazine, it is n't ours. We shall always welcome your criticism, your suggestions, and, when you feel that we deserve it, your commendation.

THE GIFT

ONE OF THE QUUSINGS OF
MAN-ALIVE SET DOWN BY
RICHARD WIGHTMAN

A trinket on a tree! And is this Love?
Or only Custom in a thin disguise,
Whose sweetness passes with the Christmastide?
A gift—but, ah, the giver e'er withheld!"
Sad was the voice which spake these words to me—
Sad and reproachful mid the Season's cheer,
But pointing plain a true and better way.
I see it clear and wonder I was blind!

•••••

WISDOM I give to yonder little child,
In romp and story and that mood of soul
Which is elate with small and simple joys.
He shall behold my age and call it youth,
So young I'll be, with fearless eyes like his,
And laughter and great hope of life and love.
And he shall nestle to me unafraid:
I will belong to him.

WISDOM I give to Toil. Not grudgingly,
Nor as a slave compelled to work or take the lash,
But as a freeman knighted into labor
By the world's kind King, whose signet bears
One great word—Opportunity.
Toil is my friend. It made my fingers deft,
And drave from out my heart Complaint and Discontent.
Through many lonely hours it has companioned me
And turned me cheerful toward the new day's sun.
Myself I give to Toil.

WISDOM I give to Her who gave herself to me—
Not what she had or hoped to have,
But what she was and is and hopes to be,
The full sum of her being—body, mind and soul,
Which total Love and Her and shame me with their worth.
The cost she reckoned not, nor dwelt upon my meanness.
She only said, *I give!*
And so I'll make my spirit clean, as well becomes a man,
And give her that I am—not jewels, but myself.

WISDOM I give to Truth,
Whose veil lifts slowly through the passing days,
And o'er whose face the lights and shadows drift
In errant changefulness.
Now soft, now stern is Truth,
But beautiful in tenderness or wrath,
Aye, beautiful, and ever best for me.
Enamored of Tradition once I was,
A craven devotee at Custom's shrine,
Conforming to the patterns of the Past.
But now, no more!
For Truth has cast its spell upon my spirit—
Only the Truth's I'll be!



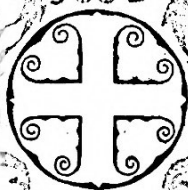
MYSELF I give to Nature, mistress of my moods,
 Who gently spurs me in my laggard hours
 And lends her solace when my spirit grieves.
 The dawn-song of her birds awakens me:
 Her noon-high sun comes timely with its urge
 To do the thing commanded for to-day:
 And soft the mantle of her dark descends
 To give my body rest.
 Paths for my feet, hills for my lifting eyes,
 Springs for my thirst!
 O, Nature, patient and dependable and kind,
 Myself to thee I give!

MYSELF I give to Life, never to Death;
 Nor to its twin which wears the name Despair.
 Life is my growth, and by it I
 From strength to strength pass on.
 Life is my happiness and gives me o'er
 To manly glee that I am yet alive
 And shall be evermore.
 Life is my wine. I raise the tonic cup and drink
 To madness—glorious madness and most wise.
 Almost it seems as if I were as mad
 As God, who careless flings the stars athwart the sky!
 My flesh may perish, but not I—not I—
 For Life and I are one. To Life myself I give.

MYSELF I give to Those who need me most—
 My poor, my rich, my stranger, and my friend
 Nay, not to the expected ones who feast
 With me, or claim me boist'rous as their human kin—
 Mere brothers of the blood, whose flesh resembles mine—
 Ah, not, perhaps, to these!
 But to the slow-won few, made mine by right
 Of need or nature; they whose answering hearts
 Say yes to what I am—theirs shall I be.

~~~~~

**S**omething like this, I think, is Christmas-wise;  
 Something like this I really ought to do,  
 Exemplified by the One who for His friends and Right,  
 Because He loved them well, gave e'en His life—Himself—  
 The best He had to give, and all.



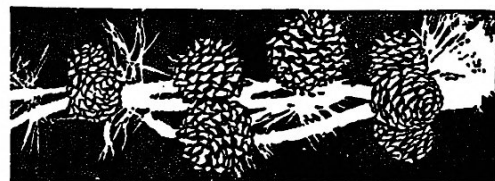


# The Pink Sash

by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

Author of "Molly Make-Believe"

Illustration by HERMAN PFEIFER



NO MAN could have asked the question more simply. The whole gaunt, gigantic Rocky Mountain landscape seemed indeed most peculiarly conducive to simple emotions.

Yet Donas Guthrie's original remark had been purely whimsical and distinctly apropos of nothing at all. The careless knocking of his pipe against the piazza's primitive railing had certainly not prepared the way for any particularly vital statement.

"Up—to—the—time—he's—thirty," drawled the pleasant, deep, distinctly masculine voice, "up—to—the—time—he's—thirty, no man has done the things that he's really wanted to do—but only the things that happened to come his way. He's forced into business to please his father, and cajoled into the Episcopal Church to gratify his mother, and bullied into red neckties to pacify his sister Isabel. But once having reached the grown-up, level-headed, utterly independent age of thirty, a man's a fool, I tell you, who does n't sit down deliberately, and roll up his sleeves, and square his jaw, and list out, one by one, the things that he wants in the presumable measure of lifetime that's left him—and go ahead and get them!"

"Why, surely," said the young woman, without the slightest trace of surprise. Something in her matter-of-fact acquiescence made Donas Guthrie smile a trifle shrewdly.

"Oh! So you've got your own list all made out?" he quizzed. Around the rather tired looking corners of Esther Davidson's mouth the tiniest possible flicker of amusement began to show.

"No, not all made out," she answered frankly. "You see, I was n't thirty—until yesterday."

Stooping with cheerful unconcern to blow a little fluff of tobacco ash from his own khaki-colored knees to hers, Guthrie eyed her delightedly from under his heavy brows.

"Oh, this is working out very neatly and pleasantly," he mused, all agrin. "Ever since you joined our camping party at Laramie, jumping off the train as white-faced and out of breath as though you'd been running to catch up with us all the way from Boston—indeed, ever since you first wrote me at Morristown, asking full particulars about the whole expedition and begging us to go to the Sierra Nevadas instead and blotted 'Sierra' twice and crossed it out once—and then in final petulance spelled it with three 'r's, I've been utterly consumed with curiosity to know just how old you are."

"Thirty years—and one morning," said the young woman, absent-mindedly.

"W-h-e-w!" gasped Guthrie. "But that's a ripe old age! Surely, you've no time to lose!"

Rummaging through his pockets with mock intensity he thrust into her hands, at last, a small pad of paper and a pencil.

"Now quick!" he insisted. "Make out your list before it's too late to profit by it!"

The woman was evidently perfectly willing to comply with every playful aspect of his mood, but it was equally evident that she did not intend to be hurried about it. Quite perversely she began to dally with the pencil.

"But, you see, I don't know exactly just what kind of a list you mean," she protested.

"Oh, shucks!" laughed the man. "Here, give me the paper! Now—head it like this: 'I, Esther Davidson, spinster, *et. thirty* years and a few minutes over, do hereby promise and attest that no matter how unwilling to die I may be when my time comes, I shall, at least, not feel that life has defrauded me if I have succeeded in achieving and possessing the following brief list of experiences and substances.' There!" he finished triumphantly. "Now do you see how easy and business-like it all is? Just the plainest possible rating of the things you'd like to have before you're willing to die."

Cautiously Esther Davison took the paper from his hand and scanned it with slow-smiling eyes.

"The—things—I'd—like to have—before I'm—willing—to—die," she mused indolently. Then suddenly into her placid face blazed an astonishing flame of passion that vanished again as quickly as it came. "My God!" she said. "The things I've got to have before I'm willing to die!"

Stretching the little paper taut across her knees, she began to scribble hasty, impulsive words and phrases, crossing and recrossing, making and erasing, now frowning fiercely down on the unoffending page, now staring off narrow-eyed and smilingly speculative into the blue-green spruce tops.

It was almost ten minutes before she spoke again. Then: "How do you spell amethyst?" she asked meditatively.

The man gave a groan of palpable distrust. "Oh, I say," he

reproached her. "You're not playing fair! This was to be a really *bona fide* statement you know."

Without looking up the young woman lifted her hand and gesticulated across the left side of her mannish, khaki-colored flannel shirt.

"Cross my heart!" she affirmed solemnly. "This is a perfectly 'honest-injun' list!"

Then she tore up everything she had written and began all over again, astonishingly slowly, astonishingly neatly, on a fresh sheet of paper.

"Of course, at first," she explained painstakingly, "you think there are just about ten thousand things that you've simply got to have, but when you really stop to sort them out, and pick and choose a bit, and narrow them all down to actual essentials; narrow them all down to just the 'Passions of the Soul,' as it were, why, then, there really are n't so many after all! 'Only one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,' she counted on her fingers.. "At first, for instance," she persisted frankly, "it seemed to me that I could never, never die happy until I had possessed a very large—oh, I mean an inordinately large amethyst brooch that simply wallowed in pearls, but honestly, now as a real treasure-trove, I can see that I'd infinitely rather be able to remember that once upon a time I'd—stroked a lion's face; just one, long, slow, soft-furred, yellow stroke from the brown-pink tip of his nose to the extremest shaggy end of his mane—and he had n't bitten me!"

"My Heavens!" gasped the man. "Are you crazy? What kind of a list have you been making out, anyway?"

A little acridly she thrust both her list and her hands into the side pockets of her riding skirt.

"What kind of a list did you think I would make out?" she asked sharply. "Something all about machinery? And getting a contract for city paving stones? Or publicly protesting the new football rules? Goodness! Does it have to be a 'wise' list? Does it have to be a worthy list? Something that would really look commendable in a church magazine? This was all your idea, you know! You asked me, didn't you, to write out, just for fun, the things I'd got to have before I'd be willing to—"

"Oh, come now," laughed the man. "Please don't get stuffy about it. You surprised me so about stroking the lion's face that I simply had to chaff you a little. Truly, I care a great deal about seeing that list. When you got off the train that day it rattled me a confounded lot to see that your camping togs were cut out of exactly the same piece of cloth that mine were. Professor Ellis and his wife and Doctor Andrews jollied me a good bit about it; in fact, but—hang it all—it's beginning to dawn on me rather cosily, though, I admit, still embarrassingly, that maybe your mind and mine are cut out of the same piece of cloth, too. Please let me see what you've written!"

With a grimace that was half reluctance, half defiance, the young woman pulled the paper from her pocket, smoothed it out on her knees for an instant and handed it to him.

"Oh, very well, then," she said. "Help yourself to the only authentic list of my 'Heart's Desires.' Then suddenly her whole face brightened with amusement and she shook a sun-browned finger threateningly at him. "Now remember," she warned him, "I don't have to justify this list, no matter how trivial it sounds, no matter how foolish even; it is excuse enough for it—it is dignity enough for it, that it happens to be so."

"Yes, surely," acknowledged the man.

Either consciously or unconsciously, then, he took off his battered slouch hat and placed it softly on the seat beside him. The act gave the very faintest possible suggestion of reverence to the joke. Then, rather slowly and hesitatingly, after the manner of a man who is not specially accustomed to reading aloud, he began:

"Things That I, Esther Davidson, Am Really Obligated to Have Before I'm Willing to Die: No. 1. A solid summer of horseback riding on a rusty brown pony among really scary mountains. No. 2. A year's work at Oxford in Social Economics. No. 3. One single, solitary sunset view of the Bay of Naples. No. 4. A very, very large oil-painting portrait of a cloud—a great white, warm, cotton-batting looking, summer Sunday afternoon sort of a cloud; I mean the kind that you used to see as a child, when, all 'chock full' of chicken and ice cream and serene thoughts about Heaven, you lay stretched out flat on the cool green grass and stared right up in the face of God, and never even guessed what made you blink so. No. 5. The ability to buy one life-saving surgical operation for someone who probably wouldn't otherwise have afforded it. No. 6. A perfectly good dinner. No. 7. A completely happy Christmas. No. 8. A pink sash. That's all."

With really terrifying gravity, the man put down the finished page and lifted his searching eyes to the woman's flushing, self-conscious face.

"Is—a—pink—sash—exactly a—a—passion?" he probed in much perplexity.



"Oh, yes!" nodded the young woman briskly. "Oh, yes indeed! It's an obsession in my life. It's a groove in my brain. In the middle of the night I wake and find myself sitting bolt upright in bed saying it. The only time I ever took ether I prattled persistently concerning it. When a spring sunshine is so marvelous that it makes me feel faint, when the Vox Humana stop in a church-organ snarls my heart-strings like an actual hand, when the great galloping, tearing fire engine horses come clanging like mad around the street corner, it's the one definite idea that explodes in my consciousness. It began way back when I was a tiny six-year-old child at a Maine woods 'camp meeting.' Did you ever see a really primitive 'camp meeting'? All fir-balsam trees and little rustic benches and pink calicoes and Grand Army suits and high cheek-bones and low insteps and—lots of noise? Rather inspiring too, sometimes, or at least soul excitative. It might do a good deal to any high-strung six-year-old kiddie. Anyway, I saw the old village drunkard jump up and wave his arms and wail ingenuously: 'I want to be a Christian!' And a palsied crone beside me moaned and sobbed: 'I want to be baptized!' And even my timid, gentle mother leaped impetuously to her feet and announced quite publicly to everyone: 'I want to be washed in the Blood of the Lamb!' And all about me I saw frenzied neighbors and strangers dashing about making these uncontrollable, confidential proclamations. And suddenly, to my meagre, indefinite baby-brain, there rushed such an exultancy of positive personal conviction that my poor little face must have been literally transfigured with it, for my father lifted me high to his tight-coated shoulders and cried out ecstatically: 'A little child shall lead them! Hear! Hear!' And with an emphasis on the personal pronoun which I hate to remember even at this remote date, I screamed forth at the top of my lungs: 'I want—a pink sash!'"

"And didn't you get it?" said Donas Guthrie.

The young woman crooked one eyebrow rather comically. "N-o," she said, "I never got it!"

"But you could get it any time now," argued the man.

Helplessly she threw out the palms of her hands and the unexpected gesture displayed an amazing slimness and whiteness of wrist.

"Stupid!" she laughed. "What would I do with a pink sash, now?" Ruthlessly her quick eyes traveled down the full length of her scant, rough skirt to the stubbed toes of her battered brown riding boots. "Dust on the highway and chalk in the classroom, and 'grown-up-ness' everywhere!" she persisted dully. "That's the real tragedy of growing up—not that we outgrow our original desires, but that retaining those desires, we outgrow the ability to find satisfaction in them. People ought to think of that, you know, when they thwart a child's ten-cent passion for a tin trumpet. Fifty years later, when that child is a bank president, it may drive him almost crazy to have a toy-shop with a whole window-full of tin trumpets come and cuddle right next door to his bank—and nothing that the man can do with them!"

Like a little gray veil the tired look fell again over her face. The man saw it and shuddered.

"Psychology is my subject at Varndon College, you know," she continued listlessly, "and so I suppose I'm rather specially interested in freakish mental things. Anyway—pink sashes or Noah's arks or enough sugar in your cocoa—I have a theory that no child ever does outgrow its ungratified legitimate desires; though subsequent maturity may bring him to the point where his original desire has reached such astounding proportions that the original object can no longer possibly appease it."

Reminiscently, her narrowing eyes turned back their inner vision to the faraway grotesque incident of the camp meeting. "It isn't as though a child asked for a thing the very first time that he thought of it," she protested a trifle pathetically. "An idea has been sown and has grown and germinated in his mind a pretty long time before he gets up his courage to speak to anybody about it. Oh, I tell you, sir, the time to grant anybody a favor is the day the favor is asked, for that day is

the one psychological moment of the world when supply and demand are keyed exactly to each other's limits, and can be mated beatifically to grow old, or die young, together. But after that day!

"Why, even with grown people," she added hastily. "Did you ever know a marriage to turn out to be specially successful where the man had courted a reluctant woman for years and years before she finally yielded to him? It's perfectly astonishing how soon a wife like that is forced to mourn: 'Why did he court me so long and so furiously if he really cared as little as this? I'm just exactly the same person that I was in the beginning!' Yes, that's precisely the trouble. In the long time that she has kept her man waiting, she has remained just exactly the same small object that she was in the beginning, but the man's hunger for her has materialized and spiritualized and idealized a thousand-fold beyond her paltry capacity to satisfy it."

"That's a funny way to look at it," mused Donas Guthrie.

"Is it?" said the young woman, a trifle petulantly. "It does n't seem funny to me!"

Then to Guthrie's infinite astonishment and embarrassment the tears welled up suddenly into her eyes and she turned her head abruptly away and began to beat a nervous tattoo with one hand on the flimsy piazza railing.

In the moment's awkward silence that ensued, the little inn's clattery kitchen wafted up its pleasant, odorous, noon-day suggestion of coffee and bacon.

"W-h-e-w!" gloated Guthrie desperately, "but that smells good!"

"It doesn't smell good to me," said the young woman, tartly.

With a definite thud the tilting leg of Guthrie's chair came whacking down on the piazza floor.

"Why, you inconsistent little gourmand!" he exclaimed. "Then why did you give 'one perfectly good dinner' a place on your list of necessities?"

"I don't know," whispered the young woman, a trifle tremulously. Then abruptly she burst out laughing, and the face that she turned to Guthrie again was all deliciously mused up, like a child's, with tears and smiles and breeze-blown wisps of hair.

"That dinner item was just another silly thing," she explained half bashfully, half defiantly. "It's only that although I practically never eat much of anything on ordinary occasions, whenever I get into any kind of danger, whenever the train runs off the track, or the steamer threatens to sink, or my car gets stuck in the subway, I'm seized with the most terrific gnawing hunger—as

though—as though—" Furiously the red flushed into her face again. "Well—eternity sounds so l-long," she stammered, "and I have a perfect horror, somehow—of going to Heaven—on an empty stomach."

In mutual appreciation of a suddenly relaxed tension, the man's laughter and the woman's rang out together through the door-yard and startled a grazing pony into a whimpering whinny of sympathy.

"I knew you'd think my list was funny," protested the young woman. "I knew perfectly well that every single individual item on it would astonish you."

Meditatively Donas Guthrie refilled his pipe and evidently illuminated both the tobacco and the situation with the same match.

"It isn't the things that are on your list that astonish me," he remarked puffingly. "It's the things that are n't on it that have given me the bit of a jolt."

"Such as what?" frowned the young woman, sliding jerkily out to the edge of her chair.

"Why, I'd always supposed that women were inherently domestic," growled Guthrie. "I'd always somehow supposed that Love and Home would figure pretty largely on any woman's 'List of Necessities.' But you! For Heaven's sake, have n't you ever even thought of man in any specific relation to your own life?"

"No, except in so far as he might retard my accomplishment of the things on my list," she answered frankly. Out of the gray film of

[Continued on page 859]



"Is—a-pink-sash—exactly a—a-passion?" he probed in much perplexity



# Organized Boyhood

by Ernest Thompson Seton



**W**HY were the farmers of the Revolution, though badly organized and wretchedly equipped, more than a match for superior numbers of the drilled soldiers of Britain?

Since they were of the same race, the difference was purely in their training. The Americans were *trained men*, the Englishmen *drilled soldiers*, and we can never overestimate the difference between the two.

The drilled soldier is a piece of admirable mechanism—mechanically brave, mechanically obedient—an able fighting machine; the trained man is one of all-round development; a man who can ride, shoot, plan, go ahead, and take care of himself in the woods.

Practically every man in the Continental army was a farmer. He knew how to manage horses, cattle, hogs and chickens, and care for field and garden crops. He could handle an ax and he knew the worth and growing place of each kind of timber in the woods. He was trained to the use of the rifle and to the life of the hunter; he was expert with carpenter's and blacksmith's tools, for nearly everything on the farm was made by the farmer. The sum total of all this training, brain and hand, was an all-round, well-developed, self-reliant, strong man. Our ancestors had, moreover, the careful moral training of the time and were fighting for their homes; what wonder that the machine-drilled soldiers failed to win the fight.

## *All the Average Boy Needs is a Chance*

Since the Revolution, some great and regrettable but inevitable changes have come about. The decay of small farming, the growth of large cities, the enormous increase of the manufacturing classes, have tended to the elimination of the self-reliant boy with his adaptable knowledge of handicraft.

And what is there to take the place of this all-round training? Apparently nothing in natural sequence.

A large number of boys are taught in the factories to operate one kind of machine, and suffer mentally and physically as a result; a large number of others have places in the big cities where they adapt themselves to an environment that, if not actually degrading, is the reverse of uplifting. More of the boys that are left in the country either become specialized on big farms or are tolerating their conditions only until they can move to town.

The power of the church has lessened in this last century; respect and obedience are not inculcated; the average modern boy does not compare favorably with the Revolutionary farm boy. The process of specialization goes on; the standard goes down.

What are we to do? Since we can not revive the old farming life we must face modern conditions.

Now it should be clearly understood that I do not consider it vital that every boy should know that winter-cut wood is better fuel than summer-cut, or that chestnut splits easily and sweet gum does not split at all, but the kind of mind that is produced by the sum total of all

such knowledge *is* vital—it is a mind in masterful touch with its environment, and wherever placed it soon achieves mastery. And this is as far as possible from being the case with the factory boy or the city boy of to-day, outside of the comparatively few that have college advantages.

Here are some of the salient features of the problem of the training of the modern boy:

Not one boy in a thousand is born bad. Boys have their badness thrust upon them. They are made bad by evil surroundings during the formative period between school and manhood; between twelve and twenty years of age.

College life and athletics do not reach the mass in the cities. The ever lessening proportion of playgrounds to population drives the crowd to the bleachers where they smoke, gamble and watch the professional players, but never participate in any of the real benefits of the games.

Many good men have realized the conditions and have offered solutions such as the summer camp, possible for none but the rich few; the brigades, whose idea of amusement and instruction is military drill; the handicraft settlement, the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium and club. Of all these methods, the most talked of, and the poorest as I see it, is the brigade or military plan. The other plans took religion, amusement or wage-earning as the key-note. The Y. M. C. A. method offers the best solution of all, but is woefully inadequate, setting too much store by dumb-bell and class-book. It does not reach the masses nor emphasize the value of the trained hand, the self-reliant character, and the fight with modern complexity.

My own solution of the problem was naturally a personal one. As early as 1873, when a twelve-year-old boy, I organized a Robin Hood Club, with the object of developing the study of woodcraft. I have been writing articles on woodcraft since 1881, covering all those things that tended to develop and demonstrate a man's nerve, personal prowess, hunter-craft, tracking and observation, camper's craft and knowledge of nature. These were the things that interested me; these things then I assumed should interest all boys.

In 1901 I set about forming an organization to disseminate these ideas. My prospectus stated in part: "The plan aims to give the young people something to do, something to enjoy, something to think about in the woods, with a view always to character-building; for manhood, not scholarship, is the chief end of education." My first publication on the subject was in 1902, and in July of that year I founded the woodcraft movement called "Woodcraft Indians."

## *Nine Principles that Formed the Basic Plans of the Order*

In my organization plans I recognized nine leading principles: The object was recreation—not wage-earning; camp life was the ideal to be kept in mind; a measure of self-government was needed; the magic of the camp-fire must be recognized; woodcraft pursuits were to be the ideal

## The Boy Scout Movement Its Purposes and Its Laws



exercises; honors were to be awarded by standards of merit, not by competition; personal decorations would be presented for personal achievements; an heroic ideal would be followed; picturesqueness in everything would be sought and encouraged.

The actual pursuits were life-saving and rescue, camping, scouting, starcraft, gang tramping, boat-building, canoeing, signalling, knot-making, fishing, riding, shooting, archery, mountain-climbing, all outdoor athletics—especially walking, running, swimming, skating, nature study, including photography, and many kindred pursuits.

For all of these pursuits, standards of excellence were fixed and honorary badges awarded to the deserving. The laws forbade rebellion, wild-fire, killing of song birds, pollution of woods, abuse of firearms, breaking of game laws and use of tobacco or alcohol, and enjoined fair play and absolute reverence for one's word of honor.

To stimulate the movement I published the "Two Little Savages" (1903). This book was a partly autobiographic account of boys in camp, practising the life and the arts of the woods. As will be seen, woodcraft, or as some prefer to call it, scouting, was the obvious occupation. A broad moral and religious foundation for the movement was laid in the laws—but at all times we made it clear that this was an educational movement.

One soon learns that a bald doctrine has little appeal. One must be concrete; one must point to an individual or recognized type that demonstrates the doctrine. I suppose that every philosophy that has influenced the world had a living example to point to; and for lack of this many great and sound philosophies have failed.

My model man must be clean, heroic, picturesque; an outdoor man and practical. Rollo, the Sea King, was attractive, but little known. I had already tried Robin Hood with limited success. King Arthur was suggested, but he was too mythical and essentially not a man of woodcraft and scouting. Finally I settled on the ideal Indian of Fenimore Cooper, the "Hiawatha" of Longfellow, and the tribal form of government with its chief, councillors, totem pole and medicine man.

My first tribe was organized in 1902 and grew steadily. In 1904 I went to England to implant the idea. I had very limited success there until, in 1906, I secured the cooperation of General R. S. S. Baden-Powell, the leading scout of the British army and the defender of Mafeking. He was at the time seeking for a plan to make his army scouting available for the English boy. "Our principles seem practically identical," he wrote me, and cordially agreed to help.

### *The Official Organization of the Boy Scouts*

General Baden-Powell first appeared as reviser of my department of scouting, in the Birch Bark Roll for 1907 (published 1908). Subsequently he founded his own "Boy Scout" movement, incorporating the principles of the "Woodcraft Indians" and adding some valuable civic and altruistic features. Largely through the superior attraction of the name, this has been more successful than my "Woodcraft Indians," or the "Sons of Daniel Boone" founded by Dan Beard in 1905. Indeed, I find now that many were repelled by the name "Indian." They imagined we were teaching the boys to imitate Indians. Although in the Woodcraft movement I had about 100,000 members, it required eight years to get them, and in a quarter of that time the "Boy Scouts" had double that number. Clearly then it is best to keep the name that has succeeded best. Henceforth the organization, though fundamentally the same as when founded, is to be known as the "Boy Scouts of America."

As a fair division of territory, it was arranged between us that General Baden-Powell take Great Britain and I have exclusive rights in the United States.

The movement in its new form is growing like a snowball. During the summer of 1910, 100,000 boys joined, which, with the Woodcraft Indians and Boy Pioneers, make at least 200,000, and new recruits pour in daily. All that I dreamed of in 1898 seems likely to be realized, judged by the present growth and power of the organization.

At the present rate we shall have a million inside of two years. There is no reason to doubt that we shall have every boy in America, not Protestants alone, but Romanists, Jews and peculiar sects. Each local group is free to add its own religious color. Who can question that this is the greatest educational movement America has seen? We work in the utmost hope.

Many prominent Americans who have watched the Scouts have decided that this should be a continental movement under the highest official auspices.

The movement is a man-making organization, openly warring on tobacco, alcohol, dirt, cowardice, and anarchy, and recognizing that energy must be diverted—never crushed. It supplies abundant channels for the useful application of youthful energy, and makes character development agreeable by the lasting charm of things whose universal appeal has long been established.

### *How to Start a Local Organization*

First find some local man of good character who is inspired with the desire to help the boys. His attainments matter little if only he be full of the proper spirit.

Let him send to headquarters for the Manual or Handbook of Scouting and for the scout leader's application. Having read the objects and plan of the Boy Scouts and fully grasped its laws, he may be sworn in as a scout master or leader. This procedure consists in standing before an authorized commissioner, raising his left hand to half salute, with three fingers extended, the thumb and little finger forming a circle, and solemnly vowing: "I truly desire to be a leader in the Boy Scout movement. I believe in the scout principles. I know the scout law and will keep it so far as in me lies."

After which the commissioner and he grasp left hands and he receives his commission in these words:

"I authorize you to become a scout leader in the Order of Boy Scouts."

### *The Eleven Articles of Scout Law*

1. A scout's honor is to be trusted. If a scout says: "On my honor it is so," that means it is so, just as if he had taken a most solemn oath. Similarly, if a scout officer says to a scout: "I trust you on your honor to do this," the scout is bound to carry out the order to the very best of his ability and let nothing interfere with his doing so.

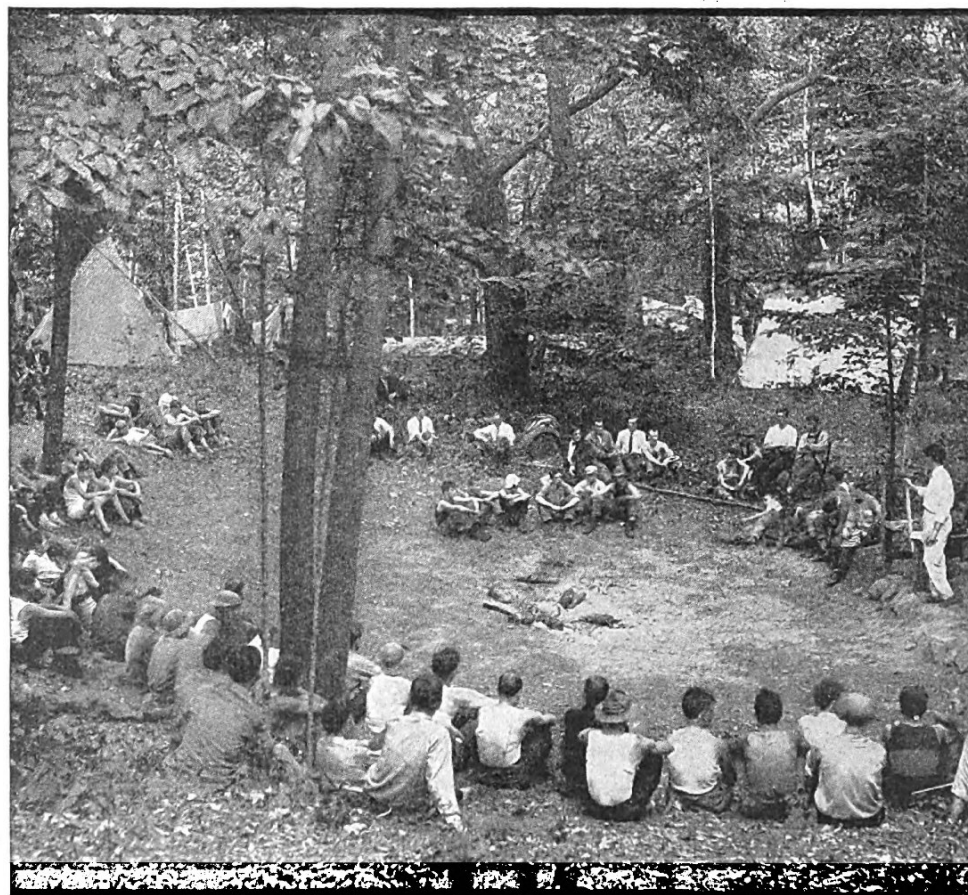
If a scout were to break his honor by telling a lie, or by not carrying out an order exactly, when trusted on his honor to do so, he may be directed to hand over his scout badge, never to wear it again. He may also be directed to cease to be a scout.

2. A scout is loyal to the president, to his officers, to his parents, to his country, and to his employers. He must stick to them through thick and thin against any one who is their enemy or who even talks badly of them.

3. A scout's duty is to be useful and to help others. He is to do his duty before anything else, even though he gives up his own pleasure or comfort, or sacrifices his safety to do it. When in difficulty to know which of two things to do, he must ask himself: "Which is my duty?"—that is, "which is best for other people?" and act accordingly. He must be prepared at any time to save life or to help injured persons. He must try his best to do a good turn to somebody every day.

4. A scout is a friend to all, and a brother to every other scout, no matter to what social class the other belongs. Thus, if a scout meets another scout, even though he be a stranger to him, he must speak to him and help him in any way that he can, either to carry out the duty he is then engaged upon, or by giving him food, or, as far as possible, anything that he may be in want of. A scout must never be a snob. A snob is one who looks down upon another because he is poorer, or who is poor and feels resentment toward another because he is rich. A scout accepts the other man as he finds him and makes the best of him.

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A council at Woodcraft Camp, Silver Bay, Lake George



# The Hazard

(A TWO PART STORY)

by Katherine Cecil Thurston

Author of "The Masquerader," "Max," Etc.

Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

IT ALL happened a hundred odd years ago in the days before neurotics had become the fashion; when men drank deep and feelings ran high; when a hat was cocked and a snuff-box shut with the same engaging flourish that was bestowed upon the drawing of a sword, and when ladies hid their thoughts behind their blushes and yielded up their kisses to a suitor in much the same manner as they parted with their purses to the highway robber.

The first scenes of the drama were played in the town of Dublin, which in those days flaunted it with the best among the capitals of Europe and offered a fitting background against which to view a vivid picture; the moment of enactment was a day in late December, when the old year was dying to a requiem of singing wind, while the new year knocked upon the city gates in a brisk impatience that caused the lazy and feeble to draw closer round the fire, and spurred the young and venturesome to wrap themselves to the eyes and fare forth with stirring blood into the gray afternoon.

But in one house of the winter-bound town there were a couple who yielded neither to the charms of fireside nor of street—two men, both young and well-looking, who sat in the curve of a bow window overlooking the Mall, dicing at an oval card table, the worn baize of which gave evidence of many a gambling bout. The room in which they sat was long and lofty; the fire at the further end, assisting the wintry daylight, rested warmly upon much fine carving, much rich, if faded, drapery; but neither man paid pleased attention to his surroundings nor to his companion. The place had been their town house since childhood, as it had been their father's and grandfather's in the generations dead, and in the matter of company they were brothers—and brothers, unless bound by the seldom-present tie that makes for uncommon love, are wont to look askance upon each other.

Pleasant figures enough they were, as they sat, each in his characteristic attitude. Roger, the elder, a beau of six-and-twenty with a tall and strong-knit figure, sanguine coloring and thick, red hair tied into a queue guiltless of powder; Patrick, the younger, finer of feature, lighter of build, totally unlike his brother save for a certain flash of eye, a certain spirited curving of lip that proclaimed them kin. Pleasant figures enough! Roger in his cherry-colored coat; a bit of a rake, a bit of a ruffler. Patrick, with his buff-colored brocade, his patches, his lightly powdered hair, typifying to a strange degree the high meaning of his name.

For half an hour they continued their somewhat desultory play; then, with an impatient gesture, Roger pushed the dice-box aside and turned to the heavily cut decanter that stood at his elbow. As he moved, a flash of firelight caught the rose-color of his sleeve and the rich red of the port with which he filled his glass.

"To better fortune!" he said, tossing off the wine. "The devil's in the dice to-day. What is it you've stripped me of? The box of Spanish coins, the red mare, the picture of King James? A plague on it! You'll be filching Glentrale itself."

Patrick laughed, drew out his snuff-box in the leisurely way he affected on occasion, and elaborately took snuff.

"Glenrale!" he said. "I would n't hold Glentrale at a gift."

"'T was good enough for your father."

Patrick replaced his box and flicked imaginary grains of snuff from his lace ruffles.

"Gad's life, Roger, your implication is not flattering. Does any self-respecting gentleman believe that what was good enough for his father is good enough for himself?"

He appreciated the falsity of his words as vividly, perhaps more vividly than did his listener, but he spoke them with an irritating deliberation; the same well-bred deliberation with which he had taken snuff

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Rivalry was forgotten in the wild suspense beating in both hearts. The dice rolled and settled

and dusted his laces. Emotions are like tones in music. The violin cries the same note as the cornet, but with a world of difference. Long-smoldering hate lay behind Patrick's considered manners, as it lay behind Roger's impetuous gestures. On that winter day each, after his own fashion, was ripe for violent happenings.

For a time they sat, avoiding each other's eyes, Roger fingering his empty glass, Patrick toying absently with the dice-box. Presently the dice rattled out upon the table, recording the minimum score.

"Ah!" murmured Patrick; "the devil, it seems, has bethought him of a livelier pursuit. Fortune has turned. Take your revenge, Roger. I'll dice you for the coins, the king and the red mare together. How take you that for a gallant offer?"

Roger rose, a certain truculence in his movements, a deeper color than usual in his healthy cheek.

"I take it as a plaguy piece of insolence from a younger brother to an elder." He turned to the window—a fine figure against the gray day without. "You are over ready with your phrases. For myself, I ever preferred deeds to words."

Patrick laughed, but the quick color swept his face, and, dying out, left it paler than before. "Deeds!" he said. "An' it came to deeds, I doubt you'd be readier than I. For all that one of us is red and the other brown, I fear me our father begot us both."

Roger glanced round. "Our father was the finest swordsman in three counties."

"And the finest brawler! God be thanked I favor my mother."

What hot retort this might have brought forth one dare not say, but at that moment Roger, at the window, let fall a glance into the street below, and Patrick, at the table, saw his figure stiffen, his face lean toward the glass in sudden haste. Moved by a compelling instinct, he rose and himself came forward into the light.

"What piques your interest, brother?" he asked, striving to keep his tone indifferent. "Have the new mummers come to town? Or are the soldiery at their tricks again?" He came to the window, half ironical, half aflame; then, without warning, his own body stiffened in a held interest; his own eyes gazed through the window as if heaven were revealed.

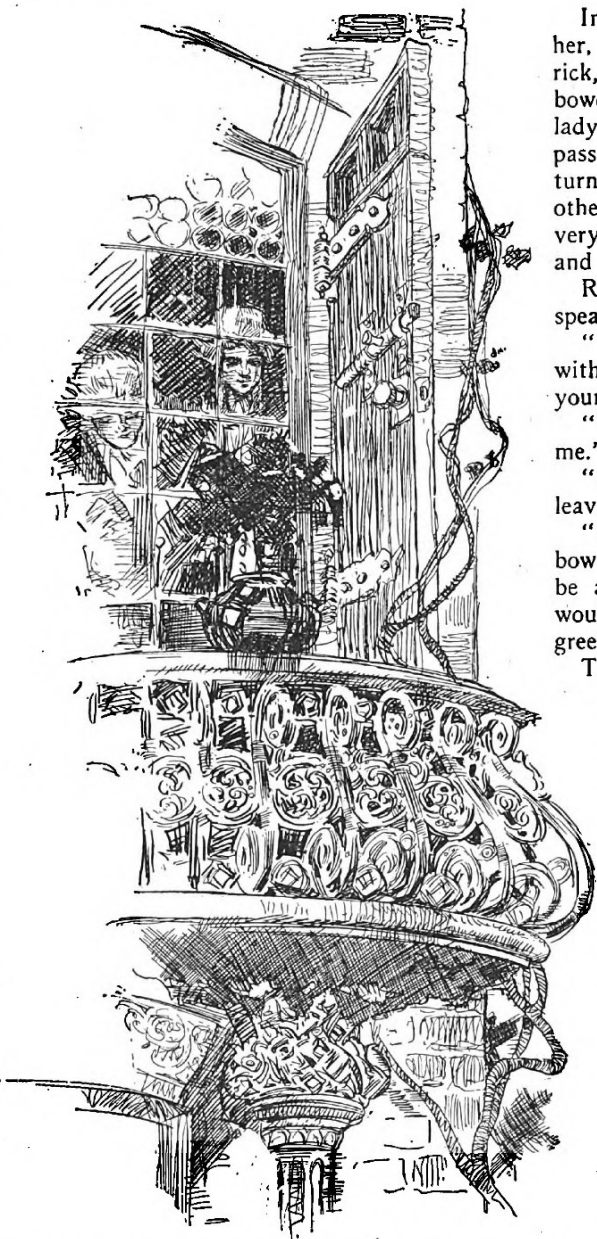
Below them, against the gray stones of the Mall where carriages and carts moved between the leafless trees, where hawkers, ballad-mongers and beggars rubbed shoulders with the young bloods of the town, was the sight that drew both their eyes—an individual study, an individual note of color that caught their dual glances and held them as needles to the magnet. The vision of a young, slim girl, clad in tones of gray and blue, carrying a great fur muff, moving in and out among the throng with a youthful curiosity, a youthful, harmonious grace attractive to behold.

Her head upheld, a pleasant expression of daring quickening her steps, the girl came on, followed by an older lady whose round person and bright eyes reminded the beholder absurdly of a robin hopping upon a lawn.

"Oh, my word, 't is Mistress Bridget and her aunt," escaped unheeded from Roger's lips. "A plaguy silly act, too—leaving their chairs to walk among the rabble—an' the town alive with cut-purses and rufflers!" Inadvertently he jostled Patrick as he leaned nearer to the glass.

As though the movement had caught the glancing eye of the lady in the blue-gray cloak, she looked up, the great muff pressed close against her breast in a pretty suggestion of self-defense, her sweet young face a divine rose-color above its fur tippet. Her eyes, blue-gray like the cloak, sought the ground for an instant, then were raised again, and a bewitching smile, coy yet challenging, sped from her lips.





was alive and dangerous. With a stormy movement, Roger struck the card table.

"The lady favored me, brother!"

Patrick shrugged his shoulders. "Ladies' favors are proverbially illusive, but the bow was mine." There was conviction in the tone. To

In the window above her, Roger bowed; Patrick, by his side, also bowed. Then, as the lady and her duenna passed out of sight, they turned, confronting each other, the one grown very red, the other white and curiously cold.

Roger was the first to speak.

"You are as ready with your bows as with your words."

"The lady saluted me."

"Me, sir, by your leave."

"By yours, Roger, the bow was mine. 'T would be a scurvy gentleman would ignore a lady's greeting."

Their looks crossed as only swords and glances can cross. The thought that had burned in both their hearts for near a year was kindled to a flame. The consuming jealousy that had kept each the other's watch-dog the season through—exiling Patrick from the loved seclusion of Rossagh, his mother's bequest; keeping Roger from the hunting country of Glentrale, his paternal heritage—

to Roger, hot of head, quick of quarrel, there was taunt insufferable in the cold certainty.

Turning from the table, he strode to the end of the room and stopped before the blazing fire.

"I was loth to speak before to-day, Patrick," he blurted forth, "holding in most respect the man who lets his own affairs suffice and meddles not with his neighbors'. But now, to-day, I'm of a changed mind. I would have you know that Mistress Bridget Carden is the lady of my choice, whom, God willing, I will make my wife."

The words came forth pell-mell. There was a pause, during which Roger waited, breathing hard; then again he spoke:

"Have you naught to say?"

Then slowly Patrick came down the room. His pulses were beating, his blood coursing in his veins with a strange intoxication that conjured to life a hundred memories of childish hate and long-passed quarrels. Forgetful now of his outward seeming, heedless whether his manners gave pleasure or offense, he came on into the light of the fire.

"I have this to say, Roger," he made answer; "that, by God's will, I entertain the same idea regarding the lady of whom you speak."

Roger stared, then laughed—a loud, strident laugh.

"You! You, with your books and trinkets, your manners and your wench's face!"

Patrick flushed and paled.

"Books and manners are as like to please a lady as hounds and horses, an' the wind blows from the right quarter."

Roger smote the carved mantelpiece, making two new pistols that lay upon it jump to his violence. "Phrases!" he cried out. "Phrases! Gad, brother, I've had enough of phrasing. Plain talk is what I crave—plain talk from man to man."

Patrick smiled, and in the firelight his lips had an odd twist.

"We are wont to crave that at which we excel!" he said. Then, quick as a rapier might leave its sheath, his irony deserted him and rage leaped forth in a vehemence that outran his brother's. "Plain words is it? You'll not find me wanting, whether the matter be plain words or plain deeds. We've played enough at hide and seek—both in the lady's pocket the cursed autumn through, and neither the more aware of the stuff whereof 't is made. Oh, yes! I'm for plain talk." He stopped, his eyes flashing, his nostrils quivering, his whole fine self aflame. "Say your say, brother! I'm your man."

Roger stared at him, sobered for the instant by the unlooked for outbreak; then his eyes also fired, his passion blazed.

"What means your insolence?" he cried. "What means your talk of 'pockets'? The case is clear reading. I saw the lady nigh a year since. I have pressed my suit like an honest gentleman."

"An' I mine."

"Oh, I grant you that!" Roger borrowed his brother's satire. "There have been plaguy few occasions to woo, but your white face has been there to mar them!"

"And where we both have been, Roger, there has been the lady—all smiles and blushes—"

"For me, sir, not for you!"

"For me, too, brother; that's the devil of it!"

"Take care sir!"

Roger's hand was raised. Patrick, white and tense, thrust it aside.

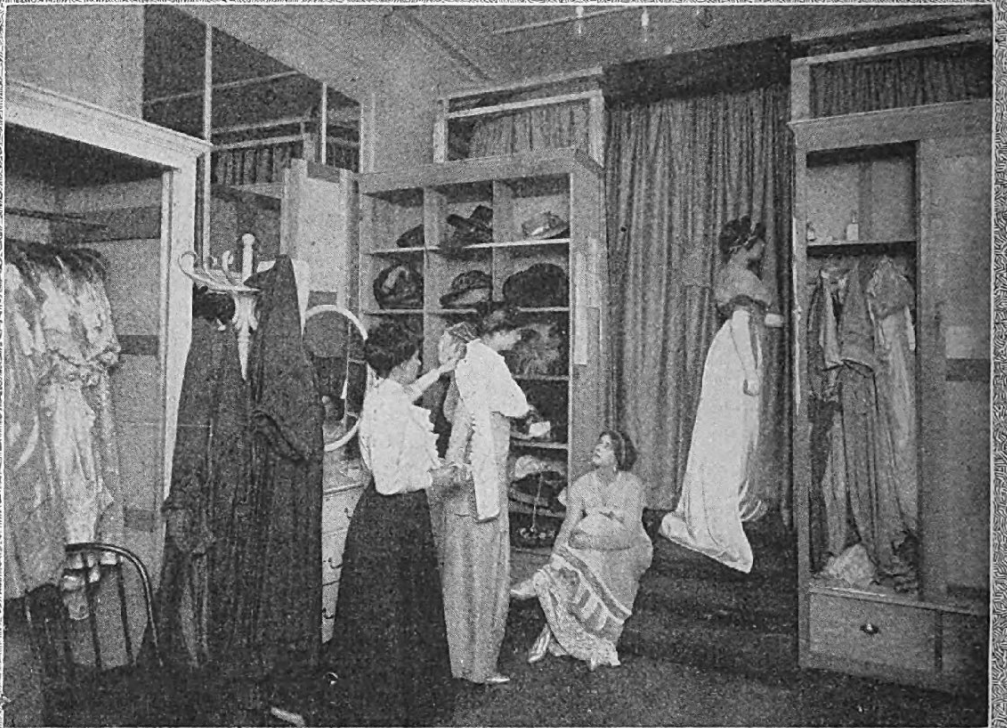
"Take you care! Let me not forget you are my  
[Continued on page 846]



DAN SAYRE  
GROESBECK

The vision of a young slim girl moving  
in and out amongst the throng





*The dressing room in the establishment of a fashionable Fifth Avenue (New York) dressmaker. From this room the models pass between curtains to the stage shown in the companion picture on the opposite page.*

# Show Girls

By Miriam Finn Scott

## Beauty of Form and Features as a Valuable Asset in the Business World

AN AMBITIOUS young actress friend of mine, clever, educated, with artistic temperament, not beautiful in a conventional way but with a distinct spiritual beauty, recently applied for a part in a company being formed to produce a new comedy. She and another girl were given a trial in the part. For a few days my friend was hopeful; she was a better actress than her rival and was speaking her lines far better, and she knew it. For a long time she had been struggling to gain a foothold in her profession, and at last it seemed her chance had come. But one afternoon she dropped in to see me, tired, angry, discouraged. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Oh, I've been fired. They've given the other girl the part." "But you said she could n't act." "And she can't—no more than a wax lady in a show window. She can not even read her lines straight! I don't think she's ever read a book in her life!" "Then why—?"



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Joel Feder





# of Industry

*In the displaying of her wares, the Fifth Avenue dressmaker exercises much care. Only the handsomest and most shapely models are posed and paraded before customers, who are seated where the gowns may be viewed in the most effective light.*

## Illustrations from Photographs

### Actual Portraits of Models Who Have Capitalized Their Good Looks



"Why?" she said, bitterly. "Because, my dear, she's got a face!" We all know, from seeing how "pretty girls" are played up behind the footlights, from seeing a conventionally handsome face in a part that should have been played by a woman with a big brain, how true is the statement of this young actress regarding the commercial value of a woman's face upon the stage; but few of us, I dare say, realize the extent to which a pretty face and figure have commercial value in business.

Five million women are to-day employed at wages in the United States. The greater number of these—those employed in mills and factories at rough manual labor, or women engaged in routine clerical work in great business houses where they are screened from the public view—can be as plain as ill-fortune chose to make them, and their positions are not thereby endangered. But there have grown up certain kinds of work from which the girl minus good looks and a good figure is absolutely barred. In consequence, there has developed an almost separate profession which can rightly be entitled, "The Profession of Being Good-Looking."





To this profession belong the demonstrator, who, with her fine complexion, wealth of hair, or good teeth, advertises alleged merits of different toilet articles; the milliner's model, who tries on hats before the fashionable customer, and whose pretty head and handsome face make the headgear more attractive in the eyes of the customer; the "figure lady," who tries on rich, ready-made gowns and cloaks, and whose form and beauty emphasize the style of the garment; the girl who poses for fashion plates; the manicure and hairdresser in public shops; the stenographer in many positions; saleswomen in certain departments; the ticket seller at cheap shows, and a number of other varieties that will suggest themselves to the average woman shopper. Skill, of course, is required in such work, but as one girl said to me: "It's your looks that hold your job."

