



# SUCCESS MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN  
Founder and Contributing Editor

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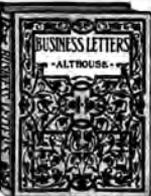
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## FORTUNES FOR FARMERS IN THE HOUSTON DISTRICT OF TEXAS

"ASK THE MAN FROM TEXAS"

**T**WENTY years of successful experiment and three years of energetic exploitation, have made it known throughout the Nation, that the Gulf Coast Country of Texas, buying and selling through Houston, offers more and better opportunities for FARM INVESTORS than any other portion of the continent.

For these reasons:

**FIRST**—Fertile lands at from \$25.00 to \$100.00 per acre can be purchased throughout the district.

**SECOND**—These lands intelligently cultivated, produce incomes ranging from \$25.00 to \$500.00 per acre according to the crop grown. Rice \$25.00; Sweet Potatoes \$75.00; Irish Potatoes \$75.00 to \$100.00; Peanuts \$50.00 to \$100.00; Cotton \$25.00 to \$75.00; Alfalfa \$25.00 to \$100.00; Strawberries \$200.00 to \$500.00; Canteloupes \$75.00 to \$300.00; Watermelons \$50.00 to \$300.00; Sugar Cane \$25.00 to \$75.00; Figs \$75.00 to \$300.00; Oranges \$100.00 to \$500.00. Sworn statements by growers show that a revenue of \$1000.00 per acre on oranges is not uncommon, the income being governed by the age of the orchard. And so on down a list of more than one hundred products of Houston district farms, orchards and gardens.

**THIRD**—Farm and orchard values in the Houston district, while advancing rapidly, are still held at prices lower than similar lands elsewhere, and their earning power will pay handsome returns on values far in excess of present prices.

To illustrate: Raw lands in Southern California orange districts and in the Oregon and Washington apple districts sell for \$250.00 to \$500.00 per acre. In the Houston district adjacent to orchards and gardens earning \$300.00 to \$500.00 per acre per annum, raw lands of identically the same kinds, can be bought

from \$50.00 to \$100.00 per acre, and equally good lands a little farther back for \$25.00 and upwards. And this in the RAIN BELT with 40 inches of precipitation annually, and distributed during the growing period, when most needed by the crops.

The Explanation: The upward tendency of farm and orchard land values in the Houston district of Texas is just beginning. Investors who come now get in on the ground floor.

Is it surprising that more well-to-do farmers and orchardists are buying lands and settling in the Houston district than in any other section of the continent?

Here is the fact of first importance. The Houston district produces crops as valuable, and at lower cost, than California, and it is 2,000 miles nearer the great central and eastern markets of the United States.

Houston, besides being the center of the world's greatest and richest farming districts, is the industrial center of the Southwest.

Seventeen great railroads, converging at Houston from all points of the compass, meet the Sea via the Ship Channel, assuring, on account of water competition, cheap transportation rates to all parts of the world.

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At Houston the hum of industry prevails. There are scores of factories, but room for more. In almost every line the demand exceeds the supply. Climatic conditions are ideal, with sunny days and cool breezes from the Gulf at night.

A letter stating positively just what particular information is wanted, will bring complete data by return mail. Address

**CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, HOUSTON, TEXAS**



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The Oliver Typewriter Company is rapidly extending its Agency System to 100,000 towns and villages throughout the United States and Canada. **Your town is on the list.** Investigation costs nothing. It may result in securing for you the local agency for the fastest-selling typewriter in the world. We make an Exclusive Agency Contract that carries with it the absolute control of all sales of Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned. Hundreds who hold these contracts make thousands of dollars a year. The agency is a **business asset worth real money.**

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To understand the money-making possibilities of an Oliver Local Agency, just bear in mind that it is an **exclusive franchise**—a legal document, officially signed by this Company—that allows you a profit on every Oliver Typewriter sold in the specified territory during the entire life of the arrangement, **whether the sale is closed by yourself or by one of our traveling salesmen.** If you were offered a franchise giving you a share of the tolls on every Telegram or Telephone Message sent or received in your territory—**wouldn't you cinch it?**

**The Telegraph, the Telephone and the Typewriter are three great agencies of public service.**

If your application is received in **time** and your qualifications are satisfactory, you get the profit on all local sales of the greatest typewriter in the public service today. A typewriter on which the patents alone are worth several millions of dollars.

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The Oliver Typewriter works are the largest in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of typewriters. Here are seen acres of machinery, manned by hundreds of experts, turning out a finished typewriter every 3½ minutes. This stupendous rate of production, ever on the increase, is necessitated by the never-

ceasing demand throughout the entire world. Our manufacturing facilities have increased every year since our incorporation. We invest a fortune in new machinery and new buildings every year. The secret of this amazing growth is in the machine itself.

### 17 Cents a Day Purchase Plan

This convenient Plan of Purchase puts the Oliver Typewriter within the reach of **everybody.** It makes a smooth path for the Local Agent. **It rings the door bells of possible buyers—it actually opens the doors!** Think of being able to offer the **biggest hundred dollars' worth in America for SEVENTEEN CENTS A DAY!**

The Agent can buy—and sell—Oliver Typewriters for pennies!

It's the most attractive Purchase Plan ever applied to typewriters. Its success is shown by the record-breaking sales rolled up by our local Agents.

The earnings of some of these agents exceed those of many merchants.



MANUFACTURED BY The Oliver Typewriter Co., Chicago, Ill. Keep machine cleaned and oiled.

### Work One Hour or Ten Hours a Day

In larger towns and cities, the Local Agency for the Oliver Typewriter demands one's **exclusive time.** In smaller towns and villages the work can be done in **spare time.** Clerks, telegraph operators, accountants, cashiers of banks and other salaried men can **retain their positions and take on this work in addition.**

Clergymen, doctors, lawyers, teachers—can easily make extra money out of the Local Agency. Merchants, tradesmen, real estate and insurance agents, printers, newspaper editors, proprietors of hotels, stationery stores and others will find the Local Agency for the Oliver Typewriter an extremely profitable adjunct to their regular business.

We don't want anyone to apply for the agency solely to secure a \$100 typewriter at our wholesale price, but only where, if the agency is given him, the applicant intends not only to use and endorse the Oliver Typewriter but to **co-operate with us in placing other machines in the territory assigned him.**

### Send Coupon or Letter for "Opportunity Book"

We are establishing Local Agencies just as fast as we find the **right men.** We have printed the "Opportunity Book" in order to give each inquirer the

most accurate and adequate information. The book will tell you just what we know about the opportunity that awaits your grasp. It points out alluring pictures of success to be won without effort. It will not appeal to idlers. It's meant for those who mean business. Its message is to virile, aggressive men who fully understand that splendid rewards in money and glory must all be honestly earned. Opportunity is looking you right in the eye. What are you going to do about it? Send for the book **immediately.** Cast your fortunes with our 150,000 Local Agents while the way is open. (79)

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.  
244 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago  
Gentlemen: Please send "OPPORTUNITY BOOK" and details of your AGENCY PLAN.

Name.....  
Address.....

Address Agency Department

The Oliver Typewriter Co. 244 Oliver Typewriter Building Chicago

# It Took Me 54 Years To Write This Advertisement



F. H. GLIDDEN, Pres.  
The Glidden Varnish Co.

**W**HEN I started the Glidden factory, I don't suppose that one person out of three who reads these lines was alive. It was back in the days when there were no street cars, when the electric light was undreamed of, when the idea of the telephone would have been laughed at. Your grandfather and I used to have our hats and our shoes, as well as our clothes, measured to order.

When we wanted to communicate with Denver, we sent our letters by the pony express. There were no trains across the plains. Chicago was a village. The tallest skyscraper in New York was six stories high.

It was a neighborly period, an era of personal contact. Merchants knew all their customers by name; goods were sold on personality—an honest man succeeded, and a dishonest

I thought at first I would use linseed oil, but after trying different blends I found that a combination of linseed oil and wood oil gave better service and more enduring results, and, although it means sending all the way to China for this wood oil, the expense isn't spared.

**I mean that you shall get in Jap-a-lac, the best article that can be made at any price.**

The name Jap-a-lac is a trade mark; there is only one Jap-a-lac, only one quality.

I want you to try it. You need no experience.

Jap-a-lac is a liquid Jack-of-all-Trades.

It is a varnish and a stain and an enamel, all in one.

It comes in every color, as well as white, black and gold.

It will restore old furniture.

It will polish a hardwood floor and never show heel marks or nail prints. You can apply it to any kind of wood and any kind of woodwork.

You can use it for your pantry shelves and do away with the bother of constantly recovering them with paper or oil cloth—because Jap-a-lac can be washed every day as readily as you can wash a piece of crockery. It's just as water-proof and just as lasting.

A kitchen can be made absolutely sanitary by enameling the chairs, table, refrigerator and the tops of the wash tubs with white Jap-a-lac. This keeps the kitchen sweet and wholesome.

With Jap-a-lac you can varnish the shelves in the closets, repaint your iron bedsteads, turn your old tin or zinc bathtub into an enameled one, and do a thousand and one things, such as gilding your frames and silvering your radiators. But it takes a little book to tell all the wonderful possibilities of a little bit of Jap-a-lac, a little bit of time and a little bit of intelligence. Send me your name and I will have the book sent to you.

**You can buy Jap-a-lac everywhere.**

*F. H. Glidden*

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO.

Cleveland, O.

Toronto, Ont.



man couldn't hide his record; therefore, he had to hide his face.

I was trained in a strict, rigorous school of integrity. I had one principle dinned into my memory—that a business man should no more sign his name to a bad article than to a bad check. I have not outgrown these theories of my youth. I'm still an old-fashioned manufacturer. I don't know how to make anything but goods fit to put my name on. My goods are for sale, but my good name is not.

**I made the first can of Jap-a-lac with my own hands—I KNOW it's RIGHT.**

I prepared the formula myself. The experience of a varnish lifetime is in every tin that you buy. There is no secret to Jap-a-lac quality, so I am going to explain the reasons why Jap-a-lac is superior.

To begin with, a varnish must have a "body." We use gums for this purpose. There are some native gums, such as rosin, but the best gums are found in the far East, and the islands of the Pacific.

Rosin is only used in the very cheapest varnishes. The Philippines supply the next lowest quality, but neither rosin nor Manila gums were up to the standard that I had set for Jap-a-lac, so out of my years of experience I selected a fine quality of gum from New Zealand, known as Kauri. It is expensive, four times as much as the Philippine gum and ten times as much as rosin.

**When I made up my mind to manufacture Jap-a-lac, I made up my mind that its reputation should need no varnish.**

I could have saved a fortune in profits by using aniline colors, but in my heart of hearts I knew that anilines would never wear; that they were bound to fade, and so I kept on experimenting with different colors, until I found some German chemical colors which stood every test.

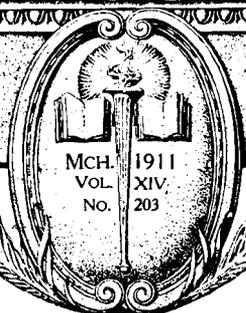
They're expensive, but Jap-a-lac must be right, and so I send clear to Germany for pigments.

**That's why I don't hesitate to give you my personal word that Jap-a-lac is sun-proof and time-proof.**

## JAP-A-LAC

Made in 18 Colors  
and Natural (Clear)  
Renews Everything from Cellar to Carpet.  
"You Can't Keep House Without It"

# SUCCESS MAGAZINE



Published Monthly by The National Post Company, 29-31 East 22d Street, New York.

E. E. Garrison, President and Treasurer; David G. Evans, Vice-President; Samuel Merwin, Secretary.

## In the Editor's Confidence

### THE CHANGES IN THE MAGAZINE WORLD

**T**HE present number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE is published by The National Post Company instead of by The Success Company, as formerly. Within a few months, the first number of a new fortnightly, THE NATIONAL POST, will be issued by the same house; and thereafter the two publications will appear regularly.

This change marks the beginning of an epoch in the history of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. It was not to be expected that the tendency of all modern industry to combine and cooperate should fail to make itself felt in the publishing world as in other departments of human activity. It has long been evident that a printing plant and a circulation and advertising organization competent to handle a single great magazine could with very little added cost handle two or more publications.

A few months ago Messrs. David G. Evans and Samuel Merwin, who had for six years been identified with the building up of SUCCESS MAGAZINE and its policies, left The Success Company, and in company with Messrs. E. E. Garrison and Nathan A. Smyth, prepared to launch THE NATIONAL POST, a fortnightly magazine designed to focus and, if possible, lead the progressive spirit of the American people.

It soon became evident to Dr. Marden and his associates in The Success Company that a combination with the new fortnightly would enable each magazine to secure all the advantages and economies of cooperation, while it would also insure the continuance of the editorial freedom and vigor of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. For The National Post Company represents the first consistent effort to vest the ownership of a group of outspoken, public-spirited magazines in the hands of the American people, where it belongs.

This page is not the place for a statement of the plan of National ownership which underlies and is the animating spirit of The National Post Company. Many of you who read this have already entered your names as partners in this, to us, inspiring plan for safeguarding the ancient right of publishing the truth; others who wish to inform themselves regarding the plan can easily do so through correspondence with this office. It is enough to say at present that The National Post Idea, expressed editorially, is simply a clearer, more definite crystallization of the idea we have long been trying to work out in SUCCESS MAGAZINE—"Keep your temper. Trust the people. Dig for the truth, and print it."

There have lately been thousands of columns of newspaper talk regarding the supposed attempts of "Big Money" to get control of the independent periodicals. The New York Press started the discussion with this startling headline: "Morgan Gets a Strangle Hold on Big Magazines." Other papers leaped at the "story." The Associated Press functioned automatically and carried into every corner of the land the information that the magazines were being headed off or crushed.

There is some fire-back of all this smoke. Whether Morgan is personally active in the campaign or not, we do not know, and frankly, we do not care. Of the exact truth back of the Press's assertion that Morgan men are taking over the American News Company in order to control the distribution of the magazines, we are ignorant. But that there is a strong tendency toward centralization of magazine control, we think we can see; and that "Big Money" does visit punishment on publications of an independent spirit, we know from our experi-

ence here with SUCCESS MAGAZINE—during the recent fight on Cannonism, for example.

The deeply regrettable aspect of the present discussion is that it should have centered on the recent alliance of the *American Magazine* with the Crowell Publishing Company. We have no special information as to the details of this alliance. Strictly, it is none of our business, for the *American Magazine* is supposed to be a competitor of ours. But the *American* has been a potent and righteous educator and guide during the troublous five years just past. On its staff of regular editors and contributors are several of the soundest and clearest thinkers in the whole field of American journalism. The notion that John S. Phillips, Ida M. Tarbell, Finley Peter Dunne, William Allen White and Ray Stannard Baker can be "muzzled" is a notion extremely difficult for us to entertain.

Whatever the reporters may guess or infer regarding the business arrangements of the *American Magazine* appears to us as of simply no consequence at all in the light of what the magazine does. The time when you see it ceasing to do good will be the time to withdraw your support.

We venture to speak out thus openly about our "competitor" because we feel that the half-dozen leading progressive magazines should be supported, and supported as a group. They form in their spiritual alliance the one interstate, national force, which has been and is strong enough and, if we may say it, able enough to oppose with some success the other dominant interstate, national force, "Big Money." *Everybody's Magazine* was accused of going into a trust at the very moment when it was carrying Judge Lindsey's inspiring story straight into the hearts of a million or more American readers. *Collier's Weekly* has been a power for right of splendid strength and persistence. *McClure's* has rarely failed in vision and courage. *Pearson's* and *Hampton's* have spoken out in a clear voice.

We of SUCCESS MAGAZINE have done our best; and now in the alliance with THE NATIONAL POST we should be able to exert a double influence for the bringing about of a better organized system of life and thought in a better managed and kindlier nation. And we urge your support for all of us, so long as we may deserve it, on the ground that there is need for us all. No one or two publications can possibly cover all the ground, can extend their limited space to include all the facts that the public should know from week to week and month to month.

There is a great work for the magazines to do. The nation is bubbling with ferment. The time set for the "reform wave" to subside passed three years ago and still the ferment goes on. To still this ferment is now impossible. To attempt to still it by force is insane.

The American people are groping and experimenting. They are crying out in a semi-articulate but mighty effort at self-expression. The church has not risen to fill the need. The newspaper press has fallen far short of accepting its great opportunity. But the magazines, a little group of them, are making an intelligent effort to interpret and express this elemental force.

It is in the firm faith that Mr. Morgan himself is not big enough to hinder materially the expression of this force that THE NATIONAL POST and SUCCESS MAGAZINE purpose going straight ahead in the effort to do their share of the work of expressing it.



The Duchess of Marlborough, who was formerly Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt



The Countess of Tankerville. She was formerly Miss Leonora Van Meter, of New York



The Countess of Orford, who enjoys unusual social distinction in London. Daughter of D. C. Corbin, of New York



The late Lady Curzon. She was a daughter of Levi Z. Leiter, of Chicago



Lady Arthur Paget, formerly Miss Stevens, of New York

# The Argument of the Heiress · by Cleveland Moffett

Author of "The Shameful Misuse of Wealth," "The Battle," etc.

A Consideration of Various Faults in American Life and American Men That Lead Many of Our Rich Young Women to Marry Titled Foreigners

WITH all the patriotism in the world; *because* of that patriotism, I feel that there is something different to be said on the subject of international marriages. There are much more serious reasons than have been advanced to account for the large number of unions between American heiresses and foreign noblemen; reasons having to do with faults and evils in our American life that may as well be discussed frankly. In other words, it is through graver considerations than those of foolish vanity that hundreds of our finest and richest young women have deliberately chosen foreign husbands and foreign life, in preference to American husbands and American life.

As indicating the extent of these international unions, I may mention that, as far back as 1890, a book was published called "Titled Americans—a list of American ladies who have married foreigners of rank." The list was at that time over two hundred pages long and it has grown amazingly since then. Let any one run over in his mind the names of our conspicuous multi-millionaire families—the Astors, Vanderbilts,

Goulds, Leiters, Huntingtons, Singers, Drexels, etc., and he will find that they all have intermarried with titled foreigners. Year after year such unions have increased until, to-day, there are American countesses, duchesses, princesses, in every capital and corner of Europe.

I am not in the confidence of these ladies, but I venture the statement that the argument of the heiress, in favor of international marriage, has not as yet been fairly presented. She is by no means the silly, head-turned young person that the Sunday newspapers would have us think. In the main she knows perfectly well what she is doing and what to expect. She weighs one thing against another—what she will lose in America, what she will gain in Europe. She makes a carefully considered choice, knowing the facts, and she abides by the result. I do not say that if the thing were to be done over again she would decide the same way. I doubt that, but I see many excellent reasons for her original choice.

Before coming to the argument of the heiress, let me emphasize the fact that I personally have no sympathy whatever, no approval whatever, for these international marriages. Let me quote from my notebook some lines inspired by the sight of the most notorious of our present crop of foreign husbands. I was sitting in the Café de la Paix, in Paris, when he happened to pass. Listen!



Princess Hazfeldt, daughter of Mrs. C. P. Huntington, of New York



The Duchess of Manchester, formerly Miss Zimmerin, of Cincinnati



The Duchess of Roxburghe, formerly Miss May Goelet, of New York



The Countess of Suffolk. She was Miss Margaret Hyde Leiter, of Chicago



The Countess of Yarmouth, formerly Miss Alice Cornelia Thaw, of Pittsburgh

"A little pampered, pretty man! Short blond curly hair, parted up the back! Oiled hair! Perfumed hair! Clothes fitted by a dress-maker! He stares at you haughtily with his pale-blue eyes—pop eyes! and swings his little cane! He passes windows full of flaunting gold purses and pearl necklaces. He knows that he can buy them all; he can buy anything he sees for any woman he fancies, with the money of the poor little American girl who thought it nice to be a princess and have children by a perfumed gentleman in corsets!"

"And so he struts along on his little legs! A prince! A duke! A count! He stares at you haughtily with his pale-blue eyes—pop eyes! and swings his little cane! He passes windows full of flaunting gold purses and pearl necklaces. He knows that he can buy them all; he can buy anything he sees for any woman he fancies, with the money of the poor little American girl who thought it nice to be a princess and have children by a perfumed gentleman in corsets!"

But that side of the case has been dwelt upon. What I would do now is to point out things that have not been dwelt upon except by the little American girl herself, the clear-eyed heiress who inherited from her daddy a lot of sound sense and a deep determination to get what she wants out of life.

Here, then, is the argument of the heiress: In the first place, life in Europe is more interesting than life in America. You get more for your money. If this is not true, why do American tourists by tens of thousands crowd the great liners every spring and summer for a few months abroad? Year after year, in increasing hordes, we, practical Americans, sweep over Europe, leaving behind us a trail of gold. Four hundred million dollars—a nice bit of money—is said to be the total of our annual spendings there. Always Europe! Not South America, not Canada, not Mexico, but Europe!

Long before we know our own vast continent we want to know it—most of us never know more than odd corners of it—we have "done" the Italian lakes and the castles on the Rhine; we have seen the midnight sun in Norway (why not in our own Alaska?), the somber towers of London and the boulevards of Paris. Why?

Is it historic memories that draw us? And the craving for instruction? Nonsense! America is full of historic memories, straight down from the mound builders; full of museums, libraries, educational institutions, and we take them very calmly. The Tower of London thrills us because it is in London! We wouldn't look at it in Philadelphia. The *Champs Elysées* delights us because it is in Paris. If the Alps were in Colorado nobody would go near them, but if the Yosemite Valley, which we now neglect, were moved to Switzerland we would bankrupt ourselves going to see it. For the simple reason that *after* we have seen these things we have something else to do!

There is the real reason why Americans go to Europe whenever they can afford it—and often when they can not. European life, in its everyday aspects, offers much that is more pleasing than American life. You and I, ordinary Americans with modest purses, feel this, as our ancestors prove when we travel abroad instead of at home, why should we wonder if our millionaires and their daughters feel it also? Are they less discerning than the rest of us?

If any one asks why European life is more pleasing than American life the answers come rapidly. It is more varied; it abounds in inexpensive pleasures and general joyousness; it has less hypocrisy, and, wherever you go, you get good food. It is a fact that many Americans recover from indigestion simply by living abroad!

Consider variety which gives spice to life. A dweller in Germany can reach, within twenty-four hours, ten great cities quite different from his own, and different from one another. To-day he is at home; to-morrow he may be in St. Petersburg, Budapest, Stockholm, Brussels, Christiania



Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman. It is rumored that she is to marry Lord Rothschild



Mrs. William B. Leeds, a rich widow whose engagement abroad has been reported



Miss Katherine Elkins, daughter of the late Senator Elkins



Miss Dorothy Wilde, daughter of Mrs. Henry Siegel



Lady Leigh, formerly Helen Beckwith

European cities certainly have a laughing, contented air, people seem to take life easily, they have time for pleasures, if it's only a chair hired for two cents on one of the broad, shaded boulevards to watch the crowds pass of a Sunday afternoon. What smiling, care-free faces! One remembers with a shiver the faces in a New York crowd—grim, anxious, frowning, self-centered.

No doubt this atmosphere of joyousness, along with the external beauty and picturesque-ness of European cities, has its attraction for our heiresses, but, of course, that alone would not make them live abroad and marry foreigners. There are other considerations which bring them to this important decision.

What are these other considerations? Chief among them, in its appeal to a rich American woman, is the fact that Europeans admire and encourage success in other lines than money making, while Americans do not. With us the mere spending of money is not much thought of; it is assumed that any fool can spend his money but it takes a great man to make it. Now an heiress can not make money, does not wish to. Her difficulty is to spend her immense income. She *must* spend it somehow, so, evidently, she will be happier in a country where the art of merely spending money is not regarded with contempt, but on the contrary, has been seriously practised for centuries by a rich leisure class; often a highly cultured class. This class, which includes the nobility, exists in all European countries. It has its time-honored traditions, duties, varied activities and receives universal respect and approval, whereas our rather insignificant "smart set" has no traditions or duties and only helter-skelter activities, following the whim of some amiable wine agent or real estate broker who constitutes himself an authority on the grand life.

The grand life! That is what our heiress really longs for and would shine in, but, alas, there is no grand life in America. No one has learned to live it; no one has time to learn and few have the desire. We are a nation of hustlers, tired out when evening comes. We cheerfully buy as many of the pomps and vanities as can be bought, but there is the trouble—the grand life must be *lived!*

So it is a choice for our heiress (she is ambitious just as her father was) between hustlers here, always tired, and non-hustlers abroad, always at her service. She casts her lot with the non-hustlers, especially when she learns that they include the best people in Europe—really the best—great statesmen, great artists, diplomats, thinkers, along with the counts,

Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Paris or London. Ten different countries! Ten different languages! Everything different—customs,

dress, amusements! Isn't that very interesting?

American cities are all alike. A man dropped from a balloon could n't tell Detroit from Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Paul, Omaha, Denver, Pittsburgh, Chicago or Philadelphia. They all have the same shops, trolley cars, high buildings, electric signs, hustling crowds and noise. They look alike and are alike.

I might detail the simple pleasures of Europe, the universal cafés, the music, the cheap cabs, the spirit of gaiety, but these attract the great body of us rather than the rich. Still, I must say a word about the cafés, for they, with the beautiful wide streets lined with trees, do more than anything else to make continental cities agreeable dwelling places. Every one in Europe, rich or poor, has his favorite café and goes to it regularly; reads the papers there, writes letters, meets his friends, and in the evening, accompanied by his wife or sweetheart, listens to spirited music. In Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna you might as well take a man's dinner out of his daily life as to take away his café. Forms of government change, fashions change, but the café goes on as a permanent social necessity.

"If we could replace New York's vile saloons," says a discerning friend of mine, "with bright, clean cafés, where a man would be glad to bring his wife and daughter, we should do more to increase the city's general happiness and raise the standard of good citizenship than in any other way."



Lady Decies, formerly Vivien Gould



Mrs. John Jacob Astor, whose engagement to Lord Curzon is one of the rumors of the season



Miss Hope Hamilton, bridesmaid at the recent Decies wedding



Widow of the Duke de Chaulnes, formerly Miss Theodora Shonts



Miss Bessie Yoakum, for whom an international marriage is predicted

viscounts, dukes, earls and princes. She thrills at the thought of it. Here is a worthy field for papa's millions! What dinners she can give! What grand receptions! And no odious reporters to cheapen everything with vulgar notoriety! No "monkey dinner" gadding, but solemn and respectful mention in the *Figaro* and *Morning Post* along with the last court ball!

So our heiress goes to Europe, seeking a broader and more brilliant social life. And she finds it. In the salons of London, Paris, Berlin, Rome and Vienna she meets really interesting people, the most distinguished men and women of those capitals, and finds them honored for what they have done and for what they are; not for their money.

Here is a former prime minister, a man of compelling eloquence. He drives up in a cheap cab and his dress suit is badly cut, *but he is the lion of the evening!* Here is the widow of a great diplomat. Her mind is stored with delightful memories. It is a joy to hear her talk. But she is poor. In New York she would be living in a Harlem flat, pitied and neglected. In London she is welcomed everywhere, knows everybody. Here is a member of the French Academy. He lives in a little apartment up five flights of stairs and keeps one servant, *but he is a member of the French Academy*, he has written a great history or a great play and every door swings wide at his approach. Back money-kings, barterers, schemers! This is one of the immortals!

I would like, very respectfully, to ask the autocrats of our "Smart Set," why, following this European fashion, they do not try to brighten and broaden their gatherings with the presence of Americans really worth while—famous inventors, witty speakers, successful novelists and playwrights, distinguished artists, versatile editors? We have such in plenty and some of them, no doubt, could be induced to leaven with their presence the trivial functions of our not very glorious "Four Hundred." Whose fault is it if our "best society," so far as the men go, is a meeting place of inconsiderables, dawdlers, bores, who stand for nothing but garrulous talk, who are utterly lacking in such manly and forceful attributes as our rich young women very properly expect in their husbands?

Another potent influence in drawing the American heiress to Europe is the fact that there her vanity is constantly and delightfully flattered by respectful homage from the multitude. This respect is born of centuries, during which the idea has been deeply implanted that God made two kinds of people: one to serve, the other to command.

This, of course, is a European idea, not at all American. In Europe the laboring class, the peasant class, the servant class are reconciled to their station in life and regard it as permanent. Their fathers before them were servants, peasants or laborers; their children after them will be the same. The rich are so far above them that envy is out of the question. As well might they envy the king.

So our little American heiress, transplanted from democratic Chicago or Denver or New York, finds herself suddenly in an atmosphere of caressing adulation. Tradespeople, hotel keepers, doctors, lawyers, full of smiles and bows, declare themselves (and mean it) the humble and obedient servants of Madame, the Countess. Villagers and farmers throughout the whole region surrounding her chateau stand with bare heads as the carriage or automobile of Madame, the Duchess, sweeps by. And as to housemaids, butlers, cooks, gardeners, coachmen, she finds, to her amazement, that their ambition in life, beyond modest wages, is that Madame, the Princess, will graciously allow her light to shine upon them.

All of which, it must be admitted, is naturally pleasing to a young woman fresh from a land where everybody is notoriously and aggressively as good as anybody else; where there is no contented servant class; where there is no such thing as respect for one's betters (since there are no betters); where the driver of the village 'bus talks to the great lady between chews of tobacco, as if she were his long lost sister Jane.

[Continued on page 28]

# The Snapshot

By Ernest Poole

Author of "America's Young Men,"  
"The Vegetable Factories of Paris," etc.

Illustrations by HOWARD V. BROWN

**M**ACCREADY EVANS, newspaper photographer, stood in his dark-room at work on a negative, straining his eyes in the dim ruby light. He was intensely excited. He moved the tray gently, the liquid flowed back and forth over the plate and the outlines of a familiar figure were beginning to appear. A huge, frock-coated figure with both arms uplifted. Then a bare head with the hair in disorder and immense muscles drawn taut down the neck. The lines grew swiftly harsher. The whole pose of the body grew menacing, tense; the fists of the uplifted arms were clenched; the wide-open jaws seemed roaring defiance. Eyes glaring through glasses, veins swollen at temples, face wrinkled and knotted and grinning with rage! A Gargantuan burlesque of a man—ugly, terrific, bellowing mad! Evans chuckled softly and nervously. His limp hands were cold as ice.

He was just twenty-two. He was slim, a bit stooped and slightly near-sighted; his clothes were cheap and worn out of shape. But in his sallow, freckled face was a kind of tough resolution that added strength to the snap in his eyes. On his home paper in Dayton, Ohio, he had quickly made his place. But he was ambitious, had come to New York, and here at the end of a year and a half he was still barely making a living by doing odd jobs for the Sunday editions. He was on no regular staff.

But now! As a cub reporter gloats over his first big front-page story, so Evans gloated over his picture. He had been after it doggedly day and night for the past two weeks.

Marcus had put him on the trail. Marcus wrote political specials for one of the biggest dailies in town. He was a Jew. Somebody had said of Marcus that he had a soul like a keg of nails. This from the grin on his thin, swarthy face. And yet men liked to play poker with Marcus. At various times in his hard, shrewd, cynical career, Marcus had done uncynical things; he had helped men out of trouble, had helped others get a start. Five months ago he had taken young Evans in as a roommate, letting him pay but one-fourth of the rent, and ever since then had taken great pains to coach the intense young photographer as to how and when and where to snap-shot politicians, financiers, divorcees, murderers, opera singers and such.

"Youngster," he had said two weeks before, "I want you to come with me up state. We will follow a certain great politician like two faithful little dogs. I will write stories against him—my paper likes such stories—and you will do nothing but watch him and wait for a certain look on his face. This look has been done by men in your line, but never as it should be done. There should be such a face in your photo as will make the staid American citizen drop his coffee cup with a crash, forget to eat his grapefruit, and wonder whether such a face should rule our common destinies. This is the picture my paper wants."

And this was the picture that Evans had taken. It was a face to damn a man. He struck off a print and showed it to Marcus. And even Marcus, newspaper wise, with a soul as hard as a keg of nails, was for the moment dumb and still. His beady black eyes never moved from the picture.

"The sun," murmured Evans, "shone in the hall in the nick of time, from a window over the balcony—hit him square—gave me my chance."  
"God bless the sun," said Marcus. His voice was low and husky. "They'll run it," he added, "on the front page—the day before election. They'll pay about two hundred plunks—they'll take you on the regular staff. It's the ugliest picture I've ever seen."

Evans was walking nervously. He had never been on the front page before.

Marcus looked up with a sudden idea. He glanced at Evans, then at the picture, then back at Evans. And over his lean, dark face there spread a curious, quizzical grin.

"Say, youngster," he said softly, "you're as intense as the devil. I

wonder what would happen if you took this to the Big One and let him have a look at his face. I wonder what he'd do to you."

"Do to me?" Evans turned sharply, scowling. Then his face cleared. "Pshaw," he said, "he would n't see me."

"Oh, yes he would," said Marcus, "if I gave him some idea of what you have to show him. He'd be interested." Again Evans scowled.

"But what would be the use of it?"

"Use of it?" Marcus was still grinning in that same quizzical fashion. "Why, youngster, you're a comer. Photographers don't often grow like you. You're intense, you're a kind of a genius, you're to take big pictures all your life. And you ought to meet your future victims—know 'em some. It'll help you in your work. Not scared, are you?"

"No!"

"Then I'll see what I can do."

A few days passed.

"It's on," said Marcus. "He'll see you for ten minutes Friday at four-thirty sharp."

On Friday at four-thirty sharp, MacCready Evans sat on the edge of a chair in an anteroom, scowling nervously at the door. So he had sat for the last ten minutes. Twice he had heard a voice from within. Twice he had glanced at the photograph. He was not scared but nervous. It was an appallingly ugly face.

The door flew open:

"Mr. Evans? Come in. Glad to know you. Sit down." Evans found himself in and down. He was dazed. A warm, powerful hand had gripped his and had sent a little thrill down his spine. The Big One was smiling over the table. "Marcus said you had something to show me. What is it?"

"This," said Evans.

The other took the envelope, jerked out the picture, and gave a kind of a startled "Hu!" It seemed to strike up like a blow in his face, but instead of flinching he bent closer, grittily showing his teeth at himself. And there was something big about this. Evans felt small. He was watching intently.

"By George, this is tough!" The voice was low. Then louder: "When did you take it?"

"At the convention."

"At what point in my speech? What was I saying?" Evans reddened.

"I did n't hear," he said bluntly.

"You did n't hear!" The great politician shot a keen look, then he grinned. "I thought I spoke loud enough," he said. Again he perused the picture and scowled. "For what paper is this?" Again Evans felt small.

"I don't know, sir. The fact is—I have no regular job."

"This will get you a job!"

"So Marcus says."

"Queer fellow, Marcus." The big man smiled and leaned back in his chair. "He knows just what his paper wants. All that he writes about me is unfriendly, most of it lies. And yet—I'll tell you a story. Two years ago one of my boys was ill and came near dying. I was there—it was out in the country—I had some terribly anxious nights. About a mile off, in a village hotel, a number of newspaper men were waiting. Well, sir, as soon as those chaps heard that the danger was passed, they sent me two dozen American Beauty roses! Decent, was n't it? I took the trouble to find who had started it. Marcus!"

Evans felt suddenly quite at his ease. "I heard about that," he said; "Marcus told me. He said you hot-footed it across fields to thank the crowd."

"I was touched," said the Big One. "Deeply touched. They're good fellows. If the papers of this country were as square as the men who write, the American people would get better news. Have you any other pictures of me?"

"No, sir."

"How long were you getting this?"

"About two weeks."



Straining his eyes in the dim ruby light. He was intensely excited

"You mean you followed me for two weeks, never listening to a word that I said, just waiting till I looked like that?"

"Yes sir!" said Evans, sharply.

The great politician gave a low whistle.

"I've felt the same way," he said, "hunting big game." He looked at it again. "This is quite a shot," he added. "The worst picture of me that I've ever seen. You must give me this print. I'll have a look at it now and then. It'll be good for me."

The telephone rang and he took the receiver.

"Senator who? . . . Ask him to wait! I want five minutes more."

Evans felt a kind of electric shock. The Big One turned abruptly back.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"You've had a hard fight?"

"Yes."

"It's over now!" His fist came down with a bang on the picture. "You've got your start. What kind of work are you going to do?"

"I had n't thought."

"Think for five minutes. It's worth it!" The Big One drew a breath of deep and abundant vitality. "You've forty years of work ahead. I envy you. I've ten—no!—twenty, by George! Interesting times, Mr. Evans. These ninety millions of people are to do things they'll be proud of. They're going to win in some stirring fights. And you'll be right in the thick of 'em all! You're no common youngster. Marcus was right. You're intense; you're a kind of genius; you'll be given important jobs. In meetings that will go down into history you'll be given a front seat. You'll see men close—strong men making the fight of their lives. And I want you to see these men, Mr. Evans; see 'em way in under their skins. And make your snap-shots tell the truth."

"Yes sir," said Evans, tensely. The Big One was close to him, pounding his knee and jerking out words through gritted teeth.

"Bully! I say you're important. Why? Because you'll have a million eyes focused right behind you, by George! And the pictures you take will mold their views. These American people are rushed for time. Less than half of the voters have ever seen me; less than half will ever take time to read speeches; *but the picture hits 'em all!* It shapes their impressions of the man, helps to decide 'em how to vote. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, look at *this!*" He snatched up the picture. "A dangerous face; enough to make any sane man stop and think if it's safe that this chap be intrusted with power. But is it the truth, the whole truth, or even the main part of the truth about me? You had to follow me for two months—I mean weeks—before you could get it. How about all the looks you let go by? And what of the things that *caused* this look? You say you heard nothing in the convention. You *should* have heard, you should have listened, you should have turned, looked back at the mob and seen *what I was facing!* Howls, hisses, curses, yells—and dollars right behind 'em. You'd have seen *why* I was looking like this."

"Yes, sir," said Evans.

"Now, understand me. This picture is taken. I want you to sell it;

consider it sold. But I'm speaking now of your future work. In fights, in mass-meetings, conventions, God grant you'll see honest men stronger than I, fighting hard for the people's rights. When the fight rises, you'll see 'em get angry. What then? Are you going to wait for that one angry look, deaf and blind to the things they are trying to do? Or will you get way in under their skins, study 'em, study the problems they're facing, *and then make your pictures tell what you see?*"

He rose. Evans rose. The Big One gripped both his shoulders and spoke low from between set jaws:

"*We want the truth, Evans, my boy. We want these issues photographed for the people as they are.*"

MacCready Evans took a long walk—an absorbed, excited walk. From time to time he scowled to himself, as though somebody big were clutching his arm and snapping short speeches into his ear:

"Bully! I say, you're important. No common youngster—you'll have a front seat. A million eyes behind you, by George! And the pictures you take will mold their views. . . . This picture is taken, consider it sold—consider it sold—consider it sold—sold for two hundred dollars. Sold for a job; a good fat, steady job on one of the biggest papers in town.' Sold? No. Duggone it—not yet. Will I or won't I?" On he walked.

MacCready Evans was just twenty-two. Slim, a bit stooped and slightly near-sighted. His clothes were cheap and worn out of shape. But in his sallow, freckled face, as at last he wearily turned toward home, was a kind of tough resolution that added strength to the snap in his eyes. "Sold? *No! by a jugful!* Make your snap-shots tell the truth!"

When Marcus came back to the rooms that night he found the place in chaos. Evans, with disheveled hair, was turning his dark-room inside out. "What's wrong?" asked Marcus, innocently.

"Wrong? I've lost that negative!"

Marcus grinned, picked a pipe from the table and knocked out the ashes.

"Oh, no you haven't," he said.

"You've sold it."

"Sold it?"

"Sure," said Marcus, coolly. "I mean I have."

Evans came close, with wrath in his eyes.

"Why?" he snapped.

Marcus carefully lit his pipe.

"Because," he said, drily, "I was kind of afraid you would smash it—after a certain great politician had fired your soul with high ideals. Easy now—stop walking around. I've nothing against the Big One; I'm for him, just as you are now. That's why I sent you to him, so he could tell you how to take pictures. I thought it would help in your future work. But in the meantime, youngster, seeing as you've slaved so hard, I did n't propose that you fire away this big chance to get your start. So I've sold the picture and got you a job." He puffed his pipe with a wicked complacency. "My people are simply delighted," he added. "They think it'll lose him thousands of votes. They say it's the ugliest human face that has ever yet appeared in print."

"Oh, they do!" sneered Evans. "The plutocrats!" he added. And Marcus grinned some more.



He found the place in chaos

## POSSESSION —By ARTHUR STRINGER

I

I CAGED me wanst a lark and let him go!  
I caught me wanst a squirl and set him free!  
I left a Galway colleen sobbin' low,  
And off I wint to sea!  
Aye, off I wint to sea!

II

I'VE HAD me turn at things, and now I'm old;  
But those I've lost shtand most bewilderin' near!  
And those I loved and niver dreamed to hold,  
I've kept this many a year,  
In faith, this many a year!

# The Next President

And the Bi-Partisan Conspiracy of Special Privilege that is Already, More than a Year in Advance, Acquiring Control of the Nominating Machinery

By Gilson Gardner

Author of "The Fable of the Cheese, the Gander and the Fox"

THE Presidential campaign of 1912 has begun.

It will be about fifteen months before any national conventions are held, and twenty months before election day; but that makes no difference. The important happenings in a Presidential campaign are those which have become history when the conventions meet.

If you doubt this statement look at some of the recent conventions. Was there any doubt that Taft would be nominated when the Republican National Convention met in Chicago in June, 1908? Was there any doubt that Bryan would be the candidate chosen at the Democratic Convention? Was there any doubt that Parker would be the choice of the convention at St. Louis in 1904? Or that Roosevelt would be nominated that year to succeed himself? I was present at all of these conventions, as well as at the McKinley convention at St. Louis in 1896, and I assure you there was not a particle of uncertainty on the subject of the Presidential nominee at any of these conventions.

Why was this? What has happened to conventions? If conventions do not determine nominations, who does?

Fifteen months have passed—let us suppose. You pick up your morning paper and you read: "The nomination of William Howard Taft, long since a foregone conclusion, will take place at the big convention hall in the presence of a distinguished audience to-morrow. The principal nominating speech will be made by Henry Cabot Lodge. Some uncertainty still prevails as to who will be Taft's running mate, but," etc., etc., etc. A few weeks go by and the Democratic convention date has come along. Again you read in your morning paper:

"Judson Harmon's nomination, which was made certain several months ago, will take place," and so forth.

This is no fantastic supposition. The chances are nine in ten that this very thing will take place. Harmon will be nominated by the Democrats and Taft by the Republicans; and the conventions which do the nominating will merely register a determination previously made.

By whom? Where? What will happen during the next fifteen months to remove all doubt as to what the national conventions will do? The boy on the front seat thinks he knows.

"Taft will get the delegates," he says.

Yes; and Harmon will get the delegates in his convention. And when each candidate gets enough delegates, that settles it. The vote is taken and the candidate is nominated.

But how do the candidates "get" the delegates?

## There Are Four Ways to Get Delegates

Here is the answer: Under our political system there are four ways in which delegates are secured. They are:

- (1) By purchase for cash.
- (2) By purchase for patronage.
- (3) By the influence of business acting on the professional politician who controls the delegate.
- (4) By the influence of public sentiment acting on the professional politician who controls the delegate.

The first and second methods play a secondary part; the big factors at work in determining the control of a national convention are Big Business and Public Sentiment.

The wishes of Big Business relative to candidates and platforms are not the wishes of the people. Public Sentiment makes demands which Big Business looks upon as dangerous. The enactment of more stringent laws, more rigorous execution of laws now on the books, Government activities in behalf of human rights with less concern for mere rights of property, the general welfare as opposed to Special Privilege; these are the demands made by Public Sentiment.

To these demands Big Business is opposed. Its opposition is for the most part silent and its most effective work is accomplished with a long-distance check-book; but it has its formal argument. It favors "party regularity," and "a reverence for the Constitution and the Courts." It demands the "safe and sane," and has much to say about the "menace of the unthinking mob." It warns against the "demagogue" and

"agitator." It asks that no course be followed which by any chance "will interfere with business." The reformer is a "dreamer." A change is "revolution." And, if you believe this argument, the only wise course is to "stand-pat" beneath some constitutionally judicial shelter, "strongly but-tressed by the law."

These two forces, Business and Public Sentiment, contend for the control of delegates. Business drags the man in one direction; Public Sentiment in the other. Public Sentiment says: "Come on." Business says: "Stand still." Business says: "Be my attorney." Public Sentiment says: "Be popular." Business says: "Keep on good terms with your banker." Public Sentiment says: "Keep on good terms with your conscience." Business says: "This is the easier way. It is the way traveled by the comfortable and well dressed." Public Sentiment says: "We like a man who fights, who is not defeated when he is down, who fights for the under dog and for what he considers right and who goes on fighting until he dies." Business says: "What exists is right. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. What is, is what has been and what will be. It is a waste of strength to kick against the pricks." Public Sentiment says: "The world grows better every day. In seeming failure are the seeds of victory. The individual goes down, but the cause goes on." Business says: "The people are ungrateful. Serve us and we do not forget. You may give your life to serve the people and you will get no gratitude. Popular favor is a fickle breeze. To-day it wafts you on; to-morrow it drives you on the rocks." Public Sentiment says: "The people in the end are sane and kind and right. If we are to solve the problems of self-government we must believe that the people's voice is the voice of God."

These are the arguments which contend for delegates; and as one prevails or the other, the character of the convention is determined. Conventions are either "Popular" or "Business." They can not be both.

Take the Democratic convention of 1904. This was the convention which nominated Alton B. Parker. It was "Business." The Parker nomination originated in New York among a group of financiers of whom August Belmont was the leader, and was accomplished by the expenditure of a large fund which passed through the hands of Thomas Taggart of Indiana, Guffey of Pennsylvania, John P. Hopkins and Roger Sullivan of Illinois, together with other representatives of Standard Oil, gas and traction interests. These were the forces which secured control of the national organization of the Democratic party and finally rounded up a majority of the delegates. There was no popular clamor for Alton B. Parker. In fact, his name was not known to the country until this financial coterie had worked a highly paid publicity bureau for several months. There was no public sentiment crying for Dave Hill to step forth and defend the Constitution. Only Special Privilege was troubled about the "menace to our liberties" involved in the enforcement of the Sherman law and the other Roosevelt policies. But "safe and sane" was passed out as the countersign, and armed with this, these money brigands crept upon the citadel of Government.

The plan failed because its authors neglected to control the convention of the other party also. Public Sentiment had its way with the Republican convention and the Roosevelt landslide followed.

## Business Has No Party and No Principles

Glance at some of the other conventions of recent years. The first McKinley convention in 1896 represented "business." The story of Hanna's rise and the nomination of McKinley as the "advance agent of prosperity" is too well known to need repetition. The Democratic convention that year represented "People." Bryan was its nominee. The second nominations of Bryan and McKinley were unopposed. Roosevelt's second nomination was opposed by "business," whose spokesman and manager was Senator Hanna, and his renomination was assured only after he had appealed to public opinion in his famous challenge: "Whoever is not for me is against me." Even Hanna was obliged to bow to the sentiment in favor of a second term. Which brings us to Taft's nomination.

Who nominated Taft?

"Roosevelt," comes an answering chorus.

"THE situation, then, is this: The issue is Special Privilege vs. The People. The organization of the Republican party is controlled by Special Privilege. The organization of the Democratic party is controlled by Special Privilege. The Republican candidate of Special Privilege is William Howard Taft. The Democratic candidate of Special Privilege is Judson Harmon. Opposed to these nominations is a diffused, unorganized Public Sentiment. The candidates of this Public Sentiment are Robert M. La Follette, Theodore Roosevelt, and perhaps Woodrow Wilson, Champ Clark, A. J. Beveridge, Gifford Pinchot, Joseph Folk and A. B. Cummins.

"Do you see how the candidates divide? It is no longer Republican and Democrat. It is Special Privilege and the People's Interests."

Wrong. It was Public Sentiment. True, Roosevelt stirred and guided Public Sentiment, but there was nothing in Roosevelt's management of the Taft nomination similar to the campaign carried on by August Belmont and his Wall Street friends. It was Roosevelt's popularity—the confidence which the public placed in him, together with their willingness to follow his advice—that made Taft's nomination possible. It was not Brother Charles's check-book, nor Frank Hitchcock's work in rounding up the Southern delegates that made the nomination certain. It was not the aid of the party politicians—those machine men who stand between Big Business and the delegates. These were all opposed to Taft. (They are not now, but that is another story.) Foraker offered an opposing candidacy in Taft's own state. Senator Dick and the Ohio machine were antagonistic. All "regulars," like Crane, Penrose, Fairbanks, Cannon and Aldrich were openly warring on his candidacy.

Why? Does anyone need to be reminded that the group of men above named represents Big Business? Is it necessary to recall the fact that Crane is one of the heaviest stockholders in the telephone, telegraph and electric trust? Is it necessary to speak of Aldrich's connection with the rubber and sugar trusts? Of Cannon's open championship of Standard Oil? Of the notorious association of Senator Penrose with the Pennsylvania Railroad? Of Fairbanks's record as jobber for Harriman? And so on?

The story slipped out when Penrose, having dined too well, told Secretary Loeb how Wall Street was prepared to spend five million dollars to keep Roosevelt from naming a successor who should carry on the Government in the Roosevelt way. Seven years had convinced Big Business that a People's President ought to be followed by a Business President.

And Business spent a good-sized sum of money in an effort to sidetrack Taft and give the nomination to some man like Foraker, Cannon, Fairbanks or Knox.

But Taft was nominated. Public Sentiment was irresistible. The country liked a People's President and they wanted a continuation of that performance. Roosevelt said that Taft was honest and progressive, and the country believed Roosevelt. The professional politician, the Business politician, bent to the storm. Men like Senators Tom Carter of Montana and Francis E. Warren of Wyoming did not want a Roosevelt candidate, but the sentiment of their states was too strong to be resisted. All that Hitchcock had to do was to write them letters saying that they would be expected to deliver delegates for Taft, and that if they were not minded to promise immediate support for Roosevelt's candidate, steps would be taken to secure some other leadership in their states looking to this end.

Grudgingly, but almost unanimously, came the answers to these letters, promising support for Taft. And immediately, by public interviews and in other ways, delegates and bosses were put on record. In some states delegates were instructed by the conventions at which they were chosen. And thus, when they met in Chicago, the delegates had all been counted, and it was certain that the majority was Taft's. The issue had been joined between Public Sentiment and Big Business, and Public Sentiment had won.

It is true that a third of the delegates, those from the states of the Solid South, had, in part, been persuaded by post-office patronage and the Charles P. Taft check-book. It is true also that the prestige of the Presidential office is sufficient to swing some delegates. But with all

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# Peg & Limavaddy

by Robert McEheyne

Illustrated by Arthur Sille

MY LOVE affair is no more important than that of other men perhaps—only different.

I was a stranger in the town of Limavaddy as I walked along the elm-shaded street that spring morning, and yet my mind was full of many things other than the rare charm of the scene.

Uppermost was the image of Lady Farley. She was a belle among the belles of Dublin—beautiful, accomplished, enormously wealthy, and I hated her devoutly. Just how much she loved me, I had no means of knowing. That she had been courting my attentions for several months past, there was no denying; and that she had expected me to propose to her on the preceding evening I firmly believed. I do not at all know that she would have accepted me, but I am certain she would in any event have contrived to let all Dublin know that I had done her the honor of asking her to become my wife.

I am not boasting. Men everywhere were seeking to make my acquaintance; women waited for me to make love to them. Yet my head was not turned. My heart was hardened—that is all.

Fortune had not always smiled on me. Now I was a social lion; it seemed but yesterday that I had been an embittered alien. In university days I had longed for friends—how I had longed! Yet those days were spent in a solitude more benumbing than that of any Crusoe, for my island was the monotonous treadmill of my own plodding personality set in the midst of a boundless sea of life. After college came five years of incessant toil, day and night—then success; a success more complete, more brilliant than I had dared dream of. A stream of gold that would have satisfied Midas and all his heirs poured in from my inventions. Honor followed wealth, and I was elected Fellow to every scientific society in all Europe. My table was piled high with the cards of Exclusiveness itself and the doors of Royalty were open to me. But the smiles of women and the overtures of men merely recalled the days when I had lived unknown, unfriended, unloved. Once I had longed

for friendship and yearned for love; now I would accept neither.

This feeling of aversion was raised to its climax by the advances of Lady Farley. That is why I had come down the Derry road from Dublin. I cared for no one; no one cared for me. I

repeat it: no one cared for me. It was my name women loved; it was my success men admired. What I wanted was to be loved for myself—my visible, tangible, lovable self.

With the image of Lady Farley in my mind then and bitterness in my heart, I turned from the broad avenue of Limavaddy elms into a grassy by-lane. Just ahead of me was an old orchard, a perfect bower of blooms, and beneath the bending boughs of a gnarled old russet stood Missy. She was the fairest blossom there, and as she stood, tiptoe, pulling the flowered branches down and filling her apron with a fragrant billow of blooms, the dew drops shaken from the leaves sparkled in her hair, and I had time to note only that the pink of her pretty cheek was the same as the tint of the flowers; then her great blue eyes looked confidently into mine.

"Will you please reach this branch for me?" she said.

I must have frowned—thinking of Lady Farley as I was—for the maid dropped her lashes and immediately her face and throat were suffused in a succession of blushes of the purest modesty. I saw at a glance how I had embarrassed her and so much the more I made haste to bring the coveted branch within her reach. My ardor brought down upon our heads a shower of silver dew, at which Missy laughed gaily like any child.

From that instant the trend of my thoughts was changed. Lady Farley was no longer uppermost in my mind, and I passed slowly down the lane to the edge of the town, humming the ballad of Peg of Limavaddy and swinging my black-thorn cane in the manner of a man content.

The White Gull is a gentlemen's hostelry. Everyone who knows Limavaddy knows where it stands at the end of a shady lane amid a bower of trees and vines and flowered shrubs,



its white walls peeping out through latticed windows to drink in the fragrance of wild honeysuckle and listen to the contented flutter of building birds, and the humming, droning sounds of summer.

It was a month before the season, and the old servant scowled ominously at the mention of a guest at that time of year. But Madame—she called herself "Madame" though her name was Doone and her accent delicious—smoothed the creases out of her white apron with her chubby little hands, and out of old Marcy's forehead with her coaxing words, until it was finally agreed that I might stay if I would be satisfied to eat in the kitchen, for the great dining hall could never in the world be thrown open for one gentleman, and him of such questionable gentility. I was deeply indebted, and said so as I drew a chair under a vine-covered gallery. Then the gate clicked and up along the arborescent path, her arms filled with blossoms, came Missy—Peggy she was to me—Peg of Limavaddy, the Peg of the ballad. Her sun-hat dangled at her shoulders, and the ties about her throat added I know not what to the witchery of her chin—that defiant, tremulous, little chin.

As I rose from my seat, she dropped me the slightest sign of a formal curtsy, at the same time giving me a momentary glance of recognition, and so I thought, of friendliness from her pretty blue eyes.

We lunched together, all four of us, about a little deal table in the Dutch kitchen, old Marcy getting up at intervals to fetch the tea or a fresh plate of toast, and never had I been in such spirits. For my youth had been friendless and poor and my recent years friendless and rich, and of the two I know not which is the worse condition. But Missy's presence made up for everything I had ever lost, and the sight of her drove the bitterness from my heart as a May breeze drives the cloud-shadows over the hills.

That last week in May was a happy one. Every day found us together, exploring the hills and vales of Limavaddy, and we made a picture to be stared after by many a traveler who met us on the highway—I in my sober-suited black, fallow face bearded with a week's growth of black stubble, swinging along in contented silence, and that dainty bit of dimity tripping gaily by my side, chattering and laughing with the merry voice of a linnet.

But it is the last afternoon of that week that remains ever in my mind. We were walking by the bank of a garrulous little creek, when Missy, catching my hand and drawing it under her arm in a pretty way she had fallen into of late, cried:

"There are those pretty pink posies again on the other side."

You see I am able to tell it without a tremor, and you think it as commonplace as it sounds. And, to be sure, what should a sober old fellow like me have experienced that was not commonplace?

But think what my life had been, what my longings were, how artless was Missy's darning. It was not the first time she had caught my hand on a sudden impulse, and it was not the first time my heart had started wildly at such a caress; but when, now, she suddenly caught sight of the pink flowers I had been pleased with, and drew my hand quickly under her arm and pressed it firmly and fearlessly to her breast, something swept through me that made me close my eyes and take my breath hard through my parted lips, while the blood pounded at my temples and my knees almost gave way.

In an instant I gained control of my senses and I knew I had done wrong to come off without my breakfast. Missy was still drawing me toward the pretty pink flowers.

"Please, please, please!" she said under her breath.

"Where can we cross, then?" I asked, stifling my heart.



"Right here—if you—if you will carry me." Her hesitation was out of consideration for me, not Mrs. Grundy; and she spoke without dropping her eyes or showing anything but the simplest innocence in their wide gaze.

I took her up in my arms, rumpling that dimity gown and all her swirling torrent of skirt laces in my great ugly hands, and started across the rough bed of the stream. I could feel the water rippling about my ankles and as nearly as I can describe it, the same feeling was in my heart.

Away above our heads the Derry pike wound along the ledge of rocks that marked the course of the stream; and through an opening in the trees I saw the figure of a horsewoman, dressed in a habit of parrot-green and mounted on a great raw-boned black. My heart closed like a man's fist.

Then I felt Missy's fingers in my bearded chin. "Never mind the pretty lady on the black horse," she said.

Alas, we were both to mind the "pretty lady" before we were through.

It was dusk when we reached the White Gull, and Lady Farley was there before us. I recognized her as we came up the path. The great black-plumed hat and the black gauntlets had been laid aside and the green riding habit had given place to a light robe of some clinging stuff much affected by her in those days. I saw her as we came through the arbor, but Missy was a step or two behind me, swinging her little bonnet by one string and singing—tired perhaps but apparently happy. Then she caught sight of the stranger, and gave a little gasp as her feminine mind comprehended the grandeur of it all.

The grandee took me in at a glance, then turned a slow searching gaze upon poor trembling Peggy.

"I have been awaiting you, child," she said, coldly. "My maid has not yet arrived." I could not but note the wild-rose tint of Missy's cheek as she stood before the noblewoman of Dublin.

"You may go in."

Peggy curtsied deeply and Lady Farley extended her hand imperiously toward me. As I bent over it, I happened to glance under my arm and caught a glimpse of the maid of Limavaddy, turning to look back at us over her pretty shoulders as she went in.

When we were alone, Lady Farley assumed a playful mood that seemed grimly out of place.

"John Clayton," she cried, flashing her beautiful teeth in an affected smile. "John Clayton, we are not going to lose your society. I am having a great party of your friends down from Dublin to-morrow. You must shave your chin."

The subject being distasteful to me I excused myself and entered the inn. Missy had found no fault with my chin and I could feel the touch of her pretty fingers there still.

Dinner was served an hour later in the dining hall, Lady Farley sitting alone in great state and served by Marcy. From my seat in the kitchen, I could look out upon milady's back, and it was easy to see, even in her neck and icy shoulders, the chagrin she felt at having to dine alone.

But she was not a woman without resources; otherwise she would scarcely have been in Limavaddy that night. No sooner had she finished her dinner than she settled herself in the great chair before the fire and sent, post-haste, for Missy to wait upon her. It was a pair of slippers she wanted and she thrust a well-booted little foot out into the firelight as she gave her orders. Old Marcy was starting off to save her "darling," when Missy—and on my life I believe she did it out of pure feminine maliciousness—Missy kicked off her own tiny slippers at Lady Farley's feet. They were pale blue with bright silver buckles, and large enough for an honest man's two fingers. Lady

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Vans being loaded with parcels for local distribution



The yard of the general post-office in Berlin

postal monopoly is essential to a satisfactory parcel post. Otherwise the express companies will simply scale down their rates, meeting with rate reductions of their own every Government reduction, until the lowest limit of profitable business is reached. Then the Government will be permitted to do the unprofitable part of the business. For that matter the express companies would see to it that the Government, as now, would continue to bear the burden of the long hauls.

Is it not true that to permit private competition in the carriage of mail matter, the exercise of a Governmental function, is equivalent to permitting counterfeiter to ply their trade without molestation, or to winking at sugar frauds or other import frauds, which are frauds upon the revenue duly levied by act of Congress? All of these laws—post-office, customs, counterfeiting—are based upon distinct grants of power in the Federal Constitution, and these grants must be protected if the Government is properly to do its duty to the whole people.

And yet I do not believe that the mere enforcement of a Government monopoly will solve the parcel post question. The effect would be to cause the people so much inconvenience and to put them at such great expense that there would be a nation-wide howl to Congress to lower rates and increase the weight limit. If we want a parcel post, why put ourselves to so much trouble? Why not go right after the thing we want—if it is practical?

The parcel post plan that has the endorsement of the Postal Progress League is expressed in the bill introduced in the House of Representatives by William Sulzer. This bill (H. R. 26581) was printed in full in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for January, but its essence must now be restated. It raises the weight limit to eleven pounds—"the common limit of the Postal Union"—and reduces the rate of fourth-class matter to the third-class rate—one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. This means eight cents a pound up to eleven pounds. "The rate on local letters or sealed parcels posted for delivery within the free-delivery services" is determined at "two cents on parcels, up to four ounces, one cent on each additional two ounces; at non-delivery offices, one cent for each two ounces." All the matter collected and delivered within the different rural routes is determined to be in one class, "with rates, door to door, between the different houses and places of business and the post-office or post-offices on each route, as follows:

"On parcels up to one twenty-fourth of a cubic foot, or one by six by twelve inches in dimensions and up to one pound in weight, one cent; on larger parcels up to one-half of a cubic foot, or six by twelve by twelve inches in dimensions and up to eleven pounds in weight, five cents; on large parcels up to one cubic foot, six by twelve by twenty-four inches in dimensions and up to twenty-five pounds in weight, ten cents. No parcels shall be over six feet in length, and in no case shall a carrier be obliged to transport a load of over five hundred pounds." There is



Photograph by Underwood &amp; Underwood

Parcels piled in the Berlin post-office ready to be distributed

#### WHY GERMANY HAS NO EXPRESS COMPANY PROBLEM

of such a service, it is hoped that Congress will authorize the delivery on rural routes of parcels weighing as much as eleven pounds. . . . This form of service can be conducted with little if any additional expense to the Government. It will not require the appointment of more carriers, for those already employed have the necessary equipment in the way of horses and wagons to distribute the parcel as well as the ordinary mail. . . . A rural parcel post of the kind proposed, if successfully conducted, would probably lead to a more general system."

Mr. Hitchcock goes on to urge his experiment as a preliminary step to be taken while definite information is being secured as to the practicability of a general parcel post.

The war-cry of the present Postmaster-General is "Economy." He is carrying his policy to the point of driving postal employees to the limit of their endurance, and in many cases has curtailed the service at the cost of quickness and reliability in order to save money. Naturally, then, he thinks of parcel post with the mental attitude of a money-lender.

We must remember, however, that while we do not want a parcel post that will pile up the annual deficit in the Post-Office Department, there is something besides profit to be considered. We want a thorough, cheap postal service. We will pay for it what we have to pay. If it is a money-maker rather than a money-loser, so much the better—but we want a general parcel post.

How can we judge the effect of a general parcel post by a cautious experiment in the rural districts? How can we determine general traffic on the basis of local delivery trade? This half-hearted proposal has the weakness of all half-hearted proposals.

But the enemies of all parcel post plans—the express companies, the jobbers, and the wholesale houses—have attacked the rural parcel post idea with all their energy. If they can frighten this feeble plan to death the general parcel post idea will, they think, also die. So they are erecting the bogie of the mail-order houses before the eyes of the small-town merchants. And this brings us to our second question about the parcel post:

**Will it favor any particular class and injure any other particular class?**

{Continued on page 54}

# Boughten Pants

By Mary Heaton Vorse

Author of "The Mercy of the Lord,"  
"They Meant Well," etc.

Illustrations by ARTHUR HUTCHINS



"I got on my war clothes; that's what I got on!"

ON THAT morning of September which is as important for children as the opening of Congress is for the politicians, Daniel Crafts arose and stuck his tousled red head forth from the door of the room and bawled:

"Ma, where's my pants?"

On the floor behind him the twins were tumultuously dressing. Daniel raised his voice again. A little figure, its far too-short petticoats at right angles, its hair in a braid, dashed down the narrow hall.

"Don't you dare say a word, Daniel Crafts!" she hissed. "Don't you dare say nothing! She thinks they're lovely."

"What you mean, Dora?" asked Daniel. "What you talking about?" He tried to throw into his voice that disdainful quality with which a boy should always address his sister.

"Your pants," whispered Dora.

"Didn't she buy 'em?" he faltered. "I thought she was going to buy 'em. I thought that's what she went up town for."

"She got an idea," hissed Dora, "that she could make nicer ones than she could buy. Don't you dare say a word, Daniel Crafts! She sat up 'most all night making 'em. She's putting some last stitches on now."

As she said these words Dora's eyes failed to meet her brother's. Alas! The many times their mother had had these inspirations for the construction of garments! The many times that the children had waited for those few last stitches!

A brilliant thought struck Daniel:

"Ma!" he bawled. "It's late! I'll wear my old crash pants." These garments, ruinously torn, he had left upon his pile of clothes upon going to bed and in the night they had been abstracted.

"Oh, no, you can't," came his mother's voice, "because I tore them up for mop cloths this morning."

"My other old pants then," said Daniel, catching at a straw.

"They're in the wash," responded his mother. "I'm almost through—just a stitch." Happiness was in her voice—the happiness of one about to give pleasure to another—the happiness that comes from finishing a piece of work conceived in love and joy.

Dora's eloquent eye again sought her brother's:

"You see," she whispered; her little fists clenched themselves, the little meager pigtail bristled. "If you dare, Daniel Crafts, if you dare say boughten pants—"

The door of a room opened and there emerged from it the plump figure of their mother. Of build she was matronly, as suited a woman of her years, her round little body guiltless of the artifices of the makers of new-style figures. Indeed, she had the aspect of one who had never had time to look at herself in the glass below her sleek, blond little head; and this same little head, perched on those motherly, even middle-aged shoulders, gave the effect of having forgotten to grow up. Its round contour was that of a little girl—a most intelligent little girl—but, taken by itself, too young for the mother of six children. Dora's face was more anxious; Dan's more acute.

Now, with love and pride radiating from her, Mrs. Crafts held up an amorphous garment:

"Here they are, son," said she cheerfully. "Here are your new pants."

Heart of stone could not have resisted it. He didn't need Dora's warning eye upon him. Even a small boy can't hit a child that brings him a flower trustingly; no, not even though the child is your mother, and the flower a pair of blue flannel pants. But there's a limit to all things, even to chivalry! He could not admire them; he could not rise to what her attitude demanded. She expected praise as she stood there before him, smiling and blinking in her funny little near-sighted, peering way that made one think of a fledgling looking over the edge of a nest.

He gulped out a "Thank you" and managed to mutter: "It's late!" snatched the garments and closed the door on them and himself. Once in his room he gave himself up to bitterness as he looked at the offending garments. "Pants! did she call them? They weren't any more pants than a hen!"

There was nothing about them of the uncompromising masculine garment; in their cut was something vaguely fantastic, like the gentle little

absurdities of his mother's wit. It was all very well to laugh at things like that, but when it comes to wearing witticisms on your legs—!

His mind's eye went back over the different casings—he refused to consider any of them by their proper names—of his legs; garments cut over from his father's; cut over always, too, at the last moment, when there was no other garment between him and the outer world and it was that garb or bed; garments too small and garments too large, sent to them from the more prosperous branches of the Crafts family; garments even made over from his mother's clothes. These for winter; summer things were better. Then a veritable over-all for twenty-five cents, or crash breeches upheld his tottering self-respect. But now, here was school and he was eleven. Boughten pants had been promised him, and this was what he got! He would not wear them! He would not go! He would tell her what he thought about his pants.

Purpose writ all over him, he rose from the edge of his bed, casting the offending garments aside. Then he stopped. *She thought they were lovely!* She had sat up that night making them. The struggle that went on occurred somewhere below the spot where live the thoughts that have words to them.

He tramped down-stairs, a surly hero, with not so much as a suspicion of his own heroism to comfort him. To his mother's pleasant "Stand up, son! I want to see how they look!" he only grunted something surly about the lack of time, wound his feet around the leg of the chair, and shoveled down his breakfast, wondering the while what special blindness it was in her that would not let her see that these pants were unlike all other pants, subtly different from anything of the name that a boy had ever put on his legs before.

And there it may be that one strikes the roots of what it was that ailed the Crafts family. I mean that conformity did not represent to the mother of the house the sum and total of all virtue. Variations from type pleased her; she thought things pretty because she thought so, and not because others had them. A certain originality in her attitude toward garments might, in more favorable circumstances, have been developed into a unique taste. Who can tell?

It was this elusive trait in Mrs. Crafts that had always disturbed her well-to-do sister, Mrs. Stratton, who spent long hours in discussing with her husband just what it was ailed Susan. It was this anxiety that made Mrs. Stratton see her own immaculate offspring, one boy and one girl, off to school, put her bonnet on, and go around to see with her own eyes that Susan's young ones went to school on time.

It seemed to her as she turned her back upon her own residence and walked down her own grounds—"residence" and "grounds" were the words that were always employed in Freeman'sville, in speaking of Mrs. Stratton's abode—that she was leaving behind her all the orderly decencies of life, and turning her face to a mad, indecent chaos.

It was not, she reflected, all Susan's fault, for the chaos in the Crafts household had for primary cause too many children and too little money. "But," thought Mrs. Stratton severely, "things might be better. Don't tell me! If Susan was not so ca'm—"

Here her reflections were cut through by an odd figure that scurried across her path and dived into a hole in the hedge like a rabbit into a burrow. If he had thought to elude the eye of his aunt he had been mistaken.

"Daniel!" called the lady. "Daniel, I saw you! Daniel, come here to me!"

Daniel's flaming red head poked itself reluctantly through the hole in the hedge.

"What d'you want?" he inquired, sulkily.

"I want to see," replied his aunt, "what you've got on your legs."

"Pants, Aunt 'Gilly," he responded. "What d' you suppose?"

"Don't look to me like pants," responded his aunt. "Stand out there!"

Reluctantly Daniel emerged through the hole and stood up before his aunt, outwardly with a swagger, but inwardly with a hideous shame. All the agonies that Lady Godiva had ever suffered, all the phantasmal

horrors that we have ever felt in our dreams when we find ourselves indecorously clad in a public place, surged over the spirit of Daniel Crafts as his aunt's sharp eye traveled over his costume, and she pronounced:

"Those are n't pants you're wearing! I know what they are; those are your Cousin Fannie's bloomers; her gymnasium bloomers; the ones that got a little moth-ett. Little did I think," pursued the lady, "when I sent 'em over to your house thinking your mother might get enough for a blouse or a flannel petticoat for one of the children, or maybe a whole suit for the baby, that all she would do would be to take a piece off the belt and take 'em in. What's your ma thinking of to let you go out such a sight?"

Here Mrs. Stratton took up her majestic walk, while Daniel disappeared again through the hole in the hedge. His heart was aflame with injustice. Wasn't it enough, he wondered, that he had to be ridiculous, without his clothes having sprung from such a source? He had gone to bed trustingly the night before. His father was late at the office, and was to come home with the money necessary for the purchase of the pants. And now, instead of that, he wore on his person the reconstructed moth-eaten gymnasium bloomers of his cousin Fannie. Shame and anger filled his whole being, and as he got through the hole, a titter struck his ears and a voice shouted at him a derisive refrain:

"Rose in bloomers! Rose in bloomers!" it went, while the owner of the voice capered derisively up and down. It was the new boy that had lately come to live in the Fields's place. Between this boy and Daniel had been a rivalry. The newcomer was a quiet youngster who did things without much fuss, and with this same quiet he had arrogated to himself the leadership of "the gang" that had been Daniel's, both by power of fists and by virtue of a strategic mind.

At this cry of "Rose in bloomers!" (Daniel's red head had earned him the nickname of "Rose" in the gang) a concentrated fury arose in his breast, maiming the feeling of shame. He no longer wanted to skulk on the inner sides of hedges and fences, duck into school at the last moment, and hide his legs beneath a desk. He wanted to strut abroad for all the world to see—strut abroad and lick any boy that dared smile at him. And first he would begin with Carleton James.

On him he now rushed with devastating fury. They fought grimly, silently; and though there was no unseemly noise of combat, little boys schoolward bound appeared from nowhere and watched this spectacle of the strife of heroes, awestruck.

Though Carleton James fought bravely, from the beginning there was no doubt of the outcome. The wild fury of Daniel had added emphasis to his strength. He was fighting not merely for a disputed supremacy in the gang, but for his entire hope of happiness. The fight was to decide whether life would be bearable during that period



"Here they are, son," she said, cheerfully

when he must wear bloomers for pants. He was on top of his antagonist, hammering his head on the ground and muttering the concentrated words—"Holler nuff?"

"Nuff!" came the voice of Carleton James.

But Daniel was n't through. "Have I got on bloomers?" he asked, thumping the head of his adversary to jog his memory.

"No!" responded Carleton.

"Well, just you remember that!" said Daniel as he arose and faced the rest of the crowd.

"Do you fellers know what I got on?" he demanded, turning to them. "I got on my war clothes; that's what I got on! When I got on these clothes I'm dangerous. No one can lick me when I got on these clothes."

"That's right," agreed Carleton James.

"If any of you don't like the looks of my pants, tell me now," said Dan. "Is there any one who don't like the looks of 'em? Because I'll lick him if he don't!"

"I'll help him," said Carleton James. He was a simple-minded lad, and it was evident that if he was the strongest boy in the gang and could n't make fun of Dan's breeches, it was offensive to his

dignity that any minor person should. "They're his war clothes," he asserted.

In this fashion it is that the real leader of men makes his very limitations lend him strength.

Well, life is n't made up of high points, and the trouble of going up on the mountaintop is that one must descend again into the valley.

By the time school was over and Daniel arrived home, his early joy of battle had vanished. He met his mother's "Why, son, what have you done to your nice new clothes?" with a lack-luster "nothing," and kicked his new shoes against the door-sill.

"Have you been fighting, Daniel?" questioned his mother with some spirit; for fighting was the one thing upon which Mrs. Crafts was severe.

She followed the movements of the Peace Conference with eagerness; she believed ardently in the disarmament of all Europe. "Brutal fighting" was one of the things she would n't permit her children. She often declared with much spirit that if they had been brutal enough to fight they were brutal enough to receive corporal punishment. This being the case, one must n't blame Daniel too much if he responded, "No 'm."

Dora, who had heard this evasion, turned a shocked eye on him when their mother went out of the room.

They ate in silence a moment, and then from the depths of Daniel came a mighty resolve. He had n't been thinking about it at all; the words seemed to come of themselves:

"I'm going to buy myself some store clothes! I'm going to get a three-dollar-and-a-half suit!" Not just pants, mind you, but a real clothes—the kind of thing that you see in Dave Warton's window on the little mannikin with the shiny shoes and new stockings on its feet, marked variously \$3.50 or \$4.75.

As he said these words, Dan could see the very suit, for he had a trick of visualizing things. He saw it not in daytime but under the transfiguring glow of the arc light. It was dark blue and had a chaste little line of white in it. These clothes were to be his! As he saw this vision evoked by his words he felt it so keenly that he even smelled the smell of peanuts from the fruit-store next to Dave's. A heady feeling of adequacy swept over him. He knew he was going to get those clothes, just as he had known he was going to lick Carl James.