Conventional good looks, supplemented by the reigning artifices of the season, and these in turn supplemented by good clothes, are the main requirements for this profession. What attracts the average girl, who, from an early age is compelled to earn her own livelihood, is so obvious as barely to need a statement: the better wages and the chance afforded by the work of wearing better clothes.

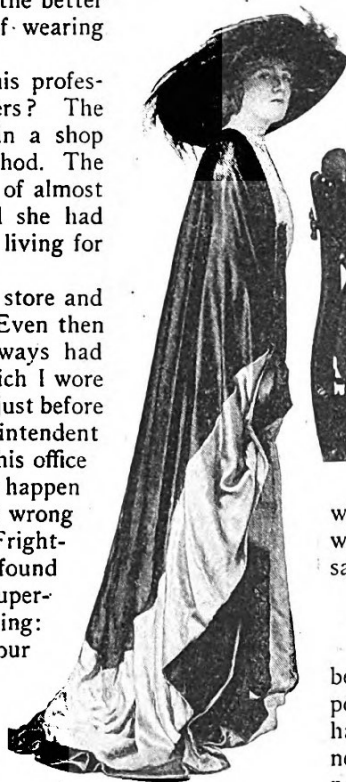
But how does a "green" girl break into this profession? How are they chosen by their employers? The story of a milliner's model, now employed in a shop on Fifth Avenue, will suggest the usual method. The beginning of the story is identical with that of almost all working girls: her parents were poor and she had to leave school at fourteen to help earn a living for the family.

"I started as a cash girl in a department store and was assigned to the millinery department. Even then I had a good figure for my age, and I always had lovely hair, even if I must say it myself, which I wore in two braids down my back. One morning, just before the spring millinery season opened, the superintendent of the department ordered me to come into his office at noon. I did not know what was going to happen to me. I thought that I had done something wrong and that I was perhaps going to lose my job. Frightened and nervous I entered his office. There I found a number of girls trying on hats, and the superintendent looking them over carefully and saying: 'You are too short.' 'No, you won't do; your hair is too thin.' Without a word of explanation, a hat was placed on my head and I was ordered to take a certain pose. I felt the superintendent's sharp eyes go over me, and the next minute he snapped out: 'The rest of you can go.' And then to me: 'You're all right—just the type of girl I want. You've got the hair, the complexion and the figure I am looking for—but you must put on more style. Understand? More style!'"

#### *How to Make a Stylish Appearance on Nine Per Week*

"For a moment I did not know what he meant. Then he offered me a position as milliner's model, but said if I wanted the place I must have my hair done up in the latest fashion, have my hands manicured, and wear a long black gown and patent-leather shoes. My salary would be raised to nine dollars. As a cash girl I was getting only four. Well, that certainly was a big jump, and five dollars would make a great difference to the family. I grabbed the chance. My mother somehow scraped together the money for my fine clothes, and I appeared in the store as a grown-up. I've been a model ever since. No, I never dreamed when I left school that I was going to be on exhibition for a living. I guess it was my looks that did it all."

The pretty girl idea that has so largely made the success of our present-day musical comedies is creeping more and more into the department stores. Naturally, the prettiest girls are put in the most con-



spicuous places—the front of the store or the rotunda; and these girls constitute an equivalent to the front row of the chorus. In some stores the pretty girls are even picked and sorted according to their height and the color of their hair. In one New York store the women in the mourning millinery department are almost all of the same height and all have light hair. They are startlingly effective figures as they sweep up and down the polished floors in their trailing black gowns, before the long mirrors set in the walls of white enamel.

The extent to which good looks count in stores can be measured by the admiration—almost reverence—the less fortunate women have for their handsome fellow workers. I was one day talking about the value of a handsome face with a saleswoman in one of New York's greatest department stores where five thousand persons are employed. The saleswoman said that I should see Miss Smith.

"But who's Miss Smith?" I asked.

The young woman looked at me in amazement. "What! You don't know Miss Smith?"

"No," I guiltily confessed. "Who is she?"

"Why, she's the most beautiful girl in Brown's!"

I was at once interested in Miss Smith, and after learning that she was the buyer for the lace department, perhaps next to the jewelry the most costly wares carried in the store, I set out in quest of this department store Venus. She was not in her office and I had to inquire of a dozen women. They all knew her. They all corroborated what the first woman had said as to her beauty. Growing more excited, I hastened on. At length I was tapped on the shoulder by a young woman whom I had addressed before, and she excitedly

whispered in my ear:

"Look! There's Miss Smith!"

Across the aisle near one of the lace counters stood a tall, slim, graceful young woman, perhaps twenty-three years old, in an elaborately trimmed gown of black dotted net. I can say that I have met Miss Smith, but I can not say that I have seen Miss Smith; the face was hidden beneath thick coats of rouge and powder, the mouth was brightly emphasized with red paint, the eyebrows were elongated and their color heightened by penciling, her

coiffure was so wide-spreading as to suggest that she wore hoop-skirts in her hair and it was further elaborated with pinned-on puffs and curls. In her ears were screwed big pearls from which swung pendulums, her fingers were thickly ringed and around her neck was a string of small pearls.

So this was "the beauty of Brown's"! This was the woman

who selected the styles and designs for the tens of thousands of women who buy their laces in this store! She it was whose taste the ten thousand have to follow!

#### *Nature May Be Assisted in Rounding Out Commercial Beauty*

This woman, so she herself told me, had started to work six years before as a stock girl, and in six years had been raised from that lowly position to her present eminence. She frankly acknowledged that she had had no training whatever, and a little talk made it plain that she never thinks, reads nor studies. It was not ability that had raised her far above the common level; it was her face (for beneath paint and powder were good features) and her stylish appearance.

Yet this young woman, absolutely self-conscious, shallow, conceited, spoiled by flattery, is the envy of hundreds of girls in this store. She is their model, their inspiration, and with many even their idol. Can we wonder that

[Continued on page 847]





# The Irish Schoolmaster

by Seumas Mac Manus

Author of "Studies of the Old Sod,"  
"Through the Turf Smoke," etc.

Illustrations by THOMAS FOGARTY

THE first time that you ambioned being a schoolmaster was when, on a Sunday morning before mass, taking your ease with the crowds on the green sward of the chapel yard, you saw Masther Maguire chatting the priest up and down the yard—and not the least bit nervous. 'Twas then was brought home to you with thunderbolt suddenness the great man a schoolmaster must be entirely. And as suddenly you resolved: "'Tis a schoolmaster I'll be."

You were six, rising seven, then. When you were thirteen you smiled resignedly at the temerity of youth. Maturity of judgment and knowledge of the world had now taught you that the schoolmaster, climax of all human ambition—barring the priest, of course, which was a touch above the climax—was as far as the apples of Eden beyond reach of ordinary mortals like yourself, who, although usually holding head of the class, were but a herder of sheep, digger of potatoes and shearer of corn.

But as you shore your corn or herded your sheep on the hills of Donegal on wonderful mornings when you watched the great, red sun roll over the shoulder of Cruach Gorm, your mind was constantly reverting to that wild dream of the irresponsible youth of six, rising seven. Excusing him on account of his youth, you, all the same, found his dream rather a seductive one to play with. And a young man of thirteen, shearing the yellow corn when the sunrise is flooding the valley, or sitting on a peak of rock at the same stimulating hour and listening to the liquid harmony that is pouring from the lark's breast high in sky, and excitedly looking afar over a magic world, must be pardoned if his fancy will take wild flights.

It was pleasing then to play at your being twenty and a schoolmaster—"The Masther"! The parish looking up to you with mingled awe and admiration, addressing you as Masther, seeking advice and information from you on all subjects under the sun—and over it—making you reader and writer of their letters, their wills, their agreements (free of charge), inviting you to face the priest at the station-house breakfast, to grace their feasts, to lead their fun, to add the necessary importance and adornment to all their functions, and (it was little wonder that you grabbed your peak of rock at this one) drawing the oh, so dizzy salary of thirty pounds a year! Princes and emperors, go hide your little heads! It gave you renewed confidence, when, having taken days and weeks to screw your courage to it, you, sitting by the fireside on a night when the harvest was all in, having sprung upon your father who smoked in one chimney corner and your mother who spun in the other, the bomb: "I think I'll be a Masther like Masther Moroney beyont," neither of them fainted nor stampeded with fright.

But your mother, releasing a hand from her work, stroked your red head affectionately and said: "God prosper the thought, a *cuisse mo chroi*." And your father, after continuing his steady gaze into the flames for some tense moments—they were tense to you—took his pipe from his mouth and said: "Well, a *mbic*, 'tis a bould thought, God bless it! But I do be thinkin' there's a grain o' brains knockin' about somewheres in the back o' your head—'Twill be a big day for Ireland, Molly," he then said to your mother across the fire—"the day that Dinny becomes a Masther." And your mother in reply just turned her eyes to Heaven.

Your father went with you himself the very next day to Masther Moroney and gave you in special charge to him, informing him that a Masther was to be made out of you. "Give him mim'ry," your father said. "The boy has all the brains he needs"—he was not going to draw on Masther Moroney's stock—"but give him mim'ry and teach him al-jay-bra, and the rule o' three frontways and back, and give

him all you have yourself and charge it to me." Masther Moroney faithfully promised to execute all your father's orders. And your mother sent him, by you, the next day, a fine, big *meascan* of yellow butter.

And when Masther Moroney had given you all he had himself, you traveled to finish your education. More correctly speaking, you "trotted" for knowledge; sometimes galloped. For in those long, seven-mile journeys that you then began making every morning to the great town of Donegal, where there were houses on both sides of the street, to

sit under the far-famed Masther MacRory, who built his big reputation on his astounding knowledge of "Jackson's Bookkeeping" and "Vosther's Arithmetic," you most frequently had to cross the hills and the dales at full speed to overtake the "early lesson."

Very autocratic was this Masther Moroney, too, as was only to be expected, of course, from a man famed for knowing not only "Vosther's Arithmetic" and "Jackson's Bookkeeping," but also the dizzy peaks of mensuration, reaching up to the solution of his renowned poetic problem which, it was admitted, no scholars in the world other than his could solve—

"One day with a tinker I happened to sit,  
Whose tongue ran a great deal too fast for his wit.  
He talked of his art with abundance of mettle,  
So I asked him to make me a flat-bottomed kettle.  
Let the bottom and top diameters be  
In such just proportion as five is to three.  
Twelve inches the depth I proposed, and no more,  
And to hold in ale gallons seven less than a score.

He promised to do it and straight to work went,  
But when he had made it, he found it too scant;  
He altered it then, but the way he had done it  
Although it held right the diameters failed it.  
Thus making it often too big and too little,  
The tinker at last had quite spoiled the kettle.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Now he swears he will bring his said promise to pass  
Or else he will spoil every ounce of his brass.  
Then to keep him from ruin I pray find him out  
The diameters' length, for he'll ne'er do it, I doubt."

To have attended the school of such a man was in itself a passport to local fame; to have been led by him through the labyrinths of knowledge and turned out of the Golden Gate with the Tinker Problem an open



"I think I'll be a Masther like Masther Moroney beyont"

page to you, assured your being mentioned at the wedding and the wake and in the chapel yard with Masther MacRory himself, Boney-party and Daniel O'Connell.

You indeed appreciated to the full your extraordinary privilege, and made the most of it during those three winters' and two summers' attendance at his school. The long journey every morning and every afternoon had its advantages. For as you ran to school in the lovely summer dawns, or in the magic moonlight or beauteous starlight of the late winter mornings, you had magnificent chance, denied the poor unfortunate fellows living too near the school, to memorize your tasks. And in galloping home over the hills in the afternoon you had grand opportunity of repeating over and over and fixing forever in your memory every golden word from the Book of Knowledge that the great man had that day revealed to you. And reaching home, you had such a roaring appetite for the mouth-watering dinner of tatties toasting for you by the blazing fire, and the grand pandy of milk which your mother had sitting on the table for you! But to tell the joys of that steaming hot bowl of tea, with yellow-capped, crisp, oat-bread, which came on the heels of the tatties and milk, words fail you!

And then the telling your father and mother, to their awe and amazement, the wonderful wonders you had learned that day! And afterward, the glorious stretching by the side of the big, blazing fire of turf and fir to learn your tasks! And your well-earned, sound, deep and dreamless sleep! And up before screek o' day in the morning again, and, after a big, hearty breakfast, away like the whirlwind on the road to greatness and glory once more! Och, there's sorrow a doubt about it. 'Twas grand entirely!

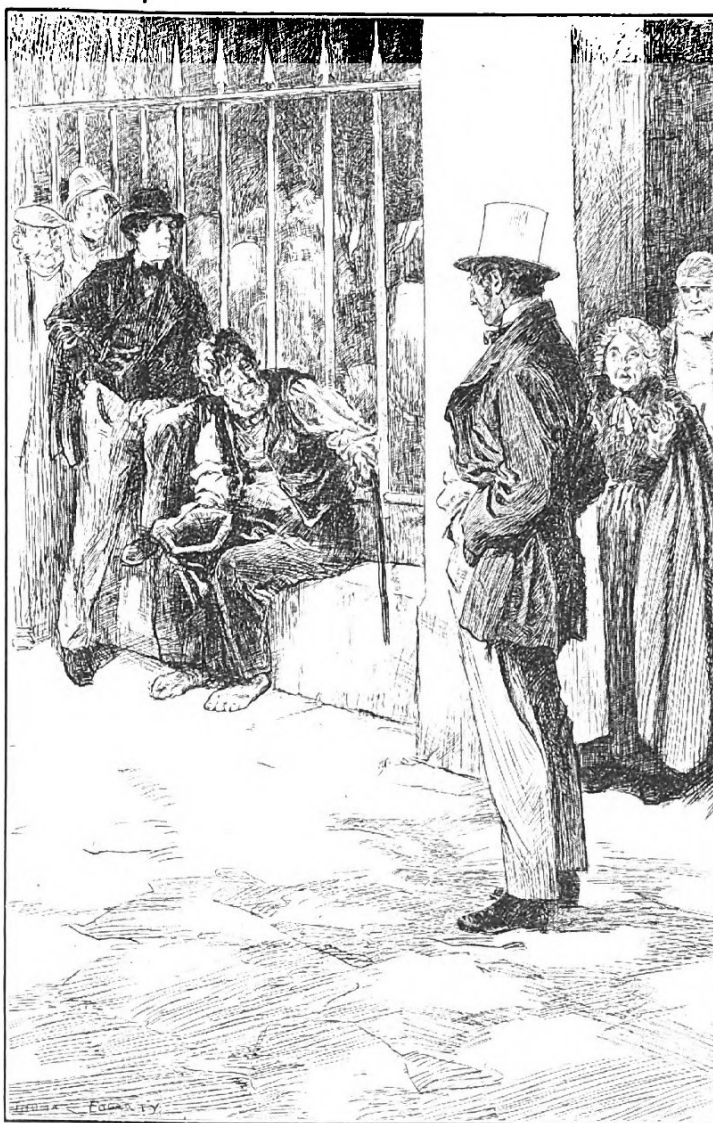
In spite of your sleeved waistcoat which paid the double debt of coat and vest, marking you as from the mountains and drawing upon you the jokes and jeers of the town-boys, who must have been millionaires' sons for they all had regular jackets, you were springing into prominence as Masther MacRory's crack scholar and were usually selected by him when, for the aweing of visitors, he wanted a genius to do the problem of the Horse Shoe Nails, or to spell Antitrinitarian and Transubstantiation.

Till one day—a beautiful September afternoon it was—trotting home over the top of Altidoo, you were stopped by Father Pat, who, staff in hand, was returning from a sick-call in the remote mountains. In his own abrupt fashion he hailed you: "Can you sing, sir?" And you hung your head and blushed and said you thought you could—a little. "Get up on that wall there and sing me 'O'Donnell Abu'!" And you mounted the rickety stone wall—it was the mearin' between Long Andy Meehan's land and Red Charley's—and sang a verse of "O'Donnell Abu" as best you could for your nervousness.

Over the next field a lark with his liquid melody was making you ashamed of your every note; and a stray curlew, flying past, circled several times over the heads of yourself and your audience, wondering what it was all about, anyhow. You could n't keep your mind off that lark and curlew while you sang, so that you thought you were surely making a botch of it. "That'll do!" Father Pat said curtly, when you had finished one verse. "Come down!" You came down in every sense of the word.

But you were exalted to Heaven the next moment when he said to you: "How'd you like to teach a school!" You don't remember what you answered him at all; you only remembered his parting words: "Then come down to my house the morrow night for the key of Cloch Corr School." And three days after, still trembling lest you'd wake up, you found yourself actually a Masther, in charge of a great school with four windows and a splendidly thatched roof, and three-score-and-ten bright boys and girls from a five-mile radius in attendance.

That was a great day entirely for you. When these three-score-and-ten pupils addressed you as Masther you were past yourself with pride! And when they came up and laid their weekly penny upon your desk you swelled like a plutocrat! And when you had divided them into their eight classes, and started the Mill of Knowledge grinding (with more terrible din than you'd ever heard from any other mill in



Are you to meet your Waterloo when the red-headed beggar-man asks you to spell bombergladoflimflastufamuloquentialities?

the world), and when you were commanding and running all eight classes at the one time, you realized that Napoleon Bonaparte was an overrated man, after all!

But when, at the quarter's end, you came home and made your father and mother speechless by counting down to them seven bright yellow pounds and pocketed for yourself ten whole shillings, you were on the ridge of the world, and wouldn't call a king your cousin. Old Earth was a good place and gay to live upon, and you saw no reason whatever why every man upon it shouldn't be his own emperor.

Empire, of course, is not without its drawbacks; its responsibilities. If you did not keep both eyes and ears and feet terribly active, and hands active sometimes, too, the playing of Crossy-Crowny and Willy-Wan was, in one class, apt to be substituted for mathematics; and in another, the telling of the wonderful story of the King of Ireland's Son's Journey to the Well of the World's End was likely to replace the more scientific style of geography; and the matching of featherweights for pre-prandial combats to displace Christian Doctrine in a third.

Hardly a week passed in which your mental activities were not taxed by the solicitous parent, frieze-coated and blustery, who held up all school business whilst you should calculate and inform him whether he should put wee Johnny on for priest, lawyer or doctor—the object of his solicitation, just then, though supposedly wrestling with the abstruse

mysteries of a-n an, o-x ox, being surreptitiously engaged in inserting a crooked pin in the under-flesh of his big toe, for purpose of stimulating the young mathematician in front, who was in the throes of absorbing the "Threeses" tables.

On winter days you had the added tax of compelling every aspirant to carry, for the school fire, his daily contribution of two turf. And of watching, too, that Dinny the Dodger did not, by sleight of hand and strength of wrist, convert his single turf into two, just at the school door, and then enter with an assumption of innocence and uprightness which might well deceive the unsophisticated. And in guarding that none of the delinquents who failed to bring their contribution should warm bare feet and dirty hands at the fire for ten minutes—the special privilege and reward of everyone who dutifully carried turf tribute.

And you had to reckon, moreover, with Larry O'Connell in his rage, and Madgie Mulhearn in her righteous wrath, when, like a whirlwind, they descended upon your little school, vowing vengeance sure and sudden on the very next *natarnal* rascal of your pupils who should violate their cherished turf-stacks. But when, on a cruel, sleety January morning, Johnny Tummony and his fellows had trotted five miles of mountain all the way from Shanveen, with the seven streams running from their scanty duds, and, finding themselves wanting in the pair of passports which could bring them to Heaven, in the shape of the big blazing school fire, when they beheld Larry the Niggard's big turf-stack crying aloud to the universe "Come and steal!"—human nature would, you knew, assert itself.

And while you, to the appeasing of Larry the Niggard, threatened awful threats upon the cowering Johnny and his confederates in crime, it is greatly to be feared that in your sinful heart you condoned highway robbery. And after you had frightened the life and soul out of the Shanveen Ali Baba and Band of Thieves and sent Larry home rejoicing, you went back to the band of rascals and spoke angrily, commanding them to go to the fire that instant and dry themselves out and let the blaze of the stolen turf burn shame into their bones. Maybe it did.

You took your proper place in the parish now—next to the priest. And all the world brought you reverence. You were gay as befitted one on whom greatness sat easily. And sporty as became a millionaire drawing a salary of thirty pounds a year—not to mention weekly school-pennies. You went through the world with open heart and hand. You had a penny to lend and a penny to spend; you gave a penny to the beggar, and a penny to the fiddler, and you bought ribbons for the girls at the fair.

You walked a pleased and flattered man among the great school-



masters of the country-side; and a proud and envied man, when, some time later, you had a monitor appointed to assist you with your eight classes. The world was your football. You were honored everywhere; you were invited everywhere. At the feast your place was the head of the table; the bridegroom was only next man to you at the wedding; at the wake you divided honors with the poor man (God rest him) who was underboard. An accession of easy dignity came to you and a very pleasurable air of importance and infinite wisdom and knowledge, so that it was no wonder your presence was coveted to grace all gatherings; and all parties consented that if they lived to the age of Methuselah they could not repay you for the honor you did them. In the chapel yard an admiring group always surrounded you, hanging upon your words and treasuring the slightest as if it were golden.

On Saturday night, when *The Nation* was brought to you by Neil MacDermott, coming out from the Market, your house filled with neighbors hungering to hear the latest that concerned their poor country's chequered fortunes. And, from the top of the first left-hand column to the bottom of the last right-hand one, you read aloud every word and expounded each thing as you read it.

They shook their heads in speechless wonder at your facility in reading, without pause or stumble, the biggest words that the greatest orator of them all had used. And in the hearts of the old ones here at your house, just as in the minds of the youth at your school, you implanted something of that deep love for your suffering country that had burned in your own soul since in childhood you had first read the story of her wrongs. Yes, you were worthy master and teacher in that field.

But *noblesse oblige*. On a raging, December night about twelve, when you were sitting by the fire in your stocking soles preparatory to bedding, Denis Ruddy was likely to lift the latch and walk in and command you to stroll six miles with him, over the bogs to Cruach-na-Copal to draw up the will of old Paddy Murrin, who had got "onaisy in his mind" in the middle of the night and wouldn't rest or sleep till he had his will made. And as likely as not you might, three months after old Paddy's death, have to stand the brunt of Denis's anger because he, a full third cousin to Paddy's wife's niece, hadn't been mentioned in the will. Cormac Gildea awoke you from your sleep in the wildest night that ever fell from the Heavens, to go three miles up the mountain to Cronna-Nyas and put the finishing touches to the final settlement of the ninety-year-old dispute about the march-ditch between the MacGinley

Dubhs and the MacGinley Ruadhs. When March with its razor edge was skinning the snipes, Billy O'Boyle of Gleneany accorded you the privilege of surveying Carnaween mountain for him.

And when you finished it alive, he got you to close your school for three days whilst you tramped with him over three mountain ranges and two glens into the heart of the County Donegal to ask the wife for him—a fine girl, by the way, with two hundred head of sheep and five two-year-olds, and a chest of linen, and plenishing for a new home—and he repaid you handsomely by the promise that you'd stand for his first.

You were grand correspondent for the parish, especially inditing letters to Amerikay, at the writing of which you were expected to take down in long hand five hundred and twenty-five words a minute—Nancy Hannigan's rate when she spoke slowly, as in dictating to you—and on one sheet of paper set down the history of the parish during the twelve months that were gone, including the biography of every second person in it.

You must overlook the unintentional reflection on your scholarship when Shusie Gallagher, running out of both words and wind, wound up her dictation with "Please excuse haste and bad spellin'. From your lovin' mother." But your humiliation, if you were foolish enough to feel such, was cured by the *meascan* of Shusie's loveliest golden butter, by crisp cakes of her bread, by beatings, socks, linen shirts, knitted underwear, bags of potatoes, mellers of meal, and every other tribute that a king could expect.

And when you wanted your handful of hay home, or your lock of turf, or grain of corn, horses, asses and mules, carts and barrows, boys, men and children thronged the roads around as if a Cæsar had bid them in. And remember, in this enumeration of your rewards, I have taken no account of the heart-felt prayers put up for you in the course of a hundred nightly rosaries, and the old women's blessings piled on your head Heaven-high. The Recording Angel's credit books surely overflowed in your days, giving him grievance against the Master of Cloch Corr for having to invest in a brand new set, all on the Master's account.

But even though you had now won the undisputed distinction of being among the greatest men in the world, you, unlike most great men, dared not for a day rest upon your laurels. You had ever to be on

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You read aloud every word and expounded each thing as you read it



# The Fire-Blue Necklace

In Which "Average" Jones, Searching for the Adventure of Life, Lends Cupid a Helping Hand

by Samuel Hopkins Adams

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

Illustrations by M. LEONE BRACKER



A man was fumbling at the keyhole of the room opposite

"ABS for comfort; cars for company," was an apothegm which Average Jones had evolved from experience. A professed student of life, he maintained, should keep in touch with life at every feasible angle. No experience should come amiss to a detective; he should be a pundit of all knowledge. A detective he now frankly considered himself; for, though technically and prosaically an adviser and expert upon advertising in all its forms, he supported the drudgery of his unique profession only because of the compensating thrill of the occasional chase, the radiance of the Adventure of Life glinting from time to time across his path. And there were few places, he held, where human nature in the rough could be studied to better advantage than in the stifling tunnels of the subway or the close-packed, sardine boxes of the metropolitan surface lines.

It was on a Third Avenue car that he encountered the Westerner. By custom, Average Jones picked out the most interesting or unusual human being in any assembly where he found himself, for study and analysis. This man was peculiar in that he alone was not perspiring in the sodden August humidity. The clear-browed skin and the rangy strength of the figure gave him a certain distinction. He held in his sinewy hands a doubly folded newspaper. Presently it slipped from his hold to the seat beside him. He stared at the window opposite with harassed and unseeing eyes. Abruptly he rose and went out on the platform. After a moment's hesitation Average Jones picked up the paper. In the middle of the column to which it was folded was a marked advertisement:

Are you in an embarrassing position?  
Anything, anywhere, any time, regardless of nature  
or location.  
Everybody's friend. Consultation at all hours.  
Suite 152, Owl Building, Brooklyn.

The car was nearing Brooklyn Bridge. Average Jones saw his man drop lightly off. He followed and at the bridge entrance caught him up. "You've left your paper," said he.

The stranger whirled quickly. "Right!" he said. "Thanks. Perhaps you can tell me where the Owl Building is."

"Are you going there?"

"Yes."

"I would n't."

A slight wrinkle of surprise appeared on the man's tanned forehead.

"Perhaps you would n't," he returned coolly.

"In other words, 'mind your business,'" said Average Jones, with a smile.

"Something of that sort," admitted the stranger.

"Nevertheless, I would n't consult with Everybody's Friend over in the Owl Building."

"Why?"

Average Jones drawled his answer. And when Average Jones drawled it was because the affair in hand had, to his own mind, reached a critical stage. It was his way of showing excitement.

"Er—because—er—if I may speak plainly," he said, "I would n't risk a woman's name with a gang of blackmailers."

"You've got your nerve," retorted the stranger. The keen eyes, flattened almost to slits, fixed on the impassive face of the other.

"Well, I'll go you," he decided, after a moment. His glance swept the range of vision, and settled upon a rathskeller sign. "Come over there where we can talk."

They crossed the grilling roadway, and, being wise in the heat, ordered "soft" drinks.

"Now," said the stranger, "you've declared in on my game. Make good. What's your interest?"

"None, personally. I like your looks, that's all," replied the other, frankly.

"And I don't like to see you run into that spider's web."

"You know them?"

"Twice in the last year I've made 'em change their place of business."

"But you don't know me. And you spoke of—of a woman."

"I've been studying you on the car," explained Average Jones. "You're hard as nails; yet your nerves are on edge. It isn't illness, so it must be trouble. On your watch-chain you've got a solitaire diamond ring. Not for ornament; you are n't that sort of a dresser. It's there for convenience until you can find a place to put it. When a deeply troubled man wears an engagement-ring on his watch-chain it's a fair inference that there's been an obstruction in the course of true love. Unless I'm mistaken, you, being a stranger newly come to town, were going to take your case to those man-eating sharks."

"How do you know I've just come to town?"

"When you looked at your watch, I noticed it was three hours slow. That must mean the Pacific Coast, or near it. Therefore, you've just got in from the Far West, and have n't thought, to rectify your time. At a venture, I'd say you were a mining man from down around the Ray-Kelvin copper district in Arizona. That peculiar, translucent copper silicate in your scarf-pin comes from those mines."

"The fire-blue stone? I wish it had stayed there, all of it! Anything else?"

"Yes," returned Average Jones, warming to the game. "You're an Eastern college man, I think. Anyway, your father or some member of your family graduated from one of the older colleges."

"What's the answer?"

"The gold of your Phi Beta Kappa key is a different color from your watch-chain. It's the old metal, antedating the California gold. Did your father graduate some time in the latter forties or early fifties?"

"Hamilton, '54. I'm '89. Name, Kirby."

A gleam of pleasure appeared in Average Jones's keen eyes. "That's rather a coincidence," he said. "Two of us from the Old Hill. I'm Jones of '04. Had a cousin in your class, Carl Van Reypen."

They plunged into the intimate community of interest which is the peculiar heritage and asset of the small, close-knit old college. Presently, however, Kirby's forehead wrinkled again. He sat silent, communing with himself. At length he lifted his head like one who has taken a resolution.

"You made a good guess at a woman in the case," he said. "And you call this a coincidence? She'd say it was a case of intuition. She's very strong on intuition and superstition generally." There was a mixture of tenderness and bitterness in his tone. "Chance brought that advertisement to her eyes. A hat-pin she'd dropped stuck through it, or something of the sort. Enough for her. Nothing would do but that I should chase over to see the Owl Building lot. At that, maybe her hunch was right. It's brought me up against you. Perhaps you can help me. What are you? A sort of detective?"

"Only on the side." He drew a card from his pocket, and tendered it.

A. JONES, AD-VISOR

Advice upon all matters connected with  
Advertising

580 Fifth Avenue

2 to 5 P.M.

"Ad-Visor, eh?" repeated the other. "Well, there is sure to be



an advertisement in the *Evening Truth* to-day, by me: Here's a proof of it." Average Jones took the slip.

LOST—Necklace of curious blue stones from Hotel Denton, night of August 6. Reward greater than value of stones for return to hotel. No questions asked.

"Will you take the case?" asked Kirby abruptly.

"At least, I'll look into it," replied Average Jones.

"Come to the hotel, then, and lunch with me, and I'll open up the whole thing."

Across a luncheon-table, at the quiet, old-fashioned Hotel Denton, Kirby unburdened himself. "You know all that's necessary about me. The other party in the matter is Mrs. Hale. She's a young widow. We've been engaged six-months; were to be married in a fortnight. Now she insists on a postponement. That's where I want your help."

Average Jones moved uneasily in his chair. "Really, Mr. Kirby, lovers' quarrels are n't in my line."

"There's been no quarrel. We're as much engaged as ever, in spite of the return of the ring. It's only her infern—her deep-rooted superstition that's caused this trouble. One can't blame her; her father and mother were both killed in an accident after some sort of ghostly 'warning.' The first thing I gave her, after our engagement, was a necklace of these stones"—he tapped his scarf-pin—"that I'd selected, one by one, myself. They're beautiful, as you see, but they're not particularly valuable; only semi-precious. The devil of it is that they're the subject of an Indian legend. The Indians and Mexicans call them the 'fire-blue stones,' and say they have the power to bind and loose in love. Edna has been out in that country; she's naturally high-strung and responsive to that sort of thing, as I told you, and she fairly soaked in all that nonsense. To make it worse, when I sent them to her I wrote that—that—" a dull red surged up under the tanned skin—"that as long as the fire in the stones burned blue for her, my heart would be all hers. Now the necklace is gone. You can imagine the effect on a woman of that temperament. And you can see the result." He pointed with a face of misery to the solitaire on his watch-chain. "She insisted on giving this back. Says that a woman as careless as she proved herself can't be trusted with jewelry. And she's hysterically sure that misfortune will follow us forever if we're married without recovering the fool necklace. So she's begged a postponement."

"Details," said Average Jones crisply.

"She's here at this hotel. Has a small suite on the third floor. Came down from her home in Central New York to meet my mother whom she had never seen. Mother's here, too, on the same floor. Night before last Mrs. Hale thought she heard a noise in her outer room. She made a look-see, but found nothing. In the morning, when she got up, about ten—she's a late riser—the necklace was gone."

"Where had it been left?"

"On a stand in her sitting-room."

"Anything else taken?"

"That's the strange part of it. Her purse, with over a hundred dollars in it, which lay under the necklace, was n't touched."

"Does she usually leave valuables about in that casual way?"

"Well, you see, she's always stayed at the Denton and she felt perfectly secure here."

"Any other thefts in the hotel?"

"Not that I can discover. But one of the guests on the same floor with Mrs. Hale saw a fellow acting queerly that same night. There he sits, yonder, at that table. I'll ask him to come over."

The guest, an elderly man, was ready enough to tell all he knew.

"I was awakened by some one fumbling at my door, and a clinking noise. I called out. Nobody answered. Almost immediately I heard the noise across the hall. I opened my door. A man was fussing at the keyhole of the room opposite. He was very clumsy. I said, 'Is that your room?' He didn't even look at me. In a moment he started down the hallway. He walked very fast and I could hear him muttering to himself. He seemed to be carrying something in front of him with both hands. It was his keys, I suppose. Anyway, I could hear it clink. At the end of the hall he stopped, turned to the door at the left and fumbled at the keyhole for quite a while. I could hear his keys clink. This time, I suppose, he had the

right room, for he unlocked it and went in. I listened for fifteen or twenty minutes. There was nothing further."

Average Jones looked at Kirby with lifted brows of inquiry. Kirby nodded, indicating that the end room was Mrs. Hale's.

"How was the man dressed?" asked Average Jones.

"Grayish dressing-gown and bed-slippers. He was tall and had gray hair."

"Many thanks. Now, Mr. Kirby, will you take me to see Mrs. Hale?"

The young widow received them in her sitting-room. She was of the slender, big-eyed, sensitive type of womanhood; her piquant face marred by the evidences of sleeplessness and tears. To Average Jones she gave her confidence at once. People usually did. "I felt sure the advertisement would bring us help," she said wistfully. "Now, I feel surer than ever."

"Faith helps the worst case," said the young man, smiling. "Mr. Kirby tells me that the intruder awakened you."

"Yes; and I'm a very heavy sleeper. Still, this was only an impression. I came out of my bedroom and looked around the outer room, but there was nobody there."

"You did n't think to look for the necklace?"

"No," she said, with a little gasp; "if I only had!"

"And—er—you did n't happen to hear any clinking noise, did you?"

"No," she replied.

"After he'd get into the room he'd put the key up, would n't he?" suggested Kirby.

"You're assuming that he had a key."

"Of course he had a key. The guest across the hall saw him trying it on the other doors, and heard it clink against the lock."

"If he had a key to this room why did he try it on several doors first?" propounded Average Jones. "As for the clinking noise, in which I'm a good deal interested—may I look at your key, Mrs. Hale?"

She handed it to him. He tried it on the lock, outside, jabbing at the metal setting. The resultant sound was dull and wooden. "Not much of the clink which our friend describes as having heard, is it?" he remarked.

"Then how could he get into my room?" cried Mrs. Hale.

"Are you sure your door was locked?"

"Certain. As soon as I missed the necklace I looked at the catch."

"That was in the morning. But the night before?"

"I always slip the spring. And I know I did this time because it had been left unsprung so that Mr. Kirby's mother could come in and out of my sitting-room, and I remember springing it when she left for bed."

"Sometimes these locks don't work."

Slipping the catch back, Average Jones pressed the lever down. There was a click, but the ward failed to slip. At the second attempt the lock worked. But repeated trials proved that more than half the time the door did not lock.

"So," observed Average Jones, "I think we may dismiss the key theory."

"But the locked door this morning!" cried Mrs. Hale.

"The intruder may have done that as he left."

"I don't see why," protested Kirby, in a tone which indicated a waning faith in Jones.

"By way of confusing the trail. Possibly he hoped to suggest that he'd escaped by the fire-escape. Presumably he was on the balcony when Mrs. Hale came out into this room."

As he spoke, Average Jones laid a hand on the heavy net curtains which hung before the balcony window. Instead of parting them, however, he stood with upturned eyes.

"Was that curtain torn before yesterday?" he asked Mrs. Hale.

"I hardly think so. The hotel people are very careful in the up-keep of the rooms."

Jones mounted a chair with scant respect for the upholstery, and examined the damaged drapery. Descending, he tugged tentatively at the other curtain, first with his right hand, then with his left; then with both. The fabric gave a little, at the last test. Jones disappeared through the window.

When he returned, after five minutes, he held in his hand some scrapings of the rusted iron which formed the balcony railing.

"You're a mining man, Mr. Kirby," he said. "Would you say that assayed anything?"



"That as long as the fire in the stones burned blue for her, my heart would be all hers"

Kirby examined the glinting particles. "Gold," he said, decisively. "Ah, then the necklace rubbed with some violence against the railing. Now, Mrs. Hale, how long were you awake?"

"Ten or fifteen minutes. I remember that a continuous rattling of wagons below kept up for a little while. And I heard one of the drivers call out something about taking the air."

"Er—really!" Average Jones became suddenly absorbed in his seal ring. He turned it around five accurate times, and turned it back an equal number of revolutions. "Did he—er—get any answer?"

"Not that I heard."

The young man pondered, then drew a chair up to Mrs. Hale's escritoire, and, with an abrupt "excuse me," helped himself to pen, ink and paper.

"There!" he said, after five minutes' work. "That'll do for a starter. You see," he added, handing the product of his toil to Mrs. Hale, "this street happens to be the regular cross-town route for the milk that comes over by one of the minor ferries. If you heard a number of wagons passing in the early morning, they were the milk-vans. Hence this." Mrs. Hale read:

"Milk-Drivers Attention!—Delaware Central mid-town route. Who talked to man outside hotel early morning of August 7? Twenty dollars to right man. Apply personally to Jones, Ad-Visor, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York."

"For the coming issue of the *Milk-Dealers' Journal*," explained its author. "Now, Mr. Kirby, I want you to find out for me—Mrs. Hale can help you, since she has known the hotel people for years—the names of all those who gave up rooms on this floor, or the floors above or below, yesterday morning, and ask whether they are known to the hotel people."

"You think the thief is still in the hotel?" cried Mrs. Hale.

"Hardly. But I think I see smoke from your blue fires. To make out the figure through the smoke is not—" Average Jones broke off, shaking his head. He was still shaking his head when he left the hotel.

It took three days for the milk-journal advertisement to work. On the afternoon of August 10th, a lank, husky-voiced teamster called at the office of the Ad-Visor and was passed in ahead of the waiting line.

"I'm after that twenty," he declared.

"Earn it," said Average Jones with equal brevity.

"Hotel Denton. Guy on the third floor balcony."

"Right so far."

"Leanin' on the rail like as if he was sick. I give him a hello. 'Takin' a nip of night air, Bill?' I says. He did n't say nothin'."

"Did he do anything?"

"Kinder fanned himself an' jerked his head back over his shoulder. Meanin' it was too hot to sleep inside, I reckon. It sure was hot!"

"Fanned himself? How?"

"Like this." The visitor raised his hands awkwardly, cupped them, and drew them toward his face.

"Er—with both hands?"

"Yep."

"Did you see him go in?"

"Nope."

"Here's your twenty," said Average Jones. "You're long on sense and short on words. I wish there were more like you."

"Thanks. Thanks again," said the teamster, and went out.

Meantime Kirby had sent his list of the guests who had given up their rooms on August 7th:

George M. Weaver, Jr., Utica, N. Y.; well known to hotel people and vouched for by them.

Walter Parker, New Orleans, ditto.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hull; quiet elderly people; first visit to hotel.

Henry M. Gillespie, Locke, N. Y. Middle-aged man; new guest.

C. F. Willard, Chicago; been going to hotel for ten years; vouched for by hotel people.

"I've had a little talk with the hotel servants," said Average Jones to Kirby, when he called to make inquiries. "Mr. Henry M. Gillespie, of Locke, New York, had room 168. It's on the same floor with Mrs. Hale's suite, at the further end of the hall. He had only one piece of luggage, a suit case marked H. M. G. That information I got from the

porter. He left his room in perfect order except for one thing: one of the knobs on the head-board of the old-fashioned bed was broken off short. He did n't mention the matter to the hotel people."

"What do you make of that?"

"It was a stout knob. Only a considerable effort of strength exerted in a peculiar way would have broken it as it was broken. There was something unusual going on in room 168, all right."

"Then you think Henry M. Gillespie, of Locke, New York, is our man."

"No," said Average Jones.

The Westerner's square jaw fell. "Why not?"

"Because there's no such person as Henry M. Gillespie, of Locke, New York. I've just sent there and found out."

\* \* \* \* \*

Three stones of the fire-blue necklace returned on the current of advertised appeal. One was brought in by the night bartender of a "sporting" club. He had bought it from a man who had picked it up

in a gutter: just where, the finder could n't remember. For the second, a South Brooklyn pawnbroker demanded (and received) an exorbitant reward. A florist in Greenwich, Connecticut, contributed the last. With that patient attention to detail which is the A, B, C, of detective work, Average Jones traced down these effaceably incongruous wanderings, and then traced them all back to Mrs. Hale's fire-escape.

The bartender's stone offered no difficulties. The setting which the pawnbroker brought in had been found on the city refuse heap by a scavenger. It had fallen through a grating into the hotel cellar, and had been swept out with the rubbish to go to the municipal "dump." The apparent mystery of the florist was lucid when Jones found that the hotel exchanged its shop-worn plants with the Greenwich Floral Company. His roaming eye, keen for every detail, had noticed a row of tubbed azaleas within the ground enclosure of the Denton. Recalling this to mind, it was easy for the Ad-Visor to surmise that the gem had dropped from the fire-escape into a tub, which was, shortly after, shipped to the florist. Thus it was apparent that the three jewels had been stripped from the necklace by forcible contact with the iron rail of the fire-escape at the point where Average Jones had found the "color" of precious metal. The stones were identified by Hale, from a peculiarity in the setting, as the end three, nearest the clasp at the

back; a point which Jones carefully noted. But there the trail ended. No more fire-blue stones came in.

For three weeks Average Jones issued advertisements like commands. The advertisements would, perhaps, have struck the formal-minded Kirby as evidences of a wavering intellect. Indeed, they present a curious and incongruous appearance upon the page of Average Jones's scrapbook, where they now mark a successful conclusion.

The first reads as follows:

OH, YOU HOTEL MEN!

Come through with the dope on H. M. G. What's he done to your place? Put a stamp on it and we'll swap dates on his Past Performances.

A. JONES, 580 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

This was spread abroad through the medium of *Mine Host's Weekly* and other organs of the hotel trade.

It was followed by this:

WANTED — Slippery Sams, Human Eels, Fetter Kings, etc. Liberal reward to artist who sold second-hand props to amateur, with instructions for use. Send full details, time and place to

A. JONES, 580 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

*Variety*, the *Clipper* and the *Billboard* scattered the appeal broadcast throughout "the profession." Thousands read it, and one answered it. And within a few days after receiving that answer Jones wired to Kirby:

"Probably found. Bring Mrs. Hale to-morrow at 11. Answer A. JONES."

Kirby answered. He also telegraphed voluminously to his ex-fiancée. Some minutes before the hour the pair were at Average Jones's office. Kirby fairly pranced with impatience while they were kept waiting in a

[Continued on page 857]

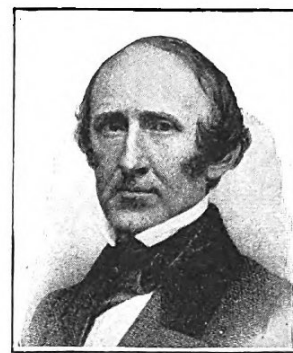


# THE STORY OF WENDELL PHILLIPS

(Second Article)

# The Man That Fought On

by Charles Edward Russell  
Author of "The Break-up of the Parties," "The Power Behind the Republic," etc.



TWO generations have passed; the actors of the wild scenes are the cold figures of history; passions that shook their day burned out long ago; and a nation of changed ideals looks back upon the dead story without emotion and, in a degree, without understanding. All phases of the conflict are hard now to reconstruct, but the remotest of all seem to be the intense and reckless passion where-with the slave-owning Interests defended their institution and the extremes to which they were hurried by their resentment of attack or even of any criticism.

Of these matters I must cite here one example for the sake of its many-sided illumination of conditions North and South and for its light upon the career of Wendell Phillips.

In the early forties, free-born colored men, natives and citizens of Massachusetts that were sailors on Southern ships, were exposed to great danger in Southern ports. Especially in Charleston they were liable to be arrested on fictitious charges, to be thrown into jail and to be sold into slavery, whence they could seldom be rescued.

## Massachusetts Saw Slavery in a New Light

For this aggression, utterly lawless as it was, the slave-holding element was not without excuse. Slaves were continually escaping to the North and their owners found increasing difficulty in recovering them. Many thousands of such fugitives had made their way through the Northern States to Canada, where they were safe under the protection of the British flag. Abolitionists like Garrison and Phillips were frankly engaged in aiding these escapes, and, as the center of the Abolitionist movement was in Massachusetts, the slave-owning interests retaliated by kidnaping Massachusetts colored men that ventured into Southern ports—a fact aptly pointing Garrison's assertion (subsequently appropriated by Lincoln) that the nation could not endure half slave and half free.

So long as the slavery issue was one of abstract right and wrong, the better element of

Massachusetts, the business men and the commercial classes generally, sided with the South. But the seizure of these seamen affected them differently. They owned ships. Sometimes a ship that left Boston full-handed for Charleston would return half-manned because its negro

sailors had been seized and imprisoned. On its voyage it must pass Cape Hatteras, a dangerous place for under-manned shipping. Property—sacred property—was therefore put in peril of loss. Consciences that cared nothing about the wrongs and sufferings of three million slaves awoke to action and Massachusetts loudly protested.

Mr. Samuel Hoar, founder of a famous family, was then an eminent citizen of the State. With other commissioners he was sent on a peaceful embassy to Charleston to see if the slave-holding interests could be induced to cease from the objectionable practise. As soon as Mr. Hoar's presence was known in Charleston his life was in danger. A mob gathered about his hotel, and if the Governor of the State had not ordered his deportation under an armed guard he would have been lynched.

## An Episode that Bore Profound Results

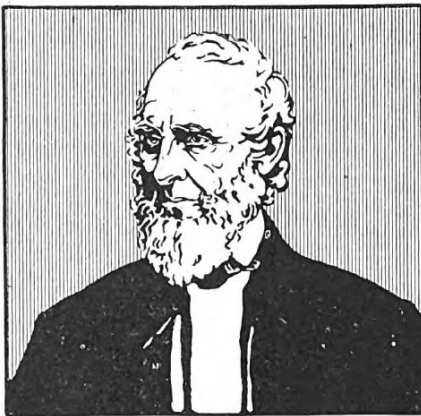
Mr. Phillips, eagerly watching every day's developments for texts, seized this occasion for one of his most famous speeches. He pointed out that in refusing protection to Mr. Hoar, South Carolina had violated the express provisions of the Constitution and that for the insult put upon Massachusetts no redress was obtainable within the Union. He therefore demanded that since citizens of Massachusetts were deprived of their constitutional rights in South Carolina, and the national Government would not protect them therein, Massachusetts should protect herself and decline to recognize a Union thus already nullified by one of the States.

Officially, Massachusetts was still dominated by the influences that sympathized with slave-holding. In silence it swallowed the insults, but upon the masses of its people the effect was otherwise. State pride was touched, and from the time that Mr. Hoar so narrowly escaped the Charleston mob, a growing sentiment questioned the righteousness of a slave-owning oligarchy. Mr. Phillips's speech that had passed without apparent effect had, in reality, profound results unsuspected by the order of mind that in all ages can not read the signs of the times.



JOHN BROWN

His funeral was the occasion for the most moving address ever delivered by Mr. Phillips.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Who in verse warned his country against the giant vice of slavery threatening its destruction.



PHILLIPS BROOKS

Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, and an orator who was noted for his fervor in advocating patriotism as well as piety.



ROBERT TOOMBS

Confederate soldier and statesman who served as Secretary of State, temporarily and under protest, during the Davis presidential term.



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

"The Little Giant." On account of his views on slavery, he was hanged and burned in effigy wherever Abolitionists foregathered.

Yet the story in its full great significance would be incomplete should I omit the sequel. Forty-two years after Mr. Hoar's escape, Wendell Phillips died in Boston. Samuel Hoar was still alive. So great and so savage was the hatred Mr. Phillips had drawn upon himself in the closing years of his life that not even his death could soften it. Among the bitter taunts flung upon his grave was one from Samuel Hoar. He said that he did not attend Wendell Phillips's funeral, but he approved of it. Such was his portion all the days of his life. The loneliest figure in history, hatred seems to have been allotted to him as fame to other men.

### A Prophet Without Honor in His Own Country

After the decision in the fugitive slave case, to which I referred in the first chapter of this chronicle, he was out of society, out of his profession, out of the church, out of all old ties and associations; out, to a great extent, of the view of the community that generally abhorred him. He no longer looked upon himself as an American nor upon the Constitution as a thing to which he owed allegiance. He was become a man without a country. In later years he resumed his civic duties, but to his death his isolation remained and grew. Year after year his figure rose upon the scene like that rock in the Indian Ocean that is so strange and solitary a monument in a wide range of empty sea.