"I know," he replied darkly to Dora's round-eyed inquiry: "Where will you get all that money?" He had the while as little idea as Dora herself where the funds were to come from. "You wait and see!" They had to be! That was the end of it!

He swaggered out into the street, bent on taking from the world the \$3.50 it owed him. When the boys called to him, "Hi, Rosy! Come on an' play basket-ball!" he replied with an abstracted air:

"Can't!"

"Aw, come on!" they urged.

"Can't; I have to work," responded Daniel.

He felt vividly that he had a job—a job at fifty cen's a day—for that, in one week, provided the job held out Sunday, would give him the \$3.50. But a week was

[Continued on page 56]



His son's estimate as to the price he found entirely wrong

# When Doctors Disagree

By P. G. Wodehouse

Author of "Love Among the Chickens," "The Intrusion of Jimmy," etc.

Illustrations by A. D. RAHN

IT IS possible that, at about the time at which this story opens, you may have gone into the Hotel Belvoir for a hair-cut.

Many people did, for the young man behind the scissors, though of a singularly gloomy countenance, was undoubtedly an artist in his line. He clipped judiciously. He left no ridges. He never talked about the weather. And he allowed you to go away unburdened by any bottle of hair-food.

It is possible, too, that being there, you decided that you might as well go the limit and be manicured at the same time.

It is not unlikely, moreover, that, when you have got over the first shock of finding your hands so unexpectedly large and red, you felt disposed to chat with the young lady who looked after that branch of the business.

In your genial way you may have permitted a note of gay (but gentlemanly) badinage to creep into your end of the dialogue.

In which case, if you had raised your eyes to the mirror, you would certainly have observed a marked increase of gloom in the demeanor of the young man attending to your apex. He took no official notice of the matter. A quick frown. A tightening of the lips. Nothing more. Jealous as Arthur Welsh was of all who inflicted gay badinage, however gentlemanly, on Maud Peters, he never forgot that he was an artist. Never, even in his blackest moments, had he yielded to the temptation to dig the point of the scissors the merest fraction of an inch into a client's skull.

But Maud, who saw, would understand. And, if the customer was an observant man, he would notice that her replies at that juncture became somewhat absent, her smile a little mechanical.

Jealousy, according to an eminent authority, is the "hydra of calamities, the seven-fold death." Arthur Welsh's was all that, and more. It was a constant shadow on Maud's happiness. No fair-minded girl objects to a certain tinge of jealousy. Kept within proper bounds, it is a compliment; it makes for piquancy; it is the vinegar in the salad of devotion. But it should be a condiment, not a fluid.

It was the unfairness of the thing that hurt Maud. Her conscience was clear. She knew girls, several girls, who gave the young men with whom they walked out ample excuse for being perfect Othellos. If, like Jane Oddy, she had ever flirted openly with a dashing photographer, she could have excused Arthur's attitude. If, like Pauline Dicey, she had talked in whispers with a black-mustached stranger at the ball game, while her fiancé sat gloomily at her side, she could have understood his frowning disapproval. But she was not like Pauline. She scorned the coquetties of Jane. Arthur was the center of her world and she knew it. Ever since the rainy evening when he had sheltered her under his umbrella to the subway station, he had known perfectly well how things were with her. And yet, just because, in a strictly business-like way, she was civil to her customers, he must scowl and bite his lips and behave generally as if he had suddenly become suspicious that he had been nurturing a serpent in his bosom. It was worse than wicked. It was unprofessional.

She remonstrated with him.

"It isn't fair," she said one morning when the rush of customers had ceased and they had the shop to themselves.

Matters had been worse than usual that morning. After days of rain and grayness, the weather had turned over a new leaf. The sun glinted among the bottles of Unfailing Lotion in the window, and everything in the world seemed to have relaxed and become cheerful. Unfortunately, "everything" had included the customers. During the previous few days they had taken their seats in moist gloom, and, brooding over the prospect of coming colds in the head, had had little that was pleasant to say to the Divinity who was shaping their ends. But to-day it had been different. Warm and happy, they had bubbled over with very small-talk.

Arthur, who was stropping a razor and whistling tunelessly, raised his eyebrows. His manner was frosty.

"I fail to understand your meaning," he said.

"You know what I mean. Do you think I didn't see you frowning when I was doing that gentleman's nails?"

The allusion was to the client who had just left; a jovial individual with a red face, who certainly had made Maud giggle a good deal. And why not? If a gentleman tells really funny stories, what harm is there in giggling? You had to be pleasant to people.

If you snubbed customers, what happened? Why, sooner or later it got round to the boss and then where were you? Besides, it was not as if the red-faced customer had been rude. Write down on paper what he had said to her, and nobody could object to it. Write down on paper what she had said to him, and you could not object to that either. It was just Arthur's silliness.

She tossed her head.

"I am gratified," said Arthur ponderously. In happier moments Maud had admired his gift of language; he had read a great deal—encyclopedias and papers and things. "I am gratified to find that you had time to bestow a glance on me. You appeared absorbed."

Maud sniffed unhappily. She had meant to be cold and dignified throughout the conversation, but the sense of her wrongs was beginning to be too much for her. A large tear splashed on her tray of orange-sticks. She wiped it away with the chamois-leather.

"It isn't fair," she sobbed. "It isn't. You know I can't help it if gentlemen talk and joke with me. You know it's all in the day's work. I'm expected to be civil to gentlemen who come in to have their hands done. I should look silly, sitting as if I'd swallowed a poker. I do think you might understand, Arthur, you being in the profession yourself."

He coughed.

"It isn't so much that you talk to them, as that you seem to like—"

He stopped. Maud's dignity had melted completely. Her face was buried in her arms. She did not care if a million customers came in all at the same time.

"Maud!"

She heard him moving toward her, but she did not look up. The next moment his arms were around her and he was babbling.

And a customer, pushing open the door unnoticed two minutes later, retired hurriedly to get shaved elsewhere, doubting whether Arthur's mind was on his job.

For a time this little thunderstorm undoubtedly cleared the air. For a day or two Maud

was happier than she ever remembered to have been. Arthur's behavior was unexceptionable. He bought her a wrist-watch, light-brown leather, very smart. He gave her some candy to eat in the subway. He was, in short, the perfect lover. On the second day the red-faced man came in again. Arthur joined in the laughter at his stories. Everything seemed ideal.

It could not last. Gradually things slipped back into the old routine. Maud, looking up from her work, would see the frown and the bitten lip. She began again to feel uncomfortable and self-conscious as she worked. Sometimes their conversation on the way to the subway was almost formal.

It was useless to say anything. She had a wholesome horror of being one of those women who nagged; and she felt that to complain again would amount to nagging. She tried to put the thing out of her mind, but it insisted on staying there.

In a way, she understood his feelings. He loved her so much, she supposed, that he hated the idea of her exchanging a single word with another man. This, in the abstract, was gratifying; but in practise it distressed her. She wished she were some sort of foreigner so that nobody could talk to her. But then they would look at her and that probably would produce much the same results. It was a hard world for a girl.

And then the strange thing happened. Arthur reformed. One might almost say that he reformed with a jerk. It was a



The next moment his arms were around her



She worked on his robust fingers as if it were an artistic treat to be permitted to handle them

parallel case to those sudden conversions at negro camp meetings. On Monday evening he had been at his worst. On the following morning he was a changed man. Not even after the original thunderstorm had been more docile. Maud could not believe it at first. The lip, once bitten, was stretched in a smile. She looked for the frown. It was not there.

Next day it was the same; and the day after that. When a week had gone by and still the improvement was maintained, Maud felt that she might now look on it as permanent. A great load seemed to have been taken off her mind. She revised her views of the world. It was a very good world. Quite one of the best, with Arthur beaming upon it like a sun.

A number of eminent poets and essayists, in the course of the last few centuries, have recorded, in their several ways, their opinion that one can have too much of a good thing. The truth applies even to such a good thing as absence of jealousy. Little by little Maud began to grow uneasy. It began to come home to her that she preferred the old Arthur of the scowl and the gnawed lip. Of him she had at least been sure. Whatever discomfort she may have suffered from his outbursts, at any rate they had proved that he loved her. She would have accepted gladly an equal amount of discomfort now in exchange for the same certainty. She could not read this new Arthur. His thoughts were a closed book. Superficially he was all that she could have wished. He still continued to escort her to the subway, to buy her occasional presents, to tap, when conversing, the pleasantly sentimental vein. But now these things were not enough. Her heart was troubled. Her thoughts frightened her. The little black imp at the back of her mind kept whispering and whispering, till at last she was forced to listen: "He's tired of you. He doesn't love you any more. He's tired of you."

In times of mental stress not everybody can find ready-to-hand among his or her personal acquaintances an expert counselor, prepared at a moment's notice to listen with sympathy and to advise with tact and skill. Every one's world is full of friends, relatives and others who will give advice on any subject that may be presented to them; but there are crises in life which can not be left to the amateur. It is the aim of certain evening papers to fill this void.

Of this class the *Evening Chronicle* was one of the best-known representatives. In exchange for one cent, its five hundred thousand readers received every evening the latest news, a serial story, humorous sketches of New York life, caricatures of celebrities, hints on dress, chats about baby, funny pictures, poems, a column and a half of editorial Great Thoughts, and—the journal's leading feature—Advice on Matters of the Heart. The daily contribution of Laura Mae Podmore, the advice-specialist of the *Evening Chronicle*, was made up mainly of answers to correspondents, and probably gave a good deal of comfort. At any rate, Miss Podmore always seemed to have plenty of cases on her hands.

It was to Laura Mae that Maud took her trouble. She had been a regular reader of the paper for several years; and had, indeed, consulted the expert once before as to whether it would be right for her to accept caramels from Arthur, then almost a stranger. It was only natural that in this graver dilemma she should go to her again. The letter was not easy to write, but she finished it at last; and, after an anxious interval, judgment was delivered as follows:

"A girl signing herself M. P. writes me:  
"I am a young lady and until recently was very,

very happy, except that my fiancé, though truly loving me, was of a very jealous disposition, though I am sure I gave him no cause. He would scowl when I spoke to any other man, and this used to make me unhappy. But for some time now he has quite changed and does not seem to mind at all, and though at first it made me feel happy to think that he had got over his jealousy, I now feel unhappy because I am beginning to be afraid that he no longer cares for me. Do you think this so, and what ought I to do?"

"Well, I should like to be able to reassure M. P., but I am afraid it has been my experience that when Jealousy flies out of the window, Indifference comes in at the door. In the old days a knight would joust for the love of a ladye, risking physical injury rather than permit other to rival him in her affections. I think that M. P. should endeavor to discover the true state of her fiancé's feelings. I do not, of course, advocate anything in the shape of unwomanly behavior; but I think that she should certainly try to pique her fiancé, to test him. At her next ball, for instance, let her refuse him a certain number of dances on the plea that her program is full. At lawn-parties, receptions and so on, let her exhibit pleasure in the society and conversation of other gentlemen, and mark his demeanor as she does so. These little tests should serve either to relieve her apprehensions, provided they are groundless, or to show her the truth."

Before the end of the day Maud knew the whole passage by heart. The more her mind dwelt on it, the more clearly did it seem to express what she had felt but could not put into words. The point about jousting struck her as particularly well-taken. She had looked up "joust" in the dictionary, and it seemed to her that in these few words was contained the kernel of her trouble. In the old days, if any man had attempted to rival him in her affections (outside of business hours), Arthur would undoubtedly have jostled—and jostled with the vigor of one who means to make his presence felt. Now, in similar circumstances, he would probably step aside politely, as who should say: "After you, my dear Alphonse."

There was no time to lose. An hour after her first perusal of Laura Mae's advice, Maud had begun to act upon it. By the time the first lull in the morning's work had come and there was a chance for private conversation, she had invented an imaginary young man, a shadowy Lothario, who, being introduced into her home on the previous Sunday by her brother Horace, had carried on in a way you would n't believe, paying all manner of compliments.

"He said I had such white hands," said Maud. Arthur nodded, stropping a razor the while. He appeared to be bearing the revelations with complete fortitude. Yet, only a few weeks before, a customer's comment on this same whiteness had stirred him to his depths.

"And this morning—what do you think? Why, he meets me as bold as you please, and gives me a cake of toilet soap. I like his nerve!"

She paused, hopefully.

"Always useful—soap," said Arthur, politely sententious.

"It was lovely," went on Maud, dully conscious of failure, but, like an artist, stippling in the little touches which give atmosphere and verisimilitude to a story. "All scented. Horace will jolly me about it, I can tell you."

She paused. Surely he must— Why, a clam would be torn with

[Continued on page 44]



A. D. RAHN

Crouching in his professional manner, he moved forward and

# Poverty on the Farm

## A LETTER

**T**HERE is a widespread belief that to live in the country and be a farmer means to be wealthy, or if not wealthy, without question, to be prosperous, and prosperity is next door to riches. I have lived on a farm all my life, and hope to spend my remaining days on one. There is much pleasure and profit to be derived from living in the country, and I fully appreciate the many privileges of such an existence, but all this does not blind me to the fact that there is a class of poor folks living in the rural districts just as surely as there are poor to be found in the cities.

### *Beginning Married Life on a Speculative Basis*

Nine farmers out of ten have bought farms, paying cash as far as possible and giving a mortgage as security for the remainder. The earnest intention is to secure a home and also a means of livelihood. The outcome of this action is very uncertain. Much depends upon the man and his wife as to whether they can finish paying for the farm; again, conditions over which man has no influence may cause failure. Farming is at best a precarious business—floods, drought, frosts and all sorts of bugs and insects, as well as numerous plant diseases and disorders must be contended with. Last, but by all odds not least of the farmer's handicaps, is lack of capital.

We have put our little all into what we hope to make our home, thereby leaving ourselves without ready cash to conduct our farms. Of course this is not exactly good business policy, but nothing ventured nothing won and, thank God, our farmers and farmers' wives are of the most courageous, ambitious people on this earth.

If our young people waited to acquire funds enough to purchase a farm before marrying, they would perhaps be better off; but if you realize that the dollars come in very, very slowly on the farms, and that years must elapse before the home can be purchased outright, you will not blame the young farmer and his sweetheart if they decide to join forces and take up the struggle together.

### *What Two Bad Crop Years Meant to This Family*

There are many causes for the poverty found in some farm homes. May I tell you of one family I know? A young farmer and his bride bought a farm, putting into it their ready money and giving a mortgage for one thousand dollars, payable in sums of one hundred dollars yearly and interest at six per cent. They set bravely and happily to work, and slowly, year by year, bought the necessary farm tools and household fixtures—but *only* necessities, mind you. Each year the interest, the hundred-dollar note, taxes, and often doctors' bills were paid in money. These items drained away all the actual cash, thereby hampering farm operations and making it necessary often to do without needed clothing and conveniences; however, on the whole, they prospered in a quiet way for five years and then came reverses. First a bad season caused the crop yield to be cut off, barely paying for time and expense of growing. The following winter work was so scarce that spring found them with some of the previous summer's bills yet unpaid, and no cash for the coming farm work. To hire help was impossible, so the wife (now a mother of five children), in addition to her own work, put her shoulder to the wheel and spent the summer helping her husband. Drought and early frosts again spoiled the season's labor, so again no profit was realized. The husband obtained employment in the fall, only to be called home by the illness of his wife. The weeks of labor in the fields were now the indirect cause of many days of suffering. Help could not be obtained for love or money, and in the country there are no free hospital beds and no district nurse to call in, so the husband had to leave his work and fill the breach while the bills remained unpaid and other items of expense accumulated.

Once more, spring found them behind financially. They went without clothing and other necessities, hoping to make good. When I visited them there was but one pair of shoes in this family, where there should have been seven pairs, and

the entire family wardrobe was almost as badly off, yet you would never have guessed the actual condition of things without becoming a member of the household.

Courage is one of our farmer's most notable characteristics, and those who are most worthy and who most need help are usually the most reticent when things go from bad to worse. They have a way of shutting their teeth a little harder, smiling a bit more resolutely, and going bravely forward with whatever can be done. It is a nerve-racking, disheartening, health-breaking process, this battle with privation which must be fought year after year.

The city's poor have the best of schools and church privileges; they have the helping hand of church and individual charities; they have the use of libraries and Sunday-school books. In many cities an effort is made to send many of the children, and sometimes the women, to the country for a time. At Christmas and Thanksgiving the children and their parents are feasted and entertained and provided, oftentimes, with fuel, food, clothes and gifts.

### *What One Week's Vacation Would Do for the Farmer's Wife*

The poor in the country have none of the helps and privileges accorded their city brothers and sisters, although they are, in many instances, as poorly clad, and in the worst cases, are not much better fed; yet who ever heard of an organized effort made to relieve and brighten the lives of the poor to be found in rural districts?

Suppose, for instance, one were to send a ton of coal or a barrel of flour to the family I have told you about; or the parents were to receive a card entitling them to a pair of shoes for each of the children by calling at a certain shoe store; or the husband should receive notice, during the dull season, of work he could obtain. Why, any one of these acts of kindness is unknown to ninety-nine country people out of one hundred.

Of course, the country children are blessed with pure air and the absence of many of the harmful influences of city life, but they need access to good books, to church and social gatherings. The mothers and fathers need a change and vacation just as surely as do those in the city. Do you know what a week or two of rest, away from cares, children and responsibilities, would mean to the country woman who has toiled all through the heat of summer, cooking, washing, sewing, caring for children, calves and hens, and doing numberless other things undreamed of by the city housekeeper? I know because I have experienced it all but the vacation; because I know more than a dozen other women in similar conditions.

Are country people less worthy of help than those in the city? Do they feel the grind of poverty less keenly? Do they get sick or tired less easily? Are the burdens of overwork and lack of recreation less heavy in the country than elsewhere? I say, No! No! No!! The only reason one does not see more evidences of poverty in the country is because it is not so thickly populated as the city.

When sickness comes, there is no district nurse to call in, no dispensaries to go to, no spare money to hire help, no open hospital to receive them, so they drag around until compelled to go to bed; then get up again just as soon as possible, often before it is wise to do so, and again take their places in the same old treadmill, with its round of never-ceasing, monotonous work.

I know how loud will be the protest to this from certain ones among farmers, but remember, I have spoken of the *needy* class of rural folks. What I have written is as true as the brighter and pleasanter fact that there are many, many farm homes free from want and overwork and ill-health. It is but right for the public to see both sides of the picture—to know that there are others outside the city limits who need and deserve a helping hand.

DELIA GLINES GROVER.

# A Slump in Chanteclers

By Hyman Strunsky

Illustrations by B. CORY KILVERT

"SAY, Minnie, this is going to be a crackjack season and it ain't very long before you and I are on Easy Street; bet your sweet life it ain't!"

Phil Markson, star drummer for the Vogel & Lazinsky Hat and Trimming Manufacturing Company, was discussing his last trip, while Minnie Rosenbaum, the red-cheeked, black-eyed, chubby-faced little stenographer watched the duplicate order-slips as he turned them, one after the other, in corroboration of his boast.

"These here houses are the biggest in the country," he continued, "and I got my share of their trade. I tell you, I have some gab in me, and when I see a customer it comes out, surest thing you know. The others ain't in it with the business I've done—got them all skinned a mile. It's a cinch!"

"Is n't it grand!" exclaimed the girl.

"Grand? I should say so. Do you know what it means, Minnie?"

He threw the book on the desk and thrust his hands in his pockets, swinging his well-formed and well-attired body with the characteristic swagger of the traveling salesman. His frank face beamed with satisfaction and his bright eyes sparkled with self-appreciation.

"It means that it ain't going to take long before I'll get into the firm; that's what it means. And there ain't going to be any more excuses, either. Take it from me; I know what I'm talking about."

At this, Minnie's face became serious. The promise to enter the firm, though made a long time ago and repeated whenever Phil had shown special skill in selling goods, collecting bad bills and helping his employers out of commercial difficulties, was still unfulfilled. To Minnie's intuitive sense it was clear that Mr. Vogel's marriageable daughter was passively responsible for this breach of promise. For this reason, Minnie had kept secret her engagement to Phil Markson.

"I hope so," she said. "But when they find out that you are not going to marry Dora they will not let you become a partner."

"Dora nothing!" shouted Phil. "There is only one girl in this world for me, and you know it as well as I do. Just say the word, Minnie, and we'll marry before the month is out, and before an hour is over this little finger will sparkle with the biggest diamond that ever—that ever—"

At a loss for the right simile, he touched with his lips the particular part of the finger set aside for the expected, dreamed-of solitaire.

"Come now, be sensible," urged the conscientious little stenographer. "We have already taken too much of the firm's time. Let's go to work."

This call to duty met with a loyal response. Phil went to see his customers and Miss Rosenbaum returned to her machine.

Later in the day, while Jacob Vogel and Abraham Lazinsky, the two heads of the firm, were congratulating themselves on Phil's abilities as a traveling salesman, Samuel Smolnick, the proprietor of the Empire Headgear Company, entered the office.

"I looked in here to see whether you and us can't do a little business together," he said. "I got such a fine season and took so many orders that I can't attend to it all. Maybe you can make some of the orders for me? Of course, you let me have a good margin, no?"

"Is it a fact, Smolnick?" asked Vogel, the senior member of the firm, "that you got it so many orders that you can not attend to them already? I do n't want to say that you are a liar, Smolnick, but I don't believe if you could have so much business."

"What do you mean you do n't believe it, Vogel?" protested Smolnick. "I have a regular rush this season, and anyhow, what do you care? Ain't I paying you as well as the others? I'll give you ten per cent. profit above what it costs you to make up the orders."

Smolnick's pale face was wrapped in a shadow of a smile; his gray eyes winked in a manner to show that he was merely feeling his way.

"You will give us ten per cent., Smolnick?" asked Lazinsky.

"You mean you will give it to us twenty per cent.," said Vogel.

"You don't want to murder me, Vogel," protested Smolnick. "Remember the orders will amount in the thousands—twenty thousand dollars, maybe."

"And if it will amount in the thousands is what?" asked Vogel.

"Must I do it for nothing? If I wanted to murder you, Smolnick, I would ask twenty-five per cent., I assure you."

"Twenty per cent. is too high, Vogel. You want to get rich on me, ain't it?"

"It ain't all profit and it ain't exactly twenty per cent., because we pay it union wages already."

This was delivered in the form of a "dig" at the rival concern, which had several times been in conflict with the union over a dispute in the scale of wages.

Smolnick attempted to bargain off five cents but Vogel & Lazinsky would not come down more than two and a half, and finally Miss Rosenbaum was called upon to place on paper a long list of various kinds of headgear, trimmings, flowers, silks, plumes, quills, birds and an assortment of ribbons and leathers at seventeen and a half per cent. above the cost of manufacturing. Prominent among the hats were *Le Chapeau Chantecler*, and the Inverted Shape, the proclaimed leaders in style for the coming season. Vogel and Lazinsky examined the order carefully and noted whatever additional instructions Smolnick gave them.

"Now, you will give it to us a thousand dollars deposit and the thing is settled," said Vogel.

"Ain't I good enough?" asked Smolnick.

"Sure, you are good," replied Vogel, "but ain't it a check better?"

"Well, if you want to be sure," said Smolnick, "then I, too, want to be sure; ain't it but natural? Give me a little piece of paper in which you will say black on white that the goods must be ready in a month."

"Not a month, Smolnick," responded Vogel. "An order what is as big as what you gave it to us may take longer to make up than a month already, because our own orders comes first, Smolnick. I will give you a paper that it will be ready in six weeks, maybe."

The time for the delivery was finally fixed at five weeks. Miss Rosenbaum made two neat copies of the agreement and Smolnick and Vogel affixed their signatures. The transaction was definitely settled when the proprietor of the Empire Headgear Company made out a check for a thousand dollars in favor of Vogel & Lazinsky, as deposit on the order.

"We made it a good sale already," said Vogel after Smolnick had gone, and the two heads of the firm began a tenuous scrutiny of the check.

"The loafer must have taken lots of orders, Mr. Vogel, no?" said Lazinsky, who never failed to affix the "Mr." before his partner's name, a respect inspired by the father's wealth and



Miss Rosenbaum continued to regard the situation with a heavy heart



"The loafer! He gives the orders to us and now we have the headaches!"

"When a man is got already such a small factory as what Smolnick is got it, he can't make up so much goods, Abraham," consoled Vogel.

"Anyhow, he's got a golden season and he takes more orders than Philip, maybe," declared Lazinsky. "Ain't I always said Smolnick, he has a head on his shoulders? When Philip hears from the order what he gave us he will be jealous with envy already. Ain't I right, Mr. Vogel?"

Lazinsky's interrogative tone which he invariably gave to the end of a sentence was not the result of uncertainty, nor was it inspired by a thirst for accurate information. It was a form of courtesy by which he expressed a readiness to waive his own opinion. Not only was Vogel ten years his senior and by far the richer man, holding interests in various other enterprises, but he was also possessed of a physique that commanded respect. While Lazinsky was lanky, emaciated, bearded and pale, Vogel was tall, stout, clean-shaven and dignified.

It is not uncommon for one firm to hand over some of its orders to another in case of a rush. The deal with Smolnick, therefore, was regarded as a piece of good fortune, and the partners continued to discuss it in a tone of satisfaction which was not altogether free from envy.

When Phil returned to the office, his employers informed him of the business they had done with the Empire Headgear Company. With stinging emphasis they dwelt on Smolnick's selling ability.

"If a man takes more orders than he can make up he does it a good business already," declared Vogel.

"Oh, when it comes to that," retorted Phil, "I need not take a back seat. I guess I did my share, did n't I?"

"A man never does it his share," said Vogel, "when there is another fellow what does it more. The Empire had it a golden season, I assure you, Philip."

"It's funny," remarked Phil, after a short pause; "I know Smolnick's trade, and I can't see that he sold any more than what he always does. I got some part orders from nearly all his customers. There is something wrong."

"Maybe there is something wrong with this?" asked Lazinsky, sarcastically, showing the check and the contract. "Wrong or right, we got the order, and being that there ain't no commission and traveling expense to be paid on it, we did a pretty good day's business, ain't it?"

"A man never bluffs when he pays it a thousand dollars, Philip," remarked Vogel.

This was supplemented by an additional comment from Lazinsky: "And if he bluffs is what? Ain't the money good enough, and ain't there his signature on the order?"

The bold figures on the check and the signature on the order deprived Phil of speech. Not until he was alone with Miss Rosenbaum did he find his tongue.

"Say, Minnie," he said, "there is some bluff behind the Smolnick order, as sure as day. I don't see that he did such large business that he's got to turn over his orders to us. Something is wrong, and my name ain't Phil Markson if there ain't; and I am a shoemaker and not a drummer if I ain't going to find it out. Take it from me, I know what I am talking about."

"Yes," said the girl, "but the chances to enter the firm are n't getting any better."

"No, not when they think that Smolnick is a better drummer than I am. But say, the day will come when they'll realize that there ain't a better man living than I am, and that when it comes to business, Phil Markson is there with the goods."

"Indeed they will," consoled the girl. "Anyhow, there is one person that appreciates you, is n't there?"

"Thanks," whispered the drummer. "Min-Minnie, you're all right, bet your sweet life you are. You are the kind of girl that gives a fellow courage. It's a fact."

## II

"WHAT is it a thing like unfair, Minnie?"

Mr. Vogel asked this question after a ponderous glance at a letter which came with the morning mail several days after the order from the Empire Headgear Company. He handed the letter over to the stenographer, upon whom he was in the habit of calling for assistance whenever he received a letter different from the ordinary business correspondence.

"Here," he said, "maybe you can make it out. It is something 'et union and unfairness."

Miss Rosenbaum read the letter with a tremor in her voice.

HAT MAKERS AND TRIMMERS' UNION  
Local 1150, A. F. L., U. S. A.

ESSRS. VOGEL & LAZINSKY,

Hat and Trimming Mfg. Co., New York City.

Gentlemen—This is to inform you that we will declare your house unfair if you do not stop manufacturing goods for the Empire Headgear Company where a strike



"Can't you think of some way out of it?"

is now going on. You understand that by doing this work you are scabbing on us and are helping the company break the strike. Unless you will stop work immediately on that order we shall be compelled to call out all your hands and declare a strike in your place. Yours truly,

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, H. M. AND T. U.  
HARRY WEINSTEIN, Secretary.

"A strike?" asked Vogel and Lazinsky with staring eyes and open mouths.

"Yes, a strike," answered Miss Rosenbaum, looking at the letter again.

While the term unfair was seldom used by the East Side employers, the word strike was only too well understood. It meant weeks of idleness, spoiled seasons, loss of trade, compulsory payment of higher wages, and a forced reduction of hours; it meant employment of strike-breakers, money paid to guards and policemen; it meant fights, arrests, courts, troubled days and sleepless nights and horrible dreams of ruin and bankruptcy. The very mention of the word sent a shiver through their bodies and struck terror to their hearts.

"And what is it such a thing as unfair?" asked Lazinsky, weakly.

"It means that the union informs everybody that you are not fair to the working men."

"It means that, is it?" exclaimed Vogel.

"Why, yes; that is, I think so," stammered the girl.

For a short moment there was a pause. Then the senior member of the firm struck the desk with his fist.

"The loafer!" he shouted, hammering at the innocent piece of furniture. "The loafer! He wants he should have no troubles with the union, so he gives the orders to us and now we have the headaches."

"Ain't I always said Smolnick he is a crook?" asked Lazinsky. "When a man does it a trick like this, ain't he a thief and a swindler already—no?"

Then followed ejaculations, denunciations, reproaches and wringing of hands. Both men realized that they had been entrapped.

When Phil arrived, the faces of his employers assumed the expression of drowning persons approached by brave life-savers.

"Oh, Philipe! you have a head on your shoulders; can't you do something, mightel be?" pleaded Lazinsky.

With his body erect, his legs apart, one hand in his pocket and hat moved backward, the drummer perused the lines of the letter. He whistled a tune which to the unmusical heads of the firm sounded like a cross between a curse and a rebuke. When he finally looked up, it was to say: "The fellow's got us skinned a mile. It's a cinch."

In a tumultuous consultation it was decided that Phil should attempt to straighten out matters. He received instructions to visit the secretary of the union, to talk to Lawyer Rosenthal, and also to see how far Smolnick was determined to press the fulfillment of the agreement.

It was little comfort, however, that he received at any of these places. At the headquarters of the union he was treated politely but with decisive directness. The secretary explained that the union could never win while Smolnick had his goods manufactured for him by other firms, and repeated the threat to call a strike within three days if work on the order were continued. The lawyer was no less discouraging. Phil was told that the contract was valid and that Smolnick had a good case should he carry it to court.

"Of course, I can fight it," said Attorney Rosenthal, "but the chances



"If you talk like this I will tell you what happen."

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in our favor are small. It's hard to go against a contract. If he can prove losses, he will collect heavy damages. But if he is on friendly terms with you he may be lenient."

"Friendly," shouted Phil. "Why, counselor, he and us are bitter rivals, and there ain't a firm he hates more than he hates Vogel & Lazinsky, and there ain't a drummer he would rather see hanged, quartered and cremated than he would me. You see, counselor, I am the star drummer for our firm and it's many orders that I have taken away from him. He's a good talker, that's true, but I've got some gab in me, and I ain't the kind of man that is going to take a back seat for anybody, when it comes to business."

In spite of a reluctance to lose a case, Attorney Rosenthal had to advise Phil to see Smolnick before allowing the firm to face a heavy suit for damages.

Phil found the shop of the Empire Headgear Company surrounded by a score of strikers who were doing picket duty. He had to fight his way to the entrance, and into the office of the firm. Smolnick greeted him with a forced smile.

"What do you say to these loafers? They declare a strike already," he exclaimed, pointing to the large loft, where a few hundred machines stood in the gloom of unaccommodated inactivity.

"Look here, Smolnick," began Phil, "you got the best of the old folks this time; it's a cinch. You and me understand each other and there ain't no need for talk. But no matter what I feel at this moment, I am ready to listen to terms, provided they are rational. You put us in a hole, and now I want to know what you'll take to let us out of it."

"I put you in a hole?" asked Smolnick, assuming an expression of innocence. "What do you mean I put you in a hole, Philip? I give you the orders like everybody else gives you their orders, no?"

"No, and you know it," shouted Phil. "You did n't tell about the strike. But we ain't going to waste any time in talking about it. The question is will you release us from the contract? We can't afford to have a strike on our hands this time of the year, and if you insist on having us do your work, we will have one; surest thing you know."

"Release you from the order! You talk like a child, Philip Markson," said Smolnick. "And how will I supply my trade? Don't you know that if I don't fill my orders I am a ruined man already? You are crazy, Philip; that's all I got to say."

"Well, to be frank," said Philip, "I care little whether you are a ruined man or not. In fact, I would much rather see you ruined—and it ain't nothing new to you, either, is it? What I want to say to you is that we can't and we ain't going to make your order, no matter what happens!"

"No matter what happens!" cried Smolnick, getting red in the face with anger. "If you talk like this I will tell you what happens. My lawyer he says I could get twenty thousand dollars from you if you don't do what the contract it says you should do. That's what it happens!"

"All right, Smolnick," answered Phil, "you better go ahead and sue us, and be quick about it, too. No use losing good time, Smolnick."

"If you don't want to make my orders you don't have 'em," cried Smolnick. "I could afford to lose my trade and not to ship any orders this season, Philip, I assure you. The Vogel & Lazinsky Hat and Trimming Manufacturing Company is good enough, ain't it? And if you think I am a greenhorn, you make a mistake—the biggest mistake in your life, Philip. My lawyer is just as good a lawyer as your lawyer is, I assure you, Philip."

Three dejected, gloomy and miserable persons were awaiting Philip's

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# Over the Salary Wall

Georgiana Secures for Her Family Health, Happiness and Education on \$3,000 a Year

By Martha Bensley Bruere

Author of "The Family Clearing House"

Illustrations by HARRY LINNELL

GEORGIANA lives in Foxbrooke, which is a New Jersey suburb of New York City, and her occupation is to personally conduct a family consisting of one husband named John, and three rambunctious children, Jane, John Jr., and William. How she solved the problem of living in comfort on John's salary of \$3,000 a year, by working out an expense budget like any city government, was told last month in "The Family Clearing House." That ordering of her expenses, however, Georgiana considers the smallest and easiest part of her work.

"Shall I allow my family to be limited either in happiness or usefulness because we have only \$3,000 a year? Decidedly not," cries she. "They shall have everything that is for their advantage. It is their right."

Georgiana, speaking on her favorite theme, is apt to grow vehement and refuse to be cramped or limited except by things which are not discovered yet, like telegraphic communication with Mars. And she absolutely will not consider that the price of beefsteak ought to limit the number of pounds her family consumes. That, she insists, shall be determined only by what it is for their best good to have. As John's salary is as fixed as any object in nature, I am aware that this looks irresponsible and incoherent, but it's really as easy to put together as a puzzle picture—when you know how.

Georgiana's efforts seem to divide themselves like an old sermon into a firstly, secondly, thirdly and fourthly. Her "firstly" might be called "Stretching the House," and it was amusing to see the outward and visible sign of this inward and spiritual grace of Georgiana's hit a new "in-law" of ours, the second husband of our second cousin Annette.

The Professor had come out to spend Sunday at Foxbrooke, and when we left him to smoke a good-night cigar with John, Georgiana said with a thankful sigh which brought to mind Annette's late lamented "first": "Annette has learned by experience!"

But as we trailed up-stairs to bed, John came running after us: "Why don't we have a rarebit?" he cried.

The Professor emerged beaming from the library,

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"Can your cook make one?" he asked eagerly. "Ours can't."

"I never tried to teach her," answered Georgiana from the landing. "My own rarebits are too bad. They string or curdle always. But it's a good idea, John; I feel just like a rarebit."

The Professor ceased to beam. His powers seemed to concentrate in that inward eye which watched impotently while a curdled, stringy rarebit invaded his defenseless interior.

"It'll be a lovely walk up there in the moonlight," said Georgiana, turning to come down the stairs. "But it's growing cold and we'll need wraps."

"But—I—you said—a rarebit—"

"Oh yes—we're going up to the Country Club for one."

The Professor looked resigned and a little relieved, but somewhere in the mixture of his emotions I detected disapproval. Clubs cost money!

It was a delectable rarebit, served in a tiny alcove overlooking the frost-silvered hillside. The toast crisped just right, and as for the jelly—well! Joy sat on the Professor's brow; there were actually shadows of vine leaves in his hair, and disapproval faded to envy as he said:

"I wish there was a club like this in Duquesne that I could afford to belong to."

Georgiana looked from under her extraordinary eyelashes.

"We could n't afford *not* to belong to this one," she said. "It saves us about five hundred a year besides an addition to the house."

The Professor looked as though he were wondering whether Annette could have deceived him about there being no insanity in the family, and Georgiana went on:

"Every extra I have has to be squeezed out of John's \$3,000 a year, and out of that I can't hire a cook who is able to make, rarebit, nor furnish such service as this, nor build a ballroom for the dance we're going to give here at the club after Easter. I'll show you in figures."

And Georgiana slid her hand into John's pocket with wifely dexterity and abstracted an envelope and a pencil. On the ba-



"Why don't we have a rarebit?" he cried

of the first she produced these calculations with the second:

Club dues per year . . . . .	\$ 40.00
Rent of club house for dance . . . . .	10.00
Tips to attendants at dance . . . . .	5.00
Punch and lemonade at dance . . . . .	10.00
Entertaining guests (estimated) . . . . .	35.00
	<hr/>
	\$100.00
Against this she balanced:	
Rent of house with ballroom at \$25.00 a month more than we pay now . . . . .	\$300.00
Competent cook at \$25.00 a month . . . . .	300.00
	<hr/>
	\$600.00

"Oh, yes, it's over five hundred dollars a year we save by belonging to this club, for I have n't yet counted what it would cost us to entertain guests at home. The only room for question is whether rarebits and dances are necessary luxuries. Personally, I believe that such luxuries are good for my soul. And, besides, that dance is a problem in human conservation—the conservation of John's youth and mine. That may be sentimental, perhaps, but it has its business side. When John's employer sees him dancing with a débutante, how can he think of the gray at John's temples as a sign of approaching uselessness? I'd rather give a dance than dye John's hair—yes, or make him wear a wig and ride a bicycle, as a certain gentle pastor of my acquaintance does, lest his congregation should think him superannuated."

The Professor looked interested, but a little awed. This light playfulness on so serious a subject as an income was new to him. How had bankruptcy been avoided when Georgiana's irresistible demands met John's immovable salary? I enjoyed his evident perplexity so much that I led the conversation on to the "secondly" of Georgiana's creed, which might be called "Reduced Rates on the Arts and Sciences."

"I'm not looking for any bargain-counter education for my children," explained Georgiana, severely, "nor for any of the machine methods of instruction still to be found in the rural districts. I don't want them to get down to the level of bare intellectual subsistence. I want them to learn amply, to be intellectually rich. They've a right to it."

"See here, Georgiana," protested the Professor, "you're using the wrong word. When you say they've a right to it, you imply that it's somebody's duty to give it to them."

"Well, is n't it?"

"Why, not if you can't pay for it."

"But I'm paying for so much more than I'm getting already."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I stand ready to furnish a hydraulic engineer in John, Jr.; a trained housewife in Jane; and so far as the symptoms go, an aviator in William. Now, society needs all these things. It's got to have them, and yet it is n't willing to do even what the big corporations do—help me to fit them for their jobs. I won't stand it to have society parasite on me like that!"

"How are you going to prevent it?" he asked, incredulously.

"I'm doing it already, and in its blind way society is beginning to let go. Oh, the way I've got myself disliked makes me feel quite prominent and successful!" And she laughed as only a much-loved woman can.

But it was true that Georgiana was making enemies. I suppose it is inevitable that an unfit form of life should dislike the higher form which eliminates it. Georgiana had become a scourge to the old order, and they knew it. Mr. McCann, brother of the Foxbrooke contracting carpenter, had driven me over to Esterly the week before, and not knowing who I was, had treated me to the countryside gossip about Georgiana.

"Oh, she's a terrible woman—a terrible woman! Went talkin' 'round that our school wa'n't good enough for her children! I guess if it was good enough fer my children it was good enough fer her'n. An' then she got the county sup'rintendent to say we'd gotta hev a new school-house! Yes'm, that's what she done! An' seein' we'd gotta hev it, my brother Jake, he wrote up there that we didn't want none o' them stylish buildin's—only just a plain schoolhouse, an' he sent in the plans like he allus done fer town buildin's. An' if them city fellers at Trenton did n't up an' send 'em back to Jake again, sayin' they wa'n't right! Well s'm, you can bet Jake would n't stan' fer that. An' him a-backin' out, there wa'n't nothin' but to use them plans they sent down from Trenton. An' just a soul in this hull town got a thing out o' it!"

"An' it was just 'cause that woman thought our schools wa'n't good enough fer her children. I don't see nuthin' about her children that's better'n any other people's children. Why could n't she send her children over to Mis' Dacy's school at Esterly like the other high-toned people done?"

Georgiana laughed when I told her.

"I don't believe in sending young children away to school," said she. "And besides, I can't afford it. If I took the cost of private schools out of John's salary I'd have to make the children go without something they ought to have. Anyway, the community wants educated men. Theoretically, the public schools are provided for the purpose of producing them. All the finances of the state are there to pay for the best



"I've found out why you can't get cocoanut pie at cheap table d'hôtes any more"

education to be had, so why should I pay for it out of our little three thousand a year? I did n't believe in it, so I just got five other women to help me, and we found that the state would give us practically as much of the things we insisted on having as they had in stock. They did n't have everything so we compromised on a teacher of singing and a course in Applied Art and they threw in German of their own accord. Do you notice that since the schools are better, not so many people send their children to Esterly?"

The "stock and bond" people had been used to treat Foxbrooke like a great nursery. They came there with their babies to get them out of the New York streets, and filled the place with perambulators. It resounded with infant voices. A private kindergarten was established on the hill, to which processions of trim little boys in Russian blouses and girls in mushroom hats were led every morning. But until Georgiana took hold of the public school question, there was no good instruction beyond the kindergarten, and the same sense of parental responsibility which drove people to Foxbrooke with their babies, drove them away with their school children.

Georgiana had not only helped to make Foxbrooke something more than a brief episode in people's lives; she had saved money for every parent in the town as well as for herself. To her own income she had practically added the \$150 a year which the tuition for Jane in Miss Dacy's Collegiate Preparatory Department would have cost; \$40 a year for William's tuition in the Primary; \$150 a year for Junior in the Technological Institute in the city; thirty cents a day for carfare for the three, and whatever the special teachers in music and art would have cost over and above the tuition. A very perceptible addition to John's salary!

Georgiana's achievements in the matter of schools are only unique in that it is unusual for our little middle-class woman to buck the community single-handed, for that was what Georgiana had done. In New York, when the people wanted their children to learn stenography and dressmaking and cooking, these things marched right into the curriculum of the public schools. And in Chicago they've got carpenter work and plumbing, and one school, at least, goes in enough for real advancement to buy pictures at the American Artists' Exhibition and the Water Color Show for its schoolrooms, and to offer courses in illustrating and embroidery. It may sometimes be a little hard to lash a school-board into the vanguard where it naturally belongs, but if you can do things like that in Chicago, I guess if you want any simple little thing like dancing or singing put in anywhere else you can get it.

"No one has any right to blame the schools, though," concluded Georgiana, truculently. "It's like casting the bantling on the rocks and then blaming the rocks. It's perfectly possible to have any sort of school you want. The whole meager life is harder on the children than it is on us, because it limits them earlier in the game. It gives them cheap accomplishments and cheap tastes and establishes a regular class wall around them, over which their own inbred limitations prevent their climbing. And I'm so certain that this is bad for all of us that I simply will not submit to it!"

The Professor retired from the ring with the dignified air of a prize-fighter who lays his defeat to his opponent's ignorance of Queensbury rules. Georgiana denied the simple economic tenet that one should limit his wants to his income, and that, he felt, was n't fighting fair. He walked very softly during the rest of our rarebit party and it was only by an inadvertence that he ran into the third part of Georgiana's dogma, which I call her "Theory of a Maximum Wage," while we were having tea the next day.

"I've found out why you can't get cocoanut pie at cheap table d'hôtes any more," he said cheerily to Jane, who was curled up on the window-seat.

"Why?" asked that young woman detaching her mind automatically from the mere claims of art as represented by the sofa cushion cover she was trying to stencil, and fixing it on the more vital claims of the stomach.

"According to the consular reports, coconuts are high because coconut oil is being used as a substitute for lard, which has doubled in price in two years.

"I don't think food will ever be very cheap again. I don't see how it can be when freight and labor are so high; but in the case of pork—"

And then the Professor went on to explain how the price of pork depended on whether Somebody & Company's notes were negotiable in the money market; how during the panic of 1907 these packers could n't get credit and could pay only a small price for hogs. Then the hog-raiser said to himself:

"Does it pay to raise hogs at this price? Shall I keep these hogs and feed them costly corn all winter just to have them produce more unprofitable hogs next year? A little money in the bank is worth many pigs in the pen!" And he rushed them into the market.

This was in 1907. In the spring of 1908 there was n't any visible supply of little pigs to speak of. And that fall there were n't many hogs for packers to buy, and up and up went the price of roast pork till the shipper said:

"Will hogs ever be worth so much as this again? No!"

And he sold his few hogs to the packers at a great price and again there was a comparatively pigless spring. So it's only now, three years after the panic, that the price of pork has begun to drop and we may hope for cheap coconut pie again.

"You see," he concluded, "that where the food supply is low the price must be high, and as we approach the limit of subsistence there is little chance of food ever being cheap again. The productivity of the land—"

"Humph!" sniffed Georgiana, so sharply that the Professor fished up on his behine legs, like Brer Rabbit. "Umph! I don't see that. Did n't the panic come because somebody wanted somebody's coal and iron stock? Or somebody's line of boats? Must we go without coconut pie for three years because somebody took away somebody else's boat? There's no sense in panics.

We don't have to have them any more than we have to have the measles."

The Professor was obviously unhappy. Here was one of his new relatives-in-law requiring the most sacred law of supply and demand to prove itself. The very fastnesses of economics shook in their shoes! There seemed nothing for a philosopher to do, but cling to the surface of his own little potato patch till the storm blew over; and the Professor cuddled right down behind his pet solution, which was to make the hen lay two eggs where she laid only one before. But it was no great protection to him, for we all arose at this point and threw the whole Jersey peach crop of 1910 at him.

"There were so many we could n't eat them."

"We could n't give them away!"

"We asked in all the little boys and still those peaches rotted on the ground."

"I put up peach butter by the gallon."

"I had a stomach-ache all the time!" cried young William.

"Well?" questioned the Professor.

"Well! Why at that very time they cost forty cents for a basket of eighteen in New York, only thirteen miles away! There!"

Now, the Professor being intelligent underneath his training, saw that you could n't controvert a fact like that any more than you could controvert the Mississippi River, and he helped us fall upon the freight and express companies, who by high rates prevent our enjoying the benefit of plentiful crops in other parts of the country.

"Why on earth should we stand it?" cried Georgiana. "Is there any reason why we should not say to our servant, the post-office, what the people of Europe have said to their post-offices: 'Carry these peaches and potatoes for me at a cost within reason'? There is not. Can we make them do it? Of course! Even the Supreme Court would back us up. Look how it backed up the people of New York City when they said they would n't pay more than eighty cents a thousand feet for their gas. They decided that a public service corporation has a right to make only a reasonable profit on its investments, and that six per cent. is a reasonable profit.

"In Cleveland, too," Georgiana continued, "the people have decided

that they won't pay the ninety cents the gas company wants, and the mayor has given the company the choice between furnishing gas at the people's price or tearing up their pipes. Now, is n't an express company a public servant, too? Only one of the last annual dividends of the six great companies was as low as six per cent. Remember that Wells-Fargo dividend of three hundred per cent.? It is the Wells-Fargo that runs to Foxbrooke, so I helped pay that dividend out of John's salary, and it makes me mad! John helped to give that company its franchise, and it robs him in return.

"And then, if the gas company which furnishes fuel to cook beefsteak is a public service corporation and only entitled to the reasonable profit of six per cent., why is n't the firm which furnishes the beefsteak a public servant, too, and amenable to the same law? It is providing something quite as necessary as gas. And how about flour and cotton cloth and telephones? Don't we have to have them? I won't go back to the savage state where these things were n't necessities, to please anybody!"

Georgiana was shooting the chutes of her argument at such a speed that we could only hold our breaths till she struck the water.

"I suppose there's a certain bottom price that we'll always have to pay for things; but why, oh, why," stamping her foot vigorously, "should n't I add everything over that to John's three thousand a year

and enjoy it myself? I've got it through my head that anything which hurts so large a class of us as these unreasonable profits do, must be due to social causes and so can be cured by some social remedy. What a great many of us dislike does n't have to be, because we have nobody to reckon with but ourselves. John heard somebody at the Manufacturers Association say that capital was a timid bird which a loud noise would scare away. Well, I'm not up on the habits of birds, but it seems to me more like a thieving cormorant, hunting the whole world over for places to lay nest-eggs and growing fat to the roasting on six per cent."

Georgiana had shot down this final slope at a terrible speed, and now said, tranquilly, as though dipping up and down in the placid pool at the bottom:

"I would much rather face my own image in the looking-

glass after I'd taken away the excess gains from a corporation than after I'd let them take away the necessary comforts from my children."

Georgiana certainly need not fear any black looks from her mirror on the score of having helped the public service corporations. She goes about industriously pointing out how easy it is to make them do a little more public serving for less pay, and using the refusal of the New York and Cleveland people to pay an unreasonable price for gas as an illustration of what can be done.

"Why should we pay a dollar and ten cents for gas when the Supreme Court of the United States says that eighty cents is enough?" says she. "Why should I pay a dollar a month for electric wires in my house whether I use the light or not? If we all decide we won't, we won't have to."

When Georgiana heard what the residents of Forest Park, a Chicago suburb, are doing to the Consolidated Traction Company, she made a special series of calls through Foxbrooke, to spread the good news that the citizens were turning all the company's cars back at the town line because the village authorities had decided that in charging two fares instead of one to Chicago, the company had violated its franchise and could not run upon their streets. She works continually to make her idea of the Maximum Wage for Corporations popular. She has n't actually got much addition to her income from cutting down the corporation profits, as yet, but in her one little bout with the railroad she decreased her expenses by the cost of a summer trip to Cape May.

It was all on account of the mosquito. There is a pretty stream flowing into Foxbrooke, which in the lower part of the town widens into little estuaries and back eddies, stagnant ponds and tiny morasses where great, lush, blunt-topped weeds make a shade for the careful mother mosquito to lay her eggs in the comforting assurance that every one of them will become an active, happy, full-fed little mosquito in its turn.

"They say they are not the malaria kind," wailed Georgiana as the innumerable cohorts settled down upon us. "That sort have striped legs. But I've looked at these till it seems to me that they are not only striped, but speckled and plaided as well. I will not take the chance.

[Continued on page 47]

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"Wouldn't it be perfectly dandy, mother, for you to have a set of emine?"

# A Deserter

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Illustrations by HOWARD HEATH



PRIVATE ANDREW JACKSON ROSS, sometime hill-farmer of English yeoman stock, was coming home on furlough after three years' absence. One of that last draft, which very late in 1861 had answered the call of Tennessee and gone out to fight for state rights and Southern independence, he had been taken prisoner at Fort Donelson, had spent weary months at Camp Douglass, then after exchange had reenlisted "for the war"—his regiment did it to a man—and fought and marched with the best, all the while eagerly hopeful; all the while firm in the faith of ultimate triumph.

He had not come home to see Milly and the babies, the two boys and the girl born after he went away, because home lay in a very debatable land; moreover, north of "the rivers," Tennessee and Cumberland, upon which a strict gunboat patrol made crossing parlous. Further, there was the danger of capture out of uniform that meant punishment as a spy. Men taken in Confederate gray went straight to a military prison, unless they could be prevailed on to forsake their cause and swear allegiance to Uncle Sam.

Jack Ross had had no mind to do either. The fighting engrossed him, and he was at ease about Milly. She was in her father's care—not in the house with him and her stepmother, but at the Hewlett place which Pap Hill had bought only the spring before. Not much of a place, to be sure; fifty acres of thinness land, with a double log house, rather out of repair, on it. Still it had a good orchard and the finest cold spring in the country, and it lay broadside to the Hill homestead. Thus Milly, who was slight and delicately pretty, would have independence along with protection. Jack had been sure of that; so had Major Overton, who was, in a sort, the oracle of the hill-farmer folk, and, occasionally, their special providence. He had sighed a bit over Jack's going, though he felt the need of fighting men. "Don't be risky and frisky lad," he had cautioned. "Remember it's hard lines on a woman bringing up children without a man to help her."

Jack had agreed, his heart the while misgiving him. He was a tremendous worker when he worked, but much too fond of play. Clean play always, fox hunting in especial, had appealed to him. He had been so proud to own Black Hawk, a horse that could go in the first flight with the best in the field. Now he thought it would have been better, much better, to have owned a span of mules and a brood mare. Then he might have been able to leave Milly a handful of money, instead of a bare twenty dollars. She would be looked out for, of course—all the orators calling eloquently for volunteers had pledged that a soldier's family should be the sacred and special charge of the whole community. No doubt they had been so, Jack told himself as he strode along, if the Yankees had come in to upset all creation. More than that, Milly was with her very own. He went forward at a half-run, singing softly as he went. It was two years since he had heard a word from her—letters went and came, only underground. He was sure, though, he would find her in easy comfort—and oh, so glad, so glad, to see him.

He had skulked, walking mainly by night, ever since he left the Confederate lines. Now he could not restrain himself. He was marching on in the face of day light of a low new-risen November sun.

He would have ten days with her—ten days of heaven though they would have to be cautious. That would give him time to get back to camp. If he did happen to be a day late, the colonel would overlook it. He laughed as he thought of the ranks thinned; this particular colonel was no bigger body than plain Jim Sayre with whom he had had many a friendly tussle, and whom, from boyhood up, he had held his guide, philosopher and friend.

Jim had even fancied Milly—but then who had n't? Milly had had the chance to take her pick of the district and she had taken Jack. Beautiful, of course; the softest, loveliest creature, made for nothing but to be kissed and cuddled, she was wholly happy in her husband and babies. Jack's heart leaped—soon he would see her, kiss her, cuddle her—with the children crowding about them. And if Joe-Anna, Milly's sister, came bulging in to rail at them for sillies, he would taunt and tease her for an old maid. She couldn't have beaux, all the home boys gone, and her head much too high to contemplate a widower. A cross-grained thing, that Joe-Anna, yet Mam Hill, her stepmother, loved her dearly. And she had never loved anything else. Folks even said she had married Pap for the sake of mothering the girl. Anyhow, she had paid off the mortgage with her dower money and later had taken title to the farm. Pap owned in fee no more than the Hewlett place, which was probably the reason he doted so upon it.

Jack stopped short, looked hard at the road, and then began to run his best down a cross-track. He remembered it as but lightly traveled. Here it ran cupped and rutted, with bits of corduroy every little way where there had been mud-holes. Jack knew the trail. An army corps, at least, had marched down the big road and had turned off heading for his home; for the spring on his home, rather, since good water was scarce on that stretch of road. He sensed rather than thought it. All his strength, all his purpose was to get forward. He came almost breathless to the hilltop whence he could see the house, and looked at it with eyes so blurred he could barely make out that it stood unscathed and was

evidently still tenanted. A thin thread of smoke rose from one big stone chimney. As he dashed down hill he saw that neither gate nor fence was left; that the stripped orchard was a tangle of broken boughs and hacked trunks through which a starveling yellow dog nosed eagerly.

Ashen blotches still marked the line of camp fires. Jack noted them as he noted all else, unheedingly. "They—they've took—everything," he said soundlessly. "But thank God—my gal's been nigh her own. She—she ain't been hungry."

The door stood ajar. He pushed in noiselessly and saw what made him reel, covering his face. Milly crouched at the hearth-side, half-clad, ragged, wasted, trying to hush the child in her arms. "Dixie ain't goin' to keep cryin'," she said. "She's mammy's lady, and ladies don't cry. She'll wait till Unc' Israel brings us more taters. Mammy's done give her and Buddy the very last two."

Jack's throat tightened so he could only gasp: "Milly!" as he knelt beside her to gather her to his breast. Dixie cried out shrilly. Milly shrank fearfully from his clasp. "Honey! Little gal! Don't you know me?" he questioned. His hands lay upon her shoulders; he could feel her shaking like a reed in a wind. He could feel something else—how all the soft roundness had vanished. Above the baby's loud wails he cried: "It's Jack; your own husband. You shorely ain't 'fraid of him?"

"Must be I'm—I'm dreamin'," Milly murmured, hugging the child closer, her



He saw what made him reel

fingers threading its mop of tangled curls. Jack's arms went round both. "If—if it is a dream, please, good Lord, never let me wake up no more," Milly ran on. The child's face was hidden in her breast. It had sunk from screaming to gusty sobbing. Jack drew back Milly's head, which sat like a flower upon her long white neck, and kissed her lips reverently. "No need to tell me you've missed me," he said, his voice breaking. "Milly! Milly! I never dreamed—how could they all let you come to this? Why, you look starved—"

"Hush!" Milly whispered, putting her hand over his lips. "We are starved—almost. But don't tell—"

The words stopped. She sank insensible upon his breast. He lifted her to the bed, marveling at its disorder—at the dirt everywhere. Milly had always been daintily clean. It must be she had had no strength. As he bent over her, chafing her hands, he felt a feeble blow across his neck and heard a faint, piping voice cry: "You—you—let 'lone my mammy. She—she's blind."

Turning about, his face ashen, he saw his two lads, even more ragged than their mother, but with faces wet with washing at the spring branch. He caught them up, sobbing the sobs that speak a man's heartbreak. "So! You'll fight for mammy—even a big man?" he asked, when he could speak, setting them on their feet. "Don't you know daddy?"

Little Jack shook his head. "Our daddy is a soljer," he said gravely. "You! Why, you're ragged. 'Most as ragged as we."

"But oh, he is your daddy—home—alive!" Milly panted, weakly, trying to sit up.

Her husband laid her back upon the dirty pillow, saying huskily: "Don't talk yet. I was wrong to come in like a thief, so—when you can—tell me—how comes it—"

He could go no further. Little Jack picked up something and scrambled upon the bed. "You done lost your sock-shoe, mammy," he said, trying to cover a bare foot with a strip of old quilt which had been bound over it. Jack watched him as though fascinated. His own hands shook so, he knew he could not do it as well. Milly patted the child's head and sat up to nestle against her husband's breast and feel his face and hair. "Hold me! Tight!" she entreated. "Then I'll know it ain't all a dream. Remember, I can't never see you again."

When at last she could prevail upon herself to let her husband free, he fell furiously to work, building a fire, sweeping the littered hearth, taking out the heaped ashes, heating water to bathe Milly's eyes and wash Dixie's face, making the two beds and gathering soiled rags and tatters for washing. Soldiering had taught him rude skill in the work. There was nothing to cook—not a dust of meal; not even a pinch of salt. Little Jack presently fetched in a broken gourd half full of persimmons. Big Jack could not taste them, but he stopped to feed Milly with a few of the most luscious. "Frost hadn't fell when the soldiers come, else the 'simmons would be gone with all the rest," she said, her voice little beyond a whisper. Jack had asked no explanation. His slow mind was yet dazed with what he had found. Besides, Milly was in no state to do more than lie quiet, now and again calling him to her to stroke his face and put his hand to her cheek.

The boys made friends with him instantly. Dixie stood aloof, fretting and whining. Even in rags and half starved, she was beautiful, elfin and wilful, the very image of Joe-Anna. Dully, Jack wondered how Joe-Anna and Mam and the Squire could have left Milly to suffer so. But he would not ask her anything until he had done all he could to make her comfortable. Presently he heard the dog bark, not angrily but in joyous welcome. The children rushed together to the door and through it, to return the next second clinging about the knees of a squat, grizzled, puffing person who carried over his shoulder a meal-bag bulging auspiciously at both ends.

"Uncle Israel!" Jack cried, springing half across the cabin to welcome him. The newcomer almost dropped his sack, but clutched it just in time, crying: "Lordy! You nigh skeered me inter wastin' a whole jug o' molasses, Jack Ross. But God—He knows I'm glad ter see ye—right whar ye b'long."

Milly stood up trembling. "You—you-did n't bring no meat, Unc' Israel?" she asked, her hands locked tight together, hope struggling with despair in her voice. Uncle Israel turned, fished a square something from his pocket, and laid it in her hand, saying slowly: "Yes I did, child! But I had ter git it from the

Fort—and go right up ter the high colonel fore they'd let me fetch it through the pickets. They know me thar, ye know, Jack. I'm nigh erbout the only man that stood fer the Union back when you-all was 'listin'. When I told the colonel-man what I wanted, and why, he blowed his nose hard, and told me to go ahead. And he says if I'll come Saturday with er wagon, he'll gimme er whole passel more things—er side o' meat and sugar and coffee—and the like er that. Said the Gov'ment was n't in favor of starvin' nobody—least of all er blind gal and her little childern—"

"The Lord bless him!" Jack sobbed, covering his face with his hands. Uncle Israel said "Amen!" in his best church manner, but fell instantly from it to every-day concerns. "I had the meal sifted, honey. That's whut made me late," he explained to Milly, as he set upon the table the various contents of his sack. "Not so many taters as last time—I reckoned you was maybe er little tired on 'em—but here's er red apple apiece for all o' ye, and a head o' cabbage ter b'ile with yer meat. I did allow ter stay and cook it fer ye. Jack'll do it instid, and lemme git on ferder. I'm comin' agin Sunday, right shore. Ain't no better use fer God's own day 'an ter do God's own work in it."

After a little more talk his mule commenced to bray uneasily. He rose to go, saying: "Polly smells folks on the road. Unless I go ter her, she'll likely leave me afoot." Jack also rose. "I'll walk with ye a little piece," he said. "You must tell me everything. I ain't heard a word in two years."

"No. We'll stand and talk whar Milly can hear the noise o' it," Uncle Israel said, patting Dixie's head. Outside in the wan low sunshine Jack heard the whole story—the simple iliad of woes over which his Milly had literally wept herself blind. Simple as it was, it was curiously interrurn with Titanic public happenings. Uncle Israel had no eloquence—a simple-minded bachelor, missionary aforetime to the slaves, brighter folk had occasionally found him comic, but while they laughed at him, they loved his good heart. Even his Union sentiments had not lost him his people's liking. The fortunes of war had made him oftentimes appear a special providence. Only those who have lived through war can know the heart-break, the inevitable cruelty of it. The utmost possible to the most humane is a little softening of its rigors, a slight alleviation of its hard conditions.

"Did n't ye hear how they made all the white folks take the oath of allegiance?" Uncle Israel asked. Jack nodded. "'Twas do it or be sent South, I heard," he said. "And a hard thing—I will say that." Uncle Israel went on. "Makin' men and women with sons and husbands away fightin', swar not to give 'em food ner shelter ner clothes—why! It's clean agin human nature. But folks done it—had to. You never'll know what it is to be skeered untel you live whar thar's nothin' but bayonet law and drum-head courts. Squire Hill took the oath, so did yer pap, so did nigh onto everybody except them that signed the parole—non-combatants' parole, they call hit. Major

Overton was one of 'em; he said they might shoot him, but he'd never swar ter support the Gov'ment. That ain't here ner thar, though. You know Joe-Anna—pore foolish gal! I do n't reckon she thought whut she was doin'. But she would go to town, and go to town and presently hit come out; she had a Yankee captain nigh crazy erbout her. She wanted him to come see her at home. The Squire would n't have that, would n't let her go to town agin. So she informed on him, her own pappy, how he'd broke his oath, feedin' a soldier, a prisoner that had got away and was makin' South agin. The upshot was soldiers sent ter arrest the Squire. His heart was weak, ye know; when he found out whut they come for, and how they happened to do it, why, he jest flung up both hands and fell down—stone dead. Everybody in ten miles round come to the buryin'; but Milly, soft as she is, made Joe-Anna go 'way. Thar was a big scandal, of course, so Mam Hill rents out the farm and takes Joe-Anna up North. They weren't gone a month before bushwhackers shot at a foraging squad of blue-coats down in the holler jest beyond the Ross place—in retaliation, as they call it. Yer pap had ter go ter jail. They turned him a-loose soon as ever I could tell the general the straight o' it. But that was n't fer a week, and he got sech cold and rheumatism he ain't been able ter go high-low since. Yer sister Mary lives with him, and ye know she's near and scrimpin'; besides, with five young



The group was disturbed by the entrance of a man

[Continued on page 50]

# Why so Many Married Women Deteriorate

By Orison Sweet Mardon

A WOMAN writes me: "You would laugh if you knew the time I have had in getting the dollar which I enclose for your inspiring magazine. I would get a pound less of butter, a bar less of soap. I never have a cent of my own. Do you think it wrong of me to deceive my husband in this way? I either have to do this or give up trying at all."

There are thousands of women who work harder than their husbands and really have more right to the money, who are obliged to practise all sorts of deceit in order to get enough to buy clothing and other things essential to decent living.

The difficulty of extracting money from an unwilling husband has been the beginning of thousands of tragedies. The majority of husbands are inclined to exert a censorship over their wives' expenditures. I have heard women say that they would go without necessary articles of clothing and other requirements just as long as possible and worry for days and weeks before they could summon courage to ask for money, because they dreaded a scene and the consequent discord in the home. Many women make it a rule never to ask for money, except when the husband is leaving the house and in a hurry to get away. The disagreeable scene is thus cut as short as possible, as he has not time then to go into all the details of his wife's alleged extravagances and find out what has become of every cent of the money given her on some similar previous occasion.

The average man does not begin to realize how it humiliates his wife to feel that she must ask him for fifty cents, a dollar, or five dollars every time she needs it, and to tell him just exactly what she is going to do with it, and then perhaps be met with a sharp reproof for her extravagance or foolish expenditures.

Men who are extremely kind and considerate with their wives in most things are often contemptibly mean regarding money matters. Many a man who is generous with his tips and buys expensive cigars and orders costly lunches for himself and friends at the club because he wants to be considered a "good fellow," will go home at night and bicker with his wife over the smallest expenditure, destroying the whole peace of the household, when perhaps she does not spend as much upon herself as he does for cigars and drink.

Why is it that men are so afraid to trust their wives with money when they trust them implicitly with everything else, especially as they are usually much more economical than men would be in managing the home and providing for the children? A large part of the friction in the average home centers around money matters and could be avoided by a simple, definite understanding between husband and wife, and a business arrangement of household finances. A regular advance to the wife for the household and a certain sum for personal use which she need not account for, would do more to bring about peace and harmony in the majority of homes than almost anything else.

To be a slave to the home, as many women are, and then to be obliged to assume the attitude of a beggar for every little bit of money she needs for herself, or to have to give an accounting for every cent she spends and tell her lord and master what she did with her last money before she can get any more, is positively degrading.

Some one says that a man is never so happy as when he has a few dollars his wife knows nothing about. And there is a great deal of truth in it. Men who are perfectly honest with their wives about most things are often secretive about money matters. They hoodwink them regarding their incomes and especially about any ready cash they have on hand.

No matter how much the average man may think of his wife, or how considerate he may be in other matters, he rarely considers that she has the same right to his cash that he has, although he may be boasting to outsiders of her superior management in matters of economy. He feels that he is the natural guardian of the money, as he makes it; that he has a little more right to it than has his wife, and that he must protect it and dole it out to her.

What disagreeable experiences, unfortunate bickerings, misunderstandings and family prejudice could be avoided if newly-married women would insist upon having a certain proportion of the income set aside for the maintenance of the home and for their own personal needs, without the censorship of their husbands and without being obliged to give an itemized account of their expenditures!

It is a rare thing to find a man who does not waste ten times as much money on foolish things as does his wife, and yet he would make ten times the talk about his wife's one-tenth foolishness as his own tenths.

On the other hand, thousands of women, starving for affection, protest against their husbands' efforts to substitute money for it—to satisfy their cravings, their heart-hunger, with the things that money can buy.

It is an insult to womanhood to try to satisfy her nature with material things, while the affections are famishing for genuine sympathy and love, for social life, for contact with the great, throbbing world outside. Women do admire beautiful things; but there is something they admire infinitely more. Luxuries do not come first in any real woman's desires. She prefers poverty with love to luxury with an indifferent or loveless husband.

How gladly would these women whose affections are blighted by cold indifference or the unfaithfulness of their husbands, exchange their liberal allowance, their luxuries, for genuine sympathy and affection!

One of the most pathetic spectacles in American life is that of the faded, outgrown wife, standing helpless in the shadow of her husband's prosperity and power, having sacrificed her youth, beauty and ambition—nearly everything that the feminine mind holds dear—to enable an indifferent, selfish, brutish husband to get a start in the world.

It does not matter that in her unselfish effort to help him she burned up much of her attractiveness over the cooking stove; that she lost more of it at the washtub, in scrubbing and cleaning, and in rearing and caring for their children during the slavery of her early married life; it does not matter how much she suffered during those terrible years of poverty and privation. Just as soon as the selfish husband begins to get prosperous, finds that he is succeeding, feels his power, he often begins to be ashamed of the woman who has given up everything to make his success possible.

It is a sad thing to see any human being whose life is blighted by the lack of love; but it is doubly pathetic to see a woman who has given everything to the man she loved and who gets in return only her board and clothes and an allowance, great or small.

Some men seem to think that the precept, "Man does not live by bread alone," was not meant to include woman. They can not understand why she should not be happy and contented if she has a comfortable home and plenty to eat and wear. They would be surprised to learn that many a wife would gladly give up luxuries and live on bread and water, if she could only have her husband's sympathy in her aspirations, his help and encouragement in the unfolding of her stilled talents.

I know a very able, promising young man who says that if he had had a rich father he never would have developed his creative power; that his ambition would have been strangled; that it was the desperate struggle to make a place for himself in the world that developed the real man in him.

This young man married a poor girl who had managed by the hardest kind of work and sacrifice to pay her way through college. She had just begun to develop her power, to feel her wings, when her husband caged her in his home, took away her highest incentive for self-development. He said that a man who could not support a wife without her working had no business to marry. He dressed his wife like a queen; gave her horses and carriages and servants. But all the time he was discouraging her from developing her self-reliance, taking away all motives for cultivating her resourcefulness and originality.

At first the wife was very eager to work. Her ambition rebelled against the gilded chains by which she was bound. She was restless, nervous, and longed to use her powers to do something for herself and the world.

But her husband did not believe in a woman doing the things she wished to do. He wanted his wife to look pretty and fresh when he returned from his business at night; to keep young and to shine in society. He was proud of her beauty and vivacity. He thought he loved her, but it was a selfish love, for real love has a tender regard for a person's highest good, for that person's sake.

Gradually the glamour of society, the lethe of a luxurious life, paralyzed her ambition, which clamored less and less peremptorily for recognition, until at last she subsided into a life of almost total inaction.

[Continued on page 39]

## THE PULSE OF THE WORLD



## The Last Days of the Present Congress Are Marked by an Orgy of Plunder and Loot

**L**AST call for dinner in the dining-car," observed a cynical government official at Washington as he walked through the men's café of one of the Capital's great hotels at the lunch hour and looked over the cosmopolitan aggregation of representatives of special interests gathered there for mid-day refection.

At one table sat a group of professional Alaskans; men who may never have seen Alaska, but who are experts in the devious business of getting away from the people the riches of our North-western empire. If their mission in Washington is successful, some kind of joker will be written into some bill before March 4th that will confirm the Morgan-Guggenheim scheme for the ownership of Alaska.

At another table sat an ex-Senator, now known as a common lobbyist, and a group of lawyers, who, according to common report, are interested in getting a few potent words into the Indian appropriation bill that will turn over a vast area of rich coal lands to a great railroad system.

Over in a corner, heads close together, is gathered a group of ship-subsidy boosters, planning how their particular raid on the Treasury may be carried through in the last days of Republican control.

Over there at the left, near the big pillar, is a little company understood to be in Washington in behalf of a private irrigation project—provided the necessary clause can be deftly inserted in the appropriation bill.

They are all there, like buzzards at the feast of carrion. After fifteen years of absolute and uninterrupted control of all departments of the government, the Republican party is about to divide its power and responsibility with Democracy. Everybody who has been patiently, deviously, quietly working, burrowing, mining and countermining, for years and years perhaps, in the effort to "get through," a "little proposition" in Washington is now preparing for a last desperate raid. The committees that Cannon made for the House and that Aldrich made for the Senate will soon lose their all-powerful grip on the destinies of legislation.

Ahead is uncertainty; right now are the last golden hours of opportunity for "pulling off" jobbery.

It is said that if one joker gets into the United States Steel Corporation will seize upon a huge deposit of low-grade iron ore in the Minnesota Indian Reservation. Common report is that if another joker gets into a certain other bill, the Rock Island Railway will presently turn up as the owner of the most valuable tract of Indian coal mines in Oklahoma. There is one lobby in town whose purpose is said to be to get officers of a great trust summoned before a committee of Congress to be examined about certain matters concerning the conduct of their business in the hope that such an examination can later be pleaded as an immunity act when these gentlemen are brought to the bar in the Sherman antitrust act.

If a tithe of the jokers and grabs that are now being planned for insertion in bills during the last hours of the session should slip through, this country would be twenty years in finding out the full extent of the raid that had been perpetrated upon it. The scandal of the Credit Mobilier would look like a retail transaction in peanuts compared with the scandal which would in the end be charged against the short session of the Sixty-first Congress.

President Taft and the honest men of both parties in Congress have an unprecedented responsibility in these last days of the session. The appropriation bills, carrying a billion of dollars, are commonly held back in conference along with other matters of general legislation, and then crowded to the floors of the two Houses so late that careful scrutiny is impossible.

President Taft ought to sign no appropriation bill this year until he has thoroughly examined it. The acid test should be applied to every sentence, clause, phrase, word or punctuation point that suggests new legislation. The Republican President can far better accept the responsibility for a veto and an extra session than he can impose upon himself and his party the responsibility for the raid upon the treasury which the captains of corruption are now planning.

## The Month in America

**Triumphant March of Democracy** The movement to take government away from machine bosses and interests is making progress which the most sanguine forecaster of two years ago would not have believed possible. It is necessary to pinch ourselves occasionally to be sure we are not dreaming.

Cannon and Cannonism are overthrown. The new Speaker will not name the House committees nor boss them. He will not name the committee on rules nor belong to it. No Speaker will ever again hold these powers.

But this is only the beginning. Would anybody have imagined, a year ago, that men able to get votes enough to be elected governors would now be urging upon a dozen or more states such measures as initiative, referendum, recall, the short ballot, primary nominations, primary designation of Presidential preferences, and drastic laws against ballot corruption? Yet these are the proposals pressed by the governors of California, Washington, Michigan, Wisconsin, Nebraska, and Kansas. Even the new governor of Pennsylvania, Mr. Tener, though elected by the gang, has sent a message so progressive that three years ago it would have frightened even Radicals outside of Wisconsin and Oregon. He asks laws opening the way to commission government in cities. Pittsburg, erstwhile reproach of the whole nation, will probably adopt commission government, including initiative, referendum and recall. Even "corrupt and contented" Philadelphia is reported fast ripening for such a move.

**Joseph Falls**, the single-taxer, tells of studying a trick picture of a landscape which, on inspection, was found to present an excellent portrait of a cat. After he discovered the cat, he could never see any landscape again.

**Aldrich's Central Bank Scheme** Senator Aldrich's proposal for a central reserve association recalls the story. The Senator's press agent put out the plan with the explanation that there was no central bank in it. People who studied it discovered, in everything except name, a central bank of issue. The bank was the cat, and after folks had seen it once they could n't see anything else.