So situated, he labored incessantly in the causes to which he had given over his life. He became the general agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society and largely directed its campaigns; he wrote and published pamphlets, some signed and some anonymous, attacking slavery from every possible angle of advantage; he furnished articles to the small but vigorous Abolitionist press; he used his modest income in the support of the movement; he made his house a refuge for Abolitionists and fugitive slaves; and wherever and whenever he could find opportunity; he raised his voice in those eloquent protests that no man can read now with unquickered pulses. Behind his most innocent address, as a masked battery, he carried emancipation. Thus he had a lecture with the attractive title "Street Life in Europe," made from his observations abroad. But when a rural lyceum or lecture course was induced to accept it, men heard behind the street scenes of Europe the strenuous insistence against slavery in America. In at least one famous instance he managed in this way to break through the crust of Northern culture and indifference and to drag before the conscience of a reluctant Northern community the great moral issue of the day. The place was probably the last on earth to suggest itself to you. It was Concord, Massachusetts, sacred in American literature and famous for one of the most heroic deeds of the American revolution.

But here was another mystery of the situation, that even in far New England villages, where no commercial interest could be pleaded, the spirit was hot for the South and slave-



JOHN PARKER HALE

The first, and for two years, the only avowed opponent to the slave system in the Legislative body of the United States.

Phillips set his back. He was fortunate in his inspiration, for which he went again and again to the spirit of the American and French revolutions. To his conviction, there could be no such thing as a republic where equal rights were denied to any part of the population, and, in his own powerful phrase, a government that tolerated human slavery was only a pirate ship. While he thundered against the evil as a whole, he lost no chance to attack its ramifications and by-products, and through one of these ramifications he now struck effectively at that snobbery in so-called social circles that had closed their doors to him.



R. B. TANEY

Whose decision as Chief Justice in the Dred Scott case brought him into collision with Northern public opinion.

It was then the custom throughout the North for persons of social eminence or social ambitions to prove their superiority and right to a seat among the elect by showing bitterness against the colored race. This was in all communities a badge of gentility. In Boston, the highest circles of society had secured a condition under which colored children were not allowed to go to the public schools used by the white children, but were herded by themselves in inferior buildings where they received inferior tuition. Mr. Phillips, most conscientious of Democrats, despised the distinction of color made by the School Committee, despised its origin which he knew well enough to be a smug and greasy snobbery, and declared war upon it. First he presented a petition that colored children be admitted to the white schools. Some element of chance seemed always to fight on his side; he could hardly have foreseen what was to happen to his advantage in this case. The Committee, in denying the petition, made the blunder of offering its so-called reasons, backed by the opinion of distinguished

holding, and men were not safe if they talked abolition. Venerable ministers of the Gospel maintained from the pulpit the righteousness of the slave market and its divine sanction. In behalf of the principle of slavery, men otherwise of peaceful walk were ready at all times to fight and to shed blood, although no concern of theirs, near nor remote, was menaced, but only of the 348,214 persons in the South, that for an annual profit of thirty-five per cent held slaves.

It was against a flood of hysteria like this that he was fortunate in his

but foolish counsel. Nothing could better have suited Mr. Phillips's purposes. He tore into the "reasons," shattering them with his terrible sarcasm, and then, using his great legal knowledge and powers of argument, he made of the city solicitor's opinion a thing of shreds and patches. Here, too, shone forth another of his dominant traits, for no man was ever more relentless in his cause or less knowing of discouragement. In his steady, pertinacious, unflinching way, he brought up the same issue next year and the next, always defeated and always making headway. At last he got his case before the Legislature, and in 1854 he forced it through to victory. The law of the State was changed to make impossible the discrimination he opposed and he had the satisfaction of seeing colored children admitted to the schools on equal footing with the white.

Fourteen years passed from the beginning of that struggle until his steady fighting won success. Meantime, living his own life in his own way



RUFUS CHOATE

He was elected to the Senate in 1841 by the Massachusetts Legislature to fill the unexpired term of Daniel Webster.

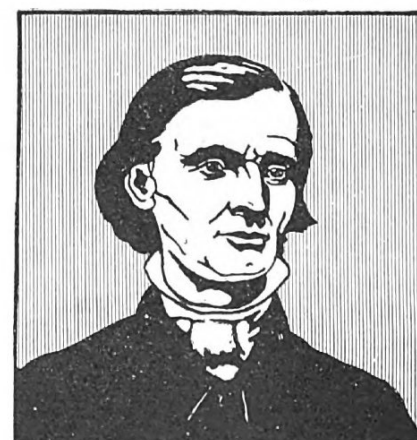
at his Essex Street home, and engaged daily in the anti-slavery struggle as the business of his life, he had many other activities similarly inspired. To him any injustice anywhere demanded from a just man all possible protest. He looked upon the race as no more than beginning to emerge from bondage; the typical, complacent American view was that here, at least, it had topped the summit of its journey. This difference and one other make him stand out so sharply against his times; the other being that with the entire soul of him he abhorred compromise, and compromise was the choicest idol of his day.

"Who can not hate can love not" sings Swinburne. Phillips had an extraordinary capacity for hating all things evil, but first of all he hated the idea of striking a bargain with conscience. Right was right to be followed purely for its own sake; for no other reward. Wrong was wrong and not to be trafficked with.

### The Broad, Deep Basis of His Creed

In the midst of the furious conflict with slavery that he tried to provoke and to aggravate he found time to deliver powerful arguments in favor of other causes he held to be right and just: in favor of woman's suffrage, against capital punishment, for the removal of an unjust judge, in behalf of Ireland, against the sodden public conscience that views with indifference the lost souls of the street. With all these efforts and with his unflagging assistance to Garrison in the details of the anti-slavery campaign he found time to prepare and deliver scholarly orations like that on "The Lost Arts"; biographical tributes, like those on "Daniel O'Connell" and "Toussaint L'Ouverture," and stimulating addresses on Christianity and morals. His mind seemed a prodigious engine that rested not but labored full steam ahead.

His private walk was no less extraordinary. Mrs. Phillips, to whom he was wholly devoted, was a chronic invalid and for forty-six years he was her nurse, attendant and always cheerful companion. He did much of his work at

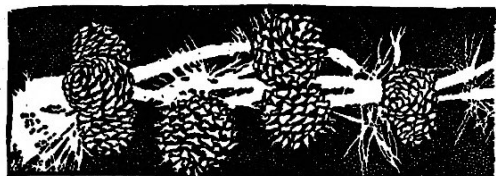


HENRY A. WISE

He suppressed the violent John Brown outbreak which occurred during his term of office as Governor of Virginia.

[Continued on page 856]





# Dumbhead

by Rupert Hughes

Author of "Tih! Tih! Tih!"

Illustrations by D.C. HUTCHINSON



THE unimportant young fellows, cutting little fir trees for the Christmas tables, just managed to pull their old cart-horse into the roadside shrubbery in time to escape the stormy equipage of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel.

As the wood-choppers stood with bare heads bowed, the Landgrave called out cheerily:

"God bless you, my children; be happy and multiply." And he said it with an unusual smile; a peculiar smile.

When Conrad Nolte, thankful to get home alive, described the words and the smile to his father, the retired wood-chopper, who wielded a rheumatic sceptre from the fireplace, he croaked:

"I don't believe you, my son; the words, perhaps; the smile, no! The Landgrave never smiles on his people."

After supper, Conrad made so bold as to visit the home of carpenter Bodensieg. He took along a little fir tree as a sort of green flag of truce. He loved Kathe, and he was afraid of her, and she called him Dumbhead.

For the matter of that everybody called him Dumbhead, for though he could fell a tree with fewer strokes and carry home more branches than any other forester round Wilhelmshöhe, his brain could not chop a knotty problem down, or carry more than a thought at a time.

Kathe was at the door, and she asked him in. He was afraid to disobey. He obeyed everybody. It was easier than thinking up something else, to do.

Kathe doubled up with laughter when he whacked his dumb skull against the lintel, and tripped on the sill. She pointed out that her brother Christoph was home from the university at Cassel. Conrad looked on Christoph with awe, for Christoph could read. Indeed, he was studying theology, whatever that was, and besides, he was going to be a preacher.

To-night Conrad also had information. He told of the Landgrave's smile. Old Bodensieg was so incredulous that he choked on his own smoke. But Christoph looked up from his book and said—and Conrad loved him for saying it:

"I believe Conrad. The Landgrave smiled because he has something to sell that the English king wants. The Landgrave needs money. The king needs men. The king is at outs with his parliament and his colonies. I heard in Cassel that the Englishmen in America won't pay their taxes and that they are assassinating the king's soldiers."

Old Bodensieg threw up his hands. "King George's people turn against him for a few taxes! Heaven's help, we are glad if our Landgrave leaves us enough of our own crops to raise more for him. What is the world coming to! Our Landgrave, of course, will help the poor king, and lend him men."

"Sell him men!" smiled Christoph, but his mother felt a stab of terror and protest.

"Why should the Landgrave lend our sons to fight another king's battles?"

Old Bodensieg rebuked her: "We and our sons are his, mother. We belong to our country. Our country belongs to the Landgrave."

One of the mother's lean old hands went to her breast:

"What if they should take my Christoph away?"

Christoph looked up and smiled: "Never fear, motherlet. They can't force me into the army. I am a divinity student."

The mother sighed with relief, but still had a thought for other mothers. "They might take Conrad, then."

To everybody's amazement, Kathe rushed to Conrad, flung her arms about him and began to weep:

"They shall not take my Conrad! They shall not!"

But Conrad amazed everybody more by bellowing with laughter. He could not think of two things at once. The one thing he realized was that the Kathe who had ridiculed him and joked him for years, had called him hers—her beautiful face was against his cheek; it was velvety and warm with tears for him; and her curls were tickling his nose.

And this was the Kathe who had called him Dumbhead! A thought trailed across his slow soul: She called him Dumbhead because he never dared to tell her he loved her; because he never gave her a chance to tell him she loved him.

He soothed her with caresses like the buffetings of a playful bear, and sat in an awkward ecstasy of silence, till it was time to be off for home.



Kathe stood outside on the steps with him a moment, and he found courage to say:

"I'm glad you were scared Kathe, my Kättchen, because it made you throw your arms around me—and—and now that you've kissed me before people, I suppose you'll have to—marry me."

In the silence that followed he nearly fainted. Once, when he was in the woods hunting a fox with Gotthilf Röhmer, a spark from Conrad's pipe had fallen on his flintlock before he was ready and the blunderbuss had let fly prematurely. Gotthilf was mortally wounded in the hat alone, but Conrad had trembled for a week.

And now he had exploded a proposal unawares and he did not dare look round to see what had happened to Kathe. He waited rigid till she whispered:

"You dear old Dumbhead, if you really want me to marry you, of course I will."

Conrad simply had to cling to something. So he clung to Kathe. Then he broke out in a new sweat of fright, because there were the parents' consents to obtain yet.

## II

Nobody in Wilhelmshöhe except Christoph believed that the Landgrave—even the Landgrave they had then—would be capable of selling his people to the English king. Everybody laughed at the bogie and gave heart and soul to making that Christmas complete.

Always, on the night before, in addition to the little Christmas trees, every home in Hesse was honored by two mysterious visitors known as Nikolaus and the Angel. In 1775, Conrad was chosen for Nikolaus, because his broad back could carry a heavier load than any other back in Wilhelmshöhe.

For his attendant angel, whom could he choose? And so, while his young brothers and sisters were dancing round the little Christmas tree on the table at home, Conrad disappeared into the woodshed, whence emerged some time later a long saint with white curls and breast-swathing beard of a suspiciously ropy texture. The saint leaned on a staff venerably and wore a white robe trimmed with fur; and on his back was a great sack bulging with toys, sweetmeats and trinkets.

The dogs about the Bodensieg home did not recognize saints, and they kept Nikolaus at a distance till an angel came from the house and joined him. The angel wore a white robe, too, and golden curls, and from her shoulderblades flapped a pair of wings such as help a goose over a fence with difficulty. But angels travel light.

To the amazement of the dogs, Nikolaus embraced the angel till he sprained one of her wings, whereupon the angel boxed Nikolaus's ears, and they went snickering down the road.

From cottage to cottage they traveled, delivering to awe-struck children presents their parents had smuggled out of the house the day before. Even at the Nolte home Nikolaus was received as a total stranger.

His awkwardness (he kept knocking his head on the door lintels) was as nothing to his slowness. The impatient households yawningly awaiting him could not know that he had to pause in every shadow of the moon for another bout at hugging the angel and getting his beard cuffed askew by her little fat hand.

Nikolaus's mood was one of ursine laughter till he approached the home of Gotthilf Rohmer. There he halted and drooped.

"Wait once, Kathe mine. I—I—I'm afraid to go in."

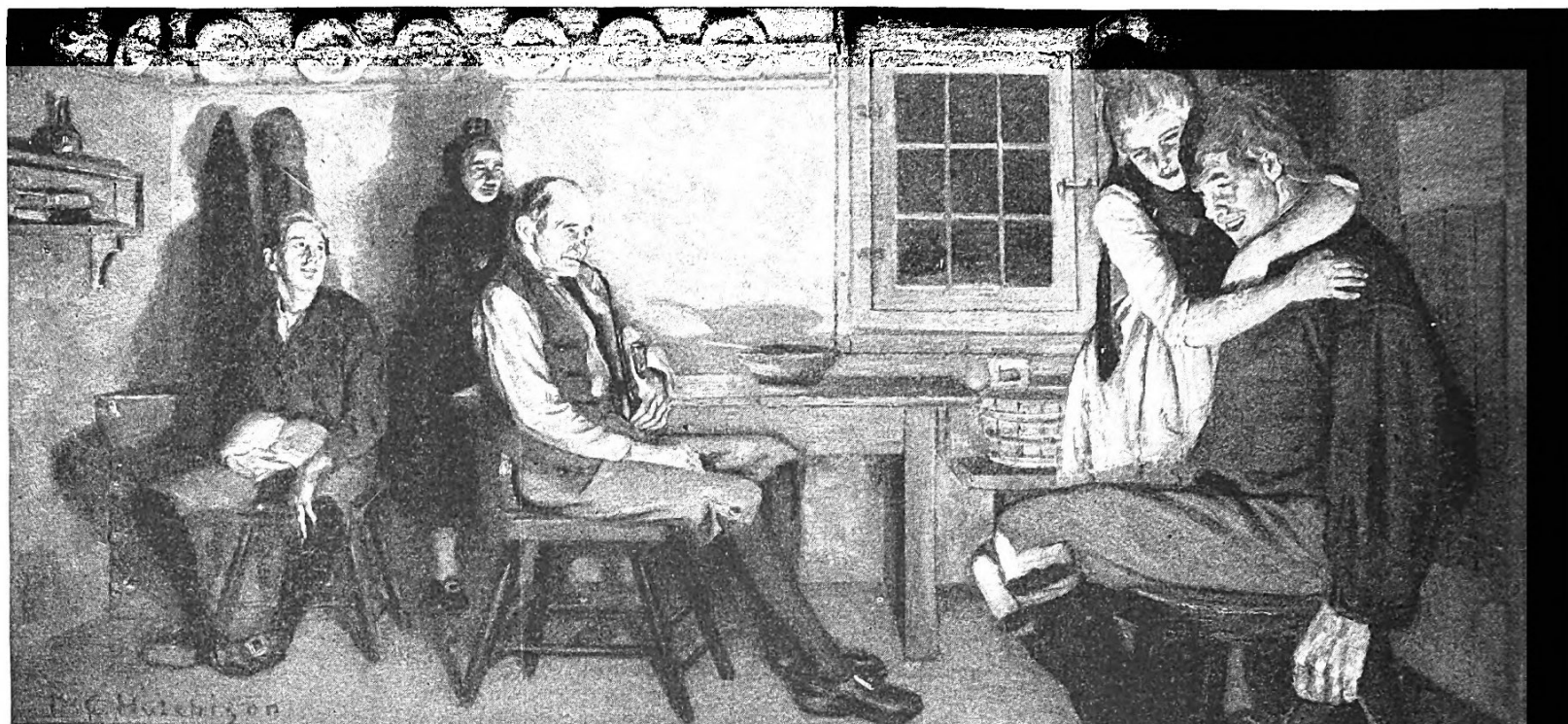
"Whatever are you afraid of now, you great Dummkopf?"

"I'm afraid of little Woldemar."

"Afraid of that tiny scamp?"

"I'm afraid he will cry. Yesterday Gotthilf brought me the family presents. There was a toy for every one but Woldemar. For him there was a switch. Gotthilf said he had been a bad boy for a week. But I remember, when I was his age and growing, and not yet understanding how we must always do everything our elders tell us, I kept disobeying my father and he did not like me that season. When Christmas came, after a long year's waiting, the Nikolaus of that year—and I thought he dropped from heaven—he gave my father only a switch for me. And my father wore it out on me, too. But my heart hurt worse. I had waited a year for that Christmas and all I had was a switch from the saint, and before there would be another Christmas I must wait a





And this was the Kathe who had called him Dummkopf

whole long year. I ached so in the heart that I wanted to die. No, Kathe, I can not give Woldemar the switch. I am afraid he will cry."

It was a long speech for Conrad, wrung out of him by shame and sympathy. He was so foolishly earnest about it that Kathe did not box his ears, but kissed him twice and said:

"I love you, you big Dummkopf."

Conrad could not see how the remark followed, but woman's logic was always beyond him.

Kathe cautioned him: "If you don't give Woldemar the switch, you'll have to fight his big brother Gotthilf to-morrow."

"I'm not afraid of Gotthilf," said Conrad, and they went in. The little Woldemar waited his turn with wide eyes of terror, for he had been plentifully warned that his gift would be a birch-rod. He almost died of delight when the towering saint with the wonderful beard held out to him a toy trumpet and said:

"For little Woldemar, who is trying hard to be a good boy."

When the final cottage had been visited and the sack was empty, Conrad took his angel to her earthly dwelling.

In the last gulf of woods there was a sudden frenzy of wind that set the trees gnashing their branches and swirled the snow from bush and bough with evil spite. A strange, fierce cry sharpened the wind and Kathe shivered with terror. Conrad trembled too, and bumbled:

"Listen, Kathe, it is the Wild Hunt of the demon wolves!"

"Don't speak their horrible names," Kathe whispered, "or they'll follow us."

In consoling her, Conrad found courage enough to get himself home. The next morning brought Christmas with a gentle snow whose big flakes came down like good wishes from aloft. Everybody called on everybody else in Wilhelmshöhe and gossiped about Conrad's success with Kathe, for old Bodensieg had consented to the match; had announced it himself that morning. It was quite a social come-down for a wood-joiner to give his daughter to the son of a wood-chopper, but everybody felt that with Kathe for brain, Conrad's brawn would amount to something.

The day after Christmas was St. Stephen's Day and the villagers made a martyr of Conrad, pelting him with snowballs wherever he went. But the missiles fell like white roses about him.

### III

THE lowliest and the loftiest in Hesse enjoyed that Christmas; the Landgrave as well as any, for he was revelling in the royal sport of auctioneering men. But it was a dreary Christmas and a flabby New Year for George III, and it was not till the 13th of January that he ceased to haggle.

Then he contracted to take over on his pay-rolls twelve thousand Hessians, to pay their transportation to the field and to repatriate such as might come back. For each man hurt he would forfeit ten crowns, and settle for every corpse at the rate of three wounded.

As recompense and consolation, the Landgrave was to pocket the tidy dishonorarium of one hundred and ten thousand pounds a year, while

the soldiers were needed.

That the insurrection should spin out for seven years was beyond the fears of the purchaser and the hopes of the salesman.

But all in all, it figured out as good business for the ruler of a little principality considerably smaller than the insurgent colony of Massachusetts. The Landgrave's only regret was that he had so few lives to sell from his country. Even allowing for what numbers he could recruit from the scum of professional soldiery floating about Europe, he would have to force into the ranks one out of every four able-bodied men in his realm.

These men would not go willingly, but his press-gangs were expert; they knew whom to tempt with flattery and whom to knock over the head.

The edict of conscription thundered across the quiet region of Hesse like a sudden tornado in the night. There had been no war or rumor of war; suddenly one morning, it was as if an invasion threatened. But this was no inspiring alarm for the defense of hearths and homes or for revenge against foreign insolence. It was a summons for the able-bodied, the workers, to quit their work, leave the hearths to grow cold, the homes to starve, in order to cross an ocean none of them had seen and invade a people of whose very existence many of them had never heard—whose language none of them could speak. But the Landgrave smiled.

Father Bodensieg met father Nolte and bragged: "They will never take my Christoph because he is a divinity student."

Father Nolte wagged his head and shrilled: "They will never take my Conrad because he is our only support."

But each felt that the other was an old fool.

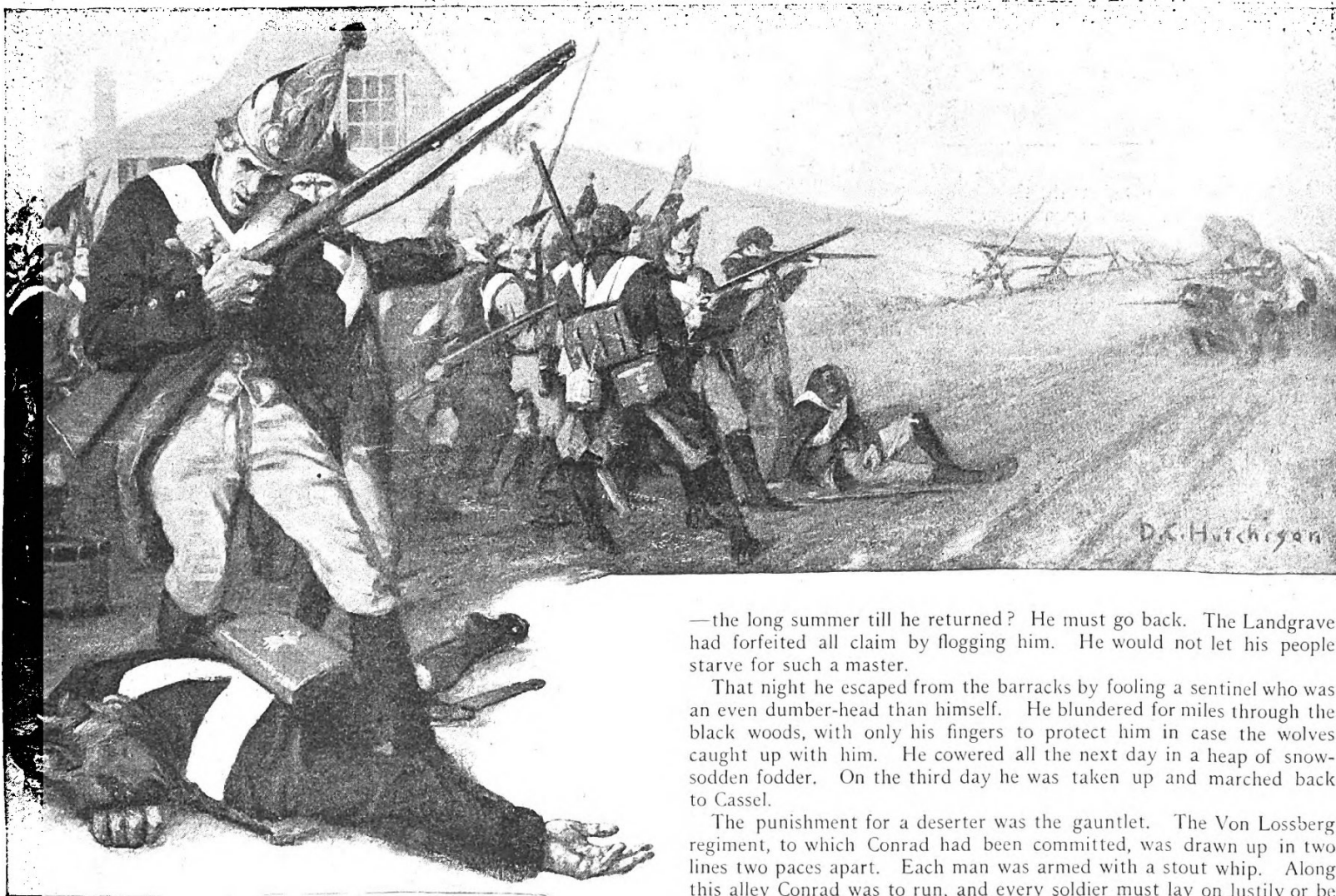
It seemed safer for Christoph to be at his university. He set out with much pretense of bravery, and, to reassure his mother, he took along his matriculation papers as a guaranty. He was not yet half way to Cassel when he was overhauled. With a patient tolerance he waved his matriculation papers under the recruiting sergeant's nose. That worthy laughed, tore the document in two, and jolted Christoph into line with the other captives.

In such fashion Christoph returned unexpectedly to Wilhelmshöhe. He was forbidden to speak to his frantic mother and sister. When Kathe, tried to force her way to his side, the sergeant caught her in his arms, and kissed her loathsomely. Nobody dared defend her. She broke loose and dashed into the forest to warn Conrad. The music of a resounding ax led her to him. But a shrewd corporal had followed her



"Dummkopf, Dummkopf, warum kommst du nicht heim?"





An officer struck him and called him a coward

stealthily and even while Conrad was trying to soothe her mad fright, the corporal invited him to come along.

Conrad raised his ax. The corporal raised his pistol. Conrad obeyed the pistol. Kathe clung to his arm and sobbed. When Conrad reached the square where the local consignment of the doomed was huddled, the sight made him rebel. He knocked the corporal aside and ran away. Two men fell on him. He shook them off as a wind-flung branch scatters snow. He flung three men, but he could not overpower ten. He could not break the rope they lashed about his wrists.

When Johann Kruse had been dragged from his widowed mother, and Gotthilf Rohmer from his young wife about to be a mother, the detail moved away from Wilhelmshöhe, followed by the shrieks of women and their vainly pleading hands.

The captives were herded forward, prodded, struck with the flat of swords, flogged and cursed and kicked. On all the other converging highways, other droves of groaning, unwilling cattle were stumbling toward Cassel, as to a slaughterhouse. And these were the Hessians whom the Americans heard of with fury, and dreaded as murderous wolves, so bloodthirsty that they volunteered to cross the seas and butcher freedom!

Poor Conrad, who could never negotiate his own door at home without collisions, what could be expected of him with the myriad complexities of a soldier's duties, standing just so, stepping just so, turning just so, saluting just so, making his elaborate toilet just so, managing a huge musket just so, and a sidelong sabre just so?

He was cursed and struck so often for tripping over this dragging sabre that one night he lay awake and invented a great scheme. He would leave it off till he had learned to handle the musket. He appeared at the next morning's parade without his side-arm. He was flogged for that—and flogged till the blood clogged the thongs.

The injustice of the cruelty revolted even Conrad. Even to him it seemed unfair to drag a man from his home and flog him when he was doing his best to learn. He dreamed, too, that his people were starving. What else could they do? How could they survive the bitter winter

—the long summer till he returned? He must go back. The Landgrave had forfeited all claim by flogging him. He would not let his people starve for such a master.

That night he escaped from the barracks by fooling a sentinel who was an even dumber-head than himself. He blundered for miles through the black woods, with only his fingers to protect him in case the wolves caught up with him. He covered all the next day in a heap of snow-sodden fodder. On the third day he was taken up and marched back to Cassel.

The punishment for a deserter was the gauntlet. The Von Lossberg regiment, to which Conrad had been committed, was drawn up in two lines two paces apart. Each man was armed with a stout whip. Along this alley Conrad was to run, and every soldier must lay on lustily or be punished himself.

Everybody said that Conrad made the best run of the season before he was beaten unconscious, and revived to agony with a pail of water.

## IV

IN TIME Conrad learned the useless vanity of self respect, and the self-economy of surrendering his soul to his officers. In time he learned to enjoy the blaring bravado of the bands and to take a pride in the gorgeous livery of his servitude—the long scarlet ulster, the huge brass-plated helmet, and the white cross-belts.

The hair was worn long, stiffened with a thick paste of tallow and flour, and drawn back to a pigtail reaching nearly to the waist, and the moustaches were made ferocious with black pomade.

Kathe herself would never have known her Conrad so bedight. She would have passed him with terror, and as for boxing his ears—she would as soon have cuffed the Landgrave. But Kathe was not to see him, though it was not until May that the Landgrave delivered his cargo of automatons to the king's manherds.

Numberless rowboats waited at the mouth of the Weser to lighten the consignment to the English transports. When Conrad was marched into one of these skiffs, he looked with terror on the little waves of the little river and said to Christoph:

"Do we go all the way across the ocean like this?"

Christoph smiled at his ignorance. But how was he to have known? Hesse was his nation, Germany the outer world; why should not the mouth of the river Weser be the sea?

With its cargo of farmers, the whole ship was soon one regimental nausea. Conrad was profoundly seasick.

The transport was crowded to suffocation. The sleeping places were not the huge feather beds they had at home, but wooden shelves where there was room for four men to lie—and six men must lie there. And in this herring barrel, the homesick, seasick, half-starved landlubbers spent more than a hundred days of nausea and monotony and madness. August was half over when they made Sandy Hook.

In the meanwhile, their officers had convincingly described the Americans as villains and, worse yet, infidels; traitors to their king, and questioners of their God;

[Continued on page 830]





# A New Way of Bringing Up Children

By Orison Swett Marden

AT THIS time of the year the thought of the world centers upon the child. Eliminate children from our Christmas celebration, and this festival would lose all its charm.

In fact, there has been no more hopeful sign of race progress in the last quarter of a century than the rapidly increasing interest in the welfare of the child, which is assuming tremendous importance in our national life. We see this reflected everywhere in our wonderful kindergarten and school system; in the great children's stores; in the marvelous development all over the world of the manufacture and sale of toys.

Not so very long ago children were looked upon as sort of chattels. They were brought up with the idea that they must be seen and not heard, and that they had few rights which adults felt bound to respect. In many homes they were brutally flogged and mercilessly treated generally. How many times have I seen sensitive children humiliated almost to tears by seeing everybody else introduced to visitors, while they were compelled to stand like little ninnies, nobodies, feeling embarrassed with the suggestion of their own inferiority, wondering why they were not of enough importance to be introduced, too. But now we are beginning to recognize the child's individuality; to see that it has rights as sacred as those of the adult.

The State is beginning to discover that children are a tremendous asset, which it can not afford to allow to run to waste through neglect or bad rearing on the part of parents; that the vast sums spent in our criminal trials and in maintaining penitentiaries would be largely done away with, if children were properly trained and educated. Even from a monetary standpoint, the making of useful citizens would mean untold increase of wealth, by rendering productive what are now not only non-productive, but also enormously expensive encumbrances. This new emphasis on child value calls for improved methods in child rearing.

Not long ago there was on exhibition in New York a horse which can do most marvelous things; and yet his trainer says that only five years ago he had a very bad disposition. He was fractious and would kick and bite; but now, instead of displaying his former viciousness, he is obedient, tractable and affectionate. He can readily count and reckon up figures, spells many words, and knows what they mean. In fact, he seems to be capable of learning almost anything. Five years of kindness have completely transformed the vicious yearling colt into one of the most affectionate animals in the world. He is very responsive to kindness, but one can do nothing with him by whipping or scolding him. His trainer says that in all the five years he has only once touched him with a whip.

I know a mother of a large family of children who has never whipped but one of them and that one only once. When her first child was born people said she was too good-natured to bring up children; that she would spoil them, as she would not correct or discipline them; and would do nothing but love them. But this love has proved the great magnet which has held the family together in a marvelous way. None of these children has gone astray. They have all grown up to be manly and womanly, and love has been wonderfully developed in their natures. Their own affection responded to the mother's love and has become their strongest motive. To-day all her children look upon "Mother" as the grandest figure in the world. She has brought out the best in them, because she saw the best in them. The worst did not need correcting or repressing, for the best neutralized it.

Love is a healer, a life-giver, a balm for our hurts. All through the Bible are passages which show the power of love as a healer and life-lengthener. "With long life will I satisfy him," said the Psalmist, "because he hath set his love upon me."

Love is the great disciplinarian, the supreme harmonizer, the true peace-maker. It is the great balm for all that blights happiness or breeds discontent, a sovereign panacea for malice, revenge and all the brutal propensities. As cruelty melts before kindness, so the evil passions find their antidote in sweet charity, and loving sympathy.

Our orphan asylums show pathetic illustrations of how quickly the child mind matures and prematurely ages without the uplift and enrichment of the mother love, the mother sympathy, parental protection and home influence.

It is well known that children who lose their parents and are adopted

by their grandparents and live in the country, where they do not have an opportunity to mingle much with other children, become little men and women before they get out of their youth and quickly adopt their manners and mature vocabulary, for they are very imitative.

Think of a child reared in the contaminating atmosphere of the slums, where everything is dripping with suggestions of vulgarity and wickedness of every description! Think of its little mind being filled with profanity, obscenity, and filth! Is it any wonder that

it becomes so saturated with vicious, criminal suggestions that it tends to become like its environment?

What chance has a child to lead a noble life when all its first impressionable years are saturated with the suggestion of evil; when jealousy and hatred, revenge, quarreling and bickering, all that is low and degrading, fill its ears and eyes?

Contrast such a child with one that is brought up in an atmosphere of purity, refinement and culture, and whose mind is always filled with noble, uplifting suggestions of the true, the beautiful and the lovely. What a difference in the chances of these two children, and without any special effort or choice of their own! One mind is trained upward toward the light; the other downward toward darkness.

How important it is that the child should hear and see and be taught only that which will make for beauty and for truth, for loveliness and grandeur!

The minds of children are like the sensitive plates of a photographer, recording every thought or suggestion to which they are exposed. These things make up the character and determine the future possibility.

If you would encourage your child and help him to make the most of himself, inject bright, hopeful, optimistic, helpful, unselfish pictures into his atmosphere. To stimulate and inspire his confidence and unselfishness means growth, success and happiness for him in his future years, while the opposite practise may mean failure and misery.

Keep the child's mind full of harmony, of truth, and there will be no room for discord, for error.

It is cruel to constantly remind children of their deficiencies or peculiarities. Sensitive children are often seriously injured by the suggestion of inferiority and defects exaggerated which might have been entirely overcome. This everlasting harping against the bad does not help the child half as much as keeping its mind full of the good, the beautiful and the true. The constant love suggestion, purity suggestion, nobility suggestion, will so permeate the life after a while that there will be nothing to attract the opposite. It will be so full of sunshine, so full of beauty and love, that there will be little place for their opposites.

The child's self-confidence should be buttressed, braced, encouraged in every possible way; not that he should be taught to overestimate his ability and his possibilities, but the idea that he is God's child, that he is heir to an infinite inheritance, magnificent possibilities, should be instilled into the very marrow of his being.

A great many boys, especially those who are naturally sensitive, shy and timid, are apt to suspect that they lack the ability which others have. It is characteristic of such youths that they distrust their own ability and are very easily discouraged or encouraged.

Most parents do not half realize how impressionable children are and how easily they may be injured or ruined by discouragement or the suggestion of inferiority. Children require a great deal of appreciation, praise and encouragement. They live upon it. It is a great tonic to them. On the other hand, they wither very quickly under criticism, blame or depreciation. Their sensitive natures can not stand it. It is the worst kind of policy to be constantly blaming and chiding children, and positively cruel, bordering on criminality even, to suggest to them that they are mentally deficient or peculiar, that they are stupid and dull, and that they will probably never amount to anything in the world.

How easy it is for a parent or teacher to ruin a child's constructive ability, to change a naturally positive, creative mind to a negative, non-producing one, by projecting into his plastic mind the idea that he is stupid, dull, lazy, a "blockhead" and good-for-nothing; that he will never amount to anything; that it is foolish for him to try to be much,

[Continued on page 850]



# Puss in the Waldorf

(Another Wall Street Fairy Story)

by John Kendrick Bangs

Author of "Jack and the Check Book," "The Great Wish Syndicate," etc.

Illustrations by ALBERT LEVERING

ONCE upon a time, not many years ago, my children, there was a well-known Captain of Industry, who at his death had no other legacy to leave to his three sons than fourteen bank accounts, all of them overdrawn, a couple of automobiles without any tires on their wheels, and an Angora cat which had taken several prizes at the annual cat show in New York, and upon more than one occasion had had its picture printed in the society columns of the Sunday newspapers.

The eldest son took over the bank accounts, and by the negotiation of several large checks among his friends, each one dated several months ahead, had managed to escape to Venezuela with a comfortable fortune, where, after several revolutions, he found himself in the President's Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. He further enriched himself in this office by the private sale of national bonds to innocent investors, prior to his departure for Algiers, and became, before his death, a leading spirit in that interesting colony, and an influential member of the Missionary Society of East Africa.

The second son took the automobiles, and with a pot of paint and eight old life preservers, relics of the palmy days when his father was a famous yachtsman, so furbished them up that he was able to sell them f. o. b. to a couple of farmers in central Connecticut for five thousand dollars, which he invested in Steel Common when it was sulking along between ten and twelve on a margin of five per cent., and, selling out at eighty-four and seven-eighths, he was soon able to retire to the serene joys and quiet pleasures of the Great White Way, along whose verdured slopes he pranked and played until paresis called him at the ripe age of twenty-seven years. But to the youngest son, poor Jack Dinwiddie, by the terms of his father's will, fell only the residue of the estate after the two brothers had had their shares; in other words, the Angora cat!

It was, indeed, a melancholy situation, for poor Jack, like a great many other sons of men of presumably large wealth, had studied only political economy at college, and of the domestic variety knew little. He was an honorary member of the Consumer's League, but of the methods of the Producer's Union he knew little, and here at the age of twenty-two he found himself fatherless, penniless and without any visible means of support in the line of earning capacity.

"Well, Puss," he said gloomily, as he gazed at his Angora cat, who was sitting on top of a pile of unpaid bills in Jack's bachelor apartment, washing his face with his right paw, "it looks to me as if we were up against it. The governor has gone to his last account, my allowance has ceased, and you are the only clear and unencumbered asset in my possession, barring this last cigarette and two matches loaned to me by a kind gentleman upon the street, to whom I applied recently for a light."

He paused and lit the cigarette, while Puss, unmindful of the pathos of the situation, continued his prinking, giving especial attention to his whiskers, brushing them upward from his lips until he bore a not very remote resemblance to the kaiser himself.

"I suppose I could sell you, Bill,"

the young man went on. "Angora cats, with a pedigree dating back to Dick Whittington's time, and a bunch of blue ribbons big enough to supply every Prohibitionist in the Union with a bow-knot for the lapel of his coat, must have some market value, especially in a time like this when anything resembling beef is worth its weight in radium; but I won't do it, old man. You've been a mighty good cat to me, and as long as there is a drop of chalk and water left in this world you shall have your morning dish of milk."

It was then that a very singular thing happened.

"That's all I wanted to know, Jack," purred the cat, jumping to the floor and rubbing his sleek sides up against his master's leg affectionately. "If we are not to be separated, it is up to me to show myself the worthy descendant of a noble and resourceful ancestry. There is a tradition in our family that no back-yard fence has ever been so hard to climb that we could n't get over it. Do you know who I am?"

"Why, yes," said Jack, rubbing his eyes in astonishment, for he had never heard the cat speak before. "You are Angora Bill, the Champion Chinchilla of fourteen consecutive annual shows, and the neatest little ratter that ever lived."

"I am more than that," replied the cat proudly. "I am the direct, lineal descendant of the original Puss In Boots, and one of the advance agents of Prosperity."

Jack laughed even in his misery.

"Those days have gone, Puss," he said, wearily. "There are no longer any fairies to help poor beggars like me out of a hole, Bill—"

"That's what you think," smiled Puss, scratching his left ear with his right hind-paw; "but, my dear boy, my great-great-great-grandfather was a back-fence piker alongside of

myself, who all unknown to you am one of the Board of Directors of the United States Fairy Company, of 3007 Wall Street, New York. If you will do just what I tell you, my boy, we shall emerge from this little embarrassment of ours with flying colors, and spend our declining years in a little onyx bungalow on the corner of Bond Avenue and Easy Street that will make the Vandergilt palace up on the Plaza look like a particularly cheap and self-effacing owl-wagon."

Jack gazed mournfully at his companion. Surely, he thought, our misfortunes have driven him crazy. Nevertheless he decided to humor the creature.

"What would you have me do, Puss?"

he asked.

"Nothing much," replied the cat. "Just pack your suit-case with your few remaining collars and other garments, fill your five trunks with Sunday newspapers and unpaid bills, and move at once into the Waldorf-Astoria, taking a suite of five rooms and a bath."

"On nothing?" demanded the astonished youth.

"You lose less on nothing than you would if you had something to lose," retorted Puss with a wise air. "Do as I say. Lend me a pair of your boots, a derby hat and your fur-lined ulster, and wait for me in your apartment. Go at once to the hotel, register and ask if there are any letters or messages for you, and all will be well. You might register as Horace Vanderpoel of Cincinnati or St. Louis, or any other old place at a comfortable distance from New York. Let your luggage precede you."

The cat spoke in a masterful tone that inspired confidence. As he delivered his instructions he donned his master's boots and fur-lined overcoat, and then putting the derby hat jauntily upon his head he sauntered forth.

"Good-by, Jack," he said, as he reached the door. "Follow my instructions to the very last detail, and before long you'll be wearing diamonds that will make the average incandescent electric light look like an eclipse."

Now Jack was a venturesome youth and was ready at all times for any kind of an unusual experience; so, deeply impressed by the mere fact of the cat's having spoken at all, he decided to follow out his instructions to the letter. His five trunks, filled to the brim with papers and bills and any other objects of *vertu* that came handy, were despatched at once to the Waldorf, and in about three hours he himself followed them, registering in a large, bold hand as Horace Vanderpoel of Kansas City in the hotel book.

"I want a suite of five rooms and a bath," said Jack.

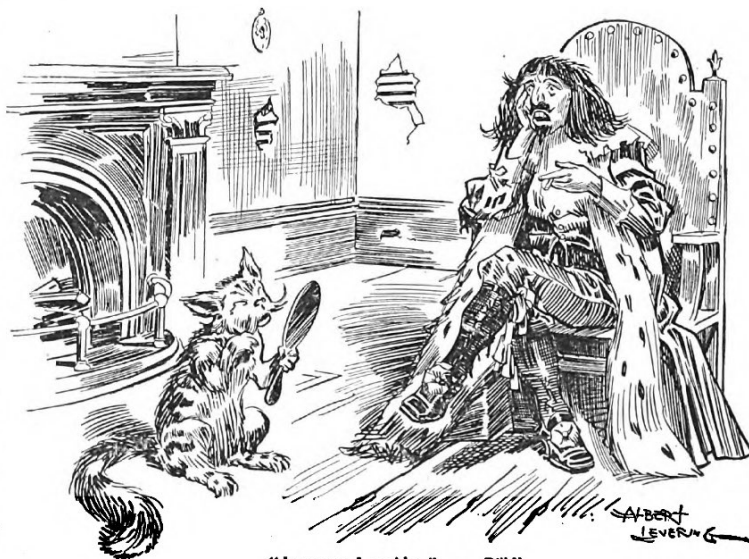
"Certainly Mr. Vanderpoel," said the room-clerk courteously. "We had already made a reservation for you, sir. We will give you suite number forty-two on the first floor."

"Good," said Jack. "I wasn't aware that my coming had been heralded—in fact I have been wanting to have it kept as quiet as possible. Important negotiations, you know."

"We quite understand, Mr. Vanderpoel," said the clerk.

"Have any letters or telephone messages been received for me?" Jack demanded.

"No, letters, sir," replied the clerk, "but—er—Mr. Carnegie's secretary phoned us about an hour ago requesting us to ask you to let him know the



"I suppose I could sell you, Bill"

minute you arrived—fact is, sir, that is how we came to be on the lookout for you."

"Carnegie, eh?" said Jack, scratching his head with a puzzled air. "Well," he added with a laugh, "I guess he can wait a bit. Have J. P. Morgan & Co. rung me up yet?"

"Not yet, sir," said the clerk.

"Well, I'm going down-stairs to be shaved," said Jack. "If Morgan does ring me up let me know."

He chuckled as he went down to the barber-shop.

"Bill is a great cat," he muttered to himself. "Carnegie! Gee! Here's hoping he won't forget Morgan and Rockefeller."

He sat down in the barber's chair and was soon richly lathered. The barber was about to apply the razor, when a small boy clad in a perfect rash of buttons entered the shop.

"NUMBER FORTY-TWO, please," he cried. "Gentleman number FORTY-TWO!"

"Wait a minute, barber," said Jack. "That's my number—here, boy, what is it?"

"Wanted on the telephone, sir," said the boy.

"Find out who it is," said Jack impatiently.

"Yes sir," said the boy. "I have, sir. They told me to tell you, sir, that Mr. Rockefeller was on the phone, sir."

"Oh, is that all?" grinned Jack. "Well, you tell 'em to tell Mr. Rockefeller that I am too busy just at present to see him. You might tell him too that I have n't anything to add to what I said in my last letter. If he don't like that, the deal is off."

There was a considerable craning of necks in the neighboring chairs, for Jack had not thought to address his remarks to the lad in tones suggestive of a confidential communication. The boy staggered slightly on his feet, but managed to get away without dropping under the weight of such a message, and Jack, lying back in his chair, requested the barber to proceed.

"Bill is a great cat!" he chuckled.

"Beg pardon?" queried the barber.

"I say don't shave me too close," said Jack.

The shave over, Jack retired to his apartment and found in suite number forty-two everything that the heart of man could desire, and throughout the great caravansary the name of Horace Vanderpoel was held in high honor. To be sure they had never heard of him before, but the associate of these brilliant dignitaries of the financial world must indeed be somebody, even in

New York! Here he sat, awaiting developments, his amusement as well as his interest in the adventure increasing momentarily. An hour passed and then a card was brought to his door bearing the mystic words:

COLONEL A. N. GORA

THE CATSKILL CLUB

"Ask Colonel Gora to come right up," said Jack, with difficulty repressing the guffaw that struggled within him for expression, recognizing



the name at once. Five minutes later, Puss walked in, the perfect picture of a military dandy, largely due no doubt to the cut of his whiskers.

"Well," he said, removing his gloves, and out of sheer force of habit proceeding to wash his face with his right paw, "you seem to be pretty comfortably located."

"In the lap of luxury," grinned Jack.

Puss's face grew solemn.

"For a cat, my dear Jack, or rather Horace," he said, "the lap of luxury would be a saucer of milk."

"You shall have a pitcherful, Bill," cried Jack, rushing to the phone.

"Not on your life, my dear boy," meowed Puss, excitedly stopping him. "Never! The occupant of an apartment like this ordering a pitcher of milk! Why, my dear fellow, that would queer our game at the very start. Order some tea and I'll drink the cream."

After regaling himself on the refreshment provided by the confiding management, Puss, with a graceful readjustment of his whiskers, turned with a smile to the wondering and admiring beneficiary of his resourceful mind.

"Well, what do you think of it, Jack?" he asked.

"It is very nice indeed, Puss," Jack answered, "but—er—I can't help thinking of the possibilities of the day of reckoning. Who's going to pay for all this when the bill comes in?"

"Don't worry," said Puss; "I'll attend to all that. This afternoon I want you to climb aboard the sight-seeing coach that leaves Madison Square at three o'clock. Sit next to the young lady with blue eyes and a Persian lamb ulster, whom you'll find occupying the front seat with her father, a large, stout gentleman with a kohinoor sparkling like an electric light in his shirt-front and three more on his little finger. If you happen to see me on the same coach, don't let on that you know me, and above all, don't deny anything you may hear anybody saying about you. Where did you register from?"

"Kansas City," replied Jack.

"All right," said Puss. "Keep a stiff upper lip, my boy, and all will be well. Good-by. Like most cats, I have a few fences to take care of this afternoon and I must be off."

With these words the amazing creature donned his hat and coat, and resuming his boots strode out with a magnificent swagger.

At three o'clock in the afternoon Jack, in accordance with his instructions, boarded the sight-seeing coach at Madison Square, and, recognizing the young woman referred to by Puss sitting on the front seat of the car, seated himself beside her.

"When do we start, popper?" asked the girl, with a demure glance at Jack.

"Putty soon, I guess," said the old gentleman, who sat on her other side. "But there ain't never any tellin'. These New York guys does things putty much as they please."

"Humph!" muttered Jack under his breath. "He sounds like real money from Goldfields."

In a few moments the car started, and as they passed around the Flatiron building Jack was still further amazed to recognize in the voice of the lecturer none other than that of the faithful Puss.

"This building," Jack heard him saying boldly, "is the famous Flatiron building, erected at great expense by the Fuller Company and lately purchased for five million dollars by the famous Missouri financier and capitalist, Mr. Horace Vanderpoel."

"Gee-rusalem!" ejaculated Jack.

"To the right is the wonderful tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance building—the handsomest tower in the world," continued Puss, bellowing his words into Jack's ears playfully through his megaphone; "while off across the square to the north the structure in yellow brick is the famous Madison Square Garden, soon to be torn down to make room for the new Vanderpoel office building, sixty-four stories high, containing theaters, assembly halls, churches, convention halls, restaurants, apartments and so on, besides offices, costing between ten and twenty millions of dollars."