To oppose an Aldrich central bank does not imply objection to some other central bank. The Aldrich plan would make a bank of \$500,000,000 capital, owned by the national banks, the sole custodian of the gold reserve, the fiscal agent of the Government, the sole institution authorized to issue notes, and the guardian of all international exchange dealings. It would receive deposits from all banks holding its stock, and would be the sole depository of the Government.

The plan provides a board of forty-five directors, but the real management would be in an executive committee of nine, five of whom would inevitably be nominated by that interesting force which we are wont to refer to as the "money power." Senator Aldrich has too much money power control and too little of the people's rule in his plan, and its reception has indicated that while the central bank idea arouses no such

terrors as formerly, any plan which receives the country's approval must be more amenable to public opinion and Governmental regulation than this one.

**Insurgency Enters National Politics** The organization of the National Republican Progressive League marks the projection of the people's rule movement into national politics. The League is a development of the insurgent movement in the Republican party. Its initial members include: most of the Congress insurgents, six Progressive governors of states, and a rapidly increasing group of publicists of national note. Theodore Roosevelt declined to become a member, but published an article endorsing the entire program of the League.

This program includes direct election of Senators; direct primaries; direct election of delegates to national conventions, with opportunity to express choice for President; initiative, referendum and recall; and corrupt practises acts. The organization is regarded as the opening of a fight against President Taft's renomination. Progressive Republicans believe that if they can get presidential preference laws passed in enough states, it will be possible to prevent Taft's entering the national convention with votes enough to nominate. The President has been reported to be much perturbed about the movement.

The League has opened headquarters in Washington and is organizing subsidiaries all over the country. Funds are being raised by popular subscription. Speakers are provided for meetings in furtherance of the movement. Senator Jonathan Bourne, president, and others prominent in the organization, have been swamped by letters and telegrams giving assurance of popular approval. Before the League was a week old the national reception of it had already assured it a large place in the direction of political affairs.

## THE PULSE OF THE WORLD



THE movement toward the people has not been confined to one party. On the Democratic side, a very similar organization, headed by such men as Senators Owen and Gore of Oklahoma, Newlands of Nevada and Shively of Indiana, had been floated even before the Republican League started. In this case also, the purpose is to assure that the people shall be heard in the convention which nominates a candidate

#### Similar Organization Among Democrats

for President. It is noteworthy that, as administration Republicans consider the Republican League hostile to Taft, so the boomers of Harmon account the Democratic League unfriendly to their candidate. One thing is certain. The movement as a whole, in both parties, is growing at a tremendous rate and holds no good to boses.

DEMOCRATS of the next House of Representatives have voted to take the committee-appointing power from the Speaker. They elected a committee on ways and means, and instructed it to appoint the other committees. These will not be announced till shortly before the opening of Congress in November, unless a special session be called in the meantime.

#### Plans for Next Session

The committee on committees contains seven Northern and seven Southern Democrats. It wants to distribute the chairmanships and important assignments equitably between the Northern and Southern wings of the party, to overcome Northern protest against Southern domination. Most of the veteran House Democrats are Southerners, and by seniority entitled to the best places. The Democratic managers realize, however, that chances in the Presidential election would be lessened if they gave the country a distinctively Southern administration.

The caucus voted also to take up tariff revision on the schedule-by-schedule plan. While the House Democrats favor this method, dominating sentiment among Democratic Senators seems to prefer general revision, through an omnibus bill. Senator Bailey particularly prefers the omnibus plan. In general, Democrats who want no revision at all, or at least a revision which would do the minimum of harm to special interests, lean toward the omnibus plan as having much less chance in a Senate pretty equally divided among Democrats, regular Republicans and Insurgents, than a series of "popgun bills" designed to end the graft without killing the protection principle.

ADAMS COUNTY, Ohio, shocked the country with its revelations of something like universal corruption of voters. In one township every voter has been disfranchised for selling his vote, and unless there is immigration before the next election, nobody will be able either to vote or to hold office. Comes now Vermilion County, Illinois, home of Joseph G. Cannon, and enters the contest for unenviable distinction. It is alleged that in Vermilion County the buying and selling of votes has for many years been conducted almost as openly and freely as if it were legitimate, and a grand jury investigation has been started with the promise of uncovering a state of affairs quite as bad as in Adams County.

#### Corruption of Rural Voters

Other counties in various states, notably in rural Pennsylvania, are credited with parallel conditions. It appears that outside the great cities which have been popularly supposed to be the habitat of our civic corruption, some very bad conditions have existed for a long time. The introduction and passage of corrupt practices acts in many state legislatures is a natural and altogether desirable antidote.

LAWs guaranteeing bank deposits, passed in Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska, were held constitutional in a rather unexpected opinion of the Supreme Court. The subordinate Federal courts had been unfriendly to the plan. The Supreme Court decision emphasizes the disposition of the last tribunal in recent years to interfere as little as possible with efforts of the state governments to exercise the fullest sovereignty. The tendency has been observable in many of the Court's decisions involving regulation of corporations and carriers. The decision is important in itself as permitting a fair trial of this interesting device.

#### Bank Guarantee Upheld

exercise the fullest sovereignty. The tendency has been observable in many of the Court's decisions involving regulation of corporations and carriers. The decision is important in itself as permitting a fair trial of this interesting device.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S reciprocity pact with Canada has been submitted for the ratification of Congress. The proposed treaty which makes sweeping reductions in duties of the common products of the two countries proved to be popular with the country. President Taft has strongly intimated that if it is not passed by this Congress he will call a special session to consider it. If it should be ratified in

#### Excellent Reciprocity Plan

advance of the coming revision, it would pave the way to sweeping reductions throughout the schedules, because the Canadian arrangement takes away from the agricultural Mid-West most of the protection of its products; and Mid-Western members of Congress who have heretofore opposed radical downward revision would insist, if their protection were taken from them, that corresponding reduction in the schedules on manufactures be made.

On the other hand, the protest of the agricultural states against surrendering their protection may line them up, when revision comes, against all important reductions, and thus strengthen the hand of the stand-patters. These latter have been chuckling at the fashion in which the President "put the Insurgents in a hole." The states represented by Insurgents are the ones hit hardest, and most disposed to protest against the tentative pact. Most of the House Democrats will support the measure.

Not being very fearful that free trade with Canada would injure our agricultural interests, and firmly believing that free trade between Saskatchewan and Florida would be as good for both as free trade between Maine and Florida has been for them, we would like to see the agreement ratified. Its ratification would mean the agricultural communities from whatever devotion they yet entertain for Chinese-wall protection and align them with liberals everywhere in favor of real downward revision that would eliminate the graft. That is what the country needs and what most of it wants.

PEOPLE interested in Alaska and the problem of saving its resources for the nation and the future are coming to accept the idea that the Government must build, own and operate Alaska's railroads. An influential Progressive Senator has declared his purpose to press legislation for this purpose. Advocates of Government ownership insist that there are only a few routes by which the interior may be brought into communication with ice-free ports, and that privately owned railroads controlling these would give their owners power to lay the entire domain under tribute. It is charged, and also denied, that the Morgan-Guggenheim Alaska syndicate is already in control of the routes, and that unless the Government takes them over and provides transportation on reasonable terms for all comers, the copper, lumber, coal and agricultural resources of Alaska must fall into the hands of the men who control the transportation.

#### Government Ownership for Alaska

To the suggestion of Government ownership there is, of course, the objection that it would be a case of the camel getting his nose under the tent; but even that suggestion does not frighten so many people as it did once. The number of perfectly sane Americans who nowadays discuss Government ownership as a practical and desirable answer to our transportation problem is growing all the time.

A MORE immediate question is whether the Alaska syndicate is to get the Cunningham coal claims. Gifford Pinchot and his attorneys have filed a convincing brief, arguing that the Cunningham claimants have proceeded from the beginning over a fraud-paved route, and that they ought to be denied patent. As everybody knows, this group of claims practically controls the Katala coal field, and to control that field substantially means to control Alaska coal. To control Alaska coal, in turn, is to control industrial Alaska.

The administration has pressed for legislation to submit the Cunningham claims to the courts, both as to law and facts. In opposition, it is urged that Secretary Ballinger would be able to make up a record of fact altogether favorable to the claimants, to clear his own skirts by refusing the title, and then to send the cases to court, where, on his statement of facts, the final decision would be in favor of the claimants.

#### Cunningham Claims in Danger

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## The Pulse of the World



THE National House has passed and it is probable the

Senate will endorse a bill adding about forty-five million dollars a year to the pension roll. Back of this generosity to the volunteers who wore the blue lies a story of mixed motives. Democrats say, and some Republicans admit, that huge increases in appropriations for pensions and for rural mail salaries would probably not have been permitted but for the fact that the incoming Democrats must pay the bills. They must find the money. A better guarantee against important reduction of tariff taxation could hardly have been devised.

Representative Weeks of Massachusetts tried to amend the pension bill, providing that none of the appropriation should go to any soldier already possessing an annual income of one thousand dollars. He was not even permitted to get the amendment before the House.

The country favors generous pensions, but such lavishness, especially when there is suspicion of an ulterior purpose, is not approved even by the veterans themselves.

Meanwhile, civil service employees—more than two hundred thousand of them—are very generally underpaid. The Civil Service Commission and executives of the Government agree that the civil service is in a critical condition because the best qualified people will not enter it at the salaries now paid. There has been no revision of the salary schedules since 1883; the salary average is several hundred dollars lower, in clerical employment, than when the Civil War began. A determined effort is making among civil service people to secure fair treatment from Congress. It ought to succeed.

THOSE excessively American people who demand grand opera in the English language always have been met with the objection that our language is unsingable. Our tongue, they say, is poverty-stricken in words that combine beauty of sound and sense.

A recent prize contest for the selection of the most beautiful words in the language revealed a surprising number of melodious English words. The prize winner, a New York lawyer, had only four out of twenty-five words rejected. His successful list was: adoration, divine, eloquence, faith, heaven, honor, hope, harmony, happiness, innocence, joy, liberty, love, modesty, nobility, purity, radiance, splendor, sympathy and virtue. Many other melodious words were brought to light.

Obviously, the difficulty has been, not in the language, but in the opera; the language of opera must correspond with the theme and spirit of the story. Wagner requires the substantial, ponderous German; so in a different way, does the new-born "Königskinder." "Pagliacci" could scarcely be anything but Italian and "Louise" would have to be French. Is there any good reason why the American-Japanese story, "Madame Butterfly," or this season's notable success, "The Girl of the Golden West," should not be sung in English? We have a suspicion that we can have opera in English whenever we take the trouble to make it, but we must make it of home grown materials.

HERE is a story of exploration that has all the adventurous romance of a quest for the North Pole—and a substantial balance in the way of practical utility to mankind. The book is published by that well-known firm, the Department of Agriculture. It is the record of the achievements of the Department's agricultural explorer, who spent the year investigating the plant resources of southwestern Asia.

The following is a partial list of his discoveries: a variety of alfalfa from Erivan which is said to be longer lived than that from Turkestan; a plant called medicago, from an altitude of four thousand feet, useful for creating a new hybrid alfalfa for our Northwest; a wild almond from a dry mountain side six thousand feet above sea level; a drought-resistant cherry; a sweet kernel apricot from Samarkand; Afghanian apples and pears for the Gulf States; olives for a zero climate; Caucasian peaches for the Southwest; seeds of the true paradise apple; a new crab apple superior to ours; a strange creature called the slew abrikose; an apricot with a smooth skin; a drought-resistant poplar for the Middle West; a wild strawberry fruiting in February on dry, stony cliffs in the Caucasus.

These plants were obtained at the cost of exhausting labor and incredible hardship in cold, desolate lands, often with the hostility of semi-barbarous people. Many or all of these immigrant plants will prove adaptable to use in America and will enrich and diversify our agricultural output. The agricultural explorer stands high on the roll of the world's most valuable citizens.

ONCE more America has declared her independence of the mother country, the tea has been dumped into the harbor—they spill it tea—and defiance has been hurled into King George's teeth. It is not surprising that the instigator of the revolt was that well-known agitator and firebrand, William Howard Taft.

Tyranny stalked into our midst in the disguise of a middle aged well-fed golf player. It seems that the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews, which makes the rules for the entire golf world, recently put the ban upon the Schenectady putter. Now, Walter J. Travis used that instrument when he took the championship away from the Britishers and its use is popular in America. The St. Andrews decree aroused the righteous indignation of every liberty loving American golf player and several caddies. The President did not hesitate or falter.

"I think," he wrote upon the firmament in letters of flame, "the restriction imposed by St. Andrews is too narrow."

As a result of these defiant words, the American Golf Association is proposing to set up an independent government. Every one who knows the difference between a Schenectady putter and a curling iron pronounces it a burning issue.

CHICAGO'S health department head, Dr. Evans, has recently given out a free recipe for the avoidance of pneumonia. If all men and women who weigh over 140 pounds

will reduce their consumption of food and drink one-half for four months, he guarantees that there will be a saving of five hundred lives in Chicago during that period.

Presumably the same general rule would apply to residents of other places. Whether 120-pounders are immune from the disease or beneath consideration does not appear from the record.

The idea is—and it is a sound notion—that temperance in food and drink is the surest safeguard against almost any kind of disease. Between the old time over-feeding school of hygiene and the latter day starvation faddists, there is fortunately a middle ground of comparative safety and comfort. We shall never know whether or not Dr. Evans's advice would have saved five hundred lives, because that is one of the many kinds of advice which people regard as more blessed to give than to receive.

PENNSYLVANIA, shameless at the thought of her thirteen million dollar capitol graft, lowers her eyes in modesty before the figure of a naked man. Workmen are now engaged in fitting plaster of paris trousers upon the statue of Adam, the inspired work of America's great sculptor, George Grey Barnard.

The defacement of a great work of art in a country where beautiful sculpture is all too rare seems almost criminal.

At the same time, there is a certain disgusting consistency about this whole affair. Upon the massive bronze door of the Pennsylvania capitol where this statue stands, are engraved the names of men who represent all that is worst in our political life. Politicians who were capable of that orgy of graft and corruption would be unable to look without prurience at a beautiful figure of a God-like man. Barnard's rare genius should have been devoted to modeling the frock-coated figure of Matthew Stanley Quay.

HIS friends and neighbors here in New York and a host of admirers throughout the country were profoundly shocked at the tragic death of David Graham Phillips at the hand of a demented man. A musician, Fitzhugh Coyle Goldsborough, apparently under the delusion that the novelist had libeled him and his family in a recent book, shot Mr. Phillips in front of the Princeton Club in New York and then ended his own unhappy life. Mr. Phillips made a brave struggle for life but the six bullet wounds were not to be overcome.

In the death of Phillips, America loses not only one of the most promising of the younger generation of novelists, but also a pioneer in the field of the militant public service magazine article. His notable series, "The Treason of the Senate," widely criticized in its day as overstatement and exaggeration, has been largely vindicated in the light of later knowledge.

As a novelist Phillips dealt with modern life's serious themes, and though a prolific writer, his work showed a constantly improved quality. In fact, critics generally rate his last book, "The Husband's Story," highest in the list of nineteen published novels. SUCCESS MAGAZINE readers will remember him best as the author of "The Second Generation," which they received so enthusiastically upon its serial publication.



# The Pulse of the World



## The Month Abroad



BY REASON of a recent understanding between Russia and Germany in connection with the proposed Bagdad railway, the European balance of power is said to be threatened and the so-called triple entente of Russia, Great Britain and France in serious danger of dissolution. Europe is deeply concerned over this possible shifting of balance and many profess to see in it serious menace to the peace of Europe.

Several years ago a German company secured a franchise to construct a railroad from the Levant to the Persian Gulf and sought cooperation. Great Britain and France declined to assist in the project, but Russia has agreed to cooperate, probably as the result of the meeting of the Czar and the Kaiser last November. Great Britain and France see in this friendly arrangement designs of Germany upon Persian territory and regard Russia's action as a breach of good faith. On the other side of the fence, Turkey, which is in more or less close harmony with Germany, is frightened at the prospect of having the land-hungry Russians admitted to the family. Everybody is now engaged in looking suspiciously at his neighbor, as is evidenced by the fact that when little Holland recently proposed to fortify the city of Flushing, she received protests from England, Russia, Germany, Belgium and France.

OUT of a mass of conflicting statements and rumors, it is evident that the new government of Portugal is making a brave fight against almost insuperable difficulties. Industrial, political, financial and military troubles have combined to render the course of the young republic an extremely perilous one. From the beginning of the new government, Portugal has been disturbed by strikes culminating in the complete paralysis of the railway system, with sympathetic strikes in many industries. The railroad strike has been settled by a slight increase in the meager pay of the employees, but industrial conditions are still far from tranquil. The government's new legislation has not tended to produce loyalty, the liberal divorce law causing disaffection among the Catholics and the house-rent law being bitterly opposed by landlords. National bankruptcy, a legacy of the Manuel regime, has made the situation extremely difficult, and poor pay has caused serious dissatisfaction in the army and navy. On the other hand, there seems not to be any immediate danger of a Royalist uprising.

If little Portugal pulls herself safely through this crisis and adopts the social program she has outlined, she will have justified belief in popular government, even under the most unfavorable conditions.

WITHIN a year the entire telephone service in the British Isles will be owned and controlled by the national government and conducted through the post-office department. The government, in taking over the business of the National Telephone Company, which has almost a complete monopoly, has retained Professor Dugald C. Jackson of Boston to help estimate the value of the property. The British government very wisely turns to America for expert advice upon the telephone business and rejects America's plan of permitting a nation-wide private monopoly.

UNHAPPY China is facing famine, plague and political unrest. Two populous provinces are stricken with famine and flood with a million people in danger of starvation. The bubonic plague is raging in Manchuria with appalling fatality. The general ignorance of sanitation and the superstition which prevents the cremation of bodies make the government powerless to stamp out the disease, though American and European doctors and missionaries are working valiantly to prevent its spread.

The National Assembly, recently dissolved after a stormy session of three months, was significant of the remarkable impulse for self-government that has taken possession of the Chinese people. The assembly forced the throne to advance the date of the first national parliament from 1915 to 1913. It demanded the abolition of the Grand Council and the substitution of a cabinet responsible to the people's representatives.

This reform was refused and the assembly was disbanded, but a later edict from the throne shows a disposition to make even this remarkable concession. Altogether, the assembly has greatly advanced political thought in China and prepared the way for the first parliament. Significant of the progressive movement is the widespread tendency toward cutting off the queues and adopting European dress.

AMERICANS and Englishmen are both prone to find fault with their political institutions, to entertain morbid worries about their futures. In later years, for instance, there has been a disposition among Americans to assume that the British system of immediately responsible and responsive parliamentary government is superior to our own plan of fixed periodical elections. It is good, therefore, to be reminded by the late British election that at least our American system could hardly force us through so bootless and excuseless a campaign as the one just concluded in the tight little kingdom.

For months the world looked forward to this election as certain to come about when it did, and certain to have highly significant results. It came—and had almost no results. It is plain that Britain is lined up in close division, and that convictions are deep-seated and likely to be lasting.

Anglo-Saxon nations don't do fool things. It can be figured out that Mr. Asquith's Liberal government can not possibly make good, and that if it should retire and a Unionist ministry should be called in, it would be turned out inside of three days. But the end of the world is not coming. There will be some sort of compromise on the Lords question, and Ireland will probably get home rule because of the great strategy which, established by Parnell, has at last brought the Irish into control of a balance of power in a time of national crisis.

THE world dug less gold in 1910 than in 1909. The 1909 output was four hundred and fifty-four million dollars, while that of 1910 was about three million dollars less. For fifteen years prior to 1910, every succeeding year has shown a large increase in the world's gold output. Since the free silver campaign of 1896, the production has considerably more than doubled. Economists

### Decrease in Gold Production

generally have attributed the universal high prices to the excessive gold production, which by increasing the volume has reduced the value of money. It is said the production is likely to shrink or remain about stationary for a long time, because with commodities at present high prices, it is unprofitable to work many low grade ores. Optimists even predict that the decreasing supply of primary money will presently bring about an era of falling prices, to the advantage of the ultimate consumer.

Africa now produces more gold than any other continent, with North America second. Among the states of the Union, California led in 1910, for the first time in about twenty years, Colorado falling to second place, Nevada a close third and experts believe before many years will take first place.

HONDURAS, the turbulent Central American republic, may soon be on an exhibition in J. Pierpont Morgan's well-known pawnshop. Our State Department is negotiating a treaty with the Government of Honduras, whereby Uncle Sam guarantees the payment of a loan of ten million dollars to be made by the Morgan syndicate. The outstanding debt of Honduras is about one hundred and twelve million dollars in bonds, the market value of which is twenty-five million dollars. These are to be retired by a payment of four million dollars in real money, the rest of "our" ten million being used in completing an interoceanic railway. The new treaty is expected to put the Honduras finances on a sound basis if it is ratified.

### Honduras is Morganized

Meanwhile the country continues in her normal condition of revolution, now personally conducted by ex-President Bonilla and General Lee Christmas. Our Government already has been compelled to seize the rebel gunboat *Hornet* for supposed violation of neutrality laws. We may look forward now to the unedifying spectacle of a sort of American protectorate over Honduras in the interest of peace, prosperity—and J. P. Morgan's dollars.

[Continued on page 36]



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# The Pulse of the World



## Women Everywhere



(Continued from page 33)

NEW YORK CITY has been permitted the strange new spectacle of an immense armory, prison-like in its grimness and solidity, turned over to an exhibit upon the welfare of children. Strong men in khaki, trained to the arts of war, directed visitors to the model playhouse, pointed out statistical diagrams on infant mortality, and announced lectures on child hygiene and education. It is doubtful whether Mars, even at his advanced age, ever looked down upon a more discouraging spectacle.

### Childhood on Exhibition

Statistics were everywhere; charts, diagrams, pictures, models, lectures and demonstrations. These exhibits and conferences brought forth in a hundred different ways the idea of the responsibility of society for the welfare of the child, showed the child's need for scientific help through its perilous first year, for wholesome, nutritious food, pure milk, warm clothing and fresh air; for kindergarten training, for the educational entertainment of clubs, Sunday-schools, social settlements, play centers, recreation grounds. The child's school years were given attention, questions of the proper furnishing, ventilation and lighting of schools, the character and manner of instruction, the quality of reading, and finally the criminal social wastefulness of child labor. On the whole, it is the rights, not the wrongs, of childhood that were emphasized.

This was probably the most ambitious exhibit of social work ever held. The building was crowded day and evening with earnest women studying the problems of the mother, the teacher and the social worker. The exhibition made it quite clear that mother love is a very poor substitute for information.

IN FACT, this has been a winter of unprecedented activity among women throughout the country along social and educational lines. The Home Economics Association meeting in St. Louis brought together from all over the country women interested in the science of housekeeping and baby-raising. In this gathering, emphasis was laid upon the club and the university extension lecture as means of education in the science of home-making, and the extent of their activities proved a great surprise. The American Civic Association in session at Washington considered such questions as fly extermination, town cleanliness and town planning, forest preservation and school gardens. New York women have launched a great campaign for baby-saving through supervision of the milk supply; in Washington an International Pure Milk League is being formed with similar purposes.

### Era of Social Usefulness

Clubs and associations of women are at work everywhere upon the problems of motherhood and childhood. Philadelphia's babies' club for the instruction of mothers is in successful operation. Texas clubwomen are demanding mothers' pensions; a Georgia community has formed a voluntary birth insurance association which pays families one hundred dollars upon the birth of a child and one thousand dollars upon the death of a father. A Pittsburg church announces a nursery where babies are entertained during services. In Chicago a three months' trial of an open-air roof school for tubercular children, with carefully kept records, showed steady progress in health and studiouship.

OF a somewhat different character, though scarcely less valuable, is a movement toward the organization and education of buyers. So much has been printed upon the psychology of salesmanship, so much emphasis has been put upon effective methods of separating the housewife from her dollar that the housewife is compelled in self-defense to study the psychology of buying. The merchants are hereby served notice that psychology is a game that two can play at. A New York high school, the one, by the way, where girls wear one-dollar graduation gowns, now has a course in scientific shopping conducted in the city's stores. Several colleges are giving instruction in cloth testing and the detection of the adulteration of fabrics. Indianapolis is forming a housewives' association for vigilance on the accuracy of weights and measures.

The need of militant purchasers' organization is shown by the recent exposure of the cold storage conspirators. It seems that the amiable industry of buying up eggs, butter, cheese and poultry, holding it in cold storage for years and manipulating the price, has fallen upon

hard times. The idea has reached its fullest perfection—and fragrance—in Chicago. It seems that an open winter, a general scarcity of ready money and a growing dislike of stale chicken have combined to reduce prices, and the "food trust" has been compelled to throw their products on the market at a great sacrifice. There is urgent need for the passage of Senator Lodge's cold storage bill and for eternal vigilance on the part of women's organizations.

SO MUCH for the housekeeper and the profession of motherhood. The working women are having their struggles too—and their victories. The Oregon and Illinois laws creating a ten-hour day for working women and the Supreme Court's verdict upholding them, are well known. Michigan has passed a similar though more far-reaching statute and its State Supreme Court has just sustained its constitutionality. It prohibits more than fifty-four hours' work for women in any one week, or ten hours' work in any one day, not only in factories and laundries but in stores and clothing, dress-making and millinery establishments. This law is thoroughgoing and valuable, its only defect being the fact that canneries, during the rush season, are exempt from its operation. The work of Attorney Brandeis and others in fighting for the Illinois law is now bearing its good fruit.

### Working Women Win Again

THE Suffrage cause continues to show great vitality in the West, where most movements find their heartiest welcome. A notable gathering was the first "National Council of Women Voters" at Tacoma, Washington. The meeting was called by Governor Brady of Idaho and was composed of delegates from the five suffrage states, Washington, Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming and Utah. Four hundred thousand women voters were represented and a permanent organization was formed with Mrs. Emma Smith Devoe as president. With the formation of this council the suffrage movement of America passes into a new phase—that of active agitation for women's legislation.

Suffragists may be excused for a feeling of grim satisfaction over the situation in Adams County, Ohio. In the school district of Biltown every male voter has been disfranchised for vote selling. None but women are eligible for the position of school trustee and the wives and mothers of disfranchised voters have chosen candidates for the office. The idea that women are no fit for the ballot is not a popular one in Adams County these days.

### Women Voters Organize

THERE are encouraging signs that the craze for wearing false hair has about run its course. A decree from abroad, from that mysterious region where such things are managed for the feminine world, announces that fashionable ladies are henceforth to wear their hair flat, parted in the middle and low in the back. The command spells ruin to the "rat" and "puff" industry which is already bowing to the inevitable and preparing for the last sad rites. The false hair industry has a certain amount of stability because of a fairly constant demand for switches and the like, but the unusual prosperity of the last few years is apparently at an end.

The deceased puff business will have few mourners. As an industry it is not a success. Workers in hair factories are underpaid, overworked and subject to disease. On the other side, the practise of wearing large quantities of other people's hair is unhygienic, unattractive and dangerous in its possibilities. The Mona Lisa style of hairdressing will be a welcome change.

THE question whether a gown is a work of art or is to be classed as clothing, has recently engaged the attention of a Paris court. One customer accused another of reproducing one of his artistic creations mentioned \$4,000 as the extent of his injury. He maintained that his were artistic creations and hence subject to copyright. The defendant argued that the article under debate were dresses, not pictures, books or statuary, and that imitation is quite within the rights of an dressmaker in a free country like France. The judge thought so, too, and hence new styles are not to be subject to copyright.

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Those Women

"MISS TILLY," said George Washington Johnson at  
 the swell colored ball, "hit 'pears lak I heah  
 twitterin'."  
 "Ah, gwan, Mistah Johnson," said Miss Jones, "you  
 don't heah no twitterin'."  
 "'Pears lak ah does." A pause. "Miss Tilly, ah  
 sho' do heah twitterin'."  
 She turned haughtily and swept indignantly away.  
 "For de Lord's sake, Mandy," she whispered in an  
 agonized breath, clutching the back of her hair, "yoh  
 forgot to tak de bird out o' dat bird cage!"—HELEN  
 SHAFER.

No Enforced Inebriety

A PROFESSOR in the Cornell Law School was lecturing  
 on the question of intoxication as a defense to  
 criminal prosecution.  
 "Professor," asked a freshman, "suppose a man  
 should be seized, carried into a saloon and forced to  
 become intoxicated, and then should go out and com-  
 mit a crime. Would intoxication be a defense?"  
 "We won't go into that," replied the professor. "I  
 don't believe a man can get very drunk without a cer-  
 tain amount of contributory negligence."—FRANK RIDER.

The Easiest Way

A STEAM-HEATING plant had been installed in the house  
 of the new president of a small, conservative college.  
 The president, startled by a break in the steam pipes,  
 went in search of the college janitor. Being unfamiliar  
 with his new surroundings, he entered the library.  
 "Dr. So-and-so," he inquired, his breath coming in  
 gasps, "how can I find the janitor?"  
 "Well," the librarian replied in a slow drawl, "I  
 find the surest way is to send him a postal card."—C.  
 O. MEAD.

The Unevadable Account

WITH each decade, Time sends a bill to me  
 Demanding pay in full for all I've had  
 Of earthly good, also of earthly bad,  
 I pay in wrinkles and infirmity.  
 Time does not write: "One limp for overfeed;  
 One crow-foot wrinkle for a sleepless night;  
 One shortened wheeze for liquefied delight;  
 One paunch for walking less than was your need."  
 He sends but totals; and I am surprised  
 To see how much it foots. But yet I may  
 Not toss my head and swear: "I shall not pay  
 The score until the bill is itemized."  
 —STRICKLAND GILLILAN.

Dick in a Crowd

WHEN a certain mild-mannered Representative from  
 a Middle Western state went to Congress, he left  
 behind a body of constituents who fancied that great  
 personal benefits would come to them through their  
 powerful statesman. A farmer, with political designs  
 followed the great man to Washington.  
 "Well, Tom," a friend asked him on his return,  
 "did you see Washington and Dick Blank, and did  
 you get what you went after?"  
 "Yes, I seen Washington, and I seen Dick Blank,"  
 replied, "but Dick could n't do nuthin' for me. He  
 as havin' a hard time to keep from gittin' tromped  
 hisself."—EDWIN TARRISSE.

Showing Signs

A WILMINGTON woman recently reached the conclusion  
 that the attachment of a certain policeman for her  
 ok must be investigated, lest it prove disastrous to  
 domestic discipline.  
 "Do you think he means business, Mary?" she  
 asked.  
 "I think so, mum," said Mary. "He's begun to  
 complain about my cookin', mum."—GEORGE MOORE.

Merely a Test Case

A BURLY negro came to the doctor of a West African  
 missionary settlement, dragging his reluctant wife  
 with him.  
 "Doctor, pull one of my wife's teeth out," said he.  
 The doctor examined the woman's mouth and found  
 only sound teeth.  
 "Oh, that makes no difference," said the interested  
 negro. "Pull one anyway. If it does n't hurt too  
 much you can pull my tooth that is aching."  
 —R. B. HUMMEL.

Odious Comparison

A BOSTON woman, who attained much prominence in  
 the campaign for woman's suffrage, once said at a  
 public meeting that she thought T. B. Aldrich was  
 effeminate.  
 The remark was repeated to Aldrich as a joke, where-  
 upon he very drily remarked:  
 "Yes, so I am—compared to her."—R. M. WINANS.

At the Lunch Counter

SAID a bald-headed man to a waitress bold:  
 "See here, young woman, my cocoa's cold!"  
 She scornfully answered: "I can't help that,  
 If the blamed thing's chilly, put on your hat!"  
 JAMES S. BOYD.

He Might Have Earned a Vote

LITTLE Johnnie stood gazing solemnly on the decrepit  
 form of an old countryman. Noticing the boy's  
 attention the old man asked: "Well, what is it, son?"  
 "Say," the inquisitive youngster asked, "did the  
 politicians kiss you when you was a baby?"—BERT  
 WILLARD.

On 'Change

I.  
 BUY a peer, lady fair,  
 Buy a peer!  
 Here's a dinky little thing,  
 Seventh cousin to a king,  
 Just a vacuum tied with string,  
 Such a dear!  
 True, his belfry works are faked,  
 And he's only partly baked.  
 But his title is all here—  
 Viscount Bilklet Beer de Beer!  
 Buy a peer!

II.  
 Buy a prince, lady fair,  
 Buy a prince!  
 Here's a giddy old roué,  
 Family ages old, they say,  
 Castle windows stuffed with hay,  
 And he squints!  
 He has pawed the family plate,  
 But you bet his crown's on straight!  
 You could be, with all my hints,  
 Princess Maundring Mint de Mince!  
 Buy a prince!

III.  
 Titles here, lady fair,  
 Titles here!  
 Titles run down at the heels,  
 Titles always prompt at meals,  
 Titles young and titles old—  
 Don't be left out in the cold,  
 Hump yourself—they'll all be sold!  
 Get your gold!  
 Bum de Bum or Booze de Booze,  
 Marquis Blawsky, Baron Screws,  
 Von-der-Deadbeat-on-der-Snooze—  
 Come and choose!  
 —ZOE HARTMAN.

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Stationary Engineer	Commercial Illustrating	
Telephone Expert	Window Trimming	
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for March, 1911

## Why So Many Married Women Deteriorate

[Continued from page 29]

Multitudes of women in this country to-day are vegetating in luxurious homes, listless, ambitionless, living narrow, superficial, rutty lives, because the spur of necessity has been taken away from them; because their husbands, who do not want them to work, have taken them out of an ambition-arousing environment.

But a life of leisure is not the only way of paralyzing the development of a wife's individuality. It can be done just as effectively by her becoming a slave of her family. I believe that the average wife is confined to her home a great deal too much.

Many women do not seem to have any existence outside of the little home orbit; do not have any special interests or pleasures to speak of apart from their husbands. They have been brought up to think that wives have very little purpose in life other than to be the slaves and playthings of their lords and masters, to bear and bring up children, and to keep meekly in the background.

The wife who wishes to hold her husband's affection, if he is ambitious, must continue to grow, must keep pace with him mentally. She must make a continual investment in self-improvement and in intellectual charm so that her mental growth will compensate for the gradual loss of physical charm. She must keep her husband's admiration, and if he is a progressive man he is not likely to admire a wife who stands still mentally. Admiration is a very important part of love.

You may be very sure that if you have an ambitious husband you must do something to keep up with him besides lounging, idling about the home, reading silly novels, dressing stylishly and waiting for him to return at night. If he sees that your sun rises and sets in him, that you have little interest outside, that you are not broadening and deepening your life in other ways by extending your interests, reaching out for self-enlargement, self-improvement, he will be disappointed in you, and this will be a great strain upon his love.

### Keeping Pace With the Husband

It is impossible for a girl who has had only a little schooling to appreciate the transforming power that comes from liberal education and broad culture. For the sake of her husband and children and her own peace of mind and satisfaction, she should try to improve herself in every possible way. Think of what it means to be able to surround one's home with an atmosphere of refinement, culture and superior intelligence! The quality of one's own ideals has a great deal to do with the quality of the ideals of one's family.

Even considered alone from the standpoint of self-protection, as a safeguard, a woman ought to get a liberal education; a college education, if possible. The conditions of home life in this country are such that it is very difficult for the wife to keep up with her husband's growth, to keep pace with him, because he is constantly in an ambition-arousing, stimulating environment. Unless she is unusually ambitious and has great power of application and concentration and plenty of leisure, she is likely to drop behind her husband.

As a rule, the husband has infinitely more to encourage and stimulate him than has the wife. Success itself is a tremendous tonic. The consciousness of perpetual triumph, of conquering things, is a great stimulus.

It is true that women have developed more admirable and loving qualities in their home life than have men; but during all these centuries, while women have been shut up in the home, men have been touching hands with the great, busy world, absorbing knowledge of human nature and broadening their minds by coming in contact with men and things. They have developed independence, stamina, strength, by being compelled to solve the larger, more practical problems of life.

The business man and the professional man are really a perpetual school, a great practical university. The strenuous life, however dangerous, is essentially educative. The man has the incalculable advantage of great variety of experiences and of freshness of view. He is continually coming in contact with new people, new things, being molded by a vast number of forces of the busy world which never touch the wife.

If women, equally with men, do not continue to grow and expand after marriage, how can we expect improvement? Woman must ascend to higher, grander planes, or both man and woman must descend. Male and female created He them." There is no separating them; they must rise or fall together.

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink together, dwarfed or godlike, bound or free."

Many a man has tired of his wife because she has not kept pace with him; because, instead of growing wiser and keener as the years pass, she has become ruder. It never occurs to him that the fault may be wholly his own. In the early years of their married life perhaps laughed at her "dreams," as he called her longings for self-improvement. He discouraged, if he did not actually oppose, every effort she made to grow to the full stature of her womanhood. His in-

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difference or hostility quenched the hopes she had indulged before marriage. The bitterness of her disappointment crushed her spirit. She lost her buoyancy and enthusiasm and gradually sank to the level of a household drudge. And the husband wonders what has changed the joyous, high-spirited girl he married into the dull, apathetic woman who now performs her duties like an automaton.

There are to-day thousands of wives doing the work of ordinary housemaids, who, putting it on a low standard, are smothering ability to earn perhaps more money than the men who enslave them, if they only had an opportunity to unfold the powers which God has given them; but they have been brought up from infancy to believe that marriage is the only real career for a woman, that these longings and hungerings for self-expression are to be smothered, covered up by the larger duties of a wife and mother.

If the husbands could change places with their wives for a year, they would feel the contracting, narrowing influence in which the average wife lives. Their minds would soon cease to reach out, they would quickly feel the pinching, paralyzing effect of the monotonous existence, of doing the same things every day, year in and year out. The wives, on the other hand, would soon begin to broaden out. Their lives would become richer, fuller, more complete, from contact with the world, from the constant stretching of their minds over large problems.