"Vanderpoel building, eh?" said the old gentleman. "Any relation to the feller that's bought the Flatiron?"



"Couldn't make it three millions, could you?" suggested Mr. Dobbins





"Tell 'em to tell Mr. Rockefeller that I am too busy to see him."

"Same man, sir. He's the only Vanderpoel," replied Puss.

"Must have seven or eight dollars to spare," said the sight-seer.

"Ten or twelve, sir," laughed Puss. "It is said that he is trying to buy a controlling interest in the whole city. Negotiating for the Astor estate, they say."

"Great Scott!" gasped the sight-seer. "What's he going to do with it when he gets it?"

"Don't know, sir," replied Puss, gaily. "Kind of suspect he's thinking of annexing it to Kansas City, sir."

The car proceeded until the party reached the Plaza.

"On the left is the Plaza Hotel, another property of the Vanderpoel syndicate," said Puss; "said to have cost the Kansas City millionaire ten millions, and paid for in cash."

"Gee!" gasped the young woman's father, and Jack endorsed the observation unreservedly.

"That's a pretty house, popper," said the young woman as the car reached the Ninety-sixth Street entrance to the park, pointing toward Mr. Carnegie's residence.

"Formerly the residence of Andrew Carnegie," said Puss, "but recently sold to Mr. Vanderpoel for three million dollars."

"It's mighty funny I never heard of this Vanderpoel fellow before," said the old man.

"Just come into his fortune, sir," vouchsafed Puss. "Very young man just come of age, sir."

The old man leaned forward and, addressing Jack, inquired:

"Did you ever hear of this man Vanderpoel, young man?"

"Well, yes," said Jack, with a modest laugh. "Fact is, I myself am Horace Vanderpoel."

The stranger gazed at him in amazement.

"Well, by ginger," he said. "I—I—I'm dee-lighted to meet you, sir. This is my daughter Amanda, sir. I—I—I'm proud to make your acquaintance."

"It is a pleasure to meet you, sir," said Jack, pleasantly, removing his hat and bowing to the young woman. "You are Mr.—"

"Dobbins, sir," returned the old man effusively. "Joshua Dobbins. I thought I was going some on the money question, with seven gold mines in Nevada, but I must take off my hat to you, sir. Any man who has the nerve to buy New York—heavens!"

The old fellow took off his hat and mopped his brow, which had begun to perspire freely.

"Oh, I don't take any credit to myself for that," said Jack, modestly. "When a boy has a great-grandfather who dies and leaves forty

red, and the old gentleman fairly beamed.

"Glad to have you take dinner with us, Mr. Vanderpoel," he said.

"Thank you," said Jack. "I shall be charmed to do so if I can. I sort of half promised Mr. Rockefeller to take a snack with him this evening, but"—this with a killing glance at the blushing Miss Dobbins—"but I guess he can wait. To tell you the truth, Mr. Dobbins, these New York millionaires bore me to death. At what time shall we foregather?"

"Suppose we say seven?" said the old gentleman.

"My lucky number," said Jack, with a gracious smile, which set the heart of Miss Dobbins all of a flutter.

So passed the hours away. Jack found himself growing momentarily more deeply impressed with the beauty of the maiden at his side, and by the time the young people had reached the hotel it had become a pronounced case of pure and ardent love. As they entered the Waldorf, one of the employees of the hotel rushed excitedly up to the young billionaire, breathless with the importance of a communication entrusted to him.

"Mr. Morgan is on the wire—wants to speak to you immediately, sir," he panted.

"Tell him I'm busy," said Jack, entering the tea-room and ordering a slight repast for Miss Dobbins and her father. A moment later the messenger returned, more breathless than before.

"Sorry, sir," said the boy, "but Mr. Morgan says he must see you right away, sir."

Jack frowned as though deeply annoyed, and his answer came with an incisive coldness that froze Mr. Dobbins almost to the marrow.

"Go back to that phone and tell Mr. Morgan that it will take the biggest searchlight in the amalgamated navies of the world to enable him to get even a bird's-eye view of me until I get good and ready," he said.

[Continued on page 842]

million dollars to him in trust for fifty years before he was born, and that money accumulates until the unborn beneficiary is twenty-one years old, it means a rather tidy stock-  
ingful, I admit, but it isn't as if I'd made the money myself."

"Fuf-forty millions accumulating interest for seventy-one years!" gasped Dobbins.

"Compound," said Jack, smiling sweetly at the girl at his side. "That's the deuce of it. I—I've got to do something to keep the income invested, and New York real estate being the most expensive thing in sight, I've gone in for that as being the easiest way out."

"I—I suppose you are living here now?" asked Mr. Dobbins.

"No," said Jack. "Personally I don't care particularly for New York. I am just in town for a few days, stopping at the Waldorf."

"Why, so are we," interrupted the girl.

"Then," said Jack gallantly, "the Waldorf possesses even greater attractions than I had supposed."

The girl blushed a rosy red, and the old gentleman fairly beamed.

"Glad to have you take dinner with us, Mr. Vanderpoel," he said.

"Thank you," said Jack. "I shall be charmed to do so if I can. I sort of half promised Mr. Rockefeller to take a snack with him this evening, but"—this with a killing glance at the blushing Miss Dobbins—"but I guess he can wait. To tell you the truth, Mr. Dobbins, these New York millionaires bore me to death. At what time shall we foregather?"

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[Continued on page 842]

32 Years here



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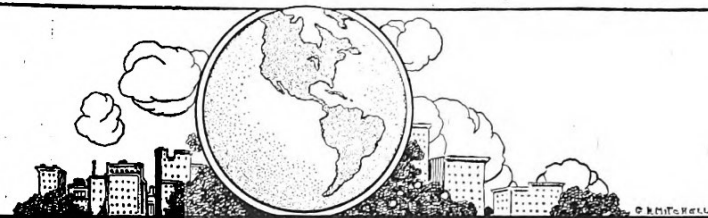
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## THE PULSE OF THE WORLD



### The Month in America



IN THE era of political asperities that has marked the breaking-up of parties, the overthrow of traditions and the remaking of alignments, Senator Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver of Iowa acquired his full share of devoted enemies. For a quarter

#### The People Lose an Advocate

of a century of active and prominent participation in politics he made only friends; but when he faced about to be the statesman rather than the politician, the leader rather than the follower, he felt the iron. He learned the bitterness of being hated alike by those who misunderstood, and by those who understood too well. Death came untimely to deprive him of the satisfaction of that complete vindication that would surely have come to him and his cause.

Before he became an Insurgent leader, he spent a long novitiate in the Regular ranks. He knew its methods. He had helped make tariff laws under the old log-rolling plan, and he knew its fatal weaknesses. When tardily awakened public realization brought assurance of at least a respectable support, a fighting chance, he went to the front of the battle. Before the tariff contest had given opportunity for that magnificent display of brilliancy, oratory, wit, humor, sarcasm and profound statesmanship which commanded the country's admiration and wonder, he had already been a lone leader in the fight for railroad regulation. He was the author of the so-called Hepburn bill, which will stand as the greatest monument to his constructive abilities, and which ought to be colloquially known by its just and proper title, the Dolliver Act. In the National convention of 1900, he narrowly missed nomination for Vice-President. It will violate no confidence to tell now that leaders of the Progressive Republican movement recognized in him the man whom Theodore Roosevelt would have supported, before any other, for the 1912 nomination. He died at the age of fifty-two, in the prime of early maturity, when seemingly he had thirty years of service and opportunity ahead of him. There is no man in American public life to fill the place he had carved out. Since the tragedy of McKinley, no public man's death has so deeply touched the whole nation.

PRESIDENT TAFT's tariff board has got fairly launched into a great inquiry into the cotton and woolen schedules. The most expert and reliable specialists in tariff and manufacturing are being enlisted, the board being determined to get at all the facts, if possible. Mr. R. Kenneth Maclea, chairman of the wholesale dry goods merchants' committee, which forced the fighting against

#### Tariff Board Activity

the excesses of Schedule "K," has been asked to help the board in conducting the investigation. There is no man in the country so well equipped for such a work, for there would never have been a real illumination of this subject during the tariff fight of 1909, had not Mr. Maclea taken the lead in getting the facts into the hands of public men with the capacity and courage to use them. People who know how long and hard and effectively Mr. Maclea fought during that session will be encouraged to hope for the fullest and most honest development of all the facts, if he acts as one of the board's advisers.

BEFORE October 15, Americans who took the trouble to express themselves on the subject fell naturally into two classes—those who did not believe Walter Wellman would ever fly to Europe and those who did not believe he ever seriously intended to try. The latter party is reduced since the dirigible *America* with Wellman and his crew of six, after seventy hours' flight over the Atlantic, were picked up—or down—near Bermuda and brought safely home. This voyage of the six brave aeronauts was of a romantic and spectacular character, rare in these days of the commonplace, and was no less praiseworthy because of its uselessness. Its lesson is that intrepidity and daring have a value of their own, but that equilibrators are a delusion and a snare.

#### Christopher Columbus Wellman

THE imagination of the people was massaged and the metropolis was jarred from its accustomed serenity during the recent international aviation meet at Belmont Park, Long Island. It was the most significant contest in the history of aeronautics; so rapid is aviation progress that each event marks a distinct advance over the last.

#### New Triumphs Over the Air

The victory of Grahame-White, the Englishman, in the international cup race in something better than sixty miles an hour, and the American Moissant's winning of the \$10,000 prize for the flight to the Statue of Liberty and back in the shortest time, seem to show the superiority of the monoplane type of machine for speed. On the other hand, the astonishing achievements of Hoxey and Johnstone in reaching heights of 6,907 and 8,470 feet respectively in the teeth of a gale show that the Wright biplane is as safe and steady as the old family mare and has possibilities of being just as useful. Unofficially, the beauty prize was almost universally awarded to the graceful "Antoinette" such as Latham rides.

THE authors' corner of New York University's Hall of Fame has doubled its population—a new election having added eleven names to the literary department. The following, in order of their popularity with the one hundred electors, were chosen:

**Additions to Ranks of the Famous**  
Harriet Beecher Stowe, Holmes, Poe, Roger Williams, Cooper, Brooks, Bryant, Frances Willard, Jackson, Bancroft, and Motley.

There was spirited discussion as to whether Edgar Allan Poe should be admitted to this exclusive society, but he won easily, he and Dr. Holmes being tied for second place. The population of the Hall of Fame is now fifty-one.

THE Edison Company in New York is indulging itself in conversation on the subject of installing refrigerating machines in every home and running them by electricity. The ideal city flat of the future, according to an official of that company,

#### Electrified Ice

will be lighted, heated and iced by electricity; the gas trust, the coal trust and the ice trust will be only horrible reminiscences, while all checks are made payable to the electric light company. In the optimistic way which is theirs, the Edison people make out that every man can be his own ice trust at greatly reduced rates, and his wife can have just as much or as little frigidity as she wants by turning a switch.

They are expecting soon to put out a new line of electric bottle openers, stove polishers, baby spankers and book agent bouncers.

MANY millions of dollars in property were destroyed, and from three hundred to four hundred lives were lost in the terrific forest fires that swept through the northern woods of Minnesota early in October. In 1894, the Hinkley forest fire horror cost four hundred and eighteen lives, and it is believed in some quarters that as many may have been lost in the recent fires. But whether or not the disaster is actually the greatest in the State's history, it is certainly the one for which there was least excuse.

#### Fatal Economy

The ignorance of forest protective methods which prevailed even fifteen and twenty years ago, does not obtain now. The last Legislature in Minnesota actually reduced the appropriations for forest rangers, patrol and general protective measures, and on September first most of the rangers, whose duty it is to patrol the woods and notify people so that fires may be combated in their beginnings, were withdrawn. The fact was not generally known in the State till the disaster brought it out. That such action should have been necessitated in a dry and unusually dangerous season, because of the parsimony of a Legislature trying to make an economy record, has aroused intense indignation in Minnesota. The big fire, under the circumstances, proves peculiarly a vindication of big expenditures by the Federal Government for protection in its reserves.



## THE PULSE OF THE WORLD



THE victory of the Democratic party in the November election was so sweeping that its meaning can not possibly be mistaken, obscured by local issues or distorted by those who would make of it political capital.

### A Political Revolution

The people's verdict shows widespread resentment at the failure of the Republican party to redeem its tariff pledges and deep-seated distrust of the unprogressive administration of William H. Taft. As this is written, indications are that the Democrats have carried the National House of Representatives by a majority of about fifty, have gained nine seats in the United States Senate and have elected Governors in four States now ruled by Republicans. The country has seen no such political revolution since Cleveland's election in 1892. The result indicates the great possibility that two years hence the Presidency and the Upper House may likewise be wrested from the control of the Republican party.

Just what may be expected to result from the control of the Lower House by the Democrats is extremely difficult to prophesy. A situation in which the House is at loggerheads with the President and Senate is not fruitful of constructive legislation. In case of disagreement the President-Senate combination is a difficult one to beat, and the obstreperous House can only act in a destructive capacity, impeding legislation, but unable to produce any of its own. Such a situation, however, has its hopeful side in that bills are subject to more searching debate, the steady flow of undesirable legislation is impeded and the public has an opportunity at least to know what is going on.

### The New House of Representatives

Although the great majority of the Democratic Congressmen-elect were chosen upon their tariff revision views, it is doubtful whether any important changes in the tariff bill will be enacted during the sixty-second Congress. Democratic Congressmen generally do not seem to favor tariff commission legislation; on the other hand they see the futility of reopening the whole tariff law to debate while control is still in the hands of the enemy. They will probably open up a few of the more notorious schedules for revision, and backed by public opinion and the support of the Progressives may force the Senate and the President to acquiesce in such revision.

The only certain gain to the people in the overthrow in the House is the fact that one year hence will mark the retirement of Joseph G. Cannon permanently and irrevocably from the Speakership of the House of Representatives. A Republican Congress would certainly have deposed him, though his reactionary influence in legislation would have remained great. The Democratic sweep, even though the Danville district spared his head, renders him not only gavelless, but harmless. It is impossible to conceive his ever regaining a position of ascendancy. Moreover, since the Democratic victory was gained almost entirely at the expense of the Republican Regulars rather than of the Insurgents, there is strong reason for hope that the Progressives of both parties will unite to complete the work of the curtailment of the Speaker's power. There is now no possible excuse for the failure of the next House to install a committee on committees and forever eliminate one man power in legislation.

It is too early as we go to press to indicate the exact effect of the Democratic landslide upon the United States Senate, but indications are that the Democrats have gained nine seats including Maine's, reducing the Republican majority in the Upper House to eight. The victories of the Democrats in New York, Missouri, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia and Nebraska were of the thorough going kind that included State Legislatures. As all of these victories, except that of John W. Kern, represent the defeat of Republican reactionaries, the result is at least a potential gain to the people. It is difficult to conceive that a Senate from which Hale, Kean, Depew, Scott, Dick and Warner are eliminated, and which will not see the faces of Aldrich and Burrows, will not be at least somewhat more responsive to the will of the people than it is now. Just what the gain will amount to depends upon the wisdom of the Democrats in selecting Senators, more especially, perhaps, in New York, New Jersey and Ohio.

### The Next Senate

It is greatly to be regretted that in its zeal to express disapproval of the tariff bill, Indiana displaced Beveridge

who represented able and vigorous opposition to that bill and constructive Progressivism, while with a similar object in view, Massachusetts succeeded only in overturning its State government without securing a Legislature which would defeat the high priest of high tariff and standpattism, Henry Cabot Lodge.

THROUGHOUT the campaign just closed, nation wide interest attached to the conflict in New York because of the Empire State's undeniably great influence in national politics and because of the prominent part played by Theodore Roosevelt in the campaign. The victory of John A. Dix, Democrat, for Governor, while not unexpected, was complete enough to satisfy

### Democratic State Victories

the most exacting Democrat, Dix having carried the State by over 66,000 and New York City, which went for Taft two years ago, by 105,000. There was little for the voters to choose between Dix and the Republican candidate, Stimson, and the local issues were unimportant.

General satisfaction is manifested in the election of Woodrow Wilson to the Governorship of New Jersey after a remarkable campaign. The result of his election and the re-election of Harmon as Governor of Ohio, make these two men strong possibilities for the Democratic nomination in 1912. Eugene N. Foss's election as Governor of the normally Republican State of Massachusetts and Simeon E. Baldwin's as chief executive of rockribbed Republican Connecticut were features of the election. Mr. Foss rode into office upon the anti-tariff sentiment of his State while Judge Baldwin's reputation as an "anti-labor" judge was not sufficient to prevent his election. An independent Republican coalition in Democratic Tennessee elected Hooper Governor over Senator Robert L. Taylor. The States of New Hampshire, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and California in all of which Progressive sentiment is uppermost, elected Republican Governors. Pennsylvania, in which hopes were entertained that Berry, running on the Keystone Independent ticket, would win over the discredited candidates of both parties, refused at the last to discard the party fetish, and John K. Tener, Republican, was elected by a small plurality. This new shame was heaped upon Pennsylvania by the help of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

THE reactionary newspapers of the country, especially of New York City, pretend to see in this Democratic landslide a rebuke to Theodore Roosevelt and the New Nationalism and the permanent separation of that gentleman from political influence. The devious line of reasoning by which this is proved is as follows: Roosevelt worked for the nomination and election of

### The Fortunes of Roosevelt

Henry L. Stimson for Governor of New York, he wrote letters urging the defeat of Baldwin in Connecticut and made campaign speeches in Ohio, Indiana and Massachusetts. All these States went Democratic; ergo, the people do not like what Theodore Roosevelt said in Osawatomie, Kansas, and are almost unanimously opposed to his being made king.

Just at what point the American people got over their dislike for the tariff bill, their despair at the high cost of living, their disgust at the Ballinger episode, in general their lack of confidence in William H. Taft, only to be stricken with acute Teddyphobia, the *Sun*, *World*, *Times*, *Herald* and *Evening Post* of New York fail to state. It is illustrative of the provincialism of these papers that they picture the entire nation spending sleepless nights over the fate of Dix and Stimson so that it may know what it thinks of Roosevelt.

A NEW situation for America has been created by the election to Congress of the well-known Socialist, Victor L. Berger, from the fifth (Milwaukee) Wisconsin district. This workingmen's party has at various times elected representatives to State Legislatures and to city offices, but this is their entrance into the National House. It is a significant fact that such an event, which would have caused wide-spread alarm had it occurred ten years ago, now arouses only interest and curiosity, to so great an extent has the violent prejudice upon this subject been dissipated. It will be interesting to note what, if any, voting alliances this strange new Representative will make or whether he will be engaged chiefly in the business of protesting.

### Socialists Enter Congress

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform, day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of ordinary coffee. An Illinois woman writes:

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"I had drank coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called 'coffee heart.' I was nervous and extremely despondent; had little mental or physical strength left, had kidney trouble and constipation.

"The first noticeable benefit derived from the change from coffee to Postum was the natural action of the kidneys and bowels. In two weeks my heart action was greatly improved and my nerves steady.

"Then I became less despondent, and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength.

"I am steadily gaining in physical strength and brain power. I formerly did mental work and had to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing hard mental labor with less fatigue than ever before."

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# SHAVING EVOLUTION

History records that the ancients used sharp-edged shells and stones as razors for shaving and soap-like barks and herbs to prepare their beards for the operation. Scipio Africanus is credited with being the first man who shaved daily; he used a metal plate with a mediocre edge and some sort of a pomade to minimize the torment. Only a brief space of time has elapsed since steel made possible a keen-edged razor.

Quite as much attention has been given to the shaving soap problem as has been given to improving the razor. It has been conceded that no matter how keen the razor, the comfort of a shave depends upon the beard offering the least resistance to the razor's edge.

*The lather's the thing.* Every soap manufacturer knows that soap in the form of cream is the most desirable for shaving purposes. The difficulty has been to make a soap of this character that would remain perfectly incorporated. You can now procure shaving soap in this advantageous form which will solve your shaving troubles.

*Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap* made by Johnson & Johnson, the celebrated manufacturers of Red Cross surgical dressings and supplies, is the culmination of several years' effort to produce this acknowledged superior form of shaving soap of a marketable and permanent character. It accomplishes the end sought for. It is practically condensed lather that brushes immediately into a luxurious lasting lather of such nature as cannot be obtained by the use of hard or dry soap. It is speedy and thorough in its beard softening effect without mussy finger rubbing. It is contained within a hermetically sealed collapsible tube, holding 150 shaves, and is non-irritating and antiseptic. It serves the double purpose of a shaving soap and an emollient to the skin. It has n't a peer in the shaving soap line for cleanliness, convenience and efficiency. Its reasonable price, 25c a tube, further commends it.

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# The Pulse of the World



THAT the general high prices of recent months have been abnormal is suggested anew by the business situation of the last few weeks. From just about the date when the Government's October crop report was issued, there has been distinct and general betterment. That report brought official confirmation of the fact that in a year of cropping conditions decidedly below the

## Farmers to the Rescue

average, crops generally above the average had been produced. The explanation is easy: the change is due to the new, improved, scientific agriculture which so many agencies of propaganda have been exploiting. Prices of foodstuffs have been showing weakness, while general business has been improving ever since it became apparent that expectations of bad crops were to be happily disappointed.

We have learned from experience that business tends to improve on rising prices, and to suffer on sagging prices. This rule has been reversed this fall, because prices have been too high. The farmer has come to the rescue by raising a crop which started the downward movement. Necessaries of life have been declining, while money and stocks have tended upward. A feeling of deep-seated concern for the financial future had been well-nigh universal until the farm's balance sheet for the year was examined and found to bespeak a preposterous solvency; then things started doing. The excellent crops assure us that farm exports will turn an eight-months' unfavorable trade balance into a favorable twelve-months' one; trade in all lines has looked up; orders have been coming in better volume; mills have reopened; everybody has agreed in laying the ghost of tottering confidence; and the farmer gets credit again for the lion's share in the good work.

LECTURING ON "Waste, Extravagance and the Cost of Living," Edward F. McSweeney recently pointed out that our Federal Government, since Washington's time, has raised twenty-one and a half billions of revenue, and spent sixteen and one-half billions on militarism: vastly worse than waste. "Nearly all nations and most people spend more than they can afford," he said. "The world is wasteful of its resources; everywhere old ideas of thrift are becoming obsolete." He analyzed the social loss through accidents, disease, fire, drink and luxury, and concluded that the great, true problem of the time is a conservation broad enough to meet these conditions and remedy them. "The nation can not proceed, without paying the price. If we continue decreasing the number of units making the things we actually need, the result must be increase of prices, complicating our social and political situation and creating problems which will threaten our very existence." It would be difficult to make a more complete statement of what conservation is all about, in a whole chapter.

## Is Thrift Obsolete?

AT THE recent convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Cincinnati, the House of Deputies of that body adopted a resolution creating a joint commission to arrange a world conference of all Christian bodies on church unity. J. Pierpont Morgan gave \$100,000 toward supporting the conference and agreed to act as treasurer to the conference fund. The recent inter-denominational missionary convention at Edinburgh was dominated by an ardent desire for church unity. There are signs that the division of Protestant churches into useless sects, with duplication of effort and expense to the community, is some day to come to an end. No doubt the world conference on the subject will give this movement great impetus.

## For Church Unity

COMPTROLLER of the Currency Murray has set out to learn why bank examiners don't discover, more often, that banks are in a bad way, and take steps to forestall disasters. He is going to make a tour of the country, dropping in unexpectedly on examiners, observing their methods in examining banks, sitting at meetings of directors and loan committees, and, generally, familiarizing himself with methods so that he may formulate regulations that will better guarantee effective examinations. The comptroller wants to learn why examiners so often find it difficult to induce the directors of banks to meet and listen to the examiners' suggestions for improving conditions; also, why some examiners manage to get bad conditions improved at once, by making suggestions to the bankers, while others are only able to report these conditions to the authorities at Washington. In fact, Mr. Murray seems to be inspired by a mighty wholesome curiosity to know a lot about the details of his very important job.

## Why Examiners Don't Examine

After a year's illness, Justice Moody has resigned from the Federal Supreme Court, effective November 20. President Taft thus has two vacancies in the court to fill, and is expected to make nominations soon after Congress meets. He will have named four new supreme justices before his term is two years old. When the October term opened, the court once more postponed a series of very important cases till a full bench could sit on them. These involve actions of basic importance under the anti-trust railroad regulation and labor legislation.

## The Supreme Court Problem

There has been intimation that Senator Root is Mr. Taft's choice for chief justice. The suggestion has not met enthusiastic response; rather, comment indicates that Mr. Root's legislative record has made a poor impression on people who have sought in it justification for the Senator's claim that he is a Progressive.

Justice Daniel Thew Wright of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia is another very possible supreme justice of the United States. He is the judge who sustained the sentences of Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison in the famous Bucks contempt case. Generally, the list of possible appointments that has been discussed does not contain much promise for a shifting of the court's social vision toward a more liberal view.

"A void study," says a writer in *Popular Science Monthly*. The acquisition of useless knowledge like higher mathematics and Latin conjugation develops in the youth certain brain cells which are never used again in after life, and these cells become parasitic like the unused muscles of the athlete which are clamoring constantly for food and exercise. In other words, avoid culture or run the risk of damaging your cortical neurones—you could injure them fatally without ever knowing you had any.

## The Dangers of Culture

Judging from the fall output of best-sellers, studyless and cultureless, America's cortical neurones are not in immediate danger.

THERE still remain in our benighted land many persons with receding foreheads, husky throats and an unnatural craving for peanuts, to whom the world's championship series is of more importance than the Congressional elections. To these darkly ignorant citizens the slashing victory of the Philadelphia Athletics over Chicago's pennant-eating Cubs and the Giants' success in the fratricidal struggle in New York brought all matters of human interest for the year to a close. Ask any one of these bleacher-haunting gentlemen what two parties exist in the United States and he will answer promptly, "the Nationals and the Americans." Chance, McGraw, Mack and Chase are the peerless leaders, standard bearers and key-note strikers for this extraordinary tribe.

Until politics becomes as square, as interesting and as thoroughly wholesome a game as baseball, we are not going to waste words in reproof.

DIRECTOR of the Census Durand, after advising with Secretary of the Interior Nagel, and President Taft, has announced that prosecutions will be instituted against padders of census returns for a number of cities.

## The Census Padders

In Great Falls, Montana, three enumerators have already been fined and imprisoned for frauds. Attempts at padding are charged against Seattle, Tacoma and Aberdeen, Washington; Portland, Oregon; Minneapolis, Minnesota; Boise City, Idaho; Fort Smith, Arkansas; and several other cities.

Tacoma, in 1900, counted 37,714 people. This year the first count showed over 110,000. The evidence of fraud was such that a recount was ordered, which showed only 82,972. In 1890, Omaha's census was sadly inflated, the count showing 140,452. Ten years later an honest count showed an apparent drop to 102,555, which was a serious setback to the town. In 1900, St. Joseph was padded and showed 102,079; this year an honest count gives it only 77,403. This sort of kick-back always discourages a town that has once padded; but in every census year there are found ambitious towns willing to take the chances in order to show an apparently large gain, for real estate and other exploitation purposes. The failure to prosecute such frauds has been unfortunate.

Though the statement is unofficial, census authorities think that Ohio, Indiana and Illinois will show this year a decrease of rural and an increase of urban population, similar to that shown by Missouri and Iowa. Missouri would actually have lost population, but for the gains in the two cities of St. Louis and Kansas City.





# The Pulse of the World



## The Month Abroad



IN THE larger view, the revolution which has turned one more ancient monarchy, Portugal, into the difficult, but up-tending paths of republican government, must be recognized as a local manifestation of a world-wide movement toward democracy. The unrest in India and the anti-boss struggles in our own States are part of the movement.

### The World Moves

The Social Democratic party in Germany represents the same aspirations as the Progressive movement in both parties here. Young Egypt demands local self-government; so do the American cities that are adopting the commission plan and petitioning legislatures for larger charter powers and independence. The British masses behind Lloyd-George have merely discovered that monopoly is a vested wrong rather than a vested right; and that is just what our municipal movements, like those in Cleveland and Milwaukee, our struggle for a fair tariff, our anti-trust agitations, all proclaim.

The world moves. When France dethroned the Bourbons, Europe rushed to arms to restore them and crush the dangerous democratic tendency. But to-day, when Portugal drives out its Braganzas, there is merely a polite hesitation about recognizing the new order, with absolute certainty that if the republic proves itself strong enough to stand alone, no hand will be raised from outside to overturn it.

THERE has been much discussion of Portugal's future, with especial reference to the probability that land-hungry powers able to do it may despoil the infant republic of its vast colonies. One suggestion is that

### The Prospects of Portugal

England may take the East African and Germany the West African colonies; another that the strategically important "Portuguese Triangle," of the Cape Verde Islands, the Azores, and the Lisbon naval base, may suffer a disarrangement of its geometric parts by virtue of the greed of the bigger nations. These things may come, but not because Portugal has become a republic. Democratic Britain, long the guardian of Portuguese autonomy, will hardly be offended with some progressive tendencies. Holland and Belgium have maintained colonial empires as well as their independence, because the jealousies of the powers protected them. Switzerland preserves in its proper political title of Helvetic Republic, a grim reminder of difficulties which greater powers from Cæsar down have had in efforts to interfere with the hardy mountaineers among whom manhood, military training and good, straight shooting are the best guarantees of independence.

Portugal has as good a chance as any other little nation, and its chance will be better if it gets a modern enlightened government. Of that, the prospect is excellent. The new government, whose directing genius is Minister of Justice, Alfonso Costa, has taken hold with a firm hand. The anti-clerical feeling has been appeased by rigorous measures to drive out alien members of religious orders and confiscate their property. Turbulence and disorder have been guarded against at all points; and the new régime seems already to be well on its feet.

PREMIER BRIAND, himself a Socialist, incurred the hostility of French Radicals by his vigorous suppression of the late strike on the French railways. Using the military to maintain order, he finally called the strikers to the colors as reservists. Thus subjected to the rigor of martial law, the possibility of prosecution for treason and mutiny powerfully moved them to obey orders to resume work. The strikers were given important concessions as to wages, and a situation that almost paralyzed the nation for a few days was soon averted, though not till commerce and industry had suffered severely. The Premier's measures were denounced as illegal; when interpellated in the Chamber of Deputies he denied this, but affirmed that if necessary he would have gone outside the law. The Socialist members precipitated a young riot in the Chamber in protest against this declaration, and the feeling became so intense as to threaten the Briand government, a few weeks ago apparently secure. The situation became so serious that at President Fallières's request the entire cabinet resigned and Premier Briand set about the task of forming a new ministry to which those members who opposed his drastic action during the strike were not reappointed.

### French Railway Trouble

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SPAIN's turbulent effort to produce a revolution similar to that in Portugal received impetus from the overturning of the Braganzas, but the Spanish Government has eased the pressure by timely concessions to the Liberal movement. Previous anti-clerical measures had brought about a breach between Madrid and the Vatican, and when the priests and monks exiled from

### Spain's Crisis Averted

Portugal sought refuge in great numbers in Spain, they were promptly notified that none save Spanish citizens could remain. This, together with vigorous precautions which prevented manifestations of sympathy with Portugal and put at an end plans for a great demonstration on the anniversary of Ferrer's execution, seem to have saved Spain from an outbreak at this time.

MR. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, leader of the British opposition, has an insurgency on hand in his party that must remind him of the experiences of Speaker Cannon and Senator Aldrich. Mr. Balfour is not vigorous enough in his Toryism to suit the "substantial" end of the Conservative forces. He made a speech recently, looked upon as a key-note, but was very mild in

### The Tory Insurgents

his criticism of the Lloyd-George budget, the new land taxes, etc. The big Tories wanted Balfour to declare squarely for repeal of the whole Lloyd-George program of reforms, and the Liberals hoped he would do just that. The protectionists wanted him to press the tariff reform issues, which in England mean more, rather than less, tariff; and in this, likewise, he was weak and unsatisfactory. The Conservative party in England is getting into much the same situation as our own Republican party, so far as concerns internal differences. People of widely differing views, all trying to "belong," are also insisting on running the machine, and the struggle for control of the wheel threatens now to become so severe as to save the Liberals from the defeat which some time ago seemed imminent at the coming election. Mr. David Lloyd-George has been vindicated, in public opinion, in some remarkable ways and it is increasingly apparent that no other man has stated the complex social-political problem of Britain in a fashion to command so much confidence as has been given to him.

THE trial of Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen, the American physician accused of murdering his wife, gave the people of this country an unusually good opportunity to contrast English methods with our administration of criminal law. It took rather less than five days to secure a jury, try, convict, and sentence Crippen to be hanged. In such a

### Swift Justice

case we would have taken that much time asking the hypothetical question, and would have required months before getting that far along. Then there would have been two or three years' worth of appeals, rehearings, new trials, insanity proceedings, etc. There will be nothing of this kind in England. When it came to setting a day for the execution, the authorities hurried matters as much as possible, giving comfortable time to erect a new gibbet—no more.

They have no lynchings in England. It is not difficult to understand why.

NORWAY and Sweden are having a hard time keeping their inhabitants from coming to America in a body. It is estimated that there are as many Norwegians in this country as there are at home, and one can travel for hours in Minnesota without being out of sight and sound of the industrious Swede. "There is no place like home" is not a popular song in the Scandinavian peninsula.

### Scandinavians Won't Stay at Home

Sweden is awakening to the danger to its welfare of this continuous drain upon its population, in order that America's Western wheat fields and Eastern kitchens may be supplied. The Swedish Society for the Prevention of Emigration, backed by the Government, is lending money and land on easy terms in the effort to keep the people at home. Norway is trying to solve the problem by Americanizing itself; not an easy task for a small and infertile country. Solving our immigration problem from the European end is not a bad idea, but it would be unfortunate if the movement influenced only what is probably our best class of immigrants, the sturdy, thrifty and law abiding Scandinavians.

## HEALTH AND INCOME

Both Kept Up on Scientific Food

Good sturdy health helps one a lot to make money. With the loss of health one's income is liable to shrink, if not entirely dwindle away.

When a young lady has to make her own living, good health is her best asset.

"I am alone in the world," writes a Chicago girl, "dependent on my own efforts for my living. I am a clerk, and about two years ago through close application to work and a boarding-house diet, I became a nervous invalid, and got so bad off it was almost impossible for me to stay in the office a half day at a time."

"A friend suggested to me the idea of trying Grape-Nuts food which I did, making it a large part of at least two meals a day."

"Today, I am free from brain-tire, dyspepsia, and all the ills of an over-worked and improperly nourished brain and body. To Grape-Nuts I owe the recovery of my health, and the ability to retain my position and income."

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

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

### BARNEY & BERRY

**FOR CHRISTMAS**

SKATING, the peer of all winter sports, is made doubly enjoyable with a pair of strong, graceful

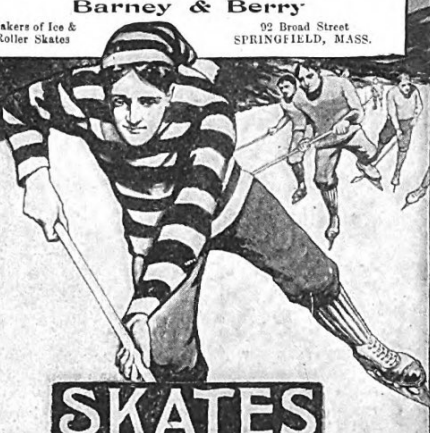
**BARNEY & BERRY SKATES**

QUALITY MADE THE NAME FAMOUS

Only the best steel used in their construction. Sold wherever water freezes,—by the best dealers.

**Barney & Berry**

Makers of Ice & Roller Skates 92 Broad Street SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



SKATES

### Ideal Xmas Gift!

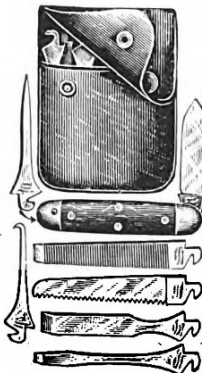
#### No. 602 "ULERY" Pocket Knife Tool Kit.

Every one has use for a Knife, Reamer, File, Saw, Chisel, Screw Driver or Cork Puller. This outfit is practical, yet so small, being contained in a Leather Pocket Book 4 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches, is, by carrying it in your pocket, always at hand for immediate use, whether Camping, Boating, Teaming, Driving, in the Shop, Factory, Office, Store, Warehouse, Automobile, on the Farm, Bicycle, or around the Home.

Any Tool firmly attached or detached to the Pocket Knife in a second.

Sent Post Paid on receipt of price \$2.25. Use it five days and if not satisfactory return it and we will refund your money.

U. J. ULERY CO., 5251 Warren St., New York, N. Y.



### THE WHAT THE WHY THE WAY

WE can prove that 90% of all your ailments are due to the accumulation of waste in the Colon. It poisons the blood and clogs the system. The

#### INTERNAL BATH

will thoroughly cleanse and purify it. Physicians and many others tell about it in an interesting book "The What, The Why, The Way," which we send free upon request. Write to Dept. 130M.

TYRRELL HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, 124 West 65th Street, New York

### Grow Mushrooms

For Big and Quick Profits.

Ten years experience enables me to give practical instructions that will add \$5 to \$50 per week to your income without interfering with regular occupation. For full particulars and free book, address JACKSON MUSHROOM FARM, 6850 N. Western Ave., Chicago, Ills.





## Superb Holiday Gifts THE LATEST MARDEN BOOK "THE MIRACLE OF RIGHT THOUGHT"

Dr. E. P. Tenney says: "I think 'The Miracle of Right Thought' will be far ahead of 'Peace, Power and Plenty' in its clearness, in its note of conviction, authority, force, dynamic energy, and in rapidity of movement."

"I wish you would print 'The Divinity of Desire' in pamphlet form. I, for one, would take a bunch for distribution among my friends. It was a great inspiration to me."—S. C. Bruner, Plymouth, Nebraska.

"I wish it were possible to have 'The Paralysis of Fear' published in every reputable magazine, that it might reach more people. If I had the money I would pay advertising rates, if need be, for the insertion of this article in the magazines and Sunday papers, and I should consider I was more of a public benefactor than though I started a 'Foundation' or turned a million into organized charities."—Mrs. C. B. Hall, New York.

Other inspiring chapters in this remarkable book are: "Success and Happiness are for You"; "Working for One Thing and Expecting Something Else"; "One With the Divine"; "A New Way of Bringing Up Children"; "Mental Self-Thought Poisoning," etc.

### Two Other Fine Marden Books

Just from the press

## "GETTING ON"

and

## "BE GOOD TO YOURSELF"

## "PEACE, POWER and PLENTY"

Nineteen thousand copies have already been printed in America, it has been republished in England and Germany, and is being republished in France.

"Peace, Power and Plenty" eclipses all of Dr. Marden's previous works.—EDWIN MARKHAM.

I thank you for "Why Grow Old?" (a chapter in "Peace, Power and Plenty").—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

I find it very stimulating and interesting.—A. CONAN DOYLE (author of "Sherlock Holmes").

The chapter on "Health Through Right Thinking" alone is worth five hundred dollars.—SAMUEL BRILL, head of the firm of Brill Brothers, New York.

"Peace, Power and Plenty" ought to be read by everyone.—DAVID WARFIELD, the actor.

### "He Can Who Thinks He Can"

MEN in every walk of life have testified to the splendid inspiration, the practical help and uplift of the *encouraging and optimistic* SUCCESS MAGAZINE editorials collected between the covers of this book, in response to hundreds of requests.

Ex-President Roosevelt, writing to Dr. Marden, said: "I am so deeply touched and pleased by your editorial (a chapter in 'He Can Who Thinks He Can') that I must write and tell you so."

Prices for the above five books:  
Cloth, \$1.10; Pocket edition, leather, \$1.58;  
Silk, \$1.33; all postpaid.

### The Marden Inspirational Books

Thousands of these books are given as presents every year to young and old. A great many employers are giving copies to their employees. *One wealthy man has bought and given away over six hundred. He says he knows of no other way of doing so much for the young men and women of America.*

Thousands have attributed their success in life to the reading of a Marden Inspirational book.

Are you puzzled as to what present you shall give some friend? Why not give something which will be a perpetual inspiration? One of Dr. Marden's books would make a splendid gift and might make all the difference to him between success and failure.

Pushing to the Front; (Cloth, \$1.25). The Young Man Entering Business; (Cloth, \$1.40 net). Every Man a King; (Cloth, \$1.10 net, pocket edition, leather, \$1.58; silk, \$1.33). The Optimistic Life; (Cloth, \$1.40 net). Rising in the World; (Cloth, \$1.25). The Secret of Achievement; (Cloth, \$1.25). Success Nuggets; (Cloth, 55 cents, net). All postpaid.

We will gladly send any of these books on approval, without your being under the slightest obligation to purchase.

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Booklets Do It To A Finish; Not the Salary But the Opportunity; Why Grow Old?; Character; Cheerfulness; Economy; The Power of Personality; Good Manners and Success; The Hour of Opportunity; An Iron Will, each postpaid. **35 Cents**

Book Dept., Success Bldg., 29-31 E. 22d St., New York



## The Pulse of the World



## Women Everywhere



JULIA WARD HOWE, who passed away at the venerable age of ninety-one, has left behind her a reputation as poet, author, educator, reformer and minister.

When a woman so lives that at ninety she is able to say, "the deeper I drink of the cup of life, the sweeter it grows," it is little wonder that at her death the public mourns her as the foremost woman in America.

She began life in New York when the republic was yet young, and in every battle waged against oppression and injustice, our country found in her a willing patriot, always freely lending her voice and pen for the progressive cause. Her services rendered to the Woman's Suffrage movement in America have been invaluable. It was before the Massachusetts Legislature that she commenced her address with the suffrage slogan: "We shall not attain woman suffrage because we want it, nor shall we fail to do so because others do not want it; we shall get it because it is right that we should."

Of the many noble characteristics this woman possessed, that which endeared her most to her intimate friends was her whimsical sense of humor and child-like playfulness. A few weeks ago she was decorated at Smith's College with the unique degree of "Doctor of Humanities." In writing of the incident to a friend she signed herself, "Thrice LL. D., once Lit. Doc.; all the same, not over wise." She will live in the memory of the people longest as the author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

IF OUR women teachers would be classed as competent guardians of the American girl's education, they should make haste and get themselves husbands, for, as President Frederick W. Hamilton of Tufts College, says,

### The Unmarried Teacher

"while the type (the unmarried middle-aged woman) may be very fine individually, it is not the proper one to create the atmosphere for girls at the formative period of their lives." He goes on to say that where the girl student lives at home, the dominating influence of the family counteracts such wrong impressions as are received at school, but the case is entirely different with the girl who is forced to live at college. She is usually dependent on her own resources, and anything which tends to narrow her point of view should be eliminated. In recognition of the above facts, the faculty of Smith College consists mostly of men, and Jackson College has not a woman teacher on its staff. Since the school boards in many of our States exclude married women instructors, President Hamilton's criticism is likely to cause our women teachers a great deal of embarrassment.

WOMEN are quickly learning that the country offers better opportunities for wholesome and sane living than does the congested city, and as a consequence a number of our Eastern abandoned farms are being reclaimed by women who are anxious to escape the strain of professional or clerical life. In an address to the students of Wellesley College, Laura D. Gills, of the Intercollegiate Alumnae Association, said: "Girls, take up farming," and judging from the popular response to the "back to the farm" cry, it would not be surprising if more than one Wellesley graduate followed Dr. Gills's advice.

### Successful Women Farmers

Mrs. Charlotte B. Ware, of Norfolk, Massachusetts, was a school teacher and always had dreams of "a life in the open." As a wedding present she received a Jersey calf and that was the beginning of the now famous Warelands dairy. Mrs. Ware has gone a step further, however. Last summer she opened a school where students from Harvard, Wellesley, Clark, Cornell, and the Carnegie Technical Schools, attended for the purpose of studying the milk question and its relation to infant mortality. This unique summer school is the only one of its kind in the country. There is a Mrs. Strong in Whittier, California, who commenced with a few walnut trees and who now is about the largest walnut grower in the country. A great portion of our olive supply comes from Sacramento Valley and the head of a large ranch there is Mrs. Freda Ehmann, wife of an Eastern physician, who, finding herself dependent on her own resources, went in for olive growing. Some women have found it profitable to specialize in

cabbages; others in onions; and there are still others who wouldn't think life worth while without their chickens and ducks.

Miss Frances Duncan, writing on the subject, says there is a good chance for a woman horticulturist to go into partnership with a landscape gardener—one for artistic results and the other to study materials.

THE problem of conducting a household within one's income is becoming so complex that the Chicago High School has thought it worth while to open a class where girls will be taught how scientifically to divide a given income, be it small or large, among the many home needs. The student will be given an idea of just what proportion should be allowed for rent, fuel and light; she will learn what foods are nourishing and how to prepare them with economy; and she will be taught the necessity of interesting herself in the sanitary conditions connected with the sale of food and the importance of insurance. She will be shown how much she may justly expend for her own dress, what proportion of the income the husband may expect for himself, and how much should be put away for recreation. There is no doubt that such a course will help rectify the average girl's exaggerated ideas of comparative values and help prepare her to meet emergencies in a sane and practical way.

### The Family Budget

IF you are a woman, and addicted to gossip, you had better stay away from Hettersheim in Hesse, Germany. This energetic town has been so overwhelmed with slander and libel cases that its burgomaster has been forced to issue an edict against this feminine malady. The police have received orders to record the names of all garrulous persons and the list will be furnished free of charge to landlords and tenants. It is not because of a cruel heart that the municipal disciplinarian has taken this severe step, but in the hope that the measure will compel the bread-eaters to busy themselves at their own firesides and thus provide better homes for the bread-winners.

### A Ban on Gossip

TO DATE, women can vote for all officers in the following States: Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho. Complete suffrage is also granted women in Norway, Finland, New Zealand, Australia and the Isle of Man. In England, Scotland, Ireland, Denmark, Sweden, Iceland and Kansas, women have been given municipal suffrage.

The housewives of Brooklyn, New York, are receiving their groceries in bags decorated with the following advertisement:

### Gleanings from the Suffrage Field

WANTED—Every woman in Brooklyn to join the Woman Suffrage Party, and help us to get votes for women. We want to elect wise and honest officials who will give us lower taxes, less rent, a clean and happy city, and full time in school for every child. Get a postcard, write on it "I believe in Woman Suffrage," sign your name and address, and mail it to Mrs. Robert H. Eider, 80 Willow Street, Brooklyn. You will then be invited to the next meeting in your district. No money dues.

At the State convention of the New York Woman Suffrage Association held at Niagara Falls, Miss Harriet May Mills was elected president. She succeeds Mrs. Ella Hawley Crossett, who held the office for eight years. Heretofore, the honor of being president was considered sufficient compensation for services rendered in that capacity, but Miss Wells, who is dependent on her own earnings, feared it would be impossible to meet her bills with her title. Then the question of salary became quite a serious one until some wealthy patrons offered to foot the bills.

The suffragettes of Baltimore want women on their police force and so they propose to petition their next State Legislature and urge that the police commissioner be given the necessary power to make the appointments. Los Angeles already has a woman policeman. She is Mrs. Alice Stebbins Wells. Despite the fact that she wears no brass buttons, she patrols her beat fearlessly.

A course on "woman suffrage" is included this year in the regular curriculum of Wellesley College.



## Persons of the Moment

PRINCE TSAI SUUN, uncle of the Emperor of China, at the close of his recent tour in the United States, telegraphed to President Taft his thanks and appreciation of the entertainment he had received, and quaintly observed: "My stay is short, but my memory is forever."

GEORGE W. PATTEN, one of the Chicago brothers famous for their huge wheat speculations, quit business, broken in health, with a fortune of \$5,000,000, to die of tuberculosis. He left most of his wealth to carry forward the scientific contest against the white plague.

A SURGEON in the United States army, Dr. Percy L. Jones, has made a report upon a species of ants which inhabit the Philippines and which act as a sort of volunteer health department in destroying the larvæ of flies and other harmful insects. There is talk of importing some to America.

THE first woman in New York City to be a duly licensed chauffeur is Miss Natalie White. What is more, she already has a job and is to get a real salary. She promises not to drink, smoke or run down old women and children, and therefore should make at least an interesting chauffeur.

OF THE fifteen new stars discovered in the last twenty-five years, nine belong to Mrs. Wilhelmina P. Fleming. The ninth she found on October 1 housed in the constellation of Sagittarius. The discovery has been confirmed by Leon Campbell. Mrs. Fleming is a member of the Harvard observatory staff.

THE surgeons and the Stalwarts seem to be equally incapable of "getting" Senator La Follette. Right after his great defeat of the Stalwarts, he turned himself over to the surgeons and had a highly successful operation for gallstones, recovering promptly and showing much better condition than before.

IN THE recent campaign, Congressman Longworth, both wise and gallant, instead of distributing issues of the *Congressional Record*, containing his speeches, passed around copies of the Agricultural Department's cook-books. It has not taken Nicholas long to discover who is the real head of the well regulated Ohio family.

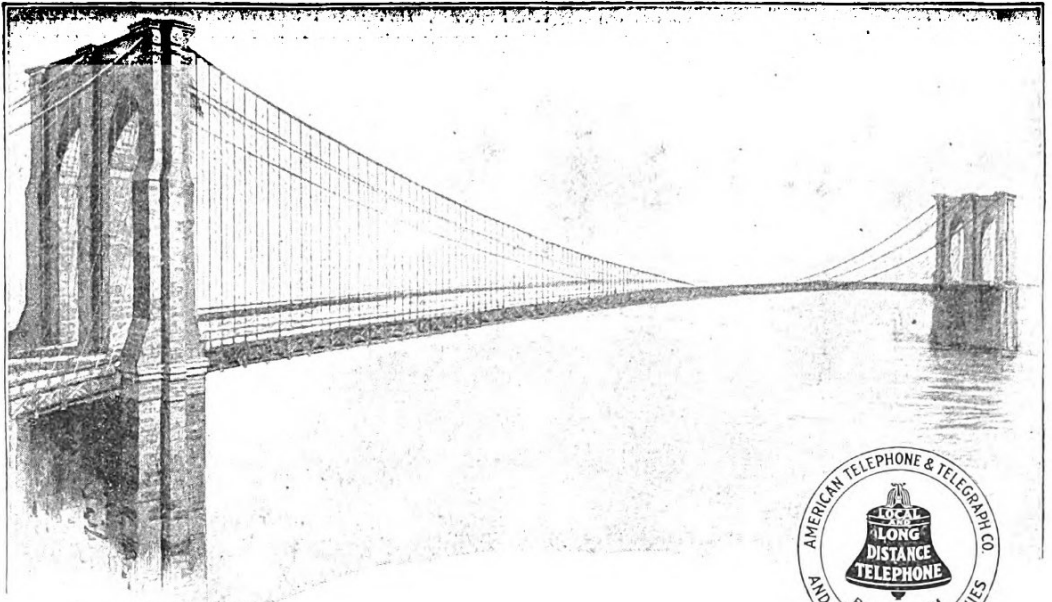
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, the negro educator, was the recipient of a most remarkable line of attentions and courtesies, some of them at the hands of royalty itself, during his recent tour of Europe for study of conditions of the working people. He declares that the American negro is better off than many millions of the peasantry of the Old World.

SHOULD any man take to shooting song-birds in New Mexico without the proper license, he will be told politely by Mrs. B. R. Buffham to desist; and where kind words won't help she will use her gun or arrest the offender. Mrs. Buffham has the right to do both, since her constant protection of wild life in that part of the country has gained her the appointment of deputy game warden.

A CLOSE second to the world-famous Annette Kellerman is little Rose Pitonof, who is about to make her debut in stageland and help entertain audiences with her wonderful swimming feats. For the past four years this little girl has been kept busy breaking swimming records, until now, at the advanced age of fifteen, she has been proclaimed the champion long-distance swimmer of the world.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER recently gave \$3,820,000 to the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, making his total donations to it \$8,240,000. Apropos, there is financial authority for the story that the legend about John D. being the richest man alive is a fake. He is still scandalously solvent, but his brother William, who has never been known to give away anything much, and who is himself right thrifty, is declared to be richer than John.

EX-KING MANUEL of Portugal will live in England in exile. It is n't such a lonesome business, this being a crownless king, as might be imagined. Europe is full of royalty out of a job—Bonapartists, Orleanists, Bourbons and Braganzas, besides no end of grand dukes, ex-dictators and princelings, live around Europe, waiting for their people to "repent" and recall them, or trying to finance revolutions. Manuel has plenty of money and will probably have a rather good time in England.



## The Neighbor-Maker

SAVAGES built rude bridges so that they might communicate with their neighbors. These have been replaced by triumphs of modern engineering.

Primitive methods of transmitting speech have been succeeded by Bell telephone service, which enables twenty-five million people to bridge the distances that separate them, and speak to each

other as readily as if they stood face to face.

Such a service, efficiently meeting the demands of a busy nation, is only possible with expert operation, proper maintenance of equipment, and centralized management.

*The Bell System provides constantly, day and night, millions of bridges to carry the communications of this country.*

### AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

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Universal Service



WOULD any SANE PERSON PAY 5c. a POUND  
—10c. a QUART—40c. a GALLON for WATER for  
WASHING AND CLEANING—IF ONE KNEW?

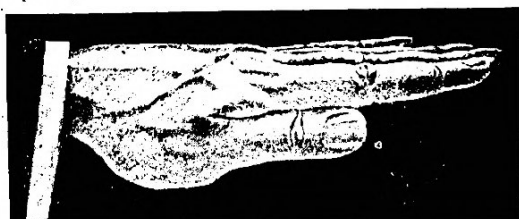
—just what happens when you buy a package of Soap Powder because it looks big. Some packages look big because they are Fluffed with Air and when fresh weigh as much as they look because they are Full of Water. Open one of them and see it lose weight day by day as the Water Evaporates. PEARLINE is Concentrated Soap Powder—to prove it—test PEARLINE as you do the Fluffy—Look-Big Packages. One Tablespoonful of PEARLINE will do the work of two or three of these POPPED Powders. Popping is all right for CORN and WEASELS but not for Soap Powder.

**It's Simply a Matter of Intelligence WHY?**

LET US QUOTE AN ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE SOAP GAZETTE AND PERFUMER:  
"SOAP POWDER MADE BY THE NEW PROCESS LOSES WEIGHT RAPIDLY BY EVAPORATION UNLESS IT IS SEALED IN AIR-TIGHT, MOISTURE-PROOF PACKAGES. SUCH PACKAGES CANNOT BE MADE BY THE OLD METHODS. SAVE AT PROHIBITIVE EXPENSE."

**Pearline is More Than Ever "Best by Test"**





## Is Your Hand Steady?

Extend your hand at arm's length, and see if your fingers tremble. It is a sure sign of an overwrought nervous condition. If this is due to coffee,—try Baker-ized Coffee.

Baker-izing improves coffee in three distinct ways. First—the coffee berries are split open by a special machine and the chaff is blown away as waste.

Coffee chaff can be seen in any other coffee when ground. It is an impurity and contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter and weedy—and will actually tan leather. It doesn't help the coffee flavor, and is not good for the human system.

## Barrington Hall The Baker-ized Coffee

Second—the coffee passes through steel-cutters in order to secure pieces of as nearly uniform size as possible—without dust. You can brew uniform pieces uniformly to the exact strength desired. No small particles to be over-steeped and give up bitterness and tannin. No large grains to be wasted by under-steeping.

Therefore, a pound of coffee Baker-ized will make 15 to 20 cups more than a pound of ordinary coffee—because you get all the flavor from every grain.

Coffee dust is the result of grinding—crushing in a mill. You can

see it in the cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody, and it is indigestible. You won't find this dust in Baker-ized Coffee.

BAKER  
IMPORTING  
CO.

125 Hudson Street  
New York, N. Y.

Please send as advertised, a free sample can, enough to make 6 cups Barrington Hall Coffee, also booklet "The Coffee without a Regret." In consideration I give my grocer's name (on the margin).

Name.....

Address.....



BEAUTIFUL FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THE PERRY  
PICTURES

Reproductions of the World's Great Paintings.  
Awarded Four Gold Medals.

ONE CENT

each for 25 or more. Size 6x8. (6 to 10 times the size of this Baby Stuart.) Send 25c for 25 art subjects, or 25 for children or 25 Kittens or 25 Madonnas.

SPECIAL OFFER for December

Send 5 two cent stamps, mention this offer, and we will send beautiful Catalogue and Ten pictures, each 6x8. Every one a gem of art.

THE PERRY PICTURES CO.,  
Box 211, MALDEN, MASS.



## Do Your Feet Ache?

THE Scholl "Foot-Enzer" instantly relieves all foot ailments, such as tired, aching feet, weak ankles, flat-foot, "rheumatism" of feet or limbs, bunions, corns or callouses on the sole because it is a scientific foot arch cushion which firmly supports the arch of the foot, where the entire weight of your body is carried. "Foot-Enzers" by removing the cause of the trouble, bring rest to the feet, body and nerves. Any first-class shoe dealer will place Scholl "Foot-Enzers" in your old or new shoes on

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245 E. Madison St.  
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## MRS. CURTIS'S HOME CORNER

By Isabel Gordon Curtis



## The Magic Power of Kindness

"Depend upon it, you would gain unspeakably if you could learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull, gray eyes and that speaks in quite ordinary tones."—GEORGE ELIOT.

You thought my Christmas guest, Jane Hume, vulgar? I confess I once thought so, too. Soon after we were married, we came to live on Bay Street and Jane was our next door neighbor. I had been brought up in a city and lived among folks who put on many airs. In those days I had just enough sense to give a hearty welcome to the caller who wore white kid gloves and kept her carriage standing at the front door.

I acted differently toward plain neighbors who ran in bareheaded for a friendly call, as several Bay Street women did at first. After a while I discouraged them so they stopped coming in and merely bowed as they passed. William never cared a cent for style—he would rather have been neighborly—but I was young then and had foolish notions.

The first time I set eyes on Jane Hume I took a great dislike to her. I was molding bread in the pantry one morning when there came a sharp rap at the back door, and before I could open it a woman stepped in. She had rough, red hands, and wore a blue gingham apron tied round her head. She squinted so it made me nervous. I hated her harsh voice and loud laugh. I thought I had never seen such a coarse, homely face.

"I'm Jane Hume, your next door neighbor," she said, holding out her hand. "I was away when you moved in, or I would have been over sooner. I just got home last night, and I'm awful pleased to meet you."

I guess I never put on my "high nose," as William calls it, more than I did that morning. The woman jarred every nerve in me. There was no freezing her out, though; she continued to run in and out as friendly as you please. William was always nice to her. He kept saying, "She has such a good heart"; but I simply could not get used to the things I disliked about her—the squint, her harsh voice and her unpleasant laugh.

Still, she kept on trying to be friendly in spite of my freezing manner toward her, until Christmas time came round. It did not seem much like Christmas to me, I tell you. Baby was only three months old, and was sick with a fever. William was away on a trip and did not expect to get home till Christmas Eve. I hated to write him of Baby's illness, because I knew how he would worry. The doctor said it was nothing serious, only—you know how every mother is with the first baby.

The morning before Christmas I sat in the living-room with Baby on my knee, trying to soothe his fretful cries, when the bell rang. I laid Baby on the couch and opened the door. It was a messenger boy with a despatch from William. He would be home at one o'clock and would bring friends—an old college mate and his wife—with him for lunch.

I stood there in that dusty, untidy house, thinking—I don't know what—when there came a knock at the back door. There stood Jane Hume.

"My soul!" she cried, "whatever is the matter? You look all tuckered out."

I was feeling so badly I had to tell somebody, even if it was only Jane Hume. I thrust the slip of yellow paper in her hand, then sat down at the kitchen table, laid my head on my hands and just cried and cried.

"Well, if this isn't just like a man!" she snapped wrathfully. "I thank the Lord he never sent a man my way. I'd have taken up with him as quick as the next one, I reckon, and endured all his fool, selfish ways, just as other women do."

That made me downright mad. I left her standing there and went back to the living-room where Baby was crying fretfully. She followed me, but I never turned to look at her. I sat down with Baby in my arms, swallowing my sobs, though it seemed as if I should choke.

Jane laid her hand upon my shoulder. "You don't like me," she said. "There, what's the sense of denying it? Don't you suppose I can see through a stone wall? I've stayed away quite a spell and let you alone. I would n't have come over this morning, only I knew Baby was sick; I heard him crying half the

night. I saw, too, that you were all used up with want of sleep and worry. Now, I'm going to stay and give you a hand whether you want me to or not."

"Oh," I cried, "don't. I can manage some way." "How, I'd like to know? What do you suppose neighbors are for, and what does all this hymn-singing about 'peace on earth and good will to men' amount to, if we don't do anything but sing it? What you stand most in need of is a bit of chirking up and some neighborly help. Just get over these fool notions of yours and let a body be friendly. I haven't any ax to grind. All I want is to give you a hand when you need it."

I put out my hand, for I could not speak. Jane clasped it between her big, rough, red hands, and from that moment our friendship began.

"I'm going over home after Kate," she said. "She's finished her ironing and there's nothing particular to be done at our house. Christmas don't make great odds in an old maid's home."

A few minutes later she was back again. I heard Kate singing while she swept the floor and washed dishes in the kitchen. Jane followed me up-stairs. She moved about the chamber as if she were at home, tidying it with swift, capable touches. Then she closed the blinds to shut out the white glare of the sun on the snow. The darkness seemed to make the room more restful. She lifted Baby from my tired arms and walked with him noiselessly up and down the hall. His crying ceased and in a few minutes he was asleep.

"It is queer, isn't it," said Jane, with a hushed laugh, "how an old maid knows how to manage a baby?" She laid him gently in his crib. "Now I'm going to take care of you."

She ordered me about as if I had been a child. I took the warm bath she got ready and let her brush my hair; then I slipped into a soft kimono without demur. "Now you are to take a nap," she announced. "It is quiet and dark here and Baby is sound asleep." "I simply can't," I objected. "William and his friends will be here in a few hours. I must phone to the Arlington. They can send a lunch over, ready to set on the table."

"You will do nothing of the kind," Jane grew domineering. "Kate and I have luncheon all planned." "There is nothing in the house that could be used to make a lunch," I protested.

"All you have to do"—Jane's voice took on a tone like a general commanding his army—"is to drop down on that bed and take a nap. If you don't, you will be in no condition to receive company."

I obeyed her. Cares of every sort seemed to take wing and in ten minutes I was sound asleep. When Jane woke me she stood beside the bed ready to help me dress. My prettiest gown lay on the couch. She twisted my hair into a knot and tucked a red carnation among the braids.

Then William arrived with his friends. After they had brushed off the dust of the journey, Kate announced luncheon. I almost laughed aloud as we sat down to the table. A glass bowl filled with shining holly stood upon a centerpiece of green ferns. A spicy fragrance came from a bowl of scarlet carnations on the sideboard. The luncheon was like one of those Arabian Night's feasts which rise upon a magic table through the floor. There was the creamiest of tomato soup, with hot, crisp croutons, delicious cold tongue, puffy brown rolls, a green salad with cheese sandwiches, a glass bowl filled with ruby-colored jelly touched with whipped cream, cake as white as snow, and coffee—such coffee—clear and rich and brown.

In the middle of the luncheon I heard a whimpering cry. It gave me excuse enough to run up-stairs. In the darkened room, rocking softly, with Baby in her arms, sat an angel—an angel with a rugged face, with square, ungraceful shoulders and iron-gray hair brushed harshly off her forehead. She was singing. The voice I had once hated seemed to have grown soft and musical. It was a voice attuned to lullabies. I laid my hand upon her shoulder for a moment; then I bent to kiss her before I touched Baby's soft curls with my lips.

On Christmas Day we had one guest—the same guest who has been with us each Christmas for ten years. Who? Who could it be but Jane Hume? You would never call her vulgar again if you could reach the soul of her as we have done!





## Pin Money Suggestions for Christmas Gifts

LAST Christmas nearly all my little girl's gift money went for jig saw puzzles. "That is what the girls like best of anything," she said. This summer when her birthday came I gave her a jig saw. It cost five dollars. Wood-sufficient for fifty puzzles went with it and cost two dollars more. The magazine cupboard was searched for covers that would make good puzzles. It is now late in November and tied up in pretty boxes are all her Christmas gifts, each one a puzzle, for big folks as well as small enjoy them. During six months the work at the jig saw proved the most delightful sort of rainy day recreation. The puzzles she has made would have cost fifteen to twenty dollars.—MRS. ALEC JESSUP.

I HAVE very little money to spend at Christmas, so I try to give useful little things which come within my income. One year I took from the garden ten or twelve clumps of fine, thrifty parsley and transplanted them in small pots. Before Christmas they had filled my kitchen window with verdure. Wrapped in green crepe paper and tied with green tape, they made cheery Christmas gifts for apartment house friends. In some houses I saw them blooming till spring.—M. N. B.

I GAVE my little girl a Christmas party and instead of floral decorations I had a Noah's Ark table. In the center of the table stood a ten-cent ark and from it in a wavy procession came beasts of every sort in pairs. To furnish my procession, I took half a pound of ginger and chocolate cookies and on each one dabbed a little white icing. Before this dried I set into it an animal cracker, holding it for a moment till it stuck. These made a strange parade; pigs, elephants, horses, rabbits and everything you find among animal crackers, and interested the children greatly.—MARY G. F.

DURING the fall my little boys brought in quantities of partridge berries and a lot of green moss from their excursions in the woods. I kept the moss well moistened in the cellar till Christmas, then utilized it for gifts. I purchased some ten-cent fish bowls and put a little moss in the bottom of each one; then added plenty of the choicest vines with a lot of berries on them.—HORTENSE ALDEN.

ONE gift I received last year was not only decidedly novel but very welcome. It was a set of popover pans together with a recipe for those delicious air puffs. It came from a friend who has not a great deal of money to spend, but remembered that I had asked for a recipe for her crisp "pops" when lunching at her home, and had said that I must buy a set of pans.—D. MARSH.

THE prettiest trimming on our last Christmas tree was the silvered pine cones. We bought silver by the gill at a paint store, using the kind that decorates radiators. When the candles were lighted you have no idea what a glitter the scores of tiny silver cones made.—O. Y. T.

WE ALWAYS have a Christmas cake at our house made from an old-fashioned raised cake recipe. I cover it with a thick White Mountain frosting, then around the edge just before the icing sets, I put a wreath of mistletoe, making the leaves from fresh citron peel shredded very thin. The berries are small, opaque white candies which cost about twenty cents a pound, while the stems are cut from angelica. I keep a bit of real mistletoe beside me as a model. The youngsters think it the greatest cake of the year.—URSULA GREGG.

MY ROOM is in delicate blue and white, so one Christmas, when I received a pin cushion in brilliant lavender, it taught me a lesson. I now make my gift harmonize with the coloring of my friend's room so it will not swear at everything in the room, as that cushion did with mine.—MARY KELLER.

ALL the year round I save every bit of baby ribbon, tinsel cord, and all the pretty candy boxes that come to the house. I keep them immaculately clean and iron out the ribbons. When Christmas arrives, this stock saves quite a bit of money.—P. F. G.

IF you send gifts abroad, do not drop them in a city mail box as I did. Fortunately mine came back to me because I had put my name and address in the corner. The stamps, however, were cancelled and I

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but she had ideas to burn. She had been gathering them for twelve months in fancy shops, from magazine and newspaper pages and among her friends. A good idea was worth from five to fifteen cents.—F. B.

A WOMAN I know who has no children to go the rounds on Christmas morning and scatter her gifts held a Santa Claus reception last Christmas. Cards were sent out a few days ahead, as if to a tea. When the guests arrived their hostess received them before a cheery fire. Beside it was a snow house made from cotton batting spread over a framework. Tiny evergreens stood on each side of the door and on the floor inside lay red bags of every shape and size. When tea had been served, a little Santa Claus crawled into the snow house and brought out the gifts. It was a charming idea, especially as on Christmas afternoon the "doings" at home are usually over and one is delighted to have the excuse for a tramp abroad.—F. B.

WE HAD NO end of fun one Christmas when we distributed our gifts with pantomime and guessing games. Each one stood beside a chair on which was heaped the bundles she had ready. She called a name and when that person stood in front of her, the donor went through all sorts of antics. If she had an umbrella to present, or a cup and saucer, or a sofa pillow, she went through the action of raising an umbrella and hurrying under it through the rain, of drinking tea or of laying her head on a pillow. The present was not handed out till the right guess was made.—F. B.

TRY A Christmas hunt some time when you get tired of trees and stockings. We put each gift in the place where its recipient would be likely to keep it. Once it took us nearly all day to find our things. We discovered gloves in our glove boxes, shoes in the shoe bag, stationery in our desks, trinkets in our jewel cases, while mother found a set of new silver spoons in the spoon drawer.—F. B.

DID you ever have a Christmas auction? Collect all the gifts, with the names of the recipients written on them, then let the best talker in the house auction them off. The funnier the shape of the bundle the more the fun. Everybody bids, raising the bid a cent each time. The auctioneer does not give away the name on the parcel but when that person bids, it is knocked down to him at whatever he offers. The pennies we collected made several dollars. We spent them next day on all sorts of jolly things that children love and went "Santa Clausing" at an Orphan Home. The day after Christmas was a joy that year.—F. B.

Claus has an eloquent tongue.—FLORENCE BERNARD.

WE ALL like a gift of money at Christmas occasionally, but there is a horrid commercialism in presenting the money in an envelope. There are many more attractive ways of doing it. One pretty way is to tuck a bill into an artificial rose and about the stem gum a slip of paper which says: "This comes straight from my heart." Or you may send an old colored mammy doll with a little bag hung on her arm. Put the money in that and this couplet:

"Honey, I have come to stay,  
What's inside will pay my way."

—F. B.

A GIRL friend of mine made quite a bit of money last year by opening a shop for Christmas ideas. She had not so much to sell in the way of finished work,

## Christmas Goodwill that Helps

HERE and there throughout the United States are regularly organized Santa Claus societies. The plan grew from a casual beginning. Some years ago, just before Christmas, the postmistress in a little town showed to a wealthy woman a bundle of children's letters destined for the Dead Letter office at Washington. Each one was addressed to Santa Claus. This woman made a request to the post office that they be handed over to her. The arrangement was kept a secret. In a small town it was quite easy to discover which of the small letter writers came from homes Santa Claus might pass by. Perhaps no more astonished children lived than these, who on Christmas morning received the very gifts for which they had asked. With each one went a pleasant Christmas letter. The newspapers heard the story and it was published here and there all over the country. It suggested a pleasant charity to others and now in many a city Uncle Sam gives up to a woman's club, a church society, or a little group of kindly people, all the local letters which are mailed to Santa Claus. The beauty of it is that the gift goes to each eager child as a direct answer from the generous, jolly Saint himself.—ELLEN STEARNS.

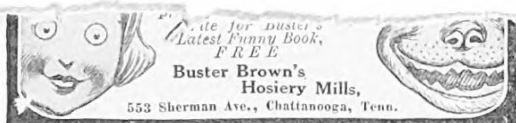
A CIRCLE of women in a city church were one day discussing the people who stood in need of cheer and help at Christmas time. Somebody asked for new ideas. One girl said: "I have in mind a class for whom few dream of doing anything: the lonely people who travel on Christmas day." "Nobody travels on Christmas day," one of the group objected. "I thought so, too," said the girl, "until last year when I was leaving town Christmas night to spend a few days with my sister. The train was late and I had more than an hour to wait. It was tedious enough for me, but there were people lounging about that great waiting room who had been there for hours. I decided that I was very comfortably fixed in comparison to them. Close by my side was a lonely youngster who was only twelve years old. She had traveled alone for three days and nights, she told me. Think of that, will you! Day and night in a day coach, changing trains here and there, according to directions she carried, and buying in lunch rooms all she had to eat. Never in my life did I get more enjoyment out of spending a dollar than when I watched her eat a hearty dinner in the restaurant. Her train came in before

mine did, so I saw her safe aboard on the last stretch of her journey. I spent all my small change on a bunch of carnations, a box of candy, some 'funny' papers and some gum for her. I tell you that happy little face smiling at me through the car window would have made it easy if I had walked to my destination."

These church women took the hint. For three years, now, they have gone in shifts to the station, taking with them all sorts of things; dolls and games, tempting lunches put up in the daintiest possible way, bunches of flowers, fruit, books, magazines and plenty of pure milk. Every year they go home empty handed. If you do not believe there are friendless people abroad on Christmas day, take a look around your own depot! —L. P. G.

"I WANT," said a friend of mine, "to give Justine a Christmas party, only I am so tired of catering to a lot of children who have had so much they are almost as blasé as grown folks." Here is the way she planned it: Her little girl went to a public school where there were children of both the rich and the poor. Each child was asked to bring a schoolmate, who at other times never went to their parties. The youngsters had favorites and obeyed gladly. The democratic spirit of school life was preserved and there never was a happier party with its big supper, glorious tree and the merriest sort of a romp.—FLORENCE BERNARD.

ONE year, we had been located only a few months in a strange city when Christmas drew near, and I did not know a soul to whom we could give a bit of help or Christmas cheer. I asked my husband if he knew of anyone to whom I could send a Christmas dinner. "Not one," he answered. So I wrote to the Associated Charities for the name and address of some needy family. They sent me that of a woman who was toiling hard to keep a roof over her children's heads. On Christmas morning my husband helped me to carry them a big basket. I stayed for an hour. I did not listen to a tale of woe, but evidences of poverty and need could not be hidden in the poor little home. There was a small crippled girl who could not move without help, a wan-faced baby and two other young children. When I came home, my husband said: "I got a glimpse of your woman when she opened the door. It seemed to me as if I had seen her before."



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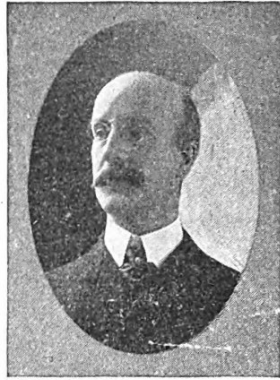


"You have," I answered. "She cleans your office and the halls of your building. She says that nearly every morning she lifts her pail to let you pass." The encounter taught me one lesson; that is, to look for the poor among those who come to our own door.—MRS. G. T. SWAIN.

ONE Christmas, a wealthy New York woman obtained the names of a score of girls who serve her during the year in all sorts of ways. There were girls at the phone office, who answer her calls; the cashiers of a dairy, a grocery, a market, and other places where she deals; girls who waited on her regularly at a milliner's, a florist's, a candy shop, in dry goods stores and a shoe shop. She remembered a pleasant girl who had helped her at the library; a stenographer, who occasionally cleared up a block in her correspondence; her manicure, two polite young women at the dentist's and the doctor's offices, as well as others. A week before Christmas each of these girls received a card inviting her to a house-party at this woman's lovely home on the Hudson. As Christmas day fell on Monday, the party gathered in the station at 9.30 Saturday night. Their hostess was waiting to introduce them to a friend who was to take her place as entertainer. She was a woman with few cares and the task was a delight to her. These twenty girls will never forget that house-party. The sumptuous home, with its roaring fires in big fireplaces, its lavish decoration of flowers, its warmth and its beauty, seemed ready to take them to its gracious heart. Every luxury was at their disposal; not the least of which was a ten o'clock Sunday breakfast in bed. The quiet, peaceful Sabbath amid rare comfort and loveliness was a wonderful rest for girls whose every day was a working day. On Monday there was a long sleigh ride through the picturesque valley, a lordly dinner, music, and a lordlier Christmas tree. A Round Robin letter written that night in the library brought tears of pleasure to the eyes of one woman when she read it.—O. G. B.

IN A boarding school I know, there is such a Christmas tree as you never saw, even in your dreams. Sometimes, when one tree capacious enough to answer the purpose can not be found, there are two on the platform of the big school room. Every night, for weeks before Christmas, each girl spends her parlor hour at work on something "for her child." The school principal is in close touch with the city's charity workers who know plenty of children to whom Santa Claus is an unknown visitor. Soon after the fall term begins, each girl, during visits with her teacher to some needy homes, is allowed to pick out her "Christmas child." Frequently this is a brand new experience. Some girls come from homes which have never done one bit of individual charity work. There may have been contributions to this and the next "cause," and the girl may have contributed to it from her own allowance, but there was none of the pleasure which follows doing a kindness personally. Sometimes her heart is so deeply touched that she wants to do more than her share. When she can sew, she puts real labor into her gifts. If she can not, she pays some one else to do it. Dolls are dressed, and every sort of handicraft the girls know is pressed into service to give a personal touch to the presents. Besides, there is an ample provision of thoroughly useful things: neat little suits and overcoats, warm frocks, woolly Tams, cosy mittens, stockings by the dozen, good, sensible underwear, sturdy shoes, pretty hats and comfortable nighties. Of course there are toys and books—scores of them—besides candy and fruit. First the children come for supper. They regard it as a wonderful spread. Fried chicken, corn fritters, hot biscuit and Neapolitan ice cream, served at a rose-decorated table, is something like a fairy tale dinner come true. For thirty years, ever since this school was founded, the children's Christmas tree has gone on without a break. It is a boon to needy families and it is also a lesson that can not be measured for the girls who year by year go out into the world to make homes of their own. I know whereof I speak because I was one of the girls.—JANE R. HENDERSON.

YEAR after year, a prominent woman in our city has one celebration of Christmas that is not forgotten by a goodly number of men. Two interurban car lines end near her home and each car waits there ten minutes. During that interval the conductor and motorman are her guests. A tray is carried out to the car. Upon it you might find a pot of steaming coffee with thick cream, a plate of delicious sandwiches, sugared doughnuts, delectable pie and fruit. Besides, there are two small bundles with a sprig of holly tied in the ribbons. They hold all sorts of things; it may be a tie, a handkerchief, warm mittens, cigars, a year's subscription to a magazine, or a book. She has taken pains to learn the name of every man who is her guest and in each parcel goes a hearty greeting written by herself. When I tell you that fifty men come and go over the line during Christmas day shifts, you will realize it is a kindness which means no small amount of work.—W. K.



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I've got sixty acres of as fine orchard as ever laid out of doors, if I do say it.

Fifty-five acres of it is only four years old but due to bear next year. Five acres is in full bearing. From that five acres I picked 2,800 boxes of apples last year and sold them for \$8,656. Pretty good for five acres, don't you think? But I did better than that; I selected 640 boxes out of the lot, shipped the car to the National Apple Show at Spokane, and the judges said it was the best car of apples ever exhibited and awarded me the Grand Sweepstakes Prize of \$1,000.

The newspapers spread the news all over the country and shortly I began to receive letters from pretty nearly every State in the Union, asking how the writers could get in on such a snap as I evidently had.



The letters were mostly from people who couldn't leave home and as a rule they didn't have much to invest, but they wanted to put what little they did have where it would bring them something worth while. After thinking the matter over pretty seriously, I finally decided to fix up a good safe plan for

them and give them what they wanted, which I did.

The upshot of the whole thing is I planted a one hundred and ten acre orchard last Winter, sold it out in undivided half-acre Units to those people and have been forced to plant two hundred and thirty acres more to be sold in the same way.

I ought to say that the deal being too big for me to handle alone, I incorporated the Rogue River Commercial Orchard Company and took in some of the solid business men out here to look after the business end of it. I look after the orchards myself.

I have an idea that plan of mine might strike you as a good one. It's worth looking into anyhow. If you think so too, just write me that you want a copy of "Apple King" booklet and I'll send it to you. It tells the story.

Yours cordially,

*H. B. Tronson*

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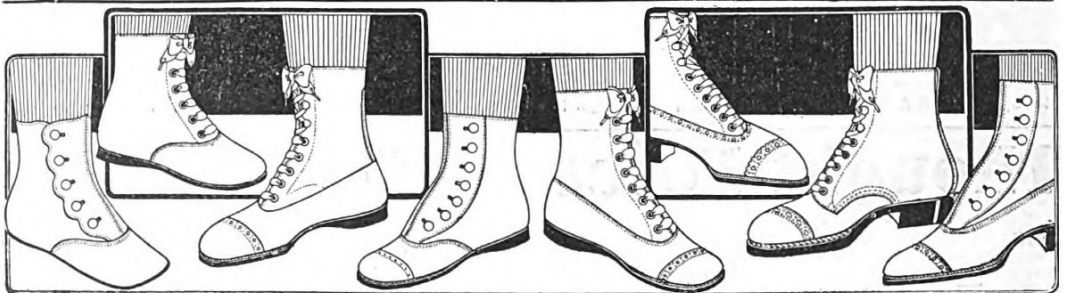
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**\$800** in 11 days to date, received by Oviatt (a minister).  
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## EDITORIAL

## CHAT



### The Oneness Which Pervades the Universe

THE late Professor Shaler, of Harvard University, said that the greatest discovery of the last century was that of the unity of everything in the universe, the oneness of all life.

This idea that there is but one principle running through the universe, one life, one truth, one reality; that this power is divinely beneficent, and that we are in a great principle-current, which is running Godward, is one of the most inspiring, encouraging, and fear-killing thoughts that ever entered the human mind.

The realization that in the truth of our being we are a part of the one great creative principle of the universe, a necessary, inseparable part of it, and that we can no more be annihilated than can the laws of mathematics; that we must be immortal ourselves because we are a part of immortal Principle; that we must partake of all of the qualities which compose our Creator—Father, that we must be perfect and immortal because we were created by Perfection, solves the greatest mysteries of life and gives us a wonderful sense of security, safety, satisfaction and contentment, which nothing else can give.

The constant contemplation of our union with the Infinite life helps to establish a certainty in our lives, an assurance that we are not the playthings of chance, the puppets of accident or fate; that we are not tossed hither and thither in the universe, the victims of a cruel destiny which we can not control.

Just in proportion as we realize this oneness with the Divine, this at-one-ment with our Maker, do our lives become calm, confident, creative.

There is no doubt that Saint Paul got a glimpse of this union of man with the great creative sustaining principle and had it in mind when he said: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from it."

"Ye shall know the truth of (our divinity) and the truth shall make you free;" that is, free from the slavery of fear, anxiety, care; free from the bondage of superstition, uncertainty and limitation; free from the thought of poverty and distress.

The coming man will lose all sense of fear because he will be conscious of his connection with Omnipotent power.

I have seen a delicate woman pass through sufferings and trials which would have sent most strong men and women to an insane asylum, and yet she never wavered or complained, but was always, even during the darkest hours, poised, helpful, serene, always full of love for her fellow men. There was a light in her eye which was not born of earth, because she was so entrenched in principle, in truth, so conscious of her oneness with the Divine, so completely in tune with the Infinite, and her faith was so gigantic that nothing could happen to throw her off her center. Not even torture, or starvation, or ostracism, could snuff out that divine light which shone in her eyes, or destroy her equanimity or serenity. She felt the presence of a Divine hand leading, guiding, protecting her, and she was not afraid.

It has ever been a mystery to the world that martyrs and prisoners could go through such sufferings and tortures, not only without a tremor of fear, but even with the assurance of victorious triumph. The reason was that they were anchored in eternal principle, buttressed by truth, justice and right. Nothing could happen seriously to disturb them, because the hand that held them fast was Divine, Omnipotent.

The mind that has once caught a glimpse of its at-one-ment with the Divine, felt that it is in tune with the Infinite, is never again afraid of anything that can happen to it.

We are weak and inefficient because we shut off this power by our false training, wrong thinking, vicious living.

In this way many people cut themselves entirely free from their conscious divine connection by severing the strands in the cable of justice, truth and love which connect them with their God, and are thus shorn of power.

This accounts for the cowardice of a criminal who was once a hero. He has cut himself off from his Creator, Father, and the consciousness of this separateness gives him a sense of uncertainty, helplessness, isolation, from the great principle which he inherited

from his divine Father and the feeling that he is no longer a complete man.

Every time we do wrong, every time we depart from the truth, every time we commit a dishonest, unworthy act, do a mean, contemptible thing, we thus lessen the Omnipotent grip upon us, and then we become a prey to all sorts of fears, apprehensions, dreads and doubts. Separated from the divine Power, we feel as helpless as a little child left alone in the dark.

Only the pure in heart can see God (good), for every wrong act is a film upon the eye which blinds us to good (God).

Man is beginning to learn that his power, his success, his happiness are in proportion to the completeness of his consciousness of his divine connection, and that he is mighty or weak as he keeps it inviolate and sacred, or breaks it.

*All our troubles come from our sense of separateness from the infinite Source.*

The moment we feel conscious that our union with the great creative power is broken, we are filled with fear, uncertainty and apprehension; we feel a sense of helplessness, a separateness from the Great Source of Things which makes us weak, timid, apprehensive. Fear, anxiety, worry, are positive evidences that we have lost our divine connection and strayed from home; that we are out of tune with the Infinite, and in discord with principle. Our strength comes from a conscious oneness with Omnipotence.

Perfect love casteth out fear, because perfect love annihilates all the idea of separateness between ourselves and Infinite love and kills all sense of danger.

When we sense our at-one-ment with Him, when we become fully conscious of this divine union, all of our troubles flee, all of our diseases and all of our sins are healed.

When we are in such close contact with Deity that we actually feel God, all sense of weakness, limitation, fatigue, timidity, doubt, will vanish, and we shall have that fearlessness which comes only from the consciousness of our at-one-ment with Truth.

Man is great in proportion as he reflects truth, justice, right. He is a weakling when he depends upon his own power and does not recognize this divinity principle, of which he is a necessary part.

No man can attain to the maximum of his power until he recognizes that he is a part of the great Principle of the universe, and that this Principle permeates his entire being and is part of his reality. Then he feels that he is a part of the truth—the reality of all being.

"The Divinity that shapes our ends is in ourselves; it is our very self."

The very holding of the thought that we are truth itself, that error is abnormal to us, that we are harmony and not discord, that we are the principle of life, the very essence of love, justice, truth and beauty, gives us peace, serenity, a steadfastness and spiritual uplift which no material things can bestow.

Just in proportion as we have a perfect sense of our at-one-ment with the Divine, shall we receive the life current, the health current, which can heal all our diseases. This is the secret of all healing, of all health, prosperity, and happiness, a *conscious union with the Divine*. There is no harmony, no health, no genuine happiness that is lasting and worth while outside of this at-one-ment. If we could only constantly live in the consciousness of this union, we could always maintain physical and mental harmony. This is the secret of all human blessedness.

In this consciousness we do not grow old in spirit. Instead of declining with the years, we renew our youth perpetually, and we constantly advance to greater and greater growth.

What a comforting and sustaining thought it is that an Infinite power presides over us which is kinder to us than we are to ourselves, kinder than we can be to those we love best; a force which is always ready to heal our hurts and to restore us, no matter how we have sinned in violating nature's law!

When one feels that his hand is gripped by the Omnipotent hand, he is "too near to God for doubt or fear" and he knows that no harm can come to him from any finite source.

The realization of all this will help us to live the life which is worth while, and will show us the bareness, the hollowness, the emptiness of the selfish, greedy struggle in which most of us are engaged. The consciousness that we *actually do live, move and have our being in Divinity* will elevate our standards and multiply our powers as nothing else can.



A piece of steel well-magnetized will lift another eight times its own weight unmagnetized. A man in touch with the divine principle, magnetized by the consciousness of his oneness with the great creative force of the universe, in touch with Omnipotence, has many times the power of the man who depends upon his own puny strength. In comparison they are like a motor-man who puts up his trolley pole and draws from the great wire the help of the mighty electrical current, and one who tries to push his car by his own strength.

"Let the mind be in you which was also in Christ;" that is, the mind that gives health, peace and happiness; the mind that gives harmony, justice, truth and beauty. This is impossible unless we live, move and have our very being in Him; unless we abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

The very idea of persistently holding the thought that one is divinely upheld, the thought that no harm can possibly come to him while he is thus ensconced in the Divine Presence, destroys all fear and worry; drives away anxiety, restores confidence and multiplies power.

### Doing the Hardest Thing First

I KNOW a very successful man who early in life resolved that, no matter how hard anything might be, or how seemingly impossible for him to do, he would do it if the doing would prove of value to him. He made this the test, and would never allow his moods or feelings to stand in the way of his judgment. He forced himself into a habit of promptly doing everything, no matter how disagreeable, if it would further his advancement.

People who consult their moods, their preferences or their ease never make a great success in life. It is the man who gets a firm grip on himself and forces himself to do the thing that will ultimately be best for him, who succeeds. The man who goes through life picking out the flowers and avoiding the thorns in his occupation, always doing the easy thing first and delaying or putting off altogether, if possible, the hard thing, does not develop the strength that would enable him to do hard things when necessity forces them upon him.

It is pitiable to see young men and women remaining far below the place where their ability ought to have carried them, just because they dislike to do disagreeable things until compelled to. The best way always is to tackle the hardest things first.

### When Tempted to Play the Coward

WE ALL have days of discouragement and moments when we would be glad to run away from our troubles and responsibilities. In these times of depression and discouragement, when we feel that we amount to but little and doubt whether, after all, life is worth while, there is always danger of playing the coward; of doing something that we shall be ashamed of later. It is better never to take an important step or make a radical change when discouraged.

When everything seems dark ahead and you can not see another step, then say to yourself: "I guess it is up to me now to play the part of a man," grit your teeth and push on, knowing that the gloomy condition will pass; that no matter how black or threatening the clouds, there is a sun behind them which will ultimately burst through. You will be surprised to find what power and courage are developed by this holding on as best you can.

After becoming better acquainted with the mighty reserve which is in you, you will learn that you can depend upon it; that it will come to your rescue in your hour of need.

I have known young men to play the coward to such an extent as to cancel engagements to speak on important occasions, just because they were filled with terror at the very thought of appearing before an audience. Their timidity, their fear of not acquitting themselves properly, made such cowards of them that they invented all sorts of excuses for shirking the responsibility.

Many people are frightened out of taking responsibilities which they know perfectly well they would be capable of fulfilling, and which would be of untold benefit to them if carried out. They have not the courage to measure up to their opportunities.

Now, when tempted to play the coward, get by yourself and give yourself a good talking-to. Think how cowardly it would be to run away from your responsibility or opportunity. Just say to yourself that you are made of better stuff; that you are going to do the thing that you agreed to do, no matter how hard or disagreeable it may be.

### "Jim, Be a Man"

WHEN a prominent man was asked to name the thing which had contributed most to his success in life, he replied that it was this admonition from his father when, as a boy, he started to the country school for the first time: "Jim, be a man."

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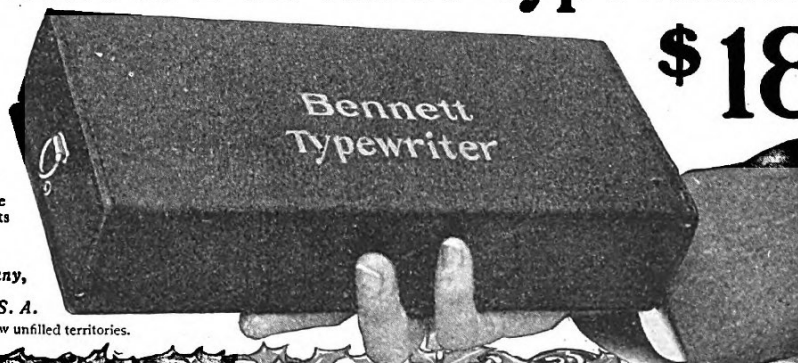
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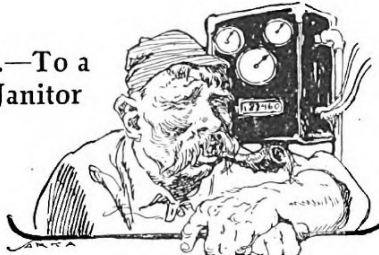
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**Christmas Cards**

Being the Songs of an Old Scrooge

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

I.—To a Janitor



NATIVE of Sweden or Norway,  
Tyrant of terrible type,  
Standing around in the doorway,  
Smoking a miserable pipe—

Thou who refusest to steam up,  
Thou who deniest me heat,  
Thou who wilt not send my cream up,  
Thou who purloinest my meat—

Father of infants whose weeping  
All through the perilous night  
Loudly inhibits my sleeping—  
Read, if thou canst, what I write:

Why, at this holiday season,  
Should I drop into the slot  
Money? There isn't a reason,  
Therefore, old chap, I shall not.



II.—To a Stenographer

PERSON feminine of gender,  
Pounding at the lettered keys,  
Think you that I should surrender  
Tribute, be it ne'er so slender?

Lithe and listen, please:

You who, chafing at your fetters,  
Say you "Do not have to work,"  
Queen of pompadour-coquetters  
How you hate to take my letters!

How you love to shirk!

You who take two hours for luncheon,  
Cake and soda, as it seems,  
Being all that make your nunchoon,  
While all afternoon you munch on  
Callow chocolate creams!

Typist, 'tis the truth I'm telling,  
Pardon my insurgency.  
But, O maid at work rebelling,  
Scornor of the rules of spelling,  
Not a cent from me!

III.—To an Elevator Boy



YOU leave me waiting on my floor,  
Although I press the button hard.  
Day after day do you ignore  
This bard.

I walk downstairs; a tiresome task  
For one weary, worn and old.  
And now at Christmas-time you ask  
For gold!

Shall I a good cigar deny  
Myself? A quarter? Make your lot  
A bit more bearable? . . . Well, I  
Guess not!



IV.—To a Cook

FOREIGN genius culinary,  
Proud but inefficient cook,  
Gretchen, Olga, Hulda, Mary,  
Look:

Though I like a peeled tomato,  
Do I get it thataway?  
Do I get a baked potato?  
Nay.

Haply thou expect'st a present  
As the smallest of thy dues,  
Hearken! Thou shalt hear unpleasant  
News.

Though I like my steak the rarest,  
Red as ten Milwaukee bricks,  
Thy results but prove thou carest  
Nix.

Hast thou ever tried to study  
What my palate would allure?  
Dost thou make the coffee muddy?  
Sure.

Therefore let this be the burden  
Of this bit of deathless dope:  
Dost thou get a Christmas guerdon?  
Nope!



V.—To a Bootblack

SHINER of shoes, if I refuse  
At this o'er-joyous Christmas time  
Grandly to slip to you a tip  
Excessive of my daily dime,  
'Tis not because I am tightwaddy—  
I'm generous as anybody.

But when you shine these shoes of mine  
The glamor does not last a week.  
It wears away within a day.  
Therefore, Italian or Greek,  
Avaunt! O shiner of my shoes,  
To give thee gold, I do refuse.



## Dumbhead

[Continued from page 821]

varlets who demanded all liberty, yet kept slaves; who made war by ambush, and who had learned from their Indian rivals the gentle art of roasting their prisoners alive.

And so, suffocated, sick, flogged, cursed, frightened and misguided, the Hessians reluctantly discovered America, never dreaming that they were already a legend of Hunnish ferocity; a legend that still persists.

V

THEIR first battle was on a place called Long Island. The Hessian line was a mile long, and it went forward with such nobility that the Americans fled from the redoubts in panic before the Hessians arrived. And then the Hessians ran laughing and shouting after the fugitives, who generally surrendered without a struggle. Conrad and Christoph and Johann Kruse, who had joined forces, found one old gentleman hiding in a field of maize. He spoke a gibberish which they took to be American; and he held up his hands for mercy. Conrad was told to lead him back to where Count Von Donop was standing. He learned to his amazement that the old gentleman was General Sullivan.

Count Von Donop smote Conrad on the shoulder and cried:

"You are a good boy, my son. You have captured the commander of the enemy." And he laughed till he was purple. If only Kathe could have seen Conrad then. Dumbhead? Huh!

Having cleaned up the center, the Hessians were reformed and turned to the left wing to aid the brilliant Lord Cornwallis, who was wiping out an army from Baltimore, wherever that was. It was but a few minutes before their general, too—he called himself Lord Stirling—handed his sword to General Von Heister.

In a few hours the Hessians were complimenting themselves on capturing, with some slight British assistance, three generals and eleven hundred prisoners. They had only two privates killed and Conrad knew neither of them.

And these were the Americans that King George had brought them all this way to quell! And this was all there was to a great campaign! He wished that he had known, so that he could have told his mother and Kathe not to cry.

One of the captured banners was a bright scarlet flag with the word "Liberty" embroidered on it. The men puzzled over it. Conrad wondered what it meant or whose name it was. The Von Lossberg flag had on it "*Pro Principe et Patria*." Christoph, who knew everything, had translated it: "For the Landgrave and the Fatherland." The Landgrave came first of course. But who or what was this "Liberty"? Something unknown in Hesse surely.

The capture of the rest of the Americans was deferred till the morrow. Then it was agreed that, the rebellion being over, they would sail home to Hesse in a few days. But the next morning the heavens opened and a northeast gale raged. Flintlocks were a vanity; the cartridges were soggy and dead; the bogs were impassable; the rain flooded even the trenches till the men were waist-deep in ice water. The day after that there was more rain. And then a heavy fog intervened. When that lifted, lo, the Americans were gone—the river rolled between the Hessians and their prey.

A little later the Hessians crossed into New York and chased the rebels out of town in a number of petty skirmishes. Usually the Americans ran like sheep in a thunderstorm. The first real fighting was at a fort named after the arch-rebel, a Mr. Washington, though Mr. Washington was not there at the time, unfortunately. This fort had a garrison of over two thousand Americans with artillery and it looked impregnable. But the Hessians were told to take it. First there were earthworks to charge, then a morass to plunge through, then a cliff to scale against artillery, with felled trees, and stockades everywhere, and two thousand Americans firing from behind every bush and rock and tree—always firing, running and firing again.

Conrad and his poor fellow Hessians went at it in full uniform, with helmets towering, long skirts flapping, big swords dragging, knapsacks like lead, gallon canteens banging, the great musket in the right hand and a fascine of rods in the left.

"I could use another pair of hands pretty well here," laughed Christoph, on the face of a steep rock.

"Here's mine," said Conrad, whose paws were so commodious that he could grip a musket with two fingers and lend Christoph the rest. "Big hands are better than books here, my brother."

Conrad laughed as he clung to a root with the spare fingers of his left hand and held the spare fingers of his right down to Christoph and hauled him up to the foothold of his own level. Then, laying his musket against his breast, he reached down again and picking up Christoph's heel, hoisted and boosted the scholar up over the rim of the ledge above.