**Women Are Subjected to Great Nervous Strain**

I have heard men say that remaining in the home on Sunday or holidays just about uses them up; that it is infinitely harder and more trying than the same time spent in their occupations, and that while they love their children, their incessant demands, noise and confusion would drive them to drink if they had to bear it all the time. Strong men admit that they can not stand these little nerve-racking vexations of the home. Yet they wonder why the wife and mother is nervous, and seem to think that she can bear this sort of thing three hundred and sixty-five days in the year without going away and getting relief for a half-dozen days during the whole time. Few men would exchange places with their wives. Their hours are shorter, and when their day's work is done, it is done, while a wife and mother not only works all day, but is also likely to be called during the night. If anyone is disturbed in the night by the children, it is the mother; rarely the father.

How long would men continue to conduct their business offices or factories with the primitive, senseless methods in vogue in the average kitchen to-day? Men puts all his inventiveness, his ingenuity, in improving methods, in facilitating his business and getting the drudgery out of his work in his office and factory, but the wife and mother still plods along in an ill-fitted kitchen and laundry. And yet our greatest modern inventor has said that the cares of the home could be reduced to a minimum and the servant problem solved if the perfectly practicable devices for lightening household labor were adopted in the home!

"But," many of our men readers will say, "is there any profession in the world grander than that of home making? Can anything be more stimulating, more elevating, than home making and the rearing of children? How can such a vocation be narrowing or monotonous?"

Of course it is grand. There is nothing grander in the universe than the work of a true wife, a noble mother. But it would require the constitution of a Hercules, an infinitely greater patience than that of a Job, to endure such work with almost no change or outside variety, year in and year out, as many wives and mothers do, without breaking down.

The average man does not appreciate how almost devoid of incentives to broadmindedness, to many-sidedness, to literal growth, the home life of many women is.

There is a disease called arrested development, in which the stature of the adult remains that of a child, all physical growth and expansion having stopped.

One of the most pitiable phases of American life and one of the most discouraging elements in our civilization is the suppressed wife who is struggling with arrested development after marriage.

**Marriage Should Not Retard a Woman's Mental Growth**

I have known of beautiful young wives who went to their husbands with the same assurance of confidence and trust as to their hopes and ambitions with which a child would approach its mother, only to meet with a brutal rebuff for even venturing to have an ambition which did not directly enhance the husband's comfort or convenience in his home.

It is a strange fact that most men think that when a woman marries she goes to her new home with as rigid vows as the monks take on entering the monastery, or the nuns the convent, and they regard the suggestion of a career for her, which does not directly bear upon the home, as domestic treason.

There are some women, especially sensitive ones, who would never again tell their husbands of their hopes and aspirations after they had been laughed at and ridiculed a few times, but would be forever silent, even when the canker of bitter disappointment was consuming them.

Suppose a girl has the brains and the ability of a George Eliot and she marries a young business man who

thinks that writing articles or books or devoting a large part of her time to music is all nonsense; that her place is at home, taking care of it and bringing up her children, and denies her the right to exercise her talent. How would he like to have the conditions reversed? It is true that woman is peculiarly fitted for the home, and every normal woman should have a home of her own, but her career should not be confined or limited to it any more than a man's. I do not see why she should not be allowed to live the life normal to her; why she should be denied the right of self-expression, any more than the man. And I regard that man as a tyrant who tries to cram her in the natural expression of her ambition or suers at, nags and criticizes her for seeking to bring out, to unfold, the sacred thing which the Creator has given her. This is one of her inalienable rights which no man should dare interfere with. If he does, he deserves the unhappiness which is likely to come to his home.

I believe in marriage, but I do not believe in that marriage which paralyzes self-development, strangles ambition, discourages evolution and self-growth, and which takes away the life purpose.

A wife should neither be a drudge nor a dressed-up doll; she should develop herself by self-effort, just as her husband develops himself. She should not put herself in a position where her inventiveness, resourcefulness and individuality will be paralyzed by lack of motive.

We hear a great deal about the disinclination of college girls to marry. If this is a fact, it is largely due to the unfairness of men. The more education girls get the more they will hesitate to enter a condition of slavery, even under the beautiful guise of home.

Is it any wonder that so many girls refuse to marry? Is it any wonder that they protest against putting themselves in a position where they will not be able to deliver to the world the sacred message which the Creator has given them?

To be continually haunted by the ghosts of strangled talents and smothered faculties prevents real contentment and happiness. Many a home has been made miserable, not because the husband was not kind and affectionate, not because there was not enough to eat and to wear, but because the wife was haunted with unrealized hopes and disappointed ambitions and expectations.

**The Tragedy of Stifled Ambition**

Is there anything more pitiful than such a stifled life with its crushed hopes? Is there anything sadder than to go through life conscious of talents and powers which we can not possibly develop; to feel that the best thing in us must be strangled for the want of opportunity for the lack of appreciation even by those who love us best; to know that we can never by any possibility reach our highest expression, but must live a sordid life when under different conditions a higher would be possible?

A large part of the marital infelicity about which we hear so much comes from the husband's attempt to cram his wife's ambition and to suppress her normal expression. A perversion of native instinct, a constant stifling of ambition, and the longing to express oneself naturally, gradually undermine the character and lead to discontentment and unhappiness. A mother who is cramped and repressed transmits the seeds of discontent and one-sided tendencies to her children.

The happiest marriages are those in which the right of husband and wife to develop broadly and naturally along individual lines has been recognized by each. The noblest and most helpful wives and mothers are those who develop their powers to their fullest capacity.

Woman is made to admire power, and she likes to put herself under the domination of a masterful man and rest in his protection. But it must be a voluntary obedience which comes from admiration of original force, of sturdy, rugged, masculine qualities.

The average man can not get away from the idea of his wife's service to him personally; that she is a sort of running mate, not supposed to win the race, but to help pull him along so that he will win it. He can not understand why she should have an ambition which bears no direct relation to his comfort, his well-being, his getting on in the world.

The very suggestion of woman's inferiority, that she must stand in the man's shadow and not get ahead of him, that she does not have quite the same rights, anything that he has, the same property rights, the same suffrage rights; in other words, the whole suggestion of woman's inferiority, has been a crime wrong to her. Many women who are advocates of woman's suffrage perhaps would not use the ballot if they had it. Their fight is one for freedom to do as they please, to live their own lives in their own way. The greatest argument in the woman's suffrage movement is woman's protest against unfair, unjust treatment by men. Man's opposition to woman's suffrage is merely a relic of the old-time domestic barbarism. It is but another expression of his determination to "boss" everybody and everything about him. The time will come when men will be ashamed to ever oppose woman's suffrage. Think of a man considering it right and just for his most ignorant woman to have an equal vote with himself on public matters and yet denying the right to his educated wife and daughters!

# The Next President

(Continued from page 13)

allowances for these influences, the Taft convention in Chicago was an expression of a popular demand that some man be chosen who should keep faith with the people and not act as a tool for Big Business.

How Mr. Taft kept that faith the people know. What he did was to betake himself, bag and baggage, immediately after the election, into the camp of Special Privilege where he has remained ever since.

Note the consequences. Another nomination is desired. Mr. Taft again wants delegates. Again there is the Presidential prestige, the Southern patronage, and Brother Charles's check-book working in his favor.

But how about those other forces, Public Sentiment and Big Business?

Does Big Business now oppose the Taft nomination?

Let us see. What is the attitude of those champions of Special Privilege who were opposing him three years ago? Joseph Benson Foraker appeared on the stump last November endorsing Taft. So did Messrs. Fairbanks, Knox and Cannon. Senator Crane has become Taft's manager. Penrose of Pennsylvania is one of the stalwarts of Taft's administration. Senator Aldrich is Chief Counselor. All these are working openly for the second term. Special Privilege is more than reconciled to Taft. Special Privilege is eager.

On the other side there is Public Sentiment, voiced by such men as former President Roosevelt, Senator La Follette, Senator Beveridge, Gifford Pinchot and other leaders of the Progressive movement.

Public Sentiment has not approved Taft's surrender to Big Business. If Public Sentiment could find expression through a direct vote, there is no doubt that Taft's nomination would be impossible. But there is no such thing as a Presidential primary, outside the state of Oregon. That state, some time in April, 1912, will make the first application of a new Presidential preference law, and will, no doubt, show an overwhelming preference for some Progressive candidate elected from the group named above.

In several other Western states popular government as developed far enough so that Public Sentiment dominates. This is true of states like Washington, Kansas, Iowa, Wisconsin, and to some extent California and the two Dakotas, Indiana, Minnesota and Michigan. In these states, Public Sentiment will probably prevail against the wishes of the machine representatives of Big Business and delegations will go from them pledged to use all their influence in the convention to prevent Taft's nomination.

## No Chance for Public Sentiment to Win

The total of all the delegates from these states is scarcely a third of the total number of delegates sitting in the convention. Another third are those cash and patronage delegates from the South, and the remaining third are the machine-made delegates from such machine-made states as Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and West Virginia and New York. In these states, Public Sentiment is still quite unable to cope with business, acting through its agents in the Republican organization. Penrose, Aldrich, Lorimer, Scott, Crane and the like will be able to bring their delegations to the convention pledged to serve the ends of Special Privilege. Thus Special Privilege will have two-thirds the delegates; and the renomination of Mr. Taft will be assured.

But what becomes of Public Sentiment, the will of the majority, when it is crowded to the wall and ignored by the controlling members of the party?

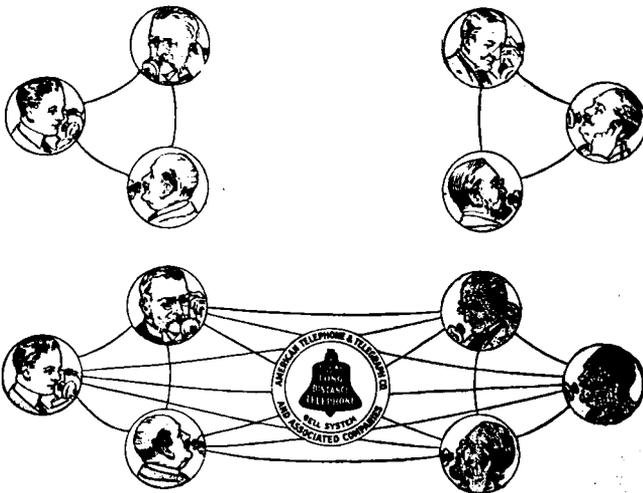
The obvious answer is that it goes to the other party. True. But what if there be no other party? What if Big Business captures the other party also? What if the Democratic party takes its orders from the offices of Special Privilege? What if the men who nominated Foraker should be the men to choose the candidate of the Democratic party in 1912? What if Roger Sullivan, Thomas Taggart, Jim Smith and Charles Murphy are to be the boss of the party's next convention? Would the Democratic party then afford a refuge to the voter rebelling from the scourge of Special Privilege?

But these are the very men who are the organization of the Democratic party. They are the committeemen. They are the men who raise and spend the party's funds. They are the men who control the fortunes of the party in their respective states. They are the men who "deliver" delegates—who, in a word, are pledged to deliver the delegates in the Democratic convention of 1912.

Can the reader discover any difference between Roger Sullivan and Billy Lorimer, except that one calls himself a Democrat and the other calls himself a Republican? Can he discover any difference between Charles Taggart and Charles Murphy? Between Murray Crane and Belmont? Between Aldrich of Rhode Island and Jim Smith of New Jersey? Are there any fundamentals of principle or policy which would be apt to differentiate the counsels of these "Republican" and "Democratic" managers of their respective parties?

Jim Smith of New Jersey was once a member of the United States Senate. As Senator he voted for the most sugar schedule. He became a candidate in the Senate a short time ago, and when his

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# A Correction

In the December number of SUCCESS, Popular Mechanics was quoted in combination with this magazine at a price of \$2.50. This was an error, as the publishers of Popular Mechanics do not permit its inclusion in any clubbing offer, allowing it to be quoted only at its regular price of \$1.50.

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(See "In the Editor's Confidence")

candidacy was opposed by Woodrow Wilson, it was Roger Sullivan of Illinois who sent word to Wilson that his opposition to Smith might make it impossible for Illinois to bring a Wilson delegation to the convention of 1912. Behold the subtle workings of Big Business! Sullivan of the Ogden Gas Company in Chicago, Jim Smith of the sugar schedules in New Jersey! What was the influence that brought Sullivan to Smith's support? What was the significance of that first command from the political representative of Special Privilege to the budding candidate for the Presidential nomination?

Woodrow Wilson did not, in fact, cease to oppose Smith's nomination. But Roger Sullivan did cease to espouse the nomination of Woodrow Wilson. And so did certain New York publications noted for their fidelity to Special Privilege.

### Whom Will These Gentlemen Nominate

There is talk of Judson Harmon of Ohio. No doubt Harmon is their man. For years Harmon was attorney for the J. P. Morgan interests. As receiver for the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railway, he gained the confidence of Wall Street. Mr. Harmon's environment has been such as to favor the development of the Business conscience and the Business point of view. He is a survivor of a race of politicians which belongs to a former generation, and is a graduate of a school of politics whose teachings have no relation to the problems of to-day. The one thing to be noted is the fact that in his long career in public life Mr. Harmon has never once committed any act which has brought upon himself the enmity of Special Privilege.

There was a time—and it was not very long ago—when Woodrow Wilson, the new Governor of New Jersey, was looked upon as "safe and sane." No doubt former Senator James Smith of that state so regarded him when he used the corrupt machine which he controlled to make Dr. Wilson the Democratic nominee. But of late the Business politicians have begun to doubt. Dr. Wilson's refusal to take orders from Roger Sullivan was one blow to their confidence. His persistent support of the Senatorial primary act and the candidate endorsed by that primary is another cause for their doubt. Finally, Governor Wilson has declared himself as favorable to the system of popular government worked out in Oregon—a system which is anathema to the whole school of Special Privilege politicians.

But the record is not clear; for there are other declarations which do not harmonize with these later ones. When he was writing books, Dr. Wilson spoke of democracy in these words:

"Leadership can not belong to the multitude."  
"Masses of men can not be self-directed; neither can groups of communities."  
"Questions of government are infinitely complex questions, and no multitude can of themselves form clear-cut, comprehensive, consistent conclusions touching them."  
"Neither legislation nor administration can be done at the ballot box."

### Wilson Endorses Oregon System

Perhaps Governor Wilson should not be held too strictly to account for statements written into textbooks, when his knowledge of these things was purely academic. It may be that a public speech, delivered as recently as that at Frankfort on November 29, does not express the Woodrow Wilson of to-day. It is even more recently that he wrote of the plan of government used in Oregon.

"I believe the Oregon system of popular government laws has wrought a fundamental reform of previous corruption and has brought to the people of that state truly representative government in the place of flagrantly misrepresentative government.

As president of Princeton, Woodrow Wilson no doubt believed that "neither legislation nor administration can be done at the ballot box." But after a state campaign and a lesson in practical politics administered by Roger Sullivan of Illinois, Woodrow Wilson has become an advocate of Oregon's "Statement Number One," the initiative, referendum and recall, and

possibly, the single tax as applied by the local control of the county taxing power.

Representative Champ Clark is also mentioned as a Presidential possibility. He has a record which is quite creditable and his course as Speaker of the next House of Representatives will help to place him in his relation to the Public Interest and to Special Privilege. If Mr. Clark has any chance for the Democratic nomination, it will be as the candidate of Public Sentiment against the machine control of the party.

Which brings us to the question: What chance has a people's candidate for the Democratic nomination? As in the Republican camp, the struggle is between the machine representatives of Big Business and the diffused pressure of unorganized Public Sentiment. In such struggle there is small chance for Public Sentiment. In the Republican campaign of three years ago, when Public Sentiment won, it was because Public Sentiment was stirred and organized by Theodore Roosevelt, then President. In the Democratic party, the only man who corresponds to Roosevelt in the confidence which the public feels in his utterances, and the attention which he may command, is William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Bryan might direct and stir Public Sentiment for a people's candidate with some success. He might defeat the attempts of Big Business and the Democratic organization to name Harmon or some other Business candidate. With a popular people's candidate this might be done. What Mr. Bryan thinks about the matter, or what he will do he has not yet disclosed.

### Here is the Situation

The issue is Special Privilege vs. The People. The organization of the Republican party is controlled by Special Privilege. The organization of the Democratic party is controlled by Special Privilege. The Republican candidate of Special Privilege is William Howard Taft. The Democratic candidate of Special Privilege is Judson Harmon. Opposed to these nominations is a diffused, unorganized Public Sentiment. The candidates of the Public Sentiment are Robert M. La Follette, Theodore Roosevelt, and perhaps Woodrow Wilson, Champ Clark, A. J. Beveridge, Gifford Pinchot, Joseph Folk and A. B. Cummins.

Do you see how the candidates divide? It is no longer Republican and Democrat. It is Special Privilege and the People's Interests.

Suppose the whole list of Presidential possibilities could to-morrow be submitted to a popular vote. Would Taft and Harmon lead the list?

Unless you answer yes, you must admit that the people are confronted with a set of loaded dice; that Special Privilege is dealing from the bottom of the pack, and that so far as Special Privilege and the People are concerned, it is a case of "heads I win tails you lose."

When the two conventions meet fifteen months from now, the big fight between Special Privilege and the People's Interests will be over. If Public Sentiment compels the nomination of a People's candidate by either party, the game of Special Privilege will be blocked. Taft could not win against Wilson, Folk or Champ Clark. Nor could Harmon win against La Follette, Roosevelt or Gifford Pinchot. The brand of Special Privilege is easy to detect, and if you give them half a chance the people will discriminate.

Meantime, what can the people do? The only substitute for the verdict of a regularly organized primary is the expression of the people's will as voiced through the press. The independent press and the independent magazines can do much. It was through these that Roosevelt always worked. The professional politician is a coward. The one thing he most dreads is a hostile Public Sentiment. While in secret he serves Special Privilege, the breath of his political life is the favor of the people. The people's will, expressed openly and publicly, is the Big Stick before which the politician trembles. A clearly-voiced, wide-spread demand for People's candidate may yet defeat the bi-partisan conspiracy of Special Privilege.

But there is no time to be lost. The machinery of Special Privilege is at work. The People's time is now.

# A Slump in Chanteclers

[Continued from page 24]

return. Mr. Vogel, his face toward the wall, was maintaining a stout silence. Lazinsky was nervously pacing the floor. Miss Rosenbaum, her elbows on the typewriter and her chin on her folded hands, was meditating sympathetically over the predicament of her employers.

"Well?" they all exclaimed as soon as Phil entered the office.  
"Well, nothing!" he said, throwing his hat on a chair and joining Lazinsky in measuring the floor with quick and nervous steps.  
He told them of his visits and dwelt rather broadly on the bold front that Smolnick had presented and of his threat to sue for twenty thousand dollars should the contract be violated.  
"He takes us for a fool!" shouted Vogel. "Better

we have it a strike than pay him twenty thousand dollars."

"A strike!" exclaimed Phil. "Get stuck with the orders, ruin the season and lose our customer. Just have a strike now and it's good-by the Vogel Lazinsky Hat and Trimming Manufacturing Company. It's a cinch."

Of course, a strike was out of the question. "I one knew that better than the two heads of this firm."

"And is that so?" asked Lazinsky. "If he goes have a lawsuit with us in a court he gets twenty thousand dollars for damages already?"

"Can't tell just how much he gets, but Counselor Rosenthal says that he gets heavy damages."  
"Rosenthal, the lawyer, he said so?" asked

Lazinsky. "Oh, Philpel, mightel be you can fix it. How can we pay such a big sum already? We will be ruined."

"After all, there ain't no reason why it's up to me," said Philip. "I am only a drummer."

"Philip, you talk it like a man what is not true to his firm," said Vogel. "You do the right thing, and you become a partner already yet maybe."

Philip sank into a chair and was lost in thought. Vogel found it tiresome to stay in the office, so without saying a word, he picked up his hat and walked out.

"He goes home already whenever there is trouble, ain't it?" complained Lazinsky. "What does he care?"

Having relieved himself of this uncalled-for expression of bitterness he followed his partner's example and left the office.

"Phil, you are so bright," exclaimed Miss Rosenbaum, as soon as Lazinsky had disappeared. "Can't you think of some way out of it?"

"This is how it is," complained Phil. "When they are in hot water, it's up to me to pull them out. Then it is 'Philpel' and 'Philpel'—and then I become a partner for sure. But the minute everything is all right again, there is one excuse or another."

"It's your duty, Phil, to the firm," she said, slowly. "Besides, I think that this time they will make you a partner, and then we will get married."

Phil did not answer. With his legs on the desk, his head on the edge of the revolving office chair and his face screwed into the shape of a wrinkled interrogation point, he was watching the smoke of his cigar rise to the ceiling. He remained in this position for several minutes, then jumped up with a start.

"Say, Min, tell the foreman to stop work on the Smolnick order. No strike for us, understand?"

"And have a lawsuit?" asked the girl.

"Lawsuit nothing!" he exclaimed; and taking up his hat, he ran out of the place.

III

In a small office of a large building in Newspaper Row, M. Pierre Murrier, an old Americanized Frenchman, assisted by two young French-Americans, was editing *De La Mode*, a journal "devoted to styles and fashions of the millinery trade."

M. Murrier was perusing the pages of a French paper, marking with his blue pencil the items to be clipped, when Phil arrived at the editor-publisher's desk.

"Ah, Mr. Philip Markson. How ees my dear friend?" greeted the polite proprietor of *De La Mode*. "What ees the good word?"

"Dropped in to see the latest," said Phil. "We are about to make up the stock and I always make sure that there will be no come-back. How is Chantecler? Still the go?"

"Yes, Chantecler and the inverted shapes and Persian effects in trimming ees the go, as you call eet, Mr. Markson."

"Too bad," said Phil.

"Eet ees too bad? Why so?" asked the editor.

"Because, to tell the truth, we have a heavy stock of Parisian plumes and a large quantity of quills, some old-rose ribbons, and some of the old birds that we would like to place on the market. If Chantecler went to the devil, understand, we could get rid of our stock. Don't these papers say something about French society ladies turning against the rooster?"

"Here is an item in *Le Dernier Cri*," spoke up young Henri Carreau, one of the assistants, "where it says that Comtesse Castellene-Barrère made her appearance on the *Champs Elysées* in 'le chapeau à la Tyrole.' The item adds that this may mean a change of fashion."

"Not in our appearance. Oh, no! Fashions don't change so quickly, my dear Henri," said the editor.

"And yet it may," remarked Phil. "She may come out again, and some other lady may do the same, and hen good-by Chantecler. And we are stuck."

"If eet does come in too late, we keep eet a secret a couple of weeks," said the old man, "until the seasons ees in and eet ees too late to change. Then the trade eet ees protected."

"Very good of you to look out for the trade—and I appreciate it, bet your sweet life I do," said Phil. "But, say, ain't there a picture in the paper of the Comtesse what's her name, with the hat on? Let me see it?"

"Sure, here it is."

Young Henri handed him the paper. Phil studied the illustration with the interest of a professional designer.

"Nice piece of headgear," he said. "We can twist the old shapes and use about the same amount of material. What did you say they call it? Oh, well, never mind the French name. I ain't going to risk my teeth saying it. I guess we'll call it—now what shall we call it?" He stopped a moment; then exclaimed:

"That's a fine good name. I guess we'll call it the dingle-dingle hat."

"The what?" asked the amazed editor.

"Surest thing you know—the dingle-dingle hat. Say, can I have this photo. Thanks."

From the office of *De La Mode*, Phil ran to the X. Y. Z. Addressing Company and gave a rush order to send out a circular letter. In that letter the Vogel & Lazinsky



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sky Hat and Trimming Manufacturing Company informed its worthy patrons that, in accordance with information received from Paris, the dingle-dingle hat was going to be the leader in style the coming season, and concluded with the offer to change the Chantecler and inverted shapes to the new hat on receipt of a telegram to that effect.

"This here thing is to go to the entire trade," ordered Phil, handing over his own private list, with names and addresses. "And, mind you, it's a rush order too, and must be sent off to-night."

Both Vogel and Lazinsky were out of spirits the following morning when they came to the office. A disturbed night, in which strikes and thousand-dollar bills had formed themselves into nightmares, did not improve their peace of mind.

The day lagged on drearily. The senior partner was uncommunicative; Lazinsky walked the floor of fidgeted in his chair; Miss Rosenbaum, with the extravagant melancholy of her age and sex, continued to regard the situation with a heavy heart.

But the depression of that day was nothing to the perturbation of the following morning, when the two heads of the firm arrived at their office and found Minnie opening a great sheaf of telegrams, which Phil was reading.

"When a firm receives it so many telegrams at one time it is something wrong already," declared Vogel. "Phil, what is it?"

"The customers wire us that Chanteclers will not be in style nor the inverted shapes. They want the orders changed to the dingle-dingle hat," he said.

"The what!" exclaimed both men.

"Dingle-dingle hat," said Phil—"the latest."

"We are ruined for sure," shouted Lazinsky. "No?"

"We have got it the orders for Chanteclers and the inverteds already, and we make them accept it," declared Vogel.

"Of course, you can go to court, but remember, we lose the customers when we quarrel with them," said Phil. "It ain't an easy matter to keep a customer, is it?"

The two partners were eyeing each other with amazed looks when Smolnick, breathless and excited, rushed into the office.

"Hello, Vogel. Hello, Lazinsky. You, here, too, Phil? Glad I found you in. Say, I want you to stop work on that order. There is a change in style."

"Bet your sweet life there is," said Phil, nodding toward the pile of telegrams on the desk.

"You got them cancellations, too, ain't it? What you going to do with me?"

"Well, I like that," said Phil. "We are going to make your order and be only too happy to get rid of a lot of Chanteclers and inverteds. What do you suppose?"

"If a man acts it the way you acted with us," broke in Vogel, "he don't deserve no pity, Smolnick."

"Yes, but if you do that I am a ruined man."

"Ruined nothing," said Phil, sarcastically. "Ain't there courts, and can't you make your customers live up to the order-slips?"

"And have them go back on me so that they give you all their orders, ain't it, Phil? That's what you want!"

"Now, we get it square with you," shouted Vogel. "You go home and get a big check ready when the order comes."

"I call back the order," threatened Smolnick.

"And lay yourself open to a suit of damages?" asked Phil. "You are crazy, Smolnick. Don't you think we will collect twenty thousand dollars from you? Say, you'll have to accept the order whether you want to or not. Never mind, the Empire Headgear Company is good enough, Smolnick, and if you think we are green-horns you make a mistake, the biggest mistake in your life, Smolnick; and our lawyer is just as good a lawyer as your lawyer is, Smolnick."

There was more pleading, but Vogel and Lazinsky were obdurate.

"You can have the thousand-dollar deposit if you release me of the contract," said Smolnick.

"We can't afford it," said Lazinsky. "We have a chance to sell Chanteclers, and get rid of a large stock besides, ain't it?"

"Well," said Phil, "I think we will show him some consideration. We will keep the deposit and give you back the contract."

"What's you doing?" asked both Vogel and Lazinsky.

"Just to show him that we have pity on a fellow even if his name is Smolnick, and even if he is only the proprietor of an unfair house."

There was more wrangling. Finally both copies of the contract were torn up and Smolnick ran out of the office.

"Ain't you was too easy with that there loafer, Philip *leben*?" asked Lazinsky. But Phil did not answer; he was telephoning to the union.

"Is this the Hat Makers and Trimmers' Union? Yes? Say, this is Vogel & Lazinsky. Just to tell you, Mr. Weinstein, that the Smolnick order is cancelled."

He hung up the receiver and turned to Miss Rosenbaum.

"Now, Minnie," he said, "take down a letter which I want you to send in reply to all this bunch of telegrams." And he dictated the following:

"When we sent you the letter calling attention to the dingle-dingle hat, we thought that it was to be the coming leader this season, but we had a talk with the editor of the *De La Mode* and he informs us that this is by no means certain. The dingle-dingle hat, however, is bound to be very popular, and we, therefore, beg to advise you to make an add to the order instead of an exchange."

"P. S. We have credited your account with the cost of the telegram."

"What, do you mean you sent them letters, Philip?" asked Lazinsky.

"Bet your sweet life, I did. It's a cinch!"

Vogel and Lazinsky stared at him with bulging eyes.

"You talk with riddles, Philip," said Vogel. "How you could done it?"

"Just done it, that's all. Ain't I telling you I sent the letters?"

"Oh, Phil!" exclaimed Miss Rosenbaum, who was the first to understand.

The heads of the firm continued regarding their drummer with puzzled faces. Lazinsky leaned forward and lifted his head until his beard struck a right angle and his eyes assumed an upward gaze. Vogel sank deeper into his revolving chair and throwing it backward remained with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets and his fingers projecting. After a period of profound silence the faces of the partners changed from dumb amazement to expressive surprise and finally broadened in happy smiles of admiration.

"Well, well, Mr. Vogel," said Lazinsky, "ain't I always said that Philip has a head on his shoulders?"

"When a man acts it the way you acted with that loafer, Smolnick, he becomes it a partner sure, Philip," remarked Vogel—"as soon as the season is over—maybe."

Miss Rosenbaum made no comment. She carried the letter to the machine and began to work. But Phil saw that her face flushed and that her fingers trembled as they struck the keyboard. Phil bent over her and whispered:

"Ain't you happy, Minnie? We are as good as married now, ain't we?"

"Oh, Phil, I am so happy," murmured Minnie. "But let us wait until the season is over. It's safer, don't you think so, dear?"

Phil was lost in thought for a moment and then he tapped the girl lightly on the shoulder.

"Guess you're right, Minnie. We'll wait until I enter the firm—and after the season is over—say, then you and I are as good as married—the days ain't far when we'll be man and wife—it's a cinch."

# When Doctors Disagree

[Continued from page 20]

jealousy at such a tale. Arthur did not even wince. He was charming about it. Thought it very kind of the young fellow. Did not blame him for being struck by the whiteness of her hands. Touched on the history of soap, which he happened to have been reading up in the encyclopædia at the Astor Library. And behaved altogether in such a thoroughly gentlemanly fashion that Maud stayed awake half the night, crying.

If Maud had waited another twenty-four hours, there would have been no need for her to have taxed her powers of invention, for on the following day there entered the shop and her life a young man who was not imaginary—a Lothario of flesh and blood. He made his entry with that air of having bought most of the neighboring property; a manner which belongs exclusively to minor actors, men of weight in Wall Street and professional pugilists.

Mr. "Skipper" Shute belonged to the last-named of the three classes. He had arrived from California the previous evening after settling with a certain Cyclone Josephs a question of superiority at one hundred and sixteen pounds which had vexed the sporting public for

over a year. Having successfully out-argued Mr. Josephs, mainly by means of strenuous work in the clinches, he was now on the eve of starting on a lucrative vaudeville tour with his celebrated inaudible monologue. As a result, he was feeling exceedingly pleased with the world in general and with Mr. Skipper Shute in particular. And when Mr. Shute was pleased with himself, his manner was apt to be of the breeziest.

He breezed into the shop, took a seat, and, having cast an experienced eye at Maud, and found her pleasing, extended both hands and observed: "Go the limit, kid."

At any other time Maud might have resented being addressed as "kid" by a customer, but now she welcomed it. With the exception of a slight thickening of the lobe of one ear, Mr. Shute bore no outward signs of his profession. And being, to use his own phrase, a "swell dresser," he was really a most presentable young man. Just, in fact, what Maud needed. She saw in him her last hope. If any faint spark of his ancient fire still lingered in Arthur, it was through Mr. Shute that it must be fanned.

She smiled upon Mr. Shute. She worked on his robust fingers as if it were an artistic treat to be permitted to handle them. So carefully did she toil that she was still busy when Arthur, taking off his apron and putting on his hat, went out for his twenty-minute lunch, leaving them alone together.

The door had scarcely shut when Mr. Shute bent forward.

"Say!" He sank his voice to a winning whisper. "You look good to mch," he said, gallantly.

"The idea!" said Maud, tossing her head.

"On the level," Mr. Shute assured her.

Maud laid down her orange-sticks.

"Don't be silly," she said. "There. I've finished."

"I've not," said Mr. Shute. "Not by a mile."

"Well?"

"What do you do with your evenings?"

"I go home."

"Sure. But when you don't? It's a poor heart that never rejoices. Don't you ever whoop it up?"

"The mad whirl," explained Mr. Shute. "Ice-cream soda and buckwheat cakes and a happy evening at lovely Luna Park. Say, why not come along to Coney some old evening? This evening?"

"I am going to Coney Island with Mr. Welsh to-night."

"And who's Mr. Welsh?"

"The gentleman who has just gone out."

"Is that so? Well, he does not look a live one, but maybe it's just because he's had bad news to-day. You never can tell." He rose. "Farewell, Evelina, fairest of your sex. We shall meet again. Keep a stout heart." And taking up his cane, straw hat and yellow gloves, Mr. Shute departed, leaving Maud to her thoughts.

She was disappointed. She had expected better results. Mr. Shute had lowered with ease the record for pay badinage, hitherto held by the red-faced customer; but to all appearances there had been no change in Arthur's manner. But perhaps he had scowled (or bitten his lip), and she had not noticed it. Apparently he had struck Mr. Shute, an unbiased spectator, as gloomy.

Perhaps at some moment when her eyes had been on her work— She hoped for the best.

Whatever his feelings may have been during the afternoon, Arthur was undeniably cheerful that evening. He was in excellent spirits. His light-hearted abandon on the Sliding Staircase had been noted and commented upon by several lookers-on. In a brief argument with a vendor of frankfurters, he had touched a high level of facetiousness. And now, as he sat with her listening to the band, he was crooning joyously to himself in accompaniment to the music, without, it would appear, care in the world.

Maud was hurt and anxious. In a mere acquaintance, this blithe attitude would have been welcome. It would have helped her to enjoy her evening. But from Arthur at that particular moment she looked for something else. Why was he cheerful? Only a few hours ago she had been—yes—fighting with another man before his very eyes! What right had he to be cheerful? He ought to be heated, full of passionate demands for an explanation—a flushed, throaty thing to be soaked back into a good temper and then forgiven—all this at great length—for having been in a bad one. Yes, he told herself, she had wanted certainty one way or the other, and here it was. Now she knew. He no longer cared for her.

She trembled.

"Cold?" said Arthur. "Let's walk. Lum-diddle-ah. That's what I call a good tune. Give me something lively and bright. Dumty-umpty-idle-ty, Dum-tum—"

"Funny thing—" said Maud, deliberately.

"What's a funny thing?"

"The gentleman in the brown suit whose hands I did this afternoon—"

"Sure, he was," agreed Arthur brightly. "A very funny thing."

Maud frowned. Wit at the expense of hot-dog merchants was one thing—at her own another.

"I was about to say," she went on, precisely, "that was a funny thing, a coincidence, seeing that I was already engaged, that the gentleman in the brown suit whose hands I did this afternoon should have asked me to come here, to Luna Park, with him to-night."

For a moment they walked on in silence. To Maud it seemed a hopeful silence. Surely it must be the prelude to an outburst?

"Oh," he said, and stopped.

Maud's heart gave a leap. Surely that was the old one?

A couple of paces, and he spoke again.

"I did n't hear him ask you."

His voice was disappointingly level.

"He asked me after you had gone out to lunch."

"It's a nuisance," said Arthur cheerily, "when things clash like that. But maybe he'll say 'you again. Nothing to prevent your coming here twice. Well repays a second visit, I always say. I think—"

"You should n't," said a voice behind him. "It hurts the head. Well, kid, being show's a good time?"

The possibility of meeting Mr. Shute had not occurred to Maud. She had assumed that, being aware that she would be there with another, he would have stayed away. It may, however, be remarked that she did not



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know Mr. Shute. He was not one of her sensitive plants. He smiled pleasantly upon her, looking very dapper in evening-dress and a silk hat that, though a size too small for him, shone like a mirror.

Maud hardly knew whether she was glad or sorry to see him. It did not seem to matter much now either way. Nothing seemed to matter much, in fact Arthur's cheery acceptance of the news that she received invitations from others had been like a blow, leaving her numb and listless.

She made the introductions. The two men eyed each other.

"Pleased to meet you," said Mr. Shute.

"Glad to know you," said Arthur.

And from that point onward Mr. Shute took command.

It is to be assumed that this was not the first time that Mr. Shute had made one of a trio in these circumstances, for the swift dexterity with which he lost Arthur was certainly not that of a novice. So smoothly was it done that it was not until she emerged from the Helder-Skelter, guided by the pugilist's slim but formidable right arm, that Maud realized that he had gone.

She gave a little cry of dismay. Secretly, she was beginning to be somewhat afraid of Mr. Shute. He was showing signs of being about to step out of the rôle she had assigned to him and attempt something on a larger scale. His manner had that extra touch of warmth which makes all the difference.

"Oh! He's gone!" she cried.

"Sure," said Mr. Shute. "He got a hurry-call from Berlin. The Kaiser wants a hair-cut."

"We must find him. We must."

"Surest thing you know," said Mr. Shute. "Plenty of time."

"We must find him."

Mr. Shute regarded her with some displeasure.

"Seems to be ace-high with you, that dub," he said.

"I don't understand you."

"My observation was," explained Mr. Shute, "that, judging from appearances, that dough-faced lemon was Willie-boy, the first and only love."

Maud turned on him with flaming cheeks.

"Mr. Welsh is nothing to me! Nothing! Nothing!" she cried.

She walked quickly on.

"Then if there's a vacancy, star-eyes," said the pugilist, at her side, holding on a hat which showed a tendency to wobble, "count me in. The minute I saw you—see here, what's the idea of this road-work? We ain't racing—"

Maud slowed down.

"That's better. As I was saying, the minute I saw you, I said to myself, 'That's the one you need. The original candy kid. The—'"

His hat lurched drunkenly as he answered the girl's increase of speed. He cursed it in a brief aside.

"That's what I said. The original candy kid. So—"

"Arthur!" cried Maud. "Arthur!"

"It's not my name," breathed Mr. Shute tenderly, using a restraining hand. "Call me Clarence."