Conrad was laughing with pride at being so useful to Kathe's brother, when, just as Kathe's brother set his knee on the ledge overhead, there was the sound of a shot near at hand, and Christoph went over backward, crumpling horribly, collapsing in every joint and

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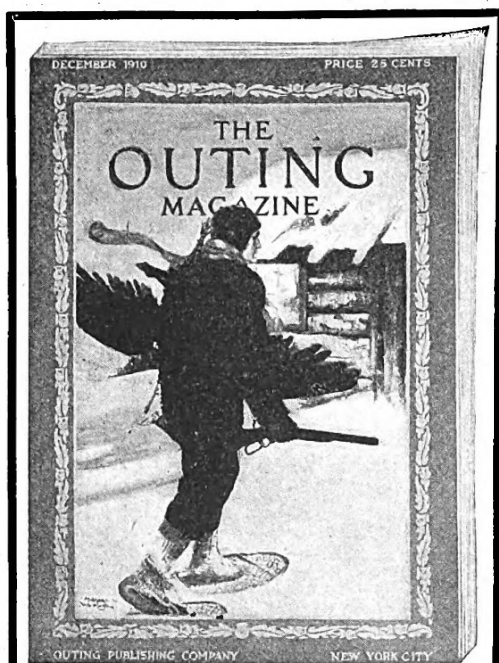
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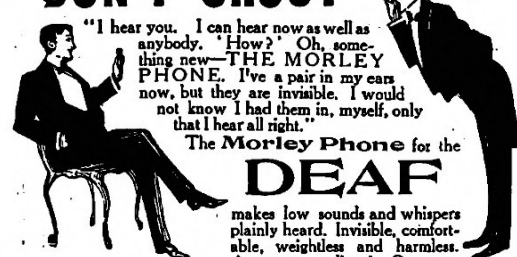
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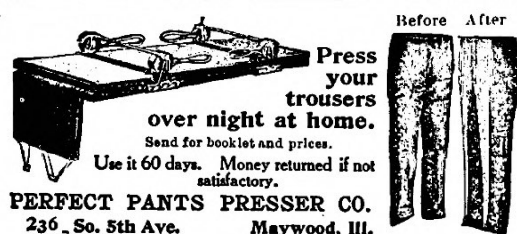
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slithering shapelessly along Conrad's shoulder and down, on down. Conrad clutched at him but could not catch, and Christoph's face flashed past, ghastly with immediate death, his blood leaping from his throat.

So he fell and fell, carrying another man with him and bouncing, bumping to a lower ridge and rolling off and over it. Conrad wanted to faint, but he wanted to help Christoph more. He set his teeth and began to descend. A young officer—Lieutenant Krumm it was—called up from below:

“Forward! Forward! you Dummkopf!”

“I must climb down, Herr Lieutenant!”

“Forward, you coward!”

“But I must go to my brother, Herr Lieutenant.”

“Forward, or I’ll kill you myself!” and reaching up the lieutenant struck him with the flat of the sword. The machinery of drill was set in motion, Conrad obeyed and turning climbed toward the waiting death. He pushed his gun ahead of him. As he raised his eyes above the sod, the American fired. Conrad ducked and his helmet went flying. He was glad of it. It let his aching head think.

He knew how long it would take the Yankee to load. He scrambled over, caught him emptying the touch-powder on the flashpan, and drove his bayonet into him. Then Conrad ran on, sobbing for Christoph, but fighting with the rage of the soldier who weeps as he slays.

It cost three hundred Hessian lives to drive the Yankees into their last defense, but at last it was done. Colonel Rall halted his panting, bleeding, aching men a hundred paces from the fort and sent Conrad's captain, Altenbockum, to demand instant surrender. At the end of half an hour the Hessian victors were drawn up in two lines and two thousand rebels marched out, laid down their arms and their crude banners of white and yellow and pale blue. Again that curious word, “Liberty.” But now it was nothing to laugh at. War was nothing to laugh at. Conrad thought only of Christoph and blubbered. He could not see the triumph for his tears.

When the ceremony was done, he retraced his path, found the wreck of what had been his idol, and buried him in a trench with a heap of others. Somebody must let Kathe know. Conrad had only one consolation. He thanked God that he could not write.

Surely now the war was over and the home-going was close. But now he dreaded it, for he must tell Kathe, face to face, that he had not brought her brother back. The scholar, the admired, the wonderful youth was left in a ditch in the wilderness, and the home-comer was the ignorant, the ridiculed, the stupid Dumbhead.

VI

EVEN the British acknowledged the splendor of the Hessian work on that day. They changed the name of the fort from Washington to Knyphausen. This undoubtedly finished the rebel.

But still the obstinate fiend kept up his pretense of war. Winter was coming on with wolfish cold. Washington's army was shivering, without overcoats, shoes or courage. But always it plodded on or ran from attack. Those who had volunteered for a short campaign refused to re-enlist; others deserted by the hundred. Their own Washington called their conduct “infamous.” And yet the dwindling tatterdemalions refused both to give battle and to surrender.

At last the ever victorious Lord Cornwallis drove the eternally fugitive Washington to the Delaware River. But when the king's men reached the bank, they found that the exasperating shepherd of those fugitive sheep had hurried them across and had not forgotten to take all the boats to the other side with him.

And then, instead of allowing the Hessians to build other boats and go on, General Lord Howe decided to close the campaign and slumber in winter quarters. He divided up the Hessians and sent most of them to Newport where they were doomed to lie idle for seven years. But the Von Lossbergs were left to keep watch on the Delaware River and Mr. Washington.

One morning at ten o'clock Conrad was with a detail waiting outside headquarters, waiting for Colonel Rall to finish a belated bath. He murmured to Gotthilf Rohmer:

“A year ago to-day we were in the woods at home, cutting the little Christmas trees. Do you remember how the Landgrave smiled the last time we were cutting the fir trees?”

Gotthilf sighed: “Christoph was right. The Landgrave was selling us even then. My frau has borne me a child since I left. He will be a big boy when I get home.”

And that same night, on picket duty, Gotthilf was shot dead by some concealed American.

This further bereavement seemed to shatter Conrad's last self-control. His mind fastened on the idea of Christmas trees.

At the grocer's house where he was quartered, the grocer's wife horrified Conrad by saying that she had never heard of Christmas trees, had never seen the fir boughs decorated with gilded apples and pepper cakes and wax candles. Conrad gasped: “Ach, Gott, I can smell now de Tannenbaum, und de Wachsluchten, and it makes me such a cryink.”

Christmas Eve came, and the soldiers held what celebrations they could, setting up little Christmas trees in the kitchens of the homes, while the Americans looked

on and wondered and caught the contagion. But there was no joy in it for the Hessians. They could think only of *die Heimath in der Ferne*. They were afraid to talk much lest they should bawl like children.

Kathe walked through Conrad's dreams that night clad as the angel, and he was at her side as Nikolaus with a pack full of presents. They were just outside little Woldemar Rohmer's house when, for the dozenth time, he clipped her in his arms and kissed her, and she knocked his wig off for the dozenth time with her little fat palm. And they both laughed—such good laughter.

It was his laughter that woke him, but it choked in his aching throat, for Christmas was dawning. An ocean rolled between, and he must go on guard.

VII

HE was glad to be the victim of that mischance on that day. It would keep him tired and busy. He was told off to outpost detail. From his post he could see the river, where endless throngs of ice-floes slid by on the black water. They swam and swung, rammed one another, climbed and gored, swirled and quivered, and the very thought of them was colder than the icy wind that searched his coat, colder than the aching chill of his feet in their leaky boots.

After the bitter day, the hooded night brought a tempest of wind, an unending shrapnel of hail and sleet. Conrad knew that on all the Twelve Nights after Christmas the Wild Hunt raged. Had not he and Kathe heard the fiend wolves raven by a year ago this very night?

His heart froze within him with fear and loneliness. He wondered why the Landgrave should have sentenced him to this exile, this danger, this despair—and for what crime? He wondered if the Landgrave had not forfeited all claim upon his fealty by his cruelty. It began to occur to the benighted peasant that it was not well for one man to be the absolute Landgrave over other men's souls and bodies. Perhaps the rebels were not altogether wrong. But this was a great thought that needed a deal of thinking. His brain was too cold to fumble with it long.

After midnight an unexperienced fear appalled him on his uncanny promenade. For hours the blizzard had been voices, ghostly outcries, omens, ghoully threats. But now the storm seemed by spells to grow almost articulate with far-off calls; blurred commands that seemed more human than hellish.

He paused and listened and heard only the wind. Yet there seemed to be something or somebody at work in the river. But when he sheltered his eyes from the sand blast of the sleet, he could see nothing but those wolfish packs of ice, driven protestingly onward, whetting their fangs on one another. How could voices come from there? No one could walk on that chill quicksand. No boat could live among those clambering beasts, those reaching jaws.

And yet something seemed active—some unimaginable business. A hundred times he paused and gazed hard, strove to send his vision forth like a scout to fetch in that befogged mystery. When the relief came round, he told the corporal of the guard. Corporal Raabe gazed, too, and listened, and felt something somewhere, but his intelligence rebuked his instinct.

In the guard-house they talked it over drowsily. Nobody could cross that river; therefore, nobody was crossing that river. Colonel Rall had been urged to send patrols into the distance, for Washington had more than two thousand men and the Hessians but half, as many, with no hope of quick reinforcement; but Colonel Rall had said: “Who's afraid? I only wish they'd come.”

And so once more Conrad fell asleep, and once more seemed just to have begun to forget how fagged and frigid he was, when once more the rough hand of the corporal wrenched him awake. It was broad daylight. The skyish guardmount of the dawn had been performed in his absence. The night was over. The holiday was over. Once more he was only a humdrum footman.

Colonel Rall had just finished his all-night game of cards and had gone to bed, with a note of warning in his pocket that he had not even opened. It was found on his dead body a little later. When Conrad stumped out to his post, mysteries and portents and wild hunts were overpassed, and the river was again merely a channel tormented with crunching blocks of ice.

Back and forth he trudged. Abruptly he stopped short and groaned aloud. It came over him that this was St. Stephen's Day. A year ago to-day, Kathe's father had told the whole village that the beautiful, the bewitching Kathe Bodensieg was betrothed to Conrad Nolte. The villagers had pelted him with snowballs and with jokes and with good wishes. And he and Kathe should have been married now nearly a year, but for the Landgrave, the heartless Landgrave, the smiling shopkeeper who sold men's lives and hearts across his counter.

Sorrowing with the fiercest home-woe of all, Conrad passed round the bend and moved out to the end of his post, his heart surging with rebellion. He closed his eyes on his pain. He opened them slowly.

Something was happening ahead. The snow seemed to draw back like a curtain, and admit to view something real, substantial. It was a man; it was men—with guns—they were advancing rapidly—their muskets at the ready. They were coming on stealthily. They



wore the low three-cornered hat of the Continentals. They were skirmishers preceding an attacking army. The Americans had come! The fugitives had turned!

The Dumbhead was thinking hard and as fast as he could. At length he remembered that in such a case he had been rehearsed to fire his gun and cry, "The enemy! turn out!" But the snow and sleet had disabled his weapon, so he turned and ran back crying with all his might:

"Der Feind! Der Feind! Heraus! Heraus!"

His cry preceded him. When he reached the bend, the guard was already on the run, the officers shouting. Lieutenant Krumm gave the command to fire, then to fall back; then to halt, load and fire again; and to fall back again and fire. While Conrad was madly chipping at his flint to sharpen it, stopping to pull the trigger and then to stumble back again, an officer cursed him and struck him with his fist, calling him a coward. He blenched with the shame of it, the one more indignity his loyalty had undergone. Suddenly he stumbled over a body. He looked down. Lieutenant Krumm was writhing beneath him, a flood of red gouting through his coat.

Conrad paused by his officer, and struggled with his gun. It would not fire. He would not be called coward again. He would stand fast. A man in the advancing line paused, aimed, vanished in a belch of smoke; there was a sudden clatter like the whirr of a startled partridge, then an unseen ax smote Conrad's breast, carrying him over like a tree.

He found himself on his back, dazed, shamed. He looked down. His scarlet ulster was torn. He would be flogged for that. But then he was flogged for everything. A brighter scarlet was flooding his neat white crossbelts. He was wounded.

As he wondered stupidly, the American skirmishers came up and went by. One of them halted, almost on Conrad's hand, to fire. Conrad saw the man's bare knee through his ragged breeches. One foot had no shoe, it was wrapped in rags—bloody rags. Then he heard the gun's report, and the foot vanished, leaving a red mark on the snow.

And now the earth shook with the tread of a regiment marching in unison. Conrad lifted his leaden brows to see what manner of men these were who dared to return after such eternal flights.

They came along heavily and they were haggard and grim; as if they, too, had spent a homesick Christmas on guard. Conrad could not know that they had been fighting through the ice-floes all night and standing in the storm for hours waiting for the line to be complete. He could not know that they had given up hope of success and were completing their plans in a dogged despair.

The army went on, and on, all the muskets slanting back, all the men slanting forward against the wind, and all of them shabby and wincing in the sleet. Perhaps Mr. Washington was among his rebels. Conrad lifted his head but the pain was too tearing to endure. He hoped that Mr. Washington was there, for this time the Hessians would capture him for sure, and then they all could go home, and Kathe could nurse him.

Conrad would have liked to ask Mr. Washington a few questions—why had he begun this evil war against his king, and tempted the Landgrave to sell men across the ocean, leaving their beloved to starve? What wrongs had the Americans endured to compare with the Hessian wrongs? Why had Mr. Washington let one of his men shoot Christoph Bodensieg, when he might have known it would break Kathe's heart? Why had he let another of his men shoot Gotthilf Rohmer who was anxious to get home and see the new baby? And why had Mr. Washington let another of his men shoot Conrad Nolte who was merely doing what his officers made him do, and who did not want to come to America anyway, and who was only longing for one thing: to be allowed to go back and work for his mother and his old father and his little hungry sisters and brothers, and his Kathe, his *Liebchen*, his *Herzallerliebste*!

But Mr. Washington did not have time to pause. He did not even see this bit of wreckage along the path of glory. His eyes were ahead.

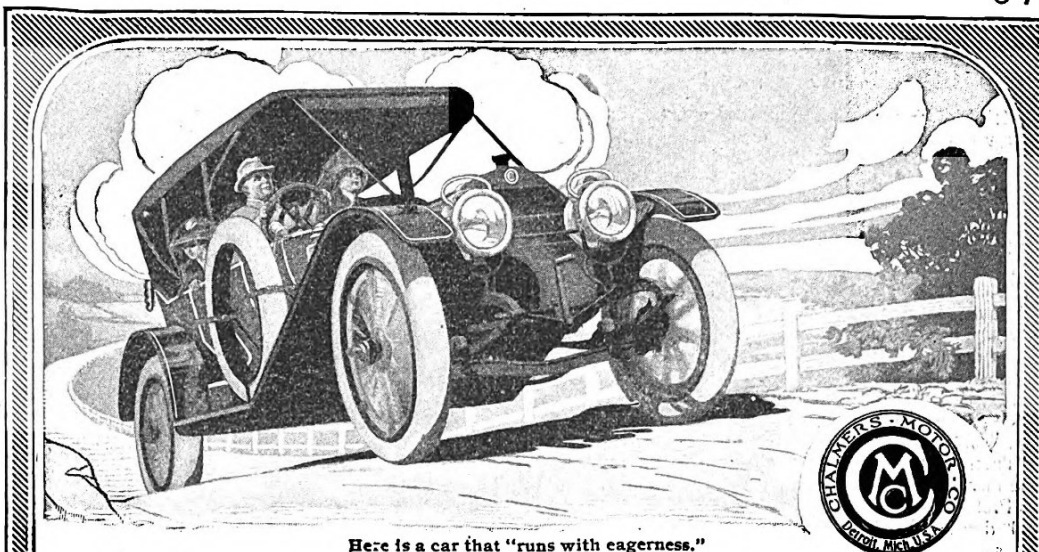
Always the troops went by. Conrad did not know whether they were hurrying themselves, and history. They themselves hardly knew what a Christmas gift of hope they were making mankind, or that the next hour should rank among the most important in human chronicle. It was more than they were dreaming even then that without the loss of an American life, they should kill or wound a hundred and capture a thousand Hessians, remove forever the terror of that name, and waken all Europe from lethargy.

Nobody could have thought all this out then, least of all, Conrad. He was, to the last, only a Dumbhead. Even Kathe had called him that; called him that while she kissed him; boxed his ears while she loved him.

The Americans were still slanting forward into victory, when the big body dropped finally into the red snow. With one supreme effort his huge hand groped out into the dark that enveloped him, as if he would reach across the ocean and clasp the little fat hand that was even then bravely stitching away at a trousseau. Kathe paused and lifted her head as if to listen. And she murmured for the thousandth time: "*Dummkopf, Dummkopf, warum kommst du nicht heim?*"

And then she went on sewing; she had not heard him whisper:

"Kathe! Kathe! Herzallerliebste!"



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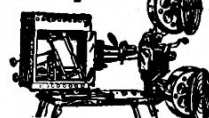
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## Puss in the Waldorf

[Continued from page 825]

"Er-tell him he can come to my office at ten-thirty tomorrow morning if he wants to, only he mustn't be late. Just impress that on his mind."

Mr. Dobbins choked and coughed apoplectically.

"Don't let us interfere with any of your engagements, Mr. Vanderpoel," he sputtered.

"That's all right, Mr. Dobbins," said Jack.

"I wish you'd invest seven or eight millions for me," said Dobbins, with a sheepish glance at Jack. "I know it is n't much, but—"

"Risky business, speculating, Mr. Dobbins," said Jack, bravely, although the suggestion had nearly knocked him off his chair. "Better hang on to your pennies, now that you've got 'em."

"Oh, I've got eight or ten more where they came from," said the old man.

"Then, sir," said Jack, as calmly as he knew how, "the best investment for you is in Miss Amanda Dobbins Preferred, a stock of priceless value."

"I don't think I quite understand," said the old man, scratching his head in perplexity.

"Settle five millions on your daughter," explained Jack. "When you've got her fixed comfortably in life, go in and do as you please with the rest of your fortune. Play the game as hard as you like, and, win or lose, no harm can come to her—and if you lose, why, she'll be able to take care of you."

"I've already given her four millions, haven't I Amandy?" said the old gentleman, proudly.

"Yes, popper," said the girl, and Jack's heart began to play the anvil chorus on the xylophone of his ribs. What a chance!

"How about it, Mr. Vanderpoel," persisted the old man. "Can you put me wise?"

"Oh, well," said Jack, "if you really insist I'll let you into a little blind pool I'm in, but not for very much—say a couple of millions. Only I won't take a penny of your money if you are like all the rest of these people here who want to be shown how things are every five minutes of the day. I'll take your two millions and you can call it a loan, if you want to. Your receipt will be my demand note for the full amount. You see I know what I am about, and I'm careful."

"Could n't make it three millions, could you?" suggested Mr. Dobbins, with a pleading note in his voice which Jack found it difficult to resist. "I happen to have that amount idle—"

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said Jack, patronizingly. "I was going to pull this thing off myself because it is one of the few dead sure things left in this world, but first the Morgan people butted in, then Rockefeller wanted a slice, and Carnegie wore out his library carpet running to the phone to ring me up about it, until I told Central I'd have the company indicted as a nuisance if they let the old man have my number again. None the less, for merely diplomatic reasons, I'm going to let 'em all in for a small share. Just enough to keep them satisfied with themselves. Exactly what the basis will be I have n't yet decided, but if you are willing to take your chances with them—well, you may hand me six certified checks for five hundred thousand dollars apiece, so that I can spread the whole amount around in my various bank and trust company accounts."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Now what, Puss?" asked Jack the next afternoon, as he and his feline friend held a consultation in the apartment. "I've got three millions to my credit in six banks. What's the next step—Algiers or Venezuela?"

"Why," said Puss, "it seems to me that a man with three millions in hand can afford to stay in New York over Christmas, anyhow."

"Yes, I know," said Jack. "But the old man—he's got to have some profit sometime or other, has n't he?"

Puss sighed deeply. "It is very evident, my dear Jack," said he, "that you are no financier. Settle a million on yourself and use the remainder to pay dividends to Mr. Dobbins. He'd probably think twenty-five per cent. on his investment was a pretty fair return, and if at the end of the first year you gave him back seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars he'll be satisfied. Then if you hand him over a full million the second year—well—"

"Well what?" gasped Jack.

"He'll put five millions more into the pool on your mere intimation that you are willing to help him out to that extent," said Puss, which will keep you going several years longer."

Jack breathed heavily at the prospect of such affluence, but he could not escape the uncomfortable feeling that there would be an inevitable day of reckoning ahead of him.

"And when that is gone?" he asked.

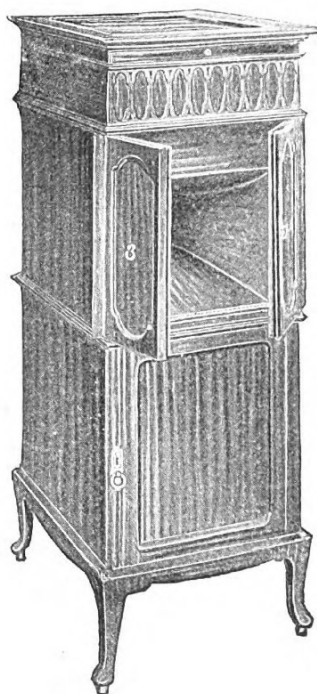
Puss gazed at him scornfully this time.

"My, but you are stupid!" he ejaculated. "I really want to help you, Jack, but I can't do everything, you know. You've got to handle some of this business yourself. But let me ask you one question: Did you ever hear of a millionaire putting the father of his grandchildren in jail because he had lost money in a blind speculation?"

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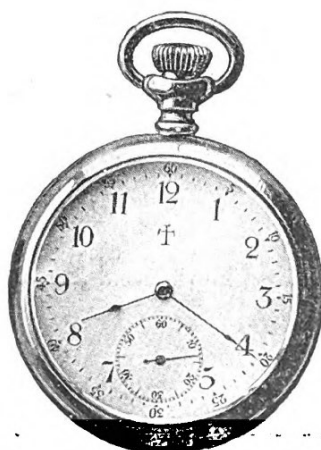
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COLUMBIA Double-Disc Records! Music on both sides! A different selection on each side! And both at only a few cents above the price of one! They may be played on any disc machine, and they give you double value for your money, plain as daylight. At 65 cents for the regular 10-inch Columbia Double-Disc Record, you are paying only 32½ cents per selection, which is far below the price of any single-sided record.

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Catalog at any Columbia dealer's, or by mail.

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To each of our representatives we also give a thorough course in commercial law without cost. This instruction is indispensable to any man who wants to make his way in the business world. We teach you, free, everything you need to know to successfully meet legal problems that may arise in any business transaction. And we also furnish you free legal advice whenever you require it.

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Please send me by return mail your Big 62  
Page Free Prospectus, and oblige.

Name.....

Address.....

"No, I never did," said Jack; "but you see, Puss, I am not the father of Dobbin's grandchildren."

"No," said Puss, "but why in thunder should you not be?"

"By Jove!" cried Jack joyously. "Do you think she'll have me?"

"Will a duck quack?" asked the cat. )

(Extract from the last will and testament of Joshua Dobbins.)

"... and I do hereby appoint my said son-in-law, Horace Vanderpoel, husband of my beloved daughter Amanda, sole trustee of my estate, without bond, said estate to be administered by him for the benefit of my said daughter Amanda and her children, according to his own discretion; for which service, in lieu of executor's or trust fees, I do hereby give, bequeath and devise to his use forever the sum of five million dollars, together with such additional sums as I have from time to time during the past four years invested under his advice and direction in the several properties in his control, both principal and interest accrued up to the date of my decease."

"Dear old dad!" said Jack, when the will had been read. "Your father was a fine man, Amanda dear, and a very successful man as well."

"Yes, Horace," said the weeping wife, "but he always insisted that he owed much to your splendid business management, so after all, you have only come into your own, dear."

"Ah, well," said Jack, as he opened a fresh bottle of cream and placed it before his pet Angora, "money isn't everything, sweetheart, and I should have been satisfied if he had left me nothing but you."

And the Angora cat wiped off the back of his ear with his left paw and twirled his moustachios upward with a wave of his right, as he purred amiably over the cream.

## Organized Boyhood

[Continued from page 805]

"Kim," the boy scout of Kipling's story, was called by the Hindoos, "little friend of all the world," and that is the name that every scout should earn for himself.

5. A scout is courteous: that is, he is polite to all, but especially to women and children, old people and invalids, cripples, etc. He must not take any reward for being helpful or courteous.

6. A scout is a friend to animals. He should save them as far as possible from pain, and should not kill any creature unnecessarily. The commonest insects are God's creatures. Killing an animal for food is allowable.

7. A scout obeys orders of his parents, patrol leader, or scoutmaster without question. Even if he gets an order he does not like, he must do as soldiers and sailors do; he must carry it out because it is his duty. After he has done it, he can state any reasons he may have against it, but he must carry out the order at once. That is discipline.

8. When a scout just misses a train, or some one treads on his favorite corn—not that a scout ought to have such things as corns—or under any other annoying circumstances, he should force himself to smile at once, and then whistle a tune and he will be all right. A scout goes about with a smile on. It cheers him and it cheers other people, especially in time of danger.

The punishment for swearing or using bad language is, for each offense, a mug of cold water to be poured down the offender's sleeve by the other scouts. It was the punishment invented by the old British scout, Captain John Smith, who was saved by Pocahontas three hundred years ago.

9. A scout is thrifty; that is, he saves every penny he can, and puts it into the bank so that he may have money to keep himself when out of work, and thus not make himself a burden to others; or that he may have money to give away to others when they need it.

10. A scout must protect songbirds and their nests, and squirrels, except in regions where the latter have become vermin. He must keep game laws.

11. A scout will at all times be ready to fight or prevent wild-fire. Four-fifths of America's forests have been destroyed by wild-fire. He never leaves a blazing fire unguarded in camp.

### The Instruction of a Tenderfoot

By the time the scout leader has mastered these principles, he will realize that however ill-equipped he was at the beginning, improvement comes rapidly with teaching others.

Now let this scout leader gather together half a dozen boys of ages between twelve and eighteen in some place that can be used at least once a week as a meeting place, lay before them the plan and purpose of the scouting, and prepare the boys to take the first steps as "Tenderfeet" by learning the scout law; signs and salute, the history of the Stars and Stripes, and how to tie four standard knots.

Before being awarded the second-class scout's badge a "Tenderfoot" must pass the following tests:

He must have had at least one month's service as a Tenderfoot; have learned elementary first aid and

[Continued on page 849]



## Three desirable 6% Bonds for quick purchasers

Rarely in our experience has it been possible to offer a well secured 6% Public Utility Bond at a price around par. This offering of three such issues is, therefore, unique and affords discerning investors an unusual opportunity to secure

### sound marketable securities at an attractive price

Each issue is the secured obligation of a strong and growing public service corporation earning net from two to three times interest requirements.

In each case the bonds are issued for extensions and improvements to facilitate the handling of increasing business which should result in increased earnings.

We have prepared a special four page circular describing these issues which will be promptly mailed to all who write for it.

Ask for Circular G-52

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## PUBLIC SERVICE BONDS

Public Service Companies as a class are gradually **decreasing** their operating ratio, the average of the better grade of companies being a little over 50%.

On the other hand Steam Railroads as a class are gradually **increasing** their operating ratio, the average of the more important roads being now about 70%.

MARGIN OF SAFETY OVER BOND INTEREST  
DEPENDS DIRECTLY ON OPERATING RATIO.

### ONE REASON

One reason why we are advising our clients to buy first mortgage Public Service Bonds is that this margin of safety is constantly increasing in the properties with which we are identified.

### THERE ARE OTHER REASONS

Statistical letter 115-S. on application.

**E. H. ROLLINS & SONS**  
200 DEVONSHIRE STREET, BOSTON

New York Chicago Denver San Francisco

THE question with many investors who bought securities when prices were much lower is **WHEN TO SELL AND WHAT TO DO WITH THE PROCEEDS.**

The advice of experienced bankers should be of assistance. A conservative and comprehensive consideration of the general situation as it bears upon the price of securities is given each week in

### THE WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW

which is published and mailed weekly, without charge, to investors interested, by

**J. S. BACHE & CO.**

(Members New York Stock Exchange)

Bankers, 42 Broadway, New York

Advice by correspondence to individual investors

## THE INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR



IT IS with much regret that we announce the retirement of Mr. Montgomery Rollins from this department of the magazine. For eighteen months Mr. Rollins has been giving to our readers in a most interesting manner his conclusions regarding matters of money and investments. His knowledge of this subject has been acquired through almost a lifetime of study and actual experience in the field of finance. He has always been a strong advocate of all that is good and sound in banking, and is among our most prominent contributors in the field of financial literature. Much credit is due to his pen for the great progress being made toward the elimination of the financial pirates of the country. Mr. Rollins is establishing other channels through which to give expression to his knowledge of this subject. This department will be carried on under the direction of Mr. David Graham Evans and will continue to deal conservatively and interestingly with the important subject of investments.—THE EDITORS.

Mr. ROLLINS completed in the November number his series of six articles under the caption: "The Nation's Development Through the Investment Banker." Those readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE who have studied these articles carefully, will lay down the November issue with the feeling that they have been personally conducted through the entire system of bond-buying, selling and distributing, from the very first simple bond issue known to history to the present day's complicated numbers of them. It must be true also that many have tucked away in the back of their heads much of a kind of money-philosophy that will save them many false steps in the game of personal finance.

While the historic feature of these articles has appeared as a foundation for the series, and has done much to hold interest in a subject generally acknowledged to be dry, the great wealth of good to the student has been found in the treatment accorded the process of building what is now known in the financial world as the "Simon-Pure Investment Banker." We find that he has grown to be much more than a mere broker, as the word is generally understood. He has been developed by a very stern master—one who has demanded responsibility with recommendation—into an organization now dignified by the name "institution."

### The Increased Scope of the Investment Banker's Responsibilities

From the stage of taking a security with the right hand from the creator or borrower, and passing it with the left to the investor or lender, with little, if any responsibility to either party, we now find the investment banker taking, in most cases, about all the responsibility. If he belongs to that type operating on a policy of absolute protection to his clients, you will find him equipped with a bond-buying organization, made up of expert engineers, accountants, lawyers and a fully trained and experienced business organization, and a selling force that is trained to sell to their clients solely through the exploitation of the truth.

"The merchant's selling problems increase in proportion to his inability to protect his customers if he does business long on the same corner," is a truth fully appreciated by this class. Your investment banker does for you in these modern days of business-building just what you would do for yourself if you could afford it, and possessed the necessary equipment—all of this, assuming of course, that you have the proper respect for a reasonable amount of protection for your surplus money.

One of our old and reliable bond houses has the following to say in many of its advertisements. It is all true, and sums up in a very few words the essentials of your requirements in an investment banker:

"In the purchase of bonds, the value of a banking firm to a client depends upon the scope and efficiency of the service rendered, and the integrity and experience of the firm. The service rendered by this house in buying bonds is a system of investigation more complete and more thorough than any individual investor could afford to take. This service has been built up by years of experience and engages the best legal, accounting and engineering experts, so that a statement that a bond is recommended by this firm means that the purchaser can reach an accurate conclusion as to its safety, based on assured information."

Sprinkled all through Mr. Rollins' series are to be found the soundest possible reasons for care in the selection of your investment banker. He has, at the

## The Nation's Development Through the Investment Banker — A Resumé

By DAVID GRAHAM EVANS

same time, clearly pointed out the pitfalls in nearly all classes of securities, so that to those who have noted his suggestions, at least two very important factors in the purchase of securities have developed:

First—Use extreme care in the selection of your investment banker.

Second—Get from him the class of security that best fits your needs.

It would seem advisable here to quote, in part, Mr. Rollins' description of the three different departments of banking, as published in the August number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. This will certainly bear repetition, not so much on account of its clear and short analysis, but because of the importance of knowing what is required of the banker who may be serving you, the kind of banker to engage when you want a different service, and the kind to whom to give no consideration.

### Three Departments of Investment Banking

"The first is discount banking—the old, true commercial banking, formerly more exclusively practised than at present—as represented by the national banks, trust companies, and other State and private banking institutions.

"Second, speculative banking, as handled by those having membership in one or more stock exchanges, and who purchase and sell what are known as 'stock exchange securities,' either in the form of direct purchases on the part of their customers, or for the so-called 'marginal accounts.' Trading by this class is purely upon a commission basis, and must not be confused with investment banking.

"Third, investment banking, as handled by concerns which buy and sell municipal, corporation and industrial securities, purchasing in a wholesale way and retailing the same to individual investors, trustees, fiduciary institutions, etc.

"Under the last caption should be included any banking institution which comprises in its organization the equipment for buying and selling investment securities otherwise than upon a commission basis.

"This third department of banking is that which suffers most from the liberal and unrestricted advertising indulged in by those without capital, credit, standing or ability, and who flood the market with attractive and alluring advertisements of bonds and stocks in which they, probably, have no vested interest whatsoever.

"The real, *bona fide* investment banker is one with a bank account, unquestioned credit and established clientele, who actually purchases the bonds, after very careful investigation by his well-organized machinery, and which he offers and in turn sells to his customers. Or he may be an agent or representative in some smaller town or city of bankers of high standing elsewhere who fulfill all these requirements. The investment banker whom the investor should seek is the one who possesses the virtues just outlined, or is the accredited agent of some concern which does. There are enough well-organized houses in our country to take care of all the money offered for investment, and they are easy to find."

It is, of course, obvious that at all times the good and the bad in the world of money are actively in competition, just as they are in the social and religious worlds, and that there is only one way to consistently escape the influence of the bad; that is, by actual knowledge of and experience with the benefits of the good. If you have always purchased securities through laws that govern the conservative buyers, and have not felt the sting of the other game, you have been fortunate beyond most of us; not so much for the reason that you have not suffered great losses, perhaps, but because of your training in the school of contentment.

### The Small Investor Needs Careful Guidance

A man makes a margin purchase of stock through a cheap and unlawful channel. He reads of this practise in the columns of some of our journals familiarly known as "disturbers of business peace and prosperity," sees his method of transaction characterized as unlawful, and practised by men with ideas of business morality akin to that of the Captain Kidd school. This has a shaky effect upon his philosophy, perhaps, but so long as they allow him to win, the game is all right—for him, at least. The other fellow, the man who must take the loss—well, I am not my neighbor's



George H. Burr & Company do a general banking business, specializing in commercial paper and in the securities of corporations whose fiscal agents they are. Bonds and Preferred Stocks offered for sale by them are owned outright, having been purchased after the most thorough investigation and with a full knowledge of their intrinsic worth. They have offices in the principal cities and are known to banks and investors throughout the United States.

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Because established and ably managed corporations in staple lines of business, earn from 2½ to 4 times their preferred dividend requirements as shown by the following comparative statement of a few of the more prominent companies.

|                          | Earnings for 8 yrs. | Earnings for past fiscal yr. | High 1909 | Price Present (about) | Yield (about) |
|--------------------------|---------------------|------------------------------|-----------|-----------------------|---------------|
| *American Radiator Co.   | 28.73               | 32.38                        | \$132.    | \$126.                | 5.55%         |
| *National Biscuit Co.    | 15.48               | 16.03                        | 130.      | 121.                  | 5.78          |
| *International Harvester | 16.69               | 21.69                        | 128.      | 119.                  | 5.83          |
| United States Steel      | 18.72               | 21.94                        | 131.      | 116.                  | 6.03          |
| Va.-Carolina Chemical    | 14.75               | 24.20                        | 128.      | 121.                  | 6.61          |
| *The McCrum Howell Co.   | 21.37               | 26.07                        | 100.      | 99.                   | 7.00          |

\*No bonded or mortgage indebtedness.

Industrial Preferred Stocks at present prices offer attractive opportunities for safe and profitable investment. Send for pamphlet No. 112 giving additional details regarding eighteen listed Industrial Preferred Shares.

Our special circular 122 descriptive of the listed preferred stock, meeting our every requirement, may also be had if asked for.

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to invest in a standard bond yielding an unusual rate of interest.

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35th YEAR

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### SAVE SMALL SUMS

You could accumulate more cash capital in a very few years by saving up comparatively small sums of money—your dividends and interest income for instance.

You probably never seriously considered such a thing, because the amounts looked so small and no opportunity has ever before offered itself to you to save and invest only \$25.00 at 6% interest.

There is no need for you to wait until you have saved up \$2000, \$500, or even \$200 with which to buy one of our mortgages in order to secure a 6% investment with us. Our Certificates of Deposit yield 6 per cent, payable semi-annually—the same as our mortgages—and are withdrawable after one year, on 30 days' notice. Send \$25 to-day.

Please ask for Loan List 730.

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on your savings. They should yield as large a return as consistent with safety. Let us show you how the savings deposits of thousands of business and professional men and women in all parts of the United States, entrusted to our care, have never earned less than 5% for more than 17 years. During this time our Company has grown stronger each year, increased its assets to over \$2,000,000 and accumulated surplus and profits of \$175,000.

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Your surplus money can be made to earn you 6% and be secure. 6%

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Pay 3½% July and January on money secured by mortgage on improved Birmingham, Ala., real estate.  
\$50.00 Shares withdrawable on demand with interest to date. Write for Circular.  
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**Bonds Issued by Los Angeles City**  
Returning 6½ per cent. interest. For circular offering these bonds address H. M. McDonald, Coulter Bldg., Los Angeles.

keeper. He is made to realise that the game is not the noblest of sports only when he begins to take the loss end. This he is sure to do unless he turns the wheel with his own hand.

That rarely, if ever, comes to the small investor. It is not his rôle in the daily stock ticker extravaganza. He is not heavy enough for it. Of course, he is the "big crowd," and is extremely important, for it is true that he furnishes the largest part of the real money for the daily performances, and does it over and over again, with the fond hope that perhaps some day they will let him into the inner circle and give him a good fling at the wheel. How silly to suppose this, you of such small means, who necessarily have to play on a ten per cent. margin, or lower if you can, in order to make the game worth while!

You will not be invited to the inner circle; make no mistake about that. They who have it in charge do not do that, any more than the shell game man will turn over his shells and ball and bet you that you can't beat him. So, when you place your money in the channels that lead to the manipulation mill, you are pretty certain to have it grind out a loss. The wheels of the machine are geared to grind just that way, and it is too great and too powerful to stop, so long as you are content to give it work to do.

All through Mr. Rollins' series, notes of warning are given against the unnecessary evil of taking the loss end.

### Why Take the Loss End?

Money is like any commodity bought and sold with the purpose of profit. There is a long-established profit for it, and this, mind you, established by those who have a legitimate and sound use for it; therefore, a legitimate and regulated price has been made. It is very simple—just remember not to try and sell it for too much over the price that real reason in the shape of legitimate demands, etc., set for it. You won't take the loss end—the right kind of a banker won't let you. He can't afford it, either.

It must not be assumed by what has appeared in these articles, or, in fact, in any of those appearing monthly in these columns, that the good, investment-wise, is contributing its entire force to the promotion of bonds. More time and space has been given to this class of security for the very simple reason that it is undoubtedly safest, and comes nearer to meeting the rules of the conservative employment of money than any other form of security.

Stocks have a very important function to perform in our whole financial and commercial existence. The fact is that this kind of evidence of money obligation is the very foundation of about all our business institutions and must of necessity be so.

Were it not for the fiendish methods generally employed in the sale of stock, and the manipulating system practised by those who have little or no regard for real earning or any other good influence that should govern values, stocks would even be preferable to the majority of investors. Could the ideal be reached, there would be few, if any, industrial bonds on the market to-day.

### The Outlook for the Future is Promising

It is indeed encouraging, to those who are studying financial conditions, to note the development being made by some banking houses in the interest of stock-selling. We are possessed with the notion that quite a number of these houses are going about the sale of stock with the same principles and practises, as near as can be, as are employed by the highest class bond dealers. The opportunity for this character of house is clear to those who are aware of the demands of the American investing public. There is a great field for stock that will first have an investigation made by such organizations, so that beyond the sale, the investor may know that his interest is cared for.

When possible dividends generally through the influence of possible dividends, and the price regulated by that only, stocks as an investment will take their proper place in the world of finance.

The field or market will broaden when the issues are to be handled independently of the manipulating forces continually at work upon many of our good railroad and industrial stocks, and may it come to pass in this age of great business and social reform that this force will go down with the many of its sinful brothers.

The investment banker has much power to aid in the answering of this prayer. Confidence in the intrinsic value of stocks as an investment can be restored, and the public enabled to participate in the really high grade issues and their large earning capacity.

### Better Times For The Small Investor

Many of our national problems will be solved when the banking fraternity wakes up to a fuller realization of the importance of the small investor, and begins to manifest a greater care for his welfare.

The better class of banking firms, those who are by policy and organization better equipped to serve him, have not yet become enough interested in the value of small sales and many of them. The possibilities of profits in single and small transactions have been for too many years obscured from the banker's vision.

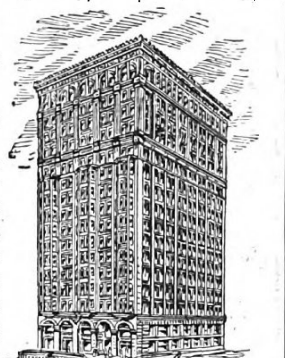
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**First Mortgage Serial Bonds 1911 to 1927**

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Write today for full details of this unusual offering. Also ask for our list of Tax Bonds.

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We select them carefully, investigate them thoroughly and buy only high-grade securities. We have had many years of experience in buying and selling bonds and know the value of bond issues. We own outright all bonds we offer for sale.

### Our Free Booklets

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INVESTMENT BANKERS  
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Public Utility Bonds  
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BANKERS CHICAGO



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GOLD BONDS

Make Yourself a Practical  
**Christmas Gift**  
This Year :: ::

Why not buy yourself a Ten Year 6% Gold Bond? Why not make an investment that will return every dollar at the end of ten years, and in addition pay you every six months—twenty times—during that period the just interest—return which your money should earn for you?

#### A-R-E Ten Year 6% Gold Bonds

—are safe and conservative. Behind them are visible Assets of \$15,536,199.47, Capital and Surplus of \$1,851,154.38, and a 23-year record of success.  
—pay you the just interest—return of 6%, instead of dividing with the middleman.  
—are time-tested, panic-tested, legally safe-guarded.

These Bonds are issued in denominations of \$100, \$200, \$500 and up, making them especially convenient for giving. They draw 6% interest, payable semi-annually by coupons, and at the end of ten years return the original investment in cash.

Write today for literature giving you the full details about these Ten Year 6% Gold Bonds so that you will have time to act before Christmas.

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Capital and Surplus - - \$1,851,154.38

Room 518 527 Fifth Avenue, New York

1898-1910

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We will buy for you stocks in quantities of 5 shares and upward, and bonds from 1 upward, for an initial deposit and monthly deposits thereafter until the securities are paid for in full.

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WE HAVE PAID**



on money entrusted to our care. We have satisfied customers in practically every State and Territory in the Union. Money invested with us may be withdrawn at any time without notice and without loss of dividends for a single day. Why we can pay 5% — Why our plan of doing business is absolutely safe and sound — Why our customers have ample security for every dollar invested with us is fully told in—

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Your Savings Will Grow  
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Idaho is developing along solid, substantial lines more rapidly than any other section. Our opportunities for lending money profitably are unsurpassed.

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on our class "C" Savings Certificates, according to length of time savings remain with us.

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JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—THE NEW YORK OF THE SOUTH. Reconstructed by Commercial Democrats and Chicago Ozone. Wide-open city. Don't scatter in wild southern feud towns. Lands and Lots with free water front \$10 down \$6 monthly. Our Tell-the-Truth booklet free. Write Half Million Club

## The Hazard

(Continued from page 807)

mother's son!" They looked each other in the eyes—two men with hearts full charged.

"Hear you, brother!" cried Patrick. "I love the lady and will have her. Mayhap, I am a younger son, but I am of my brother's stock. I have as straight a figure and as deft a sword arm. An' for the rest, I challenge any to call Rossagh a less fair property than Glentrale."

"You love the lady?" Roger strove in vain to master the angry quivering of his voice; in vain he strove to master the trembling of his body by toying with one of the new pistols on the mantel. "You love the lady?" he said again.

"Aye, I love her."

Then he broke bounds.

"Gad's death, and am I to play second?" He struck the carved woodwork of the fireplace, not with his clenched hand this time, but with the unprimed weapon. "Am I to bow and scrape and stand aside, like some cowering lackey? Zounds, sir, you mistake me."

"Nay, brother, I mistake not."

"You have pondered this matter then?" The pistol shook in Roger's hand.

"Tis my way," said Patrick. "For a six-month and more we have pestered the lady and the lady has been coy. She has blown hot and cold as the whim took her, till now it seems—" His eyes did not flinch, but his voice trembled as though he spoke a thought long repressed. "—till now it seems that we embarrass her with too lavish a display of gallantry. Two scions of the one house. Think you, brother, is it not too many for a maid's consideration?"

"What mean you?" There was a strange sobriety in Roger's tone; the hand that held the firearm no longer shook.

"What I say, brother. Are not two Trales of Glentrale overmuch for one slim Mistress Carden? Now, were there no young toppish brother to bow his way into wrong places, Master Roger Trale would doubtless cut a straight way to the altar; an' were there no Master Roger with his hunting crop and pink coat, as like as not—"

"Enough!" thundered the other. "What means all this? Out with it! Out with it, like a man."

"Like a man, good Roger." Patrick faced his brother, very straight and pale in the light of the fire flames, purpose in his dark eyes, purpose in his set lips. "There's an end needed to our case, an' I for one am for it. From youth up I have cumbered the earth in your sight; an' to speak the truth, it's been none the richer in mine for your existing. Now that we are men grown—"

"I take you, brother." Roger's voice was hot and loud. "I take you. An' you are for it, so am I. The moorland behind Glentrale—a quiet dawn—a couple of these ugly devils"—he looked at the pistol in his hand. "I'm with you. A dose of lead for the loser—the lady for him who lives to drink his coffee. 'Tis a gentlemanlike way of settling a long score."

Patrick waited until the last word of the tirade was uttered. Then his voice, once more cold and clear, broke across the silence. "You take me, brother, yet you do not take me. I'm not for murdering you, in dusk or dawn."

"You fear, then? I thought your words had too hot a savor."

"Digest them and discover."

"What mean you?" On Roger's face was an odd distrust. "Two Trales are overmuch for one Carden, say you? What better, then, to balance the numbers, than a brace of these?" He held out the pistol.

Patrick touched the barrel, his glance hard fixed upon his brother's.

"So excellent for the purpose, Roger," he said, "that one will suffice."

There was silence in the quiet room; a silence so intense that the street cries forced a way through the shut window and the hiss of the turf in the open fireplace became audible and of import.

At last Roger spoke.

"What mean you?" he said once more, but huskily and unlike himself.

"What mean I? This, brother: A duel of a cleaner sort than you have dreamed of." Patrick wheeled about and before his listener could draw breath for speech, was at the card table again, the dice-box in his hand. "We have gamed ere this, Roger, for high stakes."

"Gamed?"

"Aye. We have played for big stakes ere now; but men have played for bigger than ever we wagered. Men have been known to dice for the woman they loved."

"Stop, man! I'll not hear her name blasphemed."

"Blasphemed? I'd slit the throat of any who dared speak her name. There's no blasphemy in this, I'll warrant you. 'Tisn't for love I'd play yop, but for life!" His voice of a sudden dropped from heat to soberness, the tone of it penetrating to the hearer's soul.

"What devil's trick is this?"

"Trick?" Patrick blazed again. "Where's your imagination—where your wits? You'd stand upon a pestilential moor, with day ashivering on the hilltop—"

"I'd face you, man to man."

## What It Costs

### To Keep Our Advertising Columns Clean For Your Protection

We are sacrificing an advertising income of at least \$50,000 for the current year to perfectly protect our subscribers from advertising offers which we cannot recommend or guarantee.

The amount of advertising loss to us grows year by year because the guaranteed honesty of "Success Magazine" advertisements makes its pages exceptionally desirable and profitable.

It would be impossible to create and sell a publication such as "Success Magazine" for 15 cents a copy if it were not for the advertising it carries.

You will admit that \$50,000 is some money, and for the publishers to give up that amount yearly to protect subscribers, proves a sincerity of purpose which cannot be bought or turned aside for any price.

Within a month we have declined to accept advertising business amounting to several thousand dollars.

#### BECAUSE

This business, profitable to us, might have meant a loss, however small to you.

#### FOR EXAMPLE

During the last month we refused an order from an Oil Company amounting to \$900 monthly or \$10,800 yearly, because we could not recommend the proposition to our readers.

We declined another order for the advertising of Furs because the advertisement seemed intended to mislead. This order amounted to about \$500.

We refused, in the interests of the home and family, to accept an order for a book advertisement, because it was a book, which in our opinion, you would not care to have your children read.

A land advertisement which would have brought \$700 a month—\$8,400 per annum—was declined because we could not verify the statements made by the advertiser.

These examples prove our unalterable purpose to refuse all advertisements which however well intentioned and legitimate in scope, are in our opinion too speculative to safely carry our endorsement.

Several smaller advertisements were refused for various reasons, all of which however centered in the fact that they would not stand the acid test for absolute reliability.

We have the confidence of our readers. We intend to keep it; even if it costs many times \$50,000 to do so.

We are not boasting our honesty. Honesty is not a thing to brag of. But it occurred to us that it might be profitable to our readers, if we offered a concrete example of what it means to us as well as to them to keep "Success Magazine" advertising pages absolutely clean.

The statement that we accept no doubtful advertising may not be impressive in words. But the fact becomes vastly impressive when expressed in dollars and cents of loss amounting to \$50,000 for a single year.

But there's another side to this clean advertising proposition. The advertisements culled from "Success Magazine" are not therefore excluded from publication elsewhere. They may appear, perhaps, in periodicals that you read. It's well to remember that if you doubt the honesty of any advertisement its appearance in "Success Magazine" practically guarantees it wherever else it appears.

We assure you that you can buy with safety and satisfaction any merchandise advertised in "Success Magazine." We ask you therefore to patronize these advertisers whose reliability we guarantee to all subscribers of record.

We gain and retain your confidence and good will by our money sacrifices.

You gain protection in purchasing any article advertised in "Success Magazine."

The advertiser gains by securing your business because we have your confidence.

In the last analysis this is a purely business proposition.

We insure our subscribers against loss this year at the cost of a premium of \$50,000. Conversely we assure our advertisers of a volume of business they could not get without our payment of this costly premium for their protection.

In the long run you will buy more from our advertisers, they will sell more and we shall gain more by printing a greater volume of advertising that is above suspicion.

ADVERTISING EDITOR.



Patrick threw down the dice-box. "Tush!" he cried. "Tush! Face me here and now—the pleasantness of life about us, the gods themselves to secure fair play. Come!" He picked up the box with a gallant air. "Come! Who wins is heir to life; who loses is death's inheritor. The odds are balanced—as nice an apportioning of things as we poor mortals can contrive. Come, brother, prove your spirit."

But Roger stood his ground.

"I like it not."

Patrick, very pale now, looked at him and laughed—the old, cool, ironical laugh.

"Afraid?" he asked, slowly.

The taunt worked. The pistol was flung down. Roger strode to the card table.

"No man shall propound that question twice. Give me the dice. He who wins takes all. He who loses takes—"

"—his own life inside three days."

"Inside three days! So be it. Give me the box."

But Patrick anticipated him.

"I cast first." He laid one dice aside and let the other fall into its place; then he straightened himself, lifted his head and with the little, unconscious swagger belonging to his time, shook the box and made his throw.

"A three!"

"A three!"

Patrick took out his lace handkerchief. "A three," he said again, with elaborate indifference. "The mid-hazard. Fate intends to have her fill of pleasurable suspense."

But Roger pushed past him, snatching the dice-box from his hand. His hot face, his haste, the shortness of his breath all told his state, but he blustered through the moment as be seemed a gentleman. He shook the box, lifted his head and slashed the dice down upon the table.

It was the crucial moment; rivalry was forgotten in the wild suspense beating in both hearts.

The dice rolled and settled. Patrick leaned over his brother's shoulder; leaned and peered, then straightened his body slowly.

"Gad's life!" he said, below his breath, and his ashen face turned to Roger's.

But Roger, too, had bent and peered. Roger, too, had stiffened himself. Meeting Patrick's eyes and their sudden stricken look, he laughed aloud—a hard, boisterous laugh.

"Fate is blind, brother, is she not? Or is it justice? Methinks I have forgot." And again he laughed—a loud, hard, mocking laugh that pained the ear.

[Concluded in January]

## Show Girls of Industry

[Continued from page 810]

the chief ambition of the store women is clothes and looks, when the highest price is paid for that? Is it a surprise that some girls, naturally weak, go to almost any length to secure a good appearance?

Perhaps in no other kind of work, barring the stage, has the commercial value of a woman's face been so well proved as by the demonstrator, especially the demonstrator of toilet articles, such as face-cream, powder, eyebrow growers, hair growers, wrinkle preventives and the like. It is worth while to watch an expert demonstrator at work, not only because it illustrates the methods employed in this comparatively new occupation, so widely practised, yet so little known—but also because it gives a picture of the thousands of women whom they attract, and who use the devices they advertise for the improvement of looks.

In one of the largest department stores in New York City, near one of its most important entrances where thousands of people pass daily, is a table covered with pyramids of small jars. In charge of it is a young woman demonstrator, representing the firm of "The Apple Blossom Sisters' Face Beautifiers." She is tall and slender, with beautiful auburn hair that is built out in a great roll which encircles her head. She has a smooth, fair skin, white, even teeth, and to the conventional eye is altogether lovely to look upon. Daily she is at her post from a quarter past eight until six o'clock, selling a preparation which outdoes nature and all its elements, for it accomplishes in two minutes, according to the circulars, what good air, good food, rest and exercise can do only in years.

Nine out of every ten women that passed her table stopped to listen to what she had to say and to look at her face, for "Apple Blossom Sisters' Beautifier" was supposed "to have done it." Six out of the nine bought the preparation, and at least half of them were willing to be beautified there and then.

### The Demonstrator Raises Many False Hopes

The young woman moistened a small silk sponge in a bowl of water—sponge and water that had been used on dozens of different faces—dipped the sponge in a greasy looking pink paste and smeared it over the pale, thin cheeks of a young girl, or the sunken cheeks of a middle-aged woman, or even on the wrinkled skin of advanced years; patted it with a piece of cheesecloth and assured the victim that she looked beautiful and young; that her complexion looked as natural as if



## Become A Bond Holder— Only \$100 Necessary

*Safe, Secure \$100 Bonds Yield as High as 6%—They are the Best Investment for Those of Small Means.*

Persons of small means often do not appreciate the opportunities for safe investment afforded by sound \$100 bonds.

The small investor has viewed the ownership of a bond as rather beyond him—thinking only of bonds as being in \$1000 denominations.

Yet \$100 will buy a safe bond yielding as high as 6% per annum interest—this bond being issued under the *same* mortgage, with the *same* security and with the *same* rate of interest as the \$500 and \$1000 bonds of the same issue.

Opportunity to *make* money by *saving* money is offered in the purchase of \$100 bonds.

To the owner of one of these \$100 bonds there comes a sense of personal pride in being a bond holder. The incentive thus created leads to the purchase of more bonds—the saving of more money—the increase in the *earning power* of the money *already* saved.

Moreover, money invested in bonds

is not necessarily "tied up." Good bonds are received by bankers everywhere as security for loans.

More than a quarter of a century of uniform success by the executive officers of this company in the actual selection, construction and operation, as well as the financing of electric and steam railroads, hydro-electric plants, over forty water works properties and other enterprises in different parts of the United States, amply protects the investor in the securities offered by this house.

That our experience has been an equal protection to our clients and to ourselves, is indicated by the fact that *since the organization of this house there has never been a single day's delay in the payment of either principal or interest on any bond which it has sold.*

We own outright every bond we offer for sale, which means that the most thorough investigation of each bond we offer has been made on our own account.

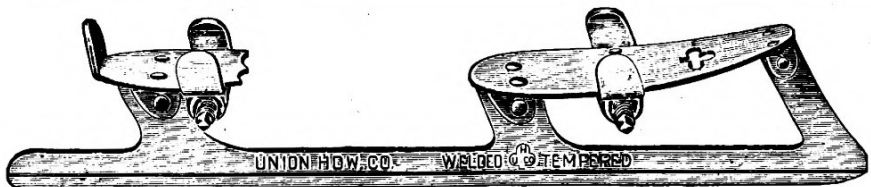
## \$100 Bonds

Those who have funds available for investment amounting to \$100 or more will be interested in a new booklet we have just issued, entitled, "*\$100 Bonds.*" It describes a bond in simple language and explains the great wealth of the French people—due largely to the investment in bonds of small denominations. Write for it.

For convenience address Department A

# J. S. & W. S. KUHN, Inc.

BANK FOR SAVINGS BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.  
CHICAGO NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA  
Kuhn, Fisher & Co., Incorporated, 15 Congress St., Boston



"ALL CLAMP" HOCKEY SKATES

## BOYS

who are fond of skating should own a pair of real good skates—a pair of *Success Magazine* "ALL CLAMP" Hockey Skates.

The fun is twice as enjoyable if your skates are made of the finest quality of steel and are up-to-date. They will stand up better under hard and rough care. You do not have to sharpen them every time you go on the ice.

The *Success Magazine* "All Clamp" Hockey Skates will suit you exactly. The quality of steel is the best; the style is the latest. They hold an edge longer than any other skate.

You can earn this pair of skates in two evenings after school, by using the method which I will tell you about upon request. Write to

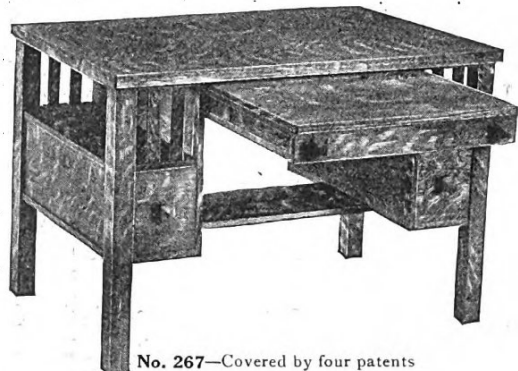
"THE SPORTSMAN,"

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

NEW YORK CITY



## A Handsome Table—A Substantial Desk Combined



No. 267—Covered by four patents

**SIMPLY** pulling open a drawer provides desk space with non-spillable ink well and pen groove. Nothing on the table need be disturbed. Underneath the desk lid is a large, roomy drawer for stationery and correspondence.

The Cadillac Desk Table is in use in modern homes, up-to-date hotels and Y. M. C. A.'s universally.

**The Mechanism** is simplicity itself. Each sliding nickel-plated steel slides prevent the drawer from sticking. It is counter-balanced to prevent danger of tipping. All Cadillac features are thoroughly covered by four patents.

**Seventy-five Artistic Designs** in every staple wood and popular finish gives you a wide selection. Our styles include reproductions of "Period Furniture"—Louis XIV, Elizabethan, Tudor, Flanders, Colonial, Arts and Crafts and Modern designs.

## The Cadillac "Desk Table"

**The Brand.** Look for this design on the under side of the table lid. It protects you from inferior imitations.

Cadillac Desk Tables are sold by leading furniture dealers. If your dealer does not sell it, we will see that you are supplied. Booklet "D" showing all styles in halftone pictures, mailed upon request.

**WOLVERINE MFG. CO.**  
Detroit, Mich.

The largest parlor and library table manufacturers in the world. Our output is more than "a table a minute."

## LOOKING FOR A GOOD BUSINESS LOCATION?

I can put you in touch with the *right* place. The territory traversed by the Frisco Lines in Ill., Ind., Tex., Okla., Ark., La., Mo., Kans., Tenn., Miss. and Ala., includes some of the most rapidly growing sections of the country. Taken generally it would be difficult to find a territory where capital counts so much. Over 452 factories found profitable locations along the Frisco Lines last year. There are equally good locations for as many more.

Allow me to send you our very complete data on business openings along the Frisco—It would undoubtedly awaken your interest. Should you care to negotiate with any particular point, we will gladly handle the matter for you. Please write to-day.

**FRANK ANDERSON**  
Industrial Commissioner Frisco Lines  
585 Frisco Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



**BRIGHTEN UP** Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using WASHBURN'S PATENT PAPER FASTENERS

**75,000,000**  
SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

Trade O.K. Mark

Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and "they always work." Made of brass in 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 fasteners each.

**HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG NO Slipping, NEVER**  
All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. NO 1B

**CHOICE VIRGINIA FARMS ON CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.**  
As Low As \$10 An Acre; rich soil; mild winters, nearby Eastern markets. Handsome illustrated booklet, "Country Life in Virginia" (100 pages), and low excursion rates. Address G. B. Wall, Real Estate Agent, C. & O. Ry., Box 221, Richmond, Va.

she had been born with it; and further assured her that it would stay that way always, and her skin would become soft and pink and white, just like her own.

On Saturday, the busiest day, this demonstrator takes in from eighty to one hundred dollars. A plain girl in her place would not have sold a jar. It is the girl's face, and her face alone, that makes her valuable to her employers.

Frequently it is a single predominant point of beauty that gains a woman admission into the profession of being good-looking. Women with strong, white, even teeth are employed to testify to the merits of certain tooth powders; women with well-shaped ankles and pretty feet pose for petticoats, shoes and stockings; women with slender waists, pretty shoulders and arms pose for underwear and corsets.

I know one of these commercial models whose likeness is seen almost everywhere—in cars, in railroad stations, in drug stores, on fences through the country roads, in magazines and newspapers. Nature had endowed her with a wonderful head of beautiful golden-brown hair, naturally wavy, thick and long. Before she became a model and while employed as clerk in a wholesale drug business, a customer noticed her hair. She wore it simply, in two braids circling her head. He asked her to pose for an advertisement of a hair tonic which he had discovered. She posed in a dozen different ways, with her hair down. "But of course," she told me, "in each pose, the artist retouched my face slightly—changed my nose, my chin, my eyes, to make it appear to the public that a number of consumers of this 'hair-grower' had testified to its merits; to prove to the public that 'Fakerine did it.'"

"And did you like the tonic?" I asked.  
"Like it?" she sniffed. "I never tried it! I think too much of my hair!" And then she added: "I never use any of the goods I demonstrate."

It may not be without interest to get a behind-the-scene glimpse at one of the products these demonstrators introduce before the public—products which are eagerly bought by millions of women throughout the country. The "Apple Blossom Sisters'" preparation, I was told, was making a fortune for its owners. These sisters do not appear to be serious students of cosmetic chemistry, whose brilliance and persistence have discovered a way to short-cut nature. In fact, the discovery of the beautifier has not cost them a single sleepless night. An uncle of theirs, a queer old bachelor who died eight years ago, willed the prescription to them with a note telling that it might make their fortune if properly launched on the market. They had the prescription made up and decided to test it on themselves. But none wanted to risk her face—their complexions were too precious—so the eldest tried it on her feet. The experiment was gratifying; the feet took on a fine, rosy color. So the sisters had the prescription refilled in a larger quantity, put it up in the prettiest porcelain jars, wrapped them in fancy papers, and the eldest took them to another town where nobody knew her, and demonstrated the preparation in the principal store. The women thought that her nature-made complexion was due to the compound. The "beautifier" was an immediate success.

This eldest "Miss Apple Blossom" told me that she considers hers one of the most secure businesses of today. "However poor a girl is," she said, "she is always rich enough to buy a 'beautifier'—for beauty is the most important weapon she possesses. There is no slack season in this business; the harder the times, the more attractive must the girl look to get a job."

There is not a stenographer who is not aware that a pretty face is a commercial asset, and none appreciates this more keenly than the plain girl. A friend of mine, very clever, very quick and exact, with excellent references, but unfortunately, with a plain face, recently tried to secure a position by calling in response to want advertisements. At the first place she applied she found nine girls ahead of her. Each one of these girls was to take a dictation. She and one other girl took the simple business letter of about two hundred words in about a minute and a half and typed it quickly and accurately. The other eight were girls of very mediocre ability; but it was the prettiest of these, with a soft black plume on her Merry Widow hat, who got the job, for she had dimples in her face and a catching smile, an easy manner and pretty clothes.

### The Uneasy Problem of Hairdressing

Since their looks hold their jobs, these girls must constantly be thinking of holding their looks. And conventional looks such as theirs are not easy of maintenance; for manicuring, formal hair-dressing, gowns, are not inexpensive. The hairdresser charges not less than fifty cents, and most often more, for curling and building out that elaborate structure of hair. The girl can not afford to take it down at night, for it would mean fifty cents to have it erected again in the morning—so she sleeps in it. She lays herself carefully on her bed and tries not to move all night. One girl told me of her particular device: she had her hair done up Saturday and every night she tied it up carefully in a big handkerchief and thus her precious coiffure was preserved uninjured from Saturday night to Saturday night. No, it was not very comfortable having her hair combed but once a week, having those sweaty wads of horse's hair buried beneath her own hair for one hundred and sixty-seven and a half hours out of the

week's one hundred and sixty-eight, but her hair had to be just so, she could not afford a more frequent dressing, so what was she to do?

Of course, many of the girls do their own hair, and do it every morning; but this time-taking ceremonial is accomplished at the expense of sleep and rest. One girl, however, declared she could do hers in the latest style in ten minutes. But with her the task was simple: all she did was to pin the ready-made puffs and curls on to the foundation of her own few hairs and then slip on a net to hold them together.

Beyond a certain point these girls dare not economize in matters pertaining to their appearance; the economy has to be in things unseen—in their food and in their living conditions. There are thousands of girls in the lower-paid ranks of their profession who have no homes, who live in the cheapest boarding-houses or in a dingy hall bedroom, and eat the poorest sort of food, and even little of that, because, as one of these girls told me, "I must take out of my stomach to put on my back; if I did not, there are plenty of girls who could fill my place. I have a dingy hall bedroom for which I pay one dollar and a half a week. I eat a five-cent breakfast, a ten or fifteen-cent lunch, and a twenty-cent supper—all the rest of my eight dollars goes for my clothes, for my hair, for my face, for my hands. I spend on my hair and hands from a dollar to a dollar twenty-five a week. No, of course, the employer does not tell you when he takes you on that you must have your hair dressed in the latest style, your hands manicured, and that you must dress well; but you ought to see how he looks you over when you apply for your job, and how much bigger show you stand of getting it if he likes your looks. I tell you it is no easy job to look well always. Sometimes I am so tired and worn and pale that if I did not take extra trouble to fix myself up I would lose my job in a moment, I think."

But the time came to this particular girl when extra trouble could not make her presentable; when the food she had denied herself for her back's sake had its reckoning; and what happened to her is the commonplace experience of many such girls. Five weeks after my first talk with her I went to see her in the store where she worked, but she was not there. I was told by her friend who was employed there that she was in a hospital, suffering from a disorder of the stomach, caused practically by starvation. I went to see her. It took me several seconds to realize that the thin, white, shrunken face peeping out from between the blankets on the hospital bed was the very striking young woman I had seen in the store two weeks before, and yet I realized, after looking at her face steadily for a few minutes, that she was just herself, minus her rouge, her pencilled eyebrows and all the other things that make the professional beauty.

In the beginning of our acquaintance she had said to me: "I have a steady, and we hope to be married some time next year, when he shall have saved money enough to make a home for me." She now mentioned that she had not allowed her "steady" to come to see her, "because," she said, "if he sees the way I look now he will never marry me. He liked my looks."

### These Pretty Girls Have Many Temptations

This profession, with its insistent requirements of good looks and good clothes, can not but have a serious effect upon the character of these show girls of industry. It fosters their self-consciousness, their vanity; it makes dress and beauty the one great thought of life. And this is not the worst. Take a vain girl whose duty it is to try on rich hats or gowns all day, and who hourly sees how stunning she looks in these fine clothes that are far beyond her means—is it any wonder that she should yearn for them, and yearn so strongly that the method of getting them should become a minor question? It is not extraordinary to see one of these pretty show girls whose salary is nine or ten dollars a week wearing a fifty-dollar hat or a coat of the richest and latest pattern. Where did she get it? The remark of a young model will suggest the answer. "I get all my beautiful hats and gowns from the manager of the store. Oh, no, not for nothing; you've got to be a sport to earn them."

These girls, because of their striking appearance, are the most attractive ones in the eyes of easy-going men; and they more quickly catch such eyes because of their conspicuous positions. Here is how one young woman, a "figure lady," a "regular 38," tall, well-built, of hand-made beauty, dressed when on duty in a tight-fitting gown of black, states the case:

"Yes," she said, "we girls do have queer reputations. Of course, we go out with young men for a little pleasure, sometimes to the theater, to supper, to a dance. Do you blame us? We like a good time, and we can't afford to pay for it ourselves. And it's only thanks to my gentlemen friends that I get a decent meal once or twice a week. Oh, I suppose there are some girls that go to the bad—and let me tell you, this kind of a job is the easiest way of getting there!"

"No, I don't think I shall ever marry. Twice I've been engaged to what I thought were real nice, honest gentlemen; I went about with the first one for a year, and one day I discovered he had a wife. In fact, she discovered me, and came in this store and told me so. No, indeed, I was not angry—I thanked her for coming to me. The other I knew for years. He told me that I was everything in the world to him. And then I



found that on the days he did not see me he was saying these same sweet things to another girl."

I do not mean to suggest that a large percentage of these women are bad; I only mean to say that they are far more subject to temptation than plain girls doing work that does not tend to turn their heads. Many, in fact, beneath their artificial, showy appearance, are simple, kind-hearted women. Naturally, it is those who are so fortunate as to live with their parents who are most likely to retain their simplicity. I called one evening on an acquaintance who is in great demand as a demonstrator and as a model by commercial photographers and fashion-plate artists. I found a neat, simple home, a good, hard-working mother, an invalid father, and two younger children preparing lessons. The eldest brother was at night-school, and this young woman was making a pretty dress for herself. I learned then that she made all her own clothes and all her own hats—that almost all her evenings were spent in that way, and by this she saved a good deal of her expense. All her salary, her mother told me, she turned in without even opening the pay envelope; she asked her mother for all the money needed for her expenditures. Yes, I found this girl, whose occupation, one would think, would demoralize her, would make her vulgar, conceited, selfish, shiftless, quite the reverse. She was simple, sweet, devoted to her family, industrious, and really very able.

Of course, she knew she was beautiful and did all the conventional things to be as attractive as possible, but she did it for the same reason that the artisan keeps his tools in condition.

What has here been written is intended as a statement of conditions; it has not been intended to point the finger of scorn at these women who have commercialized their faces. In becoming show girls of industry, these girls have yielded only to the press of necessity; in their desire for beauty and beautiful clothes, they have followed only the universal and world-old feminine instinct.

Fundamentally, their aspiration and their course of action is the same as with the best of their sex. For what woman, however cultured, if she has a momentary interview before her, if her success hangs upon her making a good impression, does not dress herself in her most effective clothes and make a powerful ally of her appearance? The thing to be deplored is that their work should force upon them an exaggerated idea of the importance of superficial beauty; that the requirements of their positions should fix upon them artificial and damaging standards of beauty, which are passed on by them to multitudes of other girls and women; and that the price exacted from these girls in return for their good looks is a debasement of esthetic standards, often a demoralization of character; often the ruin of health, and not infrequently, the loss of life itself.

## Organized Boyhood (Continued from page 843)

bandaging; signalling, elementary knowledge of semaphore, Myer or Morse alphabet. He must be able to track half a mile in twenty-five minutes; or, it in a town, describe satisfactorily the contents of one shop window out of four, observed for one minute each; go a mile in twelve minutes at "scout's pace," i. e., trot fifty yards and walk fifty yards, alternately. He must know how to lay and light a fire, using not more than two matches; cook a quarter of a pound of meat and two potatoes without cooking utensils other than the regulation kit; have at least one dollar in a savings bank, and know the sixteen principal points of the compass.

Before being awarded a first-class scout's badge a scout must pass the following tests, in addition to the tests laid down for second-class scouts: He must swim one hundred yards. (N. B.—This may be omitted where a doctor certifies that bathing is dangerous to the boy's health, in which case he must run a mile in eight minutes, or perform some equivalent exercise selected by the scoutmaster.) He must have at least two dollars in the savings bank. He must be able to send and receive a message either in semaphore, Myer or Morse, sixteen letters per minute.

He must go on foot, or row a boat alone to a point seven miles away and return again; or if conveyed by any vehicle or animal, go to a distance of fifteen miles and back and write a short report of the trip. It is preferable that he should take two days over it.

He must describe or show the proper means for saving life in case of two of the following accidents (subjects allotted by examiners): Fire, drowning, runaway carriage, sewer gas, ice breaking, or how to bandage an injured patient or revive an apparently drowned person. He must cook satisfactorily two of the following dishes, as may be directed: Porridge, bacon, hunter's stew; or skin and cook a rabbit, or pluck and cook a bird.

He must also make a "damper" or camp sinker of half a pound of flour, or a "twist" baked on a thick stick. Read a map correctly, draw an intelligent rough sketch map and point out a compass direction without the help of a compass. Use an ax for felling or trimming light timber, or as alternative, produce an article of carpentry or joinery, or metal work, made in a satisfactory manner. Judge distance, size, numbers and height within twenty-five per cent. error. Bring in a "Tenderfoot" trained by himself in the points required. (This may, in special cases, be postponed when recruits are not immediately desired, but must be carried out within three months, or his badge will be withdrawn.)

This is the briefest possible outline of the organization and its aims. As to the results, we can speak with more certainty each day. More than one young man has said to me, "When I first joined eight years ago I was smoking cigarettes on the sly but I have never smoked since I joined." Another told a similar story about alcohol and street rowdyism. Several of the mothers have said that it was the turning point and saving of their boys when they became scouts. From all sides we hear similar stories. Yes, I hear some say, "It is always so with a new presentation of an old idea, but wait till the novelty wears off." To these I reply that we have now been nine years at it in America and the idea is stronger than ever.

The utter lack of mawkishness, the impossibility of cant or mollycoddle, commend it to all the most vigorous boys. It appeals to their manhood first in the sense that the physical prowess of John L. Sullivan

did, and accepting all their boyish physical ideals, leads them up to those more worthy. The steps are gradual, natural and inevitable.

### Scouting Activities Furnish Fun and Instruction

The actual doings of boys "on scout" will be of more interest than the bald principles. To illustrate one of the methods, I shall briefly outline two of the competitions recently engaged in at Silver Bay, N. Y.

The first, a trailing stunt to develop alertness and observation, was managed thus: One boy wearing the tracking irons, was given one hundred white beans, thirty slices of potato and ten minutes start. He was to lay a track as crooked as he pleased, drop a bean every three or four yards, and a slice of potato every twenty yards. After ten minutes' run he was to hide. The trailers followed him, picking up the beans and potato slices. About seventy beans and twenty slices were secured and the "deer" found. The boy who won had over thirty of the beans.

Another was a medley scouting, covering several days. The prize was for highest points in the following: Bringing a leaf of sugar maple; telling a short story; bringing a leaf of poison ivy (wrapped in a thick paper to avoid touching it); marking off on a stick your idea of a yard; bringing a leaf of witch hazel; playing the part of a squaw finding her warrior dead; making a bed in camp of woods material; bringing a leaf of beech; showing a war club made by himself in camp; dancing a step; showing a birch bark utensil or article made by himself; making a map of North America from memory in ten minutes; boiling a quart of water, given one match, a hatchet and a stick of wood; giving an imitation of some animal.

For each of the first twenty competitors, points were given; the prize was adjudged by the total.

Some of these stunts may seem trivial but there was a purpose in each and that purpose was served. In the widowed squaw, for instance, we wished to select the best actor for a play. Most of the fellows failed. Two were good, but one, nearly the smallest in camp, was so fine that he brought tears to the eyes of many. The selection of the various leaves impressed those kinds on all; especially those who failed to bring the right ones.

The song and dance were introduced to cultivate the spirit of going fearlessly in and doing one's best, however poor it might be, and the element of handicraft was recognized in birch bark vessel and war club.

The bed competition taught how easy it is to make one's self comfortable in the woods. The water boiling was particularly instructive and was tried twice. The first time the winner took fourteen minutes and the second best twenty. The last time the winner's time was eight minutes, and the second best's ten.

Even the imitations of animals developed a keen observation and a lot of good natural history that was intensely interesting, as well as amusing. These, however, are among the trivialities—the mere amusements of the camp; the less spectacular things are of more value as aids in the development of moral fibre.

Where the end is no man knows, but we believe it means the inclusion of every boy in America, the regeneration of many that were going wrong, the safeguarding of those emerging from childhood, the stoppage of what has long been described as the terrible leakage between school and church; and none who have seen it at work hesitate to pronounce the Boy Scout movement the most important educational idea launched in America so far during this century.

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(Continued from page 822)

## Brainy Diet

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An excess of fatty, starchy, paste-making (eggs, flour, etc.) combinations of foods will make you sluggish; it will give you dull, splitting headaches, lack of memory and concentration, drowsiness and inertia. A complete change to "digestible" brainy foods, (suitable meat, game, fish, and dairy foods, combined with suitable vegetables and fruits according to

the new brainy food plan) will produce the most marked improvements in a few weeks.

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Another, a thin man, after being out of work nearly a year through weakness, was restored in three weeks to hard work as a carpenter at full pay. In such cases the change from a clogging, death-producing diet to energizing foods, caused a literal transformation.

Another patient, deaf in the right ear, owing to a discharge caused by an excess of mucus-making foods (cream, butter, cheese, etc.) was completely cured of deafness and catarrh by taking correct combinations of suitable foods.

A case of kidney and bladder trouble of ten years' standing was saved from a surgical operation, and the objectionable discharge cured within ten days, because the loss of control was due entirely to the constant irritation from certain irritating foods and drinks.

A chronic sufferer, weighing 415 pounds, unable to exercise, reduced over 150 pounds (in public life, under many witnesses), gained strength and firmer flesh, and lost rheumatism. Many well-known diseased persons have been taught how to cure themselves by a brainy diet during twenty-three years by S. Leppel in England (see the Leppel "Bulletin"), and during nine years by the writer in America.

During thirteen years of personal experiments in co-operation with S. Leppel and others, I have learned to produce in myself various diseases, each by eating certain wrong foods for a few days or weeks. They are:—Rheumatism, catarrh, sore throat, tonsillitis, constipation, double chin, swollen glands, kidney troubles, shortness of breath, rough scaly skin, dandruff, sores, boils, pimples with white pus, blackheads, rash, dry hair, and numerous other symptoms, AND I CAN CURE THESE SYMPTOMS OF ILL-HEALTH IN A FEW DAYS BY CORRECT FOODS. The foods which cause expectoration, catarrh, cough, constipation, tumors, etc., are specified in my free booklets;—

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## A New Way of Bringing Up Children

because he has not the ability or physical stamina to enable him to accomplish what many others do. Such teaching would undermine the brightest mind.

Many parents and teachers know how boys will work like troopers under encouragement and praise and how fatal the opposite policy is. But unfortunately a great majority do not appreciate the magic of praise and appreciation. There must be no obstructions, no ill-feeling between the teacher and the pupil, if the best results are to be obtained. Pupils will do anything for a teacher who is always kind and considerate, and shows an interest in them, but a cross, fractious, nagging one so arouses their antagonism that he often proves a fatal bar to their progress.

Many parents are very much distressed by the waywardness of their children; but this waywardness is often more imaginary than real. A large part of children's pranks and mischief is merely the outcome of exuberant youthful spirits which must have an outlet, and if they are suppressed their growth is fatally stunted. They are so full of life, energy, and so buoyant that they can not keep still. They must do something, give themselves an outlet for their animal spirits.

The moral faculties and sense of responsibility develop more slowly than other traits in many children, and, of course, they will do mischievous things; but it is a fatal mistake to be always suppressing them. Encourage them to romp. Play with them. It will keep you young and will link them to you with hooks of steel. Do not be afraid of losing your dignity. If you make home the happiest, most cheerful place on earth for your children, if you love them enough, there is little danger of their becoming bad. Love is the only power that can regulate and control them.

Do not try to make men of your boys or women of your girls. It is not natural. Love them. Make home just as happy a place as possible and give them rein, freedom. There is nothing sadder in life than the child who has been robbed of his childhood.

Children are like little animals; sometimes selfish, often cruel. Some of their faculties and propensities develop so much faster than others that their minds are often temporarily thrown out of balance—sometimes even to cruel or criminal tendencies, but later the mind becomes more symmetrical and these vicious tendencies usually disappear.

Thousands of parents, by being so severe with their children, scolding and criticizing them and crushing their childhood, drive them away from home and make them secretive and deceitful instead of open and transparent.

A man ought to look back upon the home of his childhood as the Eden of his life, where love reigned, instead of as a place where a long-faced severity and harshness ruled; where he was suppressed and his fun-loving spirits snuffed out.

Every mother, whether she realizes it or not, is constantly using the power of suggestion in rearing her children, healing all their little hurts. She kisses the bumps and bruises and tells the child all is well again, and it is not only comforted but really believes that the kiss has magic to cure the injury. The mother is constantly antidoting and neutralizing the child's little troubles and discords by giving it the opposite thought.

It is perfectly possible, through the power of suggestion, to develop faculties in children upon which health, success and happiness depend. Most of us know how dependent our efficiency is upon our moods, our courage, hope. If the cheerful faculties were brought out and largely developed in childhood, it would change our whole outlook upon life and we would not drag through years of half-heartedness, discouragement and mental anguish, our steps dogged by fear, apprehension, anxiety and disappointment.

One reason why we have such poor health is because we have been steeped in poor health thought from infancy. We have been saturated with the idea that pain, physical suffering and disease are a part of life; that robust health is the exception and could not be expected to be the rule; that we have come to accept this unfortunate condition of things as a sort of fate which we can not hope to avoid.

The child hears so much sick talk, is cautioned so much as to the dangers of catching all sorts of diseases, that it grows up with the conviction that physical discords, aches, pains and discomfort and suffering are a necessary part of its existence; that at any time disease is liable to overtake it and ruin its happiness and thwart its career.

Think of what the opposite training would do for the child; if he were taught that health is the everlasting fact and that disease is the manifestation of the absence of harmony! Think what it would mean to him if he were trained to believe that abounding health, rich, full, complete, instead of sickness; that certainty instead of uncertainty, were his birthright! Think what it would mean for him to expect this during all his growing years, instead of building into his consciousness the opposite, instead of constantly hearing about sickness and being cautioned against disease and the danger of contracting it!

Children are often punished for telling falsehoods, when the fault is really due to their excessively active imagination.

Many ignorant or thoughtless parents and nurses constantly use fear as a means of governing children. They fill their little minds full of all sorts of fear stories and terror pictures which may mar their whole lives. To get rid of annoyance for the time, they often buy soothing syrups and all sorts of sleeping potions to keep the little ones from disturbing their rest at night, or to keep them quiet in the daytime, thus running the danger of stunting their development.

I believe that the beginnings of deterioration in a great many people who go wrong could be traced to the forfeiting of the children's respect and confidence by the parents and teachers. If there is anything in the world that is sacred to them it is the unquestioned confidence of children. We all know from experience that confidence once shaken is almost never entirely restored. Even when we forgive, we seldom forget; the suspicion often remains. There should never be any shadows between the child and its parents and teachers. A child should always be treated with the utmost frankness, transparency, sincerity. The child's respect is worth everything to its parents. Nothing should induce them to violate it or to shake it. It should be regarded as a very sacred thing, a most precious possession.

Whenever you are tempted to deceive a child again, remember that the time will come when it will understand, and that it will certainly receive a shock when it discovers that you, to whom it has looked up with such implicit trust, such simple confidence, have deceived it.

Parents should remember that every distressing, blood-curdling story told to a child, every superstitious fear instilled into its young life, and their mental attitude toward the child, their whole treatment of it, are simply making phonographic records in its nature which will be reproduced with scientific exactness in its future life.

Whatever you do, never punish a child when it is suffering with fear. It is a cruel thing to punish children the way most mothers do, anyway; but to punish a child when it is already quivering with terror, and especially when you are angry, is something terrible.

The same principle applies to punishing children in school, especially when they are suffering with sensitive fear.

Parents, teachers, friends often put a serious stumbling block in the way of a youth by suggesting that he ought to study for the ministry, or the law; to be a physician, an engineer, or enter some other profession or business for which he may be totally unfitted.

I know a man whose career was nearly ruined by the suggestion of his grandmother when he was a child that she would educate him for the church, and that it was her wish for him to become a clergyman.

It was not that she saw in the little child any fitness for this holy office, but because she wanted a clergyman in the family, and she often reminded him that he must not disappoint her. The boy, who idolized his grandmother, pondered this thought until he became a young man.

The idea handicapped him so that every time he tried to make a choice of a career, this picture of a clergyman rushed first to his mind, and, although he could see no real reason why he should become a clergyman, the suggestion that he ought to worked like leaven in his nature and kept him from making any other choice until too late to enable him to succeed to any great extent.

If children could only be taught to develop a positive, creative mind, it would be of infinitely more value and importance to them than inheriting a fortune with a non-productive one. Youths should be taught that the most valuable thing in life next to integrity is to learn how to build their minds up to the highest possible producing standpoint, the highest possible point of creative efficiency.

The most important part of the education of the future will be to increase the chances of success in life and lessen the danger of failure and wrecking one's career; by building up weak and deficient faculties, correcting one-sided tendencies, so that the individual will become more level-headed, better balanced, and have a more symmetrical mind.

Many children go from school and college knowing a great deal, but without a bit of improvement in their self-confidence, their initiative. They are just as timid, shy, and self-depreciatory as before entering.

Now, what advantage is it to send a youth out into the world with a head full of knowledge, but without the confidence or assurance to use it, or the ability to grapple with life's problems with that vigor and efficiency which alone can bring success?

It is of the utmost importance that every youth should be brought up to think well of himself, have great confidence in his ability. He should be reared in the conviction that he was intended to fill a place in the world which no one else in the world could fill, that he should expect it, and train himself for it. It is a sin to shake or destroy a child's self-confidence, to reflect upon his ability or to suggest that he will never amount to much. These discouraging words, like initials cut in the sapling, grow wider and wider with the years, until they become great ugly scars in the adult.

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## The Fire-Blue Necklace

[Continued from page 816]

side room. The only other occupant was a man with a large black dress-suit case, who sat at the window in a slump of dejection. He raised his head for a moment when they were summoned, and let it sag down again as they left.

Average Jones greeted his guests cordially. Their first questions to him were significant of the masculine and feminine differences in point of view.

"Have you got the necklace?" cried Mrs. Hale.

"Have you got the thief?" queried Kirby.

"I have n't got the necklace and I haven't got the thief," announced Average Jones; "but I think I've got the man who's got the necklace."

"Did the thief hand it over to him?" demanded Kirby.

"Are you conversant with the Baconian system of thought, which Old Chips used to preach to us at Hamilton?" countered Average Jones.

"Forgotten it if I ever knew it," returned Kirby.

"So I infer from your repeated use of the word 'thief,' Bacon's principle—an admirable principle in detective work—is that we should learn from things and not from the names of things. You are deluding yourself with a name. Because the law, which is always rigid and sometimes stupid, says that a man who takes that which does not belong to him is a thief, you've got your mind fixed on the name 'thief,' and the idea of theft. If I had gone off on that tack I should n't have the interesting privilege of introducing to you Mr. Harvey M. Greene, who now sits in the outer room."

"H. M. G.," said Kirby quickly. "Is it possible that that decent-looking old boy out there is the man who sto—"

"It is *not*," interrupted Average Jones with emphasis, "and I shall ask you, whatever may occur, to guard your speech from offensive expressions of the sort."

"Certainly," acquiesced the other. "But do you mind telling me how you figure out a man traveling under an alias and helping himself to other people's property on any other basis?"

"A, B, C," replied Average Jones; "as thus: A—Thieves don't wander about in dressing-gowns. B—Nor take necklaces and leave purses. C—Nor strip gems violently apart and scatter them like largess from fire-escapes. The rest of the alphabet I postpone. Now for Mr. Greene."

The man from the outer room entered and nervously acknowledged his introduction to the others.

"Mr. Greene," explained Average Jones, "has kindly consented to help clear up the events of the night of August 6 at the Hotel Denton and"—he paused for a moment and shifted his gaze to the newcomer's narrow shoes—"and—er—the loss of—er—Mrs. Hale's jeweled necklace."

The boots retracted sharply, as under the impulse of some sudden emotion—startled surprise, for example. "What?" cried Greene, in obvious amazement. "I don't know anything about a necklace."

A twinkle of satisfaction appeared at the corners of Average Jones's eyes.

"That also is possible," he admitted. "If you'll permit the form of an examination; when at the Hotel Denton on August 6, did you carry the same suit case you now have with you, and similarly packed?"

"Ye-es. As nearly as possible."

"Thank you. You were registered under the name of Henry M. Gillespie?"

The other's voice was low and strained as he replied in the affirmative.

"For good reasons of your own?"

"Yes."

"For which same reasons you left the hotel quite early on the following morning?"

"Yes."

"Your business compels you to travel a great deal?"

"Yes."

"Do you often register under an alias?"

"Yes," returned the other, his face twitching.

"But not always?"

"No."

"In a large city and a strange hotel, for example, you'd take any name which would correspond to the initials, H. M. G., on your dress-suit case. But in a small town where you were known you'd be obliged to register under your real name of Harvey M. Greene. It was that necessity which enabled me to find you."

"I'd like to know how you did it," said the other gloomily.

From the drawer of his desk Jones produced a piece of netting, with hooks along one end.

"Do you recognize the material, Mrs. Hale," he asked.

"Why, it's the same stuff as the Hotel Denton curtains, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes," said Average Jones, attaching it to the cur-

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Vir Publishing Co. 815 Church Bldg. 15th and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

tain rod at the side door. "Now, will you jerk that violently with one hand?"

"It will tear loose, won't it?" she asked.

"That's just what it will do. Try it."

The fabric ripped from the hooks as she jerked.

"You remember," said Jones, "that your curtain was torn partly across, and not ripped from the hook at all. Now see."

He caught the netting in both hands and tautened it sharply. It began to part.

"Awkward," he said, "yet it's the only way it could have been done. Now, here's a bedpost, exactly like the one in room 168, occupied by Mr. Greene at the Denton. Kirby, you're a powerful man. Can you break that knob off with one hand?"

He wedged the post firmly in a chair for the trial. The bedpost resisted.

"Could you do it with both hands?" he asked.

"Probably, if I could get a hold. But there is n't surface enough for a good hold."

"No, there is n't. But now." Jones coiled a rope around the post and handed the end to Kirby. He pulled sharply. The knob snapped and rolled on the floor.

"Q. E. D.," said Kirby. "But it doesn't mean anything to me."

"Does n't it? Let me recall some other evidence. The guest who saw Mr. Greene in the hallway thought he was carrying something in both hands. The milk driver who hailed him on the balcony noticed that he gestured awkwardly with both hands. In what circumstances would a man use both hands for action normally performed with one?"

"Too much drink," hazarded Kirby, looking dubiously at Greene, who had been following Jones's discourse with absorbed attention.

"Possibly. But it would n't fit this case."

"Physical weakness," suggested Mrs. Hale.

"Rather a shrewd suggestion. But no weakling broke off that bedpost in Henry M. Gillespie's room. I assumed the theory that the phenomena of that night were symptomatic rather than accidental. Therefore, I set out to find in what other places the mysterious H. M. G. had performed."

"How did you know my initials really were H. M. G.?" asked Mr. Greene.

"The porter at the Denton had seen them on 'Henry M. Gillespie's' suit case. So I sent out a loudly printed call to all hotel clerks for information about a troublesome H. M. G."

He handed the "OH, YOU HOTEL MEN" advertisement to the little group.

"Plenty of replies came. You have, if I may say it without offense, Mr. Greene, an unfortunate reputation among hotel proprietors. Small wonder that you use an alias! From the Hotel Carpathia in Boston I got a response more valuable than I had dared to hope. An H. M. G. guest—H. Morton Garson, of Pillston, Pa. (Mr. Greene nodded)—had wrecked his room and left behind him this souvenir."

Leaning over, Jones pulled, clinking from the scrap-basket, a fine steel chain. It was endless and some twelve feet in total length, and had two small loops, about a foot apart. Mrs. Hale and Kirby stared at it in speechless surprise.

"Yes, that is mine," said Mr. Greene with composure. "I left it because it had ceased to be serviceable to me."

"Ah! That's very interesting," said Average Jones, with a keen glance. "Of course, when I examined it and found no locks, I guessed that it was a trick chain, and that there were invisible springs in the wrist loops."

"But why should any one chain Mr. Greene to his bed with a trick chain?" questioned Mrs. Hale, whose mind had been working swiftly.

"He chained himself," explained Jones, "for excellent reasons. As there is no regular trade in these things, I figured that he probably bought it from some juggler whose performance had given him the idea. So," continued Jones, producing a specimen of his advertisements in the theatrical publications, "I set out to find what professional had sold a 'prop' to an amateur. I found the sale had been made at Barsfield, Ohio, late in November of last year, by a 'Slippery Sam' termed 'The Elusive Edwardes.' On November 28 of last year Mr. Harvey M. Greene, of Richmond, Virginia, was registered at the principal; in fact the only decent hotel, at Barsfield. I wrote him and here he is."

"Yes, but where is my necklace?" cried Mrs. Hale.

"On my word of honor, madam, I know nothing of your necklace," asserted Greene, with a painful contraction of his features. "If this gentleman can throw any more light—"

"I think I can," said Average Jones. "Do you remember anything of that night's events after you broke off the bedpost and left your room—the meeting with a guest who questioned you in the hall, for example?"

"Nothing. Not a thing until I awoke and found myself on the fire-escape."

"Awoke?" cried Kirby. "Were you asleep all the time?"

"Certainly. I'm a confirmed sleep-walker of the worst type. That's why I go under an alias. That's why I got the trick handcuff chain and chained my-

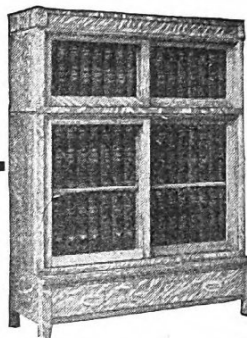
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self up with it, until I found it drove me fighting crazy in my sleep when I couldn't break away. That's why I slept in my dressing-gown that night at the Denton. There was a red light in the hall outside, and any light, particularly a colored one, is likely to set me going. I probably dreamed I was escaping from a locomotive—that's a common delusion of mine—and sought refuge in the first door that was open."

"Wait a minute," said Average Jones. "You—er—say that you are—er—peculiarly susceptible to—er—colored light?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Hale, was the table on which the necklace lay in line with any light outside?"

"I think probably with the direct ray of an electric globe shining through the further window."

"Then, Mr. Greene," said Average Jones, "the glint of the fire-blue stones undoubtedly caught your eye. You seized on the necklace and carried it out on the fire-escape balcony, where the cool air or the milk-driver's hail awakened you. Have you no recollection of seeing such a thing?"

"Not the faintest, unhappily."

"Then you must have dropped it to the ground below," said Kirby.

"I don't think so," controverted Jones slowly. "Mr. Greene must have been clinging to it tenaciously when it swung and caught against the railing, stripping off the three end stones. If the whole necklace had dropped it would have broken up fine, and more than three stones would have returned to us in reply to the advertisements. And in that case, too, the chances against the end stones alone returning, out of all the thirty-six, are too unlikely to be considered. No, the fire-blue necklace never fell to the ground."

"It certainly didn't remain on the balcony," said Kirby. "It would have been discovered there."

"Quite so," assented Average Jones. "We're getting at it by the process of exclusion. The necklace didn't fall. It didn't stay. Therefore?"—he looked inquiringly at Mrs. Hale.

"It returned," she said quickly.

"With Mr. Greene," added Average Jones.

"I tell you," cried that gentleman vehemently, "I have n't set eyes on the wretched thing."

"Agreed," returned Average Jones; "which does n't at all affect the point I wish to make. You may recall, Mr. Greene, that in my message I asked you to pack your suit case exactly as it was when you left the hotel with it on the morning of August 7."

"I've done so, with the exception of the conjurer's chain, of course."

"Including the dressing-gown you had on that night, I assume. Have you worn it since?"

"No. It hung in my closet until yesterday, when I folded it to pack. You see, I—I've had to give up the road on account of my unhappy failing."

"Then permit me," Average Jones stooped to the dress-suit case, drew out the garment and thrust his hand into its one pocket. He turned to Mrs. Hale.

"Would you—er—mind—er—leaning over a bit?" he said.

She bent her dainty head, then gave a startled cry of delight as the young man, with a swift motion, looped over her shoulders a chain of living blue-fires which gleamed and glinted in the October sunlight.

"They were there all the time," she exclaimed; "and you knew it."

"Guessed it," he corrected, "by figuring out that they could n't well be elsewhere—unless on the untenable hypothesis that our friend, Mr. Greene here, was a thief."

"Which only goes to prove," said Kirby soberly, "that evidence may be a mighty deceptive accuser."

"Which only goes to prove," amended Average Jones, "that there's no fire, even the bluest, without traceable smoke."



### An Unseasonable Canine

A LITTLE boy was entertaining the minister the other day until his mother could complete her toilet. The minister, to make congenial conversation, inquired:

"Have you a dog?"

"Yes, sir; a dachshund," responded the lad.

"Where is he?" questioned the dominie, knowing the way to a boy's heart.

"Father sends him away for the winter. He says it takes him so long to go in and out the door, he cools the whole house off."

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## The Irish Schoolmaster

[Continued from page 813]

your guard to maintain your supremacy, for you knew not when, like a thief in the night, Fate should overtake you—at the school, at the wake, on the flags of the chapel-yard, or amid the festivities of christening or wedding.

If the Doorin men, who came from old Masther Maguire's district in the very lower end of the parish, and passed your school with their turf carts on the way to the bog, failed to floor you with the mathematical poser they carried to you from him: "Good morrow to you neighbor and your twenty geese," then Masther McLoon's three crack scholars, who, in their vacation time, went like roaring lions over the hills seeking what poor unfortunate Masther they might devour, sprung at you their latest:

"On a circular lot, rich with various grasses,  
Which contains just an acre, I tied up three asses  
In three equal circles, and the largest that's found  
Within the circumference of an acre of ground.  
Now I want you to tell me the length of the string  
That attached each ass to his circle or ring.  
Also the space occupied by each ass  
And how much there remains of the acre of grass—"

or: "If we gave you, Masther, an eight-gallon keg filled with whisky, and a five-gallon keg and a three-gallon keg both empty, and no other measure, instrument or implement whatsoever, how will you measure us out four gallons of that whisky, not a drop more and not a drop less?"—all work in your school being that day suspended until you, by superhuman efforts and at loss of much perspiration, wrung out the solution—to the uncontrolled joy of your scholars and the complete down-casting of the lions, who, with drooped tail and no more roaring, took their departure.