Considered as an embrace, it was imperfect. At these moments a silk hat a size too small handicaps a man. The necessity of having to be careful about the nap prevented Mr. Shute doing himself complete justice. But he did enough to induce Arthur Welsh, who, having sighted the missing ones from afar, had been approaching them at a walking pace, to substitute a run for the walk and to arrive just as Maud wrenched herself free.

Mr. Shute took off his hat, smoothed it, replaced it with extreme care, and turned his attention to the newcomer.

"Arthur!" said Maud.

Her heart gave a great leap. There was no mistaking the meaning in the eye that met hers. He cared! He cared!

"Arthur!"

He took no notice. His face was pale and working.

He strode up to Mr. Shute.

"Well?" he said between his teeth.

Your hundred and sixteen pound champion of the world has many unusual experiences in his life, but he rarely encounters men who say "Well?" to him between their teeth. Mr. Shute eyed this freak with profound wonder.

"I'll teach you to—to kiss young ladies!"

Mr. Shute removed his hat again and gave it another brush. This gave him the necessary time for reflection.

"I don't need it," he said. "I've graduated."

"Come on!" hissed Arthur.

Almost a shocked look spread itself over the pugilist's face.

"You're not speaking to me?" he said, incredulously.

"Come on!"

Maud, trembling from head to foot, was conscious of one overwhelming emotion. She was terrified, yes. But stronger than the terror was the great wave of elation which swept over her. All her doubts had vanished. At last, after weary weeks of uncertainty, Arthur was about to give the supreme proof. He was going to joust for her.

A couple of passers-by had paused, interested, to watch developments. You never could tell, of course. Many an apparently promising row never got any fur-

ther than words. But, glancing at Arthur's face, they certainly felt justified in pausing.

Mr. Shute spoke.

"If it was n't," he said, carefully, "that I don't want trouble with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I'd—"

He broke off; for, to the accompaniment of a shout of approval from the two spectators, Arthur had swung his right fist and it had taken him smartly on the side of the head.

Compared with the blows Mr. Shute was wont to receive in the exercise of his profession, Arthur's was a gentle tap. One circumstance, however, gave it a deadliness all its own. Achilles had his heel. Mr. Shute's vulnerable point was at the other extremity.

Instead of countering, he uttered a cry of agony and clutched wildly with both hands at his hat.

He was too late. It fell to the ground and bounded away, with its proprietor in passionate chase. Arthur snorted and gently chafed his knuckles.

There was a more than ominous calm in Mr. Shute's demeanor when, having given his treasure a final polish and laid it carefully down, he began to advance on his adversary. His lips were a thin line of steel. The muscles stood out over his jaw-bones. Crouching in his professional manner, he moved forward softly, like a cat.

At this precise moment, just as the two spectators, reinforced now by eleven other men of sporting tastes, were congratulating themselves on their acumen in having stopped to watch, Patrolman Michael Ryan, intruding two hundred pounds of bone and muscle between the combatants, addressed to Mr. Shute the single word:

"Hey!"

Mr. Shute appealed to his sense of justice.

"The mult knocked me hat off."

"And I'd do it again," said Arthur, truculently.

"That'll do for you, young fellow," said Mr. Ryan with decision. "I'm surprised at you," he went on, evidently pained. "And you look a respectable young devil, too. You beat it."

A shrill voice from the crowd at this point offered the constable all moving-picture rights if he would allow the contest to proceed.

"And you beat it, too, all of you," continued Mr. Ryan. "And as for you," he said, addressing Mr. Shute, "all you've got to do is to keep that face of yours closed. That's what you've got to do. I've got my eye on you, mind, and if I catch you following him—"

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder at Arthur's departing figure—"you to the coop, sure as you're alive." He paused. "I'd have pinched you already, he added, pensively, "if it wasn't my birthday."

Arthur Welsh turned sharply. For some time he had been dimly aware that somebody was calling his name.

"Oh, Arthur!"

She was breathing quickly. He could see the tears in her eyes.

"I've been running. You walked so fast."

He stared down at her gloomily.

"Go away," he said. "I've done with you."

She clutched at his coat.

"Arthur, listen. Listen. It's all a mistake. I thought you—you didn't care for me any more. And I was miserable. And I wrote to the paper and asked what should I do. And they said I ought to test you and try to make you jealous and that that would relieve my apprehensions. And I hated it, but I did it, and you didn't seem to care till now. And you know that there's nobody but you."

"Yes? The paper? What?" he stammered.

"Yes, yes, yes! I wrote to the *Evening Chronicle* and Laura Mae Podmore said that when Jealousy flew out of the window Indifference came in at the door and that I must exhibit pleasure in the society of other gentlemen and mark your demeanor. So I—Oh!"

Arthur, luckier than Mr. Shute, was not hampered by a too small silk hat. . . .

A few moments later, as they moved slowly toward the Steeplechase, which had seemed to both of them a fitting climax for the evening's emotions, Arthur, fumbling in his waistcoat pocket, produced a small slip of paper.

"What's that?" Maud asked.

"Read it," he said. "It's from the *Evening Mirror*, in answer to a letter I sent them. And," he added with heat, "I'd like to have five minutes alone with the guy who wrote it."

And under the electric light Maud read:

### Answers to Correspondents By the Heart Specialist

ARTHUR W.—Jealousy, Arthur W., is not only the most wicked, but the most foolish of passions. Sha'espeare says:

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You admit that you have frequently caused great distress to the young lady of your affections by your exhibition of this weakness. Exactly. There is nothing a girl dislikes or despises more than jealousy. Be a man, Arthur W. Fight against it. You may find it hard at first, but persevere. Keep a smiling face. If she seems to enjoy talking to other men, show no resentment. Be merry and bright. Believe me, it is the only way.

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for March, 1911

# Over the Salary Wall

[Continued from page 26]

esides, we are all perfectly miserable and even under is double netting John can't sleep and he's getting all orn out. Something's got to be done!"

The "something" resolved itself into a cottage at Cape May for the family and a boarding house in town for John during the worst month.

"But it cost—oh, how it cost! I spent my new winter suit and the parlor davenport and the student lamp I'd planned for. But it will not happen again."

And it can not, for when Georgiana came back in the fall she succeeded in rousing public opinion sufficiently to enlist the aid of a mosquito expert.

"For three hundred dollars," said he, "every mosquito can be exterminated. All you need to do is to deepen the channel of this stream, bank it in a few places so there will be a swift current and no stagnant pools where the mosquitoes can breed. There's only one thing in the way—that!" and he pointed to the railroad trestle which straggled over the swamp on piles. There must be a new bridge spanning the current. You must make the railroad do it."

And that "terrible" woman did! She did it indirectly, working with the landlords who hadn't been able to get out their houses on account of the mosquitoes, with people who had land to sell, with people who had wanted quiet summers at home and had not been able to get them, with people who just hated discomfort anyway. These people got together and forced the railroad to hire the specialist. Then they sneaked up on the railroad and took it unawares. They quietly deepened the channel and the water rushed against the trestle making it so unsafe that in self-defense the railroad had to build the new bridge.

Now, it is not as though Georgiana were not satisfied with the amount she had to eat and drink and the productive quality of the clothes she had to wear. The book the Sage Foundation has published on the standard of living in New York says that on \$600 a year families are able, in general, to get food enough to keep soul and body together and clothing and shelter enough to meet urgent demands of decency."

Georgiana is quite as able as any immigrant's wife. She could certainly do as well as my washerwoman, Mrs. Schultz, who, with the added burden of a drunken husband, has brought up a useful family. Mrs. Schultz's three boys went to work promptly at fourteen and now one of them is clerk for the Consolidated Gas Company; another works for a towel supply firm; the third is in a wholesale grocery house, and their united income is \$68 a week. They're all good, sturdy German-American boys, eating the good boiled potato on the knife blade, and spending happy, coatless, carefree evenings with their mother in their little East End flat which has no bath-tub. The young Schultz's are perfectly good citizens and their mother is justly proud of them. But the outside limit of their earning power is probably \$100 a month each, and the height of their careers should be reached by thirty, and their industrial places could be filled at a moment's notice.

And this brings me to Georgiana's "fourthly," which in the face of it, is neither putting money in the bank nor adding to John's salary, but which is really the most valuable saving of all and might be called "Long Distance Economy" or "Expensive Tastes as a First Aid to Thrift."

Georgiana is not trying to do what Mrs. Schultz has done—produce offspring which fit into the community like interchangeable parts into a machine. She is trying to present something much more costly and difficult of production—something hard to replace and therefore expensive.

Item: John Jr., hydraulic engineer.

Item: Jane, domestic science expert, able either to teach or to marry competently.

Item: William, mechanical expert, probably aviator.

"Only one per cent. of the school children go to the university, therefore a university man is valuable," argues Georgiana. "I will not let Junior work now because it will make him worth less as a man. I will not have his play-time stolen from him because he may demand it back when he is grown up. He shall not go through physical bankruptcy—it is too costly. I want him to be able to meet competition; not to have to evade it by emigration. My children intend to be wonderful creatures and I try to prevent their becoming content to be commonplace. We do not need to be commonplace and I will not glut the market with it."

And in producing exceptional children Georgiana is making also provision for her own future. She is likely to get back a much larger return than the six per cent. Maximum Wage she would allow the corporations. The bread she is casting upon the social waters in the shape of offspring is likely to return to her, janitor, bread, in time of disaster. Georgiana's children could never develop the attitude of a Vermont farmer who is just sent to New York for a destitute elderly woman to do the housework, without wages, for himself, his wife and four children, promising that "he would give her the same care as his mother would have." No! The upbringing of Jane, Junior and William is practically an old-age pension for Georgiana and John. But to produce these exceptionally valuable children is far

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more difficult than reducing the profits on biscuits or getting dancing introduced into the schools. It involves first, developing the demands of taste and then satisfying them.

"Somehow the disadvantages of \$3,000 a year have got to be overcome," said Georgiana, firmly. "Take the matter of clothes for Jane. Now she has a perfect right to beautiful things and the joy of the changing fashions, and she's got to know the real from the imitation. She dropped a wish into the air for white furs. White furs upon my daughter! But I know just how quickly Jane learns by seeing things. I took her to New York with me on Saturday and made occasion to lunch at a cheap restaurant during the rush hour. It happened most fortunately. About every other shop girl who came in was wearing white furs—cheap imitations, in various stages of bedragglement. I saw Jane watch set after set to its seat and take in the full effect of it in combination with worn black jackets, exaggerated hats and shabby shoes. Then in the afternoon I took her to a little concert upon where I thought some of those quiet well-dressed girls of old New York might be. They were. I could almost see Jane set the gentlefolks, and the soft pretty place and the lovely music over in a column against the cheap imitation. Yes, that white fur anti-toxin worked perfectly. The only approach to the subject was when she said once: "Wouldn't it be perfectly dandy, mother, for you to have a set of ermine!"

"But just the same I know that every one of those struggling girls in the white furs and awful hats had a right to something better. I say right because if beautiful things will make Jane more valuable, they'll help the shop girls just as much, and if there is one thing that is sure, it is that the community can not afford to have us go without anything that makes us more valuable to it.

"Now, of course, if Jane were a young plutocrat, she wouldn't have to acquire good taste herself because she could hire it. But as it is, this isn't a place where even the law could help her out. I have to lead my children personally into that realm of taste.

"I'm trying," said Georgiana, "to drive into society the idea that people like John and me and our children have a right to a good deal because we are valuable—much more valuable than the mill hands we might have been. And I'm trying to drive into the children the idea that a great deal is expected of them because they have received so much, and because they have inherited a lot they could not have been given. At the same time I'm impressing on them the fact they have a right to receive a great deal more in return.

"Do you remember the story of the princess who was stolen away by the wicked witch and set to spin with the peasant girls? She sat idle till the witch asked her:

"Why do you not spin?" "You must give me a golden wheel," said the princess.

"So the witch gave her a golden wheel—but still the princess did not spin.

"Why do you not spin with your golden wheel?" asked the witch.

"You must give me my silken floss," said the princess.

"So the witch gave her silken floss—but still the princess did not spin.

"Why do you not spin with your golden wheel and your silken floss?" asked the witch.

"You must bring a great lady to teach me," said the princess.

"So the witch brought a great lady to teach her and the princess began to spin. And the golden wheel whirled so fast, and the silken floss twisted so tight that the thread was as fine as cobweb, and the witch took it up to the palace and sold it to the king.

"Who spins this fine thread?" asked the king.

"One of my maidens," answered the witch.

"How does she do it?" asked the king.

"With a golden wheel and silken floss and a great lady to teach her," answered the witch.

"The king wondered so that he sent his son to follow the witch home. And when the prince came into the spinning room and saw all the peasant girls spinning coarse yarn you could buy for a penny, and the princess spinning fine thread which was worth a piece of gold, he said:

"Pretty maiden, why do you spin such fine thread?" "Because I am a king's daughter," she said.

"And, of course, you know what happens after that in a fairy story!"

The Professor shook his head.

"You'll be wanting a duke for Jane, next," he said.

"Nonsense!" cried Georgiana. "I only want the best for my children—that's what the prince in the fairy story means. Time was when there were so few good things somebody had to go without, but now we all have every chance for usefulness and happiness the whole round world affords. Thank Heaven that the intelligent discontent of the princess is spreading. There's no reason why every peasant girl shouldn't have a golden wheel and silken floss and a great lady to teach her."

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# Peg of Limavaddy

[Continued from page 14]

Farley flushed with anger, for there was a challenge in the way they were thrown down; and they were much too tiny even for her dainty foot, as she well knew. But she recovered herself at once and laughed gaily as she drew her foot up under her; and when I left my seat of vantage, Missy was sitting in the chimney-corner looking, charmed, into that wily face. Which only proves what I said before—that Lady Farley was not without resources.

The topic of conversation was evidently of interest, and, manlike, I concluded they must be talking of me. If Lady Farley undertook to turn Missy against me, with what subtlety she could do it.

I sat smoking on the veranda until long after all lights were out and I supposed everyone to be in bed, but in passing the door of the dining hall, I chanced to see a shadowy figure moving in the firelight; a pretty, watching figure. It was Missy, her hair high on her head for the night, her gown open at the throat. She would have evaded me, but I caught the points of her pretty shoulders in my hard, heavy hands, and turned her savagely toward me. Her eyes became suddenly enlarged with a half-frightened look, and filled with tears, which she stood winking out into diamonds that I longed to kiss away.

"How do you know that—that lady?" she asked at last.

"I served her some few months, recently," I replied, steadily.

She looked at me, her eyes becoming strangely tender, her heart beating wildly beneath her little bodice.

"Oh, I was afraid you—"

Her arms clasped about my neck and my lips were tantalized with something between a kiss and a sob; then a shadow vanished through the doorway and I sat staring into the whitening coals.

The next day, as Lady Farley had promised, a party arrived from Dublin. There were twenty in all, with horses and servants and trunks uncounted. I saw little of Missy for Lady Farley schemed to keep her out of my sight. For instance, Missy took dinner with the party in the dining hall while I ate my heart out in the kitchen. Again and again her merry laugh floated through the door, until I could stand it no longer, and filling my pipe, I stalked off to the orchard. Here Missy found me soon after, her little heart a-flutter at her lips.

"Oh, my dearie," she cried, "I'm to go to Dublin to be a lady."

"Why to Dublin?" I asked—I knew what I knew.

"And maybe Lady Farley is going to take you back into her service."

I could only laugh.

"She says you may ride after her to-morrow."

"The devil!" I cried, jumping to my feet and knocking the hot ashes from my pipe. "You haven't asked her?"

"Of course I have. Do you think I want to go to Dublin without you?"

I was flattered into silence.

But there was one at the White Gull who talked on. Whether from jealousy, or from the sheer love of gossip, or whether, indeed, acting under orders from her mistress, Lady Farley's maid that night made a confidante of old Marcy, and they talked volumes together late into the night.

Early the next morning I went fishing, not caring to see Missy ride off with the lords and ladies of Dublin. It was the middle of the afternoon when I returned, and Marcy met me in tears.

"Ye'll not be angry wid me, sor, whin Oi tell yez ye've draw off our Missy and bruk our hearts."

"What do you mean?" I cried. "Where is she?"

"Gone, sor."

"Did the riding party not return?"

"It's not wid th' pahry she went, at all, the darlint. It's along th' road to Derry ye'll find her, but saints! ye mustn't go after her. It's because of the great man Lady Farley's maid says ye are that th' blessed child took th' stage-coach; an' phwat's to be towld to Madam whin she comes back from market!"

"Tell her Missy's with me and that I'll bring her home to-morrow night with no tears in her eyes." In less than five minutes I was in the saddle.

It was at the third posting-house that I came upon Peggy—a grave young lady in a poke bonnet and a figured chintz gown. She was just in the act of remounting the stage when I flung myself from my horse at her feet. Without a word, she put her hand on my arm and we stood together in the tavern-yard and watched the blundering old yellow stage go lumbering off toward Derry.

"Why did you run off?" I asked at last, turning to Missy.

"I—I had to," she faltered sweetly.

"But why?" I persisted.

"To make you run after me," she said.

I thought old Father Terence hung a little over-long upon the bride's lips, but perhaps I'm inclined to be jealous.

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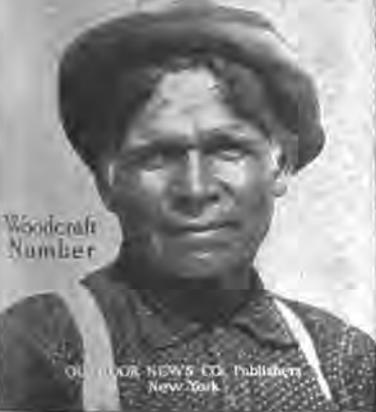
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night, she said, all a-tremble, the sweetest thing a lover ever heard: "I was afraid you'd never take my shoulders in your hands again."

We spent the next day in a jaunting car, seeing the sights at an Irish fair and, when we drove into the courtyard at the White Gull, the great round moon was high overhead. A ghost of staunch proportions came rolling from the shadow of the vines and in an instant Missy was folded to its ample bosom; and I felt Madame's hand on my arm:

"She's in love with you", me b'y, and so am I."

A curious crowd of the Dublin party came trooping out from the shade of the gallery.

"It's married they are," said Marcy.

Lady Farley's face as she looked at Missy clinging to my arm offered a striking contrast to Madame's serenity of countenance.

"I wish her sweet mother was here this minute; it's a blessed child she is an' a thrue little wife she'll be."

"She's married a great man," said Lady Farley, not without some venom. "He's Sir John Clayton, the eldest son of the Sir John—if you know what that means."

Marcy merely beamed with motherly joy, but Madame raised her chin another notch:

"Thin let me presint to ve all a great lady"—she turned to Missy and curtisied low—"Lady John Clayton—the wife of the son of the Sir John—if you know what that means!"

# A DESERTER

[Continued from page 28]

ones herself, she did n't have much ter spare; not even before the army come through. The locusts o' Egypt was n't no worse—"

"I know! Any army's that way," Jack interrupted. "Hungry men are no better'n' beasts."

"I reckon you're right," Uncle Israel went on sighing. "These men sp'ed nothin', nobody; y' couldn't skasily find a mouthful o' vittels five miles either side the road when they'd done gone by. Ner a pig, ner cow, ner steer. As fer chickens and sech like—what they could n't eat up, they carried away. I come a-bulgin' ter stay with Milly night they camped here—"

"I—cain't—thank you—Unc' Israel!" Jack burst out. "Must be a good God ter make sech men as you—but—how can He let things like this be?"

"Boy! He sees not as men see. We got ter trust Him," Uncle Israel answered, reverently. "It was His work; doin' what I could fer Milly. Mighty little, but all I could. When folks have got skarsely the second meal, they have ter think before they spare even a sweet potatoer—"

"You! You've begged! Fer my wife! My children!" Jack cried, dropping his face in his hands. Unc' Israel shook his head, answering with a touch of dignity: "I've begged a heap fer missions and schools and sech like. But Milly—it was my right ter keep her from starvin', and the right of other folks ter help me all they could."

Jack cooked his best, yet though wolfishly hungry, ate nothing himself. He sat beside Milly, holding her hand until the moon climbed to quarter, then crept softly outside. The yellow dog rose, sniffing him amiably, and together they vanished in the direction of the old fields. Two hours later they came back, Jack fairly staggering under the weight of three fat possums. When he had dressed them and hung them high in a tree, he crept inside and made his way to the safe. There was a morsel of meat in it and half a pone of bread. He would stay his stomach with them until morning. Maybe he could sleep if he ate. Now it seemed to him he could never sleep again, though he had tramped hard all the night before.

Milly stirred uneasily, moaning: "Jack, I thought you had done come home!" When he had soothed her he turned to the hearth, hunger forgotten. How could he leave her—yet how stay? A soldier true, he loathed and spat upon the name of deserter. Moreover, behind the soldier there was the patriot—hot to do and dare and die for his state, for the new Confederacy with which she had ranged herself. Further still, though he would not admit it, he knew it had come to the death-grapple. He knew even better that the crucial need was men—not generals nor statesmen nor tacticians, but mere soldiers to be massed and moved and held to it, until the bitter fight was won.

"If I die fer it, the children can be proud of me. It's in the Ross breed to fight ter the last," he had told himself often. A hopeless optimist, he had refused to let himself see more than the last pinch in the dwindling gar armies, the scanting of supplies, the lacks and losses that made of no effect moves magnificently planned and all but executed. Death had no terrors for him, but at the bare name of surrender his heart had grown as water.

Lying close to the covered fire, Jack Ross, soldier and patriot, fought with Jack Ross, husband and father, the age-old battle of a divided duty—fought to an inconclusive issue, though the battle ran on to near daylight. Jack got up and groped his way to Milly, slumbering peacefully with Dixie in her arms. Tears fell on her face as he bent over her, saying to his own

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heart: "God knows I can't see the straight of it. I'll stay as long as I can, do all I can, and let what will happen."

He knew he had ten full days to give to Milly. Throughout them he worked early and late, observing all the while a stealthy caution. Buddy and the yellow dog helped—they were ever-vigilant sentinels. Little Jack was his father's shadow, whether he washed or cooked or contrived new shoes from boot legs picked up about the camp. The camp supplied other things—cast-off blue jackets, blankets a bit torn or filthy, nails, bits of chain and leather and boxes of all sorts. Jack made the most of his gleanings. Unc' Israel still helped with meal and salt and molasses. 'Pussoms and the quail Jack caught in traps gave them a plenty of meat.

From an old flannel shirt Jack contrived a blue jockey for Milly. It kept her warm if the fit did leave much to be desired. With work by day and hunts by night, Jack managed to keep his problem in the background. Out of Milly's hearing he even spoke nebulously, with the few neighbor folk who drifted in to hear straight news of the Confederacy, of "going back." Jack was glad the neighbors were few—he had a manish shame about being caught at woman's work. Besides, they had left Milly in extremity. He could not get over that—not dreaming that Milly had kept her poverty and her blindness hidden from everybody save Unc' Israel. But for him, no doubt, she would have starved in silence. The semblance of comfort had dried her tears, and set her to chattering happily as of old.

It was she who sent Jack to see his old father—doddering, imbecile, yet quite happy. Sister Mary had greeted Jack sourly, and fearfully begged him not to come again. If he did—well—the Yankees might hear of it and come burn the house over her head. If they did, nobody would do for her what Unc' Israel had done for Milly—Milly who had a live husband, big and strong, whereas she herself was a widow with five children, not to name the old man.

Unc' Israel was everybody's comfort. He helped Jack sew and cook and nail boards, laughing heartily as a boy at the soldier stories of camp and march and battle. The listening bred in him comprehension of the soldier life, the soldier spirit; most of all of the sore strain whereon this soldier found himself. Unc' Israel did not venture advice. "It's between you and the good Lord, boy," was all he said. When he had gone, after saying it, Jack knelt at the bedside with his head on Milly's hand, praying inaudibly for light and strength. He had never been religious. Now there rushed over him a sense of need—for a father, a ruler, wiser, kinder, tenderer than aught on earth. Life, which had been to him vividly concrete, took on a spiritual significance that half appalled him. There drifted to him a fragment of Scripture: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." He repeated the words in a tense whisper, his heart and soul fluid. The promise comforted him. Kneeling, he fell asleep, not to wake until morning light streamed through crannies in the wall.

Waking brought not decision but clear-seeing. He was curiously calm, curiously at peace. "I feel like the boys look that get bullets right through 'em," he told himself as he built the fire and set on the mush kettle. He knew what was before him. Unless he started South that day, he could not reach his regiment in time to save his name. Milly ate with relish when she waked. So did the children. He could do no more than sip a cup of hot water just dashed with molasses, and make a feint of munching a crust of bread. He had made himself tidy, patching and sewing up rents. His hair was clipped, thanks to Unc' Israel and his beard had vanished. He dared not kiss Milly, nor even the baby. At the door he said unsteadily to little Jack: "Take keer of Mammy, son—until—Daddy—comes—back."

Three hours later, the group in the provost's office at the Fort, the nearest Federal post, was disturbed by the entrance of a man, pathetically ragged, more pathetically neat, who doffed his battered hat, saying huskily: "Gentlemen—till now, I've been a Confederate soldier. Will you swear me ter support the Constitution of the United States—so I can support my blind wife?"

His face, something in his voice, told the whole story. Set it to human nature's credit, even the victors felt no exultation. The colonel commanding happened to be there. His was the first hand held out to the new loyal citizen. Jack took it half-blinded—he was stifling—he wanted to get away outside. The provost hurried all he might, but fate ran quicker. Fate sent Major Overton through the office door just in time to witness the oath. The major understood. Only the day before Unc' Israel had told him of Milly's extremity. Advancing, he flung his arm over Jack's shoulder, and said, the least choke in his voice: "They may call you a deserter, Jack, but by the Lord, you're a white man!"

### Fie, Professor!

AN ENGLISH professor recently electrified his class in Modern English Poetry by observing very solemnly: "Furthermore, young gentlemen, in reading Burns be sure to look up all his peculiar phrases in your glossaries. Failing in this you will not get your Wordworth."

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TO THE charge that the average woman knows little or nothing of finance, diplomacy or statesmanship, Mrs. Philip Snowden, the suffragist, fairly shot back the reply: "Neither does the average man."

Our business here is only with the first of these three sciences, for they are almost that, and no one will deny that Mrs. Snowden's bullet went straight to the mark. But the fact still stands out as clearly as the mid-day sun that women, as a class, are inferior to men in the handling of money and its investment. And why should they be otherwise?

As a general proposition, is it not a fact that for generations men have studiously avoided sharing a knowledge of their money matters with their wives or daughters, thus unfitting them for a responsibility that may suddenly become theirs? Is it not also a fact that much more frequently the father confides such matters to a son? Why this mistaken reluctance in the case of the former? Why this unfair discrimination?

### Women are Placed in an Unfair Position

The head of a business, as he passes the prime of life, never rests easy until he has assured himself of a partner or successor in some form, competent to continue the business after his death. Yet in no way will he vouchsafe any information to his prospective widow or orphaned daughters. In any event, they are supposed to inherit his property, and why should he not begin their education long in advance? A man will say: "Women can not understand it," and then proceed to die and leave them to flounder around in this ignorance while endeavoring to scramble their way into knowledge. He certainly might have instilled enough of the principles of business into them in a series of years, to make their position somewhat less embarrassing after his demise. A woman's brain may not be judged by the size of her pocket handkerchief. She has a measurable quantity of common sense, and can apply it if men will use elementary language in their instruction, and not talk over her head in words which are to her indefinite and meaningless. The "can not understand" taunt has been heaped upon women so long, that it is a wonder that some of them do not riot in rebellion. It is the act of defining one financial term, or word, by the use of a dozen others just as little understood, that she "can not understand." The husband often takes too much for granted in his teachings; he starts on the basis that she ought to know more than she does. His explanations are sometimes as remote from details as the instructions received by a Scotchman about to visit Florida: "Take steamer to New York, and upon arrival, turn to the left."

The writer remembers a man who refrained from any discussion of his financial affairs with his wife, although she invited his confidence repeatedly, and then, when he made his will, named her his sole executrix.

Upon his death she was called upon to assume the multitudinous cares of a large property, real estate and personal. That woman did not, at that time, know how to draw a check; in those days that was no unusual thing, as few women did. But the real point is that the husband deliberately planned to place the burden upon the wife, in case of his earlier death, and then was perfectly honest in his convictions that she should in no way be prepared to undertake the task.

### Good Advice in Lieu of Business Training

If this stubborn determination to preserve silence must be adhered to unbrokenly to the end, then, at least, the will itself might contain some helpful advice. Such was the case of the husband who directed that his wife, his executrix, should buy no security not sanctioned by law as a legal investment for Massachusetts savings banks.

This provision naturally anticipated that such laws would maintain as conservative a tendency as at the time the document was executed; but perhaps, on the whole, no better reading of the future could have been undertaken and no better advice given in so few words. The laws of New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut, as now in force, are all pretty safe to follow as regards permissible investments for savings banks. The laws of other states, such as New Jersey, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, etc., while not as rigid in safeguarding the investment of savings, may, nevertheless, be taken as fairly good guides to the same end.

## The Tribulations of the Woman Investor

By Montgomery Rollins

In all this discussion, it is well to keep in mind that statistics show that longevity favors women rather than men. A woman suddenly burdened with the care of a property, no matter how small, may have to start at the very first rung in the financial ladder, sorely needing the knowledge which could have been gradually imparted to her during a lifetime of intimacy with the man who knew her affairs best; far better than some outsider, who may now have to be called to assist, to the serious inconvenience of all concerned.

Perhaps man inherits this almost universal custom of reticence. Did you ever stop to seek an explanation of why the dog turns round and round before lying down upon the floor? All animal students know. It harks back to the wolf, who trampled the tall grass down in that manner to prepare for himself a bed.

Man is in many ways as slow to change his habits and adapt them to modern conditions as is the dog. In no very remote age it was not thought necessary to educate girls at all. Co-education, in its broad sense, is truly modern.

Before the days of so many servants to lighten the domestic cares, the female portion of the household was too busily engaged with its own duties to find time to acquire any financial knowledge, and it is hardly to be wondered at that the husband made no attempt to enlighten his wife upon the subject.

But with every other condition changed, equal education, greater wealth, numerous servants, simplified housekeeping in flats, etc., the reticence of man remains unchanged.

### The Bank Book a Recent Acquisition

Still, with these present day conditions, it is becoming more and more the custom for the woman of the house to have a bank account for household and personal expenses; so much so that trust companies, which largely handle these accounts (they are seldom borrowed upon, and thus two per cent. or more interest can readily be allowed upon reasonable sized ones), are opening branches in the shopping district, vying with one another for the woman depositor. This is really the first prominent, public, complimentary recognition of woman's break from thralldom. We need hardly consider the earlier bucket-shops, situated in the same district for the enticement of the woman gambler; they were neither complimentary nor very public.

Although innumerable laughable blunders have occurred, owing to their several hundred thousand different individual interpretations of how to run a bank account, women have been gathering an insight into money matters, but each day seems to open some new and more complicated question of finance, hedging about the security issues. So, if the average experienced man investor often finds himself at sea over such matters, how much more so must be the untrained woman investor, who has not one-tenth his opportunity to gain knowledge? It is easy to understand why she so often proceeds without any apparent regard to recognized business principles, or almost in contempt of all principles.

Granting that some little recognition is being given womankind by the world of finance, it is, after all, but a modicum of what she deserves and will eventually obtain. She is to-day a very potent influence in the investment field; an influence which, if combined and acting as a unit is great enough to sway Wall and Lombard Streets in an amazing way. She may almost be said to hold the balance of power. Women could come very near to making and unmaking panics if they wished, and if they would act in unison in their buying of securities, or jettison their cargoes simultaneously.

A study of the tax list of any city will reveal an astonishing amount of wealth in the hands of women; and this does not account for the vast amount of personal property not unearthed by the assessors. There are women stockholders in the Pennsylvania and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Companies and these are but two of the thousands upon thousands of corporations in this great corporation creating country. They own millions upon millions of dollars in cash and income producing property. And yet, in the past, they have been almost totally ignored by the financial world in so far as any attempt to make their ways easier or to educate them to a better understanding is concerned.

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Women go about their buying in a quiet, unobtrusive way; do not manipulate this stock or that; usually buy to hold, or at least would, if mankind would not scare them into fits every now and then and cause the making of many a needless sacrifice. This great buying force, buying for investment or permanent holding, is a valuable boon to the bankers. Think of the amounts of bonds and stocks taken off the market in this way!

Would it not be a fair return, a just appreciation of their good offices, for men in general—husbands, brothers and the banking fraternity—to give more thought to this subject?

Many dealers in investment securities are averse to doing any business at all with the average woman, believing that it is unprofitable on account of the time required to explain details. From their lack of knowledge, women are often allowed to break the most common business rules. The banker permits this either through courtesy or charitableness, and often to his pecuniary loss.

It is not so much the lack of understanding of the difference between a bond and a share of stock, for instance, that is especially referred to right here, but a general haziness about details. Possibly an illustration will best serve to make this point clear.

Let us take the simple signing of a letter, for certainly the business community is puzzled often enough by the way the female mind works out its end in the matter of signatures. It seldom seems to occur to them that the recipient of a letter may not necessarily know that the wife of Samuel Johnson is Martha L. Johnson. Suppose a banking house has on its books the account of the husband. He is taken seriously ill, and the wife writes to the bankers, referring to "my husband," and signs the letter "Martha L. Johnson." It is fortunate if such couples as these can be pared off without error.

### Variety in Signatures Is Inadvisable

The writer has seen four consecutive letters received in a brief space of time from the same woman, which, to continue the above fictitious name, were signed, the first one, Martha L. Johnson, the second, M. L. Johnson (thus suggesting a man), the third, Mrs. Martha L. Johnson, and the last, Mrs. Samuel Johnson.

Suppose thirty or forty per cent. of the workmen in a factory did not understand English, would it be equitable to issue instructions in that language only? Is the financial column of a newspaper much more intelligible to the uninitiated than Hebrew to a Choc-taw? Financial slang needs a dictionary of its own. Writers in the daily press delight to decorate their columns with the abbreviated talk of the "Street," but are at little pains to furnish an understanding of it. Finance is intricate enough without complicating it with such literary attempts as: "Sugar rose from the bottom of the cup and had a sweet look," "Great laundry establishments are now running overtime,"

In all this it is worth while to consider that women are not prone to put money into business, but into investments; or often, sad to relate, into speculation, whereas men naturally can, or should, use only their surplus in this latter field. The former class is almost a simple pure investing one, and, consequently, deserves proportionately the greater consideration from those having such wares to sell.

Another fact worth noting is that this vast fund in the possession of women, which is continuously seeking investment, is mostly inherited wealth; not money earned by the "sweat of the brow" by those now enjoying it. The woman who saves from her own earnings is likely to deposit the surplus, generally a meager one, in a savings bank. And right here investment bankers should give recognition to the relatively large proportion of savings bank deposits that stands in the name of women. So here, again, as the banks invest, the stimulating effect of monied womankind is indirectly felt for those having funds to raise in the security market.

The writer knows well that bond and stock houses are now making occasional attempts to obtain the custom of women with money to invest. They succeed, for she must go somewhere. But she has a hard time of it, and makes a bad enough mouth over it. She does not understand more than half of what she does and is told, and it is a cruel mortification for her to confess her ignorance by asking many explanations.

It is simplified finance for her benefit for which this is an argument. Circulars, letters, and all the literature of investment are gauged for the experienced and well posted male investor.

But things are mending a bit. The banking houses which are so successfully advertising through the better-grade magazines are getting such an influx of inquiries calling for explanatory answers from all over the land, that they are establishing departments to handle this end of their business. The character of the inquiries and the nature of the replies required are making these houses alive to the need of the hour. The kind of literature some of them are now sending to such inquirers will be likely to put them upon horseback and start them out of this wilderness. Bankers who follow this plan consistently and patiently will not only prove themselves angels of light to a host of investors who have long been blundering in a maze of baffling uncertainty, but will do a good business stroke for themselves as well. There is evidence to show that this practise of enlightenment is profitable.

# Saving and Investing

THE SELECTION of sound investments is not a difficult problem. It is but a question of education along comparatively simple lines. And yet, it is a subject deserving of careful study by everyone, but especially by those whose habit it may be to save some part of their earnings, by people dependent upon income, or by business concerns appreciating the wisdom of creating a surplus reserve fund.

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# The Common Sense of Parcel Post

The organization that is most, conspicuously fighting parcel post is the American League of Associations: This league has been flooding the country with literature. Let me quote some of the arguments:

"A general parcel post would interfere with business to the detriment of the country merchant at a long distance from the place of shipment. In other words, if we had a general parcel post, a mail-order concern or manufacturer in New England or in Pennsylvania could ship goods three thousand miles just as cheaply as he could ship them one mile, and the great trade which is developing in the western half of the United States and in the Southwest and in the South would be practically brought to the door of every mail-order distributor in the northeastern quarter of the United States by what would be, in effect, a Government subsidy."

Now, as to how this advantage would be used: The big mail-order houses, so the argument runs, are really catalogue houses. That is, their business depends on their getting their catalogues into the hands of the consumers. Establish a cheap rural parcel post, and catalogues will be sent by freight, for about one cent apiece, to agents at local centers, and there the agents will stamp them and put them in the post-office for cheap delivery. Then, when orders are received from the rural community, the mail-order house will ship its goods to the agent at the distributing point, and the agent will stamp the parcels and deliver them through the local post-office.

When this argument was presented at a Congressional hearing, the following dialogue took place:

Mr. Lloyd (of the committee).—Just at present, under existing law, why can not the catalogues be sent to the same man to whom you refer, and why can he not go to those people, just as you say he would if the law were changed and secure their orders as you say he would do then and have the goods shipped now?

Mr. Maxwell (witness).—He would have to visit every farmer on every route centering in that town in order to be sure that all those catalogues were in the hands of the entire community.

Mr. Lloyd.—He could do that in a single day.

Mr. Maxwell.—I question that, on all the routes.

Mr. Lloyd.—There are only one hundred and he could take the box and go around and distribute them in a single day.