But still in danger are you to meet your Waterloo when the Bacach Ruadh (red-haired beggarman), audacious as he is ignorant, challenges you in the chapel-yard to spell *bombergladjoimflastifamuloquentialities*, to the awe and wonder of the open-mouthed multitude who marvel at the extraordinary brains the Bacach's uncombed crop of red hair conceals. And indeed a real Waterloo it might have been the night of Corney Heggarty's wake, when the same ignorant, impudent fellow publicly challenged you across the floor:

"Masther, my learned and honorable friend, take Joe-ology, Al-jay-bra, Trigonometry, Fluxions, Joe-graphy, Jurie's Prudence, the Confluxion of the Systems, Di-sec-tations, Sequestrations, Disquisitions, Mathematics or the Influential Carcasses—on which of all these learned things is it your prefermentation that I should test your eruditional accomplishments?"

To which you suitably replied: "Sirrah! From my rare intellectual altitudes I gaze with infinite contempt alloyed with despicable commiseration on the pitiable accumulation and aggregation of unmitigated balderdash with which you have the audacious temerity to address me!"

Whereupon he retorted:

"Let no charlatanical fop presume to dispute the atrocious voracity of my achromatical qualifications, for I'm a heterogeneous cosmopolite perambulating and differentiating intricate problematics throughout the circumambient localities which I have mesmerized into a conglomerate catastrophe!"

And you rejoined: "Sirrah! of all subjects in the educational curriculum of the universe from the Alpha to the Omega of the same, select and indicate one and I shall instantaneously proceed to expose your accumulated ignorance to the gaze of a commiserating public!"

Then he—the neighbors now having been aroused to a tremendous pitch of excitement:

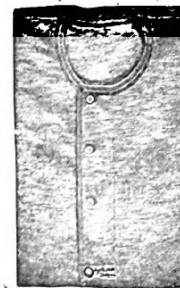
"Having given the paralysis of the hypotenuse, can you calculate, enumerate and demonstrate for me, by the square and kibe roots of Joe-ometry and Trigonometry, how many fathoms of wind blew through the chancel windy of Donegal's ould abbey last Janiary was a twelve month?"

And finally poor you, your whole name, fame, fortune and prestige trembling in the balance as you heard the breathless neighbors whisper: "Faith, that's a tarror!" your good angel coming to your aid with a flash of inspiration, drew from your vest pocket a bit of chalk, cleared the center of the floor and on the flag there drew a right-angled triangle A, B, C, and, courageously looking the Bacach in the eye, said:

"Let A, B, C, be a right-angled triangle. Having the right angle at B, I say that the squares on the base and perpendicular, AB and BC, are together equal to the square on the hypotenuse AC. Prove it, or forever after hold your tongue!" With which you flung the chalk, like glove of gallant knight, at the scoundrel's feet.

The confounded Bacach held his tongue, and next morning, a broken man, quitted forever the parish where now his great prestige was gone. And you were henceforth taller by his prestige added on to your own—a dizzy height indeed.

Yes, you had great love for fine language, for those beautiful long words that, like a child with toffy string, one might knot upon his tongue and feel for a sweet long time under his palate. Father Pat had delight in hearing you use your fine language and loved, too, to have the Bishop hear it when he came on his rounds.



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Yet it nearly betrayed you into difficulty that day you accompanied His Reverence to Drimgarman Barr, to Michael MacCallion's, where he was going to give the last rites to poor old Peggy.

You, presuming that Peggy's hearing was not as good as it used to be, unfortunately whispered to Father Pat, as you entered the door: "Sir, I believe she is a nonogenarian," and Peggy, who for all her four score and ten (and some more) could still hear the grass growing, lifted her head in the bed that was in the kitchen outshot, wailing: "Och-och-a-nee! Och-och-a-nee! O, Masther! that I should live to this time o' day to hear you say that of me. Och-och-a-nee! Your Reverence, darlin', surely would n't believe it o' me!"

Father Pat saved the situation. "Is it believe it, Peggy? Not if the Bishop of the diocese himself stood there on the floor and told it to me." And you breathed again, and Peggy, serene in a saved reputation, settled herself to crown a spotless life by an exemplary death.

You never married, because you never found a girl in the country side who could properly appreciate the sublime passages of Homer with which you tried to win her heart. But your old father and your old mother were care enough for you, and care well for them you did. As became a man of great income, you lavished money on them, giving them not only of comforts but of luxuries likewise. Their days were smooth and their nights restful. Their hearts were happy; their souls were always swelled with pride for you. They passed away, calling down the blessing of God on the best son (they said) that father or mother ever knew.

You not only did your duty to your father and mother but you did your duty to your country likewise. For poor Ireland always had a warm corner in your warm heart. You made your pupils not scholars only but patriots likewise. Of course, it was against the rules laid down for schoolmasters by a paternal government that the name of Ireland should be mentioned in the school outside the geography lesson.

You strictly observed the rule, to be sure, but the title "Geography" got a generous interpretation from you; and the inventor of the science would have had his eyes opened, had he, rising from his grave, wandered into the little thatched schoolhouse of Cloch Corr, and felt the fire and saw the red blood that you put into a subject which he had thought to be as dry as Adam's dust; and witnessed pairs of childish eyes fill with tears, and little mouths set hard, and little fists clench under inspiration of a subject that he had never dreamed had a soul!

Yes, you did your duty by your pupils, your parents and your country. In doing so you grew old gracefully, and the years were mellow, and still more and more honor came with your gray hairs. In your own large-hearted way you looked down with leniency on a new class—not Masthers—but just school-teachers that the colleges were turning out, as a sausage machine turns out sausages; smart, pert youngsters, dressed in shop-clothes, riding bicycles, swallowing certain books, teaching how to swing the arms and how to fill the lungs to children who hungered to have their minds filled and the joints of their intellects supplied. School-teachers who, moreover, are salaried like Cæsars, with sixty pounds a year and perquisites; just twice what lavishly remunerated Men in your salad days.

The world is surely rushing to ruin: and 'tis well, after all, that your years in it are short. However, except to crack an occasional classic joke on them (which, of course, they do not understand), whenever they presume to raise their squeak in your presence, you are tolerant with them. As becomes a giant among pigmies, you extend to them a real and sincere pity.

The men, the old-timers, the Masthers, on Pension Saturday meet in Donegal Market and withdraw to Larry MacCue's to have a social glass, and talk of the days when there were giants, and to tell for the ten thousandth time, the biting rejoinder (unequaled by anything outside the classics) that Masther MacGlinchey gave the officious inspector; and to recite the eighteen poems, each of two hundred lines, more or less, which embody the learned controversy carried on (via the Long Beggarmen) between Masther Corrigan of Kil-laghter and the unseen genius, Masther Mulvanny, who lived somewhere up in County Mayo; to put again, one to the other, some of the old posers that in these degenerate days are falling into disrepute; and to saunter home in the evening, stopping at this house and that and renewing your learned controversies and cause the old ones in the chimney corner to shake their heads and say: "Ay, this is the last of the rale ones and more's the pity!"

Yes, soon the green quilt will be drawn over you, and sure 'twill be some consolation that day to reflect, if you could, how the gray-headed ones will look in and drop a tear on the lowered coffin and say, "Well, his like will never walk the world again. The Heavens be his bed!"



#### A Gentle Hint

CHARITY workers often feel great awkwardness in making public appeal for funds.

Few of them, declares the *Washington Star*, can carry off that embarrassment with the grace of the colored preacher, who said to his congregation:

"Brudren, Ah kain't preach hyah an' boad in Heb'n."

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The leading magazine in the woman's field is now possible at that price by this plan:

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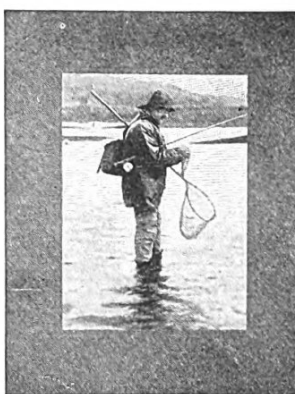
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NEW YORK

## The Man That Fought On

[Continued from page 818]

night while she slept in an adjoining room. She had a bell at her hand with which she was wont to summon him. One night he made count of her calls and they totalled twenty-six. Yet it is the unvarying testimony on all sides that he never once departed from the one attitude of kindly devotion; he was invariably the gallant and attentive lover. Surely an exceptional man!

The charm of his wonderful oratory and the magnetism of his presence sometimes won him a hearing from assemblies that detested his opinions. Thus "The Lost Arts" spread his fame and enlarged his audiences. It is recorded of many communities that with trepidation and misgiving they engaged him to deliver this lecture, expecting to see some raging person, full of sound and fury and bellowing like a bull; for newspapers had created and persistently spread the belief that he was a fire-eater, a dangerous maniac and an unqualified liar. When he stepped upon the stage, so evidently a man of learning and refinement, and with his bell-like voice began so quietly to address them in polished phrases, speaking indubitable truth, they were stricken with a comical amazement.

### His Gift of Oratory Won and Held Audiences

The very style of his oratory was a startling innovation. At that time and for long afterward, the general conception of an orator was of a man violently swinging his arms and sing-songing rhetorical and flowery phrases in a way that burlesqued nature. Mr. Phillips used very few gestures and these most modest; he never shouted; he never seemed to be excited; he never sing-songed; he spoke to five thousand exactly as he would speak to one. His compelling power lay in the force of his ideas, in his simple, direct language; in the compact and mighty phrases into which he wrought his words. He revolutionized oratory in America. Since his time it has never been easy for Bombast to carry off the fustian noise that alone had been popular among us. Something most extraordinary, and to this day unequalled, pertained to the arrangement of his sentences. They could not have been studied, for he never wrote out anything he was to say, and in his most extempore addresses the same quality appears. I mean he could always so marshal his words; nervous, swift, vital, stinging as they were, that they had a subtle rhythm and melodic import aside from their burning, verbal significance. He was, I suppose, the clearest-minded man that ever confronted an audience and swayed it to his will. Analyzing his speeches now, it appears that his mind worked simultaneously in two divisions: One was supervising and directing the immediate utterance; the other was arranging his argument far ahead. Greater intellectual feats than these are not recorded of any other orator. Webster, Chatham, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Clay, prepared with great care the periods with which they charmed their hearers. This man at a moment's notice would speak with all the perfection of form and married beauty of thought and thought attainable by any preparation.

A Virginia slave named Thomas Sims escaped to Boston and was captured there. In spite of the most strenuous efforts of Garrison, Phillips, Edmund Quincy and other good men, a Massachusetts judge returned him to slavery. This event brought forth two of Phillips's most celebrated orations; one when the judge's decision was made known, one upon its first anniversary—a daring thought to celebrate such an event! English literature has no passages more tremendous than those in which Wendell Phillips poured forth on these two occasions the liquid fire of his indignation, and in one, "The Sims Anniversary," that noble paragraph beginning: "Take the broken hearts, the bereaved mothers, the infant wrung from the hands of its parents," seems to me to represent the highest flight of eloquence reached by this or any other orator of our race.

From 1840 to 1859 the whole anti-slavery cause seemed to move in unmitigable gloom. Most of its advocates, including Ralph Waldo Emerson, had no hope that in their time they should see chattel slavery overthrown. While the Abolitionists were divided and quarreling about woman suffrage and political action, the united slave-holding interests swept from victory to victory, increasing every year their hold upon the nation. They dominated all branches of the government, most of the courts, both of the great parties. Between the Whigs and the Democrats of that day was only this difference: the Democrats went a little further in abject servility to the interests—an achievement by no means easy and due to superior ability, not to surpassing desire.

### The Cause of the Abolitionists Received Impetus

Yet all this time events and conditions were at work unseen, shaping the nation's course to the will of the Abolitionists. Beyond their knowledge, beyond their dreaming, every important event was reinforcing their appeals to the conscience of the nation.

The great intellectual idol of the North and the foremost Whig was Daniel Webster, then a Senator from



### FOURTH ANNUAL

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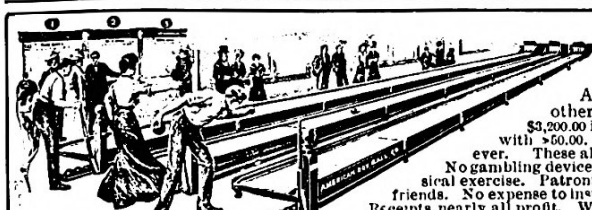
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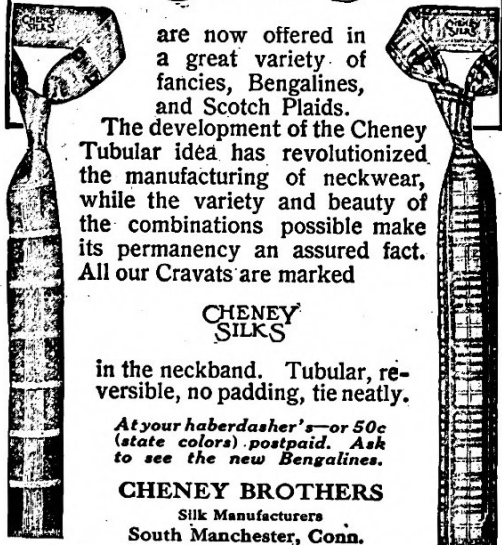
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Massachusetts and the victor in a turgid oratorical combat with Haynes of South Carolina. For many years Mr. Webster had cherished the common and fatal ambition of the American statesman. He wanted to be President.

In 1850, the 348,214 slave-owners, being made drunk with power, introduced in Congress a fugitive slave law far more drastic and tyrannical than had ever before been conceived. It not only transformed all government officers, including postmasters and deputy marshals, into slave-catchers, but provided a special set of slave-catching commissioners, punished citizens that hindered captures or helped escapes, and rewarded those that returned a slave.

When this astounding measure reached the Senate, all men turned to Webster to see what he would do. Millions of men that liked not Abolition heaved the gorge at being impressed as man-catchers. These hoped Webster would attack the bill. In the midst of a tense and dramatic scene in the Senate chamber, March 7, 1850, while even his adversaries seemed sorry to see his humiliation, Webster sold himself for the chance of the Presidency. He supported the entire measure.

Against this wallowing in shame the masses of the people at the North mentally revolted. The official and social North congratulated the man on his abject groveling, but "Ichabod," Whittier's greatest poem, struck the real note of popular thought:

"So lost! So fallen! The light withdrawn  
That once he bore;  
The glory of his gray hairs gone  
Forever more!"

"The man is dead!" the poet concluded. He was so, indeed, though few realized the fact. To Phillips, who had long distrusted and despised Webster, the event merely confirmed an old judgment. After his custom he used it as a text for his soul-searching eloquence. At a Faneuil Hall meeting, called to denounce the Fugitive Slave law, he spoke in his most impressive style. Later he returned to the subject in his Fraternity lecture called "Idols," delivered in Boston on October 4, 1859, so merciless and still so moving that it leaves the reader almost breathless. It contains that famous exhortation of Rufus Choate still declaimed by school boys.

The impression created by Webster's bargain and the bill he supported did not wear off; they were of the order of things that men do not easily forget. Slowly the people began to awaken to the true nature of the power that had subverted the Republic. The South, disdaining Webster's sacrifice, contemptuously refused him the mess of pottage for which he had bartered his soul. Disappointment and the signs of popular disgust shortened his life. President Fillmore rewarded him by making him Secretary of State, but he died in two years, and his place in the Senate was filled by Charles Sumner, who from the same platform in Faneuil Hall with Wendell Phillips and Frederick Douglass, the negro, had denounced Webster for his surrender. Massachusetts had taken the first forward step.

### Phillips Never Acknowledged Discouragement

Upon every phase of these developments Phillips kept eager watch, seeking to turn each to the advantage of his cause. The most singular thing is that in all the darkest days of the movement there is not in his speeches nor letters nor recorded comments one note of discouragement. He seems to tower above average men, seeing over their heads to the end of the road. To him the failure of Abolition was unthinkable. If men turned traitor or ceased from the fight, so much the worse for them. When the North cringed, Phillips jeered in its face. When the South threatened to secede, he cried, "Let it go!" Nothing could take him by surprise or find him unprepared. When audiences hissed and threatened to lynch him, he flung back their taunts and turned their ridicule upon themselves. He never flinched, never hesitated, never modified his expressions, never made a concession to hostile public sentiment, never lost a chance to strike a blow, and was altogether the most indomitable, irrepressible, and insistent fighter in history.

At Cincinnati once in these days he was to lecture before an audience, nine-tenths of which would have been delighted to see him hanged. He knew perfectly well what he faced, but with unruffled composure he walked down the stage and stood waiting for silence. When it came he held up a single sheet of paper. All eyes were now fixed upon him; all men sat breathlessly watching. "If this sheet of paper," began Mr. Phillips in his dulcet tones, "were the Constitution of the United States and I thought it permanently protected the infamy of slave-holding, I would tear it into pieces like this," and he tore the paper into fragments and flung them at his feet. With snarls and howls men rushed over the foot-lights to seize him. Before they could reach him, friends from behind had grasped him in their arms, hurled him into a carriage at the stage door and whipped him away to safety.

Again in Cincinnati some years later, a man brought to the hall a bottle of vitriol intending to throw it in Mr. Phillips's face. At all times he was in danger of his life. Men came to his meetings with ropes in their pockets to hang him. On the other side of his experience, and as illustrating the man's resources, I ought to mention that at Cortland, New York, he delivered four lectures in twenty-six hours, which I

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imagine to be the platform record. He gave "Street Life in Europe" on Saturday evening; "Woman's Rights," Sunday morning; "Toussaint L'Ouverture," Sunday afternoon, and "American Slavery," Sunday night.

### A Succession of Events All Leading Toward One Goal

But to return to the events that swung the nation behind the Abolitionists. Two years after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law came "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which focussed the country's attention upon the essential immorality of slavery. The same year the Whigs were annihilated in the Presidential election and thoughtful men perceived that a new party, based upon stronger opposition to the slave interests, was inevitable. Yet those interests continued to walk their wild road whither that led. In 1854 they passed the Kansas and Nebraska bill, repealing the Missouri Compromise and opening all the Territories to the possibility of slavery. In the same year they secured the arrest and indictment of Mr. Phillips and Theodore Parker for obstructing the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law. On May 22, 1856, Preston S. Brooks, a Representative from South Carolina, stole into the Senate Chamber, crept behind Charles Sumner as he sat at his desk writing, and beat him almost to death with a heavy cane. In 1856 the Republican party was launched with John C. Fremont as its President on a platform against the further extension of slavery and cast an ominously large vote. In 1857 the Supreme Court, controlled by the interests, handed down the Dred Scott decision, and Chief Justice Taney therein advanced the doctrine that "the black man has no rights that the white man is bound to respect." Extraordinary are the potentialities of a phrase! To the aroused conscience of the country, steadily addressed by the Abolitionists, this phrase struck home with peculiar force. It was something concrete and easily understandable; something also that seemed to embody in a few words the whole spirit of the slave-holding interests. Men that had no strong aversion to slavery and detested the Abolitionists rejected the idea that a negro was something less than a horse or a dog and began to perceive the irrepressible struggle.

The passage of the Kansas and Nebraska bill and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise were followed by civil war in Kansas. The question of slavery or freedom being left to the people of that Territory, the slave interests determined to win it for slavery. To that end they poured their adherents into Kansas, seized the Territorial government, stuffed the ballot-boxes, ejected officers legally elected, and began to drive the anti-slavery element from the Territory. In response Free Soil champions preached a new crusade that was assumed by thousands; the contending forces met in desperate struggles that made Kansas truly a dark and bloody ground; and at last there appeared on the scene the commanding figure of John Brown.

### The Death and Burial of John Brown

We have no need to follow here all the developments of the story. When Kansas had been made a Free State, Brown returned to the East and began to meditate the enterprise that culminated in Harper's Ferry. Reactionary writers like John Hay have regarded this as an insane freak and Brown himself as a half-mad fanatic. They entirely overlook the fact that Brown explained his plans and ideas in the utmost detail to some of the ablest Abolitionist leaders, and that cool-headed men like Frank Sanborn and Parker, and men of peace like Gerrit Smith, gave him their complete support. His project failed, to be sure, and Brown was hanged. Immediate success is the only test the reactionary mind can apply to anything. Brown made an armed movement into the South; he was captured and hanged. Therefore he was a madman. Minds of this order cannot grasp the ideals of a man that felt he would rather die protesting than live in a State whose constitution sanctioned human slavery. Elsewhere, liberty-lovers easily understood. To France, for instance, John Brown became one of the world heroes. "That ends slavery in America!" said Victor Hugo, when he heard of Brown's hanging. Few in America saw the truth so clearly.

Mr. Phillips followed closely every step in these progressions, utilizing each to point anew his insistence that until slavery were abolished there could be neither peace, security nor national righteousness. As he had protested vehemently against the Mexican war, calling it a wicked device to enlarge the slave territory, so in successive speeches he entered separate protests against the Kansas and Nebraska bill, against the assault upon Sumner and the applause that greeted the assault, against the Dred Scott decision, against the attempt to seize Kansas for slavery, against the trial of John Brown, and now against his hanging. The next day after that historic tragedy he went to New York and accompanied the body to North Elba, Brown's old home, where it was to be buried. It was he that pronounced the funeral oration, most moving of all his addresses, most moving of all memorial addresses in the language. Its closing words will live in the memory of every person that ever read them, when after reviewing Brown's heroism and sacrifice he said:

"God make us all worthier of him whose dust we lay among these hills he loved. Here he girded himself and went forth to battle. Fuller success than his heart



ever dreamed God granted him. He sleeps in the blessings of the crushed and the poor, and men believe more firmly in virtue now that such a man has lived. Standing here, let us thank God for a firmer faith and fuller hope."

The next year, 1860, saw the prearranged division of the Democratic party, the election of Lincoln and the birth of the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Phillips, always opposed to war and physical force, was for a time in favor of allowing the seceding States to depart. Their absence would at least clear from what was left of the Union the stain of slavery, and he believed that it would in time work out the death of the institution even in the South itself. Most persons at the North, frightened at the prospect, favored every concession that would induce the Southern States to remain. In Massachusetts a very strong movement was under way to repeal the Personal Liberty Act, of which Mr. Phillips was one of the authors, because it had given offense to the slave interests.

#### An Anti-Slavery Address that Caused a Riot

On December 2, 1860, he was announced to speak in Tremont Temple. The interests induced the mayor to close the hall against him. Mr. Phillips repaired to the colored people's church in Belknap Street, and delivered his address there. The rioters attempted to seize him but his friends hurried him out of the rear entrance toward his home. Before he reached Essex Street the mob had discovered him and poured across the Common in pursuit. A body guard of young men protected him, marching in a circle with locked arms about him until he reached his house.

Theodore Parker was now dead and Mr. Phillips sometimes supplied his pulpit. Two weeks after the Belknap Street riot Mr. Phillips delivered another anti-

slavery speech in Parker's pulpit. Again the mob was there, attempting first to break up the meeting and then to lynch the speaker, and again he was protected to his home by his volunteer body guard. I take pleasure in noting that this was composed of German Turners. The Turn Verein had heard of the attempt to throttle free speech and had resolved to defend its champion, and for weeks members of the Verein mounted guard day and night over the Phillips house.

On January 20, he spoke again from Parker's pulpit and the previous scenes were repeated, except that the mob was larger, more determined and more blood-thirsty. It was necessary for the police, who had hitherto been held off by the pro-slavery mayor, to assist the Turners, and one of the policemen subsequently testified to the difficulty with which Mr. Phillips's life was saved.

Yet on each of these occasions he appeared to be above fear, spoke with all of his old time fire and effectiveness, and declared his position unequivocally. On February 17, he spoke again from Parker's pulpit on "Progress" and again a phalanx of the friends of free speech must be drawn about him as a bulwark. But as he spoke on, men that had come resolved to hang him listened to his words, launched in that marvelous voice; gradually they forgot their passions; at last conquered in spite of their prejudices, at last joined with the rest of the audience in tumultuous applause.

The war came, and in the presence of the national crisis Mr. Phillips resumed his duties as an American citizen, fervently supported the Union, and used his eloquence to encourage enlistments and encourage the nation in those trying hours. He did not like Lincoln and did not trust him, believing him to be a politician and an opportunist without convictions against slavery. He was repelled by Lincoln's declaration that he would

save the Union with slavery if he could and without slavery if he must; by his endorsement of the Fugitive Slave Law and attempts to enforce it in the first part of the war, by the long postponement of emancipation, and by the earlier conduct of the war upon reasons of political tactics. On these matters he freely criticized the administration while he supported it. But when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated the most eloquent tribute to his good qualities came from the lips of Wendell Phillips in the memorial address of April 23, 1865, delivered at Tremont Temple. "These are 1865 days," began Mr. Phillips. "The judgments of God have found us out," and he proceeded to show that the barbarism of slavery had echoed in the barbarism of assassination, and in this way we were paying our penalty for our long indifference to a national sin. "And what of him in whose precious blood this momentous lesson is writ? He sleeps in the blessings of the poor, whose fetters God commissioned him to break."

The terrible event turned the joy of the Abolitionists to mourning. Yet their thirty years' war had ended in triumph; their cause was won. Five days before Lincoln fell, the flag had been restored upon Fort Sumter in the harbor of Charleston, against which the first shot of the Rebellion had been fired. A distinguished company of public men attended the ceremony; Henry Ward Beecher was the orator of the day, Henry Wilson, Judge Holt and George Thompson of England were there. So was one other man. Thirty years before, he had been dragged through the streets of Boston to be hanged for preaching the abolition of slavery; now with slavery abolished he stood the nation's honored guest at the ceremonies that marked the end of the long struggle. What must have been the emotions that day of William Lloyd Garrison!

## The Pink Sash—[Continued from page 803]

pipe-smoke, her small face looked utterly serene, utterly honest, utterly devoid of coquetry or self-consciousness.

"Any man would be apt to 'retard' your desire to stroke a lion's face," said Guthrie grimly. "But then," with a flicker of humor, "but then I see you've omitted that item from your revised list. Your only thought about man then," he continued slowly, "is his probable tendency to interfere with your getting the things out of life that you most want."

"Yes."

"Oh, this is quite a novel idea to me," said Guthrie, all a-smile again. "You mean then—if I judge your premises correctly—you mean then that if on the contrary you found a man who would really facilitate the accomplishment of your 'heart's desires,' you'd be willing to think a good deal about him?"

"Oh, yes!" said the young woman.

"You mean then," persisted Guthrie, "you mean then, just for the sake of the argument, that if I, for instance, could guarantee for you every single little item on this list, you'd be willing to marry even me?"

"Yes."

Altogether unexpectedly Guthrie burst out laughing. Instantly a little alarmed look quickened in the young woman's sleepy eyes. "Does it seem cold-blooded to you?" she asked anxiously.

"No, not exactly 'cold' blooded, but certainly a little cooler blooded than any man would have dared to hope for," smiled Guthrie.

The frowning perplexity deepened in the young woman's face. "You surely don't misunderstand me?" she pleaded. "You don't think I'm mercenary or anything horrid like that? Suppose I do make a man's aptitude for gratifying my eight particular whims the supreme test of his marital attractiveness for me—it's not, you must understand, by the sign of his material ability in the matter that I should recognize the Man Who Was Made for Me—but by the sign of his spiritual willingness."

"O—h!" said Guthrie very leisurely. Then, with a trifle more vigor, he picked up the small list again and scanned it carefully.

"It—would n't—be—such—a hard—list to—fulfill!" he resumed presently. "A summer in the mountains? You're having that now. Oxford? 'Glimpse of Naples'? 'Cloud Picture'? 'Surgical Operation'? 'Pink Sash'? 'Good Dinner'? 'Christmas'? Why there's really nothing here that I could n't provide for you, myself, if you'd only give me time."

With mischievous unconcern the young woman smiled back at him.

"What an extraordinary conversation we've had this morning," she said. As though quite exhausted by the uniqueness of it, she slid a little further down into her seat and turned her cheek against the firm support of the chair-back.

"What an extraordinary understanding it has brought us to!" exclaimed the man, scanning her closely.

"I don't see anything particularly—understandably about it," denied the young woman wearily.

It was then that Donas Guthrie asked his simple question, boring his khaki-colored elbows into his khaki-colored knees.

"Little Psychology Teacher," he said very gently, "Little Psychology Teacher, Dr. Andrews says that you've got typhoid fever. He's feared it now for some time, and you know it's against his orders—your being up now. So as long as I've proved myself here and now, by your own test, the Man-Whom-You-Were-Looking-For, I suggest that you and I be—married this afternoon—before that itinerant shiny-shouldered preacher out in the corral escapes us altogether—and then we'll send the rest of the party on about their business, and you and Dr. Andrews and Hanlon's Mary and I will camp right down here where we are—and scrap the old typhoid fever

to its finish. Will you, Little Psychology Teacher?"

Lifting her white hands to her throbbing temples the young woman turned her astonished face jerkily toward him.

"What—did—you—say?" she gasped.

"I said: Will you marry me this afternoon?" repeated Guthrie.

Brusquely she pushed that part of the phrase aside. "What did you really say?" she insisted. "What did Dr. Andrews say?"

"Dr. Andrews says that you've got typhoid fever," repeated Guthrie.

Inertly she blinked her big brown eyes for an instant. Then suddenly her hands went groping out to the arms of her chair. Her face was horror-stricken. "Why did n't he tell me, himself?"

"Because I asked him to let me tell you," said Guthrie, quietly.

"When did he tell you?" she persisted.

"Just before I came up on the piazza," said Guthrie.

"How did he tell you?" she demanded.

"How did he tell me," mused Guthrie, wretchedly. After all, underneath his occasional whimsicality he was distinctly literal-minded. "How did he tell me? Why, I saw them all pow-wow together in the corral, and Andrews looked up sort of queer and said: 'Say, Guthrie, that little Psychology friend of yours has got typhoid fever. What in thunder are we going to do?'"

The strained lines around Esther Davidson's mouth relaxed for a second.

"Well, what in thunder am I going to do?" she joked, heroically. But the effort at flippancy was evidently quite too much for her. In another instant her head pitched forward against the piazza railing and her voice, when she spoke again, was almost indistinguishable.

"And you knew all this an hour ago!" she accused him incoherently. "Knew my predicament—knew my inevitable weakness and fear and mortification—knew me a stranger among strangers. And yet you came up here to jolly me inconsequently—about a million foolish things!"

"It was because at the end of the hour, I hoped to be something to you that would quite prevent your feeling a 'stranger among strangers,'" said Guthrie very quietly.

"I have asked you to marry me this afternoon, you must remember."

The young woman's lip curled helplessly. "You astonish me!" she scoffed. "I had always understood that men did not marry very easily. Quick to love, slow to marry, is supposed to be your most striking characteristic—and here are you asking marriage of me, and you haven't even loved me yet!"

"You women do not seem to marry any too easily," smiled Guthrie gazing nervously from his open watch to the furthest corner of the corral, where the preacher's raw-boned pony, nose in air, was stubbornly refusing to take his bit.

"Indeed we do marry—perfectly easily—when we once love," retorted the woman contentiously. "It's the love part of it that we are reluctant about!"

"But I haven't asked you to love me," protested the man with much patience. "I merely asked you to marry me."

The woman's jaw dropped. "Out of sympathy for my emergency, out of mistaken chivalry, you're asking me to marry you, and not even pretending that you love me?" she asked in astonishment.

"I haven't had time to love you yet. I've only known you 'such a little while,'" said the man quite simply. Almost sternly he rose and began to pace up and down the narrow confines of the little piazza. "All I know is," he asserted, "that the very first moment you stepped off the train at Laramie, I knew you were the woman whom I was—going to love—sometime."

Very softly he slid back into the rustic seat he had just vacated, and taking the woman's small clenched hands in his began to smooth out her fingers like poor crumpled ribbons.

"Now, Little Psychology Teacher," he said, "I want you to listen very, very carefully to everything I say. Do you like me all right?"

"Y—e—s."

"Better than you like Andrews or Ellis or even the old Judge?"

"Oh yes!"

"Ever since we all started out together on the Trail you've just sort of naturally fallen to my lot, haven't you? Whenever you naturally your pony's girth tightened, or whenever you wanted a drink of water, or whenever the big canyons scared you, or whenever the campfire smoked you, you've just sort of whenever turned to me, haven't you? And it never be fair enough, wouldn't it, to say that at least I've never made any situation worse for you? So that if anything ugly or awkward were going to happen—perhaps you really would rather have me around than anyone else?"

"Yes—surely."

"Maybe even, when we've been watching Ellis and his Missis riding ahead, all hand in hand and smile in smile, you've wondered a bit, woman-like, how it would seem, for instance, to be riding along hand in hand and smile in smile with me?"

"P-o-s-s-i-b-l-y."

"Never had any special curiosity about how it would seem to go hand and hand with—Andrews?"

"Foolish!"

"Hooray!" cried Guthrie. "That's all that I really needed to know! Oh, don't feel bashful about it. It surely is an absolutely impersonal compliment on your part. It isn't even you that I'm under obligations to for the kindness, but Nature with a great big capital 'N.' Somehow I always have had an idea that you women instinctively do divide all mankind into three classes: first, Those Whom You Couldn't Possibly Love; second, Those Whom You Could Possibly Love, and third, the One Man of the World Whom You Actually Do Love. And unless this mysterious Nature with a capital 'N' has already qualified a man for the second class, God himself can't promote that man into the third class. So it seems to me that every fellow could save himself an awful lot of misunderstanding and wasted time if he'd do just what I've done—make a distinctly preliminary proposal to his lady; not 'Do you love me?' which might take her fifteen years to decide, but: 'Could you love me?' which any woman can tell the first time she sees you. And if she can't possibly love you, that settles everything neatly then and there, but if she can possibly, why, with Nature once on his side, a man's a craven who can't put up a mighty good scrap for his coveted prize. Doesn't this all make sense to you?"

Cannily the young woman lifted her eyes to his and fathomed him mutely for an instant. Then:

"Perfectly good 'sense' but no feeling," she answered dully.

"It's only 'sense' that I'm trying to make," acknowledged Guthrie. "Now look here, you Little Teacher, I'm going to talk to you just as bluntly as I would to another fellow. You are in a hole—the deuce of a hole! You have got typhoid fever, and it may run ten days and it may run ten weeks! And you are two thousand miles from home—among strangers! And no matter how glad I personally may be that you did push on and join us, sick or well, from every practical standpoint, of course, it surely was heedless and ill-considered of you to start off in poor health on a trip like this and run the risk of forcing perfectly unconcerned strangers to pay for it all. Personally, you seem so much to belong to me already that it gives me goose-flesh to think of your having to put



yourself under obligations to any purely conscientious person. Mrs. Ellis, of course, will insist, out of common humanity, upon giving up her trip and staying behind with you, but Mrs. Ellis, Little Teacher, is on her honeymoon, and Ellis couldn't stay behind—it's his party—he'd have to go on with his people—and you'd never be able to compensate anybody for a broken honeymoon, and the judge's youngster couldn't nurse a sick kitten, and the two women teachers from New York have been planning seven years for this trip, they told me, and we couldn't decently take it away from them. But you and I, Little Psychology Lady, are not strangers to each other. Hanlon's Mary here at the ranch house, rough as she is, has at least the serving hands of a woman, and Andrews belongs naturally to the tribe which is consecrated to inconveniences, and both can be compensated accordingly. And I would have married you, anyway, before another year was out! Yes, I would!

Apparently ignoring everything that he had said, she turned her face scowlingly toward the sound of hammering that issued suddenly through the piazza door.

"Oh, Glory!" she complained. "Are they making my coffin already?"

With a little laugh, Guthrie relinquished her limp fingers, and, jumping up, took another swift turn along the piazza, stopping only to bang the door shut again. When he faced her once more the twinkle was all gone from his eyes.

"You're quite right, what you said about men," he resumed with desperate seriousness. "We are a heap sight quicker in our susceptibilities than in our mentalities! Therefore, no sane man ever does marry till his brain has caught up with his emotions! But sometimes, you know, something happens that hustles a man's brain along a bit, and this time my brain seems fairly to have jumped to its destination and clean-beaten even the emotions in the race. In cool, positive judgment I tell you I want to marry you this afternoon."

"You've confessed yourself, haven't you, that you've no severer ideal for marriage than that a man should be generous enough to give your personality, no matter how capricious, a chance to breathe? Haven't I qualified sufficiently as that amiable man? More than that, I'm free to love you; I'm certainly keen to serve you; I'm reasonably well able to provide for you, and you naturally have a right to know that I've led a decent life. It's ten good years now since I was thirty and first found nerve enough to break away from the stifling business life I hated and get out into the open, where there's surely less money but infinitely more air. And in ten years I've certainly found considerable chance to fulfill a few of the items in my own little 'List of Necessities.' I've seen Asia and I've seen Africa, and I've written the book I've always wanted to write on North American mountain structures."

"But there's a lot more that I crave to do. Maybe I've got a bit of a 'capricious personality' myself! Maybe I also have been hunting for the mate who would give my personality a chance to breathe. Certainly I've never wanted any home yet, except when the right time came, the arms of the right woman. And I guess you must be she, because you're the first woman I've ever seen whom I'd trust to help me just as hard to play my chosen games as I'd help her to play hers! I tell you—I want—very much—to marry you this afternoon."

"Why do you dally with me so? Isn't it your own argument that there's only just one day in the love-life of a man and woman when the question and the answer mate exactly, and the books are balanced perfectly even for the new start together? Demand and supply, debit and credit, hunger and food? You, wild for help, and I wild to help you! What difference does it make what you call it? Isn't this our day?"

"For a man who's usually as silent as you are, don't you think you're talking a good deal, considering how sick you said I was?" asked the young woman, not unmiraculously.

Guthrie's square jaws snapped together like a trap. "I was merely trying to detain you," he mumbled, "until Hanlon had finished knocking the windows out of your room. We're going to give you all the air you can breathe, anyway."

A little sullenly he started for the stairs. Then just at the door he turned unexpectedly and his face was all smiles again.

"Little Psychology Teacher," he said, "I have made you a formal, definite offer of marriage. And in just about ten minutes from now I am coming back for my answer."

When he did return a trifle sooner than he had intended, he met her in the narrow upper hall-way, with hands outstretched, groping her way unsteadily toward her room. As though her equilibrium was altogether disturbed by his sudden advent, she reeled back against the wall.

"Mr. Donas Guthrie," she said, "I'm feeling pretty wobbly! Mr. Donas Guthrie," she said, "I guess I'm pretty sick."

"It's a cruel long way down the hall," suggested Guthrie. "Wouldn't you like me to carry you?"

"Yes—I would," sighed the Little Psychology Teacher.

Even to Guthrie's apprehensive mind, her weight proved most astonishingly light. The small head drooping limply back from the slender neck seemed actually the only heavy thing about her, yet there were apparently only two ideas in that head.

"I'm afraid of Hanlon's Mary, and I don't like Dr. Andrews—very—specially—much," she kept repeating aimlessly. Then half way to her room her body stiffened suddenly.

"Mr. Donas Guthrie," she quizzed. "Do you think I'm probably going to die?"

"N-a-w!" said Guthrie, his nose fairly crinkling with positiveness.

"But they don't give you much of anything to eat in typhoid, do they?" she persisted hectically.

"I suppose not," acknowledged Guthrie.

With disconcerting unexpectedness she began to cry—a soft, low, whimping cry like a sleepy child's.

"If any day should come when they think—that I am going to die," she moaned, "who will there be to see that I do get—something awfully good to eat?"

"I'll see to it," said Guthrie, "if you'll only put me in authority."

As though altogether indifferent to anything that he might say, her tension relaxed again and without further parleying she let Guthrie carry her across the threshold of her room and set her down cautiously in the creaky rocking chair. The eyes that lifted to his were as vague and turbid as brown velvet.

"There's one good thing about typhoid," she moaned. "It doesn't seem to hurt any, does it? In fact, I think I rather like it. It feels as warm and snug and don't-care as a hot lemonade at bed time. But what?" brightening suddenly, "but what was it you asked me to think about? I feel sort of confused—but it was something, I remember, that I was going to argue with you about."

"It was what I said about marrying me," prompted Guthrie.

"Oh y-e-s," smiled the Little Psychology Teacher. Hazily for a moment she continued staring at him with her fingers prodded deep into her temples. Then suddenly, like a flower blasted with heat, she wilted down into her chair, groping blindly out with one hand toward the sleeve of his coat.

"Whatever you think best to do about it," she faltered, "I guess you'd better arrange pretty quickly—cause I think—I'm—going—out."

This is how it happened that Mr. and Mrs. Donas Guthrie and Dr. Andrews stayed behind at the ranch house with Hanlon and Hanlon's Mary, and a piebald pony or two, and a herd of Angora goats, and a pink geranium plant, and the strange intermittent smell of a New England farm-house which lurked in Hanlon's goods and chattels even after thirty years, and three or four stale, tattered magazines—and typhoid fever.

It was typhoid fever that proved essentially the most incalculable companion of them all. Hanlon's austerity certainly never varied from day to day, nor the inherent sullenness of Hanlon's Mary.

The meagre sick-room, stripped to its bare pine skin of every tawdry colored print and fluttering cheese-cloth curtain, faced bluntly toward the west—a vital little laboratory in which the unknown quantity of a woman's endurance and the fallible skill of one man, the stubborn bravery of another, and the quite inestimable will of God were to be fused together in a desperate experiment to precipitate Life rather than Death.

So October waxed into November, and so waxed misgiving into apprehension, and apprehension into actual fear. In any more cheerful situation it would have been at least interesting to have watched the infuriated expletives issue from Andrews's perennially smiling lips.

"Oh, hang not having anything to work with!" he kept reiterating and reiterating. "Hang being shut off like this on a ranch where there aren't anything but sheep and goats and one old stinky cow that Hanlon's Mary guards with her life 'cause the lady's only a school teacher, but a baby is a baby." Hang Hanlon's Mary! And hang not being altogether able to blame her! And hang not knowing, anyway, just what nanny-goat's milk would do for a typhoid patient! And hang—

But before the expletives, and through the expletives, and after the expletives, Andrews was all hero, working, watching, experimenting, retrenching, humanly comprehensive, more than humanly vigilant.

So, with the brain of a doctor and the heart of a lover, the two men worked and watched and waited through the tortuous autumn days and nights, blind to the young dawn stealing out like a luminous mist from the night-smothered mountains; deaf to the flutter of sun-dried leaves in the radiant noon-time; dull to the fruit-scented fragrance of the early twilight, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, sensing nothing, except the flicker of a pulse or the rise of a temperature.

And then at last there came a harsh, wintry feeling day, when Andrews, stepping out into the hall, called Guthrie softly to him and said, still smiling:

"Guthrie, old man, I don't think we're going to win this game!"

"W-h-a-t?" gasped Guthrie.

With his mouth still curling amiably around his words, Andrews repeated the phrase. "I said, I don't think we're going to win this game. No, nothing new's happened. She's simply burning out. Can't you understand? I mean she's probably—going to die!"

Out of the jumble of words that hurtled through Guthrie's mind only four slipped his lips.

"But—she's—my—wife!" he protested.

"Other men's wives have died before this," said Andrews still smiling.

"Man," cried Guthrie, "if you smile again, I'll break your head!"

With his tears running down like rain into the broadening trough of his smile, Andrews kept right on smiling. "You need n't be so cross about it," he said. "You're not the only one who likes her! I wanted her myself! You're nothing but a tramp on the face of the earth—and I could have given her the snuggest home in Yonkers!"

With their arms across each other's shoulders they went back into the sick room.

Rousing from her lethargy, the young woman opened her eyes upon them with the first understanding that she had shown for some days. Inquisitively she stared from Guthrie's somber eyes to Andrews's distorted cheerfulness.

Taking instant advantage of her unwonted rationality, Andrews blurted out the question that was uppermost in his professional responsibility.

"Don't you think, maybe, your people ought to know about your being sick?" he said. "Now, if you could give us any addresses."

For a second it really seemed as though the question would merely safely ignite her common-sense.

"Why yes, of course," she acquiesced. "My brother."

Then suddenly, without any warning, her most dangerous imagination caught fire.

"You mean," she faltered, "that—I—am—not—going to get well?"

Before either man was quick enough to contradict her, the shock had done its work. Piteously she turned her face to the pillow.

"Never—never—to—go—to—Oxford?" she whispered in mournful astonishment. "Never—even—to—see my—Bay of Naples?—Never—to—have—a—perfectly happy Christmas?" A little petulantly then her brain began to clog. "I think I—might at least have had—the pink sash!" she complained. Then, equally suddenly,

her strength rallied for an instant and the eyes that she lifted to Guthrie's were filled with a desperate effort at raillery. "Bring on your—anchovies and caviar," she reminded him, "and the stuffed green peppers—and remember I don't like my fillet too well done—and—"

Five minutes later in the hallway Andrews caught Guthrie just as he was chasing down-stairs after Hanlon. "What are you going to do?" he asked curiously.

"I'm going to send Hanlon out to the telegraph station," said Guthrie. "I'm going to wire to Denver for a pink sash!"

"What she was raving about?" quizzed Andrews. "Are you raving too?"

"It's the only blamed thing in the whole world that she's asked for that I can get her," said Guthrie.

"It'll take five days," growled Andrews.

"I know it!"

"It won't do her any good."

"I can't help that!"

"She'll—be gone before it gets here."

"You can't help that!"

But she was n't 'gone' at all before it came. All her vitalities charred, to be sure, like a fire-swept woodland, but still tenacious of life, still fighting for reorganization, a little less feverish, a little stronger-pulsed, she opened her eyes in a puzzled, sad sort of little smile, when Guthrie shook the great, broad, shimmering gauze-like ribbon tickling down across her wasted hands, and then apparently drowsed off to sleep again. But when both men came back to the room a few moments later, almost half the pink sash was cuddled under her cheek. And Hanlon's Mary came and peered through the doorway, with the whining baby still in her arms, and reaching out and fretting a piece of pink fringe between her hardy fingers, sniffed mightily.

"And you sent my man all the way to the wire," she asked, "and grubbed him three whole days waitin' round, just for that?"

"Yes, sure," said Guthrie.

"G-a-w-d!" said Hanlon's Mary.

And, the next week the patient was even better, and the next week, better still. Then, one morning after days and days of seemingly interminable silence and stupor, she opened her eyes perfectly wide and asked Guthrie abruptly:

"Whom did I marry? You or Dr. Andrews?"

And Guthrie in a sudden perversity of shock and embarrassment lied grimly:

"Dr. Andrews!"

"I didn't either—it was you!" came the immediate, not too strong, but distinctly temperish response.

Something in the new vitality of the tone made Guthrie stop whatever he was doing and eye her suspiciously.

"How long have you been conscious like this?" he queried in surprise.

The faintest perceptible flicker of mischief crossed her haggard face.

"Three—days," she acknowledged.

"Then why—" began Guthrie.

"Because I—didn't know—just what to call you," she faltered.

After that no power on earth apparently could induce any further speech from her for another three days. Solemn and big-eyed and totally unfathomable, she lay watching Guthrie's every gesture, every movement. From the door to the chair, from the chair to the window, from the window back to the chair, she lay estimating him altogether disconcertingly. Across the hand that steadied her drinking glass, she studied the poise of his lean, firm wrist. Out from the shadow-mystery of her heavy lashes, she questioned the ultimate value of each frown or smile.

And then, suddenly—just as abruptly as the first time she had spoken:

"What day is it?" she asked.

"It's Christmas," said Guthrie, softly.

"O-h!—O-h!—O-h!" she exclaimed, very slowly. Then with increasing interest and wonder, "Is there snow on the ground?" she whispered.

"No," said Guthrie.

"Is it full moon to-night?" she questioned.

"No," said Guthrie.

"Is there any small, freckle-faced, alto-voiced choir boy in the house, trotting around humming funny little tail-ends of anthems and carols, while he's buckling up his skates?" she stammered.

"No," said Guthrie.

"Are there any old, white-haired loving people cuddled in the chimney corner?" she persisted.

"No," said Guthrie.

"Isn't there—any Christmas tree?"

"No."

"Aren't there even any presents?"

"No."

"Oh!" she smiled. "Isn't it funny!"

"What's funny?" asked Guthrie perplexedly.

The eyes that lifted to his were brimming full of a strange, wistful sort of astonishment. "Why, it's funny," she faltered, "it's funny—that without—any of these things—that I thought were so necessary to it—I've found my 'perfectly happy Christmas.'"

Then, almost bashfully, her wisp-like fingers went straying out toward the soft silken folds of the precious pink sash which she kept always close to her pillow.

"If—you—don't—mind," she said, "I think I'll cut my sash in two and give half of it to Hanlon's Mary to make a dress for her baby."

The medicine spoon dropped rather clatteringly out of Guthrie's hand.

"But I sent all the way to Denver for it," he protested.

"Oh, yes, I know all about that," she acknowledged.

"But—what—can—a—great big girl—like me—do with a—pink sash?"

"But you said you wanted it!" cried Guthrie. "Why, it took a man and a pony and a telegraph station five entire days to get it, and they had to flag the express train specially for it—and—and—"

A little wearily she closed her eyes and then opened them again blinkingly.

"I'm pretty tired, now," she said, "so I don't want to talk about it—but don't you—understand? I've revised my whole list of necessities. Out of the wide—wide—world—I find—that I don't really want anything—except—just—you!"