Mr. Maxwell.—That may be possible, but under the conditions now existing the inducement for him to do so is lacking, because the Government would not serve as his delivery agent on catalogue orders, even though he procured them. The minute the mail-order house in Chicago has the guarantee that if they put that box of catalogues in the post-office they are certainly delivered to every rural-order dweller in that section of the country and that purchases from that catalogue, mailed at the local post-office, will be similarly delivered, it makes a certainty of an enormous enlargement of their business, which is to-day a matter of very great uncertainty.

But let us ask why the agent should not deliver the packages as well as the catalogues, parcel post or no parcel post? I doubt if his commissions need amount to more than the postage thus saved.

In this connection, we must remember that the mail-order houses pride themselves upon their remarkably low selling expense, and that the absence of any sort of agents is the principal feature of their argument in accounting for the supposedly low prices of their goods.

Now a parcel post, under any conditions, has two main operations: First, shipments from the country or small town to the larger towns or cities; second, shipments from manufacturing and supply points to (a) the local merchant and (b) the consumer.

Aside from the local trade activity stimulated by exceptionally low local rates, it is doubtful if shipments from the country or small town to near-by points would be greatly stimulated by the parcel post, unless a Government monopoly be firmly established, for the reason that the present short-haul wagon or express rates are lower than any proposed parcel-post rate, except on very small packages. To be of advantage to the shipper the shipments by post would have to be to points at a considerable distance. Nevertheless, for convenience, the farmer would doubtless use the parcel post for small shipments—just as he does abroad.

The large use of the parcel post, it is said, would be on the second operation—shipments to the country or small town—and to the detriment of the small merchant. Let us see:

The wholesale mail-order houses, as it happens, are opposing an extension of parcel post. Likewise among the advocates of parcel post are not found the great retail mail-order houses.

At this point we must make note of a fundamental fact: Mail-order houses are not mail-delivery houses. The only people using the mails for delivery now, or who could use them, under a parcel post system at a rate of eight or twelve cents per pound, are manufacturers of high-grade and costly specialties.

This could include silverware of known standards, razors, expensive small tools and other articles, the value of each being several dollars and the weight of which is in ounces. Other things of greater weight and relatively small value can not and will not move at a transportation charge of eight dollars per hundred pounds, which is what eight cents per pound means. The only exceptions to such a conclusion are the occasional instances where the need is very urgent, and in that case the buyer will certainly supply his wants at home, if possible.

Mail-order houses are not mail-delivery houses, and they could not be mail-delivery houses under a parcel post system embracing shipments of eleven pounds or under.

If all the parcels or articles which could afford a transportation charge of eight dollars per hundred pounds and which could be shipped in packages weighing less than eleven pounds—if all such parcels sold by all the mail-order houses in the country were the business done by one house, the volume of that business would not be enough for that house to pay its postage bills.

To understand that this is so, it is only necessary to examine a shipment by express or a week's shipments by express.

Mail-order houses rely upon express and freight to deliver their wares. Again, any well-considered parcel post system must of necessity handle the short-haul traffic as well as the long-haul, and that short-haul traffic at eight cents per pound will be higher than present short-haul express shipments. The great bulk of small shipments, stated by authorities to be sixty per cent. of all express business, consists of short-haul shipments, and yet the express rates are now lower on such business than such rates would be on a parcel post system.

The big mail-order houses are situated in the large cities—the great commercial centers. Why?

In the large cities all express companies center. From the large cities the mail-order houses reach all parts of the country by shipping with one express company, over one line. They get preferential rates—rates made for the development of their business.

Note the following quotation from the annual catalogue of McGregor Brothers Company:

Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. is the acknowledged headquarters in the United States for the shipping of plants by mail and express, and it is the greatest rose-producing center in the world. It is centrally located geographically, with five express companies—American, Adams, United States, Wells Fargo and Pacific—and has unequalled facilities for receiving and shipping orders and procuring the lowest rates to all parts of the country. This gives you the assurance of getting your order in the quickest possible time, and enables us to guarantee delivery at the minimum rate through one company, for where all these companies are not represented there must be an increase in express rates. Within twenty-four hours we can reach two-thirds of the population of the United States.

One great retail store in Philadelphia, on February 1, 1910, announced as a future business policy that it would "assume and pay all transportation charges on all purchases of five dollars or more for a distance of five hundred miles by freight, mail or express."

This policy, adopted by one of the leading merchants of the world (John Wanamaker), is the real competitive ground upon which the future of the small retailer will be fought.

Outside of a very few centers, large cities within five hundred miles of Philadelphia, no small retailer can secure such freight or express rates as the house which has announced the policy just quoted.

The only basis upon which the small retailer can hope to compete with such a house upon equal terms as to delivery and transportation of his wares is in the Government monopoly of the mail service.

With a parcel post system, this great house will find an increase upon the cost of the delivery of its small parcels when it gets beyond the range of its own direct wagon service.

Now consider for a moment the effect of the local wagon-delivery service of the big retailers. The department stores in the cities have not destroyed the small shopkeeper in the cities; the down-town sections, the outer districts and the suburban villages are full of small retailers doing what seems to be a thriving business, though the great stores are but a few minutes away and their wagons are seen in all the streets.

If the great stores do not destroy the retail stores in the suburbs, then will a mail-order house—not a mail-delivery house—send the village storekeeper to bankruptcy?

Under existing conditions the big mail-order house, so-called, has an advantage, and a decided advantage, over the small merchant who wants to build up his business in the territory around him.

Install a parcel post system and the small merchant will be to some extent relieved of express company domination. He can ship both in and out on specialties or the urgent needs of both himself and his customer at as low a cost as the big houses. His rents are lower. His customers know him. He then can compete with the big city merchant.

What will be the result? In every town where there is a live merchant, he will not only supply the needs of his own local trade, but, owing to the low cost of carrying on his business, will become the competitor, on an equal basis as to transportation charges, of the big city merchant.

We regard it a safe conclusion to say that had a modern parcel post system been established in this country twenty years ago, there would have been no big mail-order houses.

Canada has a parcel post system, but it is very much like ours—weight limit five pounds—and it is also the one other country which permits express companies to compete in the carriage of mail matter.

The T. Eaton Company, of Toronto, Canada, is one of the greatest establishments upon the North American continent. It employs more than fifteen thousand persons. In a recent letter this house said:

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**AUTOMATIC STROPPER**

Complete with fine Horsehide Strop

**\$1.00**

Makes every shave a delight. No matter what safety razor you use, it will put a perfect, keen shaving edge on the blade in less than a minute.

It pays for itself in a very short time, stops the torture of dull blades and the expense of buying new blades every few months.

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The Zig-Zag automatically strops a safety blade the old-fashioned, natural way—as the curve-cut strop produces the same diagonal or draw stroke the barber uses to put the final touch of keenness on his razor.

Light, compact, simple and strong, will give perfect service for years. Travelers like it because it fits into a small space, and the large loop at end of strop permits hanging it anywhere.

Sold by leading druggists, hardware and other dealers everywhere in the U. S. for \$1.00; in foreign countries \$1.50, or sent prepaid from factory on receipt of price if your dealer cannot supply you. Send for our free booklet: "No More Dull Blades for Me."

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65 East Fort St.  
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The Curve Cut Strop gives the barber's stroke.

One model strops any standard make of safety razor blade.

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has been an entirely successful in the regeneration and restoration of bodily health and vigor that, without further reservation, I am confident will make the above guarantee my Most Full Leg Exercise.

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It tells about this wonderful little exerciser; it also tells many truths about exercise which are startling to the average reader, giving as they do the "reasons why" so many systems fail, and proving conclusively that there is but one way to acquire real health and strength. Price for machine and complete course of instruction is extremely reasonable. With request for my book send a cent to cover postage.

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**ON CREDIT BY MAIL**

"As regards your inquiry as to what part our parcel post service contributes to our success, we do not give the said service any credit for adding to the success of our business."

It is added that the house ships from the Atlantic to the Pacific, mainly using express companies.

To get ourselves cleanly away from all sophistry on this question of the effect of the parcel post, let us sum up certain logical conclusions.

First: Certain merchandise now moves by express in small packages.

Second: Such merchandise is mainly on short-haul shipments.

Third: A postal system must carry all it attempts to carry.

Fourth: No zone system will ever be established in this country again as a measure of postage rates.

Fifth: A parcel post system rate, the same for all distances, will be as high on short hauls as present express rates.

Sixth: Therefore, a parcel post will not stimulate short-haul business, and there will be no added incentive for more of such business to move under a parcel post system than now moves.

Seventh: A parcel post will harm the express companies; will aid the local retailer; will worry the great merchant; will prove a comfort and convenience to our people.

The need of ninety-two million people for this service is sufficient reason why it should be supplied.

**Have we potentially the Government machinery necessary to carry on a full parcel post service?**

Obviously, the delivery on a large scale of parcels up to a weight of eleven pounds means a considerable extension of the postal service. On the rural free delivery routes there would be little new equipment necessary—and extra carriers would be put on only as the traffic justified their employment. In the cities there would have to be wagon-delivery service.

An increased volume of business means profit to the post-office. Payment to the railroads would increase, but surely not out of present proportion. The first effect would be not so much to increase the number of post-office cars now in use as to fill up the cars which now run light. **And always the putting in service of new cars would be merely the business effect of profitable increase in the volume of traffic.** It has been estimated that if the Government carried all packages within the four-pound limit—including the vast number of such packages now carried by the express companies—the postal service would require one extra mail carrier in five and one extra railway mail clerk in five.

The point is that we have the machinery for operating an extended parcel post. We should add to the machinery merely as the volume of traffic made such increase desirable.

Is there anything alarming in this proposition? Are we asking the Government to do more than any enterprising business house would be glad to do? What is the danger to the Government in agreeing to use an existing organization of its own for the handling of increased business which it is quite within the province of that organization to handle?

But our last question: **What will the extended parcel post cost?** Does the annual deficit in the Post-Office Department mean that under present postage rates the traffic can not be profitable? Hardly. It is a business axiom that, given an efficient organization, an increased volume of business lowers operating costs.

In a speech in Congress, Mr. Sulzer gave estimates of the effect which his plan would have on the postal revenues. If the average rural family posted only one ten-cent parcel a week to and from the home and the post town, the additional revenue to the Post-Office Department, under the provisions of the Sulzer bill, would be annually more than forty million dollars—and that from the rural districts alone.

The postal deficit for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1910, was only \$5,848,566.88. A forty-million-dollar increase of business would help!

If a general eleven-pound parcel post were established and the moving-picture companies used it instead of the express companies for the transportation of their films, the postal revenues would be increased by more than seven million dollars.

Now, consider this: The first annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on "Statistics of Express Companies in the United States," shows that base express rates for distances under fifteen hundred miles are six dollars or less per hundred pounds; also that sixty-five per cent. of the mileage operated by express companies lies east of the Missouri River. Does that look as if the Government would lose money on a parcel post carrying all packages under eleven pounds at a rate of eight cents a pound? The express companies wax fat on less. I could add estimates for other shipments which the Government might reasonably be expected to handle with an extended parcel post. But after all these estimates are only estimates.

The main facts are: That an extended parcel post means extended postal business. That we already have the organization and machinery to handle an extended parcel post with merely such additions of men and equipment as are justified by the volume of traffic.

Isn't that enough? Does the parcel post proposition look so dangerous after all?

Then let the Government say, as a business man would say: "We will take all the business we can handle."



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*Thomas C. Perkins*

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I have a large clientele of investors of moderate means, who have sought my advice and guidance in the investment of their savings and income for years past. I have won their confidence by sane and safe advice regarding the stocks which I have recommended as safe and profitable investments. I personally subject every security I recommend to a rigid investigation.

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One of the best New England textile manufacturing stocks to be bought today is the 7% Guaranteed Sinking Fund Cumulative Preferred Stock of USWOCO MILLS to net 6.36%. The following are the fundamental points about this stock:

1. The property is the most modern and up-to-date worsted mill in the United States.
2. It is controlled and operated by the United States Worsted Company, a six million dollar corporation, whose trade methods, selling organization, and management are second to none in the country.
3. Through the operation of the terms of the lease, this Preferred Stock is secured, principal and interest, by the United States Worsted Company, and the security amounts substantially to the same thing as an underlying mortgage on the entire property of the United States Worsted Company, making the payment of interest and ultimate retirement of principal a moral certainty.
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5. No mortgage can ever be placed upon this plant without the consent of the preferred stockholders.
6. The stock is limited to a total issue of \$1,000,000 and cannot be increased. It cannot be called or retired until January 1st, 1931 or thereafter, and only then at not less than \$115 per share plus accrued dividend, so that the purchaser of this stock at the present market price will receive on his investment over 6.36% for twenty years.
7. The demand for the products of the United States Worsted Company has been so great that they have been obliged to operate their four present plants night and day for some time past, and the construction of the Uswoco Mills is for the purpose of taking care of the rapidly growing business.
8. The Old Colony Trust Company, of Boston, the largest and best known banking institution in New England, has been engaged as trustee for the stockholders, to receive all money under the terms of the lease, to see to it that the lease is lived up to in every particular, to pay the quarterly dividends as they become due and to administer the sinking fund. This fact guarantees beyond peradventure that all the terms of the agreement will be performed to the letter.
9. The net earnings of the United States Worsted Company for the past year exceeded five times the amount necessary to pay the year's dividends on the Uswoco Preferred Stock.

I shall be pleased to send you a circular relating to the United States Worsted Company and the 7% Preferred Stock of the Uswoco Mills which I have prepared and which is based on my personal investigation of the conditions. Send for circular A. The present price of the stock is \$110 a share, to net 6.36%. You can buy one share or one thousand.

Send for list of over forty of the leading banks in New England, with whom I carry deposits and do business, to any of whom you may write for references as to my record and integrity.

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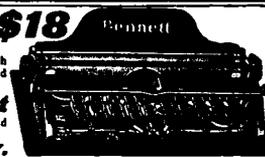
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[Continued from page 18]

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**DIAMONDS**

**S. METAL POLISH**

Highest Award, Chicago World's Fair, 1909. Exclusive Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904

very long time to wear bloomers. In spite of his swagger of war clothes, deep in the heart of his heart Dan knew that his pants were not only queer but that they were girl's garments; it was that that hurt. And a whole week spent thus ignominiously garbed seemed almost more than he could bear. Even if he had put a gratifying fiction between him and Truth, Truth grimaced at it and mocked him.

If only a runaway horse could come along with a rich man in the buggy and he would stop the horse and the man would say: "Here, boy, is \$1.50 for your brave act!"

Most likely, though, it would be a woman who would be driving; a man would not let a horse get away like that. Or supposing a house should burn up and he should rush in and save so many things that the owner would say: "You have saved to me five times more than three dollars and fifty cents' worth of stuff."

Or what if he should find a purse and return it—These bright visions were interrupted rudely by the voice of old Mrs. Sill. "Hey!" she called. "Have you seen my swell-boy?"

"Who's your swell-boy?" asked Dan. "Why," said Mrs. Sill in a tone of surprise that there remained in the world anyone who didn't know that fact. "Hen McGuire's my swell boy. He hasn't been here for four days, and my bucket's full; and more'n that," she went on, "there's been a pile of trash waiting to go to the dump this ever so long. If you want to do it, I'll give you ten cents."

In this unalarming guise did Fortune first perch upon the shoulders of Daniel. Great fortunes have been founded on smaller things, and Fate willed it that he should, in performing this humble task for Mrs. Sill, meet his aunt for the second time.

"What are you doing, Dan?" she inquired. "Making money," said Dan. "Making money to buy me clothes," he added, scowling. "Well, of all the boys!" his relative replied. "Instead of doing dirty work like this, Dan, it seems to me you might have gone to me. I've got a lot of work on the grounds that I'll pay for."

"Have you?" said Dan, without enthusiasm. His aunt had often suggested that he could turn a penny in working for her; but there's a lack of romance in working on the immaculate grounds of one's aunt that is even more depressing than feeding the Perry pigs or wheeling refuse to the town dump. One could imagine one is doing things—the dump, anyway, is an alluring place—one can pretend a ship was wrecked there—there are any amount of things one can pretend with a dump. But somewhat, working for Aunt Lucilla was just working for Aunt Lucilla. Inside her evergreen hedge the active imagination of Daniel Crafts drooped and died. He was just a poor relation; no longer was he the leader of the gang; no longer was he an adventurer on the sea of life. His personality in his eyes became reduced to a mere speck. He was merely an absurdly garbed nephew of the overpowering Mrs. Stratton.

Besides that, he hated his cousin Fannie. She told him that she loved him as though he were her own brother. Indeed, he suspected that she would have kissed him had he permitted it. But under her outward kindness he suspected her of being stuck-up—as stuck-up as her mother.

But anything at this juncture to earn money. First, however, he must know where he stood. He swallowed once or twice—it took courage—then eyed his aunt sternly. "What'd you want done?" he demanded. "What'll you give me?"

"I'll give you fifty cents for working three afternoons, raking leaves and doing odd jobs," his relative responded.

The next three bright afternoons he spent in uninspiring toil. He lightened his work a little by making believe he had been sold into slavery. Observing his actions, his aunt said:

"That boy doesn't do a bit of work when my eye is n't on him. The minute his eye catches sight of me he works like a Trojan."

She didn't know that she was playing the part of the cruel overseer and that Daniel accelerated his speed at her approach because he feared the cruel lash, and it was faintness from the heat of the sun that caused him to work so slowly as she departed. The faintness of death, in fact, almost overtook Daniel at times and there were moments when he would have made for the Everglades but for the presence of the blood-hounds.

The last afternoon he worked better; he had overcome his mortal sickness and was now working his way to freedom. So when he came to claim his reward his aunt smiled upon him.

"Well, for you, you didn't do so bad," said she. "If you were n't absent-minded like your pa you might be quite a smart boy. And I'm going to tell you what I'm going to do for you, Dan. I do n't like to see you in Fannie's bloomers any more than you do, and instead of giving you fifty cents—"

Daniel's heart beat wildly for a brief second; his active imagination had seen his aunt turned from the sour-faced old witch that she looked to a fairy godmother bearing boughten clothes in her hands.

"Instead of fifty cents," pursued the lady, "I'm going to give you a real good suit of your uncle's clothes. They're made of worsted like you can't buy

to-day, but since your uncle fleshed up he don't take no comfort in 'em and you can take 'em right home now and your ma can cut 'em right up for you."

Benevolence fairly oozed from her. She was as sure of pleasing him as had been his mother the morning she brought him Fannie's made-over bloomers with such trusting faith. But his mother was one person and his Aunt Lucilla another. Here was no place for chivalry.

"You promised me fifty cents," he cried. "You said you'd give me fifty cents! I've worked three afternoons and you said you'd give me fifty cents!"

"Fifty cents!" replied his aunt. "Why, these clothes are worth five dollars from any old-clothes man—they're really worth fifteen dollars. Clothes were what you're working for, and clothes are what you're going to get. Take 'em and run along!" She spoke with finality, putting over his limp arm his uncle's august worsted suit.

Many a time had Daniel seen that same suit on the then slenderer form of Mr. Stratton as he passed around the plate on Sundays. He hated that suit; he always had hated it as one might hate a somber and disagreeable person who appears only at the sad moments of life. For Daniel Crafts was n't an ardent church-goer. Church was one of the places you could n't do anything in; you could n't even make believe. It was worse for that than his aunt's grounds.

His entire spirit arose in rebellion. This was what he had worked for! This was why he had toiled in the hot, broiling cotton fields with the sun beating down on his almost dying head. It was for this he had borne the overseer's lash. For his uncle's old worsted suit!

Instead of going home, mechanically his feet took the road to the village. Society and dissipation were what he needed. As he passed the peanut stand recklessness surged over his soul. He would spend his last ten cents—that hard-earned money. He laid it out between chewing gum and the lethal-hued candy and peanuts which he distributed glumly among his henchmen, keeping only the gum for himself. Even the admiring glances of his friends for his princely act gave no bound to his spirits.

As he was about to wander toward home he saw the form of a peddler from Cromley, the nearest town. He was a bent over old man with a hooked nose and a German accent and sharp peering eyes. He exchanged tin pans for rags and paid cash for old garments. Dan knew it because he had been present at an excited controversy as to whether one ought to save one's old clothes for the poor and the Salvation Army or whether one should make small sums in hard cash from them. His mother proclaimed that it was very poor-folks and mean to sell your own clothes.

With an inspiration born of despair Dan called to the man. His aunt's estimate as to the price he found entirely wrong. Shiny spots were exposed to his view, not to say threadbare ones; moth-eaten places in the arm were held up to him. Dazed by a torrent of words, unused to bartering, Daniel presently found himself the possessor of a dollar bill and three quarters, while the rag and old-clothes man was driving briskly off in the direction of Cromley.

Daniel started for home, leaden of heart. The three quarters jingled in his pocket; the feeling of the dollar did n't heighten his spirits. Not even passing Warton's window, where the desire of his heart was, did any good. It did n't help any to pretend he had committed a highway robbery. He was still a long way off from real pants—a whole dollar and seventy-five cents—and meantime he would have to tell, sooner or later, what he had done with his uncle's clothes. After all, you can't sell your uncle's venerable worsteds, that you have seen walking piously up and down church aisles from your earliest recollections, to a greasy old-clothes man without some compunctions. And besides, he had contracted to do that work for fifty cents and now he had been paid one dollar and seventy-five for it. An awful thought bred of the irritating New England conscience came over Dan. Ought he not to take back \$.25 to his aunt? His heart lost a beat at this thought. Before now conscience and what he wanted to do had had some awful bouts, none the less soul-racking that what he wanted to do had always come out on top.

Reluctantly he turned in at his front gate. The cheerful noises of the Crafts family smote his ear all unheeding. The only sound that he heard was that of his aunt's voice. Proud of her munificence she had come to have the pleasure of telling it to her sister with her own lips. Dora and the baby were playing with a train of cars, the baby performing the part of engine with great cleverness for one so young. The twins were sliding down the banisters; occasionally one fell off and wept. From above came a curious noise as of subdued machinery. By this Dan knew that his older brother, Emery, was locked in his room occupied with mysterious pursuits. His father was reading by the lingering bit of daylight by the window; his mother placidly listened to his aunt. When a child fell to the floor, when the baby let out a whoop louder than usual, his aunt jumped sensitively, but amid all this chaos Mrs. Crafts rocked as placidly as ever, as if she were in the silence of the desert.

"He did n't seem pleased," Mrs. Stratton was saying as her nephew entered the room. "Here he is now! . . . Where," she asked, "are your uncle's black worsted clothes that I gave you? What have you done with them?"

Daniel paused. Silence fell. His aunt's questioning eyes sought his, and as though she could scent something wrong, she asked: "What have you done with them, Dan?"

Mr. Crafts read on, oblivious to the noise. Mrs. Crafts rocked back and forth. Dora only paused, open-mouthed, to listen.

"I have n't got 'em," said Dan.

"Have n't got 'em!" echoed his aunt. "Why, you had 'em half an hour ago. Haven't got 'em!"

And here Dan burst forth:

"No, I haven't got 'em! I don't want 'em! I sold 'em! I sold 'em to the old-clothes man for \$1.75. Here's the money. Take it!"

And then the pent injustice of years found vent in speech, even in the presence of so many grown-ups.

"I want pants. I want boughten pants. Pants that's bought in stores is what I want! Pants made over from pa's, pants made over from Emery's, pants made over from ma's flannel skirts—there ain't anything that I ain't had pants made over from that you could think of. Once I had 'em made from an old felt table-cover. And I was working, working to get 'em, and she said she would give me fifty cents, and all she give me was his old black worsted. An' I got ten cents already saved." Daniel's voice rose louder and shriller, and burst even into the consciousness of his father, who laid down the work of the Humboldt science series that he was reading and surveyed the scene. Mrs. Crafts's little young face looked like that of a troubled bird.

"To think," Mrs. Stratton was murmuring, "that Henry's Sunday clothes were sold to an old-clothes man—his best worsted for years sold to an old-clothes man."

Mr. Crafts put his spectacles aside.

"What's all this about pants, son?" he asked.

"What are you wearing, anyway, Dan?"

"What am I wearing?" repeated Daniel, fiercely.

"I'm wearing my cousin Fannie's gymnasium bloomers made over; that's what I'm wearing. And she wanted me to wear Uncle Henry's Sunday clothes made over. And I won't! I won't wear anything made over any more."

His father surveyed the little figure for a moment and then burst out laughing.

Her brother-in-law's sense of humor, jumping out on one when least expected, was one of the things that Mrs. Stratton could least tolerate in the Crafts family.

"Well," said she, "if the disgrace of this just makes you laugh, I'm going home." She sailed majestically out and the door banged behind her.

Silence fell upon the people in the sitting-room; a silence interrupted only by the bumps and screams of the twins who were sliding down the banisters and falling off with the precision and regularity of some huge mechanical toy.

Mrs. Crafts rocked placidly back and forth. Her brow had cleared. She spoke:

"I'm glad Lucilla's gone," she said, and continued rocking.

And then Mr. Crafts arose. "Come on, son," was all he said.

"What you going to do, father?" inquired Mrs. Crafts.

"Do?" said Mr. Crafts. "I'm going to get this boy his store clothes, Susan." He spoke in a tone of mild and beneficent surprise. "Why, he'll be robbing the bank next, to get enough money," he added, with that ill-timed and goading facetiousness that elders have in crucial moments.

But Daniel could bear this.

"The three-dollar-and-fifty-cent ones, pa?" he asked. "The three-dollar-and-a-half kind—the blue with the white line in 'em?"

His father nodded. He was a man of few words.

The next morning, Dan, who had waked up from time to time ever since daylight to view the clothes lying upon the chair by his bed, dressed rather late. The gladness of the night before had somehow faded. The clothes felt stiff. An awful self-consciousness seized him—a self-consciousness worse than he had experienced when he had gone forth in his cousin Fannie's bloomers. He felt for the first time the sickening disillusionment of having obtained the heart's desire. There seemed nothing to live for; life spread out before him flat and monotonous. This uncomfortable feeling he attributed to remorse at having sold his uncle's clothes.

Avoiding conversation with his family, he started for school. Two of the fellows in the gang were hanging around the corner waiting for him. They were comfortably dressed in patched trousers and sweaters. At the sight of their leader arrayed thus gorgeously, they circled around him and let forth whoops of uncontrolled surprise.

Dan's square shoulders became squarer. He lowered his flaming head in a menacing fashion and strutted up to them gloomily.

"What ails you?" he demanded. "Do you want me to get and get on my war clothes?"



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**STUDY LAW AT HOME**

# The Argument of the Heiress

[Continued from page 9]

Now, another thing. Take the question of a city for our heiress to dwell in; a house for her to live in. Here is a girl with ten or twenty millions, just back from the other side, willing to settle in America if she can find a home to suit her. Where will she find it? Which city will she choose? New York, Chicago, Boston, Washington?

She chooses New York for obvious reasons, although she recognizes one immediate drawback. New York is not the capital; it lacks the *chic* of a diplomatic circle and the excitement of parliamentary happenings, such as have thrilled her in London and Paris. However, she chooses New York.

Then comes the home, a most important matter, for it is in this that the possessor of millions shines most conspicuously. She must buy or build a very fine, very imposing house. Money is no object, but where shall it be located on Manhattan Island? Ah, where? She thinks of her stately London house in Park Lane, of her Paris villa with its shaded gardens near the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and she shakes her head. Fifth Avenue? Impossible! With the automobile madness, she might as well live in a smoking, pounding oil factory. And other streets are worse. Noise everywhere! Business encroaching everywhere! Not a green thing in sight! No privacy! Every building spoiled architecturally by the huddle and jumble of other buildings! And this is our best city, our metropolis!

Can we wonder at the choice of this young woman, trained through foreign residence to love beauty, to crave beauty around her? She shakes the ungrateful dust of Manhattan Island from her feet and goes back to Europe.

It may be objected that this has nothing to do with her marrying a foreign nobleman, for may she not live abroad, yet marry an American, one of her own countrymen? Unfortunately, another consideration enters here and our heiress presently discovers that Europe can give her what she wants only on condition that she marry a European. An American woman, however rich, married to an American husband, might live all her life in England, France or Germany without gaining any real social prestige or breaking through the many barriers that keep her always a stranger, always an outsider. It is only by actually entering one of the great European families that she can share the honors, powers and privileges of that family. This means marriage to a foreigner, usually with a title, so our little American girl bows to that necessity, takes the noble count, prince or duke "for better or worse" and makes the best of it.

class Europeans may not be good hustlers, organizers, business schemers, but they can talk to a woman, please a woman, charm a woman, and because they can do this many things are forgiven them.

Let me be more specific by saying that American husbands neglect their wives, although they may be absolutely faithful, while European husbands show their wives constant devotion although they may be unfaithful. An American husband rarely takes luncheon with his wife, is frequently away from her in the evening, tells her very little about his affairs, and neither knows nor cares much about her interests, her club life, her social and charitable activities. He is too busy and tired, and so they go their separate ways.

On the other hand, a European husband of the cultured leisure class is immensely interested in all that his wife is doing. He considers her life quite as important as his own, which the American husband never does. He is rarely away from home at luncheon and when he goes out in the evening he takes his wife with him.

### An American Husband a Dividend Machine

Our heiress knows that if she marries an American husband, one of his first concerns, instead of cherishing her, amusing her, will be to look after the investment of her money. He will urge schemes for making new millions—a great real estate operation, a combination of glucose factories, a merger of street railways—dreary, unnecessary things that will keep him absorbed and away from her; whereas the count, the duke or the prince will have only one thought regarding her money; that is to spend it.

Ah, yes; to spend it! That he certainly will do with the genius of inherited aptitude. What wonderful ways he will devise for spending her money! Chateau parties, hunting parties, balloon parties, flying machine parties. Smart luncheons at the golf club. Motor trips to the Riviera with a fortnight at Monte Carlo. Grand dinners, grand balls, grand entertainments. London in June for the opera. Paris through Grand Prix week. Trouville for the automobile races. Finally, a "cure" at Aix or Wiesbaden. All delightfully organized by a tactful and entertaining husband.

As the little American heiress thinks it all over and contrasts with this the tame delights of American fashions—fox hunting on Long Island without a fox, "doing the Mediterranean" in a garish hotel on a red-hot sand bar (Palm Beach), shining at the opera in a Broadway barn surrounded by a riot of trolley cars—as she thinks of all this and the rest, she murmurs, with a pensive sigh: "Anyway, I'm getting my money's worth!"

I should be false to the facts and failing in gallantry to my fellow-countrywomen if I neglected to add that foreign nobleman are often attracted to American heiresses for other than mercenary reasons. All Europe admits the supremacy of the American woman in physical beauty. And the freer training of the American girl develops in her a certain quickness of mind and readiness of speech that, with her sense of humor, make her stand out in refreshing contrast to the rather slow, often dull good woman of European countries, notably England. European men find her amusing, original, dashing and extremely pretty. They often lose their hearts to her before they know or care how rich she is or how poor. If she happens to be an heiress, so much the better.

Also, in justice to the foreign nobleman, I must point out that my note-book sketch of him, while typical of many, is also unfair to many. Some of them, like the late Marquis de Mores, who married Miss Hoffman, are splendid looking fellows, adroit in bodily exercises, magnificent horsemen, proficient with sword and pistol, as witness their dueling exploits. And they are excellent linguists, most of them speaking English perfectly. It is scarcely an exaggeration, however, to say that most of them have three grave faults. They are recklessly extravagant, they are inveterate gamblers and they lack the most elementary idea of faithfulness in the marital relation.

### Unhappiness in the Title Market

But the heiress pays the price, often willingly, more often bitterly. Let us glance over the record and see in a few typical cases among hundreds of these international marriages just how the thing came out.

I have before me the trustworthy, impartial statements on this subject of two American women whose long residence abroad gives particular value to their opinions. These opinions, I find, confirm my own conclusion that more than half of these international marriages turn out unhappily; but perhaps that is true of all marriages, national or international, and, of course, the unhappy ones are talked about most.

The first case on my list is that of two sisters who inherited one of the largest industrial fortunes in America. One married a duke and died under tragic and mysterious circumstances; the other married a prince and the marriage was annulled in less than a year. It is doubtful if these two women would have made happy marriages under any circumstances. The surviving sister married another prince, an old man with no money, and this union was generally regarded as a cold-blooded bargain. The second prince soon died

### Some International Marriages are Romances

I pause for indignant protests that this is an odious proceeding; an affair of shameful barter. Any American girl, heiress or not, who would choose a husband with such cold-blooded calculation deserves all the unhappiness she gets.

In reply to which I plead that the case of our little heiress is not quite as bad as that. In spite of her millions, she has a heart and romantic yearnings and she listens eagerly for the voice of love, but—the following statement will seem incredible to some of my fellow countrymen—I insist that our American heiresses frequently marry foreign nobleman for the simple reason that they love them. They get the title also, the social splendor also, the life of a cultured leisure class also, but frequently they love the man.

When you come to think of it, why should not a foreign nobleman be loved by an American heiress? All women love a lover, and, however else he may fail or err, the foreign nobleman is a graceful, tender and assiduous love-maker, whereas the average American, the ordinary successful business man, is rather a disappointing lover. He is mistaken in thinking that the form of his affection is unimportant so long as he guards the substance. He does not realize how very much women care about the form. He rather prides himself on being blunt and outspoken. If he's tired he says so; if he's cross he shows it. And he seldom understands the enormous importance of little things in pleasing a woman. A flower, a compliment, a caressing word, the thousand and one pretty trifles that a foreign lover offers, instinctively knowing how they delight a woman, he neglects. Why should he bother? He attends to the big things.

American men are practical, unromantic, great "providers." They provide chairs, telephones, automobiles, hats and country places. Their heads are crowded with newspaper facts, monthly magazine facts, but they have no grace of expression, no charm that comes from leisurely brooding; from browsing through old books. And charm is a great thing. European men have charm!

I suppose it is natural, in a land of material ambitions and activities like ours, that the subtle arts of pleasing and winning women should be neglected; almost despised. But this is a pity, for these arts appeal eternally to the feminine heart. It is not enough for a woman that her husband prove his love by paying the bills. She wants him to prove it in a hundred other ways which the foreigner understands. These leisure

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and the princess has since lived the grand life in various parts of Europe. She has houses in Paris and Venice and entertains lavishly, her income being about \$300,000 a year.

Another marriage that turned out badly is that of a young woman, daughter of a rich and very prominent American (United States Minister abroad), who married a duke and is said to have loved him devotedly. He treated her outrageously, however, and finally told the duchess that she was repugnant to him, that he never wished to see her again and that she could take any steps she pleased for obtaining a divorce. He virtually admitted that his sole reason for marrying her was to get the \$200,000 that her father had settled on him. There was nothing for the unfortunate duchess to do but obtain a divorce, which she finally did. She now leads a secluded life in Paris, getting what comfort she can out of religious works. I am assured that she still looks this cynical nobleman.

A marriage thought to be happy is that of a rich American widow to an extremely well-known baron who put aside a Polish beauty (the mother of his children) to marry the lady. Her daughter, by an American husband, married a count and has two children. She also is happy, I am told.

An unhappy union is that of a very attractive American woman (her father was a United States Senator) who, as a schoolgirl in the West, declared that she knew no boy prettier than herself and she supposed to make a great marriage, which she did by marrying a rather worthless fellow who happened to bear one of the great names of France.

Happy marriages were made by three very wealthy girls, daughters of a distinguished member of the New York Yacht Club. One married a Danish count, the second a French marquis and distinguished scholar, the third a titled friend of King Edward and accused of cheating at cards.

An unhappy marriage was that of the granddaughter of a well-known New York banker. She married a count who left her after a few years. They had two daughters, one of whom also became a countess and was the heroine of the blue diamond mystery which involved her jealous husband and a Russian diplomat. It was a fascinating story, but it wrecked two homes.

Another unhappy union was that of a Philadelphia girl belonging to a well-known, rich old family, who married a mediocrity German prince. This looked like a love match, for he gave up everything to make her his wife; his place at the head of the family and his opportunity to marry royalty. Things went badly, however. The princess was not received at court, and finally, with her two children, she returned to Philadelphia. She retained her title, and the two little girls are now called countesses by their playmates!

### The Sad Lot of the International Child

The vision of those two unfortunate little ones, the Countess Lily and the Countess Janey, toddling along Chestnut Street, within sound of the Liberty Bell, brings us to the crux of this whole question; that is, the fate of children born from international marriages. It's all very well for the heires mother to have her fling abroad and taste of the grand life, even if it be bitter, but how about her babies? What sort of a grand life do they get?

The fact is, and here there is no dissenting opinion, the children get decidedly the worst of it. They pay for the faults and follies of their parents. From infancy they are quarreled over by two sets of irreconcilable relatives and they grow up half and half—half American, half European, half "noble"—and it's a wonder if they are not half ignoble. Living abroad, they, especially the girls, prefer European life. The boys, too, are virtually foreigners, but not the real thing. They are fake foreigners just as they are fake Americans. They speak English with a slight accent, and even though they spend some years at Harvard or Cornell, as happens, and declare themselves American citizens, they do this, usually, simply to escape military service. This shows the quality of their patriotism!

Let me conclude with the reflection of a thoughtful American woman who knows this subject well: "Europe stands for memories, America for hopes. The transplanted American girl is charmed, at first, by Europe's atmosphere of the past. She is enthusiastic over ancestors and old furniture and great families and family tombs. But, by and by, her youth and native hopefulness reasserts itself. She begins to stifle, as if she had been sitting too long in a musty cathedral. She wants to get out into the air where the sun is shining; where there is life and growth. And if she has children, she longs for a future for them such as America offers. She would give her sons a chance to make names for themselves rather than live off a specter of titled glory descended from some mouldering ancestor."

Summing it all up, one may say that man needs three things for his happiness: work, recreation and affection. America has developed surely the genius of work but has neglected the other two. America can teach Europe how to hustle, but Europe can teach America how to play and how to make love. If America would only learn this lesson and transform some of its hustling energy into love making and play, our heires would probably stay at home and marry their own countrymen.

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